**Sarah**

by bellum\_pax

**Sarah's Swimsuit**

Sarah sighed as she opened her gym bag. Once again, she was faced with the sight of her swimsuit from sixth grade. She wasn’t sure what was more embarrassing, that she would have to do her workout routine in the childish garment, or that it still fit her. Despite being 16, Sarah’s body seemed to refuse to mature. While her peers had grown out sizable breasts, hers had barely grown at all. The little mounds remained humble AA cups, a fact she hid from her classmates through generous amount of toilet paper shoved into her bras. She was only 4’10 and her long brown hair reached down to her shoulders. Her old clothes still fit her perfectly, her swimsuit included. Normally she would wear the simple blue one piece she owned, but it was in the wash, leaving her with her pink one piece. It even has a little modesty skirt going around the waist, making her look even more childish.

“Whatever” She mumbled to herself. She went into a stall and pulled her shirt off, followed by her skirt. Her panties and bra were stuffed into her gym bag, and her toilet paper stuffing disposed of in the toilet. She stepped into the swimsuit and pulled it up her lean, toned body. She stowed her things in a locker, not even bothering to lock it. It didn’t matter, she didn’t have anything of value in her gym bag. Without thought, she walked to the gym’s pool and dove in. She started swimming laps, and soon her embarrassment faded. She lost herself, enjoying her workout. That is, until she heard the laughing from the side of the pool.

“Sarah!? Is that you?” It was Rachel one of the girls from her class. Sarah didn’t even know any of her peers went to this gym. “Holy shit, what are you, like, nine?” She asked, laughing hysterically. Beside her, Victoria, another classmate, was grinning ear to ear. Sarah stopped her swimming in a panic and crossed her arms over her flat chest, praying that neither of the girls would notice how perceptively her chest had shrunk. Neither of the girls missed it.

“I take it you can’t stuff your swimsuit?” Victoria called out, laughing.

“Please just leave me alone” Sarah groaned. Her cheeks were beet red, and she wished for all the world that she could just disappear.

“I-I’m sorry Sarah, we, uh, we shouldn’t make fun of you.” Rachel said, suppressing her own laughter. Victoria rolled her eyes, continuing her laughter until Rachel sharply elbowed her in the side. Victoria glared at her friend, confused. But like any good crony, she kept her silence. “Come on, we can swim laps together.” Rachel said.
Sarah shook her head. “No, no, it’s, uh, its fine, I was, I was just leaving.” She stammered. She swam to the side of the pool and clambered out. With Victoria and Rachel on either side of the locker room entrance, she was forced to walk between them, practically feeling the taller girl’s eyes staring at her, judging her for her nymph-like figure.
She walked into the bathroom and pulled her clothes out of her locker. She started towards a stall to change in, only to be stopped by a hand on her shoulder. She turned to see Rachel holding her shoulder, her grip offering no escape. Victoria was behind her, shutting the doors to the locker room. Sarah flinched as the locks were turned to each door. Nobody would be interrupting them. “Sarah, me and Victoria were talking, and we have decided to help you with… well with this.” She said, looking at Sarah again. The girl did look quite cute. But like a little girl, not the young adult she was.

“No thanks, I, I need to get home.” Sarah mumbled, trying to turn away from Rachel. Rachel wrenched her back to face her. “You’ve got the body of a kid. And you dressing like a kid only makes things worse.” Unbidden, Victoria started rummaging through Sarah’s gym back.

“Hey!” Sarah shouted. Victoria ignored her, and held up Sarah’s bra and panties, laughing. Rachel scoffed. “How are the rest of her clothes?”

“Just as stupid.” Victoria says, chuckling.

Rachel nods. “I figured they would be. Looks like this is all we have to work with.” She snapped one of Sarah’s shoulder straps, causing her to wince. “Alright Sarah, me and Victoria are going to help you learn to dress sexy.”
“I don’t want your help!” Sarah said, beginning to struggle.

Rachel clucked her tongue a bit. “Well, we can’t have you struggling. Victoria?”

Victoria goes to the maintenance closed housing in the locker room, remarkable unlocked. She grabs some duct tape, causing Sarah to stiffen, and her red cheeks to grow a bit pale. Then she grabbed the boxcutter, and Sarah went white as a sheet. “Oh, don’t worry, we won’t be cutting you. Just that crappy piece of cloth you call your swimsuit.” She said

“What do you-“Sarah was cut off as Rachel grabbed her hands. Victoria wrapped the duct tape around her wrists several times, leaving poor Sarah defenseless. “Stop!”

“First things first, that godawful modesty skirt. You want guys to be able to see a cameltoe, Sarah. Or even a hint of the fact that you have a pussy.” Rachel said, disappointment dripping from her tongue.

Sarah squealed as Victoria approached, brandishing the boxcutter. “Stand still, I don’t want to cut you.” Victoria muttered. She placed the blade against Sarah’s modesty skirt and started cutting away at the stretch fabric. Soon the fabric fell around Sarah’s bare feet, only a faint fringe where it used to be.

“There we go! Much better!” Rachel gloated. “Now, older girls also wear bikinis, not one-pieces. Only old women and little girls wear those.” Victoria grinned and approached Sarah again. This time Sarah stood stock still, terrified of being cut. The midsection of her swimsuit was slowly cut away, the boxcutter moving just along the undersides of her small breasts, then just above her pussy. The entirety of Sarah’s flat stomach was exposed, as was a fair bit of her torso. If she stretched to far backwards, a nipple might slip out from her damaged top.

“Now, this is better, but truly mature women wear string bikinis. Not just string bikinis, but thong bikinis.” Rachel grinned, taking the boxcutter for herself after her speech.

“Please no!” Sarah shouted. Rachel didn’t listen. She pulled the back of Sarah’s bottoms away from her pert ass, and started cutting the fabric away, strips of cloth falling to the ground. Soon there was little more but a string running between Sarah’s ass cheeks, the entirety of her pale bum exposed to the two girls. Her tan lines were brutally visible, showing that she had never worn something so exposing. Next, she cut the sides the bottoms, then retied them, leaving them frayed, the knots not very secure.

“Stop!” Sarah shouted. Sarah’s assault on her swimsuit continued. Her top was cut, the cups reduced to little more than tiny triangles, just large enough to cover her little pink nipples. The back was cut, and then retied, making the top into a bandeau, held up only by the integrity of the back knot, and the stretch of the material.

Rachel and Victoria both stepped back to admire their handiwork. Sarah’s swimsuit, once modest and childish, was now something only the most whorish of women would wear. On Sarah’s petite body, it looked almost funny, if it weren’t such an erotic sight. Any bad move, and overeager stretch, and a knot might become undone, a private part exposed to the open air. “Perfect.” Rachel said, chuckling. “Now, just to make sure you don’t go changing or anything…”

Victoria and Rachel proceeded to cut Sarah’s normal clothes into little bits, tattered cloth all that remained of her skirt and her top, her panties and her bra. Victoria went around, unlocking the doors. Rachel grinned at Sarah. “You owe us for this.” She said with a cruel laugh. She cut the duct tape binding Sarah’s arms. “Have a good walk home.” With that they exited the locker room, leaving Sarah alone with her ‘swimsuit’ and the tattered remains of her normal clothes.

**Sarah keeps Pictures from Spreading**

Sarah took a deep breath and tried to reassure herself. She would still have to get home, even if she had to do it wearing rags. She stood up slowly, an arm over her tiny top, another over her poorly held together bottoms. She crept from the locker room, praying nobody would see her retreat. The moment she stepped out of the gym locker room she felt all eyes turn to her. Several men weight lifting nearby spotted her. A few started laughing. She couldn’t hear what they were saying, but she could feel their eyes running down her bare arms, across her flat stomach, down her lean, legs, no doubt willing those knots to untie themselves. She pushed herself to continue on her journey.

Her home was across town, which meant she would first have to go to a bus stop, and await the bus. Hopefully the driver would take pity on her, and allow her to ride for free. Next, she would have to get off on her stop, walk a block down the street to her house, and pray she could find some way into her house without her parents catching her dressed the way she was. All of this while barely wearing anything, with each step threatening to further harm the already damaged clothes she wore.

She stepped outside for the first time, and gasped as a chilly wind ran over her body. Goosebumps ran up her arms and legs. Her nipples hardened, poking up against her top. It was all to obvious how hard they were. In the sky, clouds were beginning to gather. Distantly she heard thunder. “Shit.” She muttered. With little choice, she started running down the street. Perhaps run was a bit of a misnomer. It was more of a rapid stumble. It was almost impossible to run, keep her arms over her delicate bits, and keep fixing her swimsuit. It almost seemed to want to come apart. Her bottoms kept trying to slide down her lean thighs. Her top tried to slide down her flat front. Her lack of breasts made it all the easier for it to attempt a journey to the ground.

She whimpered as a car passed her from behind. It honked its horn loudly. Whoever was driving it, it seemed like they had enjoyed the sight of her pert ass, naked because of her ‘thong’. After what felt like a marathon, but was really only half a mile, Sarah arrived at the bus stop. She was panting, both hot from her frenzied run, but cold from the gathering storm.

Sarah was happy to see that the bus stop was empty. She took her seat on the bench, and shouted, standing up. She had almost forgotten that her ass was bare. She felt every inch of the stone bench on her ass. She reluctantly took her seat again, the rough surface reminding her of her nakedness. The cold of the stone shot through her, and she clenched her legs together a little. She started shivering, and crossed her arms over her chest.

“Holy shit!” A voice shouted. Sarah stiffened. No doubt they were talking about her. “Sarah, what are you wearing?” She slumped over a little. It was Gary, one of her classmates.

“I-it’s a long story Gary, just please, uh, please leave.” She mumbled, keeping her butt on the bench, and her back to her classmate. He walked to the front of her. His phone was out. “Wait, no!” She shouted. A click came from his camera as he took a picture of her. “Stop!” She screamed, standing and trying to snatch the phone. He stepped back, and she dove forward again. Just as she did, her bottoms loosened a bit. She was forced to abandon her assault to grab them and keep them at her hips. Gary took advantage of her helplessness to snap as many pictures as he desired, and from every angle he could manage. He was laughing , grinning from ear to ear. “Holy shit, wait till everyone sees these.”

“W-wait, no!” Sarah shouted, finally managing to fix her bottoms. “I- you can’t show anyone!”
Gary’s grin managed to grow a bit wider. “Oh, I can’t? And what do I get in return?” He asked. He eyes her body lustfully, focusing especially on her barely covered pussy. She bit her lip, considering her options.

“Well, uh, I- I can-“

“Show me your pussy.” Gary said, crossing his arms, his shit-eating grin driving Sarah crazy.

“I’m not showing you my pussy!” She shouted. She wanted to maintain what little modesty she had left. “What- what if I embarrass myself for you. I, uh, I could do a dance, or, uh, maybe-“

Once again Gary interrupted her. “I know. You normally dress like a kid, you’ve got the body of a kid. How about you do something a kid would do. Like piss yourself.”

Sarah’s eyes widened. “I’m not going to-“ She cut herself off as she saw Gary pull out his phone. “…fine. Fine, I’ll piss myself.” She said. Somehow her cheeks had managed to turn a few shades redder. “Lets go find a bathroom or something.”

“Nope. Right here, right now. Squat and let loose.” He said.

It was only now that the full cruelty of Gary’s order hit Sarah. Either she had to pull her bottoms down, exposing herself to him, or she would have to soil her bottoms. She whimpered a little and squatted. She spread her legs as far as she could. The gusset of her bottoms strained against her pussy. She kept her eyes down in shame. After a moment, a dark spot began to grow on her bottoms. Soon saturated, urine started to drip down, first bit by bit, but soon a veritable stream. It splashed on the pavement.

Gary broke out into laughter. “Oh my god, you did it!” He shouted, laughing his head off. “You pissed yourself!” It took Sarah a horrifying 20 seconds to fully empty her bladder. Once she did she slowly stood up, cheeks red. She stepped away from the yellow puddle she had left on the ground. Her bottoms were heavy with wetness, and she now had to hold them up to keep the weight from pulling them down her hips. If she weren’t careful, she would end up showing her pussy to Gary anyway.

“Now give me your phone so I can delete those pictures.” She said. Still laughing, he handed the poor girl his phone. She deleted each photo, relieved when they were all gone. Gary took the phone back and gave her a parting slap on her bare ass. “See you at school!” He shouted to her, a bright red handprint left on her pale ass.

**Sarah Pay's her Bus Fare**

Sarah retook her seat on the bus stop bench. She kept her eyes to the ground, until she felt a drop of rain fall on her head. She looked up, another drop hitting her on the head. “Shit.” She muttered. As if by providence, the bus arrived, and its door opened. She scrambled up the steps, but the bus driver stopped her, a big grin on his face. “You need to pay the fare, ma’am.” He said. His lecherous eyes traveled over her body, imagining her naked body.

“I’m sorry, m-my money was stolen.” She stammers, glancing at the seat. “I need to get on this bus though. Its raining, and I live 15 miles from here. I can’t walk that far dressed… dressed like this in the rain.”

The driver nods in agreement. “You’ve got a point. Which is why I’ll make you a deal. I will give you a free bus ride. In exchange, you give me that cute bikini of yours.” He says. Sarah’s eyes widen.

“No no no. “I’m not walking home naked!” She shouts at him. Considering she had just pissed herself rather than go nude, she was going to stick by her words. The bus driver shook his head. “Don’t worry, I’m not allowed to drive naked people around. I’ll give you something to cover yourself.” He said.

Sarah glanced down the bus. Other than her and the driver it was empty. Outside the rain poured down in a deluge. She couldn’t afford to wait for the next bus, not to mention walking 15 miles. “…fine.” She finally says, cheeks red.

“Give me what I’m due first.” The driver says. Sarah’s cheeks grow red and she takes a deep breath.
“Fine.” She mutters. She knew she wasn’t getting these clothes back. She gripped the front of her top and yanked it off in one motion. The knot in the back snapped into two, and her naked chest was finally free. For one glorious moment, the driver could see her flat, pale breasts, each topped with a hard nipple, beautiful and pink. They looked like they could cut diamonds, thanks to the cold. Just as quickly, she crossed an arm over the delectable sight.

The driver grabbed the top. “Now the bottoms.” He ordered her. She sighed, and repeated the maneuver with her bottoms. Unlike the top, which came apart in one piece, the bottoms practically disintegrated in her hands, owing to their damage, and the weight of her piss, still soaking it.

Her pussy was entirely hairless, carefully waxed so she could swim better. Her labia was small and cute, the lips a bit paler than the rest of her body, the very edge red from excitement and embarrassment. She clamped a hand over her bare pussy, now finally naked as the day she was born. “H-Happy?” She asked the bus driver, glaring.

He snatched the tattered bottoms from her, his trophy. “Very.” He chuckled.

“Good, now give me clothes.”

The bus driver grinned and opened the glove box. He pulled out the first aid kit, then pulled out three bandaids. “Here you are. Two for those cute nipples of yours, and a third for that gorgeous pussy of yours.

“Th-this isn’t clothing!” Sarah shouted.

The driver laughed. “I said I would give you covering, not clothing. Now you had best cover up before I’m forced to kick you off the bus.” He says. She stiffens and started to walk backwards on the bus. The driver clears his through. “I’m afraid I can’t let you seat yourself then cover yourself. I need to verify that you actually do it, so go ahead and put your ‘coverings’ on while I watch.” He orders her.

She blushes, and takes another look out the window. The downpour had only increased in intensity. Reluctantly, she dropped her arms, fully exposing her bare body to the man. She tried to act quickly, knowing that the longer she took, the longer this man would be eyeing her breasts and pussy. She placed the first bandaids over her nipples. They were barely large enough to cover her tiny nipples. Any smaller, and her pink areolae would peak out from behind the bandaids.

She peeled the adhesive cover off the last, and placed it over her pussy. Her cheeks were red at the sight. Anyone who glanced at her in passing would think she was stark naked. The bandaid barely covered anything, aside from where her lower lips met. It was humiliating. She took her seat, wincing at the cold plastic seat on her naked ass. She shifted in her seat, unable to cross her legs without risking her bandaid coming off.

**Sarah Gets Home**

Thankfully, nobody else got on the bus. The bus stopped at her stop, and Sarah stood up. She hurried down the bus, well aware of how her pert ass shook as she hurried down it. The driver grinned when he saw the still fading handprint on her ass, courtesy of Gary. He left his own handprint on her other cheek, causing her to yelp and stumble out of the bus. “Have a good day!” The bus driver called out to her. He shut the bus door, and drove off, leaving her alone, all but naked and in the rain.

She watched the bus go, paralyzed by fear. Once again, she was outside, at risk of being caught. She briefly considered dashing through her neighbor’s backyards. However, many of them had dogs, and she had no desire to have her foot chewed off. No, she would have to remain by the street, at the mercy of anyone who drove by.
She started running down the street. As embarrassing as her ‘outfit’ was, she could at least fully run in it without having to worry about it falling off. Even as she ran, she had to admit that there was something freeing about this, naked with the rain cascading down her bare body, the streetlights above her highlighting her figure, causing her to glisten. Nothing held her back, she felt free.

At that moment a car went driving down the street. She shrieked and threw herself into some nearby bushes, panting. Hopefully they hadn’t seen her. The car pulled into a nearby driveway, and the woman riving rushed inside, escaping the rain. Evidently, she hadn’t seen Sarah. “Maybe not quite so free.” Sarah mumbled to herself.
Thankfully the mad dash to Sarah’s house had no more interactions. Only a crazy person would be out in this downpour. Sarah’s toes and fingers felt numb. She could barely feel her nipples, though she knew they were still hard as diamonds. She arrived at her house and crept into the backyard. Her bedroom was on the second floor, necessitating climbing up the small shed beside her house. She used it to access the window to her room. She yanked the window open, and crawled in, finally out of the rain.

Finally safe, in the privacy of her own room, Sarah allowed herself to glance down at her body. She was soaked through. Her hair was a thick mass, her body was wet, and she left a puddle wherever she walked. She went to her bathroom and leaned against the shower wall. She slowly slid down the wall, until her knees were at her chest, and her bum rested on the porcelain of the shower.

She ran her hands through her hair, then sharply tugged the bandaids off, wincing as each pulled free. It felt good to be naked in her own bathroom. Far better than when outside. However, despite how horrified she was at her experiences, she couldn’t deny the slight tingle in her pussy. The way Rachel and Victoria had shredded her swimsuit… how Gary had forced herself to pee… the bus driver forcing her to relinquish her tattered clothes. In the moment she was horrified. Now that it was all over…

One of her hands slide down her chest, down her lean stomach, over her delicate flower. She slowly slide a finger into her no longer private place. Gently she moved it in and out, teasing herself, drawing out her own pleasure. Her other hand pinched one of her tiny nipples, giving it a tug atop her tiny breasts. She let out a whimpered moan, and started rocking her hips against her own hand.

A second lithe finger soon joined the first, and her thighs spread wide. Her moans grew in length and intensity. She closed her eyes, reliving the moments of the day. She felt an orgasm building inside her. She relinquished her nipple, and started manipulating her small clit. With this, she pushed herself over the edge, and let out a moan of joy, a powerful orgasm rolling through her bare body. Wetness dripped down between her bare legs, onto the shower floor. When her orgasm subsided, she simply leaned her head back against the shower wall, a thin smile on her face.