**Karen**

by Anonymous

**Chapter 1 - It all went wrong**

A shy, small, lonely underdeveloped transfer student is bullied by her new "friends".  
  
Karen waited fearfully for the bus. A petite teen with long brown hair and bright blue eyes, she was often mistaken for a much younger girl. Her apparel this morning certainly enhanced that effect. At the demand of Christine and Erika, two of her more wealthy, and equally cruel classmates, Karen was waiting at the end of her driveway in one of her little sister Ashley's outfits. She was just skinny and short enough to squeeze into the lavender Sophia the First tee shirt, though it left her soft tummy bare. A short purple skirt, almost indecent on Karen, over bright white tights and pink velcro shoes decorated with ponies completed the childish get-up. Her ears burned as she clutched her books to her flat chest. She had been forbidden a bra and her puffy nipples poked proudly out through the thin material.  
  
  
  
Why had she asked to sit with them at lunch? How had she let them get away with so much so fast? She had become their plaything, slowly at first, but the girls had a way of pushing her boundaries. She had endured their teasing touches, convinving herself it really was all in good fun, then when they came to her home and made her try on clothes in front of them she had made herself believe they really wanted to help with her fashiom sense. Now it was clear they only wanted to embarass her but what could she do? They had dozens of photos of her little "fashion show" last week, and she didn't have any closer friends to turn to. After weeks of being trained as Erika and Christine's lackey, she almost didn't have any fight in her regardless. She hoped desperately that the prank wouldn't go much further. She dreaded the thought of the things her false friends had threatened if she didn't comply with her orders.  
  
  
Dozens of laughing faces greeted her in the windows as the bus arrived. Head down, face beet red, Karen stumbled awkwardly down the aisle, gasping as Alex, a troublemaking blond boy she had always liked, flipped her tiny skirt in back, giving her butt a pat and commenting on how her undies matched her "baby shoes".  
  
The girls were waiting for her in the back, and they wasted no time wedging the hapless girl between them. She felt one of the cheerleader's hands slip into her tights. "No, please-" she managed before it was cut short by a stifled squeal, Erika had hauled her skinny butt off the seat by her childish knickers. The raven-haired girl grinned wickedly at Karen, like a predator savoring the fear of it's prey. Her poor victim, squirmed, she was normally so very shy, dozens of people were watching her writhe about on her wedgie in her infantile clothes, and worse yet, there was a part of her that had been starved from attention so long, she felt amidst the heat of shame a glimmer of arousal. Christine brushed back her blond ponytail and stroked Karen's brown locks murmuring warmly directly into the young transfer student's ear, "We are going to have all kinds of fun with you little girl."

**Karen Chapter 2 - It Only Gets Worse**

Karen was mortified, she hid her face with her hands, feeling it pulse with the heat of her embarrassment. She bounced and wriggled futiley on the undersized panties in Erika's grip, trying to get free, only working them in further, till the tiny Twilight Sparkle print knickers bit deep between her cheeks and sunk between her lips, making her groan lewdly as the strained gusset ground into her clit and little star. Erika laughed, teasing her for her dance of desperation, rolling her tights down further to expose her hairless mound, only the channel of her sex hidden by the stretched out undies.  
  
  
Christine purred in her ear "Are you enjoying this? I've been through your phone you know. I've seen your collection of naughty stories. Alex!" As the boy shuffled down the aisle to sit in front of them, oggling her disgraced state, Christine had her crush remove her shoes and tights, which the girls used to bind her arms behind her. Fat tears dropped down her face onto her tiny princess tshirt. "Good girl," her tormenter praised her, and despite herself, Karen felt an ounce of genuine pride. What was wrong with her? "Now, offer Alex your panties."  
  
  
What?? Karen wanted to plead, wanted to scream and fight and vow they would have to take them from her but her fear was paralyzing. Her heart hammered at her chest as though trying to smash free of it's cage. Letting out a brief, strangled sob, she hooked her thumbs in her knickers and began to push down slowly. Either due to great reluctance or a secret desire to prolong her own suffering, she peeled the sticky, tight, babyish underwear out of her nethers at a snails pace, giving Alex several minutes to savor her exposure. As soon as they were past her knees, the girls hauled her skinny bare legs apart, keeping her girlhood, swollen and pink with both the rough wedgie and arousal, open, showing the boy she watched daily her most intimate parts while she struggled to step out of her knickers. She held them up to her leering, grinning classmate and forced out through her dread, shaking and fretful whimpers "Please take these Alex, I w-want you to have them."  
  
  
  
She had expected him to laugh, to take them, to presumably do whatever boys did with a girl's used panties. He did chuckle. Then he put them on her head, arranging them like a perverse little hat. "I think they look better on you Baby Karen. Don't you move them now."  
  
  
She glowed in her shame, cheeks like hot coals. It was as if the humiliation triggered this flood of held back emotion, leaving her overwhelmed and vulnerable and hopelessly aroused. The girls held her splayed lewdly before the bus load of her classmates until the last student exited. As Karen stood, arms still bound, to be lead off the bus by Christine and Erika, she was grateful they had left her with her skirt, but as they stepped out of the vehicle, the warm breeze between her thighs reminded her that she was a hair's breadth from naked and the day had just begun.

**Karen Chapter 3 - A Serious Misunderstanding**

Karen was lead barefoot over the hot sidewalk and into the school, a much taller cheerleader holding each hand, making her look even smaller. Karen was dreading her first class, due to an error in her file she had a schedule change on this, only her ninth day at Sunrise Academy. Her teacher, Ms. Romero would be seeing her for the first time like this and her tormentors had no doubt arranged to have their seats near hers. She dreaded the first impression. However, as the girls hurried her in, the tall redhead seemed very agitated and refused to let any of them get a word in edgewise.  
  
  
"Why is there a gradeschool girl in my classroom? Oh my god are those panties on her head? Give me those, I'm so sorry child-" Ms. Romero talked faster than anyone Karen knew, she could barely understand what she was hearing but it seemed like the bullies were finally getting their comeuppance as they were scolded for their prank. After a day and a morning of being practically on a leash, it wasn't difficult for the teacher to take her in hand, rushing her to the office. She was handed over to a nurse who took her to a private room. She understood that they wanted to make sure she wasn't hurt but her heart sank as Nurse Joy asked her to strip down to her underwear.  
  
  
"I c-caant~" she managed to stammer out, more whiny than she'd meant to. She couldn't help herself, the trauma on the bus had left her feeling so overwhelmed and small she was having trouble paying attention as her heart pounded away in her small chest. She just couldn't let another person see her bare pussy!  
  
  
"Don't worry sweetie, here, let me help you" before she could react, her clothes were stripped away, her skirt whipped down her skinny legs, her top peeled up her body and down her arms. Stunned by the humiliation, and trying not to cry, Karen shut out most of what the well-meaning medical official was saying, pouting in silence, numbly responding to directions as she was weighed, measured and examined. Satisfied the girls hadn't damaged her, Joy dressed the pitiable student, offering her a lolly. Karen took it, hanging her head, wanting this day to be over. She was asked to wait there while Joy conferred with the principal. Then came another blow to her pride as she realized her panties were still on Ms. Romero's desk. Finally, as she padded barefoot out into the main office once more, she was met by principal who explained to a very perplexed Karen that there had been a mistake in the bus she was assigned, that she was in fact, in the wrong building. What could that mean? Karen had never been to a school so big, could her mother have made such a big mistake with her paperwork?  
  
  
She sighed and said "Thank you Principal Roberts. Is a bus taking me to the right place?"  
  
  
The old man smiled and replied "Miss Romero will be taking you to your proper first hour while I watch her class. You don't have to talk about what happened unless you want to. Those girls are going to be in some serious trouble. Here, this is for you."  
  
  
He handed her a coloring book and a small bag of crayons. What the hell? She didn't have time to think before Ms. Romero's Irish auctioneer voice was rambling and she was being steered by her shoulders back out into the parking lot.

**Karen Chapter 4 - Fleeting Relief**

Karen was shaken. All the school officials seemed to think she was her sister, Alice who had called in sick. The substitute teacher Mrs. O'Brien was especially condescending, telling her that she could call herself Karen today if she really wanted to but she must follow the rules of the class. So shocked, dejected, demoted and frightened was little Karen in these unfamiliar surroundings that she only scrubbed the tears from her face and nodded wordlessly. She was too drained too put up any protest and ashamed of being mistaken for a child. Her mother was with Alice at the doctor's office and wasn't picking up her cell. She took three deep breaths and told herself that playing along for one day with the youngsters was preferable to being half naked back with her peers.  
  
  
  
She indulged her inner child for the rest of the morning, breezing through easy worksheets and art assignments, finally settling down for a nap. She felt less stressed than she had since moving to this town months ago, and it hit her suddenly how little sleep she had been getting. After having Erika and Christine in her bedroom everywhere felt threatening. She dozed off with her thumb in her mouth, snug under a blanket, in her little sisters clothes, blushing but content and secure it would all be worked out by the afternoon.  
  
  
She was awakened by O'Brien's gentle shake of her shoulder, the sound of laughter and a hot puddle between her legs. "Oh no!" In her mind Karen was screaming "This can't be happening!!" As Mrs. O'Brien helped her to her feet and patted her hip making soothing noises and shaking her head "Ssh, there there, these things happen." The teacher whisked away her skirt as she guided a mortified Karen onto a changing mat. "I noticed you had no panties litte Alice, now we know why, you really should have kept your diaper on instead of trying to hide it."  
  
  
  
"My name is Karen!" She snapped back and was shocked when the older woman lifted her legs by her ankles and smacked her writhing butt several times, leaving stinging red welts. Her bald nethers were wiped clean with an icy wipe, making her squirm and buck around lewdly on display to the watching circle of small students. Finally her smooth mound was powdered while she meekly hid her face behind her hands and her hips were wrapped snugly in a white and purple diaper decorated with butterflies. She gasped as the teacher then simply tossed her skirt in the trash.  
  
  
  
"Now behave little Alice or Karen or whatever you want to be called, and maybe I won't inform your mother that you threw away your pullups and peed on the floor."  
  
  
  
The words etched themselves into her and she wished the earth would swallow her up. This was no prank, she had done it to herself. She had been so frightened and embarrassed she hadn't noticed her need and with all the relief of finally being out of Erika and Christine's clutches everything had come loose. She felt engulfed in humiliation, yet despite the anxiety eating at her the familiar tainted glow of sexual pleasure came unbidden. No! She wasn't enjoying this, she wasn't some overgrown baby, she was a woman! How much had they gotten into her head?  
  
  
As the bell rang for recess, dread chewed at the pit of her stomach, but she had no choice but to run out onto the playground in her ridiculous state...

**Karen Chapter 5: My Sister's Bully, My Bully**  
  
Karen hid behind the steps of the school watching her temporary classmates at play. She had been stripped, demoted, diapered, spanked, and now put on public display. Sunrise was a huge campus that provided education for kindergarten through graduate school and all sorts of groups moving from one outbuilding to another passed the playground. She was shaking with humiliation but she dared not protest. The burning in her backside was bringing up memories of her mother's strap on her small behind. She felt completely defeated and after her accident a growing voice seemed to tell her she deserved this. And she couldn't ignore the reactions of her own body, she was finding some perverse thrill that ramped with her embarrassment. The two thoughts cycled and she couldn't help but recall every immature decision she had made lately, climbing to the height of stupidity that had been trusting those rich bitches. The whole situation was dissonant and surreal, and more than anything else her accident had seemed to confirm the story everyone else believed, that she was nothing more than a very naughty little girl who had got on the wrong bus.  
  
  
  
Her thoughts were interrupted by a brief, firm tug on her hips and a loud shrriiipp!! Her butterfly pampers had been torn away by none other than her sister's schoolyard bully, Aubrey, a cute half asian girl with too much money and a bad attitude. As she squealed out in distress, she saw it flung into the dumpster on the other side of the steps. She started to cry when the girl held something out to her. She realized in shock that it was a pair of Captain Marvel panties. "These are your sister's Karen. I spanked Alice's wimpy butt yesterday, no wonder she's out sick. What will you do for them hmm?"  
  
  
  
Karen sank to her knees, casting dignity aside. "What do you want from me?" She whimpered softly.  
  
  
  
The cruel girl brushed them against her face. "Your top." Aubrey smirked.  
  
With the greatest reluctance Karen peeled off the lavender princess tee exposing her adorable and very excited puffy bubblegum pink nipples perched on the subtlest swells of girlflesh. She started to tear up, for the first time since this series of ordeals began she was completely naked in front of a stranger and in broad daylight! She covered herself with her hands as she awkwardly handed the shirt to Aubrey - who bolted athletically away tossing the tee over the fence and into the street. "Come and get your knickers baby karen!~" she called cackling.  
  
  
  
Karen had no choice. She ran as fast as she could, barefoot and nude, her rear and smooth mound glowing pink in the golden sun, as well as her perky nipples catching the soft late summer breeze. She couldn't keep up without moving her arms forcing her to expose every inch of herself to the Sunrise community. Whenever Aubrey got tired she simply tossed Alice's supernero undies to another girl in her clique. The boys were wooping and a playground-wide game of keep-away ensued. After an hour of being run to exhaustion, covered in grass stains and every bit of her tanned evenly by the sun, she stumbled in submission back to the doors of the school at the sound of the bell.  
  
  
  
She tried to hide in the bathroom but was caught before she ever reached it. Mrs. O'brien took a ruler from her purse and blistered Karen's bum and pride, ranting about how disapointing she was. After tossing a stack of newspapers on the seat of her chair, normally used for shielding tables from art projects, the teacher informed her that since she liked being bare so much she could stay that way. Hoping to pass the rest of the evening without incident, Karen kept her eyes down and her lips sealed. "Aubrey I want you to keep an eye on Karen. Let me know if there's a problem over there."  
  
  
  
Karen couldn't believe it. Her new tormentor was right behind her! Aubrey's fingers started stroking her hair, but after a while she became used to it. Suddenly, a loud Schnipp! snapped behind her head and she reached back in alarm. Noo! Brown locks slipped through her fingers as she nit her lip hard, the shame of losing her beautiful brown hair engulfing her. Aubrey reached around her hip pointing at the damp grey paper underneath her and whispering in her ear. "I think you really do liike~ being a naked little girl." Something inside Karen broke.

**Karen Chapter 6 - Consequences**

Karen sat in a chair outside Mrs. O'Brien's office, listening to the muted sounds of her mother arguing with the teacher behind closed doors. Her hair wasn't chopped quite as short as she had feared, and retaining some dignity there had made the long wait for mom more bearable. Looking down at herself, she felt so stupid. How had she gotten into such a farcical mess? She stood, rubbing her hot, sore, bruised cheeks, her nekkid little body presented to the other students waiting for late pick-up. She had tan lines from her diaper and undersized tee shirt, making her remember the outfit every time she looked down at herself.  
  
  
  
She was lead out by the hand by her mother, butt naked, spanked cherry cheeks glowing, to the van, squeaking as she lowered herself to a hot leather seat in the back. She was still feeling broken into her earlier childish role, and the mortifying experience of having her mother see her like this was overwhelming, she needed a release. Mom needed to run back into the building for her purse. Karen didn't make a conscious decision to touch herself. Her hand simply drifted to her needful sex, stroking her lips, choking back a sob as her tangled nerves and complex emotional headspace began to unwind and unravel, giving way to a wave of simple pleasure. The car door jolted her back mercilessly into the throws of panic and insecurity as mom slammed it getting in the car. Her mother was a young woman still, with long black hair and loving soft brown eyes that could turn cold fast. She launched into a tirade, taking her daughter by the wrist and moving her hand away from her bald, aching pussy.  
  
  
  
"I cannot believe you two today! First the doctor finds nothing wrong with Alice and after going to the ER, spending hours driving on a work day I find out she's simply afraid of a bully at school and wetting the bed because of nightmares. Only now I find you here in her place and you can't seem to keep your clothes on! You want to go to jail Karen? No, don't whine to me about Christina and Erika. I have been making phone calls all afternoon. They were suspended. The bus driver confirms however, your willing participation in their sick game and that you left the house in Alice's clothes. What is going on with you Karen? What part of this are you getting off on? Principal Roberts confirmed that you told him you wanted to come here, and it sounds like you had every opportunity to reveal your real age and get out of this. You peed yourself for Christ's sake, are you going to pee in my car? Do I need to pick up pullups for you AND Alice on the way home?"  
  
  
  
Karen couldn't meet her mother's eyes as the flood of shame made her shake. "I don't know mommy." was all she could muster.  
  
  
  
Mom sighed, concern for her child overriding her anger and disapointment as she tried again. "You haven't called me that in years. I don't know if this is something you girls cooked up together but it looks like you both are dealing with your stress with some kind of baby game. If you can't talk to me like a big girl, explain to me what you're going through, maybe your psychology teacher Mrs. Romero, Nurse Joy, Principal Roberts and Mrs. O'brien are right after all. Maybe you need me to play along for a while. You have a two week long suspension and I'm keeping Alice home as well for that time. Lucky that Sunrise has in-home tutoring, I hope you appreciate the money I spend for you to be here. This is your last chance Karen. Do you want to open up and tell me how to help you, or do you want to keep blaming your friends and spend the next few days treated like a child?"  
  
  
  
  
Karen wanted to cover herself, wanted to disappear. "I'm so sorry mommy! I don't know what else to say. I don't know why I didn't just say who I was, and I really was scared of the bullies. Aubrey-"  
  
  
  
"Ha! Alice's Aubrey? Karen you expect me to believe you were afraid of that tiny japanese girl?" They parked at a supercenter, near the back of the lot. "I tried my best to be patient. I gathered all the facts. If you can't give me your side of things honestly I have to believe either that my daughter is a perverted troublemaker or that there's something you're hiding from me. Since it looks like you both got exactly what you wanted today, I'll give you more until you can give me a more credible story. Now out with you, we have shopping to do."  
  
  
  
"But I don't have anything to wear!"  
  
  
  
Her mom came round to her door and tugged her out of her seat, delivering a loud, sharp smack to her red, stinging butt. "Little girls who wet their skirts, give their panties away, throw out their diapers and toss their shirts in the street don't get to complain about being naked. You wanted to pretend to be your sister, you'll be treated like she is. Now hold my hand and let's find you a new wardrobe."  
  
  
Karen had been longing for home and she had been seeing her mommy as her rescue all day. She felt so helpless and alone as she padded on the hot lot then the cool tile beside her, hand on the cart, the frigid air conditioning giving her nakedness goosebumps. Nothing about her earlier misadventures prepared her for such public exposure. She was a completely naked, childish-looking high schooler, whimpering in her mother's wake in front of hundreds of strangers, about to have her dresser filled with clothing more appropriate to her demoted status, clearly aroused and interrupted halfway to bliss, frightened and bare and trembling. She only hoped going through this strange punishment with her sister over her suspension would make it easier to swallow.

**Karen Chapter 7**