**Most Embarrassing Day Ever!**

by Sarah S

**Most Embarrassing Day Ever! pt. 1**

Hi, my name is Sarah and I'm a 16 year old girl with strawberry blonde hair who just had the most embarrassing day of her freakin' life.

It all started when my alarm didn't go off and my mom had to wake me up, just 30 minutes before school started. I panicked and tried to get ready as fast as I could, starting with a very quick shower. I've had perfect attendance so far and I was not about to give that up.

I toweled off and walked back to my room to get dressed. But upon looking through my drawers, I couldn't find a single pair of panties or a bra. What the hell? I started digging through my room (it's kind of a mess), but there was not a single piece of undergarment to be found. Suddenly my mom knocks on my door and tells me that we have to leave in the next few minutes or I'll be late. I shout back that I can't find any underwear. By this point I'm almost sweating.

"Oh, right. I started doing your laundry this morning and I guess all your bras and underwear were in it." said my mom through the door.

"Are you serious? You mean I don't have ANY underwear to wear at all?" I demanded.

"I guess so, sorry sweetie. You'll just have to go without today." my mom answers.

How the hell can I just go without underwear? Okay, maybe not having panties isn't the end of the world, but I've got some pretty big boobs (about a D cup) so going braless would be insane. But I guess if I don't have any bras to wear, I don't have much of a choice.

Realizing that I only have a couple minutes to get dressed and in my mother's car, I quickly put on a pair of denim shorts that fit snug (but not tight) around my waist and legs, and quickly scanned my closet for the baggiest top I could find. Fortunately, I found a black sweater that I borrowed from a larger friend of mine months ago (and sorta forgot to return it). Despite it being spring time (too warm to be wearing sweaters), I figured that I'd rather be hot and uncomfortable than be noticeably braless all day.

I threw the sweater on and put on a pair of tennis shoes and met my mother at the car. My mom drove as fast as she could without being a reckless driver so I wouldn't be late (she knows how much my attendance record means to me), and in minutes I was dropped off at the school entrance. With only minutes to spare, I sprinted to my first class of the day, which was gym. I used to really enjoy gym class, but that changed when the old gym teacher retired and they hired a strict, mean middle aged woman who had a hard on for enforcing the gym uniform rules.

I made it to the locker room, where a few girls were still changing. Now all I have to do is put that stupid uniform on and get to the gym. But upon opening my locker, I was struck with another problem. Only the gym shorts were there. The tshirt with our school logo that makes up the top half of the uniform was missing. Suddenly I remembered that I took it home to wash it because it started to get gross with all the sweat. Shit. I only have a minute to get to the gym on time. Too concerned about being punctual to care about my modesty, I quickly unzipped and slid down my denim shorts, standing completely bottomless in the locker room. Luckily nobody else seemed to notice, and I hurriedly put on the gym shorts. Since I've never gone commando before, the feeling of the nylon shorts against my bare crotch felt weird.

Seeing no other choice but to just wear the sweater, I sprinted out to the gym, with just seconds to spare before the bell. Hopefully Mrs. Bronson (the gym teacher) will understand. Unfortunately, but not surprisingly, she was not feeling lenient.

"Miss Sarah, why are you not in proper uniform?" Mrs. Bronson demanded.

"I'm sorry Mrs. Bronson, but I forgot it at home. It won't happen again!" I said apologetically, hoping the old bat will let it slide this once.

"Well that's your problem. I'm afraid I'm going to have to dock you some points for the day. But I can't have you do activities in that big sweater of yours, you'll just have do them in your bra." She responded assertively. I hear a couple of my classmates giggle at that. Oh I'm sure they'd love to see me prance around in just a bra. I sighed and reached at the hem of the sweater when I suddenly remembered I'm not wearing a bra.

"Uh... what if I'm not wearing a bra?" I asked, hoping she'll show some sympathy. The giggles got louder.

Mrs. Bronson paused for a minute, then said "I'm sorry, but that's not my problem. Please remove the sweater, we're wasting valuable class time." Did I hear her right, did she basically just tell me to spend gym class topless?? At this point nearly every boy and girl in my class was laughing.

"You can't be serious. I'd be topless! Please just let me sit out for today or something!" I begged, but it was no use.

"You know the rules, every able bodied student must participate. I understand it's embarrassing but you'll just have to deal with it."

I can't believe it. She's actually going to make me go topless in front of my classmates! I want to just run, but I know by doing so I'd kiss my perfect behavior record goodbye as well for skipping class. Reluctantly, I turned my back to my classmates and took off the sweater. I'm now topless in gym class and totally humiliated. Trying to cover my big boobs with my hands as much as possible, I faced the class again. All eyes were on me, and I only had a hand-bra to preserve my modesty.

Mrs. Bronson sighed. "Look, Sarah, I know how embarrassed you must feel, but there's no way you can participate if your hands are occupied with covering your chest. You might as well just get it over with and drop them.

My eyes went wide and I was about to protest, but I knew it would be futile. Closing my eyes, I tried to pretend like this was just a bad dream as I drop my hands and put them at my side, baring my breasts to all of my classmates. Girls and boys. Oh my god, everyone in gym is staring at my boobies!

"Thanks for your cooperation, Sarah. And class, please don't make this any harder for Sarah than it already is. I expect all of you to at least act like she's not topless. Now lets get going with today's activity: volleyball!" Mrs. Bronson said.

And just like that, I was playing volleyball wearing only a pair of gym shorts. My boobs bounced obscenely as I set, served, and spiked the ball. Everyone else tried not to stare, but I could tell they were all stealing glances as much as possible. Honestly, I can't blame them. I'd stare if I were them. Still, I got the feeling that they were purposefully hitting and passing the ball to me, just to see my boobs bounce around.

I'm pretty competitive, so soon I almost forgot I was topless, although my bouncing breasts smacking into each other frequently reminded me of my state of undress. After we finished our game (my team won!), Mrs. Bronson dismissed us to the showers. I followed the rest of the girls to the locker room, and only remembered I left my sweater in the gym when I started my shower. Oh well, it'll still be there. I finished my shower and put on my denim shorts and walked back to the gym, still topless.

But as luck would have it, my sweater was nowhere to be found. One of those stupid boys must have taken it! I saw that Mrs. Bronson was in her office (connected to the gym), so I knocked on the door and she let me in. She seemed surprised that I was still topless. I considered covering up, but she already saw me anyway. I asked her if she saw where my sweater is, but she shook her head and said she didn't see anyone take it. I then asked what am I going to do about being topless, since my next class starts in a few minutes and I don't have anything to cover my boobs.

"Well, I don't see any other option other than to just go as you are."

My heart stopped. It was hard enough being topless in gym with my tits bouncing wildly for everyone to see, but I can't spend the rest of the school day with my boobies on full display!

But I suppose she's right; I really don't have much of a choice if I don't want to tarnish my perfect record. I nodded silently and walked out of her office into the gym. I looked at the clock and saw that I only had two minutes before my next class.

Bracing myself, I exited the gym and into the hallway. The hallway full of my peers. Topless.

**Most Embarrassing Day Ever! pt 2**

I can't believe it. I'm actually completely topless in the middle of the hallway. Everyone practically froze once they saw me. Most of them weren't in gym class, so they had no clue as to why their classmate was walking around with her boobs on display. The guys' faces turned to smiles, along with most of the girls', though some had looks of disgust (they probably think I'm some sort of slut).

Realizing everyone's eyes were on my very exposed nipples and that I forgot to cover up, I moved my hands towards my boobs, but then stopped. Everyone saw me anyway, and Mrs. Bronson was right; it'll be nearly impossible to do anything if my hands are glued to my chest. So I decided to just play it cool, maybe if I pretend like I'm properly dressed it won't be so bad. That's fine and all, but I forgot about the possibility of someone snapping a picture of me wearing only a pair of denim shorts in the middle of the school.

Trying to ignore the stares and giggles, I made my way to my locker as my boobies bounced lightly with every step. I opened it and got my notebook and textbook for my next class, algebra. I hurried to my algebra class and arrived just in time. Once again, everyone was treated to the sight of my bare boobs. My algebra teacher was bewildered, and then demanded why I showed up topless to his class. I meekly explained the sequence of events that left me in this state of undress. He sighed and told me to take my seat. I did so, while everyone stared at me and my slightly bouncing titties.

The class went by normally (well, as normal as being topless in class can be), and soon the bell rang to dismiss us. Eager to get out of that boring class, everyone (including myself), shot up out of their seats and headed to the door. I felt my nipples brush against someone's arm and a cool tingle went through my spine. Despite my best efforts, I still had not gotten used to being topless in school.

I got to my locker and exchanged my books for those of my next class, Spanish. By this point, I guess word had gotten around about the topless chick because my Spanish teacher didn't even ask why I was topless. Still, that didn't stop her or anyone else from staring.

That class and the next went by relatively smoothly, but things took a huge turn downhill in History class. We were watching this super boring history documentary or something, and I mean really, really boring. I fell asleep, along with just about everyone else (even my teacher!). We were all jolted awake by the dismissal bell, and I slowly got up out of my seat. I didn't even notice anything was different until someone said something that made my heart drop.

"Uhhh... Sarah? What happened to your shorts?"

**Most Embarrassing Day Ever! pt 3**

No. It can't be. I was wearing them into this class! Someone must have taken them from me, but how? Am I that heavy of a sleeper that I didn't notice someone taking off my only piece of clothing left?

I forced myself to look down despite knowing my worst fears would be confirmed. And sure enough, I was completely naked. Everyone in class stopped their rush to get out and stared at my shaved, naked vagina. Suddenly I remembered to cover up, and I threw both of my hands over my pussy to shield it from view. It's embarrassing to still have my boobies out in the open, but since everyone has already seen them it made more sense to ensure my lady bits were as covered as possible.

My teacher, apparently still groggy from just waking up, either hasn't noticed or hasn't remembered that I was wearing shorts when I walked in but am now butt naked in his class. I frantically looked around to see if anyone's holding my shorts, but I didn't see them anywhere. My classmates were now taking pictures of my naked body, with my tits and ass totally unobstructed. Luckily I don't think anyone took a pic of my pussy before I covered up. I asked my classmates if they knew who took them or what could have happened but of course nobody knew. Jerks. Well, seeing as there's not much I can do here, I have to think of some other option. While I was thinking, I guess everyone either got their fill or wanted to let everyone else know that "Sarah is butt naked in school right now!" because they started to file out of the classroom. I didn't want to be alone naked with my history teacher (he's kind of weird), so I reluctantly left with them. Upon stepping into the hallway, everyone's eyes were again on me, this time surprised once again as instead of simply being topless, I was wearing only a pair of tennis shoes. Part of me wanted to just ditch the shoes since the contrast made me feel even more naked, but given how rarely the floors get washed that wasn't such a good idea.

While everyone in the halls was gawking at me and snapping pics, I suddenly remembered that I still had a pair of gym shorts in my gym locker! And since it's lunch time, I can use my break time to get them without being late for my next class. Making up my mind, I headed to the gym, trying to ignore the "flash" sound from everyone's phone cameras.

After a few minutes of enduring everyone staring, laughing, shouting “nice tits!” or “nice ass” taking pictures, and even dodging the hands of some boys who were certainly trying to touch my boobs. I finally ended up at the gym. I turned the handle, but instead of opening, it didn't budge! It was locked! Of course, how could I be so stupid? There weren't anymore gym classes today, so they locked the gym so that nobody would mess around in it.

Crap! After pouting over losing my chance to be dressed (at least from the waist down) for a couple minutes, my stomach started growling. Ugh, that's right, I haven't eaten yet today. Groaning, I tried to accept that fact that I'll probably be naked for the rest of the day. I got to the gym and of course everyone was staring at me again. I realized I've gotten better about ignoring them, even if they can see my full tits staring back at them, bouncing slightly with each step. Whatever.

Because of my unsuccessful detour to get my gym shorts, almost everyone had already gotten their lunch, so the line was pretty short. When I got to the food station, I realized that I would have to use both hands to hold my tray, meaning I'd have to uncover myself completely to do so. I thought about turning back and just skipping lunch, but a violent growl from my stomach betrayed my desire for modesty. Okay, I thought, maybe if I'm super sneaky nobody will notice until after I sat down. Ignoring the lunch lady's disapproving stare as I loaded my tray , I tried my best to find a seat at a table before anyone saw my bare vag.

Of course, with my luck today, that did not happen at all. There weren't any empty tables, so I looked for one without anyone that would give me trouble. Unfortunately, as soon as I made my way towards a table, some girl noticed and shouted "HEY LOOK, YOU CAN SEE SARAH’S VAGINA!" and of course everyone saw. I blushed heavily as I tried to sit down quickly, hoping at least nobody was able to snap a picture. But alas, that also didn't happen, as at least five cameras were able to get a full body shot of me holding a lunch tray with both my boobs and my pussy completely exposed. I regretted shaving a few days ago, as that only ensured that everyone got an eyeful of my pink lips. Well, so much for making it through the day without my full naked body being documented for anyone to see. How could this have happened? How did I end up completely, 100%, butt naked in school?

I tried to eat my lunch and forget I was naked in the cafeteria with all my peers staring at me, but I could only manage a few bites before the bell rang for next class. I got up and put my tray away, and started heading to my next class. I covered my pussy with my hand as I braved through the same halls I walked every other day, except this time wearing only a pair of sneakers and a nervous smile. As expected, people were still taking pictures, videos, and laughing and pointing, and a few boys (and a couple girls) even poked my boobs and ass. I ignored them, and eventually they went away so they wouldn’t be late to their classes.

Unlike my other teachers, my physics teacher was not as liberal. When I entered his classroom, he started lecturing me in front of everyone about how he can’t allow me to be naked in his class and how a girl should be dressed “modestly” or whatever. Technically there isn’t a dress code, which is why I’m allowed to be naked I guess, but I guess he just can’t accept that. I told him it wasn’t my choice to be naked and explained the situation. His look turned sympathetic, but he repeated his rule that nobody can be naked in his class. I said “fine” with a huff and started towards the door, but he grabbed my shoulder and told me he also couldn’t allow me to skip class now that I’m in the room.

“Well what do you want me to do then? I can’t be naked in here, but I also can’t leave. So what the heck can I even do?” I asked, annoyed.

He thought for a moment, then made an announcement to the rest of the class, most of whom were stifling their giggles. I just stood there nervously as he talked, trying to play it cool and not act too embarrassed.

“Poor Sarah here is naked, and apparently it was not her fault. Even if she can be naked elsewhere in this school, she can’t be here. And it would be unfair to make her leave and miss a lesson because of something outside of her control. So if any of you would be so kind as to lend Sarah a piece of clothing, it would be much appreciated.” he requested. Pfft, good luck getting anyone to put a stop to the free naked girl show.

As expected, nobody’s hand rose. The teacher looked visibly annoyed.

“Okay, well someone’s going to have to give something, so if nobody volunteers in the next ten seconds, I’m going to have to pick someone myself.”

Ten seconds passed, and again nobody volunteered. This is going to get interesting.

“Looks like it’s up to me then.” he growled. Scanning the class, he quickly settled on a brunette girl named Teresa, who was wearing a grey tank top and asked her to remove her tank top. Teresa’s eyes went wide and tried to convince him to pick somebody else. But the teacher, already mad about wasting so much time, wouldn’t budge, and threatened to take away all her class participation points (a significant chunk of our grade) if she didn’t comply.

“Fine!” Teresa hissed. Seeing no way out of it, Teresa angrily ripped off the tank and threw it at me. I now see why she was reluctant, because the sight bare bouncing tits (about a B cup, maybe a bit larger) revealed that she wasn’t wearing a bra! Fuming, Teresa sat down in her seat, apparently too mad to cover up. The rest of the class switched their gaze to the topless brunette, as now they have seen not one, but two of their classmate’s boobies! Teresa gave everyone the finger, but still didn’t cover up. I kinda felt bad for her, but hey, I’ve been freakin’ naked here! And if she volunteered earlier she could have given up her pants, since she probably was wearing panties.

I graciously put on the tank top, but was dismayed to see that it only came down to the top of my waist; it was nowhere near long enough to cover my pussy! Oh well, everybody already saw it anyway, and I was grateful for the cover I did have, even if it was just for this period.

Class went on as usual, except for the fact there was one topless and one bottomless girl amongst their peers. Once class ended I got up out of my seat and was about to (reluctantly) give Teresa’s shirt back to her, but I guess she was still so mad she stormed out of the class topless before I could do that. Poor girl. Oh well, at least I have some coverage now.