**School Property**

by Megansdad

**Chapter 1**

Hello, everybody. My name is Lisa Irwyn and I am the property of the Kennedy school district. Now, give me a moment to fill in some background and you will understand. You see, my life started out just fine. My family lived in a lower middle-class neighborhood and my dad had just made a major breakthrough at his company.

This breakthrough made a huge change for us in that it raised us up to upper middle class. If things continued to improve within a year we would be multi-millionaires. This is the point where, my life fell apart. You see, my dad threw a company-wide party to celebrate the multi-million-dollar government contract.

There were a couple of hundred people at this soiree; men, women, and children. My dad was flirting with the women, both the employees and the wives. Mom on the other hand was flirting with the men. I was dancing off and on with some of the boys as well as the girls close to my age.

You see, one of the thing Mom and I had in common was that we were both nudists. I am really tiny at 4 ft 8 in and about 92 lbs. The best image comparison would be Rosa Salazar but much shorter. I have blonde and ice blue eyes, thin lips, 30B breasts, and the beginning of a bubble butt. I am only 13 but I am considerably more developed my most kids my age. I was wearing a custom made silk dress. Cobalt blue and polished to a gloss shine. I don’t know how they did that, but it was so soft and flowed over my skin like air. I was backless down to my waist. The front was split down to my navel and the two front strips were connected to a thin leather collar. The way the dress was designed did not allow for underwear. The shoes were custom as well, what did you expect for someone my size? Three inch heals, strappy sandals with half inch straps that circle around the calf in a criss-cross pattern up to the knee.

Mom and I were dressed the same except hers was mauve. While Mom was trying to see how many cocks she could stuff in her holes, Dad was standing around with his hands on a couple of hot young asses. Laura and I, the girl I was hanging around with, made ourselves scarce. If Mom wanted to end her marriage I wanted Dad to choose me.

So much for that. He still threw me out with the trash, meaning Mom. Dad let us take whatever we could fit into the Jeep Grand Cherokee. Dad cleaned out the accounts except for Mom’s savings of about ten grand.

As quickly as everything happened, I didn’t have any choice but to believe Dad planned this. The day after the party Dad forced Mom to sign divorce papers. She got the Jeep, her savings account, and me. Dad made it clear he didn’t want me. On the East side of town was the government assistance neighborhood. Mom and I knew it was all a setup when she learned that housing and SNAP benefits were already setup. Wow! How long has he been planning this?

Yeah. I am so looking forward to being the only white person (girl) in a school full of Blacks and Hispanics. Mom took me to school and walked me to the office to sign me in and make sure I got my schedule. I had on a nice summer dress with spaghetti straps that started out cobalt blue at the top and transitioned to a white skirt at the bottom, a lace strapless shelf bra, a matching pair of lace french cut panties, and the sandals with three inch heels that I wore to the party.

Mom and I walked to the office where she signed me in, to let them know I arrived, and got my class schedule. The lady from the office gave me a map and walked me to my first class. Everything seemed okay until lunch. I refused to eat whatever that was in the cafeteria. I have no idea what prompted the attack, but several girls jumped me and pulled me from the bench seat I was on. Several hands grabbed at my dress and started ripping, and ripping, and ripping. By the time they were done my dress was in shreds. My underwear was gone and someone had taken a knife and cut the straps on my sandals and removed them. The only thing they didn’t mess with was my backpack.

They didn’t hurt me physically, but I have no idea why they did this. It didn’t occur to me that Dad might have set this up. I stood up and grabbed my backpack and dusted myself off. I went to the trashcan I saw them put my clothes in. There was nothing left usable. Apparently, they used the same knife to cutup my bra and panties as well.

Naked as the day I was born, I boldly walked into the school and to the office. “Excuse me, I seem to have misplaced my clothes.”

“OMG, young lady. Why are you naked? What happened to the lovely dress you had on this morning?” the secretary asked.

“I’m not real sure. Apparently, some of the female students took offense to the clothes I was wearing an decided to cut them off of me, including my sandals. I now have nothing but my backpack. Would you mind calling my mother, please?” I asked her.

The secretary looked up the number I had on file for Mom and called her. “Unfortunately, she is in an interview and has two more after this one. She won’t be able to come here until after school to pick you up,” she said.

“I understand. That’s OK. As long as I won’t get in trouble from the school for my lack of clothing I can wait. I only have three more classes,” I informed her.

“Here, take this note, it will explain your situation so the teachers won’t keep sending you here.”

“Thank you, Ma’am,” I said, taking the note.

I used the map to find my next class. Of course the students acted out at my nudity. I walked up to the teacher and gave her the note. She read it and handed it back to me and I took my seat.The other students calmed down mostly. The ones closest to me kept trying to touch me. I defended myself as much as I could before i gave up. Believe it or not, the girls were the worst ones. Pinching my nipples and pulling on them, pinching and pulling on my clit while fingering my pussy. Two of the girls had knelt beside me and pulled my legs apart so they could have better access to my pussy and ass. They made me slouch down and slide my ass closer to the edge of the seat.

By the end of class I had three orgasms. All while multiple people were handling my tits, pussy and ass. One girl kept shoving her fingers in my mouth. The teacher never said a word to them. After the bell rand the girls got up and walked away as if they were rising from their seats. I could not even begin to count how many groped me on the way to my next class. I never cried, never reacted to the touching, I acted as I would have if I had been dressed.

Finally, the day ended and I headed to the office. This is where my life changed again.

Chapter 2

Mom was waiting in the office when I arrived, dressed as if she had been to an interview. I almost believed her. Mom hasn’t worked a day in her life. She would spend more time trying to find a sugar daddy than trying to find a job. She didn’t even bring something for me to put on.

The Counselor explained what had happened and that i could not identify the girls that did it. Mom explained that due to the divorce that i didn’t have the clothes to have stolen. Mom said that if the school didn’t have a problem with it that i would have no choice but to be nude until further notice. It’s the only way she can stay in school and not lose all of her clothes.

The Counselor looked at me for several seconds before leaving to talk to the Principal. When she came back she agreed. She said that she would send out an email to everyone informing them that I would be nude until the end of the school year, then it was the high school’s problem.

“There needs to be something in place to protect her from the other students,” Mom sad.

“What do you suggest?” The counselor asked.

“A contract that makes her school property. If she is owned by the school, the school will be responsible for her. Have your lawyer draw up a contract and we can go over it when it is ready.”

I attended classes for the rest of the week nude while waiting for the next meeting. Finally, it came. We met in the conference room with their lawyer, the Counselor, the Principal, the Superintendent, Mom and myself.

We went over the ‘slave’ contract, for that is what I considered it, so everyone knew what the school responsibilities were.

1. The school must provide two medical exams in the first year. One immediately upon signing this contract and one at the end of the school year. Then one at the end of each school year until graduation. These exams include dental and vision.

2. The school is only responsible for the slave while school is in session. When the school is out for holiday or breaks the slave is remanded back into the custody of the slaves guardian.

3. While the slave is in school custody the school is responsible for providing a place to live and eat. As the slave is school property that place to live must be on school property.

4. Slave much have a handler. This person has been determined to be the head cheerleader or the cheer coach in her absence. This decision has been made due to the busy schedules of the school staff and the student council members.

5. In order to alleviate some of the cost of caring for the slave, the slave will assist the janitorial staff as well as other staff or faculty members as needed as long as it does not interfere with the slave’s education.

6. As the slave is school property it will be made available to the students as needed for homework, assignments, and training aids.

7. As per the co-owner’s request, the slave is to become a cheerleader to fulfill the school extracurricular activity requirement.The slave will attend away games as well as home gave as required by the school district. During all cheer activities, whether practice, games, or other school activities, the slave will be place in the custody of its mistress the head cheerleader.

8. From the date of the signing of this contract the head cheerleader will henceforth be known as Mistress.

9. The slave and the slave’s primary owner may void this contract and withdraw the slave from this school simply by saying the safeword established here. That safeword is ‘release’ stated in rapid succession three times.

After we all read and signed the document, the counselor stood next to me and fastened a leather slave collar around my next and clipped a chain leash to it, handed the leash tomy mom and we went to her house. Upon arrival I went to my room, only I don’t think it was my room anymore. All of my clothes were gone.

“Mom! Uh ... What happened to all of my clothes?”

“I donated them. Now that you’re a slave you won’t need them.”

“You do know this is only temporary, right? I will only be a slave until I graduate and then I’ll be free to go to college.”

“Right, dear. We both know that as submissive as you are, five years in the collar will become your life. You will never want to quit.”

It’s a possibility that she is right. Five years as a slave could affect my mental state. I can only hope that the school keeps it’s word and releases me after grad. I could always use the safe word, but what would i do about clothes? And I’d have to leave the school and be home schooled.

Mom took me to school in the morning and handed my leash off to Laticia, the head cheerleader and my new mistress. Everyone else was Sir or Ma’am or Miss.

I wondered why Mom brought me to school early, now I know. Mistress took me to the girl’s locker room to shave my pubes. “Stand in the middle of the shower, spread you feet two feet apart and place your hands behind your head with you fingers interlaced,” she ordered me.

“Yes, Mistress,” I responded. I did as I was told. She had some skill with the straight razor, as she completed the task with cutting me. I remained standing as she had instructed me. She left my hand on my head but moved me under the spray of one of the shower heads. I was surprised at how gentle and lovingly she rinsed me off then dried me. She never said a word about that and neither did I. After that she took my leash and lead me to me first class. For convenience the office changed my schedule to match Laticia’s. They even gave her a key to the school and the security code so she could come and go as needed to care for me.

I can’t say that i was lucky that they didn’t have any bondage gear. I was bored. I learned that Laticia was a lesbian and hasn’t come out yet. So she used me to get her fix. I’m okay with that as I’m bi. After about a month the other students figured out i could be ‘borrowed’. And that is when I lost all of my virginities.

The other students could only use me if i wasn’t in class and after school only if I wasn’t doing cheer stuff and if Mistress was with me. It was really limiting until i got into my Junior and Senior years when i had free periods. I spent those sucking and fucking. I was damn good at it too after two years of doing it everyday for hours.

Even though Laticia was a lesbian once everyone was gone her favorite thing to do was to suck all of the cum from my holes and lick it from my body. Some times I would rub my body all over hers and lick it clean. One time she was so exhausted she slept at the school with me and got grounded by her parents. Now that my loser of a mother was gone I had to spend my holidays and summer with Lacitia’s family. I found out after Winter break my mother had my birth certificate and social security card burned and paid a doctor to create a false death certificate to go along with the new contract I was informed of.

Unfortunately for me, i wasn’t consulted on it. This contract was a slave auction contract. Mom had sold me entirely to the school district. I was now a full time slave and property of the Kennedy school district. To assist the school they created a subcontract to loan me to Laticia. She was able to take me home and other places off campus. Yippee!! Now I get paraded around in public by a leash. And secretly, I absolutely loved every minute of it.

Chapter 3

These last four years of high school were absolutely fantastic. I mostly stopped being school property. Yes, i still helped the janitor. I still did cheer stuff, but mostly I was just a fucktoy. Laticia made sure i had my fair share of dick so she could have her share of cum. Now you’re probably wondering why I never got pregnant. The school provided depo shots as part of my medical care. By senior year i had a huge collection of whips, floggers, canes, restraints, and believe it or not Mistress got me a complete set of pony gear minus the catsuit. I was still forbidden to cover up. After five years of being a fultime nudist i don’t think i could ever go back to wearing clothes. One thing I really enjoyed is that Mistress Laticia enjoyed the nudist lifestyle when she was with me at the school.

Once she turned eighteen and moved in with me she went full nudist with the blessing of the entire school. Not that I blame them, she’s much better looking than I am. She even did all cheer activities, including away games, in the nude right alongside me.

Mistress and I both graduated in the top ten of our class. We lost touch with each other after that. Her parents refused to pay for her college unless she gave up on being my mistress. I told her it was okay. I had to stay here per my contract. I gave her my email so she could contact me when she got where she was going. I never heard from her again.

I was 18 when Mistress was forced to leave me.

Narrator: Slave stayed at the school another five years. She never developed an attachment like she did with Laticia. A year after grad depression set in. Without the love it was nothing more than a life of fucking and abuse. By the time she was 23 she had so many scars on her body that they would never heal. On her 23 birthday she took a knife from the cafeteria and lay in her shower and quietly slit her throat. Thrown away by her dad, abandoned by her mother and her mistress, and abused by everyone else. The school quietly buried her and respectfully placed a beautiful tombstone on her grave. They even used her real name, Lisa Irwyn.

THE END

Chapter 4: ALTERNATE ENDING

It’s been five years since graduation and I got some exciting news. I was getting bored and depressed here at the high school. I told the counselor and asked to be set free. I was heartbroken when i was told i could never be set free. When my mother had me declared dead and it was entered into the system, I had no life to go back to.

What they did was the best that could be done for me. They put out feelers when some southern universities and put me up for auction. I was eventually sold to a college in southern Texas.

As property of the university I was subject medical experiments. Nothing truly harmful, so they told me. After all of the experiments on me over the three years that i was there, two things happened. One, somewhere in all that time an experiment or more caused me to stop ageing. Yeah me, I’m immortal. Sweet! Two, i contracted an experimental gene therapy. Someone in one of the labs was experimenting with attaching a feline (Lynx) DNA to a modified flu virus.

What brought it to my attention was that in all of my 28 years of life I have never been sick. Not even so much as a cold, That’s also when they told me what I already suspected. They haven’t a clue how to fix it. I think they just wanted to see what would happen since i was nothing but chattel. Well, things did happen.

Over the next year I grew cat ears, a tail and my teeth sharpened, and my eyes changed. On the inside my legs got a bit shorter, I dropped to 4 foot even, my legs started to develope a more digigrade look to them, my muscles grew in mass and density. Not as pronounced as animals, I think it was that I started walking on my toes all of the time and walking and running with my knees bent. If I was outdoors I ran everywhere. My energy and stamina were off the charts. I could walk absolutely silent on almost any surface. After eleven years of walking barefoot everywhere the soles of my feet had hardened and become desensitized. As part of my change they had become even more so. And this was just in the first year.

By the end of the second year I was concern about drawing unwanted attention from the government as well as corporations. I was fully covered and a good coat of fur that would thicken in the winter. I had a faculty friend get a couple of ‘Mr. Peanut’s Hand’ gloves for shedding. It was so awesome when she and our friend would drag their hands down my body. I would cum every time. Sometimes they would tease me just to see how powerful I would cum.

I hunted for my food now. I can’t eat anything but meat and some veggies, all raw. I can still walk upright and talk like a human. My face is not as pronounced as a full lynx, it’s more human. My feet and legs are more human shaped but stronger and faster. I can run about 45 miles an hour for about 3 - 5 minutes.

I finally drew the wrong attention. Don’t know who they are but I smelled them first. I think I was turned in by someone who was afraid i would turn on them. I stopped shrinking at exactly 4 feet, but I weigh more. I wight about 225 lbs of muscle. Sweet!!

After talking with the dean and the board of directors, it was decided to make me disappear. They found a gentleman in Japan that lived near a forest that was willing to purchase me. They put me in a short term drug induced coma. Strapped me into a custom crate and shipped me out with a relative of a faculty member. Once my crate was at the west cast harbor I was shipped to Japan.

My new master was shocked I spoke human as well as shocked i spoke Japanese. Master was kind enough to remove my collar. I had been wearing that collar for 17 years I think. It was about time. He said I was free to roam and hunt as long as long as I stay on this side of the mountain. I agreed.

I never saw the man again. I had lost track of time and 28 years had passed. That would make me roughly 58 years old and still looking like I did at 13. I returned to the old man’s house late one night. I snuck in and noticed a newspaper. That’s how I knew the date and the memorial of my master told me he was dead. I was finally free.

I had been in that forest so long that I had become a legend. I was unique, one of a kind. If I were to die or disappear my unique species would be extinct. I needed to try to fix it. I had an idea.

I was patrolling my territory when i smelled a young human female. I approached her slowly. Se was terrified. She was injured.”You are injured, just right for a predator such as myself to take down,” I said as i circled her

“NO! Please don’t eat me!!”She wailed. She was so terrified she pissed herself. I wrinkled my snout.

“I will not eat you if you agree to something for me. Either way you are not going home. What will it be, little one? Life or dinner?” I asked her.

“i don’t know what you have planned, but i choose to live, even if it mean being your prisoner for the rest of my life.” She said.

“Good choice, little one. I want to try something I have never done before. I don’t know if you have hear of me or not, but I am unique, one of a kind. If I were to die my kind would be extinct.

“In the manner of vampires, I am going to try to drain your blood and replace it with some of mine. I transfusion. If it work you will become my mate. With both of us being female and me being the oldest and the dominate one, I should transform into a male so that I can mate with you.”

“Okay. I see. Will you allow me to sleep on it? Transform or die? Youu provide such wonderful choices, Yōkai.” (Japanese for ‘supernatural creature even though she’s nt supernatural)

“Yes. I will watch over you and keep you safe.” I told her.

The following morning I watched her awaken slowly. “What is your answer, little one?”

“I will do it. One the one hand is 100% certain death. On the other is a 50% chance at a new life.” She answered.

“Lie down and I will begin.” I pierced one of her jugulars and drank of the meager flow. I stopped and filled the hole with my saliva when i noticed her getting drowsy. I needed her awake so she may drink I pierced a vein in my wrist and allowed her to drink of it. She gagged a bit at first. HEHE. I remember my first time.

It worked. She writhed, convulsed, and screamed. I hunted and fed her when she was awake. Finally, after a month she was able to travel. We traveled around my protected forest, hunting and exploring until was certain her transformation was complete.It took a year for her to complete her transformation. Mine wasn’t complete yet. It took another 6 months.

Two years later and our first litter was born. The first of our species of human/lynx hybrids to be born naturally. After a month the kits were old enough. I told Nagisa I was going in search of the final piece.

After searching and following many potential prey i finally found the right one.A woman about mid-thirties, by the name of Nakamura Yuki.I waited until she was unlocking her car when i attacked. I just knocked her down and sat on her. Aaaand there she goes. She pissed herself.

“Are you done pissing yourself like a toddler, Nakamura?”

“I’m not sure what’s more shocking, That you know my name or that you talk.”

“I have need of your services. You are a reporter and I have a story to tell. I want you to spend 14 days with me and my family. Bring only pencil and paper, something to skin an animal and something to make fire to cook it. You will be nude for the entire time. Have a friend drop you off. Leave your clothes in their car, you can get them back in two weeks.”

I got up and walked to the edge of the forest. “I will return in two weeks. If you are not here I will take my story and disappear. Good night, Nakamura.