**Just One of the Guys**

by Seuern

**Just One of the Guys: Day 1**

Today was the first day school at a Career Academy, a secondary High school like environment where people can gain a trade skill for employability in the future. One of these classes was Construction, a basic class that would allow teenagers to get a head start in building the future. In this classroom were twenty some students, but there was only one girl, Ellen.  
  
Ellen was fifteen, blonde, had hazel eyes, somewhat pale skin, small breasts, and a beautiful face. See, the only reason she was here was a mix-up in her schedule at the academy. She had opted for engineering, a class also offered there but far less hands on, and by mistake, she was placed in construction. She attended the first day, looking admittedly nervous being the only female in the class. The teacher, Mr. Rosen, was a fairly nice man and even commented on how he usually only has boys, and will treat her like one of the guys and not to worry. This calmed Ellen down, and she even found it in herself to given construction a chance instead of blatantly switching. Maybe this mix-up was a good thing?  
  
Mr. Rosen let down some very clear rules, all electronics and personal belongings go in the lockers which only he had a key to, no loose clothing, safety glasses must be worn when in the lab, and various other rules, but the stated were the most important to him; safety was to be absolute in there.  
This didn’t seem too bad to Ellen, as they most the rules seemed fairly standard and uniform. She turned off her cellphone, put it in her book-bag, and placed it in the locker without hesitation and eagerly took her seat again. She was starting thinking a hands-on class would actually be fun.  
Mr. Rosen went over a few more things, mainly courteous behavior and expectations for the High school turned academy, and he finally shouted “To the Lab”. Everyone, including Ellen, walked into the shop with their safety glasses on. Ellen was dressed much like the rest, blue jeans and a simple somewhat tight-fitting red t-shirt. Mr. Rosen showed them around the various stations, past projects, and tools. Today was going to be a simple introductory to the course style class and it quickly moved on. When the bell finally rang, Ellen waited patiently by the lockers in the room to retrieve her stuff. The day progressed with her attending her other regular academic classes at the academy which they were required attend to maintain legitimacy as a school. Ellen had peeped into the engineering room once in the day and found everyone sitting behind desk doodling, something she asked and had confirmed as the activity all year for that class. Ellen decided she would have a lot more fun in construction than anywhere else.  
  
The week went fairly routine to this and fell into a groove. There was one incident in Mr. Rosen’s construction class though where Ellen had reported one of the male students had groped her while she was learning how to work a miter-saw; she found out later by Mr. Rosen’s personal hand and judgment the boy was tossed out of the class and suspended for a week from school which made her really trust in Mr. Rosen’s protection of her and made the boys cautious even giving a wolf-whistle. Just after the dead-line to switch classes was reached, Ellen had a problem.  
  
It was roughly two weeks into school year with Ellen loving construction most when she walked into the classroom, packed her personal belongings into her locker, and she took her seat. Mr. Rosen, as he usually did, summarized what today’s workflow would be and within minutes of the beginning of class, he announced “To the lab” which everyone in turn began to get up and go start their work. He, however, waited a moment for everyone before he asked Ellen to his desk. She didn’t think she was in trouble and thought she was just going to get a special assignment. She waited patiently at his desk while everyone else filed into the lab and it was just Mr. Rosen and Ellen. Mr. Rosen crossed his arms and sternly said “Ellen, what’s wrong with this picture?” as he pointed at her pants. “What’s wrong with them?” Ellen asked obviously confused. Mr. Rosen furrowed his brown and rubbed his hand over his eyes. “Ellen, I want you to read my the rules over here on the board.” He said seemingly becoming more frustrated as to what he might send her. She cautiously approached the large poster and read it closely listing them off one by one…  
  
You MUST wear Safety Glasses in the Lab  
No Horse Playing in the Lab  
No Hanging Jewelry or Loose Clothing  
  
Then Mr. Rosen stopped her with the simple phrase, “That one”. Ellen actually looked embarrassed that she had forgotten the rules, she didn’t think her pants were that baggy, but she could obviously see how they might be a danger if one of the plethora of industrial level tools were to catch them. “Ellen, you know I take safety very seriously. I’m going to have to send you to someone else and give you a zero for participation today.”  
  
Ellen audibly groaned at this because construction was her favorite class, and they were just beginning to do some actual work. They were building bird-houses to hang around the campus later in the week. “Is there any way I can participate, Mr. Rosen? Please?” Ellen pleased to him.  
Mr. Rosen stroked his stubbled jaw while staring at her loose-fitting pants. A half-frown showed across his face as he bluntly asked “What’re you wearing under those sweat pants?”  
  
Ellen didn’t think she heard him right, and stammered to say, “Excuse me?”  
“Nothing weird, kiddo, do you have something that covers you under them that isn’t also loose?”  
“Well, I’ve got some…” she stopped for a second trying to find the words, “panties… on underneath.”  
“Can’t say it’s the best option, but they wouldn’t get in the way. Would you be willing to work in them today? If not, there’s nothing else I can really do unless you’ve got a change of pants in the building.  
She didn’t.  
  
“Mr. Rosen, I like your class and it’ll be embarrassing, but I’ve really got no choice if I want to start on those bird-houses. Are you sure it’ll be okay?”  
“Yeah, as long as they don’t show your naughty bits it’ll be like a bikini bottom. Good enough for me.” He said shrugging and going towards her locker to open the door for her.  
Ellen turned a bright red, swallowing her pride, and turned around as not to look at the aging man who seemingly didn’t care; he was texting on his phone and facing the lab waiting for her to get going. She bent slowly, pulling the sweat pants down her slender hips, which she now thought could have easily caught onto the machines and injuring her. When they were down past her knees, it was revealed she was wearing a plain pair of faded pink panties that clung to her bottom. She whipped them off and held them in front of her crotch as she waddled over to the open locker to deposit them. When she had, there was a sharp snap she had never noticed when it closed indicating that the locker had successfully locked.  
  
She felt very naked now that she knew she couldn’t dress her legs and thighs even if she wanted to. Mr. Rosen looked back at her, doing a full one-up of her, and asking “Well, are you ready?”  
  
No, she really wasn’t. Not entirely at least, she padded nervously into the shop which instantly garnered her the attention of her male class-mates. They stopped working, some confused and shy, and others openly cheering, Mr. Rosen saw this and gave an open scowl, and almost with the bellowing roar of a lion, he shouted to everyone “What the Hell’re you all looking at. Get back to work or stop wasting my time!”. Mr. Rosen was at one time a foreman, and he’d had to do the same thing to construction workers giving cat-calls to women walking on the street. Each and every guy who heard the fierce roar immediately started banging a hammer on the wooden table trying to give the allusion of work, or simply dropped whatever they were holding and were now scrambling to pick up whatever it was they dropped. Mr. Rosen was dedicated to treating Ellen like just one of the guys.  
  
When Ellen had heard Mr. Rosen’s fierce command, she instinctually closed her legs a little tighter with the feeling she might wet herself from sudden fear. She looked at him, wondering what to do, and he simply told her to come close, which she did. “Since you’re obviously not going to be working with these me-“, he began to say stopping himself to look at his students to gage his feelings, “boys,” he continued, “You’re going to get to do special jobs around the here or the school doing repairs to your ability level. Unfortunately, it’s not very high, so you’re going to mainly be doing basic installations and deliveries for now.”  
Ellen, forgetting her mild exposure, looked fascinated at the prospect of special jobs. She had learned the basics in the previous weeks where now she could tighten various bolts, hammer nails, construct very basic supports, and anything else that was really common sense. She would be getting the rare opportunity to learn by trial and error while the others would be scolded until they were right. Since this would be her first of many, he gave her something easy. All she had to do was take a precut 2x4 and replace the leg of a wobbling sign table which was right out in the yard. The yard was simply a mostly fenced in area where Construction did its bigger projects or stored things that were too cumbersome for the inside of the lab. While the boys looked out towards the yard where Ellen was working, both out of envy and desire, she herself was untightening bolts of the wobbly leg. The boys, in contrast, were hammering nails through premade pilot holes into precut wood to form uniform and boring birdhouses; this wasn’t a punishment though, it was widely known that you didn’t do anything fun like build a cut out apartment, something the older year students were doing, until you had more experience; this was simply fact unless you were Ellen.  
Ellen tightened and untightened, drilled and undrilled, essentially ruining the wood until she got it just right; it wasn’t exactly pretty, having been beaten on by a hammer and penetrated several times with screw and nail, but it didn’t wobble anymore and that made Ellen proud. Good timing too, because the sun was hot and Ellen, not thinking about it at the time, was drenched in her sweat turning her baby-blue T-shirt transparent against her bra and turning her faded pink panties much darker specifically around the crotch and bottom. The bell rang and Ellen still in work mode lifted her shirt showing the underside of her bra to anyone looking through the fence, as her back was the door into the lab. This was only for a moment, and for practical reason, as she only needed to wipe the sweat off of her forehead and back down it went creating a tantalizing strip of flesh between her darkened panties and T-shirt.  
  
Ellen entered the classroom through the lab, this time garnered more looks for her nearly transparent shirt and panties that clung to her bottom even more now, and waited patiently by the lockers to retrieve her sweat pants. Mr. Rosen walked in and in front of all of them, unlocking each locker and saving Ellen’s for last, to which he stuck the key in, stopped, and smiled at her. He extended his free hand to her, first going to pat her head, which Ellen squinted her eyes for. After several brief seconds of waiting without a pat, she opened them to find his hand in front of her torso taking the shape of a handshake. She looked confused for a moment, and took his hand to shake it. Mr. Rosen was a massive man, easily six-foot six, and it was no surprise that his hand easily engulfed hers.  
  
“I was going to pat your head like I would the other kids, but you’ve been very mature today and solved a problem yourself today unlike the knuckleheads I have to walk through everything and I’ll admit, the leg is battered to Hell and I wouldn’t show it to anyone,” he stopped as Ellen cringed thinking she would be lectured, “but we’re going to fix that in tomorrow’s class. I didn’t think you were going to be able to do it, but I guess even an expert like me can be surprised. Really didn’t think a girly this young would be interested or even good at this line of work. Keep up the good work. You’re going to be just one of the guys, okay?” he said, shaking her small hand. Ellen was once again gleaming with internal pride. She was being praised within the first month. She did mess up, but was completely happy to know that it was expected and it was to be repaired easily.  
  
Mr. Rosen returned to his desk waiting for the next class to arrive as Ellen finally put her sweat pants back on and gathered her stuff. Working in her panties was embarrassing, but only for the first ten or so minutes which quickly gave way to a work-driven focus that kept anything from phasing her.

**Just One of the Guys: Day 2A**

The day after her pantie-clad construction class, Ellen was excited to get back. She wanted to know more about how she was to construct the and better her table assignment. They filed in and all took their seat while Mr. Rosen waited outside the door to catch potential tardy students and calling them in. Ellen sat in the front row, right in front of the teacher’s desk, and she was wearing acceptable jeans. The boys all wished she had worn her baggy pants again, so they could at least watch her work in her panties as they drudged on in their miserable work. To their luck, Mr. Rosen sat in his desk and noticed Ellen had incidentally left her bookbag at the base of her desk.  
  
“Ellen, put your stuff up. No exceptions.”  
She stood, almost slapping her head at how she had forgotten, and began to place her stuff in there. Until she reached into her jeans pocket to remove her phone, to which she was stopped. “Just put your jeans in there, you won’t need them.” Mr. Rosen bluntly said as he flipped through a magazine of projects.  
  
“What, why? They’re not even close to baggy.” she inquired looking obviously perplexed.  
“I mean, you don’t have to, but to develop a routine I thought it’d be in your best interest. I’m going to have you doing some sweaty and messy jobs and you seemed fine about it yesterday.” Mr. Rosen said. He was truthful too, he had no interest in the girl and simply thought a girl with basically bikini bottoms would be a lot better suited for the tasks he had in mind; such as working outside, mixing concrete, clearing land, and today’s activity: lacquering and filling the table.  
  
Ellen put a finger to her lip and thought about it, and because she ultimately trusted his word, and how he seemed to know everything about practicality, it wouldn’t hurt. Shrugging her shoulders, she causally said “They’re like a bikini bottom anyway, and working in the sun would kill me in these anyway.” She placed her hands at the sides of her jeans and yanked them down exposing simple light green panties that too looked faded and matched her form-fitting T-shirt. She struggled to get them over her shoes to which Mr. Rosen inserted “Just take them off too. You won’t be doing anything that will cut off your feet, and even if you were, those won’t save them.”  
  
Ellen actually agreed, and liked being barefoot anyway. She slipped them, along with the jeans, off. She placed them in the locker and stood in front of Mr. Rosen’s desk amply stretching her arms above her head. “Good, consider this a uniform. It’ll get a lot more work done than having sweat soaked jeans cling to you.”  
  
Ellen nodded her head, embarrassed at the attention but willing to wear her make-shift uniform if she could keep having fun and expanding her skillset. This actually didn’t seem that wrong to her, because she was slowly getting used to it. All the important things are covered, she rationalized, and Mr. Rosen won’t even let anyone look at me wrong. When she finally closed her locker, with her jeans, shoes, and socks inside, Mr. Rosen yelled “To the shop!”.  
They all wore safety glasses and exited into the shop with the boys and Ellen on a somewhat similar step: using paintbrushes. The boys were going to paint the bird houses whatever colors they wanted, and Ellen was going to lacquer the leg. She waited outside, already feeling the grueling heat hit her as she sat on the table, legs naturally hanging off, and waiting. Mr. Rosen took care of the boys quickly, handing them brushes and knowledge to where the paint is. When they were all taken care of, he walks over to Ellen with a brush in his hand, a can in the other, and a bucket of some unknown material along in the brush hand. When he got out to her, he noted the table’s stability and asked Ellen to scootch around a little on it and bounce. She did, and it was perfectly plum with the ground.  
“Good work! Some of my second years still screw things up like that.” Mr. Rosen praised.  
  
Mr. Rosen crouched down to the table, and motioned for Ellen to join him. She hopped off the table, and sat next to him. He reached into the bucket and pulled out a handful of dough looking material. “This here is wood putty, it lets us builders hide our mistakes.”, to which they both gave a short and hardy laugh to.  
  
“It’s a lot like play-dough, and all you have to do is get enough to fill the hole you made, and then you can start painting.” Mr. Rosen said as Ellen experimented with a small bit of the putty. Mr. Rosen gave her a light bump on her arm with his fist and went on back into the lab.  
Ellen sat wide legged with the table leg between them as she steadily applied the putty masterfully to gaps and holes she had caused. It took roughly ten minutes of pushing, scraping, and molding, but no crevice looked unnatural or filled with artificial wood now. She sat there, admiring her work when she began to think about how odd it felt with the sun blazing above her, and the cold concrete on the bottom of her cheeks. She didn’t want to get up, but she had to; Mr. Rosen had incidentally taken the paint brush he had brought for her. She got up and brushed herself off before she went padding inside.  
  
In the lab, she went over to the paintbrushes near some of the painting boys. One in particular, Jimmy, Ellen thought he was called, seemed quite angry at his task by harshly stroking the brush against his bird house. When Ellen was choosing a brush, one broad and flat for the job, he stared at her lower half; not in lust, but anger. When she had finally chosen one, she turned around and perhaps walked two steps away from table giving Jimmy his chance to strike. He looked left, and then right. Mr. Rosen wasn’t anywhere in sight.  
  
Jimmy nonchalantly walked behind Ellen, seemingly inspecting the wares to which to choose from. Ellen stood there still, almost as if lost in a trance running her fingers through the bristles. Jimmy again looked left, and again right. No Mr. Rosen. He walked behind Ellen, and loudly shouted to the immediate class, “Hey, guys! Let me show you why Ellen’s not “just one of the guys!””, and with that, he placed both hands into the sides of her panties and yanked them to her ankles.  
  
Ellen’s brush dropped immediately, she looked down and saw the inside of her panties near the floor and the front of her bald pussy. Ellen’s face turned an extremely bright red, both hands went to the sides of her head pilfering through her hair, and she gave a shrill wail as she began to cry and fall back. She landed on her bottom, and used her feet to scoot back against the wall letting her panties slip off her feet. She made no attempt cover herself, and she continued to wail and cry. Jimmy stood slightly in front of her and was laughing and pointing at her. He was the only one laughing. All the other boys were deer in headlights, half transfixed to the sight of Ellen’s pussy, and the other half on Mr. Rosen who had seen everything.  
  
Mr. Rosen turned a similar red to Ellen, but not from humiliation; Mr. Rosen was essentially enraged to the point of uncommon thought. He walked past Jimmy, which he gave a savage push against the wall that knocked the breath out of him, and pointed to him with the single phrase “You move, and I’m breaking your legs.” He walked over to Ellen, and lightly grasped her hand pulling her up. He escorted her with one hand while her other covered her crying red face leaving her pussy open for anyone and everyone to see. He led her into his office and had her sit down in a chair across from his desk, locking the door before he left.  
When he returned out, there was a kid with his phone out. Doing what? Mr. Rosen didn’t know, but in case the kid took a video, he grasped it with one hand, essentially snatching it. Behind gritted teeth he bellowed “No. Technology. In. My. Lab. Ever.” and dropped it smashing it beneath his foot. Mr. Rosen was obviously a man to not be trifled with, ever.  
Mr. Rosen made a b-line towards Jimmy, who was physically shaking on the wall. Mr. Rosen knew he was going to get slack for the phone, so no matter how much he wanted break Jimmy’s jaw, a minor, he know he couldn’t. Instead, he picked Jimmy up by the scruff of his shirt and off the ground a good foot. He gazed bloodshot eyes in bloodshot eyes and then he noticed something, Jimmy was urinating from fear. A puddle formed beneath them and Jimmy cried lightly.  
  
Mr. Rosen satisfied to the point he legally could simply dictated everyone go into the classroom and marched Jimmy not to the principal’s office, but straight to the resource officer of the school. After that, it was hearsay Jimmy went to Juvenile Detention and was expelled.

**Just One of the Guys: Day 2B**

Twenty minutes later, the class had already dismissed without their stuff, too afraid to ask for it. Ellen was alone in Mr. Rosen’s office finally coming down from the traumatic event. She held her shirt just below her breasts, which the bottom would be seen since she wasn’t wearing a bra today; she tended to really only wear one when she was wearing a nearly see-through shirt which her green shirt didn’t qualify as. She heard a knock, followed by a voice saying “I’m coming in, Ellen.” He came in to see her leaning back in her chair, her bald pussy on full display and one of her breasts sticking out from her using her shirt to dry her damp eyes. He looked solemn, and traced his feet with his eyes as he went to his desk. Ellen didn’t want to look anyone in the eyes, but still trusted Mr. Rosen almost absolutely. He didn’t know quite what to say or do, so took her panties from his shirt pocket and placed them in front of her thinking she would want to cover up. She dropped her shirt covering everything to just above her waist and covered her face with her panties. Somehow, she felt far more covered by covering her face than she ever would wearing them.  
  
“Ellen…”, Mr. Rosen said with his hands clasped, “I’m really sorry that happened. It’s guaranteed he’ll be expelled, and it’s likely he’ll be in juvenile detention for a couple of months.”  
The room remained eerily silent with only the occasional sobbing breath from Ellen. Her color was slowly returning, and after five minutes of silence, she uncovered her face and held her tear soiled panties over her chest preparing to catch anymore tears. She looked at him, with only her puffy eyes as the remnant of her fit.  
  
“Ellen,” he began again, “I… I think we should move you out of the class. I keep losing students, and this isn’t good for you.”  
Ellen slowly shook her head, and uttered “No.”.  
“No?” Mr. Rosen asked.  
“I’m not leaving, Mr. Rosen. I like this class.” Ellen said sternly.  
“You like it even after that happened?”  
“No, I hated that, but I’m certain “Yank the only female in class’ panties down” isn’t a part of the curriculum” she said holding her panties out for emphasis.  
“No, no it’s not.” He said laughing slightly, to which Ellen let out a sheepish one too. “But then about your “uniform” I imposed on you. You don’t need to come in only your panties and shirts.”  
  
Ellen simply stood from her chair, and placed her panties on his desk and placed her hands at the base of her t-shirt. She turned red for a moment again, as not wanting to expose herself but thinking the point needed to be made. She took the shirt off and set it next to her panties followed by her sitting back down. “Mr. Rosen, this could be my uniform for all I care. As long as you can justify why I’d be…” she paused looking down and resisting the urge to cover herself, “naked… I’ll work in however you want. I’d like to keep working in my t-shirt and panties, but if I’m going to be fixing a spewing faucet or something, I’d understand why you sent me in however undressed I would be. I probably wouldn’t be happy about it, but I’d get it done.”  
  
Mr. Rosen stroked his chin maintaining constant eye-contact. “Why would you trust me to tell you what is appropriate and not take advantage of the situation now?”  
“Mr. Rosen, I’m naked in your office, alone, right now and you haven’t even done so much as broke eye-contact but to blink. I’m convinced you won’t try anything.”  
Mr. Rosen was convinced and stunned. This girl was efficient and brazen. “I have one final question then, why did you start crying when that kid pulled down your panties?” he asked her genuinely curious.  
  
“Well, two main reasons. One, it wasn’t by my choice. Someone came behind me and decided my vagina was going to be shown. With you, I get to make that choice finally and you’ll know better. I know I won’t wear jeans in here anymore, but you’re not just going to send me naked every day, will you?” she said without the single glimpse of a tear.  
  
“Of course not, panties and a T-shirt will be the standard. Regarding bras though, leave them at home. You honestly don’t need one.”  
“Can do”, Ellen said nodding.  
“Then the second reason?”, Mr. Rosen tried to say while trying to tip-toeing around it as long as possible.  
It was to no avail though, as a few tears welled from her eyes. She grabbed her t-shirt and began to wipe her eyes once more. “It’s going to sound silly, Mr. Rosen.” She said looking down at her still exposed body. “It…” she said pausing, “It’s when he said “Look why Ellen’s not one of the guys”. I thought I was doing really good, and then when he said that, even before he yanked my panties down, that I was just some dumb girl that didn’t belong.”  
  
“Ellen…” Mr. Rosen sounding almost aghast, “I don’t care what anyone says, especially a snot-nosed creep like that. They’re just envious. I’m planning on having you do some of the work my third year students do. Hell, if we got the funding, you’ll probably come to all the fieldtrips I’ve been requesting and may be in our recruiting posters.”  
“You’re just lying.” Ellen said wiping her eyes.  
“No, I’m not. Now, are you sufficiently calmed down?”  
Ellen simply nodded her head and inquired what she was to do now.  
  
“Due to your traumatic experience, I’ve told the staff you’ll be with me for the rest of the day. In that time, I want you to finish the table and have it delivered down the hall to the preschool class we host.“  
Mr. Rosen, in a matter of moments stated turning instantly back to his seriousness.  
  
Ellen reached for her shirt and panties when she was stopped by Mr. Rosen. “Naked”, he bluntly said. She stood up, making a loud gulping noise showing him every part of her front. She turned around and got the door open right when he tossed her the panties. “I’m kidding, but your shirt is soaked. I’ll lay it out so it can dry out, but for now just wear your panties. That should be fine, as their not too wet.” Mr. Rosen said with a small chuckle. Ellen smiled and put on her panties in front of him and walked out into the empty yard while Mr. Rosen placed her shirt on the roof of his truck to dry.  
  
Ellen got the same brush she had dropped and began to lacquer the leg until it matched evenly with the rest of the table. It took all of a grueling half-hour, which she found out she had spilled much on her arms, chest, inner thighs, and even a splash on her cheek. “Whoa, thankfully I’m topless”, she laughed at the thought of ruining her shirt. When she was finished, she scampered back to Mr. Rosen who was instructing a class. She fell silent, and so did the class. A cute girl had just wandered into the class only in her undies. Mr. Rosen though, took no note and told his class he will be right back. Ellen backed out of the classroom slowly while Mr. Rosen followed.  
They looked at the handy work together and Mr. Rosen commended Ellen.  
  
“Now can I deliver it, Mr. Rosen?” Ellen asked.  
“Well, we don’t have enough time now. School’s almost over and I think you’ve got to catch the bus?”  
Ellen simply nodded.  
“We can’t send you home covered in this stuff, can we?”  
“No, I guess not. It burns a little.” Ellen said scratching the material from her chest.  
“Yeah, it does that. It’s not lethal, but it’d be better to get it off before you get welts.” Mr. Rosen said as he pulled a large metal tub from the side of a storage shed and told Ellen to grab a hose which she did.  
“Fill this up. We have twenty minutes left and this should only take you ten.”  
  
Ellen left to quickly flick the hose on which began to fill the metal tub quickly. When she came back, she saw Mr. Rosen with his hand out and without questioning him, she removed her panties and placed them in his hand. When he began to walk away with her panties dangling from his fingers, she quickly got in and scrubbed away the lacquer and the sweat from the day. It took roughly ten minutes, as predicted, before she got out of the tub and walked through the lab. She peeked her head through the doorway to the classroom trying to get Mr. Rosen’s attention, but all he did was call her to his desk where all her clothes were laid out. Ellen blushed by being naked in front of all these complete strangers, and they were seeing her pussy, small breasts, and ass. Worst yet, she was soaking wet too. The class eyed her graciously and Mr. Rosen simply said “Did you turn off the water and drain the tub?”  
“No…” Ellen meekly replied.  
“Well, you’re wasting water. Go do those things, quick.”  
  
Ellen ran out of the class room as everyone’s eyes followed her naked form. Seeing time was ticking, she turned the water off and tipped the tub and ran back. This was so fast she was back panting in front of Mr. Rosen. He asked again his same question, to which Ellen could reply yes to now. Satisfied, he handed her clothes to her piece by piece until she was fully clothed.  
Mr. Rosen talking to the now fully clothed Ellen simply said, “Sorry for doing that, but you know it might be like that?”  
“Yes.” Ellen simply said.  
“Then you wouldn’t mind taking off your jeans because you forgot to put your panties on, would you?” Mr. Rosen said as he held them up in front of Ellen. She sighed, followed by a quick giggle of being tricked.  
  
“No, not at all.” Ellen said she slowly unbuttoned her pants and slid them down in front of everyone, took them off revealing her pussy to everyone. Mr. Rosen played a short game with her where every time she grabbed for them, he’d pull them just out of her reach prolonging her exposure. Ellen was trying her best to stay calm, wearing a smile she didn’t feel. After several moments of this little game, she lunged forward over the desk finding herself on her knees spread a liberal distance revealing her pussy and hints of her other hole. When they were securely in hand, Ellen swiftly shut her legs like a trap, slid around so she would be sitting on her bottom, and slid her panties on and after that her jeans on showing no more than she had to.  
“Didn’t think you were serious, Ellen”. Mr. Rosen said.  
“I told you, whatever you think is best and certainly not going commando is best.” Ellen said trying to ignore everyone who had just seen her pussy for the second time.  
The bell rang and everyone was off, including Ellen. She got some questions, but generally everyone who saw or knew kept quiet, which surprised her. On the other hand, Ellen just wondered what tomorrow entailed for her.

**Just One of the Guys: Day 3A**

Three days from the beginning of Ellen’s little experiment in necessity, she was feeling nervous. She had essentially given Mr. Rosen free reign of her modesty in admittedly a show of passion and determination. As she steadily slinked into the classroom, she wore a white blouse and blue jeans, under which she wore an old pair of panties featuring cartoon characters. She didn’t mean to wear this pair, but she had limited options as they were the only clean pair she had, and going commando was not her style.  
  
There were whispers among the other students of the class, quiet enough as so Mr. Rosen couldn’t hear, about yesterday’s incident. Being a different class and grade, they still had only the talk of her panties being pulled down, and not the full display after her bath yesterday afternoon. The males seemed to eye her harder with every step she took to her locker; they knew she was going to lose the pants at least.  
  
Ellen approached her locker, a very mild red in the face as she thought of the reaction to her childish panties and the fact she was going to undress. She stood there, hand on the slider and slowly put in the combination. It seemed like an eternity for her, and odd limbo for her between the dull Hell of that walk and the joy of learning and being productive in this class. She found herself lost in thought before the chasm and looked down; might as well get this over with. She thought to herself. She unbuttoned her pants and pulled them down, taking her panties down ever just so slightly showing the groove of her hip. When they were to her ankles she slipped off her sandals followed by the jeans and placed both items in her locker. She closed the door, once again forsaking her modesty. She didn’t find it a complete loss though, she fully knew the freedom of movement, heat, and potential laundry loads she was saving; her parents would kill her if her clothes were stained daily with the chemicals and fibers in the lab.  
  
She awkwardly took her seat trying her best to hide her bottom. Her panties were very tight, almost cutting into her, and the cartoons were very obnoxious. She looked to Mr. Rosen who was taking roll as usual by giving everyone a subtle look when it came to their name. When he got to Ellen, he glanced at her, her white blouse which was flowing, but not loose enough to cause issue, and finally a glance to her bare legs. Nodding with satisfaction, he continued the roll until he got a sudden phone call. He put his pen and paper down, answered the call, and he and whoever it was had a brief discussion. When all the information was passed, Mr. Rosen looked to Ellen and said “Before you deliver your table today, you’ve got another job. Put the shirt and undies in your locker, it’s going to be wet.”  
  
Ellen’s eyes were wide with shock. She knew she had given him the permission, and even with a similar scenario involving water, but so soon? She questioned him to repeat himself, to which Mr. Rosen replied the same thing. Confused, she asked “What exactly am I doing?”  
Mr. Rosen smiled wide and had to use his hands for emphasis for what he was about to say, “The water valve to the sprinklers is gushing water! The guy on the other end is treating it like an emergency. So since it’s a simple fix of twist here and a twist there, and it should stop. For the first part of it, it’ll be more than a simple spewing faucet”, he said, quoting her, “you might actually be chest deep in water.”  
  
Forgetting the conditions of this task, Ellen’s eyes buzzed with enthusiasm. She was actually going to be fixing something critical to the school. She tried to inquire more of what she was to do, but Mr. Rosen pointed to her locker waiting. Once she did that, he’d give her the instructions and supplies.  
  
Ellen drooped her head at the inevitable. She could refuse, but she would probably be stuck doing things the boys were doing then that were simply too simple or monotonous. She drudged herself from her desk and walked her bare-feet once more to her locker. She put in the code, and stood there. The boys in the classroom began to take notice, not sure what was happening due to an inability to pay attention. The door to the locker was open, and she seemed mesmerized by her jeans: off, and in front of her, in a locker. To her, yesterday was different. The first time, it was forced, and the bath, well, it was a bath. Thirdly, she didn’t even know the people in there nor did she think she would see them often, if ever. This, this was her class. Mr. Rosen politely reminded her water by the gallon was rushing out as she hesitated.  
  
Taking a deep sigh, Ellen took both hands and the base of her blouse and tore upwards as quickly as she could and getting it into the locker. Her breasts weren’t that embarrassing; she was essentially flat-chested with small mole hills making up her breasts. Don’t fall into the mistake though that even if they were less embarrassing than her lower half, she was still burning red. Ellen took both hands to her panties, and attempted to go down. Her arms became like jello and her panties seemed glued to her skin. She tried to push down, she truly tried, but they wouldn’t budge. It took her a good thirty seconds of lightly pushing until they found themselves to her mid-thigh, and from there it was a short decent towards her calfs, ankles, and finally the floor. She squatted down, legs locked, to pick them up and put them in the locker. Again, lock. The sound seemed louder this time, almost like a jail door closing. She stood in front of Mr. Rosen with a hand lightly clamped to her mound waiting, but he motioned for her to sit. The boys around her had mouth agape and eyes that wouldn’t close.  
Ellen shuffled her legs barely passed one another until she sat in her desk. She relaxed a little, knowing sitting like a lady would protect her pussy. She crossed her legs and lightly held her hands on her legs. Mr. Rosen stood up and walked to the front of the class, and began telling the boys their goal for today: cutting plywood to certain lengths and showing him you could properly rip and cross-cut wood. Ellen rolled her eyes internally thanking everything good and holy she was going to be doing something interesting, albeit naked.  
  
When he was finished, he finally yelled “To the shop!” which incited everyone except Mr. Rosen and Ellen to leave the classroom. The boys left single-file, not by mandate but by some perverted unspoken rule on that human assembly line, and took in the full sight of the naked Ellen taking special note on her uncovered nipples. They would nod, smile, and even look embarrassed for her. The boys had figured as long as they were behaved and did not mess with her directly, looking would be a game Mr. Rosen allowed.  
Mr. Rosen went to his desk to write the instructions, and Ellen rose to her feet to wait in front of his desk. Her hands hung limply at her sides when it was just the two of them, allowing Mr. Rosen to have a full frontal view every time he looked up, which was rarely. When he finished, he handed her the list which read out…  
  
Step 1: Go down the Hallway and go to the very end, there will be a door on the right.  
Step 2: This is the boiler room. It will be flooded to at least your knees, if not more. Head straight until you see a large red valve, the water should only be coming from a pipe above it.  
Step 3: When you find it, turn the valve to the right shutting the water off completely.  
Step 4: Take a hacksaw and cut the copper piping out and place a joint there. You shouldn’t need to do anything else, as this is prefit for that specific pipe system.  
Step 5: Someone else will take care of draining the boiler room; you don’t have enough time today. You will need to visit the womens and mens, bathrooms on that hall to make sure water flow and pressure aren’t jeopardized. After that, you will head back to the lab and test the hose. If somehow you still have time left, then you will help instruct the class through basic cutting. Remember, the class is roughly two hours long.  
  
As she read this, Mr. Rosen gathered the supplies listed and handed them to her. Of course, Ellen had questions and they seemed chronological in order.  
“Wait, I’m going down the hallway naked?” she asked.  
“Yeah, pretty much. This wing of the school is almost deserted though because we’re the last trade left after automotive left. The other two wings are nowhere near us which hold everyone else. Like your academic class in the South wing and things like the Preschool teaching class I told you about on the West wing. This side is filled with space and two large hangers which just aren’t suited for those classes.” She nodded, feeling slightly better. When he mentioned the preschool though, and lack of mention in the paper, she had to ask.  
  
“Wait, so am I delivering my table?”  
“No, Ellen. They were getting impatient so I had to do it myself. I didn’t mean to tell you to do it earlier. Rest assured that means it was on my mind though.”  
Ellen’s demeanor seemed to drop and she looked down at the papers on the desk.  
  
Mr. Rosen paused for a moment before giving her the good news, “Don’t worry, Ellen. They said it was a good job, and when I told them it was your first fix, they practically demanded I send you down there next week to set up their playground. It’s going to take you a small team, hopefully of people you choose today, to make a sandbox, set up the swing-set, and most importantly put together the jungle gym with the slides, climbing, and all that jazz.”  
Ellen’s face lit up in elation. “Really?!” she shouted and did a quick joyous jump.  
  
“Yes, Ellen. They liked how much effort you put into it, as did I. Now as we speak, the school’s losing money, and in our business, time is money.”  
Ellen gave Mr. Rosen a quick hug followed by a squeal and a thank you. He took her by the shoulder and padded her towards the door, with her saw, pipe, and paper in hands. He opened the door, told gave her a quickly run-down and point towards the boiler room, and went back inside to help the boys. Ellen was happy, but then she realized where she was. She was alone, and naked, in her school’s hallway, away from Mr. Rosen’s guiding and guarding eyes.  
  
She stood frozen for a moment, and realized something again: she was alone. It seemed that Mr. Rosen was right, this section of the hallway was pretty desolate; it even bewildered her to an extent. She calmly took her hand that were hiding her nudity briefly, and even shockingly to her, walked through the hallway. She walked perhaps one-hundred feet to the boiler room, past several empty classrooms that she would look and even walk into. It was strange, and she was having the inner battle of whether she would prefer these rooms filled to abate the eerie feelings or maintain her security in solitude.  
  
When she finally got outside the boiler room, a clearly marked red iron door with the words “Boiler Room”, she could hear the deluge happening below. With gritted teeth, she opened the door. She expected some creaky old concrete staircase with damp lighting from a scary movie, but it was surprisingly pleasant. The stairs were concrete, yes, but everything else was cozy. There were flood light on each corner that bathed the room in light, the walls were painted, and on one floor down there was a small set up that looked like a living room. She went to this, and sat down on one of the couches bouncing a few times. She felt incredibly odd being naked on a couch like this, and an outdated radio next to her. Suddenly she heard the door open and close with the heavy iron door. There were footsteps, light and creaky. Ellen hid behind the couch and peeked her head over the arm rest, she recognized the old man whom was approaching retirement as the greens keeper.  
  
Ellen had seen him here and there driving a riding mower, but never any other time. She concluded this must be his personal space and peeked wincingly over. He seemed to rattle his keys in thought, and mutter a curse word here or there regarding the sound of the water. He spoke lightly of the call he just made, and Ellen connected the pieces that he was the caller. The greens keeper began to walk over to the couch to seemingly wait, and he saw half of Ellen’s head peaking over the couch and in shock, he screamed. The greens keeper fell backwards to the ground and clinched his hand over his chest giving trepid breaths. This took Ellen by surprise because the greens keeper was very tall, around Mr. Rosen’s height, but he was scrawny as a stick, so she didn’t think he’d fall over screaming. He managed to get the words “What… are you doing back there, girly? You nearly killed me!”  
  
Ellen’s only reply she could muster was a shrill “I’m sorry, sir!”  
After a tense few moments, the man gained his composure and rose to his feet again.  
“Sorry about that myself, you just startled me, that’s all. May I ask what you’re doin’ here, girly?” He asked with a scratch to his balding scalp.  
Ellen saw the man was nice, if not a coward, but held her place behind the couch. “Mist-… Mister Rosen sent me about the water leak. I wasn’t expecting anyone here.” Ellen managed to say behind a muffling couch arm.  
  
“An’ to be fair, I wasn’t expecting anyone but Mr. Rosen, and his big old behemoth self couldn’t possibly fit in that little place you got yourself there. Come on out and we’ll have us a coke and see what we can do ‘bout this here water problem. I’m O’Malley, the greens keeper. ”  
Ellen managed to say “I’m Ellen, a student of Mr. Rosen. Thank you for the offer.”

**Just One of the Guys: Day 3B**

As O’Malley was getting two cans of coca-cola from a mini fridge she had failed to see, and turning his back to turn the radio to some old-timey station that played songs from the fifties. Ellen took her chance to stand while his back was turned tuning the radio. When he turned around, he didn’t fall this time, but he did jump back a good foot.  
  
“You’re naked as jaybird!” O’Malley yelled to her, as if she didn’t know herself.  
“It’s okay, Mr. Rosen said to go like this!” she sharply retorted.  
“He’s making you go ‘round naked?!” O’Malley asked in disbelief.  
  
Ellen struggled for a response. Make was kind of a gray area, but in a moment she found what would be a suitable answer. “Err… no. It’s a personal choice. It’s just not suitable, nor healthy, to wear wet clothes all day. I’m all about being”, she paused and in a different, almost doubting and enthusiastic, tone “practical”.  
  
O’Malley stroked his wrinkly face for a few moments thinking it over. “Eh, alright. People your age used to go swimmin’ buck naked when I was your age, but school…” he dropped off again, which made Ellen worry that she may be in trouble, “Guess I can respect that. No one’s going to be lookin’ at you without a hair nor something a baby wants anywho. Come sit down and ‘ave a coke.” O’Malley said as he shrugged his shoulders. He had accepted it, not sure why, but it just didn’t seem like a huge issue anymore. Ellen sat down, but kept at least a foot between them, which he understood already, and thanked O’Malley once again for the coke.  
  
Before she could drink though, she had to ask “What about the water?”  
“Honestly, who cares? As long as we get it done in the next fifteen minutes, no one’s going to ask a question, and if they do, we’ll simply ask why they weren’t down here doin’ it themselves. You’re a student, and I’m a greens keeper.” O’Malley said nonchalantly. It was odd, but it was Ellen respected that O’Malley was so care free. Having a personal hang-out, procrastinating a furthering problem, and so on.  
They chatted about normal things for a few minutes, she asked what he did, he asked her about school, he talked about his children going off to college, and she talked about her family. Ellen was actually enjoying it, and O’Malley was a pretty funny guy. Finally though, O’Malley stood up and said they should begin.  
  
“Where are the parts?” O’Malley asked her as he turned in a circle surveying the room. Ellen glanced down and saw the pipe and saw were under the table O’Malley kept in front of the couch. She went to the side away from O’Malley and got down all fours and took the items they needed.  
  
Unfortunately, as she was reaching, she hit the side of the table with her rear and her half-finished coke fell to its side and ice-cold coca-cola spilled across her lower back and between her cheeks. Ellen immediately gave a short scream and bumped her head against the table. She crawled out with the things in hand and without giving it attention, she faced her pussy and rear towards O’Malley as she looked at her lower back. O’Malley tried to contain his laughter as he tossed her a hand-towel which she used to quickly wipe her lower-back, crack, pussy, and thighs all in front of Mr. O’Malley. She hadn’t noticed him until she was finished, and he stood there with his arms crossed and choking back laughter. Ellen noticed the show she was incidentally giving to O’Malley and told him she was sorry while blushing.  
“Ah, no worries, lass. To me you’re nothin’ but a grandbaby.” He then paused for a moment, and got out what he was laughing about, “I guess you were right to come bare though; could’ve been a bad stain.”  
It wasn’t particularly funny to Ellen, but they both laughed heartily for the situation.  
  
Ellen rose to her feet with a small grin still left on her face from O’Malley’s bad joke and showed him the objects. He looked at them and they decided he would cut the pipe, and she would place it on. They began to walk side by side to a set of stairs that went lower to the boiler room. When they reached another red iron door, looking just like the last, O’Malley stuck his ear to the door and grimaced.  
“Girly, I think you want to stand back, this’ll be coming out fast.” O’Malley said as he braced himself against the door.  
  
Ellen nodded and took a few steps up. O’Malley counted to three, and opened the door. What awaited them was a small wall of water that rushed out and even though Ellen was sitting a few steps up, it covered her up to her ankles. O’Malley stood in the water up to his chest which made it obvious Ellen would be swimming. O’Malley squished behind the door and with a furrowed brow only said to her, “It’s a real good thing you came the way you did. These’ll take forever to dry.”  
  
Ellen tried to stifle a smile, but she couldn’t.  
O’Malley drudged through the water while Ellen swam behind him. They saw the area of the leak, slightly above O’Malley’s reach, and they both confirmed to each other they saw it. O’Malley turned to large red valve and all water in the building was stopped. He took the saw and tried to reach, and he could barely reach it, but it wasn’t a viable angle to put power to cut. They pondered for a moment, and Ellen instructed O’Malley to grab two large pipes and be stable. He did, and she said “Okay, I’m going to climb on your shoulders.”. O’Malley nodded and Ellen grabbed him by the shoulders and used his back like a ramp for her feet until she was steadily sitting on his shoulders.  
She hesitated for a second, she felt her pussy against his neck. She wasn’t aroused by this, but technically, other than her parents when they used to change her diaper, Mr. O’Malley was the first to touch her vagina. She felt like a huge barrier was broken there and seemed realize it was really only skin there and while it was special to penetrate, it was otherwise not a huge deal to be naked. Well, in that moment at least. Ellen was sure the second she goes a day without being bare again it’s going to become a huge deal once more.  
  
“Everything all right up there?” O’Malley asked as his face dangled precariously near the surface of the water.  
“Yeah, it’s all fine.” Ellen said as she reached for the hack saw and began to cut through the soft copper. In just two minutes, she was finished cutting and even replacing it. She had O’Malley turn on the water to adjusted the cover until it was perfect. When she gave the thumbs up, O’Malley playfully threw her so she would fall into the water, which caused them both to laugh.  
  
“That’s was bright thinkin’ you did there.” O’Malley praised her.  
“Thanks,” she said from the water, “let’s get back up.”  
And they went to the stairs and walked up them once more, Ellen much faster than O’Malley who was weighed down by his soaking wet jumpsuit uniform.  
Ellen stood around waiting for O’Malley who by age and by weight was taking a while. When he finally did arrive, he grabbed two large towels and tossed one to her. They both dried off with only Ellen being the completely dry one. When Ellen simply folded it again and put it where O’Malley had gotten it, he was convinced.  
  
“Alright, so I guess you’re telling the truth.” He said still drying.  
“What do you mean?” Ellen asked as she took a seat on the couch once again.  
“Any girl forced like that would’ve done wrapped it around herself, you did the practical thing.” He said in a voice that almost congratulated her.  
Ellen looked down at her body wondering what he was talking about before she realized it was the towel. “I’m not being practical, I’d just look silly walking around in only a towel.”  
And again, they both laughed, but this time harder.  
“Well, I should really be going. I have other duties I need to do.” Ellen said, showing him the note. She began to walk up the stairs and O’Malley stopped her by calling to her. “Ellen!”  
Ellen stopped and turned her head towards him to acknowledge him. “Yes?”  
“You’re not one of the usual headaches that get sent to me. If you ever want to skip a class to either hang out here or help me with my work out on the green, I’ll make sure to get you out of anything. Just come down here and I’ll set something up, okay? You got a good head on your shoulders and a work ethic to match, a very rare combination in this day and age.” He called to her as rubbed a his hat on the back on his head.  
  
“Thank you very much, Mr. O’Malley! Just don’t expect me naked every time, okay?” she joked.  
“Aye lass, I just said I’m lookin’ at your noggin, not your body.” He joked back.  
They both laughed, and Ellen was on her way. She would be sure to see O’Malley sometime, maybe she could even drive the mower. When she got out into the hallway, a clock on one of the walls greeted her. Ellen couldn’t believe all that happened in only thirty-five minutes and she still had an hour and a half to go.  
  
She took the list from her hand and read number five again. She headed towards the bathrooms in successive order: First boys then girls. She walked into the boys bathroom, and the moment she did, she realized she really had to go to pee. She tried to ignore it and walked to one of the sinks and turned it on: it worked perfectly. As she turned from sink, she saw a half-cracked stall door with a boy about her age looking at her. Ellen stood straight, but covered her crotch and breasts with her arms giving the boy an upset look.  
  
“Sorry!” he screeched.  
  
Ellen knew immediately when his voice broke that she wasn’t intimidated by him.  
  
“It’s… uh.. okay, I guess. What’re you doing in here?” Ellen said, loosening her arms and letting them take natural positions.  
“Umm… may I ask a question first.”  
“Shoot.”  
“Why are you na-na-naked?” he asked, stuttering on the offending word.  
  
Ellen looked down at her body to see bare pale skin looking back at her. She hadn’t forgotten, but it seemed like the natural thing to do. She nervously put her hand over her crotch again and said “It’s a long story, but Mr. Rosen at construction thinks it’s the best idea. Frankly, with how it’s been helping, I’m inclined to agree even if it’s embarrassing.” Ellen said modestly.  
The boy opened the door more until it was fully open. He was small, an inch shorter than 5’5 Ellen, chubby, had a boyish face, and dark brown curls. Somehow, they seemed equally embarrassed.  
  
“Umm… I’m Thomas. I’m hiding from the same class you’re in.” he said trying not to look at her.  
Ellen tilted her head towards the boy and walked forward, grabbing him by the wrists. She pulled lightly, causing him to stand up.  
  
“That’s nonsense!”, she started, “why would you ever want to stay out of that class?”  
“I’ve been doing it for about two weeks now…” Thomas admitted, still keeping his eyes to the floor.  
“Well, why?” Ellen inquired again.  
“Some of the bigger guys in there scare me.” Thomas admitted to her.  
“What? Do they pick on you?” Ellen asked, crossing both her arms.  
“No, not exactly. It’s something I’m worried about though.” Thomas said as he rubbed the back of his head realizing how dumb that sounded.  
“That’s just not right,” Ellen huffed, “Mr. Rosen protects all of his students, especially those who need it.”  
Thomas, still mesmerized with the floor, had no idea how he was having the same discussion he’s been having in his head for the last two weeks now with a beautiful naked girl. “So… what do you suggest we do?”  
  
Ellen simply grabbed his hand and began to walk towards the exit saying “You and I are going to go speak to Mr. Rosen. Maybe he’ll let you stick with me until you’re comfortable.”  
“Okay…” is all Thomas could get out before he was stopped by Ellen.  
She got a sudden pain in her stomach and she remembered what she needed to do.  
“Thomas… I have to… umm… pee.” Ellen said, letting go of his hand.  
“Well, the stalls don’t flush for some reason… but the urinals work. Can you wait till we get to the girl’s bathroom?”  
Ellen was holding her stomach and eyeing the urinal. She didn’t even consider the toilet because leaving her pee to sit there for who knows how long was nasty to her.  
“Thomas, can you turn around please?”  
He was stunned for a moment, but nodded placing himself one-hundred and eighty degrees from the urinal. Ellen grabbed a few papers towels and walked over to the urinal. She turned around and placed her bottom over the short one and after some hesitation because she was looking at the back of Thomas’ head, she managed to go.  
When she was finished, she wiped herself properly, washed her hands, and began to drag Thomas away again. “Please don’t tell anyone about that, Thomas.” Ellen half-begged.  
“Yeah… don’t worry, I won’t. I still don’t think this is happening.” He said to her.  
  
Ellen ignored that last bit, and walked farther down the hallway towards the girl’s bathroom. Right at the threshold, Thomas stopped in a dead heat.  
  
“Ellen, I’m a boy. I can’t be in here.” He said to her, sounding afraid.  
“Thomas, I’m a girl and I was just in the boy’s bathroom. You can stand in here while I start a sink and flush a toilet.” Ellen said, sounding almost angry.  
The cowardly Thomas didn’t object further but was dragged into the girl’s bathroom. Ellen did what she needed to do quickly, and they left once again.  
“We’re all finished!” Ellen happily announced raising her hand for Thomas to high-five.  
Thomas awkwardly lifted his hand but managed to give a pretty good high-five.  
Ellen began to walk towards the construction room with Thomas in tow. He was amazed this girl was care-free and helpful, all while being naked. It was probably the naked thing that impressed him the most, he thought to himself.  
Ellen towed Thomas towards Mr. Rosen who seemed surprised to see them both.  
  
“Ellen!” he said shocked, “you can’t have gotten all that work I’ve given you and still have thirty minutes left.”  
“It’s all done, but I will give credit where credit is due. Mr. O’Malley helped me tremendously with the pipes and Thomas here kept me company on my route.” Ellen said.  
“Ah, so you’ve met Mr. O’Malley. I thought he’d still be mowing the lawns or planting something while you were down there. He’s a good friend of mine, did he treat you right?” Mr. Rosen asked with a concerned tone.  
“Oh, no need to worry. We scared each other at first, but I think he really hit it off. He invited me to come work the green with him whenever I wanted.” Ellen ecstatically told.  
“That’s surprising, that old man is usually scowling if he isn’t driving his mower or sharing a story with me. Your sense of ingenuity is getting places.” Mr. Rosen remarked gladly. Then he glanced to Thomas who hasn’t said a word yet. “This is Thomas?” Mr. Rosen asked genuinely curious.  
“Yep. He says he’s part of the class, but some of the bigger guys intimidate him so he’s been hiding.” Ellen whispered to Mr. Rosen as not to embarrass Thomas.  
  
Mr. Rosen looked shocked and almost disgusted. The fact that he had a student that was too intimidated to show up to class just hit him sour. He got down on one knee and placed each of his massive hands on Thomas’ shoulders. “Listen, Thomas, I won’t let anything happen to you. My students are like my children, and I protect them with the same ferocity. If anyone starts picking on you, just come and get me and the problem will be dealt with immediately. Not tomorrow, not next week. Immediately.” Mr. Rosen in in the most caring and compassionate way his gruff voice could come, it reminded Ellen much of the time when she was in his office. Thomas was so overcome he hugged Mr. Rosen which hugged him back.  
  
Mr. Rosen stood back up and placed on of his hands on a shoulder of Ellen and Thomas. He yelled loudly to the class, which all in unison were staring at Ellen already. “Listen here, I have to do some paperwork. While I’m gone, Ellen is in charge. You need something, ask her. Since we only have twenty minutes left, we will all focus on cleaning up.” Mr. Rosen announced and quickly escorted Thomas into his office. The boys cautiously gathered around Ellen, maintaining at least five feet. Ellen wasn’t feeling completely comfortable, but they weren’t doing anything. She tried to give an order of the five to her left begin sweeping, and to her amazement they did without question; they still looked at her, even

when walking away though, which wasn’t unexpected. Mr. Rosen seems to have beaten them into a perfect condition physically. She assigned her other teams of wiping down tables, picking tools up, and taking the trash out. Since every other team had at least three people, she decided not to break the balance and only focus on picking up stray bit and bobs, crawling into corners to get pieces of wood and anything else that fell back there, and so on. When she was finished, everyone was already going into the classroom which she followed. When she walked in, all the lockers were open. Something terrible had happened; her stuff wasn’t in her locker.  
  
Ellen panicked. She went on asking everyone, accusing some, checking every corner, checking every locker, and even trying to check some people’s bags. It was no use though, they were nowhere she could think to look and time was getting close to the bell. She ran into the lab and did a quick look, checked in the yard to see if they got moved out there, and even looked in the hallway quickly. Ellen could understand being naked in here, it had proven useful several times today even; but in academia? No, that’d be practical in no sense of anyway whatsoever. She couldn’t do that. Finally, Mr. Rosen and Thomas arrived back into the room. Ellen ran up to Mr. Rosen who worriedly asked her “Ellen, why are you still naked?”  
  
“Mr. Rosen!” Ellen exclaimed, “one of these lowlifes stole my clothes! I can’t go to class naked.”  
Ellen was panting from the running around she had done in those few moments of frenzied searching, and was pink with fluster, anger, and embarrassment.  
“Did you check my chair?” Mr. Rosen casually asked her.  
Ellen looked dumbfounded; she didn’t think the teacher would’ve taken them. She walked over to his chair, pulled it from under his desk and saw her clothing neatly folded. She was about to begin dressing when Mr. Rosen stopped her. “Whoa, whoa, whoa, Ellen, I think the class deserves an apology before you get dressed. You just accused them of being lowlife thieves.”  
“Mr. Rosen…” Ellen said.  
  
“Ellen, I don’t play favorites. You’ve wronged your classmates, and they deserve an apology. Step to the front of the class and apologize.” Mr. Rosen said commandingly with his arms folded.  
Ellen sighed, knowing he was right, but still didn’t want to do it. She shuffled to the center front of the classroom where all eyes were to meet her. She clasped her hands in front of herself, looked out to the class and said “Class, I’m very sorry. I was wrong to call you thieves because of my own fear. It won’t happen again without justification.”  
It felt so weird to her, being naked in the background is one thing, but it felt like she was on a stage. She was already sweaty from the running she had done, but now she had a light sheen from being nervous. She waited patiently for Mr. Rosen to let her dress, but he was waiting for the class.  
  
“Class, are you satisfied with your apology?” He asked.  
Most stayed quiet, but a few spoke “No, she went through our stuff without permission and my stuff was thrown all over.”  
Mr. Rosen nodded at this, letting it quiet down. “Alright, so fair is fair, you have the remainder of the class, two minutes, to go through her stuff and inspect however you want. Ellen, please take your seat and wait patiently.” he said as he went to his chair and left her clothing and bookbag on the front row.  
  
“Whoa, Mr. Rosen, wait!” a portly boy cried.  
“Yes, Tyler?” he answered from his swivel chair.  
“We, an entire class, only get two minutes to inspect three things for two minutes. I don’t know about you, but my pride as a student has been hurt far more than the chance to touch a girl’s panties will bring. I think Ellen needs a penalty so this can’t happen again.” Tyler called.  
Mr. Rosen stroked his face for a moment before saying, “Okay, what do you have in mind?”  
Ellen was getting apprehensive, especially when he said, “Since her clothing seems to be the main issue, we should simply have a no clothing policy for Ellen. That way, we can’t steal what’s not there.”  
Ellen’s mouth was agape, but was quickly saved by Mr. Rosen, “Or a forced clothing mandate for Ellen. Can’t steal what’s on her body, can you?”  
  
Tyler hushed up immediately, his lust narrowly punished.  
Mr. Rosen began again, “I agree though, and this conversation is taking from the time. Speak with Ellen and have her agree to something reasonable.”  
“Thank you, sir.” Tyler said as he lifted himself from his seat to sit adjacent to Ellen.  
The boys went up to it and scattered in the room. They quickly grew board of her book bag which contained only books and school work, her blouse which stayed on the table, and her pants which hung lightly from a lamp. They played with and laughed at her cartoon panties by tossing them around, stretching them, and so forth. This was all for except Tyler.  
  
Tyler began discourse with Ellen simply saying, “As a straight A student, I’ve never been so offended.”  
Ellen silently drooped her head and simply said “Sorry, I was scared and the thought of going to class naked was not an option. What do you have in mind I do?” Ellen said feeling he was going to be fair, she was wrong.  
Tyler got a large grin across his face and started high as he should, “Let me finger you.”  
“Absolutely not. I would never, ever, let you finger me.” Ellen said aghast.  
Tyler knew that was the likely answer and didn’t fret too much, “No more clothes in this class?”  
“You’re out of your mind.” Ellen retorted.  
“You can’t wear clothes for the rest of the day.” He tried.  
“That doesn’t make sense. I wouldn’t be in the mess if I wanted to do that.”  
Tyler thought long and hard for several moments and said, “I know you live just down the street from me, and I’m having a sleepover with some friends Wednesday night. Will you come?” he asked in sincerity.  
“Where’s the “Naked” part?” Ellen asked suspiciously.  
“Come however you want. I tried getting something hot out of it, didn’t work, might as well try to be friends. I mean you live so close by that I don’t see why not, and there will be another girl there so it’s not going to be weird or anything.” He said, and was being legitimate in his hopes. Only three people were going not including himself, might have Ellen; she didn’t seem so bad to him.  
Ellen thought for a moment, and the other girl was a lynch-pin for her, she reluctantly agreed, and right at that moment, the bell rang and the boys began to leave.  
When they did, Ellen left her head on her desk and waiting for the mandate to end. Thomas was the only one who stayed polite and sat next to her trying to cheer her up. They all left, leaving her stuff in disarray around the room. When all was quiet and Ellen lifted her head and asked something simple: “Mr. Rosen, why was my stuff in your chair?” which he simply replied “I didn’t want them to get stolen.”  
He gave a sheepish laugh, which she replied with a smile. Ellen gathered up her stuff and got dressed before saying good bye to Mr. Rosen. She was proud of her accomplishments today and didn’t want to let one small set back tarnish an otherwise great day, which is the same as how Mr. Rosen felt. He gave her a firm handshake and a pat on the back and a request.

**Just One of the Guys: Day 3; Lunch Period A**

As Ellen picked up her scattered clothing and papers, seemingly disgusted by what they’d gone through, something seemed to jump to Mr. Rosen’s head. “Ellen, “ he began with a short beckon, “do you have any plans for lunch?”  
She looked at him with a bundle of her clothes in hand and the other parting her blonde hair to scratch and said back to him, “Well, eating, I guess. I’m pretty hungry after all the work I’ve done today.”  
“As you should be, but I meant social obligations or anyone else to meet with?” he directed this time.  
“No, not really. I’m too much of a Tomboy for most of the girls and the only time I have to interact with people is in this class, and most of them are too shy to talk to me.” Ellen said with an audible huff to her voice.  
“Well, would you mind coming with me and talk about some of the things we have set up for the next week or two? The wife packed me an extra sandwich I could let you have.” Mr. Rosen sincerely offered to her.  
“Oh, well my lunch period starts in fifteen minutes and then it itself is thirty. The fifteen minutes is usually only to get attendance for the class out of the way and so the lunchroom can properly be set up, so a note would suffice to get me in afterward.” Ellen said grinning to him, which he knew what she was getting at.  
“Oh, so you just want an extra fifteen minutes for lunch, is that right? Hmm?” Mr. Rosen teased.  
“If you would be so kind, sir.” Ellen gave back.  
“Well, since we’ll be using mostly your time, I guess it’ll be fair. Get dressed and we’ll get to walking.” Mr. Rosen said as he rummaged through his lunch sack for the sandwiches.  
“Could I actually wash these in anyway?” Ellen said to him as she held up her panties which showed an obvious grime and dirtiness to them, “frankly I don’t want to even be holding them after the abuse they went through.”  
Mr. Rosen carefully took them from her and looked them over himself, the marks were clearly obvious and he nodded his head. “Yeah, the boys certainly got at these alright. Take them along with a rag and quickly scrub them out. The sun’s blistering outside and I’m sure they’ll dry in an instant. See if any of your other clothes need a quick rinse too and we’ll be off. I’ll be e-mailing your teacher while you do that.” He said quickly as he turned in his swivel chair and was instantly beginning to write an e-mail. A testament to efficiency, Ellen thought.  
Ellen went back into the lab once more an examined her clothes. Her panties were filthy, her jeans were smudged, but surprisingly her blouse was seemingly untouched. She placed the blouse aside, she would wear it on their walk since it almost covered her parts down below. She turned the water on and grabbed a rag and some soap making quick work of the filth. When she was finished, she held the soaked items in the air to one of the mighty lights to see the results: remarkably clean. She walked the jeans and the pair of panties to the yard and laid her garments once more on Mr. Rosen’s truck to dry.  
Ellen grabbed her blouse once more and slung it on herself. For some reason she didn’t quite understand, she like the feelings of only wear her blouse. It hung lightly around her shoulders, had a slight cling at the waste, and the ends fell lightly on her lower stomach. It almost covered her vagina, but just wasn’t quite there. She felt it could be a mini-dress if it were only a few inches longer which tantalized her. As she was spinning, admiring the feeling, Mr. Rosen stuck his head in and smiled at the affair. “You can play dress-up later, let’s get going!” he called to her.  
Ellen immediately stopped, and gave him a short apologetic giggle before joining his side.  
“Are you sure you need that? Doesn’t cover a thing.” Mr. Rosen said grasping the edges of her blouse and rubbing them between her fingers.  
Ellen took it from his hands and playfully told them, “No, but I prefer it on and you said talk, not work.”  
Mr. Rosen shrugged his shoulders and continued to walk out towards the hallway. “Guess you’re right, doesn’t much matter what you wear for this talk I suppose.”  
The two walked down to the end of the hallway, approaching the boiler room, to which Ellen thought they were going. They kept walking down the long corridor and Ellen was positive, Mr. Rosen even made movements towards the door, that the boiler room was their destination. When Mr. Rosen walked right past it, towards the door leading outside, Ellen was shocked.  
“Mr. Rosen, the door to the Boiler Room is right here.” Ellen almost stuttered out.  
“That it is; glad you can find it.” Mr. Rosen said over his shoulder.  
“We’re going in here, right?” Ellen asked again.  
Mr. Rosen turned towards her this time, obviously confused with her insistence. “No, Ellen, we’re heading over to the Pre-K to discuss the building plans for their equipment.”  
Ellen squeaked meekly, not ready to actually go outside in a non-enclosed area, but she didn’t say anything about it. She guessed Mr. Rosen knew what he was thinking, and relented. She walked closely to him, who was holding the door open.  
Ellen stepped out first, and one of her hands instantly found her crotch and became a shield. Somehow, being partly dressed and being exposed seemed embarrassing. Not the usual embarrassment, and innocent one when she wears panties or is fully nude, but a naughty one where someone might think she’s a slut. She looked left, and right, before stepping out into the open. There was no one. The building was set up in a rather simplistic way, there was a massive central building where the cafeteria and various offices were held, and three arms sprouting out of it; the way they were taking was outside with a circular path that connected each of the wings. She glared heavily towards the central building, with people eating through clear glass windows. They were roughly one-hundred feet away. She could barely make out any singular person, let alone what they were wearing. She hoped the luck would extend to her. They started to walk and made it to the Specialties Hall, where Nursing, Pre-K, Architecture, and all the other “grunt-work” potential was placed. Luckily for Ellen, Pre-K was at the very end of the Hallway because it needed the most outside space, so she wouldn’t actually have to go through the hallway passing the other classes.  
Ellen and Mr. Rosen entered a glass-door to what looked like a lobby. It too was empty, but she could hear the laughter and noises of small children all around her. Mr. Rosen didn’t seem to take notice, or care really, and knocked on the only door, which was a half door that could be opened either only the top or completely. The top opened and there stood a women in her mid-thirties. Brunette, slim, and decent looking, Mr. Rosen addressed her, “Hello, Mrs. Claythorne. My prodigy and I are here to examine the land, the shipping order, and any other things we may need to see for the playground.”  
“Oh, yes, of course, Mr. Rosen. And before I come let you two in, may I ask the name of your prodigy?”  
Mrs. Claythorne asked, as she only say Ellen from around the naval up.  
“Oh, this here?”, Mr. Rosen said as he ruffled her hair from the back, “This Ellen. She’s a first year, but one of my quickest and dedicated workers.”  
“Oh, great let me open this door and we can let yo-“ Mrs. Claythorne said as she opened the door, and saw Ellen’s bottomless state.  
“Mr. Rosen, may I asked why this girl is exposing herself to me?” Mrs. Claythorne said with a clear distaste in her mouth.  
Mr. Rosen looked down at Ellen’s now clasped crotch, as if he forgotten, and simply told her “Her underwear and jeans were very dirty, so she washed them and they’re drying as we speak.”  
“So she was alright with coming here practically in the buff?” Mrs. Claythorne said with an obvious frown forming.  
Ellen stood their silently, crouching ever so slightly and locking her eyes to Mr. Rosen.  
“More or less. She actually worked in the buff today to fix the school’s water.” Mr. Rosen said as nonchalantly as could be uttered.  
Mrs. Claythorne was speechless at this point, and a terribly tense moment passed before she spoke again, “Fine, but I refuse to teach the difference between boys and girls to such young children. She will wear what I give her to wear. Understood?”  
Mr. Rosen looked down to Ellen to see if this was alright, to which she gave him a gentle shrug. This being enough of an answer, Mrs. Claythorne left for a minute or two and came back holding something in her hand: a pull-up.  
Ellen looked shocked, she expected a pair of shorts, maybe a skirt, or even a towel, but this? She hadn’t worn one in over a decade. She took it in hand, something by habit as Mrs. Claythorne forced it into her hands, and stood still. Ellen looked to Mr. Rosen, who was as perplexed too, and he simply said “Hey, it’s her class. I don’t have any authority here. If that’s how she wants you, that’s how she wants you. You’re free to turn it down and I’ll have my thir-“

**Just One of the Guys: Day 3; Lunch Period B**

Ellen cut him off there, “No, I’ll do it. I’m not passing up an opportunity like this, something that could easily be on a resume on any type, because I’m being selfish. I could’ve worn the dirty clothes and this would be avoided; my fault, my consequence.”  
Mr. Rosen seemed impressed once again by her determination, but Mrs. Claythorne seemed miffed.  
Ellen unwrapped the pull-up, probably the largest size sold, and slipped it on. It was tight, hugging her bottom and feeling very strange on her. As she was looking at it, Mrs. Claythorne swooped and in years of practice from dressing small children, she managed to get Ellen’s blouse off without so much as a struggle. Ellen’s arms went instantly to her small chest and she demanded to know what Mrs. Claythorne was doing. Mr. Rosen equally seemed shocked, but Mrs. Claythorne quickly explained.  
“I said you will wear what I provide you. I did not provide this blouse nor does it suit the current outfit. I will place it in a cubby for you and you may retrieve it when you leave.”  
“What about not wanting to tell those kids the difference between boys and girls?” Ellen asked her.  
“What difference? I have nipples, you have nipples, Mr. Rosen has nipples. Secondly, you’re flatchested, so you’ll fit right in.”  
Mr. Rosen, trying to lighten the situation began looking down his own shirt and comically said “I’ll be damned, she’s right!”  
  
Neither of the two women were paying attention nor laughing, they had a dead cold stare. Ellen was simply shocked, but her anger got her more motivated to simply get the task at hand over with. She gritted her teeth, kept her arms crossed, and in pseudo-moxie she declared to Mrs. Claythorne she was ready to see to the project.  
Mrs. Claythorne gave her a fake smile and turned her direction to Mr. Rosen, “Mr. Rosen, the shipment should be here tomorrow. Could I ask that for the next two days Ellen report straight her-“  
Mr. Rosen cut her off, “Mrs. Claythorne, I’m going to be honest with you, it’s not my decision at this point. My job is to create workers and leaders, I’ve given Ellen this job, and if she accepts, you need to speak with her about all arrangements. Treat her like a private contractor: give her the instructions, the papers, and so on. If she doesn’t, all I’m doing is sending you a third year student. My class isn’t simply free-labor, I remind you.”  
Ellen looked touched; she didn’t think this was her job, let alone that she was the first choice.  
“Ellen, if it’s alright with you, I only came to introduce you two. I’m going back to my classroom and I’m trusting you with this big responsibility. If it’s not up your alley, feel free to tell Mrs. Claythorne “I quit.”, but that will go down as a bad grade because as the “employer”, she has temporary control of your grade.  
Ellen, being filled with pride, saluted Mr. Rosen for some strange reason and told him simply, “I will not let you down. I will have this playground constructed without flaw.”  
Mr. Rosen grinned at her and gave her a small grin, “Mrs. Claythorne, I tell you this girl is a trooper. She will not fail you, because she’s one of Rosen’s boys. Ellen, come back when you’re finished and we’ll have the sandwich I was talking about.”  
Mr. Rosen left and gave a good-bye to the duo.  
Mrs. Claythorne glared daggers at Ellen and defiantly told her, “I don’t like little tramps who walk around half-naked, got it? You’re wearing that to teach you that you’re still a little girl who doesn’t know a thing about the world.”  
Ellen was hurt at being called a tramp and “little girl”.  
“I’m not a tra-“ Ellen started before she was abruptly cut off by Mrs. Claythorne who did it with a simple loud noise. Ellen was quiet, and she walked Ellen inside. The room was colorful and filled with screaming children playing with an assortment of toys and other goodies. They didn’t really seem to think Ellen’s get-up was too strange, as they’ve seen it before on themselves. Some of the children even crowded around the two and frantically asked who the new kid was. Ellen was becoming mortified, wearing nothing except a pull-up among children who who thought she was one of their own.  
“Children! This is Ellen, she’s a very special girl. She will be building all of us a brand new playground!” Ellen was startled by the dramatic shift from banshee who hated her to almost Mother Teresa. The kids eyes all went bright, warming Ellen’s heart, they cheered her and grasped at her bare legs asking so many questions.  
“When will it be finished!” They shouted.  
“Hopefully by the end of the week.” She answered.  
“What will it have!” they followed.  
“Umm… a swing-set, jungle gym, and other cool stuff.”  
They cheered, but then they asked a question she didn’t really have an answer to.  
A little boy asked “Why are you naked?”  
Which a little girl matter-of-factly stated “She’s not naked, silly, she’s wearing a diaper.”  
“Oh,” the boy replied, “Why are you wearing only a diaper?”  
Ellen didn’t have an answer to this, really. She didn’t know herself. As she struggled, Mrs. Claythorne oddly enough saved her, “So she can be just like the class! She wants to fit right in!”  
Ellen’s mouth hung open in disbelief, but the children seemed overjoyed. They rallied around her and tugged at her hands until she was led to sit on the ground. “Mrs. Claythorne, Mrs. Claythorne! Can Ellen have snack time with us?” They asked to which Mrs. Claythorne cooed them and said “Of course, dears. I have to find the paperwork for Ellen anyways. Bobby, could you please pass out the juice boxes and cookies?”  
Ellen sat there, being pet, pulled, and stroked by the students in all directions as she was brought to a small plastic table to sit at. She really couldn’t fathom what type of situation she’d found herself in. Before she could think further, her cookie and juice box came and were placed in front of her. The kids talked but mostly asked her questions, which she tried to answer with the same enthusiasm Mrs. Claythorne did with some success. The kids seemed to really like her, but they seemed too interested with two things: her hair and her pull-up. The girls stroked her blond hair non-stop, even occasionally yanking it while most the boys pulled playfully at the sides of the pull-up.  
Ellen felt extremely childish as she sat there only wearing a pull-up, sipping from a juice box, and nibbling a cookie. She ignored the children mostly, only lightly swatting the hair and diaper pullers when they were getting rough. It was a full five minutes before Mrs. Claythorne came back with the papers to show Ellen, with each and every kid over her shoulder pretending to read. When all was understood, Ellen signed the papers and stood up to walk with Mrs. Claythorne out to the field. It was a cleared square of land of mostly dirt. Ellen inquired what she was to do, and Mrs. Claythorne gave her the instructions simply. “You’re to create a small barrier around the perimeter with wood, fill it with wood chips, and install the equipment. The first two should only take a day, and installing should take the other day, I was told. Report here, strip, I’ll give you a new pull-up, and you’ll work. Sound good?”  
  
Ellen gritted her teeth at the last part, but she nodded to confirm it was at minimum alright. Mrs. Claythorne gave her that every annoying false smile and walked her back to the lobby. She handed Ellen her shirt, but not before stripping her of her pull-up. “You’ll get this one back tomorrow, it’s hardly been worn.” Was the only statement of departure she gave to Ellen before returning to her class.  
Ellen was too mad to even put her shirt back on, her only desire was to get the Hell out of there as quickly as possible. She muttered many words of ill-will towards Mrs. Claythorne as she marched unabashed towards Mr. Rosen’s class, luckily unnoticed as it seemed the lunch had cleared by then waiting for the next one. She grabbed her jeans and panties, from the truck and drudged straight through the lab into the classroom. Mr. Rosen was sitting there at his desk eating part of his sandwich and reading something on his phone. Ellen marched to her desk is, tossed her clothes on top of her bookbag and began to rant to Mr. Rosen.  
“How can that woman work with kids, be so ever-loving to them, and immediately call me a tramp?” Ellen demanded of him.  
Mr. Rosen was seemingly disturbed from his trance and dropped his sandwich. “Wait, what?” he asked very confused.  
“She took me by the side and called me a flat-chested tramp!” she shouted to him.  
Mr. Rosen bluntly looked Ellen in the eyes and simply asked, “So you quit?”  
Ellen let her head fall into her hand, and her temper dropped instantly. “No, I’m going to get it done. I really hate that woman, but this is an opportunity that I have to take.” Ellen dejectedly said as she began to dress herself.  
“Great. Class is starting, take this sandwich and go on to class.” Mr. Rosen told Ellen as he held a sandwich to her. She took it, sighed, and told Mr. Rosen she would see him on Monday to account for the two days.

**Just One of the Guys: Day 4A**

Ellen dreaded today. She unfamiliarly walked down the Specialist Hallway towards Mrs. Claythorne’s pre-k classroom. She entered to see it yet again, but still heard children. They must get here really early, Ellen thought to herself as she approached the half-door. It was open this time, likely awaiting late entries, and there stood a smug Mrs. Claythorne. She greeted her warmly, and as she placed the pull-up over the door’s counter, she stretched herself to look downwards; “So I see you decided to wear pants today, Ellen.” She mocked.  
  
Ellen gritted her teeth, but did what must be done. She stripped down in front of Mrs. Claythorne to bare nothingness, a form she would mildly prefer over the pull-up, and cautiously put on the dreaded article. It felt strange again, clinging to her softly but telling her she was a something less than her true age. The designs didn’t help her much either, as they had princesses on the front and the word of the back in bright pink.  
  
She handed her clothing to Mrs. Claythorne who took them and put them in her little cubby. It was a site that annoyed her really, seeing small bookbags and childish objects with which she only had her clothing and more plain bookbag in.  
Mrs. Claythorne came back to Ellen, gave her a one over with the eyes, and gave herself a satisfied grin before opening the door fully for Ellen who strolled in embarrassed. When the children saw her, a loud cry of “Ellen!” was heard and they hugged her legs instantly not allowing her to move. They tried to pull her down to their level again, but this time Mrs. Claythorne managed to rout them quickly. They scattered, leaving but all the most affectionate two clinging to her legs.  
  
“Now children, I know how much you like Ellen, but she really needs to work today or we can’t have a playground.” Mrs. Claythorne told them like a mother would as she soothingly scolded her children.  
  
The children, again in almost unison, gave a whine but relented. They freed her legs and joined the others who quickly began to disperse into various activities. Mrs. Claythorne seized Ellen by the hand and led her outside to which they found several pallets filled with the various parts. The one Ellen had to immediately deal with was a large pillar of stacked logs that were squared; these would serve as the perimeter. Luckily for Ellen, the perimeter was already marked for where they were to go; unluckily, the logs were each heavy and somewhat sharp at the edges due to their lack of expected weathering.  
  
Mrs. Claythorne gave her a sharp slap on the bottom, which admittedly made Ellen jump from surprise, and wished her luck in that catty tone she only seemed to possess with Ellen.  
  
Ellen, industrious in all situations, began her work with no complaint and started pulling the top levels of heavy logs down. With them, there was a heavy thud which only lessened when a layer was removed. Ellen used all of her might, feeling the subtle jarring against her exposed skin, to drag each and every log to their correct place and spent several minutes more exacting them to match the preset borders of the flags. When this was finished, she stood back to admire her work. It looked neat and well organized. At this point, she looked down. Her body was filled with small cuts from her feet to a very thin one on her chin. Deciding the work should be done first, as none of them were terribly serious, she went over to the pre-supplied area of tools. From there, she grabbed a shovel and went within the borders she had recently erected. Within lie a large mass of woodchips and small fibers that softened the bare earth the children were expected to play in.  
  
This was an easy, but dirty job. All Ellen needed to do was distribute the mass evenly so it looked like a nice even layer. She made quick work of this, simply standing from the top, digging in, and launching most of it as far as she could propel. This was finished in an astonishing forty minutes, including leveling the chips. When she was finished, she walked triumphantly into the classroom to inform Mrs. Claythorne. Instead of pride, she was met with a horror stricken face.  
  
“Out!”, Mrs. Claythorne screamed at her, “Out now!”. Ellen was deeply confused, wondering what she had done wrong; she stood there frozen. She didn’t have much time though, as Mrs. Claythorne came storming at her an once again seizing her by her wrist and bringing her outside.  
“What’d I-“ Ellen began to ask before she was cut off by the ever angry Mrs. Claythorne.  
  
“You are absolutely filthy! Do you wander everywhere without so much a credence to how much work goes into keeping an environment clean and sterile?! The diaper truly fits, because I could only expect this kind of behavior from someone in one!” Mrs. Claythorne screamed and raised Ellen’s arm to show her how dirty she was. There wasn’t a clear patch of her skin that extended more than an inch.  
  
Ellen was nearly in tears, but she wasn’t ready for what Mrs. Claythorne had in mind next. Mrs. Claythorne took her free hand and seized the front of her pull-up and pulled harshly tearing the item off. “You’re getting a bath while I have to make these responsible preschoolers clean up your mess!” Mrs. Claythorne screamed as she led Ellen through her classroom naked and into a small room on the side. It was a red-checkered floor with a child-sized toilet and a bathtub on the side, probably for horribly messy accidents. Mrs. Claythorne led Ellen in and had her sit down in the tub, to which she could finally see where she has been; there were dirty footprints all the way to even the tub. Ellen murmured her sincerest apologies, but a frustrated Mrs. Claythorne simply furrowed her brow, turned on the water, and called two students of hers. One boy a one girl showed up, and Mrs. Claythorne gave them a wetted rag imbued with hand soap before looking to Ellen.  
  
“Well?” Mrs. Claythorne stated more than asked, expecting something to be said.  
“I’m sorry, what?” Ellen asked in confusion.  
“Not 'what'. Tell these two you’re sorry that they have to take time out of their play time to clean your mess.” Mrs. Claythorne said in a puff.  
  
The kids did look a tad bit morose to Ellen, even the girl having a slight frown on her face. “I’m really, sorry guys, I didn’t know. Mrs. Claythorne, may I clean it up after this?” Ellen pleaded.  
  
“Nope. Due to the amount of cuts you have, you’re going to the nurse’s office right after this. They’ll have my and Mr. Rosen’s head if one of those get badly infected.” Mrs. Claythorne said as she took a third rag and began to wet it in the bath water.  
  
“Nurse’s office?” Ellen inquired, which she got no response to.  
Mrs. Claythorne put some soap on the rag and began to clean Ellen herself.  
Ellen looked down mystified and tried to tell her “I can wash myself.”  
  
Mrs. Claythorne scrubbed harder, leaving a clean streak line wherever the rag went; she was obviously experienced as it was rough but not painful in the least. “No, apparently you can’t. Can’t keep yourself clean, can’t keep the floor clean, and worst is every boy saw you naked. Now I’ve got to fricken explain that, my only benefit is you’re shaven so I don’t have to explain puberty and differences.” Mrs. Claythorne ranted as she got nearly every speck of dust off of her before Ellen heard the water drain from the tub.  
  
Before Ellen could look down, there was a rough towel scraping her body and getting her dry in remarkable time. Ellen felt her wrist seized again, and found herself guided to stand in the tub and the urging tug to walk. Before she knew it, she was standing at a wall in Mrs. Claythorne’s classroom and instructed to wait there a moment as she left to find a teacher to watch her children for a moment. The kids jumped at the chance to taunt her. The same few children from yesterday surrounded her.  
  
“Now she’s naked!”, the boy who had asked why last time said victoriously.  
“So what! That’s today, and this was yesterday.” The girl who had corrected him the previous day said.  
  
They didn’t get to fight long, as Mrs. Claythorne came back with an elderly teacher, probably a substitute, to watch the kids. It seemed the elderly woman wanted to ask questions, but Mrs. Claythorne, dragging Ellen, left too quickly. They were practically being marched down the hall while Ellen was naked; the crowded hallway. By the sheer of luck the first lunch was still ten minutes away, so people were still in their classrooms. Unfortunately though, she did see a few eager students waiting at open doors which were shocked to see a naked girl being dragged down the hall. Ellen, still teary eyed, dropped her face into her hand and allowed Mrs. Claythorne to lead her all the way to the central building where the nurse’s office laid. They entered, and were greeted by a rather plump woman in her fifties.  
  
“Now, now. What do we have here?” the nurse asked as she fixed the spectacles on her nose.  
“She was doing a job for me, and she managed to cut herself all over.” Mrs. Claythorne said, seemingly oblivious to Ellen’s nudity.  
“Not what I meant, but okay. You can leave now, I know you’ve a busy class, Mrs. Claythorne.” The nurse almost apathetically said.  
“Thank you, Mrs. Greene.” Mrs. Claythorne said, as she promptly left.  
“Come take a seat, child.” Mrs. Greene told Ellen as she patted a leather cushioned bed near her desk.  
Ellen nervously rubbed her arm, but did as she was told and took a seat.  
“Umm… I’m not a child” Ellen told her, just to clarify her point.  
“Hush, I know a child when I see one. I know you ain’t, but it’s just as much of a formality of my speech none-the-less.” Mrs. Greene said as she took a cotton-swab and dipped it in anti-septic. “Now, this is going to sting just a bit, okay?” Mrs. Greene said as she slowly rubbed the cotton swab against Ellen’s skin.

**Just One of the Guys: Day 4B**

Ellen winced every time it touched a new cut, which there were a lot, but Mrs. Greene eventually finished as indicated by her putting the bottle away and tossing out the cotton swab.  
  
She gave Ellen, who was giving a relieved sigh, a cocked look. “Now you care to explain this naked business, child?” Mrs. Green asked upfrontly.  
“It’s a long story,” Ellen let out.  
“I’m not sure if you noticing, but we ain’t got nothing but time. Now why don’t you give me a lil’ story before I send you on your butt naked way, hmm?” Mrs. Greene practically demanded.  
  
And so with that, Ellen recounted her long and confusing tale of nudity to Mrs. Greene, who still seemed apathetic to this point.  
  
“And you sure these boys ain’t perverts trying to get a look at your goods?” Mrs. Greene asked.  
“No, no. It’s not like that. The boys in the class, yeah, they’re dogs and all, but Mr. Rosen hasn’t even broken eye-contact when we speak. I don’t even think he’s ‘seen’ me naked.” Ellen stated, meaning that she didn’t believe Mr. Rosen even cared about her nudity in any way other than her efficiency.  
  
“Mhmm,” Mrs. Greene hummed with an almost fierce pause, “I guess I can’t do nothin’ but believe you anyhow. So what do you plan on doing now? Lunch should be in session, and you’d probably have to walk through that crowd to get to either of those classes.”  
  
Ellen didn’t think about that part at all, and was beginning to worry. “I-“ she paused taking a finger to her mouth, “I don’t know, really. Can I wait until lunch is over?”  
Mrs. Greene gave a sideways frown after a short moment of thinking, “’Fraid not, baby. Can’t keep you longer than I need you. Policy and all that.” Mrs. Greene said, almost sympathetically. Then she sat back in her chair, and seemed to think. Ellen perked up. “Well, there’s something I can do for you, but I shouldn’t.” Mrs. Greene said ponderingly.  
“What? What is it?” Ellen sounded pleading.  
  
“Make a few deliveries for me, and I’ll allow you to stay until the bell rings. I don’t feel like doing it myself. “ Mrs. Greene told her.  
“Well, what would that include?” Ellen asked with a hesitant voice.  
“It’s real simple, this box of folders and supplies needs to be delivered to the medical training room, and that’s on your way anyway. Might as well knock two birds out with one stone, am I right?” Mrs. Greene nonchalantly stated.  
  
Ellen nodded her head in agreement, as it did seem easier.  
Time quickly passed, and it was finally time for Ellen to depart. She peaked out of the nurse’s office for a few moments, checking if the coast was clear, and left telling Mrs. Green goodbye. The box was somewhat large, covering both her chest and her vagina. She briskly walked passing no one until she reached the medical pathway classroom. She gave a half-hearted knock with her foot, which was nearly immediately answered. “Hello, you must be Ellen.” Said a young woman seemingly barely out of highschool herself. She took the box from Ellen, and didn’t seem to concerned about the nudity.  
  
“Hey, can we ask you a favor?” the woman asked, as she pulled Ellen inside. The inside was so clean, and without flaw. The entire class was composed of women in her age-group, and she even recognized some as her classmates. Oh no, they’re going to tell everyone! Ellen internally screamed as her nudity was bared to the entire class.  
“Hey, can we ask you a favor, Ellen?” the woman asked again.  
“I don’t know, I’m kind of busy.” Ellen said, desperately trying to leave.  
  
“It’ll be real quick, and won’t be much of a bother at all. I swear.” The woman said, shaking her hands and almost begging.  
  
“Okay, what is it?” Ellen asked as a thermometer was thrust into her mouth and she was led to a combination of a scale and a measuring pole. She was quickly measured, weighed, and thermo-tested as the woman wrote down the numbers. Ellen was confused, and a little embarrassed. When she finished, she was confronted with a camera and a click from it capturing her entire front.  
  
“Hey, what are you doing?!” Ellen demanded as she covered her private bits.  
“Oh, don’t worry, no one’s going to see. It’s a general anatomic posture map we use. We’re going to need one from the side and back.”  
  
Ellen was apprehensive, but the woman seemed so sure of what she was doing that she meekly complied turning to the side and finally to the back. When the final click was heard, the woman thanked her with a handshake and another request: “Great. Could we see you next week first thing in the morning. We want to see the major difference between a worked person and someone fresh out of the hay, and you’ve obviously been the busiest person in the school today!” the woman announced. “Umm… yeah, sure, I guess. Just pass it through Mr. Rosen and I’ll be here.” Ellen told her, doubting her own affairs in the choice.  
  
“Lovely, and again thank you!” the woman said gleefully as she escorted Ellen out into the hallway again.”  
Ellen stood there, bare and confused for several moments as she subconsciously walked herself back to the preschool. There she found Mrs. Claythorne pacing nervously in the lobby area. She looked up almost seeing Ellen as a savior: bright eyed and repenting. “Ellen!”, she shouted as she padded over to her, “I’m really sorry. I didn’t mean to blow up at you like that. Things have been so stressful lately, and I just took it out on you when it wasn’t your fault. I won’t make you wear the pull-up anymore. Pl-”  
  
Ellen raised her hand, and shook her head slightly. “No, the last hour has been absolutely terrible. Where are my clothes?” Ellen asked, not succumbing to anything this time.  
“Of course, of course.”, Mrs. Claythorne said as she went to go grab them from the cubby. In a moment, she returned with Ellen’s clothing and on top was a post-it note and several cookies. Mrs. Claythorne gave the pile to Ellen, who inspected the note quickly. It was from the kids, and in broken English it loosely said “We love you Ellen”, with a small little scribble of Ellen naked and the kids holding hands and smiling. Her heart was warmed instantly.  
  
“Mrs. Claythorne,” a newly revitalized Ellen asked, “You said I don’t have to wear the pull-up anymore?”  
Mrs. Claythorne simply nodded and stated “There’s no reason now, they’ve seen ‘it’ so you don’t have to cover ‘it’.”  
“What will I wear tomorrow?” Ellen inquired of her.  
“Whatever you want, I guess.” Mrs. Claythorne shrugged.  
“Do you think the kids would still want to play with me if I were clothed?” Ellen asked further.  
  
Mrs. Claythorne thought a while, and guessed “I don’t know. We used to be a partially student run class like the others, but the kids never did play with those girls because those girls had authority. I was surprised how well they warmed up to you, so I guess it’s something to do with being able to relate or something, being the underdog and everything. If you keep doing so well, I might be able to snag you from that pointless study hall you have next and get you a credit.” Mrs. Claythorne said temptingly.  
  
“Really?” Ellen asked astounded as she dreaded that time waster.  
“Yeah, you’re better than I originally thought, no offence meant.”  
Ellen beamed with happiness, and simply said, “Guess we have to test that theory then.”  
Ellen dressed herself completely and took the stash of cookies in hand. She walked back with Mrs. Claythorne into the classroom and excitedly announced, “Hey guys, come get your cookies!”  
  
The children squealed in happiness at first saying, “Ell!-“ which dropped quickly to a disappointed “…en”. They lined up with heads down in front of her and reached a hand up for their cookies saying “Thank you, Ms. Ellen.” and walked away to nibble their cookies. Ellen’s heart sunk, and Mrs. Claythorne saw the sadness in both of them. She reached forward slipping her thumbs in to Ellen’s pants, looked to Ellen for confirmation which she received, and yanked Ellen’s pants and panties to the ground followed by stripping her of her shirt again. Mrs. Claythorne pretended to scold Ellen, which Ellen tried to look serious for, but the children shouted in joy announcing their friend was back. They brought her to the plastic table they had snacked at earlier and talked to Ellen about things that didn’t really make sense to her, but she nodded encouraging them. After several minutes of this, Ellen once again departed with Mrs. Claythorne to the lobby to discuss things out.  
“So, looks like I’ll have to be naked to smooth things out if I get the class, huh?” Ellen asked.  
  
“Yeah, seems like it. It shouldn’t be too bad though, that’s the happiest I’ve seen them in a long time. It’s like they have a grown-up and friend with them which must be special to them. Anyways, we’ll get you the class, but I’ll warn you we walk in line’s and I’m going to have to treat you like one of them until nap time comes around.” Mrs. Claythorne warned.  
  
Ellen nodded, seeing the reasoning behind this judgment. “That sounds fair, I guess, wouldn’t want to ruin the illusion. Don’t be too harsh on me though, okay?” Ellen said.  
  
“Oh, don’t worry. If this works, you’ve just made my life a hundred times easier. I’ll finally have two sets of eyes on these kids instead of one.” Mrs. Claythorne jeered.  
With this, Ellen got dressed and wished farewell to Mrs. Claythorne. She didn’t know how she quite felt about essentially being a naked kid in preschool. It was different to her than Mr. Rosen’s class, which still were only essential times. This was infallible, but for the reason of acceptance. She waited to see what tomorrow held for her.

**Just One of the Guys: Day 5A**

Today, Ellen took the outside route to Mrs. Claythorne’s class as she wanted to avoid anyone seeing her twice for a while and making their final confirmation. Yesterday in her few academic classes there were wild rumors of a naked girl being dragged down the hall, but luckily in the shock the accounts were varied. Some said she had large breasts, some say she had raven black hair, and she even heard one rumour is was a simply one of the children. Whichever came out to be the final verdict, Ellen felt fairly sure in herself, even if the sky didn’t reflect it. The sky swirled grey with signs a storm was coming, perhaps a bad one. It lightly drizzled as Ellen began to run to Ms. Claythorne’s class on from the outside.  
  
Ellen ran in hardly soaked and looked around, empty again. It was a sure sign her “classmates” were here though, as she could already hear the happy children screaming and shouting. She walked to the half-door and knocked graciously, which then in several moments Mrs. Claythorne arrived. “Oh, hello Ellen. Here early I see. Please disrobe and see me behind here, as I must discuss something with you.” Mrs. Claythorne said as Ellen apprehensively undressed, making sure no doors were open or even cracked. She slid her clothing, a plain blue t-shirt, some shorts, and more panties with cartoons. When the panties finally got over, Mrs. Claythorne suppressed some laughter.  
  
“My, my, dressing for the role hmm?” she asked holding the panties in amusement.  
Ellen gave a gruff moan, “No, I can’t do laundry at my house. The machine is broke and I’m wearing what’s left. I’ve got a few more pairs of panties, some shorts, but that’s my last clean t-shirt.”  
“Oh, that isn’t good at all. If you do run out, I think we can manage you to use the school’s washing machine.” Mrs. Claythorne told Ellen sympathetically, “I used to do it all the time.”  
  
“That’s awfully nice, Mrs. Claythorne.” Ellen commented as Mrs. Claythorne secured her stuff inside of the cubby.  
When she returned, she opened to door and welcomed her in. “Ellen, I’m afraid you can’t work on the playset today. There’s going to be a storm, and I will not allow you to work on metal during one.” She said with a paternal voice of consequence.  
  
“Oh, then should I head back to Mr. Rosen?” Ellen asked as she half-reached for her clothing.  
“No, no. I called him earlier this morning and asked, and at first it was a yes until he heard I was moving you into the class. Then he told me to allow you experience a day in the class before things are finalized. Are you okay with that?” Mrs. Claythorne asked.  
  
“Yes, it seems alright with me. Mr. Rosen does think it’s the right idea, after all.”  
“Great, but it does remind me of an issue. I wanted it done by this week, so would you happen to be busy tomorrow?” asked Mrs. Claythorne.  
“Saturday?”, Ellen seemed perplexed.  
“Yes, it’s fine if you are, but if you’re not, I’d like it if you could finish and the children and you could play on it Monday after Mr. Rosen’s class. I’ll hold off the tykes until you arrive if need be.” Mrs. Claythorn seemingly pleaded.  
  
“Well, when you put it like that, I was just going to have a lazy day. How will I get here though?” Ellen said, bringing up a serious issue.  
“I’ll be here anyway, so I’ll pick you up from your house and you’ll get the job finished. Since it’s your offtime, and Mr. Rosen said to treat you like an employee, I’ll pay you thirty dollars.” Mrs. Claythorne offered.  
Ellen held her finger to her lip and finally nodded, deciding it’d be valuable experience. She nodded her head, and shook Mrs. Claythorne’s hand followed by writing her address down on a strip of paper to give her.  
When the formalities were finished, Mrs. Claythorne smiled and gave a small slap on the bottom telling her, “Alright, get in there. We’ve got a busy day ahead of us!”  
  
Ellen jumped giving a shrill squeak, but she found herself in the classroom filled with even more shrill squeaking. The class assembled around Ellen as they always do and the familiar shout of “Ellen!” was heard from them. She greeted them too, getting down on her knees and hugging the lot of them. This was broken up quickly by Mrs. Claythorne as she announced, “Okay kids, we have to start class now that everyone is here. Please sit at your tables and I will hand out the lessons.”  
  
Lessons? Ellen thought to herself, never having seen these kids do lessons. She did remember though that this was a ‘class’ and she’d only seen them on very rare occurrences. The children didn’t seem phased by it and quickly went to their cubbies to get colorful papers and crayons. Ellen was confused, but she crawled on her hands and knees to a nearby table and sat down before she looked out of place, if she could help that. She looked warily at Mrs. Claythorne eagerly, who seemed approving of Ellen falling into the groove. She came up to her and laid down some extra paper and a packet of crayons.  
  
“Class!”, Mrs. Claythorne announced, “as we have a new student, I want you to make her feel welcome. On your paper, you will write one activity you want to do with Ellen this school year and if it can be done, the class will do it this year. We will put it in a box, and Ellen will read it at the beginning of the class. Again, if it can be done reasonably, we will all do it. No crazy rocket-ship missions to the moon, okay?”  
  
Ellen seemed to really like the idea, and as there were seven children in the class, it would lead to a full week and then some to complete. Ellen looked down at her paper and wondered what she was supposed to be doing though. Mrs. Claythorne looked at her though, and it seemed to her the she was supposed to do it too. She jokingly wrote down, “Take a field trip”, as those were often rare and far between, and definitely couldn’t be planned in a week. When everyone was finished, they handed their paper to Mrs. Claythorne, including Ellen, and they waited. She picked one at random and it cutely said “Play House with Ellen”, which caused a girl sitting at Ellen’s table to squeal with excitement. Ellen shrugged her shoulders, thinking it was a fine suggestion.  
  
“Okay, after our lesson on shapes, you all can play house.” Mrs. Claythorne said as she deposited the suggestion into the trash. Then the class began; it was a monotonous affair for Ellen, as she simply sat there trying to help some of the kids at her sides with drawing, identifying, and spelling them. Thirty or so minutes passed, and Mrs. Claythorne came around taking the papers up and patting Ellen on the head. The children looked anxious now, waiting for her to say the words. Mrs. Claythorne liked to tease them, making them wait several moments, but the words finally came out: “Playtime”. The room exploded in feverish children scrambling for all the best toys. Three boys went off to play with tinker-toys because they weren’t interested in playing house. The remaining four girls brought Ellen to a plush corner with pillows, blankets, and a small climbing thing with a top and a bottom. The girls them started to talk about the game of “House”. One called the mommy, another called the daddy, another an aunt, and finally the last wanted to be an teenage sister. This left Ellen lost for words, as she assumed she was going to be the mother.  
“What am I going to be?” Ellen asked the girls.  
“That’s easy!”, the seemingly in charge little girl said, “only two things get to go naked in a house. You get to be the dog or the baby.”  
  
Ellen was shocked. “Dog… or.. baby?” she asked again, for confirmation.  
She didn’t get an answer though, as three of the girls fought over which Ellen would be. It wasn’t until the third girl spoke that a compromise was reached. “Why can’t she be the dog now and the baby during snack time? We can feed her then.”  
  
The girls seemed to like the idea, and they said in unison “You’re a dog.”, as they gathered around her and pushed her on her back to begin scratching her tummy. Ellen had her legs wide and folded, trying her best to act like a dog. She didn’t like it, but felt it would be best to keep the status quo. It’s not like they cared she was naked anyway. This went on for several minutes with their hands finding every place they could, and Ellen began to pant and kick her leg; it wasn’t natural, but she was trying her very best to be a dog which made the girls laugh a lot. Then the girls started to walk away calling “Come on, Ellen!”  
First Ellen tried to walk bipedal, she was quickly held pushed back into the pillows again. “No, Ellen. Dogs walk on all fours!” one shouted.  
  
“Umm… alright, I can do that.” Ellen said as she got on all fours, kept her tongue out, and got roughly petted on the head. They began to walk again, and Ellen followed on her hands and knees; she was blushing furiously. It seemed like her role changed every day: boys, diaper-clad, experiment, and now lowly mongrel.

**Just One of the Guys: Day 5B**

They walked her to the cubbies, and got out a long shoe string and asked Ellen to tie it loosely around her neck. Ellen, ever willing, answered with “Ruff!”, which came as a pleasant surprise to the girls and they laughed. She tied it so it couldn’t choke her, but it would faintly resemble a dog collar.  
  
What happened next made Ellen uneasy. They took out her clothing from her cubby and divided it amongst themselves; the girl playing the mother took Ellen’s T-shirt and wore it so it looked like a small dress on her; the girl playing the father took the shorts and wore them as pants; the issue came when it came to her panties. The panties would hardly make the other two seem more like something else, and to mention the fact they simply wouldn’t fit anything else. The girls stared hard at them and one finally came up with an idea. “I know!”, she shouted, “This can be Ellen’s toy. We can make her fetch them.”  
  
Ellen’s head drooped instantly, fetching your own panties like a dog was the definition of humiliating. As she thought it would actually happen, she felt a hand brush through her hair. “I don’t think Ellen likes that idea guys.” She sympathetically said. Ellen gave a small ruff of approval and the others agreed, “This is supposed to be fun for Ellen too. If she doesn’t want to, we’re not gonna.”  
Ellen perked up at this, as she had forgotten this was supposed to be a game for her too. Ellen brought her head back up and panted with her tongue again. The girls seemed happy with this and put her panties back into the cubby, but the boys met up with them there.  
  
“Hey,” one of the boys said, “we’re made a ginormous fort thingy out of tinker-toys and some other stuff and to finish it off we need a flag. We’ve tried everything but either things are too heavy or too big. You guys know of anything? They all looked around for a moment, even Ellen on her four legs, looking for anything. It was not until Ellen stumbled to her cubby, which was at eye-height, she relented. She took her panties in her mouth, still playing the dog, and walked to the boys. She ruffed through gritted teeth, and the boy took a few moments to realize what she was getting at.  
  
When he did, his face brightened. He took the slightly wet panties from Ellen’s mouth, waved them in the air for a moment, and shouted his success. He hugged Ellen tightly around the neck thanking her before running off to the play room panties in hand. The girls shrugged. “Stupid boys.”, they said dismissively before pulling Ellen’s string leash. They headed to the lobby room, but didn’t stop; they were heading towards the hallway. Once the door to the hallway was reached, Ellen stopped dead in her tracts incited a few useless pulls. “Where are we going?” Ellen asked incredulously. The girl in charge held a bowl in her hands and said, “we have to get you some water.” Is all she said.  
“There’s water from the sink in the bathroom here.” Ellen again discouraged.  
  
Thankfully for the Ellen, the girls seemed to come to realization. “That’s right!”, they said quickly turning back. Near calamity was diverted.  
  
Ellen played the dog for nearly twenty more minutes. She did various things, give rides on her back around the classroom, lick faces, and she did eventually play fetch with a throw pillow. The girls were getting ready for Ellen’s baby time, but Mrs. Claythorne emerged from her small office and quickly announced “It’s naptime!”. The girls wearing her clothes promptly stripped them off, leaving them where they may fall, her panties remained atop the tinker-toy construction. Outrage of “It’s not time yet!” would have emerged, but the kids were unable to tell time and Ellen didn’t know when naptime was. The kids went to their cubbies and got blankets out and scattered on the floor.  
  
It was amazing how quickly they were out. Mrs. Claythorne waited a minute, as a confused Ellen sat on the floor before Mrs. Claythorne called to her, “Ellen, I need you, quickly.”. Ellen got up and walked to her.

**Just One of the Guys: Day 5C**

Author's Note: From here, but only in this chapter, it might become somewhat rough and dark and those who have a distaste for subtle violence may wish to skip this chapter. Nothing too extreme, but a fair warning none-the-less.  
  
“Yes, Mrs. Claythorne?” Ellen inquired, standing next to her.  
“Mr. Rosen called, it’s an emergency. He’s calling third years for help, but he couldn’t think of any other than you.” Mrs. Claythorne said, worried.  
“What’s going on?”, Ellen asked beginning to panic.  
“He didn’t say, but get over there as quic-“  
  
The lights in the room suddenly shut off, came again with a faint dim, and shut out again completely. The kids couldn’t worry, as they were already asleep. “Go to him, quick. It must have something to do with this!” Mrs. Claythorne silently yelled.  
  
Ellen didn’t need to be told twice, she jutted to the back door she usually comes in. She pressed, and it would open an inch or so, but no more. Something was physically blocking it. She ran around the sleeping students, through the lobby, and stood at the door to the hall. There was no light there, making it nearly pitch-black except for several windows that let in a gloomy gray light from the outside. She used this small light to guide her way. She ran through that hall, a pitch-black central building, and finally up Mr. Rosen’s empty hallway. She nearly burst into the door to see a large flashlight placed on the floor barely illuminating the room. She looked down and realized she had been in such a hurry she forgot to dress. The boys seemed a mix of anxious and excited by her presence, but Mr. Rosen didn’t even mention it. He hurried to her and placed both hands on her shoulders looking her in the eyes.  
  
“Ellen, the storm was worse than everyone thought. While we personally weren’t effected, a tornado touched down the road a few blocks. We were spared, barely, but several large pines have fallen down making much trauma for the school. Because it’s an emergency situation, you and I, as we’re the only fu-,” he stopped himself knowing it is never appropriate to curse in front of a student before he began again, “class to have flashlights need to check on the well-being of everyone. Take this,” Mr. Rosen said as he gave her a chainsaw. “I can get fired if people know I let you have it, but if anyone is trapped, you MUST save them, damned be policy. If anyone questions it, make sure you don’t even acknowledge it. Act like they’re crazy.”  
  
Ellen was stunned, first by the fact her house was a few blocks down the road. She would need to clarify if everything was alright or if she even had somewhere to sleep tonight. She took the chain-saw in hand, it was heavy. She would obviously need both hands for it. She stood there stunned, not sure of what to actually do when a man forced his way into the room. He was broad, average in height, had a mean look, and a graying military cut on his head. “Rosen”, he called plainly, “I’m here to watch your class while you fix this.”  
  
“Yes, thank you Colonel Collins. I’ll be taking this student with me to resolve the issue by splitting up. I’ll take the outside, she’ll take the inside.” Mr. Rosen practically yelped.  
“First, it’s Vice-Principal now, Rosen, and secondly, why is she nude and wielding a chainsaw?” the man called out once more.  
“I didn’t ask, sir.” Mr. Rosen said back, trying his quickest to leave.  
  
The man, obviously ex-military, nodded his head and bluntly said “From what I learned in the military is simple: What works, works. If this is how it must be done, it’s a minor issue. Carry on, men.” Mr. Rosen practically sprinted to the yard where he disappeared with his own chainsaw and flashlight in hand. Ellen looked to the Collins who gave her an intense stare into her eyes. “Go. That’s an order.” He said to her giving a reaffirming nod. As quickly as Mr. Rosen left, so too was Ellen.  
  
Once out the door, she fiddled with the light and finally realized it was a head-lamp. She placed it on like a head-band, switched the light on with a button, and suddenly the entire hallway filled with a dim white light. The chainsaw had a sash on it to make sure it wasn’t dropped, something Ellen wore horizontally on her body and letting it rest on her back. With this covered, she immediately began to sprint to down the hall towards the central building; there were no other classes on this hallway. She sprinted through the central building to the hallway coming up on her right, the careers one. She started with the first few classes, nothing amiss. People answered the doors, Ellen asked if any issues arose, and due to the situation people must have had tunnel-vision because everyone looked straight into her eyes. There were no issues until she got to a classroom marked “Agriculture”.  
  
She knocked, but there was no answer. She knocked harder, and the door opened. She peered her headlight in and saw everything was in order, no signs of panic. She continued in and saw the backdoor had a note on it: “In Greenhouse”. She immediately burst through that door and found herself in a bleak world of gray. It rained heavily soaking her body and hair, the clouds swirled ominously, and there indeed was a fallen tree on the greenhouse and in front of it. Inside she could hear panicked voices. She rushed to the greenhouse which was being blocked by a large pine laid in front of the door. She knew what she had to do and started the chainsaw. From inside she heard wails of terror, but this did not stop her. She chopped a clear opening and rolled the resulting log from the entrance before coming in. Many of the students, fearing a chainsaw murderer was here, were huddled under tables and behind things. The only one that stood for her to meet, the martyr is need be, was an elderly farmer looking man with overalls and, a white shirt, and a piece of straw coming from his mouth.  
  
He stood there, thumbs hooked into his overalls, and said in an old Midwestern accent “You ain’t here to kill us now, are ya?” he had an obvious tremble in his voice, and rightly so. The place was covered in glass, bleeding students, and a foreboding entity wielding a chain-saw. Unlike the last classrooms, they didn’t look at her eyes but the still running chainsaw.  
  
“No, we need to get everyone inside quickly. Is there anyone trapped?” Ellen blurted out.  
The man looked around as if counting cattle and said “No, we were able to manage that at least. We’re able to go inside?” the man asked, a discernible frown on his face.  
“You have to, sir. This place isn’t safe. Take everyone across the hall to the medical class. I know they’ll be able to deal with the injuries there.” Ellen began to command.  
“Come on out everyone, this person here’s right. We need to get going.” The farmer said, still looking sorrowful as ever.  
  
Everyone crept from their hiding places, but their gaze never left the ground. They were still afraid, but what had happened wrecked their ability to care. They shuffled out, some bleeding moderately heavily and others grasping limbs, with Ellen and the teacher last. Everyone was now inside and already entering the medical class; the farmer looked to Ellen, took the straw from his grizzled mouth, and simply said “Thank you kindly, miss. I don’t know or frankly care why you’re bare; maybe you’re an angel, maybe not, but if you’re around these parts, I owe you one.  
  
Ellen didn’t answer him knowing she had to continue her job. There were likely more people that needed help. She strapped the chainsaw to her back again and was off like a flash back inside. There were no other classrooms that needed help on that hallway, and she rushed to the academic hall. Ellen again knocked on doors to the same tunnel-eyed teachers who gave the A-OK on their status. This continued for each and every door, everything was fine on this hall. She ventured back to the central building on her way back to Mr. Rosen’s class when it hit her: I forgot to check the central building!

**Just One of the Guys: Day 5D**

Ellen searched the building starting with the specific offices such as attendance, nurses, and so on went. Unsurprisingly, due to the center most position, those stayed relatively intact. Mrs. Greene even managed to taunt poor Ellen and the other office dwellers giving the nude girl a queer look. The main office however was a different story. It had its own small hallway, claustrophobic really, that connected it to the rest of the school.  
  
It was a place meant to intimidate, hold ISS, and the various administrative offices. Most students never saw this portion of the school. Ellen wandered into the small hallway, which in itself terrifying. Two great trees had fallen through bisecting the hallway and Ellen had to climb over. On the other side was completely different, it felt foreboding and evil. There was laughter, crying, screaming, and desolation. Ellen pulled her chainsaw from her back and held it tightly, she felt scared. She wandered to small complex ever vigilant. She saw dark figures scurry away like mice at her light.  
  
Ellen searched the offices of the vice-principals and the principal himself, all were empty and seemingly looted. Her quest continued until she reached a door with “ISS” all over it. This was where the worst of the worst went, some were even legend to have spent their entire highschool careers in here. It did not matter to Ellen though, it must be checked on. She held her chainsaw in front of her and pushed herself, trembling, inside. On the inside was a terrible sight: a small gang of students laughed at the administrative staff, who were tied up, to no end. “What is going on here?” Ellen shrieked. The thugs didn’t even seem to be alarmed. They blended into a shadow like mass that merely cackled.  
  
One voice emerged, “Who ordered the whore?” a boy roughly Ellen’s height said. He was pale of skin, practically white, his hair was greased black and his clothing consisted of a leather jacket, a white shirt, blue-jeans, and boots that simply said “Death” on the side. He walked up to her and stopped only when three feet remained.  
  
“Hey, girly, what’cha doin’ here?” he asked, a heavy New York accent present.  
“I’m here to make sure everyone is alright.” Ellen murmured out.  
“Oh, you ain’t here to pleasure the boys?” the guy laughed.  
“Absolutely not.” Ellen said infuriated and scared.  
“Okay, that sounds ‘bout right anyway. Ain’t even got the tits to amuse us fellas anyway. How’s ‘bout the chainsaw though? Give to us, okay?”  
“No.” Ellen stuttered out, her menacing voice coming off like a kitten’s mewl.  
“I wasn’t asking.” The boy said pulling a switchblade from his jacket.  
A warm liquid came down Ellen’s leg past her quivering knees and a puddle began to form at feet.  
“N- n- no!” Ellen stuttered again.  
“You just pissed yourself, and you’re trying to still deny me? Fine, fine, that’s cool. I’ll just have to take it from you ‘s all.”  
  
The boy lunged forward with his knife. This guy was obviously not trying to kill her, and was at the most trying to give a small cut to her abdomen to scare her off.  
  
Unfortunately for him, he didn’t account on Ellen’s reflexes. As the boy got close, one of Ellen’s hands was taken from the chainsaw and flexed to protect her face. In this moment, her elbow swung to the side and smashed the guy in the nose. Ellen didn’t even know she hit the guy until she heard from the ground “You stupid titless bitch!”  
  
Ellen cowered as the boy lunged forward with the knife again, not in calculating risk, but anger driven rage. Ellen screamed shielding her face again, but a firm hand found her shoulder. Minutes seemed to roll by as Ellen waited to be stabbed, but it never came. She looked to her shoulder, it was a large hand, and to the ground, it was a large boot smashing the guy’s face into the tile floor. Ellen looked over her other shoulder and saw Colonel Collins. “Colonel!” Ellen gasped, but she wasn’t answered. He was gritting his teeth and uttering curses so profane Ellen had never heard them before. He took the side of his boot and kicked the poor guy into the wall and bent down picking up the guys switchblade. At this, the guy and his previously untouchable gang shivered. “Don’t kill us, man!” the guy shouted. The Colonel squinted his eyes and spit in the guy’s face, “As far as I’m concerned, you’re a piece of talking trash. I’d call you maggot, but that doesn’t even describe how damn low you are. Say another word to me and I won’t think twice.” The colonel said.  
  
“Y-“ came the guy, trying to affirm the Colonel, before the Colonel delivered a brutal kick to his ribs. The guy, already against the wall, went several inches in and desperately breathed for air. Collins crouched down and flipped the knife in and out before looking down to see the puddle. “Appears you’ve made a soldier of mine piss themselves, you know what that entails?”  
“N-“; a savage punch to the gut followed for talking out of turn.  
  
“Shut up.”, the Colonel said as he dragged the guy by his neck and dropped him face first in Ellen’s urine, “Lap it up, or I’ll break your jaw to the point lapping piss would be a miracle.” the guy looked apprehensive, and looked up at Ellen and the Colonel, but a firm boot on the top of his head got him to licking. Ellen cringed in disgust at this.  
  
The Colonel, breaking her attention from the disgusting sight, handed her the knife and instructed her to free the staff. Ellen did as she was told as releaed staff, each of whom gave her a mighty hug of appreciation. As she turned around, the Colonel stood in front of the rest of the gang with his sleeves rolled; he didn’t touch a single one as they all lied on their stomachs with hands over their heads; it was obvious the Colonel was never, ever, to be messed with. No wonder he was so rarely seen outside of ISS.  
  
Ellen stood there unsure what to do, it was all too much. It was not until the principal, a balding obese man with an insanely thick moustache came up to her. “You… you saved us!” he said as he hugged her once more swinging her side to side. Then the lights flickered on for several seconds before dying instantly to only Ellen’s headlamp being the source of light. The principal realized Ellen was naked, and he properly called her out on it “… you’re …naked.”  
His tone sounded calm enough, but Ellen didn’t dare speak. Then it came again, followed with a stamp “You’re naked! You’re the blasted pervert making a mockery of my school!” he screamed to her. Ellen backed up apprehensively until she found herself in the doorway. The principal spoke again, and demanded “What is your name?!”  
  
Ellen didn’t answer, knowing whatever it was it couldn’t be good. The principal continued to stamp his foot, which some of the patrons seemed disgusted by and others seemed approving of. Ellen’s light switched to Colonel Collins, which prompted the principal to speak once more. “Collins! I know you’ve seen her, you see everything. What does she look like?” Ellen gasped, but with her light focused solely on Collins, he gave her a wink. In his most authoritative voice, he said “She had black curly hair, tanned skin, average sized breasts, somewhat curvaceous figure, and a large bush. I could not make out her face due to the bright light. I apologize, sir.”  
  
Ellen was confused, as the principal had seen her first-hand, and she in fact was almost the opposite of all those things. She didn’t quite understand until it finally hit her like a speeding train: He’s covering for me!  
  
Ellen turned her light off quickly, giving the illusion she had left. She hoped the lights wouldn’t flicker again, but she had to find out if she would be pursued. Strangely, the principal laughed. “Yes, yes! We saw the same thing. Now that we have a clear description of her; we’ll expel the pervert in no time.” He announced. He must really think Ellen’s nudity is hampering the school. When Ellen was satisfied, she left and turned her light back on at the first corner.  
  
Ellen fled out of the carnage into the narrow hallway again and finally into the central building cafeteria. It was seemingly abandoned, thankfully, and more so as Ellen continued to Mr. Rosen’s class to return the items she borrowed from class. Everyone must have gone home, as she passed no one. When she got to Mr. Rosen’s class, it was just him waiting with hands crossed. When Ellen finally came in, he congratulated her. “I spoke with Mr. Desfon, the agriculture teacher, and I have to say I’m proud of you. He said it was like God sent a naked cherub to rescue him and his class.”, he giggled strangely.  
  
Ellen handed him the chainsaw, flashlight, and new switchblade before collapsing in a desk.  
“Rough trip, huh?” Mr. Rosen said to her.  
“Yeah,” Ellen groaned.  
“Well if it’s any consolation, I’m holding a cook-out for our class next weekend at my place. One more week and you can unwind, watch the game, eat, and have fun. No work, so come however you want.” He offered.  
  
Ellen seemed to perk up, that did sound nice. “My mother has been out of town for the last month on business and I fear it might be that way for a little while longer, will you get me?” Ellen asked hopefully.  
Mr. Rosen petted her head and said “Of course, must be lonely there though. You got any siblings?”  
“No, just me, myself, and I.” Ellen groaned.  
“Hmm, that’s a terrible shame. How are you getting home today? The buses left a little while ago.” Mr. Rosen asked.  
  
Ellen sprung up, shook Mr. Rosen’s hand, and rushed out the door again. She had to catch Mrs. Claythorne before she left. Ellen ran outside and in mere seconds was in Mrs. Claythorne’s lobby. It too was empty. She knocked on the door, and Mrs. Claythorne’s answered immediately. “I’m sorry to inform you, but we do not allow early check out of children unless dire need ari-, oh, Ellen. I was wondering when you would show up again.”

**Just One of the Guys: Day 5E**

Ellen walked in and was greeted by groggy preschoolers. One in particular though seemed wide awake, and nearly charged Ellen causing the weary Ellen to fall backwards. “Ellen!”, she announced.  
  
“What is it, Suzie?” Ellen asked, finally learning names.  
Suzie produced a card, an invitation seemingly, and handed it to Ellen. “I know we don’t know each other good, but I want you to come to my birthday party.” She begged.  
“Aww, but I’m sure your parents won’t want me to be naked, will they? You only seem to like me when I’m naked.” Ellen tried top cop out.  
  
“It doesn’t matter! Wear, umm, undies some shorts and a silly shirt. I just want you to be there! Plus you can sleep in your undies. My parents wouldn’t care about that.” Ellen leaned back from her laying position and up at Mrs. Claythorne. She knew what Ellen was asking, and she relented. “Yes, I will take you. It won’t be out of my way anyway.” Both girls hugged and cheered.  
  
Roughly an hour went by and every child was picked up from the day-care around 5pm to worried parents. It was only Mrs. Claythorne and Ellen left when Ellen began to dress, and she was instructed not to. “Ellen, you work hard and I’m going to wash some clothes for you so you can finally have some clean ones. Simply gather those up and we’ll head out to my car.” Mrs. Claythorne said.  
  
Ellen was worried, she’d essentially be stranded naked at home for the next several hours if she let Mrs. Claythorne wash all of her clothes, but it needed to be done. Ellen picked up her clothing and followed Mrs. Claythorne out. There was an awkward drive with Ellen loosely covering her places and Mrs. Claythorne driving. After several minutes, they stopped and reached Ellen’s home. Thankfully it didn’t receive any damage from the tornado which appears to have hit the other side of town. Ellen quickly ran out of the car and struggled to open her door with her key and was finally in. She waited on the inside for Mrs. Claythorne who showed up several moments later. “Okay, let’s get your stuff put into a basket and I’ll wash them tonight. Sound good?” Ellen meekly nodded and they went up to her room. They packed all of her pants, all of her panties, and all of shirts into two baskets.  
  
They carried them to the back of her car where Mrs. Claythorne left for a moment to open her trunk. She sat there for a rough thirty seconds fiddling with her keys on purpose to further Ellen’s exposure who was standing with her backside to the street. When Mrs. Claythorne confirmed a car went by, albeit in a rush, she opened the trunk and Ellen packed her clothes begrudgingly into the trunk and closed it. She quickly hurried to her door again, but Mrs. Claythorne wasn’t finished with her. Right before Ellen passed the doorway, Mrs. Claythorne called “Oh, Ellen, I forgot!”  
  
Ellen paused for a moment, trying to register she was still needed but so close to safety. She called “Yes, Mrs. Claythorne?”, but Mrs. Claythorne only called her closer. Ellen gave a frustrated huff and moved closer to the car.  
“Yes?” Ellen asked with arms folded.  
“Two things, I just wanted to say be ready tomorrow and wear one of these tonight.” Mrs. Claythorne said as she pulled a pack of pull-ups from under her seat.  
The hair raised on the back of Ellen’s neck and her brow furrowed, “Why?” she asked.  
  
“I’m simply giving you these in case. I have no students large enough to wear them anyway, so I thought why not.” Mrs. Claythorne gave with a smug look.  
  
Ellen was somewhat upset, but she knew she couldn’t blame Mrs. Claythorne for simply trying to help. She said thank you, if only by habit, and left in a hurried step. Mrs. Claythorne gave Ellen a light spank to the bottom and began to drive away. Ellen went up to her room, tossed the package next to her bed, and collapsed for an hour in her pillows.  
It was a stressful day, but it wasn’t over. She rose after lying in the bed for her hour stasis and did what she needed to do.  
  
First she looked for some clothing, but to no avail, Mrs. Claythorne cleaned her out good. All she had were bras, pull-ups, and blankets. A blanket would be too heavy, she wasn’t wearing the bra, and the pull-ups were a no go. She decided the walls of her house and blinds would be enough cover, and set out to do her tasks. She made dinner, showered, watched some TV, and finally played on the internet. It wasn’t until nearly the time she was going to bed when she got a video-call from her mother. She knew she had to answer it and lunged from her chair to her dresser. She searched again fruitlessly: nothing except the bras and pull-ups. She would never wear something so infantile in front of her mother, and threw on a bra as quickly as she could. She simply resolved not to stand up.  
  
Ellen came back to the computer quickly, sat down, and answered the call as best she could.  
“Honey!” her mother called out to her blowing light kisses.  
“Hey, mom.” Ellen smiled and made a heart with her hands.  
“Oh baby, I am so sorry I’ve been gone all week. So sorry!” her mother said returning the heart.  
  
“It’s okay, mom. I’ve been doing great here. When are you coming home?” Ellen asked wanting to see her mother.  
Her mother’s face soured and she said “Honey, you’re going to have to be strong. I’m going to gone for the next month straight. I’ll be sending you a lot of my pay-check next week, and that’s for groceries. Can you manage?”  
Ellen audibly groaned and sunk her head as she said, “Yes, mommy. I can get groceries. I just want to see you.”  
“Oh, I know honey, I know. They’ve got me working here like a dog. I’m really sorry.” Her mom said again.  
Ellen didn’t answer with her head glued to the desk.  
Her mother tried to lighten the situation by teasing with a wink and a kissy face her daughter by saying “So do you answer the phone in your bra for everyone, or am I just special?”  
  
Ellen smiled and sat up again, but then she needed to come up with a reason that wouldn’t put her mother of a flight straight here and slaughtering everyone.  
“Umm…” she began to lie, “no, mom. I was in the shower before you called and I barely heard your call over the hair-dryer.”  
  
“Oh, so now you’re wearing your bras in the shower, missy? Should I just take them away from my irresponsible child? Hmm?” She teased again which brought a giggle from Ellen.  
“No, it was just the closest thing I could find before answering your call.” Ellen said sticking her tongue out.  
“You don’t need to hide those bee-stings from me, honey. As chancellor of the itty-bitty-titty-committee, you should be a proud representative.” Her mother joked again.  
While this same joke of her small breasts infuriated her so much at school these last few days, it was funny from her mother. She took both straps of her bra and whisked them down to her waste. With her breasts now exposed, she saluted her mother in faux military style and said “Aye, aye, boobzilla!”  
  
Her mother was cracking up, along with Ellen, and when she finally calmed down she said, “Alright honey, I have to go now. I love you.”  
  
“I love you too mom.” Ellen said giving her the heart hand-sign again. Her mother did it back and the screen chat ended. Ellen felt a lot better after talking to her mother, unclasped the now useless bra, and fell into her bed for a good night’s rest.

**Just One of the Guys: Day 6A**

Ellen stirred restlessly under her sheets due to some pesky noise. It was repeating itself constantly, a loud tapping that wouldn't cease, and grew ever more annoying. She hugged her pillow tightly and curled into it, trying to stay asleep, it was Saturday after all. When the tapping eventually became a yell of her name, Ellen sat up right away looking around very drowsily. She stretched herself, look down to her body, and sighed at the sight of her nude body; a glance to her empty drawers and gutted closet caused an queasy feeling in her stomach. She rose from the bed steadily and gave a weary stretch before making her way downstairs to the loud knocking with her pillow held tightly to her front. She peered cautiously through the glass eye-hole in her door and saw Mrs. Claythorne with her hands bare.  
  
Ellen rubbed her eyes again and slowly opened the door while hiding her body behind it; she wanted to maintain some modesty today having not been exposed to anyone in hours, her inhibition was returning. Mrs. Claythorne however wasn’t having it and said “Are we ready to go, Ellen? Your party starts in a few hours and you’ve got a paying job to do.”  
Ellen began to smooth her bedhead and stepped slowly in front of the door.  
  
“Do you have my clothes?” Ellen asked in a steadfast manner.  
At this, Mrs. Claythorne seemed to beam. “Well yes, I have something for you to wear, but the rest of your clothes? No. I can’t possibly wash all of them in a single night.”  
Ellen paused trying to get into some kind of rational thinking. Mrs. Claythorne beckoned to her car and began to walk that way, but Ellen was still apprehensive clinging to her pillow tight, but she knew she had to leave it. She looked right, and she looked left before tossing it back into the house. None of her neighbors were home which put her at significant ease. She strolled to Mrs. Claythorne’s car and quickly hopped into the front. Mrs. Claythorne started the car and they began on their way.  
Ellen finally formulated her question and said “What am I going to do about this week then?”  
  
“What do you mean?” Mrs. Claythorne innocently said.  
“How do I get to class without anything to wear?”  
“Well, you don’t usually wear much in Mr. Rosen’s class as I understand and you’re bare in my class. Since Mr. Rosen is your first class, do you think you can bare yourself until Wednesday or Thursday? If that’ll work, then we can get your stuff back to your house.”  
  
“What about the classes after that?” Ellen asked.  
“Well, I did think about that, and I found a perfectly good solution. I’ll obviously have washed some clothes at that point, and I’ll just put them in your cubby for when you’re about to leave.”  
  
Ellen stayed silent for a moment knowing that was probably the best she was going to get, if anything, and asked again about matters. “I ride the bus to school, what about that?”  
“You can wear the previous day’s outfit on the bus ride, right? Wait, I got it!” Mrs. Claythorne announced. “If we keep your clothes at the school, you can drop your old clothes off with Mr. Rosen and he’ll deliver the dirty ones to the laundry room, I’ll wash them, and you’ll have a constant supply of clean clothes.“  
  
“So to reiterate, I’ll always be naked in Mr. Rosen’s class?” Ellen asked with her arms crossed over her chest.  
“No, you’ll still have your little “uniform”, you just take it off right before you leave the classroom. The only difference is you’ll have to make that walk every day in the nude, but you’ve done it several times before. I guess if you wanted to save time and energy, you could strip off at the beginning of class, but I wouldn’t say you have to.”  
Ellen began to think and it was actually beginning to sound like a pretty good idea. Sure, she wouldn’t have the luxury of more than one outfit at a time at home, but what more did she really need? And she was positive Mrs. Claythorne would let her take extra clothes when she needed them. “Okay, that sounds fine.” Ellen simply said.  
  
Their talk was soon over, as they reached the school. Ellen’s modesty was soon fading as she saw the lifeless, maimed school and the spirit to repair overwhelmed her body causing an anxious curl in her toes. Mrs. Claythorne parked in the parking lot near her room and the two got out.  
The school was virtually vacant. Nobody was here, Ellen and Mrs. Claythorne were the only car as far as the eye could see, and the two parted ways quickly halving the human presence again. Mrs. Claythorne walked to the classroom and began doing her daily regimen and Ellen went to the playground with a herculean task awaited her. Luckily for her, the pieces were too heavy to be moved from the pallet, and unfortunately, the pieces were too heavy to be moved. Ellen tried very hard by herself and began to tug and yank at the various pieces, but they simply wouldn’t budge for any amount of her strength. She tried on the smaller pieces, and she could successfully drag them, but that was about it.  
When Ellen was all but defeated, finding herself sitting in a pouting position with her arms crossed, she saw a somewhat vague and familiar figure walking up the path that went past the new playground. She put her hand over her eyes in a visor shape to shield the early sun and squint for a better view.  
  
“Could that be?” Ellen asked herself unsure.  
The figure continued to approach and Ellen left her roost to stand near the chain link fence that formed the border between the playground and the figure’s path. As she got closer, she could finally make the figure out to be relatively sure: it was Thomas. Thomas was sporting a black hoodie and some jeans and was simply walking. His eyes were turned down to the ground as if they were simply tracing his steps.  
  
Ellen was excited. She hadn’t gotten to speak to Thomas in the last two days because of Mrs. Claythorne’s task and she was vastly interested in what he has been doing. “Thomas!” Ellen called out.  
  
Thomas first looked from side to side wondering who could have called him, especially in this dreary place. When he finally found Ellen’s pale flesh in his peripheral, he seemed stunned; he might never become used to Ellen’s natural form. There she was again, a female he’d never seen don thread. He didn’t run, self-conscious of how he jiggles when he runs, but he did speed up quite a bit with an amusing and dedicated speed walk. When he finally got to her, he just had to ask the question that’s been running through his head since the accident. “Do you ever wear clothes?” Thomas asked her.  
  
Ellen got a perplexed look. She’d only really been undressed for the past week, and here Thomas was assuming she was a born nudist.  
  
“Umm… no, Thomas. I usually do get dressed, but there’s been several instances where it happens to help more. Now is just one of those instances. Which reminds me, can you give me a helping hand?”  
  
Ellen said somewhat confused herself and rubbing her elbow.  
“Yeah, it’s no problem. I was hoping I’d get to help you more often anyway.” Thomas said as he barely managed to get over the chest high fence and fall on the other side. He felt embarrassed, but somehow looking up and seeing Ellen giggling with her sex hovering obscenely in your eyesight can make any situations good. She offered her hand and helped him get up.  
  
“So, what’re we doing?” Thomas asked as he and Ellen walked over back to the playground.  
  
Ellen simply explained they were going to set the pieces up and then they’d be finished, to which Thomas plainly nodded.  
They reached the pallet and Ellen took a large founding piece firmly in her hands. She looked to Thomas who mirrored her actions nearly perfectly. Thomas wasn’t that much stronger than Ellen, but with their combined force, Ellen and Thomas were able to drag the pieces into place one by one and slowly set them up.  
  
“So,” Ellen began as they were pulling another piece, “how’s the class been without me there?” Ellen asked from her side as they were setting up the skeleton to the main obstacle; it was surprisingly easy to build: place, screw, done. It was especially easier because Thomas was used as a human toolbox as Ellen had stuffed nearly everything they needed into Thomas’ hoodie’s front pocket.  
  
Thomas, below Ellen handing her tools she requested, said “Eh, I think he was looking for a second you in me.”  
“Another me? What, did he strip you?” Ellen joked.  
“No, I’m pretty sure you’re the only one who’s going to be naked from here on.” Thomas poked back.  
  
Ellen merely stuck her tongue out and said “Yeah, well I get all the fun stuff. It’s not even that big of a deal. So what’d he try to make you do?” And Ellen was telling the truth at this point.

**Just One of the Guys: Day 6B**

When she was into her work, whatever it may be, nudity was simply a skin-tight uniform. It didn’t feel weird to her at all once the efficient spirit penetrated her being and allowed her a range of movements she knew even her normal skimpy outfit would restrict.  
  
“Remember those toilets that didn’t work?” Thomas asked referring to when they first met.  
“Yeah?” Ellen half asked as she was finishing the last bolt.  
“Well, since he didn’t want me working with the other guys because I wouldn’t fit in, he sent me to do a “simple” fix and I managed to screw it up ten times worse.” Thomas admitted, pressing two of his fingers together guiltily.  
Contrary to what Thomas thought, this evoked a warm happiness in Ellen’s stomach. It reassured her that she wasn’t simply some dumb girl; she was actually proficient.  
“Oh?” Ellen began as she hopped down and began walking towards the final project of the swing-set, “how did that go?”  
“Welp, I busted the pipe and water literally began spewing from everywhere.” Thomas said rubbing the back of his head, “Mr. Rosen said you’d fix it Monday though and I get to watch.”  
  
Ellen stifled a small laugh and began to screw the seats into their corresponding holes as Thomas did the other one.  
“I guess I’ll get to work with you after all, huh?” Ellen teased.  
  
“Yeah, I guess so.” Thomas said. He desperately wanted to ask if she would be naked, but he knew better not to.  
The two were finally finished. Everything was tightly bolted and they did a short test, they mostly being Ellen, of everything to make sure it wouldn’t collapse on the children. Ellen slid down each of the slides, swung on both swings, climbed the jungle gym exposing every inch of herself to Thomas, and rode the spring toys. All were perfect. Ellen, lastly on the spring toy, rose her arms in victory as her body bobbed back and forth. Thomas couldn’t keep his eyes off of her.  
  
She rose to her feet and gave Thomas a quick hug. “Thanks so much, I couldn’t have gotten this done without help.”  
“Oh, no problem, I was just walking through.” Thomas said flustered by the contact.  
“Right. Why were you walking alone like that?” Ellen asked him as she broke away.  
“Oh, no reason. I just like to walk down that path there. It’s a nice nature walk and I needed to clear my head.”  
“Oh, that’s cool.” Ellen said interested. She was about to ask if he would show her sometime, but Mrs. Claythorne came out finished. Ellen turned around about to sprint to Mrs. Claythorne when Thomas, finally taking some sort of assertiveness, placed his hand on her shoulder to stop her.  
Ellen looked back confused to see Thomas wearing only a T-shirt that had the sleeves removed with his black hoodie in his other hand. He looked visibly cold with his skin growing a steady pink. Surprisingly to Ellen, he wasn’t the bad kind of fat. He was a robust fat with what looked like muscles gained from numerous years doing manual labor but his baggy clothes always made people assume.  
  
Ellen turned around and scratched her head, confused at what he was doing. Thomas was frozen, his bravado slowly waning. Something about seeing her cute body from the front drained the urgency in him, but he mustered through. “I know it’s not that cold, but it’s getting chilly, especially with the wind. I’m sorry I didn’t offer you my hoodie earlier.” Thomas said.  
  
Ellen didn’t feel cold, but she looked down her body to make sure. To her surprise, her nipples were standing erect and the small nearly non-existent hairs on her body were standing on end to alert her. As she stood there waiting for the feeling, it came. It was a slow chill that must have been part of some strange front as it was still the Summer, albeit the end. She took the jacket from his hands and slipped it on.  
  
While Thomas was only slightly taller than Ellen, probably from straightening his posture here, the hoodie thankfully fell to her mid-thigh covering her completely and making her look cuter. Ellen gave him a big hug around the neck with a small squeeze and said “Thank you, Thomas. I didn’t even notice it was cold. When do you need it back?”  
  
Thomas, with all his will-power, resisted his urge to shudder from several factors and merely told her “As long as you need it. It’s huge on you, so you probably won’t be able to have it in class, he wouldn’t let me wear it either, but any time else it’ll be fine. Okay?”  
  
Ellen merely smiled at him and gave him a gentle wave good bye before sprinting off to Mrs. Claythorne who was waiting at the top of the hill. Thomas rubbed his hand through his hair as he watched her and received the occasional glimpse of her bottom through the movement. “Man, what am I doing? I’ve never been that forward.” He asked himself as he walked away rubbing his arms for precious warmth.  
Ellen ran right next to Mrs. Claythorne and asked “So, how is it?”. Ellen seemed overjoyed and impressed with her creation from even here. It was a small complex which seemed to be vibrant and filled with life.  
  
Mrs. Claythorne however was too heart-warmed to pay attention to Ellen. She was still replaying Ellen and Thomas’, who she thought was cute, scene in her head; had she just witnessed puppy love? She decided to ignore it and look to Ellen who was fingering the pocket on the front of her new hoody furiously trying to get out all the small bolts and screws she had left in it.  
  
“What did you ask, Ellen?” Mrs. Claythorne asked as she glanced over the playground.  
  
Ellen stopped what she was doing and looked up to merely ask the same question she already did, to which Mrs. Claythorne merely said “It’s admittedly impressive, but is it safe? The district would have my head if that thing merely creaked while a student was on it.”  
  
Ellen merely grinned and said, “It’s safe. Thomas and I walked all throughout it and tested all of it. Since We both weigh more, and even more when combined, I’d say those kids will be nothing to that thing.”  
  
Mrs. Claythorne gave a seemingly approving nod and they both began to walk to Mrs. Claythorne’s car. Instead of getting in, Mrs. Claythorne popped the trunk and pulled out two articles of clothing for Ellen. “Alright, take off the hoodie and put these on.”  
  
Ellen looked at her defensively, not yet ready to lose Thomas’ hoodie and asked “Why?”  
  
Mrs. Claythorne smirked, seemingly confirming her suspicions, but continued. “It’s very cute on you, yes, but does a black hoodie really scream “Kid’s party?”. You’ll stick out like a sore thumb.”  
  
Ellen pouted slightly and lifted the hoodie over her body but held it at her arms before fully removing it.  
“What are you going to do with it?” Ellen asked reluctantly.  
“Oh, don’t worry. It’s not going anywhere. Since I have to drive you home later tonight, it’ll simply stay in my car and I’ll be at the party myself since I was invited by Suzie’s parents more than a month ago. It’s not going anywhere. Toss it in the front seat and we’ll be off.” Mrs. Claythorne said as she went to the front seat of the car.  
Ellen removed the hoodie completely and got into the front seat. There Mrs. Claythorne gave her the two articles of clothing; a cute pair of pink panties and a frilly dress Ellen hadn’t worn in years.

**Just One of the Guys: Day 6C**

Ellen, at her first chance, seized her panties and pulled them up her legs until they pressed firmly against her sex. It felt wonderful to her, to finally be covered in the last day, especially after all had transpired. She fiddled with the edges and even pulled out the front to look at herself again.  
  
After several moments, she snapped the band back and looked over to Mrs. Claythorne and said “You know what’s strange?”  
“What is that, Ellen?” Mrs. Claythorne asked quizzically as she turned on her car and began to back out.  
  
“It feels so strange to have something on, even though I’ve only been without for a day. Like, it feels almost foreign, if that makes sense.” Ellen said as she fiddled with her panties.  
  
“Well,” Mrs. Claythorne laughed, “if that’s the case, you can just take those panties right off and go naked, hmm?”  
“No…” came Ellen in a low whimper.  
“But-“ came Mrs. Claythorne before she was abruptly cut off with Ellen’s rationalizing;  
“I mean, we’re going to a party. I can’t just show up without nothing and it be okay, right? I mean, I don’t really want to be naked either, I just need to get used to the clamp these things.”  
  
Mrs. Claythorne didn’t answer Ellen’s rambling but grew a scheming smile across her face only to be shortly broken by a command of “Put on your dress then.”  
  
Ellen rambled down for her back, shortly held a gasp, and dropped the dress again after seeing it; it was a light blue dress with white frills that she hadn’t worn in almost five years. It surely wouldn’t fit her right.  
  
“Mrs. Claythorne, I think you’ve made a mistake. I can’t wear this.” Ellen said as she held it over her chest and looked down.  
  
“Try it on. It’s the cutest one I could find and the most age appropriate.” Mrs. Claythorne said almost dismissingly.  
Ellen gave a fretting look, but she complied; what other options did she have? She slid it over her head, only managing to pop her head out barely, slipped her arms in, wriggled it down her body, and finally got the nearly skin-tight vestment to adorn her properly. It’s bottom fringed outwards like a tutu which would keep her panties on constant display, but another issue was that it flattened her already flat-chest to new levels.  
  
Ellen looked down and gave a frown, but a short “You look gorgeous” from Mrs. Claythorne instantly turned her dread to reluctant anticipation of the event; it was only a children’s party, right? Her questions would soon be answered, as they began to pull into the drive-way.  
Ellen was about to get out, but a quick noise from Mrs. Claythorne stopped her.  
  
“Yes?” Came Ellen from over her shoulder.  
“I think we should go over some ground rules before you go. Nothing major, but just so there’s no confusion, okay?” said Mrs. Claythorne as she wait for Ellen’s response, which came quick from a nod.  
  
“They’re pretty simple, but here they are: If anyone asks, you’re ten; if anyone asks, I’m your mother and as such have authority of you; finally, I don’t think I’d ever have to tell anyone else this, but you’re a special case: try to keep your clothes on. There might, and I mean a very slight chance, that it might be appropriate, but don’t go whipping you clothes off unless I give you the okay.”  
The first two Ellen readily nodded her head for, but the last one made her slightly angry and made her puff her cheeks out; “I’m not some nudist begging to get naked at every turn, you know.” Ellen came.  
  
Mrs. Claythorne gave a short sigh and grabbed her purse, “I’m not trying to say anything, I just mean this is a stranger’s home. It’s sort of like how you don’t take your shoes off wherever you please, right?”  
  
Ellen had to give a nod and quickly said “Sorry, Mrs. Claythorne. That’s kind of a sensitive topic for me, didn’t mean to snap.”  
  
With that understood between the two, they both headed outside to which Ellen felt a new type of nakedness: she wasn’t wearing shoes. She looked towards Mrs. Claythorne, but she kept walking indicating to Ellen that shoes weren’t a part of the plan. She grumbled silently to herself, but quickly scampered towards the doors with Mrs. Claythorne. There again tragedy of realization happened; before Suzi’s actual door was a shining glass door which reflected quite well showed just how silly Ellen looked. Her legs were bare, her panties, due to the sides of the dress sticking out, were on full display, and her mole hills were now trampled ant hills. This caused Ellen to push her hands to her back and nervously sway her hips as Mrs. Claythorne knocked.  
Without much of a wait, a woman in her early thirties answered the door. She donned the traditional mom look (a modest dress with an apron), along with a party hat. She smiled widely, “Christie!,” She said joyfully to Mrs. Claythorne as she gave her a warming hug, which Mrs. Claythorne eagerly returned. The two weren’t exactly personally friendly, but you know, grown people and such. Mrs. Claythorne was let in past woman and Ellen tried to follow but it was swiftly stopped, “And let me guess, you’re Ellen as I’ve heard so much about, right?”  
  
Ellen gave a nervous laugh as the larger woman blocked her way and sheepishly said, “Yeah, I’m Ellen. Nice to meet you.”  
  
“Oh!”, squealed the woman, “Suzie talks about you non-stop. I’m so glad you could’ve come!”  
  
“She has?” Ellen said legitimately wondering what was said.  
“Well…” the woman stated gleefully, “let’s just say I’m surprised you’re wearing clothes. Little Suzi tells me you help Mrs. Claythorne without a stitch on.”  
  
Ellen was quiet and stunned. I mean, she should’ve known better than to expect someone as young as Suzie to keep her mouth shut, but she didn’t know how to react. She’d had her tendency in the last week to expose it all, but never so bluntly and by someone she hardly knew.  
  
Thankfully though, the woman understood the folly of her boldness and quickly tried to fix it by simply saying, “Oh, don’t worry. You’re not in trouble or anything. Suzie told me what you told the class, the whole “To make them more comfortable”, and as I was talking to your mom about coming, I thought even better of it; I mean, I think it’s the best thing that you still feel comfortable and innocent in your own skin at age ten. It’s good to be young while you’re still young.”  
  
“What?” simply came a confused Ellen.  
“Oh, nothing. Teenager stuff. You’ll understand why everyone hates growing old when it’s finally happening to them. Consider yourself lucky.” The woman came before moving over. Ellen shyly muttered “Thank you,” but as she stood inside, the woman came again and with crossed arms she said “Aren’t you forgetting something?”  
  
Ellen stared towards her confused but unable to think of anything. She tilted her head slightly, and suddenly her eyes bugged; was she expecting her to strip? Ellen nervously turned her body side-to-side and adorably placed her finger to her lips trying to act coy. “Nope.” Ellen said simply.  
The woman merely laughed and produced a party-hat from behind her and snapped it onto Ellen’s head. “Of course you are!”, she said, “you don’t want to be the only kid without a party hat, right?”  
  
Disaster averted. Ellen didn’t know what to say, but thankfully she didn’t have to know either due being turned around by the shoulders and escorted to the room everyone was.  
  
Slowly, the noise of clapping, playing children, and the conversation of older people began to dawn.  
Ellen walked into the event expecting everyone to be staring at her, but thankfully she was mistaken and putting herself too highly. Suzie was in the center of the floor, along with two of her other friends and they were playing in the shredded remain of wrapping paper and the plastic confections which lie within. They didn’t even notice Ellen at first, which inwardly Ellen thanked herself, but upon turning her gaze upward, she found herself completely out of place in either realm.  
  
Above the girls, in their make-shift pit of youth and fun, were old people, the closest being an elderly couple, probably her grandparents, and in the background, an increasingly younger cast of people. To her surprise and horror, there was one of her classmates in the assembly: Mary. They weren’t close, hardly knew each other, but this was potentially a disaster. Luckily though, Mary had yet to see Ellen.  
  
Ellen nervously filed onto the side of the occasion to blend into the rest of the crowd. Of course, due to her hat she was signified as one of the children, and was somehow squished into the center where she sat. There Suzie saw her, and a massive hug was given between the two, and for Ellen, it still did warm her heart. She still gazed outwards for Mary, who didn’t seem to interested in the party at all, probably dragged in by a relative, even to the point where Ellen managed to see her file out in the backyard.  
  
It made Ellen frown, it was Suzie’s day, but she supposed you simply couldn’t force people into the behavior you want she guessed. However, Ellen’s attention was soon back on the kids in the middle and to her embarrassment, she was being included with all the “awws” and “oohs” children bring. Suzie began to show Ellen all her new stuff and eagerly wanted to play, along with her other two friends, but Suzie’s mom was quick to announce “It’s time for cake!”

**Just One of the Guys: Day 6D**

At first, Ellen was confused as she had just gotten there, but glancing at a clock, it was already approaching late afternoon. Despite only barely wanting to be here, she still cursed herself for having missed so much. Suzie grabbed her by the hand though, not one to be angered by Ellen’s lateness, and to bring her to a tiny table which at its capacity could probably only fit the four “kids” at the party, Ellen included. Suddenly, cameras were everywhere. Sure, it was Suzie’s fifth birthday and likely no one was paying attention to Ellen, but she still felt the needs to pin the sides of her damned dress down as she crawled on all fours following the newly anointed five year-old.  
Everything was going alright, everyone began to surround the table and start an eerie clap at an undefined rhythm, Ellen, Suzie, and her two friends at the sides of the table, a lit cake was brought to the table. Suzie, practically bouncing in her seat and clapping with a huge grin, eagerly anticipated the arrival of the cake; for her, it couldn’t come too soon. Ellen gave a short smile from her seat and waited as Suzie lifted herself from her seat and braced herself with her arms.  
The cake, bright and full of birthday cheer, laden with five spiraled candles burning bright, and showing signs of being delicious was laid before Suzie. She puffed her pink cheeks to their absolute max and unleashed a fierce gust on the candles, cameras were at full blast blinding everyone in a white torrent from second to second, and then disaster struck.  
Being far too excited, Suzie was leaning too far on the table and using her small plastic chair for even further leverage over the table. This, unfortunately, sent young Suzie plummeting into her cake. There was a collective gasp across the room, Ellen included, and suddenly the flashes stopped, well all but from grandpa who knew this would make a funny memory. Suzie lifted herself slowly out of the cake, with her cheeks trembling and her dress ruined. Her mother came to her, hand over mouth, and tried to sooth Suzie as her tears would soon flow. As the room quieted further, Ellen began to hear quiet mumbles around her. Most were quiet utterances of sympathy, but one really stood out to her, coming from who she supposed was Suzie’s grandmother: “Oh dear, we don’t have a change for her over here. What can we do?”  
Suzie at this point was going into the fatal deep breaths before a deep cry, saying “M-m-my d-dr-dr-DRESS!” while her mother cooed her. Ellen looked around, everyone was almost a statue watching the scene unfold. Ellen crept up and quickly walked around the table to her mother, which looked up for a moment and locked eyes with Ellen.  
“Umm… I heard whispering that Suzie didn’t have anything to change into here?” Ellen whispered to the mother.  
“Yeah,” the mother cracked back, “this is her grandparents. She doesn’t stay enough here for a change in anything. She keeps crying about her ruined dress between breaths.”  
“Well…” Ellen began consolidating her idea, “I can… umm… give her my dress if it’ll help. I don’t want her birthday ruined.”  
Due to them whispering right above Suzie, there wasn’t the need for transfer of knowledge from mother to daughter here. Suzie simply muttered, “R-really?” in a breath that sounded as if it were starved of air. Ellen gave a forced smile and nodded, to which Suzie replied with a teary smile. She was still upset, but things were looking up. Her mother simply looked up at her and mouthed a very sincere “Thank you!”  
Ellen took Suzie by the hand, which was wiping cake from her face, and walked on to the bathroom. Everyone in the room looked confused due to their inability to hear the conversation or know what was going on in particular.  
Ellen entered the nearest bathroom and immediately removed Suzie’s dress, grabbed a wet rag, and wiped her face spotless. As Suzie sat there having the last specks of cake removed from her face, she humbly asked “Are you sure Ellen? Your dress is soooo pretty!”. Ellen merely gave her a reassuring grin and said, “You know me, right? Not much one for clothes.”, she started before beckoning her closer to lend her ear, which Suzie did; Ellen continued to say “Between you and me, your mom and I talked about it. I’m only wearing stuff in case something happened, why else would this dress be so short? Call it insurance.”  
Suzie’s face went bright in Ellen’s lie really believing that all that was arranged for her sake. Ellen slipped off the dress and brought it all the way off. She held it over Suzie for a moment to check, and to her amazement, it’d be a nearly perfect fit. She instructed Suzie to lift her arms and the dress slipped right on. It ended where it used to end on Ellen, near her feet, and the ballerina effect it gave Ellen, due to being too big for it, gave Suzie a graceful little flare at the bottom that ended right above her glamorous sandals.  
“You’re beautiful, Suzie!” Ellen announced for the girl to feel better and hopefully forget the cake incident. It seemed to work, as the girl was spinning with a wide smile on her face. Ellen was about to walk towards the door, to open it of course, she was going to coerce Mrs. Claythorne to leave now as she didn’t want to spend the party like this, as she already felt silly enough in only a party-hat and her panties, but the decision just got a lot harder. As Ellen opened the door, Suzie’s demeanor became more solemn and from behind her Ellen heard, “Umm Ellen… I made a wish right before I fell.”  
Ellen’s heart-sunk for a moment, as this unavoidably involved her in some way, shape, or form. “Yes?” Ellen said as best she could from her side. “I wished for a pony… but I know that’s not happening, ‘specially after that really big storm.” Came Suzie, with a deep sense of disappointment in her voice.  
“And you want to ride me, right?” replied Ellen knowing all too well.  
Suzie gave a gentle nod, but did add “I know it won’t be too fun for you, so it can just be out there? Okay?”  
Ellen suppressed a sigh, but knew she wasn’t better than to deny a child’s birthday wish. She got down on all fours and waited with her eyes forward until she felt Suzie pulling down her panties. “Wh-“ was all Ellen could get out before Suzie merely placed Ellen’s panties in a pocket on her former dress and said “Ponies don’t wear panties. You look weird in them anyway.”  
Ellen, finally blushing knowing the fate she had condemned herself to, let Suzie mount her and began crawling clad only in a party hat at this point. She was mortified as she crawled around the bend in the hall and began to enter the living room again. There again was the collective gasp, more in surprise than anything else, and immediately followed by what sounded like hundreds of camera clicks. “Oh no, they’re taking pictures.” Ellen thought to herself with her eyes virtually locked to the ground with Suzie holding her hair like reins. Suzie’s mother was about to ask something, but Suzie merely looked at her and in the happiest tone she heard all day, she squealed “Ellen fulfilled my wish today, mommy!”  
With that, questions were off the table; her daughter was happy after all. Suzie soon dismounted Ellen and Ellen stood with a hand lightly over her crotch. Privacy was not a virtue granted to Ellen though, as Suzie’s mother decided to grab the hand and lift it high. “And let’s get a round of applause for Ellen, Christie’s daughter, for being such a good sport!”  
There was a loud round a clapping, which actually surprised Ellen, and every genuinely seemed as though they approved. However, Ellen met eyes with one unfortunate sight; Mary. She was the lone among the crowd who didn’t clap, her mouth hung agape. Ellen was like a deer in headlights, lost in the moment. It seemed only her and Mary were real, but thankfully, Mrs. Claythorne was able to step in breaking the line of sight.  
“Oh, well thank you so much for appreciating her, but we actually have to be going soon. We have other a busy schedule. Is that alright?” Mrs. Claythorne said trying to save Ellen. There was one more challenge for Ellen this weekend though, and they would be home free. “Sure Christie, but I think Ellen at least deserves the first whack on the piñata we got. Does that sound fair? She’s kind of saved the party.”  
Mrs. Claythorne flashed a grimace, but she had to accept. Everyone filed into the front yard, Ellen unwillingly dragged there by Mrs. Claythorne. There everyone was around the tree with a rainbow piñata donkey hanging from the tree. Ellen was handed a bat and was encircled. Suzie ran up to her and

**Just One of the Guys: Day 6E**

dug in her pocket pulling Ellen’s pink panties out; maybe she would get to put them back on? Well, yes, but not in the way she had hoped. “Here, use these as a blind-fold real quick.” Suzie said before she ran back into the crowd. Ellen gave a deep swallow, surrounded by strangers, in someone’s front yard, now with her panties on her head, naked, about to hit a piñata. She lowered the panties over her eyes and she was spun several times before being allowed to hit.  
She was dizzy, missing the first two strikes before a firm hit confirmed it for her; she hit it. She lifted the panties and saw some pretty good candy hitting the ground. This was far too much for her. She whipped her panties from her head, walked towards Suzie, picked her up steadily wishing her a happy birthday, and dived into Mrs. Claythorne’s car. It was over. The weekend was finally over.  
  
That night, Ellen and Mrs. Claythorne had a virtually silent car ride. Ellen was so tired she never bothered to put on her panties nor Thomas’ hoodie. She merely sat there, stretched out, her arms lightly crossed over her stomach with her eyes glued to the window. The drive was short, Ellen mostly blanked out, until they finally pulled into her drive-way. There Ellen finally slipped on her panties and the hoodie, was about to step out of the car, when Mrs. Claythorne stopped her. In her hand was fifty dollars. Ellen was surprised, having forgotten about the deal to pay her, but this certainly woke her up.  
  
“T-thank you, Mrs. Claythorne” Ellen said as she marveled at the thought of finally being compensated.  
“Don’t thank me, you earned that.” Mrs. Claythorne said as she began to drive away.  
  
Ellen stood there in her drive-way still marveling at the fifty long after Mrs. Claythorne left. It wasn’t until a cold chill rushed passed her legs reminding her she needed to get inside that she finally did. Ellen entered her house and took care of basics. She made a large dinner for herself, watched some television, and took a nice long shower.  
  
However, after the shower, she was put in a situation. It was Sunday, and she would likely have to wear the hoodie on the bus along with the panties. She wanted to in some way be dressed tonight, to at least feel as though something were on her body as she felt getting used to the situation wasn’t an option, but she thought wearing panties she slept in to be kind of gross. She held them up, her wearing only a towel, and put them back on the hoodie. It was in the background she saw the faint plastic.  
  
There, the package of pull-ups Mrs. Claythorne had given her, lie untouched on the chair. Ellen gave a slight frown remembering being forced into them for roughly two days, but thinking back, she thinks that is what she didn’t like: the forced. With nudity, it was implied it was her choice, but the force there really set her teenage spirit alight. But now, who was forcing her? Who would see? They were basically underwear you could toss out, right? Ellen rationalized to herself.  
  
She went slowly to the package and removed her towel. She held it questioningly, wondering if she was really considering this, but thought not would be kind of a waste, especially since she didn’t really have anything else to wear. She slowly opened the package and slipped it on. It fit her snuggly, but there was a comfort she didn’t remember to them. Confused, she went over to the mirror. They were blue, a boy’s brand with little bulldozers on them and she had to laugh a little; they were perfect for the situation they got her in and were admittedly pretty cute on her. She followed her body up and actually began to seriously think for a second. She fished out a hat of her drawer, took her hair and netted it all into the hat. What she found really surprised her. “Whoa, I really could be just one of the guys.”  
  
A feminine boy that is, as she still have the general anatomy of a female and the facial structure, but due to her flat chest and the disappearance of her golden locks, she could pull off being a young boy in her imagination. She laughed more and pulled off the hat, but still stared at herself in the mirror; it wasn’t bad, she thought. “Maybe I’ll wear these around the house after all. They’re pretty soft and cute.”  
  
So with that, she wore the pull-up until she eventually fell asleep.