Miss Priss Part 1

Stephanie was a popular girl. She was THE most popular in the entire Senior class. She was 5' 8" with brown hair, moderate breasts, but not large, and a shapely bottom. Stephanie wasn't a cheerleader or athlete, but kept in good shape and her body showed it. Most people liked her, because she had everything going for her - class president, honor student, and beautiful - but wasn't snotty about it. Some people, however, were jealous of her and couldn't stand being less popular than her. "Miss Priss" they called her, because of her prudish fashion style and sweet demeanor. Her attire usually consisted of sweaters, blouses, and slacks - skirts and jeans were far too risque for her.   
  
One day, Stephanie was outside in the hallway with some fellow class officers hanging banners for an upcoming pep rally. She was wearing a red button down sweater and a pair of neatly pressed khaki trousers. As she was standing on the ladder with a can of paint putting the finishing touches on a banner, Tina and her friends came walking by. Tina was captain of the cheerleaders and hated that Stephanie stole her spotlight, as well as the attention of many of the boys. Stephanie usually avoided her, though she couldn't quite figure out why Tina hated her so much. Anyway, as Tina and three other cheerleaders walked past the ladder, the whispered "Prissy bitch", and giggled. Just as she was passing, Tina gave the ladder a slight bump. Stephanie barely caught her balance, but in doing so dropped the can of paint, which promptly landed on Tina's tight designer jeans.   
"You bitch!" shouted Tina. These jeans cost $150! They're ruined!"   
"I'm sorry" said Stephanie. "It was an accident. I'll help pay for a new pair."   
"Help?" said Tina. "You're going to have to do better than that. I can't wear these today."   
Then one of the other cheerleaders, Michelle, spoke up. " Hey Tina, you're about the same size, why don't you take her pants?"   
Tina grinned. This could be great, she thought to herself. Pantsing Stephanie in front of the school would destroy her. Miss Priss would surely never show her face again, she thought.   
"Mish, those prissy old lady pants aren't my style, but they'll do. Okay Miss Priss, hand over the pants," Tina ordered.   
"Huh?" said Stephanie. "Y-Y-You're joking, right?"   
"I don't think so" said Tina. "Take them off right now, or we'll take them off for you."   
Stephanie turned white. She knew now that Tina and her gang of cheerleaders were serious.   
"Can we at least go to the locker room?" asked Steph.   
"Right here, right now," demanded Tina.   
"But I can't," said Stephanie, her eyes beginning to well up. "I'll be in my underwear."   
"Too bad, bitch," snapped Tina. "You got my pants so now I'm gonna get yours. Girls..."   
With that, Tina's gang grabbed Stephanie's arms and and pinned her against the locker. Michelle reached down and began to unlace the shoes on Stephanie's kicking feet.   
"Stay still," warned Tina, "or I'll take more than your pants."   
Poor Stephanie froze. The thought alone of the school seeing her in her underwear was bad enough, but even more exposure and she would certainly rather die. She was now helpless and subconsciously decided to cut her losses by standing still for the cheerleaders.   
As Michelle finished removing the second shoe, Tina knelt in front of the crying girl and began to unthread her belt. "Let's see what kind of granny knickers you're wearing today," joked Tina. She then popped the button on Stephanie's khaki's, and pulled the zipper down quickly.   
"Just as I thought," announced Tina. "Miss Priss is wearing her grannies today." Onlookers could now see a small portion of Stephanie's conservative white cotton Jockey for Her knickers.   
Just as Stephanie began to wonder why nobody was helping her, Tina began tugging the trousers over Stephanie's round butt. Her bikini-style knickers were now in full view to the gathering crowd of students.   
Tina continued sliding the trousers down Stephanie's legs until there was a pool of khaki at her feet. Sobbing, she lifted each foot one at a time while the cheerleader freed her of her pants once and for all. While all the guys ogled Stephanie In just her red sweater and underwear, Michelle bent down and picked up the spilled can of paint and paint brush Stephanie had dropped.   
"Hey, Teen," said Michelle. "Maybe we can paint some pants on her."   
Tina laughed. "Or we can just write some grafitti on her," she said.   
Before Stephanie could plead, the girls had her sweater unbuttoned and off. Stephanie was now standing in front of the whole school in her white cotton bra and matching knickers. She finally dropped her head in defeat as she knew there was nothing she could do to prevent more humiliation. Or so she thought.   
The girls proceeded to paint lines and and x's all over the poor girl, only to finish with the word "slut" across her chest and "bitch" across her panty-covered butt.   
Then one of the girls piped up with "Let's see what she looks like in a thong!" To much applause, the girl yanked Stephanies's knickers up her crack in the form of an atomic wedgie. As one of the other girls began tugging at her bra, a tall blonde girl named Maggie emerged through the crowd just in the nick of time and began throwing the cheerleaders aside. She quickly gave Stephanie a windebreaker. "Here, put this on." As Stephanie managed to get the last of her knickers removed from her butt, she slipped the jacket over her head and began running for the door, with Maggie right behind her. As the crowd cheered, Tina held Stephanie's trousers high in the air in celebration.   
Outside, Maggie opened her car door for the distraught Stephanie. "Don't worry about the paint," she said. "My car seats are dirty anyway." On the ride home, Stephanie sobbed uncontrollably.   
"I hate those bitches," said Maggie. "But we'll get them back.'   
Stephanie stopped crying just long enough to blow her nose and looked up. "How?" she asked.   
"You'll see,' said Maggie. "Just show up tomorrow like nothing happened and I'll take care of the rest...."   
  
Revenge story to follow if any of you are interested...

Miss Priss - Part 2 - Looking Back

This story is completely fictional. Sorry for the length...   
  
The next day, Stephanie woke up sheepishly. She was definitely not her confident, exuberant self. Usually she looked forward to going to school, but that was before her pantsing ordeal with Tina and the cheerleaders the day before. How would she face the school after everyone saw her stripped, wedgied, and grafittied less than 24 hours ago? She couldn't skip. Her mother would certainly find out. It was bad enough she'd have to explain the disappearance of her trousers, let alone dispose of her paint-stained undergarments without them being found. She also remembered what Maggie said before dropping her off: "Just pretend like nothing happened." Easier said than done, but at this point what other choice did she have? Maggie was the only one who stepped in to help. As far as Stephanie could see, Maggie was the only person she could trust. As Stephanie finished slipping on her shoes, she quickly put her hair into a ponytail and grabbed her jacket.   
  
When she got to school, Stephanie could feel people's eyes on her before she even walked through the doors. "Oh God, this is going to be horrible" she thought. "You can do this. It never happened," she told herself.   
  
The minute she set foot into the hallway, all eyes were on her, followed by a few giggles and whistles. It was awful. It felt as if she was once again standing before all of them in her undies. She wanted to die.   
  
Stephanie then decided to high-tail it to homeroom in an effort to escape the crowd. Before she made it even halfway, out of the blue appeared Tina and her cheerleader cronies. And to taunt Stephanie, Tina was wearing the khaki trousers she took from the poor girl the day before.   
  
"Hey hey! Whaddya think of my new pants?!" exclaimed Tina.   
"Go to hell," said Stephanie, brushing by the boisterous cheerleader.   
"Aw, what's the matter? Little Miss Priss can't take a little embarrassment?" Tina teased. "Well they look better on me anyway," she continued, giving her butt a few shakes in the process. She definitely wore them differently, that's for sure. She wore a very large and flashy belt with them, along with a tight, midriff bearing shirt. She was a bitch, but still a hotty nonetheless.   
  
Stephanie finally made it to homeroom, and immediately buried her face on her desk like an ostrich in the sand. Moments later she felt a small piece of paper slide between her face and the desk. When she looked up to see who had placed it there, she saw no one. Looking down, Stephanie saw that it was a note. It said, "2:00 in the East Wing outside the Science lab. Be there. Revenge is ours. - Maggie."   
  
Stephanie sighed. She hated Tina for what she did but she wasn't the vengeful type. She was also afraid that exacting revenge on Tina might anger the girl again and subject herself to even worse embarrassment. Yet, another side of her was intrigued by what Maggie had in store. She owed it to the girl to be there, just as she was there for her the day before. Furthermore, she wondered why Maggie was so eager to get Tina. What did she mean by "Revenge is OURS?" Perhaps Tina humiliated her as well? Then it dawned on her....sophomore year.   
  
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Back when Maggie was a sophomore, she was a member of the cheerleading squad. Tall, blonde and very athletic, she was already a better cheerleader than most of the seniors. Not to mention she was the only sophomore to ever make the varsity squad. At that rate, she was a lock for captain by senior year. This incensed Tina, whose sister Rachel was a senior and captain of the varsity at the time. Tina refused to believe that anyone (besides her older sister) was a better cheerleader than her. And she'd be damned if someone was going to stand in her way of inheriting from her sis what she thought was rightfully hers -- captainship of the cheerleaders.   
  
During that winter, there was to be a pep rally for the hockey team in the school auditorium. Some new uniforms had been ordered but were late arriving so Rachel told the squad to meet in the backstage area of the auditorium behind the big curtain 30 minutes before the rally so they could get their new uniforms on. However, Rachel told Maggie differently -- she told her 10 minutes before the rally instead of 30. Maggie thought this to be a little unreasonable, but shrugged it off because of her own confidence in her beauty. She knew it didn't take much time for her to get ready, and she could fit into anything.   
  
When Maggie arrived backstage behind the curtain, all the girls were already dressed in their cute new uniforms.   
"You're late!' screamed Rachel. "I said 30 minutes before the rally. Everyone else made it on time!"   
"What?! You told me 10!" protested Maggie.   
"Nevermind,' said Jeannie, another Senior. "We need to get you ready - pronto!"   
  
Still befuddled, Maggie began unzipping her jacket. Meanwhile, the other cheerleaders decided to help her speed up the process. Two were at her feet, removing her sneakers. Another two were lifting her turtleneck over her head. Magge was somewhat uncomfortable by this but she was more concerned about getting ready for the rally so she put it out her mind momentarily. As her turtleneck was thrown aside, the two girls below had her jeans off into the corner in a matter of seconds. She was now standing backstage in her bra, knickers, and socks.   
  
"Whoa, nice underoos!' said Rachel, referring to Maggie's gray cotton Calvin Klein bikini-briefs. "Must be laundry day."   
  
"Whatever," said Maggie. "It's not like any guys are gonna see them anyway."   
  
The girls all burst out in laughter. Why was that so funny, Maggie thought to herself? Then her attention suddenly shifted to the goosebumps forming on her arms and legs. After all, it was winter and that auditorium was drafty.   
  
"Okay, gimme my uniform," Maggie shivered.   
  
Just then Tina stepped out of the doorway, wearing one of the new uniforms.   
  
"What, this uniform? This uniform is MINE!" said Tina. "You stole my spot on the team and I'm taking it back!"   
  
"Looks like you're outta luck, Maggie," said Rachel. "Tina got the last uniform. Guess you'll just have to wear what you have on."   
  
The girls all laughed (except for Maggie). Realizing she was no longer welcome on the team, Maggie decided to hell with them. She'd rather have been playing volleyball anyway.   
  
"Screw you bitches," said Maggie, walking away. "I'm so outta here. You can have my damn spot. Where are my pants?"   
  
"Not so fast," said Jeannie, grabbing Maggie's arms and pulling them behind her back into a chicken-wing hold. Maggie tried to break free, but the more she struggled the more pain she caused herself.   
  
"Don't go yet, Mags," said Rachel. "Our job is to entertain. To fire up the crowd. And that's just what we're going to do with you."   
  
Before she could scream, Tina put a piece of medical tape over Maggie's mouth. She tried once again to shake loose but the pain in her shoulders was too much. Jeannie had her locked up. And just as Maggie was beginning to come to terms with the fact that the entire school was going to see her in her ugliest of underwear, she heard Jeannie speak up.   
  
"Should we take these ratty undies off her, too?" she asked.   
  
"Naw," said Tina. "We'll let her do it herself." With that Tina produced a small envelope of powder. Maggie's eyes widened in horror as she knew immediately what it was -- itching powder. Tina pulled each bra cup forward and coated Maggies breats generously with the substance, making sure to rub the outside of each boob afterwards. Next, Maggie felt fingers in the front waistband of her knickers, followed by the tickly feeling of the powder making it's way down through her bush and into her crotch. Finally, Tina tugged the back of her waistband and poured the remaining powder down her ass crack and into the bottom of her underpants.   
  
"There," said Tina, snapping Maggie's knickers back and smacking her ass. "This should get her dancing for the crowd."   
  
Maggie began to cry because she knew in a matter of seconds her body would be overcome with a torturous feeling.   
  
Before she knew it, Maggie was led from behind the curtain and shoved onto the stage. At that exact moment she felt the most unbearable sensation take over her body. As the crowd whistled, laughed, and cheered at the sight of the sophmore on stage in her underwear, Maggie turned for the stage steps. Overcome by the itch, she stumbled on the top step and fell to the ground. Getting up, she tried to run with knees together to help the itch in her groin, while her hands darted inside her bra to free her breasts for the awful sensation. Running up the aisle towards the exit, tits hanging out of her bra, she had one hand down the front of her Calvins and the other down the back, stretching them enough to give the guys a glimpse of her pussy as she scratched. Once she was through the exit, the crowd roared.   
  
Maggie didn't return to school the rest of that year, nor at all during her junior year. She was so humiiated that she had her parents send her to private school a few towns away. But when her dad got laid off the summer after junior year, Maggie had no choice but to come back to that awful school. Over the course of a few years, Maggie learned to shelf some of her feelings. But after witnessing Tina victimize an innocent soul like Stephanie, the feelings of embarrassment and hatred came rushing back. She had been carefully planning on getting Tina sometime before she graduated, but she knew there was no better time than now.   
  
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Stephanie spent most of the day with her head down. She ate lunch in the deepest corner of the library by herself. Other than a few snickers, she'd managed to avoid the majority of the student body. Looking up at the clock, it was now 1:55. In 5 minutes, she would get to see Maggie's big surprise...   
  
Part 3 to follow...

Miss Priss Part 3 -- The Revenge

This is a completely fictitious continuation of two earlier segments. Any similarities between characters and events from this story are purely coincidental (so feel free to tell the "real" story if that is the case).   
  
Part 3   
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The bell rang and Stephanie quickly gathered her books. As she scurried out the door, butterflies began to stir in her stomach. What was going to happen?, she thought. As she made her way to the East Wing, she noticed the noise getting louder the closer she got. As she turned the corner right outside the Science lab, she saw a crowd had gathered. Moving closer still, she finally saw it. There was Maggie and several of her volleyball teammates. They were holding what looked like a large coat rack, usually reserved for the labcoats for the science classes. However, the rack contained no lab coats -- it contained cheerleaders. Four cheerleaders, to be precise. Tina, Michelle and the two other girls, Amy and Heather -- the sames ones that yesterday held Stephanie down while the other two stripped and wedgied her -- had their hands tied together around the top rail of the coat rack. Also, their mouths were   
covered with medical tape. Then Maggie spotted Stephanie.   
  
"Steph!" She yelled. "Just in time. Come over here."   
  
Stephanie was apprehensive, but curiosity got the better of her. She had to get a closer look.   
  
"Hey, Steph," said Maggie as the shy senior stood in front of her. "You're gonna enjoy this. Time for revenge!"   
  
"I-I dunno," stammered Staphanie, "this doesn't feel right. We could get in big trouble."   
  
"Bullshit," countered Maggie. "These bitches have it coming, and they're gonna get it. Don't worry, I'll take care of everything."   
  
With that, Maggie walked over to the first girl, Heather. Heather was about Stephanie's height (5' 8"), with curly blonde hair. She was slender, but not skinny. She used to be quiet, but once she became a cheerleader, she followed Tina and in doing so, became pretty obnoxious. Still, like Tina, she was a hot piece of ass and was able to get away with acting like that -- until today.   
Heather, hung from the coat rack wearing a white sleeveless sweater top that showed off her taut midriff, a pair of navy blue capri pants, and some sandals.   
  
"You humiliated my friend yesterday and deserve to be stripped right here just like she was," said Maggie. "But I don't blame you entirely since you follow Captain Tina and Seargent Michelle around like a puppy dog. And since you seem to be so good at following orders, I'm going to give you a chance to keep your pants on."   
  
Everybody looked at one another. What was Maggie up to?   
  
Maggie continued,"So if I let you down, your job is to follow MY orders. Got it?"   
  
Heather looked to her right, while the others looked back. Their eyes were all wide with horror.   
  
"What'll be," asked Maggie, "do you want to keep your pants on?"   
  
Heather gulped, then nodded. Maggie untied the girl and ushered her in front of Amy. Amy was petite, with dark hair, but had ample breasts for a small girl. She was wearing a "trucker"-style baseball hat, a vintage long sleeve T-shirt, low-rider jeans and platform sneakers. She was hot, and were it not for Stephanie and Tina, she would probably be the hottest chick in the school. Maggie then turned to Heather.   
  
"I want you to take off Amy's sneakers,' ordered Maggie.   
  
Heather stalled but then knelt in front of little Amy. Looking up at her as if to say sorry, she began unlacing the girl's platform keds and one at a time, removed them leaving Amy's sock covered toes touching the floor. Then she stood back.   
  
"Good, Heather," said Maggie, "Now take off her pants." The crowd roared. Heather and Amy immediately began shaking their heads 'No.'   
  
"Heather, do you want your pants off first?" asked Maggie.   
  
Heather slumped her shoulders and again approached Amy. Just as her hands were about to reach for Amy's jeans, the girl tried to dart to the right and make a run for it. Unfortunately for her, two of Maggie's teammates were there to scoop her up. Immediately they tied her back to the coat rack, as she kicked and cryed the whole way. Maggie again stood in front of her.   
  
"Looks like you're not too good at following orders after all," sighed Maggie, kneeling down and removing the girl's sandals. Tears were now all over Heather's face, her mascara caking to her eyelashes. Next, Maggie reached for the button on the hip of Heather's capri pants, and the girl began squirming like a fish on the boatdeck. Maggie looked to her teammates, and Janet, a behemoth of a girl, took her index finger and thumb and pinched Heathers's underarm hard, sending the girl into a frenzy.   
  
"Hold still," grumbled Janet, "Or the pain will get worse."   
  
Nearing hyperventilation, Heather gave up her fight and continued weeping as her fellow cheerleaders looked on in horror. (By the way, if any readers are wondering where the hell the faculty is in this school, you're not alone. I myself am wondering. But I figured they can only fuck up the story at this point so I'll just leave them out for a while.)   
Maggie returned to the hip button, plucking it free. Then she lowered the zipper and peeled the separated ends apart. The crowd could then be heard shouting "Take them off, take them off!" Maggie complied and and shimmied the girl's navy blue pants down her legs and off her feet, throwing them into the crowd. Heather looked amazing, hanging there in just her short sweater and powder-blue string bikini knickers from Victoria's Secret, declared so by the elastic waistband. Clapping, Maggie then turned to Amy, who was turning pale as she knew she was next.   
  
Sneakers on the floor already, Maggie asked Amy, "I'm gonna give you the same deal I offered Heather. You do what I say, and you keep your pants. You don't, and you get it worse than Heather."   
  
Amy looked over at Heather, then at Tina and Michelle. Secretly she didn't like Tina or Michelle, and only joined the squad because she was friends with Heather. Plus, she knew both Michelle and Tina would strip her in a second if it meant saving themselves. So screw them she thought, looking back at Maggie and nodding. Tina and Michelle scoffed. As Amy was freed from the coat rack, she was pushed in front Michelle. Michelle was the quintessential side kick. She was hot, but not as hot without Tina. She was second-fiddle and she knew it. Nonetheless, she had a tight ass and rather large boobs. Today she was wearing a black tank top and a short jean skirt.   
  
"Okay Amy, go get me Michelle's slutty skirt," said Maggie. "And don't try anything funny because your Victorias won't be a secret when we get through with you."   
  
Amy shrugged and and walked up to Michelle, looking her square in the eye. At first, Michelle thought Amy would try to run like her friend Heather. However, as she got closer, Amy raised her eyebrows at Michelle as if to say, 'Oh, well' and grabbed the top button on the front of the girl's skirt. Michelle was equally enraged as she was frightened. Without hesitation, Amy had Michelle's jean skirt unbuttoned and unzipped. Then with one swift tug, the skirt was shucked off Michelle's lower body leaving her hanging in her tank top and hot pink thong undies. The crowd absolutely erupted. Maggie again turned to Amy.   
  
"Now I want you to go get me that belt that Tina's wearing," said Maggie, grinning. The crowd oooohed and Michelle's face turned ghostly white, as most people knew what was coming next. Once again, Amy complied and retrieved the big belt Tina wore with Stephanie's former pants. Tina shot Amy the dirtiest of glances, while the girl smiled back beneath her taped mouth. Although she   
felt bad for her friend Heather hanging in front of the school in her knickers, Amy was sort of enjoying this. Returning with the monstrous belt in hand, she waited further instructions from Maggie.   
  
"Okay, now I want you to spank Michelle with the belt," she orered. The crowd again went wild, forming another chant. "Whip that ass! Whip that ass!" Amy walked behind Michelle and folded the belt in half, gripping it tightly. Winding up, she looked over at Heather, then Tina, then Maggie. Finally she looked at Michelle, who was trying to use sad eyes as a final plea. Amy then smiled wickedly. No way she was going to lose her pants for this bitch. Besides, this was gonna be fun, she thought. Then the belt was unleashed on   
Michelle's thong-encased heiny. 'Crack!' The mob loved it. 'Crack! Crack!' the belt went two more times. Amy was getting into it. 'Crack!' Michelle, tears streaming down her red face, was hysterical. After Amy cracked her twice more and wound up for yet another, Maggie stopped her and led her back to the front of the coat rack facing her felow cheerleaders. Amy felt invigorated. And Michelle's butt was crimson. Taking the belt from Amy, Maggie peeled the tape from the girl's mouth as she winced momentarily.   
  
"Last order," said Maggie. "I want you to apologize to Stephanie." Amy dutifully turned to Stephanie and said she was sorry for what she did. Stephanie smiled, almost crying, and said "It's okay, forget it."   
  
Maggie then turned to Stephanie and pointed over to Tina. "Time to go get your pants back," she said.   
  
Stephanie gulped. "Naw, forget about them. I don't want them anymore, let's just go before we get caught."   
  
"Come one, Steph." pleaded Maggie. "She had no mercy on you, so why have any on her? Besides, those pants belong to you." Amy nodded agreeingly. Maybe they were right, Stephanie thought. The pants belonged to her, and one of her favorite pairs to boot. She finally gave in to the pressure and walked slowly up to Tina. Tina squinted angrily at Stephanie, forcing the shy girl to look away. As the crowd chanted 'Strip that bitch!, Stephanie quickly depantsed Tina, forgetting to remove the girls shoes before pulling the pants off. After finally getting the shoes and pants off, Stephanie glanced up, giggling at what she saw. Tina was wearing white cotton thong knickers. But staring Stephanie straight in the face on the front of Tina's undies was a little green-white-and-red flag with the words "Italian princess" above it. Stephanie blushed and returned to Maggie's side with her pants folded under her arm.   
  
"My turn," Maggie then said, walking up to Tina, with the cheerleader once again scowling. "You're a fucking bitch, Tina. But payback's a bigger one." With that, Maggie produced a pair of scissors and quickly cut the girl's shirt off, leaving her in a sports bra and little thong. The guys couldn't believe their eyes, or their luck. In two days time they've seen some of the hottest girls in school stripped down to their underwear. Tina's body, however, was top of the line. Big tits and a perfect ass. Though many guys had already seen Tina in a bathing suit at the beach, the majority were enjoying for the first time what they only dreamed of (or whacked off to) many times before.   
Maggie then turned the scissors on the sports bra. Tina's scowl immediately turned to a frightened, childish stare. She shook her head vigorously trying to thrash free. But it was no use. Big Janet once again restrained the smaller girl and Maggie continued snipping the bra at every corner. Then with a hard pull, the bra cam free. And with it came two large rubbery objects. The crowd gasped in silence. Tina's "big boobs" had come off with her bra. Now all she was left with, besides her Italian princess knickers, was her two "real" tiny mosquito-bite titties. Everybody laughed hysterically, even Stephanie. Tina was a fraud and her face was beet red with embarrassment. Yet, Maggie wasn't done. She and her teammates had kdinapped the cheerleaders right after lunch, so she knew in her mind Tina must need to go to the bathroom by now. Without further ado, Maggie dropped the scissors and pulled out a large feather. Tina, already wailing like a baby beneath her gag, didn't even notice that Maggie was about to tickle her. However, once the feather touched her amrpit, she opened her eyes again before going beserk. Her body jerked, shifting into overdrive from crying to laughter. She was unbelievably ticklish. Tina continued torturing the girl with the feather on the underarms, neck and feet. Within 2 or 3 minutes, Tina bucked and a yellow flood came out under the Italian flag and gushed to the floor. Maggie and the others nearby scrambled to get away from the peeing girl. The guys were laughing, while the girls pinched their noses in disgust. Then a whistle blew and everybody scattered like roaches. When the teachers finally (eh-hem) arrived, all that was left was a pantless Heather, a skirtless red-bottomed Michelle, and an almost naked Tina covered in her own pee, all hanging frm the lab coat rack.   
  
Things were different after that. Amy and Heather both quit cheerleading. Maggie and Stephanie became close friends. And everyone called Michelle "Spanky" and Tina "Tiny Tina." But the question is, how long would Tina and Michelle wait before she got back at those girls, especially that traitor Amy?   
  
Will continue saga if anyone's interested...

Miss Priss Part IV - Tina's Big Comeback

Part 4 of the fictitious high school drama...   
  
It had been two months since Tina had gotten her comeuppance. After a few torturous days of being called "Tiny Tina," the (normally) tough girl left early one day and hadn't returned to school since. Everyone just assumed she did what Maggie did after her sophomore ordeal -- transferred elsewhere. Michelle, on the other hand, stuck around and took some heat. As well as few spankings from the guys from time to time. But most people pretty much forgot about Heather and Stephanie's exposures. And Amy and Maggie were practically celebrities. Things were back to normal pretty much. No one had lost their pants since that day. But that was about to change.   
  
On Monday, the word around school was that Tina was back, and back in a "big" way. Though she told the school she was out for medical reasons, it was clear what kind of doctor she had been to -- a plastic surgeon. Her parents were rich, and spoiled both her and her sister rotten. Scruples played no part in their parenting. If their girls wanted something, they got it. Anyway, the new and improved Tina walked the halls with some brand new C-cups, swaying in the same arrogant manner as she always did. Once again, Michelle was by her side. Every guy, and I mean every guy took special notice of her new jugs. Tina was no longer tiny, and her bra was no longer filed with rubber inserts.   
  
After school that day, Tina called a special cheerleaders meeting. Michelle had assumed her role as head bitch while she was gone, but dutifully stepped aside now that her majesty had returned. The team also had two new members, Dawn and Tracy, to take the spots of Heather and Amy. Both girls were juniors and had only heard stories about what happened to their captain two months ago.   
  
"Okay girls," said a smiling Tina, "Whaddya think?" pointing to her huge new boobs. The rest of the girls all clapped.   
"So anyways, this Friday we've been asked to cheer for the girls volleyball team."   
  
The girls looked at each other shocked. Was she kidding? The same volleyball girls that stripped and tickled her till she peed -- in front of the whole school?   
  
"I know, I know, " said Tina, palm out, smacking her bubble gum. "Those bitches should have been expelled for what they did to me. But they didn't, so I guess it's up to us to pay them back."   
  
"But Tina," Dawn chimed, "there's so many more of them than us." Dawn was skeptical about getting involved in a kind of "stripping" war. "Besides they're so much bigger. How are we gonna be able to hold them all at once?"   
  
"Pipe down, whore", snapped Tina. "We aren't gonna rush them. That'd be stupid. Plus they're probably expecting something from us, anyway."   
  
Michelle was confused. "So how do we get them without them seeing us first? Do we wear masks?" she asked.   
  
"No, dopey. No masks. That's amateur." said Tina. "We're going to need to be smart about this one. And I have just the plan...."   
  
--------------------------------------------   
  
The volleyball team was kickin' ass this year and Maggie, the team capatin, was also its star player. Friday was to be the Conference Title game, with the winner advancing to the state tourney. Maggie had been looking forward to this all week. Anyway, to celebrate the special event, the school purchased brand new uniforms (yep, never gets old) for their expected title run.   
  
So Friday night arrived and the gynasium was packed. Students, parents, faculty, even college scouts were there. Many to see Maggie in particluar. In the locker room, it was Maggie's job as captain to distribute the new uniforms. The girls were giddy as they put on their new duds, consisting of red lycra sleeveless tops and white lycra biker shorts -- the school colors of Shanker High (lame, I know). As Maggie pulled on her top, she noticed a large "C" embroidered in the top left shoulder. Maggie blushed as the other girls applauded.   
  
"I guess yours is more special than ours," joked Janet.   
  
"Noooo," giggled Maggie, trying to be modest, "We're a team, remember."   
  
As the girls were warming up, Maggie spotted Stephanie and waved. They had become very close since the infamous incidents, and Steph went to all the games to root her on. Then she spotted the cheerleaders, and good old Tina. Maggie shook her head, laughing at Tina's ridiculous new bust. Tina, making eye contact, smiled and waved. 'What a phony,' Maggie thought, 'how could she be nice to me after what I just did to her?' She then turned her attention back to warmups.   
  
So the first match began and the girls of Shanker High were off to a great start, taking a 6-0 lead. But just as Maggie was about to serve again, one of her teammates let out a shriek. Maggie dropped the ball and looked curiously. Just before she could figure out what kind of pain her teammate was in, Big Janet grabbed the back of her shoulder, howling. One by one, Maggie's teammates fell to the ground, clutching themselves all over. Focusing, she could now see they were itching uncontrollably. This was certainly an eerie feeling of deja vu. Maggie scrambled from player to player, while the coach ran outside to call an ambulance. Meanwhile, the opposing team and spectators all watched horrified, though no one dared to get near them for fear they might contract the same mysterious ailment. Soon thereafter, the writhing girls began frantically pulling off their uniform tops and and shorts, leaving them in a variety of sports bras and panty bottoms. Naturally, the crowd started laughing. The girls of Shanker High volleyball were all jumping around the court scratching and clawing themselves in just their underwear -- except for Maggie. Apparently she did not have the same misfortune as her teammates and stood frozen in shock at what was unfolding. As the itches began subsiding, the half-naked girls all noticed Maggie standing there fully clothed and itch-free.   
  
"Hey!" said Janet, still scratching. "Why isn't your uniform like ours?"   
  
The girls began approaching Maggie, wondering the same thing.   
  
"Maybe your uniform IS more special," said one of the other girls.   
  
"I think she set us up!" said a third.   
  
"Whoa, no, no. No way! It wasn't me, I swear," said Maggie. Her teammates began to surround her. One girl shoved her.   
  
"Stop it! I didn't do anything," pleaded Maggie, starting to cry.   
  
"Whatever," said Janet. " You seem to get a kick out of stripping people. But your friends, Mags? That's low" The girls got closer.   
"No," said Maggie, "I would never."   
"Well, said Janet, "You said we were a team, so act like part of it." The delirious girls pounced on Maggie in a flash. She kicked and screamed but there were just too many. Some grabbed her arms, some her legs, feet, neck, etc. Then it got worse. She felt sets of fingers under her shirt, inside her shorts, and one pulling off her sneakers and socks. Before she knew it, Maggie was stripped down to her red sports bra and white cotton bikini underpants -- a perfect interior color match to her exterior uniform. Anyway, the crowd didn't know what to make of this. It all seemed to be happening so fast.   
  
"There," said Janet , "now you're part of the team."   
  
"Wait," said another girl, "Isn't she the captain? Isn't she supposed to be special?"   
  
"You're right," said Janet. "Smile! Maggie, it's your birthday." The girls were delusional from the itching and excitement. They were like a pack of wild animals. So with that her sports bra and knickers were yanked viciously from her before the girls dropped her. Maggie lay there momentarily, naked as the day she was born. Cameras flashed from several angles. Trying to cover her tits with one hand and her pussy with the other, Maggie made a B-line for the exit. Just as she was approaching, Tina stuck out her foot and tripped Maggie, sending her screeching across the gym floor. And giving the crowd a closer look at the girl's anatomy in the process. After Maggie finally made it through the exit, Michelle leaned in close to Tina."   
  
"Teen, I can't believe they fell for it. They totally thought it was Maggie's idea. You're a genius!", she said.   
  
"Well we're not done yet, Shelly" said Tina. "Remember that slut Amy that whipped your bum that day?"   
  
Michelle nodded, frowning. The memory haunted her.   
  
"Well I got plans for her, too", said Tina. "Big plans."   
  
Part 5 is on its way......

Miss Priss Part 5 -- Amy and Heather

By Monday morning, naked pictures of Maggie in the gymnasium had been shared and posted all over school. Maggie, of course, was absent. Stephanie had tried to call her all weekend but there was no trace of the girl. And for good reason. Twice in two years she was publicly humiliated. Some had assumed she'd already dyed her hair, changed her name, and moved to the other side of the country. Stephane felt bad for her new friend and wished she could help.   
  
While most people were talking about the stripping volleyball team and their subsequent forfeit fromt the state tourney, others like Amy and Heather were in their own world. Since leaving the cheerleading squad they felt liberated. They were both now dating college guys and spent most of their time planning and going on double dates. They had little time or concern for what was going on in high school. They had both pretty much forgotten about Tina and those bitchy cheerleaders. Unfortunately, the bitches hadn't forgotten about them -- especially Amy.   
  
Halfway through fourth period, Amy and Heather were both called to the principal's office. They were puzzled, but shrugged it off because at least they were going together. And they could at least talk about their upcoming dates on Friday while in the hallway. Engrossed in conversation in the middle of the corridor, the two girls were suddenly grabbed from behind and had plastics bags thrown over their heads while being dragged away. Before they knew it, they were in the girls' bathroom and their hands were being fastened behind their backs. The girls tried to scream but had no oxygen left because of the bags. Just as they were beginning to get light-headed, the bags were pulled off and balled up socks were shoved into their mouths, followed by tape. As they regained their surroundings they were none too surprised to see Tina and the cheerleaders were behind this.   
  
"Well if it aint fric and frac!" laughed Tina, her silicone circus tits jiggling to the beat. "You didn't think I'd forget you two, did you?"   
  
Amy scoffed and struggled, while Heather tried not to hyperventilate.   
  
"Since you two whores like to do everything together, I have a little game planned for you," said Tina. "Girls, let's do Heather first..."   
  
Immediately the newest cheerleaders, Dawn and Tracy, stepped forward. They went over to Heather and started tugging the blonde girl's sweater over her head and down the back of her arms. They quickly cut the nylon ties binding her hands -- just long enough to free the woolen sweater and the underlying turtleneck, before fastening a new bind around Heather's wrists. 'Here we go again,' thought Heather as she stood in her black lace bra and blue jeans. Dawn and Tracy then turned their attention to the jeans and began undoing Heather's belt. After getting it undone the girls fumbled with the button-fly of Heather's 501's.   
  
"Come on, bitches. Get a move on, time's running out!" barked Tina.   
  
The two cheerleaders finally got their act together and popped all the buttons on the jeans, revealing a glimpse of pale pink underneath. As Tracy and Dawn lowered the girl's pants, Heather closed her eyes and gulped, thinking 'Why me?' By the time the jeans were bunched up at her ankles, all those present could see Heather had chosen a black lace bra and unmatching pink cotton bikini knickers as her undergarments -- clearly, though, it wasn't her intent while gettting dressed for school that morning that anyone would see her in this state. And despite the fact she was only standing in her underwear in front of her former teammates -- girls she had undressed in front of many times before -- she wasn't too optimistic that they would be their only audience before it was all over.   
  
"Great. Okay Michelle, she's all yours," said Tina, pointing to Amy.   
  
Michelle briskly walked up to Amy and without warning landed a slap across the brunette's face. "That's for only one of the whips you put one me," she growled. "There's more where that came from." Amy face recoiled and through her messy hair, her eyes were tearing up.   
  
Next, Michelle grasped the bottom of Amy's green sweatshirt and pulled it over her head and off, while Dawn and Tracy repeated the fastening and unfastening so the top could be completely removed. Amy shivered, as her nipples began to poke through her white cotton bra. Then Michelle removed Amy's belt and dropped it to the floor. 'Uh-oh' she thought. Meanwhile, Michelle continued to disrobe the petite Amy, unzipping and yanking the girl's cargo pants to the floor. Amy joined her friend in standing in the girls bathroom shirtless with pants pulled down to her ankles. Unlike Heather, however, Amy's bra and knickers matched -- she wore white GAP string bikini knickers with little hearts on them. Amy looked at the ceiling and blushed. She, too, hadn't planned on modelling her "bottom-drawer" underwear today.   
  
AS Michelle retrieved the belt from the floor, Amy closed her eyes and winced in anticipation of what was about to happen. She guessed right as Michelle pulled Amy's knickers up her butt, exposing some firm cheeks. What followed was about 5 or 6 hard lashes to Amy's ass. Amy cried helplessly as her buns stung from the whipping.   
  
"Okay, no more time. The bell's about to ring. You know the plan. Let's go," Said Tina, walking towards her purse.   
  
Michelle produced another nylon tie while Dawn and Tracy herded the two girls side by side. Michelle then looped the fastener through the right waisband of Heather's knickers and through the left waistband of Amy's before clasping it loosely (leaving about 6 inches of slack). The two girls were now "officially" joined at the hip.   
  
"Just like Siamese twins," giggled Michelle.   
  
"Alright," said Tina returning from her purse, hiding something behind her back, "let's see how good you two realy work together." Tina stood in front of the girls.   
  
"Hopefully you can keep your balance," said Dawn, sarcastically. "It's not easy with your pants down around your ankles."   
  
"Yeah," added Tracy, "cause if one of you falls, it will be bye-bye undies for the other!"   
  
The cheerleaders laughed. Then came the topper.   
  
"Oh and there's one more thing," said Tina. "Since you two sluts are so used to dropping your pants at the local colleges, I'm going to have to make this a real challenge." With that she held out what looked like a small plastic egg. Only it was a vibrating egg. She snuck it from her older sister Rachel's purse, who had brought it back from college over Christmas break. Knowing Heather was the more prudish of the two, she placed the egg down the front of the blonde's pink knickers. Within seconds, her eyes began to flutter and one of her knees buckled. Then the bell rang.   
  
"Here we go, get your cameras ready!" shouted Tina.   
  
The two half-naked, bound girls were ushered out into the hallway as the classes emptied. While the students stopped dead in their tracks laughing and hollering, the two "hipmates" shuffled their feet together the best they could, becuase their bunched-up pants made it difficult to stride more than a few inches at a time. While the guys whistled at the sight of the two hot girls jiggling down the hall in their little underpants, Amy turned red with embarrassment. Heather on the other hand, began to turn flush as the egg went to work on her soaking wet pussy inside her knickers. They made it about 25 feet before Heather started to shudder. Amy shook her head vigorously as Heather's body began to fail her, teetering the two girls from side to side. Heather was a good 3 inches taller than Michelle so her knickers were alreasy pulled a little lower on one side to compensate for Amy's shortness. As Heather's foothold worsened, Amy struggled with all her might to keep her friend -- and underwear -- from falling. But it was no use. Heather's body finally betrayed her and succumbed to orgasm. She immediatley fell to the floor, with the bind taking Amy's little white knickers in the process. Cell phone cameras were none too scarce at that point as Amy's beautiful ass was on full display. Then as Heather rolled to her back, the knickers around Amy's shin took out her legs, landing her right on top of Heather. So there it was, a bare-bottomed Amy lying on top of an underwear-clad, orgasming Heather -- for all the cameras to capture.   
  
And from around the corner, Stephanie aka "Miss Priss" watched as Tina and Michelle high-fived in celebration of their latest prank. They're out of control, Steph said to herself. But who's gonna stop them? Did she dare step up?.....   
  
that's all for now.....