**Panty-less in School**

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**Panty-less in School Ch. 01**

Southern California summers are really, really, damn hot. It was a Tuesday afternoon in early June, and it was about a hundred and ten fucking degrees out. Luckily there were only a few weeks left of senior year in high school, because every afternoon at two-thirty all the school sports teams practice under the hot sun. I was a starter on the girl's lacrosse team, and we were the best in the county, mainly because we worked so damn hard every day in practice. The coach always made us work. I must say though, I was in great shape. My stomach was as tight as ever, and my legs were lean, muscular and smooth. I was tan all over except what's covered by short athletic shorts and a sports bra, our usual training attire. Usually we started out with a t-shirt or a jersey on top too but it was just too hot for the extra cotton, and the coach stopped caring about our midriffs showing.  
  
On any given day you could usually find us running laps around the track in a tight formation, like a sea of tight, fit, tan bodies all wearing black sports bras covering our b cup breasts and nylon soccer shorts, with the waistband rolled down several times to hug nice and low on our hips. We probably looked really sexy out there running, but we didn't really feel all that sexy. When we finished practice, we'd always find our spandex soaked from sweat and we just felt gross. All of the girls brought changes of panties for the rest of the day, and I did that for a while until I came up with a better solution: just not wear panties.  
  
We all had these sweat wicking, seamless soccer shorts that we wore for practice but I realized their cooling effects are negated when you wear form hugging, suffocating spandex. So I stopped wearing panties to practice, and I felt so much cooler and freer down there. I told a few of my close friends but that was all; I didn't want the whole world thinking I was like a weirdo slut or something. I just wanted some fresh air down there.  
  
The first time I went running with the team panty-less was exhilarating. I could feel the breeze tickling my lips as we ran, exciting me, and I soon stopped worrying about if anyone noticed. I began to feel really aroused and my legs felt lighter. With every step I took, I could feel my enlarging lips brushing sensuously against my smooth legs. I could feel my juices escaping and leaking down my leg, trickling down my legs until they absorbed into my socks. I looked around but everyone was so focused on running that no one noticed. I took the opportunity to reach my hand up my left leg hole as I ran as if to stretch out my spandex that might have scrunched up high on my leg. But instead, I swiped my hand across my pussy, and when I drew my hand out I was shocked feel how full and engorged it had become from this run. When I drew my hand out, I saw that there was a shiny sheen of my juices coating my hand. I quickly wiped it off on my shorts.   
  
As we ran, I could feel my breath quicken and my heart begin to race. But I realized that it was not from running. "Oh shit," I thought, "I'm going to fucking cum!" I wanted to save myself the embarrassment, so I tried to run with my legs farther out to minimize their contact with my pussy, but to no avail. I couldn't just stop running; we had barely run a mile yet. It would look really bad. I slowly dropped back to the back of the group to be more discreet. But the sensation just kept growing, multiplying every time my legs rubbed across my engorged pussy.   
  
"Oh shit...Oh fuck" I said to myself. I was at the point of no return. There was no stopping it now. It was building up and Jesus, it felt good. Then I felt a tap on my right shoulder, one of my good friends, Amanda. "What's wrong?" she asked, "I saw you drop back to the back of the pack, everything ok?" But I was in no shape to talk; I was seconds away from an intense orgasm. We were the last two in the pack, and I looked around to double check that no one was watching.   
  
"Amanda," I gasped, grabbing hold of her wrist.   
  
"What are you..."  
  
My hand on top of hers, I quickly moved her down under my waistband and onto my dripping, gaping pussy. She looked at me in shock at what I had just done and I plunged both of hands deep inside my pussy. "Amanda," I said as I exploded in a giant orgasm, "I just fucking came." She got over her initial shock and pulled her hand out, coated with a glossy sheen of fresh juice. She laughed and asked jokingly, "Where the fuck is your spandex?" I told her I didn't wear them because I thought this would keep me cooler.   
  
She just laughed. "Did you bring them at all today?"  
  
"No."  
  
"What about your regular panties, the ones you had on for school earlier? Why didn't you just wear those?"  
  
I just grinned and said my little lacy pink panties were in my car, lying on the seat of the driver's seat. Amanda just started cracking up.  
  
"You are too much," she whispered, "but I won't tell anyone." She looked at me and winked and I just grinned. Despite the craziness of the situation and fear of being noticed, it made my day a hell of a lot more interesting. I started thinking about all the different ways I could spice up my day, doing sexy things. One thing is for sure: I never ran with panties again. In fact, I played the rest of the season, all my practices and matches, without panties. I'll tell you those stories later.

**Panty-less in School Ch. 02**

Fuck this. I was 18: a second semester senior. I should be done already. No one gave two shits about school once they got into college. Only a few months to go and I could leave this dump they call high school. But the days dragged on interminably, as if the hour of freedom would never come. I was so bored of that place that I was literally going mad. I desperately searched for anything at all to make it go by faster, for something interesting to happen. I thought I would never make it. Until the day I ran during lacrosse team practice without panties and realized I could orgasm mid-stride. Initially, I had only done it panty-less because I figured it would be cooler, but I realized how fun and sexy it made me feel, it dawned on me how I would be able to make my last few months of high school interesting.  
  
I started off pretty slow and discrete. Any time I wore things like sweat pants or sweaters that don't show all that much, I'd skip wearing panties and bras. No one knew, but yet I felt so sexy inside. There is something so arousing about the feeling of your bare flesh against the soft fabric. It feels liberating. Free. I grew to love the feeling so much that I began to feel uncomfortable wearing panties when I didn't absolutely have to. I started to grow ever so slightly bolder. I had taken to wearing shorts, even short shorts, to school without panties because I loved that I could feel the breeze down between my legs. But slowly, the novelty of my discrete, mild naughtiness was wearing off. It was like I was building up a tolerance, and I needed more and more naughty fun to fuel my new addictive desire.   
  
But I want to tell you about one story in particular. Every spring my school celebrates a homecoming-like event to showcase the spring sports teams, and it's our tradition that several sports teams face off against each other. The most exciting game, that everyone always gets the most into, is the Varsity Girls vs. Varsity Boys Lacrosse game. (Girls Lacrosse rules of course.) The guys hate it because they can't get physical, and they have no idea how to play without contact, so we actually have a shot at winning and it's always a big deal around school.  
  
Anyway the big game was on a hot, Friday afternoon in mid April. It was typical southern California weather: a dry heat, not at all humid, but very, very hot. Not unlike an oven. The game was set to begin about twenty minutes after school, so when the last class ended for the day, I hurried over to the locker room to get ready. I excitedly punched in my combination and opened it up. We had all been looking forward to this day for a while. I had been wearing a pair of rolled up sweat pants and a t shirt with no bra or panties that day, but the girls were so used to changing in front of each other that I didn't feel awkward about baring all to change. I slipped off my t shirt over my head and my breasts bounced free, not confined by a bra. I dug around in my locker and found my pinny and shorts and put them on. As usual, I had not worn panties to school under my sweat pants, so I was bare underneath my athletic shorts. But what troubled me was that I could not find my sports bra in the locker. I was sure that I had left them there after practice yesterday, but they were nowhere to be seen. I started to get nervous. How could I play without a bra in my pinny? With the huge arm holes, my boobs would be bouncing around everywhere.   
  
"Does anyone have an extra bra?" I called out to the other girls in the locker room. Most of them shook their heads no. One girl, named Laura, spoke up.  
  
"You can have mine from earlier today, but it's not a sports bra."  
  
"Are you sure its ok?"  
  
"yeah, I guess. It might be a bit small though."  
  
"what size is it?"  
  
"34B. Aren't you a C?"  
  
"Yeah, 32."  
  
"You might be able to squeeze in."  
  
Whatever that could get me through the game was fine by me. I thanked her profusely.  
  
All changed and ready, we marched onto the field triumphantly at about 3:15 amidst loud cheering from our spectating peers. On the far end of the field, we saw the guys team practicing their passing and shooting. We warmed up for a few minutes and then the coach who was refereeing the game blew his whistle and both teams got set up in their starting positions. Bending over, I could feel my boobs pressing really hard against the tight little bra I was wearing. I hoped it would hold.  
  
"Play nice," the coach said jokingly as he blew the whistle again, signifying the start of the game. The first half of the game went by pretty quickly, as we were running circles around the guys. I, myself, scored 3 of our teams 4 goals. When the whistle blew for half time, we were leading 4-1. We all sat down on the bench to drink some water and cool off.  
  
"We got this, guys," said Melissa, our captain, "we just need to keep up the pressure. Great job on defense, guys." After a few minutes of shade and relaxation, the whistle blew and we all got up to resume playing. As I jumped up off the bench to get back in the action, I felt and heard a pop from behind be and I realized that the back clasp of the bra I was wearing had just broken.   
  
"Shit," I said, "just what I need." But it didn't fall down, thanks to the shoulder straps. I wondered how long it would stay up. I tried to take it easy for the third quarter, I passed a lot and didn't move too much to avoid it coming off, but my playing was leaving a lot to be desired.  
  
Melissa came over to me. "Are you okay, out here?" she asked. "You're moving real slow, we need you up front and center to score some goals."  
  
"I can't keep my bra up," I whispered, "the back clasp broke and the straps are dangling back there. I'm afraid it'll fall off if I move too much."  
  
"Hang in there," she said. "It's almost fourth quarter, we'll take a look at it." But my poor play was costing us. As one of the main shooters on the team, we were having a tough time getting a clear shot to the goal when I wasn't in there. I was too preoccupied with keeping my bra up than on the game, because every time I moved, the bra tried to slip down off my boobs. I had to catch it from falling completely off during one play while trying to clear the ball. By the end of third quarter, the guys had tied the game up 4-4. As I sat on the bench fiddling with the clasp of my bra, Melissa came over to help me. She started playing with the clasp to see if she could get it to hold but after a minute or two she professed to me that there was nothing she could do.   
  
"Why don't you just play without it?" she asked, "It'd be less embarrassing than if it fell completely off during the game. She had a point, but still the idea of playing lacrosse in my pinny without a bra terrified me. I could only imagine the view I'd be giving everybody. So I sat there thinking about the decision to take it off completely or not. When the whistle blew for 4th quarter, I still hadn't made up my mind. As I stood up again, though, I felt it come slipping down and I decided to hell with it. I tugged it off completely and dropped it on the bench. Jogging out onto the field, I was very aware that with every step, my boobs bounced around in and out of view through the giant arm holes of the pinny. I told myself I would worry about the repercussions later and just focus on the game at hand.  
  
The game stayed tied at 4-4 for most of the quarter. Both teams played good defense, and neither could keep possession long enough to score any goals. I kept glancing at the clock to see how much time was left and the game was rapidly drawing to a close. Soon I would be able to get off the field and this ordeal would be over. I glanced down at my pinny and to my horror; my left boob was partially sticking out of the armhole, enough that my nipple was barely visible. I quickly fixed it and hoped it hadn't been like that for long and that no one besides me had noticed.  
  
Suddenly, while I was busy adjusting my pinny to adequately cover my boobs, one of the guys broke away from our defenders and made a break towards our goal. I looked up at the clock. 30 seconds to go. If he scored there wouldn't be enough time to tie the game back up. I realized I was still in a close enough of a position to catch him so I began to sprint at full speed toward him. 20 seconds. I was almost there. He looked back over his shoulder for the first time and noticed me careening towards him. Fearing I would get there before he had time to shoot, lest be called on a dangerous shot penalty, he rushed his throw toward the open goal and hit the goal pipe. The ball came screaming back at him off the pipe and I leaped in front of him to catch the rebound in midair, boobs swinging wildly in and out the sides of my pinny as I danced through the air. I landed safely, quickly switched directions underneath his stick and made a break for the other side of the field towards their goal.   
  
15 seconds. I raced up the right side of the field, passing several defending guys and cutting sharply to the center of the field. As I did so, I could feel the left shoulder strap of the piney get lodged in the cleavage between my boobs but I blocked it out and did not fix it because I had ten seconds to get to the goal. I spun around to avoid several more guys and cut back right where I had an opening to shoot from. 5 seconds. There was one last defender coming at me. I jumped forward as high in the air as I could and shot the ball towards the goal. The goalie lunged for it but couldn't reach it and I watched the ball go straight into the bottom left corner of the goal. We had done it! We had won! But there was little time to celebrate because the defender was still right below me and as I descended from my jump, we crashed into each other, sending us both tumbling several yards, and crashing into the legs of several other players. I landed, legs splayed out with my shorts shifted to one side, half my pussy in view and my boobs splayed out for all to see. A split second later he came to rest with his face just inches from my exposed pussy. Yet no more than half a second later another guy whose legs we had knocked into, landed on the first guy, driving his face right into my inviting pussy.  
  
We all lay there for a split second, still comprehending what had just happened, until all of a sudden we realized the positions we were in. He quickly reared his head back as I scooted myself backward and as he looked up at me I could see moisture on the tip of his nose. I realized that the moisture probably from my pussy.  
  
"I am so sorry..." he started to say before he lost his words, "I swear I didn't mean to..."   
  
Both guys started to get up and I just sat there, petrified with humiliation. I was sitting there exposed in front of everyone. Suddenly a small gust of wind knocked the shoulder straps down my elbows and both my boobs came into full view: every inch of them on display to the whole school. I rushed to pull the straps back up and I readjusted my shorts to cover my pussy again and I stood up. My team circled around me and gave me a big hug, and I almost forgot about what just happened to me.  
  
"Great job!" shouted Melissa, "way to step up!" Everyone cheered in agreement. "Oh, and nice boobs too!" she added jokingly, give me a slap on the ass. The girls laughed. I just grinned. I'd worry about that later. We had won.