**Quarantine at Washington High**

by tomjohn49

Part 1:  
  
The girls locker room was fraught with animal energy. Jaime had spent a little too much time during gym class talking to Gwen’s boyfriend Todd for Gwen’s taste and she was not one to take jealousy in stride. Both still dressed in their white school gym outfits, the girls had barely walked into the locker room before the scuffle began.  
  
“Please Gwen, we were just talking about homework!” Jaime pleaded after being cornered by the showers. Gwen’s eyes were twice as large with rage. The other girls were content to watch encircled shouting at Gwen to egg her on.  
  
“She wants him Gwen”  
“Don’t buy that chickenshit”  
“Tear her clothes off”  
  
Gwen lunged at Jaime as Jaime shot out of the corner and made a break for the locker room door. But the crowd of 12th grade girls would not be so easily satiated, and someone in the crowd stuck out their leg and tripped poor Jaime. Jaime, flat on her face was fully dazed and couldn’t fight back as Gwen began dragging her by the heel into the showers.  
  
“I think you need to cool off”- Gwen quipped as she began to tug at the unconscious girl’s t-shirt. Jaime flopped as Gwen ripped at her, leaving her shirt intact but struggling to leave her shorts in one piece as they were forced past her sneakers. Her white bra and panties left as they were for the time being.  
  
Gwen beckoned to one of her cronies, Angie, to come stand up the unconscious girl. They stood her up and pushed her against the wall and turned on the water. Jaime awoke amid the blind rush of freezing cold water and put her hands up to try and stem the flow. Drowning in water and confusion, Jaime was sputtering and began falling to the ground.  
  
Gwen and Angie turned off the water and stared down at the shivering girl, but something was wrong that they couldn’t quite put their finger on. She had been standing under a river’s worth of water, but only her clothes and hair appeared wet. Her skin appeared dry, but they didn’t dwell on it and quickly returned to their sadistic treatment. “Stand up” Gwen barked.  
  
Jaime, fearful, complied and turned around to have her body flat against the wall when ordered.  
Gwen pushed her chest into Jaime’s back and whispered in her ear. “You think you can make an end around on my guy. You play innocent but I know this all turns you on”. Gwen grabbed at Jaime’s pussy from behind, rubbing her middle and index fingers through the white satin material from behind.  
  
Jaime let out a soft moan and pressed her body flat against the wall trying to move away from her tormentor’s hand.  
Gwen was expecting her victims reaction, but something wasn’t right. She pulled her hand back and it was wet, but with water. And Jaime’s pussy didn’t feel right either. Granted, Gwen didn’t spend her sundays fingering other girls but she was reasonably sure what to expect on her own genders anatomy.  
  
Jaime began to cry as Gwen recoiled back, Angie still holding her in place. “What’s wrong, why did you stop?” Angie questioned. Gwen didn’t answer, but began thinking to herself trying to decide if she should continue or stop to investigate. She decided on both.  
  
Gwen barked to Angie to turn her around and the crying senior was spun and pushed back against the wall again. The room of onlookers, now more curious than before stuck through the hallway entrance to the showers. Jaime crossing her arms across her chest and panties looked up and to the side, trying to avoid eye contact with everyone. “Please let me go” she mumbled to no one in particular.  
  
Gwen looked to her lackey and order her to “pull them down” and Jaime began openly weeping as Angie grabbed a hold of her bra. Angie was about to rip off the soaked blonde’s panties when Gwen stopped her with a wave and instead said “drag her outside.”  
  
Jaime pleaded with them all, looking from person to person begging them to put her back to no avail. The rest of the girls followed them out as Angie and Gwen dragged Jaime by her elbows towards the gym door, Jaime’s heels dragging as they went. As they reached the door they shoved the half-naked girl to the ground and stepped back as Gwen looked to address Jaime, but before she could Jaime interrupted through sobbing shrieks.  
  
“Thank you!” Jaime sobbed, thinking that the other girls humanity had finally caught up with them. “Thank you.”  
  
Gwen waited and let the girl sing their praises a bit before correcting Jaime’s misunderstanding. Finally, when the girl on the floor began to stand up Gwen interrupted her sobbing and groveling.  
  
  
Part 2:  
  
“Go out into the gym.”  
  
“WHAT?” Jaime shouted in bewilderment. She had only just begun to wipe snot from her nose and the makeup was still running down her face. For the briefest of moments Jaime thought she was through the worst of it. “What for?” she squeaked in a pleading voice.  
  
Angie and Gwen began laughing and whispering to each other, and Gwen again spoke next. “Go outside and give the boys a show, or I’ll throw you out there without your clothes. Frankly, that would be Angie's choice but I reasoned with her that we should give you a choice at redemption. Go into the gym. You have 10 seconds.”  
  
For Jaime the room was spinning.  
The chorus of other girls began counting down.  
10!  
Jaime didn’t understand how things had escalated so quickly.  
9!  
She had to go out though.  
8!  
She couldn’t let anyone see her naked.  
7!  
That was against the rules  
6!  
Never reveal your secrets!  
5!  
Especially not in front of boys!  
4!  
She didn’t even like Todd!  
3!  
He was harassing her!  
2!  
This wasn’t fair!  
1!  
  
Jaime had slowly begun to walk towards the door. She was so wrapped up in her own thoughts that she didn’t give any notice to Angie gently holding her hand and leading her out the door into the gymnasium. As she walked through the threshold and led by the hand by Angie Jaime could only think of the 100 stares that awaited her on the other side.  
  
Angie, for some reason had become her sherpa and wasn’t pulling or being forceful at all. In fact while one hand had been in tandem with Jaime’s hand, she had placed her other hand on Jaime’s back, just above her waist.  
  
As they went outside the jeering began almost immediately. With no violent distractions occurring in the boy’s locker room all of the boys had already made it back into the gym to await the bell that signaled the end of the period. The boys were enjoying the show of poor Jaime in her matching white underwear and bra. The satin of the underwear hugging her mound and while fully keeping her covered, was high waisted and drew the eye to her curves. The bra, a size too large, kept her C cup breasts covered but with every hyperventilating breath showed a bit more space for each boy to imagine a nipple to appear.  
  
Jaime was being spun by Angie, dancing together with no music, only to the sounds of cheers. Angie never let go of her hand, and just spun her around and dipped her. Finally, she lifted her back up. Standing straight now, Angie moved her hands back into position with Jaime’s back firmly in her palm and began to kiss her!  
Jaime did not understand what was happening! First these girls were violently attacking her, now they were kissing her? Pretty soon though, Jaime wasn’t having many thoughts at all. As the girls were now entwined, Jaime wrapped her leg around Angie and they leaned against the padded gym wall.  
  
Angie’s hands were now exploring Jaime’s body. Each inch of exploration causing 100x the reaction on the inside of Jaime’s skin as it did on the outside. Pretty soon her reactions became more and more visible. Her breathing became labored and her blood was flowing all over. Her eyes were closed as she lost herself in the feeling of ecstasy that was growing inside her. And while she was losing herself in the moment Jaime didn’t even notice as Angie turned her around and Gwen came up behind her.  
  
  
Part 3:  
  
Too quick for Jaime to react, Gwen had yanked on Jaime’s panties, and Angie had unclasped and stretched Jaime’s bra from her chest.  
  
Gwen may have been distracted before, but she immediately noticed when her last thread of clothing was whisked away from her body. Her panties lay crumpled on the ground twisted beneath her feet and her bra was being torn forward. Angie wrestled with her arms and Gwen her bottoms like a set of fighting insects. Jaime was squirming all over trying to keep the loop of her underwear attached to her foot and the strap of her bra on at least one arm. Meanwhile, she was on full display as the two girls were stretching her limbs wider and wider in their attempts to loosen her grip on the undergarments.  
  
Jaime was fighting for her life. Every ounce of adrenaline in her body was pumping. Finally, as the garments were wrestled away Jaime collapsed inward, with her back to the wall, hugging her own legs and clasping tightly to try and keep prying eyes away from her inner prize. But prying hands were having none of it, blocking out the young girls cries for mercy Angie and Gwen each grabbed an elbow and hoisted her up off of the floor. Once she was forced to her feet they pulled at each arm in opposite directions and quickly had her on full display for the crowded room.  
  
They began to lift Jaime by by her arms so that she would be just inches off of the ground, trying to minimize Jaime’s ability to struggle free. But try as they might, with every inch higher they raised her Jaime seemed to always be able to reach the floor with the tips of her toes.  
  
Jaime was heaving in her panic, her breasts rising up and setting down in great big gulps of breath. As they whisked her across the gymnasium like a production of swan lake, they stopped in front of a pile of gym mats. At this point Jaime has been undressed, under freezing water and her body was not just aroused beyond control by the girls exploration of her, but freezing as well. Her nipples were jutting out like sky scrapers as they reacted to the two feelings of both cold and arousal forcing them to swell. Had her hands been free she was sure she would be touching herself regardless of who was in the room with her. But her fear of what was to come was fighting those emotions downward. The class bell rang, but Jaime knew the girls wouldn’t be deterred by the shift in schedule.  
  
The reached the mats. “Get in” Gwen barked, but Jaime didn’t understand. Annoyed, the girls yanked her back up and shoved her between two of the folds of the wrestlers mats. She gagged from the stench. The girls then pushed the large mat on its side and began to push it out of the gymnasium and into the school hall. Try as she might, Jaime would not get free of the pressure between the fold. As they dragged the mat and the girl inside out into the hallway, the passageway filled with students from every year and in every direction.  
  
  
Part 4:  
  
Jaime was doing breathing exercises to try and get a hold of herself. She could see through the slip of the mat as hundreds of her fellow students went in every direction. With every breath the passageway into the mat opened a little more and had any taken the time to look down at the crevice of the mat they too would have very clearly seen the stripped classmate trying her hardest to seem invisible. Jaime was tempted even to be invisible.  
  
Angie started to develop a dangerous smerk across her smile. The plan had been to bring the mat to their next class, but she was sure that Gwen wouldn’t mind if they had a slight deviation. As they rounded a corner to the final hallway, past the bathrooms, past the labs, past the closets and storage rooms, they were within 50 feet of their next classroom. The only door with an unlocked entry. Most of the students had already arrived at their next class as the next bell had already rung. Gwen and Angie would be late, but this was worth it of course. But Angie couldn’t hold in her mischief, she looked at Gwen who didn’t understand and then Angie let go of her side of the mat, opening the crevice and allowing Jaime to roll out side over side out into the hall with nowhere to run to but the very class they were heading toward. Why spend all of this effort draggin the mats when they could trick the stripped classmate into running where they wanted her too anyway? Simply unfurl the mat and Jaime would sprint to their destination.  
  
Gwen, not understanding, was momentarily angry and was about to shout at Angie to vent her frustrations at the escape attempt. When they both noticed the same thing. Jaime wasn’t there. Nothing had rolled out of the mat at all.  
  
Gwen was furious now, and directed that directly at Angie and immediately assigned the blame. “Where the fuck is she?! How could you let her get away!” Angie, more calm and confused than angry was just looking around. But neither girl could figure what happened, dropped the mat, and went to their class grousing at each other the whole way, and would continue to snipe angry comments for the remainder of the period. Both were confused. There was no way that Jaime could slip out without tremendous effort. They had been holding the mat too tightly closed. She would have had to have been practically liquid to slip out of the crevice.  
  
Meanwhile, back at Langley, the ITF was on full alert. They had waited 7 years for this moment.  
Agent Stockton waited patiently for a print out to finish, on a long strip of pages connected by strips of dots and printed in patterns. The equipment was archaic but the Interdimensional task force spent their budget elsewhere. She ripped the pages and sprinted to the office of the Director. “Sir” she blurted through the door “ we have a hit, definitively. It’s a shape shifter sir. At a high school 3 miles away.”  
  
Director Smith, swiveled his chair around and leaned forward and barked out “lock them down.”  
  
  
  
Jaime was upset with herself. Hiding in the bathroom stall she was replaying what had happened in her mind. She did the one thing she was told not to do ever since her family had arrived. She shape shifted.  
  
Her family had all grown up doing it, but ever since they arrived at dimension 306 it had been strictly forbidden by her parents. American’s can’t do that so we don’t either. We want to fit in. We don’t speak Ryleck anymore either. The sense of shame in her only matched what she had felt being stripped in front of her peers. “That’s it” she said to herself. “It was one time, one little puddle just to escape. Never again”.  
  
“Hello?” a meek but distinctly male voice said from outside the stall.  
  
Oh no! Suddenly she was reminded while out of the mat she was not out of the woods. She may have been able to shift into liquid to escape but she couldn’t form any clothes still. She was sitting naked in the bathroom, and in her rush to escape she had failed to notice it was the boy’s bathroom.

Part 5:  
  
  
“Hello?” The boy repeated “I could hear you talking. You know you shouldn’t be in the boys room.”  
  
This time she recognized the voice. It was Glenn Redd. He was a nerdy kid, skinny and TALL. She could wear his gym shirt like a gown if she could convince him to give it to her. He has always been nice to Jaime, of course he would give it to her. He had even asked her to homecoming last year, sweet thing. Of course she had turned him down gently. She may be from another dimension but she was still red hot and way out of that nerds league.  
  
Jaime spoke up. “Hi Glenn, I need your help.”  
  
“Jaime, is that you? You shouldn’t be here.”  
The nerdy boy normally wouldn’t be so stern with a young lady but he really had to go. And the fact that it was the girl he was so smitten with just made it worse.  
  
Jaime did her best to soften him up. “I know. But I can’t leave. I don’t have any clothes!” the girl cried.  
  
Glenn listened while she told him what had happened. While leaving out some of the more unbelievable details, she didn’t exclude any of the events. Glenn was listening, intending to have a sympathetic ear but he could not help himself from becoming aroused. His pants were tightening the more he thought about how the girl he had lusted after for the last 6 months was on the other side of a thin stall door without any clothes on. As Jaime finished her story, he decided to press his good fortunes.  
  
“How do I know you’re telling the truth and not just hiding in here to get a peek at me!  
He started to pull on the door, but Jaime saw this and held the latch.  
  
“Glenn what are you doing!? Stop it please. “  
  
“Prove to me you’re telling the truth, come out here and show me. You’ll have to come out anyway. Let me get a look at you and then maybe I’ll help you.“  
  
Jaime was in shock at this pervy creeps insistance. How dare he. She likely would have rewarded him with a peck on the cheek if he had been kinder, but now he was taking advantage of the situation. She knew she couldn’t get past him without him seeing or using her powers. So she thought about what else she could do.  
  
She spoke up, “Alright Glenn, but first give me your shirt.”  
  
“Your not exactly in a position to make demands.” Glenn replied through the crack.  
  
Jaime quipped back, “Well I guess that depends on what you’re after. You want a peek at my tits through the crack or do you want to feel what its like to have someone surround your cock with the warmth of their mouth. Exploring your every vein with their tongue, giving you a perfect blow job to play back in your mind every night, again and again, as you lay your head to sleep.”  
  
This declaration took Glenn by surprise. It terrorized him with uncertainty. He wasn’t going to push her to do anything like that! He just wanted her to walk out and give him an eyeful. But how could he turn down a trade like this. He had never had some much as a hand to hold from one of his peers, let alone an offer to warm his cock with their mouth. He was literally unable to control himself as he thought it over. He hadn’t responded and Jaime finally interrupted his light hyperventilating.  
  
“Glenn, give me your shirt and then I’ll come out and we can discuss this.”  
Glenn shook loose from his stupor and started to pull up on his shirt, ignoring the buttons and quickly getting it stuck on his neck. His goofy mismanagement of his shirt allowed him a moment to ponder and in that time it occurred to him that he still had the upper hand in this fantasy. He could hear her giggling at his predicament, which only rubbed salt into his wounded pride as well. He was determined to press his luck and spoke up to Jaime.  
“Come help me. You want the shirt, I need you to come out first.”  
  
Jaime was upset. She couldn’t believe it. She just promised to wow this hapless nerd with unimaginable pleasure and he had the nerve to demand she undress him too! Plus then he’d see her naked, which was everything she was trying to avoid. She certainly couldn’t let this twerp get one on her and now she started to scheme. With his head firmly stuck between his button up shirt and his arms pathetically raised above him waiting for her to assist him, she opened the door to the stall and put her hands on his hairless chest.  
  
Glenn hadn’t noticed the stall door had opened, he truly couldn’t see through his shirts, and as Jaime’s hand found his chest and explored lower he found himself aroused beyond what he could believe possible. Jaime worked her hands lower down to his pants and began to work on his belt, tugging left and right to loosen it. With her foot she began to fish at Glenn’s backpack and quickly secured his gym clothes. Glenn was still blind with his shirt up, but Jaime had given him every reason to remain comfortably distracted, running her hands around his chest and tugging on his pants to slowly lower them.  
  
Glenn began to reach out in search of Jaime’s boobs to cop a feel. Jaime took notice and slapped his hand away.  
  
“Patience Glenn, we don’t want you to be too excited” she whispered into his ear, rubbing her nipples over his bare chest as she did. As she worked his pants down she cupped him over his underwear and whispered again “looks like to me like you might make short work for me.”  
  
With Glenn entirely distracted by his upcoming blow job, Jaime kept her hand exploring around his waste and used her other arm to begin to dress in his gym clothes. She lowered his trousers down to his knees and stepped back to put on his gym shirt. It was still wet, gross, but there was nothing else for her to put on. He didn’t have any extra underwear unfortunatly so she would be going commando with his shorts.  
  
“Let’s get you ready.” She said, and began to untie his shoes.  
“What are you doing?” the boy questioned in a light tone. He was wary to lose his shoes int he bathroom but was certainly not prepared to do anything to gamble away his good fortune in the situation.  
“Relax Glenn, I just need your pants for my knees. I can’t lean on this tile without padding.”  
This made sense to Glenn, and he helped her by putting one shoe on the other to help her loosen it. Then in ridiculous fashion, he shook his waste left and right to bring his khakis down to his ankles and stepped out of them. She took his socks too for herself without offering explanation.  
  
Jaime grabbed the shoes and socks and put them on. Then before the boy could grow impatient she ran her hand down his underwear from the front, letting her long arms brush up against his waste. She took hold of his member and whispered in his ear again, “are you ready for me now? Let’s take these off so we don’t ruin them.”  
  
Glenn was practically orgasming already and didn’t move an inch as she snatched his underwear and pulled them to the floor. This quick action made Glenn momentarily off balance and he took a step backwards allowing Jaime to slide them away. The younger boy was now completely naked from the shoulders down as his arms were still stuck in the air from his tight shirt. His hairless body was cold and shivering, both from the air and his nervousness. His stiff member swaying from side to side as he was ready to burst. Jaime was careful to stand to the side of him just in case.  
  
She slipped the shoes on and put her pointer and index finger on his hard-on before walking them down his shaft from head to base like she was doing the itsy bitsy spider. She counted two and a half strides. She brought her mouth to his ear again and continued her breathy whispers, using as much hot breath as she could muster as she spoke to let him feel the warmth as she went. “Are you ready Glenn?”  
  
He nodded vigorously. Stunned still in anticipation. Feeling his heart beating through his chest. He waited patiently for the warmth around his ears to envelope his hard-on.  
And he waited, and waited?  
  
He heard the door open and struggled to lower his shirt finally only to see the now fully clothed Jaime flip him the bird as she turned out the door.  
  
“You shouldn’t have tried to take advantage of me Glenn” she said as she lowered her wrists, grabbed his bag, and skipped out the open doorway which was now held open with a door stop.  
The pantsless Glenn, now crestfallen with the realization that he had been left in an almost identical situation as he had stumbled into; raced to the door and struggled to undo the door stop while his penis; fully erect swung around wildly as he did. He managed to finally loosen the door stop and watched it fly closed just before the next bell went off and filled the hall with students again.  
  
Jaime, now freed of her predicament, was searching the halls for her torturers, which should have taken mere moments after the ending bell but the lighting in the hall was becoming progressively dimmer. The sun had disappeared!  
  
  
  
Outside the school, Agents were scrambling all over the roof and doors of the school. Locking down every possible exit with thick tarps wrapping the building like a bug bomb was about to go off. ITF printed in large block letters on every tarp, jacket, and hat adorning the agents. Finally, out from a black SUV hopped agent Stockton, licking her lips at the search yet to begin.