**Karen's Naked School Adventure**

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Karen Jenkins sat in her semi-dark music classroom. It had only been half an hour since school was over, and she was just catching up on her marking. Most teachers would have gone home by now, and even those few students who usually stay behind would have left by now.  
  
She was really tired, after a long day of teaching music to students who didn't want to learn, anyone would be. And judging from the size of the stack of papers that were left, she was going to be stuck here for a while.  
  
School had ended at 3:30, and it was now fast approaching 4 pm. Karen sighed, kicking of her shoes, settling in to be here until at least 5 o'clock. She put her covered feet on the carpeted floor and gasped.  
  
Even though she was wearing tights, the floor felt amazing on her aching feet. She closed her eyes and took a deep breath. This felt too good to focus on class papers. She knew it was inappropriate, but this felt too good to pass up the opportunity. She looked around, but she didn't really know why, it was likely no one was in the building. Rolling up her skirt just a bit, she grabbed the waist of her black tights.  
  
She had never done something like this before. Teaching at a school, she didn't have much nerve, or opportunity to show off her legs. And as she rolled her tights down to her feet, her breathing hitched. She would have never done this unless she was sure she was alone, even though she would still be technically decent.  
  
As she pulled them off her legs, and let her toes wiggle around on the carpet she laughed a little at how the carpet tickled her bare feet. She wasn't even the type of teacher to do something like this. And right now, she didn't know why.  
  
Karen balled up her tights and threw them in her handbag. She decided to throw her shoes in there too. She didn't really know why, but it made her feel naughtier, not being able to get to her clothes right away. Naughty? What was going on with her today?  
  
Running her hands up her legs. She reached the hem of her knee length skirt, and another naughty idea entered her head. This was probably the naughtiest thing she'd ever done. And that made her want to do it more.  
  
Standing up, she removed her jacket, leaving her in her skirt and shirt and, of course her underwear. She hung up her jacket and got ready to do something she never thought she'd be doing in school.  
  
She reached back and unzipped her skirt, letting it slowly fall to her feet. Her panties were now on show. She imagined that the classroom was full. And that made her even more excited. But she knew she should keep going. She pulled her top off up over her head, revealing her white bra that matched her panties. She dropped her skirt and top in her handbag, and looked around the classroom.  
  
Standing beside the board. She started writing music notes on it, and pretended like she was teaching a class in her underwear. Imagining twenty pairs of eyes on her just made her the more excited. She wanted to go further with this, but she really had to think about this.  
  
This was her job. The place where she worked every day. Was she really about to get naked here? Her answer came seconds later when she felt her fingers on the waist band of her panties. She decided that this wasn't much worse than standing here in her underwear. Only for a few minutes she sighed to herself.  
  
She pulled her panties slowly down her legs. Her heart was thumping in her chest. Pulling them off her legs, she threw them into her bag as well. She had to stop for a minute to catch her breath.  
  
Here she was, in a classroom. In around 18 hours there would be student filing in here not knowing that their teacher had been standing there almost naked the day before. She was so excited, she felt she had to sit down. But before she did, she felt as though she had to get something off her chest. Literally.  
  
She reached back to unhook her bra. She would be naked in her classroom. Right as she was about to do it. She heard the door handle jiggling. Thankfully the window on her door was blocked out by her jacket on the hook. She made a sprint for the only place she could. The instrument closet. She rushed inside just as she heard the classroom door open. She leaned back against the door, trying to keep her breathing under control. That was close.  
  
"Hello? Karen?" She heard in the classroom. She recognized it as Deborah Murphy, from the classroom next door. She had almost caught her wearing only her bra. Her pussy and most of her body was completely on show.  
  
"Must have went home..." Deborah said to herself. Karen sighed waiting for Deborah to leave so she could get dressed.  
  
"Oh no, she must have left her stuff here. I'll bring it to her house." Deborah said to herself. Karen's heart almost stopped. She couldn't exactly stop her, in her current state. She listened more, hearing Deborah close the classroom door. She waited a few minutes, before peeking out the door of the closet.  
  
Deborah had left. And she had taken Karen's jacket, and handbag. With all her clothes in it...  
  
Karen was now left standing in the middle of her classroom, completely bottomless, wearing only a bra. She didn't even have her shoes. What was she going to do?  
  
She covered her arms over her chest, before realizing that wasn't even the part that needed covered. She didn't really care at this point. Her phone was in her handbag, and even if she did have it, she couldn't really call anyone.  
  
She walked to her desk, taking a seat. She smiled at how the seat felt on her naked butt, but that smile faded when she remembered her current situation. She glanced down at her desk, seeing the discarded papers, she was supposed to be marking. She then looked up at the clock. 5 o'clock. She would have been home by now if she could control her stupid urges.  
  
Finally deciding, fuck it, she began marking her papers again. This took her mind off her situation for a while, and by 5PM, she was done. She thought about how naughty it was that she had just marked those papers bottomless. Imagine the students face if she were to tell them that.  
  
She now started thinking about how she could get out of this situation. Wearing only a bra, she couldn't exactly walk home. She knew there was a landline in Deborah's classroom, but even so, who could she call? It was hopeless.  
  
Then she got an idea. The Lost and Found! The office wasn't very far from the music rooms, and there might be something that would fit her in the Lost and Found. It was a risk, but she could most likely get there unseen. That would of course mean she would be walking around the school bottomless, wearing only a bra. That thought excited her immensely.  
  
She looked down at her blonde curls, and saw that her slit was glistening with her juices. Wow. Was she really THAT excited. Even in this situation, being trapped almost naked in a school, she was really horny.  
  
Standing up, seeing she had left a pool of pussy juice on the leather seat, she began walking to the door. Taking a deep breath, she walked out into the music corridor. The music corridor was usually dark as the windows were very small and at the top, so they were impossible to see out of. That was good in Karen's case, but as soon as she walked out into the main corridor, the windows would be huge. But there probably wasn't any one else in the school.  
  
Walking along the music corridor, the carpet tickled her bare feet as she walked. Her hands instinctively covered her chest, but she urged herself to keep them by her sides. Her pussy was on full display, the blonde patch between her legs being very noticeable.  
  
As she opened the door, leading to the main school building she stepped out on to the cold terrazzo floor. She gasped, sending a shiver up her. She began climbing the stairs, onto the ground floor. The windows were big, and she couldn't help but cover herself with her hands. She almost wanted to crouch below the window, but she took a deep breath and stayed strong.  
  
She pushed the door to her right, leading into the Geography corridor. She slowly walked down the corridor, imagining that the corridor was full of students, pushing past her almost naked body. She felt a tickle on her inner thigh, and looked to see her pussy juice, running down her thigh.  
  
She covered her pussy with her hands, looking down at her feet. She imagined being embarrassed about all the students seeing her. Her mind games were so fun. She kept walking like this until she got to the end of the Geography corridor. She stepped out, reaching her destination.  
  
She was at the main entrance of the school, with the office next to it. The school was on top of a hill, so it was unlikely that any unsuspecting member of the public would see her. She approached the door to the office.  
  
She tried jiggling the handle, but nothing happened. That's right! The office got locked at the end of the day! What was she going to do now? She sighed, looking around. She was now VERY exposed out here. From the office, to her right was the language corridor. Straight ahead was a staircase and the Geography, and to the left was the main door of the school.  
  
She turned back to the office, an idea popping into her head. She could probably pick the lock, if she had some sort of wire. And there was only one place she could get that. Her bra wire. Should she give up her only piece of clothing in hopes that there would be something in the Lost and Found?  
  
She finally decided that it wasn't much better being caught bottomless that being caught naked. She reached back and unhooked her bra, sliding it down her arms. She was now standing completely naked in the middle of the school. She wanted to take a moment to attend her horniness, but she didn't want to mess around.  
  
She pulled the wire out of her bra, now rendering the material useless. She tossed it into the bin next to the office, hoping no one would see it and ask questions. She got down on her knees, and placed the wire into the keyhole, trying to get it to open. She was having a hard time concentrating, as her thoughts of horniness were constantly trying to get into her head. She ignored them, focusing on the lock, and soon enough, it was open.  
  
She got off her knees and gasped. The pussy juice running down her legs had now reached her knees, and had been dripping onto the floor while she was picking the lock. She giggled to herself. She wiped it off her legs, but it would soon be replaced by more. She entered the office.  
  
Karen looked around the empty office. It wasn't very big. A few sofas for people in trouble, or sick. A desk for the receptionist, and a door, leading to the principal's office. She looked behind the receptionist's desk and found what she was looking for. A rather large box, marked "Lost and Found" Karen sighed with happiness. But as she tried to open the box, she discovered, there was a lock on this too!  
  
Crap! She had broken the bra wire while picking the lock to the office door. Now what was she going to do?  
  
While she thought, she noticed a post-it note on the side of the Lost and Found box. Looking at it, it read "Spare key in Mr. Smith's room." Karen's smile returned. Oliver Smith was the computer technician. His classroom was on the third floor, and was a rather long way away. She didn't really have a choice.  
  
Exiting the office, she once again looked down at herself. She was COMPLETELY naked, and standing in the entrance to the school. She once again imagined that the school was full, and the students were all around her. She covered her breasts with her hands, squeezing her thighs together, as she turned right, going down the Language corridor. She walked slowly, wanting to savour this feeling, since it was likely she would never be doing this again.  
  
Reaching the end of the Language corridor, she reached the bottom of the staircase, leading to the second floor, the Math corridor. As she slowly climbed the stairs, she heard laughing, then voices then footsteps. She froze like a deer in the headlights.  
  
"Bullshit Kelly, there was not a naked woman running around." One of the voices said. Karen recognized it.  
  
"I'm telling the truth Kate! It was a blond woman! I saw it from the History corridor!" She heard another voice say. She knew exactly who they were.  
  
Kate and Kelly, two students at the school. She remembered teaching them last year. They weren't necessarily bad students, but staying behind until 5:30 like this? That was considered trespassing. And they were heading right towards her.  
  
Karen didn't know what to do. She couldn't be seen by them, but she had nowhere to go either! She could only think of one thing to do.  
  
"Hey! Whose there! You're not supposed to be here after hours!" She shouted, still covering herself on the stairs. She must have just been out of the girls' line of sight. Still, it seemed to work as seconds later, she heard "Oh shit" from one and " Cheese it" from the other, followed by the sounds of the girls running down the corridor.  
  
Karen smiled to herself. She couldn't believe that worked. Still, she had to be careful now. Kelly had seen her from the top floor, and now both of them were running around the school. Cautiously she made her way up the stairs.  
  
The girls hadn't known she was naked when she yelled at them. That was so hot to her. As she walked down the Math corridor, she looked out the large windows, seeing if she could spot the girls. When she couldn't, she concluded that they had went to the other building.  
  
Reaching the middle of the Math corridor, she would now be able to be seen from almost every angle if the school was full. She lowered her hands from her breasts and looked out, thinking about if the school was packed, everyone could see her naked form. She began moving again as she remembered Kelly and Kate were still somewhere in the school. Finally getting to the end of the Math corridor, she began climbing the stairs to the Computing corridor. The third floor. Where Oliver's classroom was.  
  
As she reached the top, she wasted no time in getting to Oliver's classroom. She looked around the mess of wires and computers, spotting the keys on a hook. She took a moment to compose herself. It was almost 6 now and she was still naked. Running her hand through her short blonde hair, she moaned, looking down at her neglected throbbing pussy. She could quickly rub one out right here, but she didn't want to get any equipment wet. Plus, she wanted to see how long she could last without cumming all over herself.  
  
Exiting Oliver's room, she once again looked the window. She was very exposed out here. She took a small walk to the stairs, keeping an eye out for Kelly or Kate. Walking back down to the language corridor, she began walking back towards the office. As she walked, she practiced her stance if she were to get caught. Her shocked face. Covering herself with her hands. It really turned her on.  
  
Rushing back inside the office she went back to where she knew the Lost and Found box was. Opening it, she began looking through it. A few phones and ties were in it, but then she spotted what she was looking for. A black t-shirt, likely left behind by a student doing gym. It was the only piece of clothing in there. It would have to do...  
  
As she pulled it over her head, she noticed a problem. The shirt was really small. It fit over her breasts, and only covered to just under her bellybutton. She would have to pull it down and stretch it if she wanted it to really cover something below the waist. She still couldn't walk home like this.  
  
She only had one choice left. Arts and Crafts. She could try and find a material to wear below the waist. It was in the other building though. That would mean going outside. Karen tried pulling the front of the shirt down to cover her blonde curls. Another problem arises. When she did this, her ass and the small of her back were on full display. But it would have to do. Walking back out of the office. She noticed just how turned on she had been. Her pussy juice had dripped down, leaving a small trail along the ground. Walking back up towards the Geography corridor, she stopped just short of the door to the courtyard  
  
Taking a deep breath, she walked outside. She was now outside, wearing nothing but a small t-shirt, being held down to cover her pussy. She slowly began walking to the other building. When she reached the middle of the courtyard, she stopped for a moment. She imagined the courtyard was full of students, pointing and laughing at her as she struggled to make the shirt stretch. Her knees bent inward, and she almost came right then and there from no stimulation, just from the horniness of the situation. She managed to hold herself back. But only just.  
  
She looked down and saw that there was a white stain on the shirt where it was balled up in her fists, stained with pussy juice. She took another breath and made her way across to the other building.  
  
As she entered, she found herself with the Business Studies corridor to her right and the stairs to the second floor to the left. She began climbing the stairs making her way to the Science and Technology corridor. When she reached the top, she stopped dead in her tracks...  
  
She could see through the door, Kelly and Kate were walking down. The window on the door allowed them to see her from about her breasts up. She smiled, letting go of the bottom of her shirt, knowing they couldn't see her bottomless state.  
  
"Yeah, there's like a trail of sticky water in the main..." Kate stopped dead in her tracks. Kelly looked at her confused for a second, before turning to look at what she was looking at. Her face paled when she saw Karen. They both took off running towards the Tech department. Karen smiled once again.  
  
Climbing the final set of stairs to the Art corridor, she made her way into the first classroom she saw. Ms. Carron's classroom. She actually didn't know the woman personally, but she was head of the Art department. Looking around the brightly decorated Art classroom, she looked for some sort of material that she could use to cover her bottom. Glancing at the clock, it read 6PM. She sighed, slumping down in Ms. Carron's chair. If she couldn't find something to wear, she might as well relieve the tension she'd been holding in all day.  
  
Glancing down at the trail of pussy juice running down her legs, she groaned, spreading her legs a little. He pussy was absolutely soaking. As she brought a finger down, barely brushing her throbbing clit, she was already on the edge. She stopped and took a deep breath. Was she really about to do this at her job? She had basically been walking around on the edge of orgasm since she left her classroom. She looked down at her throbbing, twitching pussy, and sighed. She wasn't really one for orgasm denial, but it might be better to do this in her own classroom.  
  
She got up from the chair, looking to the door connecting to the classroom next door. She heard a female voice followed by the door handle turning. It must have been Ms. Carron! She made a dash for the door to the next classroom, only just making it and rushing inside. Pressing her ear to the door, she heard Ms. Carron, just coming in to get her bag, noticing the wetness on her chair, before walking back out.  
  
Karen, looked around this classroom she had just walked in to. It was similar to the one from next door, but there still was nothing decent that she could wear. She jumped, hearing screaming from the floor below. Kelly and Kate must have been caught. She sat down at one of the students' desks, unsure of what to do. Maybe there would be something in the gym? It was worth a shot.  
  
She exited the Art corridor, walking down the stairs into the Technology department. She decided that she might as well check if there was a lab coat or something she could wear. Heading inside she walked past a lot of the heavy machinery, not noticing that she had accidently hit one of the buttons. And as she was walking past the bandsaw, it turned on. And caught her shirt.

It was immediately pulled from her body. Being so small, the shirt just tore away and got shredded up in the bandsaw. Karen's hands immediately went to her chest. Shit! She had lost the only piece of clothing she had. Deciding that the workshop wasn't a suitable place for her now naked state, she began heading out.  
  
Walking back down to the Business Studies corridor, she once again, stopped before going out into the courtyard. She was about to walk outside, into the public, completely naked. The adrenaline was rushing through her blood. She took a deep breath and walked out into the cold public.  
  
It was around 6:20, and the sky was red, starting to get dark. That meant it was also getting quite cold. As Karen walked, she noticed her hard nipples poking out. She told herself it was the cold, but she knew it was her arousal. She headed towards the gym, once again stopping in the middle of the courtyard.  
  
She once again imagined the courtyard being full of pointing, laughing students. She covered herself, imagining her red face as around 1200 students looked at their teacher naked and laughed. God, she was so horny. If she touched her pussy even once, she was sure to cum. Hell, she was sure that if she thought about it too much she would cum just from that. She started moving again, feeling the cold tarmac on the soles of her feet.  
  
Looking around the gym, she went into the main changing room. There wasn't much, but Karen kept looking in hopes of finding something to wear. Finally, she found a towel. It wasn't great, but it was something. Taking one final look around, she concluded that the towel was her only option.  
  
Wrapping it around the long way, she finally had a bit of coverage. She took a seat to compose herself a little. She smiled, looking down at her dirty feet. If they weren't sore before, they were definitely sore now. She decided to give them a little wash in the shower.  
  
Turning the warm water on, she let her feet dangle into the stall. Once they were clean, she turned off the shower and dried them off with the towel, before putting it back on again. She then thought about what to do next...  
  
She could probably walk home now, but just in a towel? It was a risk, but what were her other options? Sleep naked in her classroom and hope Deborah brought her bag back tomorrow? Get dressed while she wasn't looking? Things were getting desperate now.  
  
Heading out of PE, she decided that her best option would be to check the lockers. They were made for students to store things they might need each day in school, but wouldn't fit into their regular lockers. But that meant going down towards the front of the school. It was 6:30 and she still hadn't gotten decent. Walking around back to the office, she exited the main building of the school, wearing nothing but a towel. The air was cold, as she walked down towards the lockers, and the towel rubbing against her nipples reminded her of how naked, and horny she was.  
  
She thought about her arousal. She was so horny that she left a stain on the t-shirt, it ran down her legs, and it left puddles and trails along the ground. And she still hadn't had an orgasm yet! If she got home she'd have to fix that.  
  
As the small building containing the lockers came into view, so did the main road. The sound of cars and people talking could be heard by her now. She was still probably covered by the school gates and she of course had the towel, but it was still really exciting to be this naked, this close to people. She tried the door to the lockers, but ironically it was locked. She groaned still holding the towel up. She might as well try the back door.  
  
Going around the back of the locker building she tried the back door. Surprisingly, it worked, and she slipped inside. The lockers were dark at this time of day, but not so dark that she couldn't see. Most lockers were locked, but there was the odd few that were hanging open. Though most of them would be empty, she still decided to check for a bag or sack.  
  
Looking through most of the lockers, she found that they were indeed empty. She sighed, once again getting a bad feeling in her chest. But that feeling turned even worse at what happened next...  
  
As she rounded the maze of lockers, she heard the front door of the building being fiddled with. Then a moment later, she heard it bust open. She gasped and ran for cover.  
  
"See Kelly? I told you I could get it open" She heard Kate say. Didn't those two have anything better to do?  
  
"You didn't get it open, I slammed into it with my shoulder and broke it." Kelly replied, as the two began wandering around. They were getting closer to Karen. She didn't know what to do, they were gonna come around the corner and see her!  
  
She couldn't yell at them again, it was too risky now, they would still probably see her. They just had to keep walking straight and turn right, and they would see her standing there in all her buff glory. There was only on idea going through her mind right now, and she didn't like it.  
  
Removing the towel from her body, she once again prepared herself to lose her only piece of coverage. As Kelly and Kate continued up the corridor, she threw the towel across to the left corridor. She hoped to God that it worked.  
  
"What the fuck was that?" one of them said as they both ran up the corridor and turned left. They were now standing with their backs to the naked Karen. Her hands immediately went to cover herself, but it wouldn't have mattered, the girls were so focused on the towel. Karen was frozen in fear. How was she going to get out of this? She looked around. Seeing one of the lockers beside her was open.  
  
She did the only thing she could think of, she climbed into the locker. It was really small, and she had to bring her knees up to her chest, and sit in it just to fit in. But it seemed to work and she closed over the locker door.  
  
"Where do you think it's from?" asked Kelly. Karen was waiting for them to leave. Her heart was pounding and she could feel her pussy juice dripping. She couldn't believe even in a situation like this, she was this turned on!  
  
"Maybe that woman you saw earlier is somewhere around here?" Kate said, as she lifted the towel.  
  
"We need to find her, if she's still in the building we can scare her." Kelly told him. Karen didn't know what he meant by that, but a moment later, she felt the lockers she was sitting in begin to vibrate. The two were banging loudly on the lockers, probably in an attempt to scare her out. The banging was making the lockers vibrate, and that was having an interesting effect on Karen.  
  
She put one hand over her mouth, as the vibrations ran up the soles of her feet, up her legs, and up her naked butt. The vibrations reached her pussy, and she let out a small screech.  
  
She came.  
  
She was sitting here, naked, inside a locker, having an orgasm. Her entire body went into spasm, as she struggled to keep quiet. The orgasm kept going even long after Kelly and Kate stopped banging on the lockers.  
  
She finally stopped cumming, and the aftershocks ran through her body. She breathed heavily, after having the most intense orgasm of her life. She couldn't hear Kelly or Kate anymore, and concluded that they had found something else to entertain themselves.  
  
She slowly opened the locker door, swinging her legs out and stepping on to the floor. She wobbled a bit, having to steady herself on the wall, both from the intensity of the orgasm and from sitting in there for so long. As she looked around, she noticed her towel was missing. The girls must have taken it with them. She tried to regain control of her wobbly legs, and thought about what to do next.  
  
She now had no covering whatsoever, and was even closer to the general public now. But on the bright side she had had a great orgasm. It was getting pretty cold in the isolated locker room, so she decided to go back to her classroom.  
  
She exited through the front door that the girls had broken, she looked back down at the main road. All those cars could potentially see her naked form. She sighed feeling the aftermath of her orgasm run down her leg. She made her way back up the school.  
  
Entering the courtyard, as the sky began turning reddish yellow, she turned and went through the door. Going down the steps into the music corridor, she smiled once again feeling the warmth of the corridor and the carpet on her feet. She slowly walked back to her classroom, wanting to enjoy her nakedness a bit more. Entering her classroom, she sat down at her desk and sighed. What was she going to do?  
  
She wandered around her classroom for a while, pretending to teach naked, pretending to be a student asking a question naked, and playing the piano naked. This was giving her quite a thrill as she imagined being on stage, performing for a crowd. She giggled at her fantasies. She continued to play, until she saw the door handle between her classroom and Deborah's classroom begin to jiggle. She did the only thing she could. She ducked behind the piano.  
  
Deborah entered her classroom still carrying her handbag from earlier. She was on her phone obviously talking to someone.  
  
"No, I went to her house and she wasn't there." Deborah said, coming to a stop at the front of the room on the other side of the piano. The only thing separating a naked Karen from Deborah was the piano. Deborah put down her handbag and walked back down to the bottom of the classroom.  
  
"This is my chance..." Karen thought, as she reached for her handbag. She just barely managed to grab it. She had to be careful, so Deborah didn't see her. She had her back turned to her, so she had some time. Karen managed to grab her skirt, shirt and shoes from her bag. That was all she needed.  
  
As she listened to Deborah continue to make phone calls, she pulled on her shirt, and then her skirt. Finally putting her shoes on her aching feet, she was finally decent. Standing back up, she saw Deborah still with her back to her.  
  
"Deb, what are you still doing here?" Karen asked, smoothing out her skirt. It felt good to have her clothes back on again...