**Shannon's Chance**  
by Shannon  
  
The young Shannon, an innocent teenager, go to a party with an older crowd. She suddenly becomes the life of the party as she is forced to show off her young body. The experience is a unexpected turn on for her.

Chapter 1  
Part 1

I first realized my exhibitionistic nature when I was in high school. I was  
never very popular in school, having only moved to the small town a year before  
my freshman year. My freshman year turned out to be a year of meeting very few  
friends. I was shy and quite, kept pretty much to myself. I also had a bit of  
a self-image problem, which added to my withdrawal. You see, in middle school,  
I had not "bloomed". I was also kind of fat. When I moved away from Atlanta,  
to a small rural town, having no friends, I spent most of my time swimming in my  
pool and in a small river behind my house. Added with the right timing I  
started to develop. I was not, and still not, what I consider a knockout, but I  
have my features. I am a petite girl, only 5'6 with small (but perfect) 32b  
boobs. I still think my legs are my best feature.   
  
It was my second year at this small high school. I mean it was small (627  
students total- all 4 grades). Anyway, I had adored this high school senior  
named Chris. Chris was the typical Mr. Popular, sports start. I had been  
crushing him for the last year. He was all I could dream for. Early in my  
sophomore year, the one "popular" girl I did befriend, Katie invited me to a  
party at her house on Friday night since her parents were going away for the  
weekend. I was hesitant about it, but quickly agreed when she told me that  
Chris was going to be there. Katie has a fabulous house on a dirt country road;  
complete with a big screened in pool and even larger patio with a bar. She said  
it was going to be a small party of about 20 or so because her last party had  
gotten way out of control and got her into trouble. I asked her what I should  
bring and she told me, "just bring your smile and a good time." She told me  
that I should bring a bathing suit just in case we decide to go swimming, which  
was bound to happen.   
  
I still didn't have a high image of myself and decided not to bring a suit, but  
I did dress as cute as I could, pulling fashion tips out of SEVENTEEN. I wore  
only a pair of light kakki shorts and a blue Polo shirt (I only had the typical  
white-cottons and regular white bra for those of you who want to know). Well, I  
guess I was soo excited because I was ready to go to the party at 6 when the  
party wasn't going to start till atleast 8 or 9. I had packed my bag to sleep  
over at Katie's, the only way my parents would allow me to go. I waited around  
for what seemed like hours until I couldn't stand it anymore and got up to leave  
the house to drive around town. Katie called me just as I was walking out the  
door and told me that her parents had just left and told me to come over  
whenever I wanted. I flew out the door.  
  
I didn't want to seem to eager so I drove around a bit before committing to her  
house. In all actuality I drove by her house till I saw 3 other cars there.   
When I finally showed up, I was soo nervous. Everyone looked at me although I  
was an outsider, which I guess I really was. Katie gave me a beer and the night  
went by slowly as I waited for Chris to come. I kept drinking, not keeping  
track of how many I had had. After and hour, I realized that I was a bit tipsy,  
but that's when Mr. Popularity himself walked in. Everyone greeted him,  
slapping him fives and what not. Katie came over to me and told me to go talk  
to him, but I just walked by him not saying anything out of sheer fright. Katie  
followed me and grabbed my arm spinning my half-drunk body into Chris, spilling  
his beer on his shirt. I was horrified. I stepped back and was about to start  
crying when he said, "Hey, you make me wet." I couldn't believe it! Chris  
actually talked to me, and a sexual tone at that. I just laughed. He pulled  
off his Tommy shirt and threw it behind the bar. He is tall, about 6' even or  
so dirty-blonde hair, and built like a track-star. He had on his baggy jeans,  
his Dr. Martin shoes and, now, just a white sleeveless undershirt. He grabbed  
another cup and hit the tap of the keg, chatting with his friend, but  
suprizingly glancing back at me. As he finished filling his cup, he turned,  
placed it in my hand, and grabbed my cup to fill it. I was in heaven.  
  
The radio was going; I was getting drunk, as was everyone. It was a really cool  
party. Mostly I stayed close to the keg, but Chris would come by in between  
rallies with his buddies and we would chat. He asked my name and he told me his  
(as if I didn't know). He started actually taking an interest in me, but I took  
it at his politeness. One of his friends came running by us and yelled, "He  
Chris, Tequila?" Chris just smiled and grabbed my hand and led me to the bar  
where his friend Sam was pouring the shots. Here I was, a nobody, and all of a  
sudden I was holding the most popular guys hand at the in-crowds party. Katie  
just smiled as she went about her hostess duties. Chris took a shot with his  
buddies, then tuned to me. "Shot," he asked? I should have but couldn't refuse.   
I tilted my head and slammed it...and coughed and gasped. He smiled and said,  
"I want one more." I was practically in tears when he grabbed me, pulled me  
close to him and placed a piece of lime in my mouth. I was shocked. What to  
do? I had never even really drank beer, let alone take shots. He quickly told  
me just hold the lime. With my mouth full I mouthed OK. He then licked my neck  
and shook salt on it. I just stood frozen. He then said bottoms up and licked  
the salt off my neck, slammed the shot and then kissed me. Well, atleast ate  
the lime out of my mouth. I was soo happy. Even Katie saw and yelled with  
excitement. Chris just smiled and grabbed my hand and led me away from the  
crowd. He charmed me the whole way. Before long, being as drunk as I was, we  
were really getting hot and heavy. Chris suggested we sit down. Who was I to  
disagree?  
  
We moved through a sliding glass door to a couch. No one was in the house under  
orders from Katie. It wasn't long before Chris and I were going really heavy.   
Chris was tugging at my shirt to untuck it. Before long, his hands were up my  
shirt. This was really my second time since one guy had done it at a dance the  
year before. We were having a ball kissing and feeling on each other. I  
couldn't have been happier. His hands moved under my bra. Now this was a first  
for me. No one had felt my boobs bare before. I tensed and he felt it and told  
me to relax, but quickly move back up under the bra. I again tensed and grabbed  
his hand. He backed off and smiled and said, "I guess still a little too  
young," and started to get up. I didn't let go of his arms and pulled him back  
down on my. He started to laugh and kiss me as he's hands roamed my boobs. All  
of a sudden, with one move he pulled my shirt over my head and down my arms. I  
froze instantly and he just said, "my hand were getting hot." I was still  
apprehensive but let him do it. He started to reach around my back and I knew  
he was going for my bra hook. I don't know why but I let him do it and even  
leaned forward to help him. I wouldn't let him take it all the way off, just  
unsnap it.   
  
He was pretty happy at this point and he started going down and kissing my  
boobs. Oh the feeling I had. Here I was this young girl making out with the  
hottest guy in school. I was at a party with the elite of the popular kids. I  
was also so damn drunk. Chris slid up to my mouth again and we started kissing  
when I felt his hand undoing my belt. I just lay there and let him undo it and  
then unbutton my shorts. I didn't know what to expect but I was feeling so  
good, I really didn't want it to end. I felt his fingers move down and under  
the waste band of my panties. I attempted to close my legs but his body was  
keeping them apart. He pushed his hand down further and all of a sudden I felt  
a surge run through my body. I must have moaned so load because he froze his  
hand and rubbed is in the same spot for a couple of minutes. I was in heaven.   
He would kiss me on my neck, and move his lips down to my nipples and tried to  
kiss my mouth but I couldn't stop from moaning. Then I felt his fingers enter me  
with slow precision. I gasped but couldn't catch my breath. He darted his  
fingers in and out of me so fast. I felt something growing in me. My first  
orgasm was getting close and that's when it happened.  
  
Part II.  
  
I was on the brink of my first orgasm and I happened to look up. A crowd of his  
friends had gathered outside of the sliding glass door. They were watching me  
in my ecstasy. I jumped up, ripping Chris' fingers from my pussy. He looked  
confused but I just pointed as I dazedly looked for my shirt. I couldn't find  
it in my condition and the dark. I jumped behind him to cover myself as much as  
I could.   
  
Chris just started laughing and was cussing with his friends. "You assholes, I  
was just about to get a blow job." I had no intention of putting his penis in  
my mouth. I had never done that nor seen one for that matter. Whatever! He  
stood and I tried to grab him but he brushed me off and went to the door, now  
open. His friends were giving him high fives and laughing. Even some of the  
other girls were laughing. I was so embarrassed. I tried to gain my dignity  
and stood up. Covering myself as much as possible. I had one hand holding my  
still unbuttoned shorts up and holding my bra on the best as I could. I asked  
Chris for my shirt and he found it but held it out like a trophy. "Why don't  
you show my friends what nice little tits you got?" I was in shock, absolute  
shock. I couldn't believe what I was hearing. "Chris, what are you saying, why  
are you being mean?" "Oh come on, Shannon," Chris said, "lets see them." I  
totally refused; I didn't care how drunk or unpopular I was. I tried to grab it  
from Chris but I forgot my current state of dress. Chris just laughs. I was  
on the brink of tears. He said, "come on let see them". I gasped as I realized  
I had to show my boobs. I pulled up very quickly my bra and flashed them. They  
all cheered but Chris said it wasn't long enough. I did it again and it was  
just as fast. He still was unsatisfied. Here he was, this guy whom I let do  
things to me I had never let anyone else do to me before, and now he was being a  
complete Jerk. He told me to "slip that bra off and toss it here and we well  
give back your shirt." I refused and he said okay and held a lighter to my  
shirt. I was petrified and began wondering where Katie was. She would  
certainly help me. Another girls stepped forward and said, "yeah, lets see  
them!" Her name was Jenny. She was the head cheerleader. John looked over at  
her with surprise and said "yeah, go on and show her how Jen." With that she  
flashed her beautiful tits to everyone, but no one touched.  
  
I decided I would just do it and get it over with. I gripped my knees together  
to hold my still unbutton short up, and reached up and took off my bra, one arm  
at a time. I held it still over my boobs, but the time came. I took a deep  
breath and threw it to his feet. In doing so, my shorts fell to the floor,  
revealing my cotton panties, wet and still pulled to the side a bit. I covered  
my boobs as quickly as I could and straitened my panties with one hand. Chris,  
still being egged on by his friends, including the girls, kept me flashing  
longer and longer periods. It was stupid I know, cause now he had my shirt and  
my bra. I had no choice but obey his demands. I didn't even care that I was  
now standing with my shorts at my ankles, I was too horrified by not having a  
top on. Chris yelled out, "alright, enough. Give us a good 5-second flash, a  
one- one thousand count and we will leave you alone. All I could do is submit.   
I stood there in tears and dropped my arms away and started counting out loud.   
When I reached 4, I felt hands as they ripped my panties down, tearing the left  
side completely. I jumped as I reach down. Jenny had snuck around behind me  
and pulled them down. I was so mortified. I reached down grabbed my shorts up  
and ran to the bathroom. I stayed there for a good 10 minutes until Chris came  
to the door and started charming me again. I had been crying ever since but  
somehow, again submitted to his charms. He said he was sorry that things had  
gotten out of hand and he wanted to give me my shirt back. I didn't wise up.  
  
As I opened the door to get my shirt and bra back, the door slammed open and 4  
or 5 people rushed in, grabbing me up and caring me, with only my shorts on out  
and threw me in the water. I was humiliated beyond belief. But then something  
happened. Everyone started stripping and jumping in. The didn't strip naked  
but stripped down to boxers and such. The girls just came in in their bathing  
suits. It did turn into a pool party. Everyone was having fun and was  
splashing around and making out with each other. Before long, I notice Jenny,  
the head cheerleader, with her perfectly shaped body, was also topless. Even  
Christy, who looked like a little church girl most of the time, but was still  
very popular, had her top off. Jenny even got out of the pool and grabbed  
another beer while topless and even flashed everyone her ass as John, her  
ex-boyfriend and Chris' best friend, pulled down her bottoms as she got out. It  
didn't seem to bother her. She even flashed what little bush she had.  
  
Chris had come swimming by me and kissed me passionately. He charmed his way to me again. I didn't want to be mad at him but I had twice trusted him, only to  
be humiliated. He just shrugged it off and said, "I'll tell you what, here" and  
with that he pulled down his boxers and showed me his penis. I was in awl. I  
had never seen one apart from my dads when I was little. I kind of looked at it  
as he smiled. He kept it out and came closer to me and I felt it push close to  
me. I was still amazed when he grabbed my hand and made me touch it. I just  
let it slid between my fingers. Wow, what was happening to me tonight? He  
quickly reached down and started undoing my shorts again. This time I didn't  
let him. Well, I did let him unbutton them but not un- zipped them. It was  
then that Katie showed up. She just started laughing and declared the party  
over. Apparently, she had been out in the car with Richard having sex and now  
was ready to call it a night. Jenny and the rest got out of the pool in various  
states of dress. Everybody gathered up there stuff and started leaving. Chris  
and I were still and the pool as I still had his penis in my hand. He was so  
hard and big, I couldn't believe how anyone could take that in them. Chris just  
said "move it faster. Jack me off." I followed his directions and a pool of  
white cloud shot out of the tip into the water. He breathed hard and gave me a  
kiss then left. I was still there, topless, pants half-undone, and still drunk.  
  
  
  
Shannon's Chance  
Chapter two  
  
I am a petite girl, 5'6 weighing around 122 with small perky boobs (32 b). An  
experience that happened in my sophomore year of high school uncovered my hidden passion for exhibitionism. As a young and quite unpopular girl, I was never part of the crowd. I couldn't ever get my foot in the door to the most popular click  
where my dream and crush, Chris, was associated with. To make a long story  
short, after being invited to a small party with the cool kids, and after  
several beers and a couple of shots to Tequila, Chris and I hooked up, really my  
first experience with guys. After a while of heavy groping by Chris, who had  
managed to remove my shirt, unhook my bra and was fingering me, I looked up to  
notice several of his friends were watching us. Chris played it off and to show  
off to his friends just how cool he was, forced to show my body off to the group  
of the elite popular kids. By the end of the night though, we all ended up in  
various states of undress in the pool.  
  
After the party, when everyone had left and I started to sober up, I began to  
rationalize what I had just been through. I couldn't believe that Chris had  
Blackmailed me into exposing myself to a group of people by holding my clothes  
for ransom. But it really didn't matter though, right? As by the end of the  
night, everyone one was naked in some form. Even Jenny, the head cheerleader,  
most popular and best looking girl at the small school had shown off her body.   
But still, I didn't want to do it; I was forced to do it. My mind was boggled  
down with these questions as I drifted to sleep.  
  
The next Monday at school, something wonderful happened, I became popular, much different from my shy freshman year when I was the new girl. The elite kids  
were coming up to me and talking to be about how much fun everything was at the  
party. Even Chris came up, put his arm around me and gave me a big hot kiss in  
the hallway, saying, "How's my Girl?" My Girl? I was his girl? I couldn't  
believe it. After all the horrible things he did to me, I was now aloud to be  
his girl? Well perhaps my experience, which in the aftermath became such a turn  
on for me, and experiencing that lead me to many nights in which to masturbate  
to, wasn't such a bad trade off. Here I was, I was part of the elites and had  
the most gorgeous guy in Jefferson high calling me his girl.  
  
Chris asked me if I wanted to catch a movie this weekend and of course I snapped  
that offer up. School was weird that week. There was no laughter as I walked  
by as I thought there would be; no finger pointing. In fact, everyone just  
didn't seem to care about what happened at the party to me. I was suddenly part  
of the crowd. Even Jenny came up to me in launch and chatted my ear off (man,  
that girl can talk. Too much pep in her). But I was still glad she now talked  
to me. I just decided to put the experience out of head, at least when around  
other people, but kept the thrilling event locked away in my head.  
  
Friday came up and I was so excited about my date with Chris. I again turned to  
my vast collection of fashion mags to help me pick out an outfit. The only  
thing I could afford to buy for my date was a Tommy dress. You know the kind  
that looks like a long polo type shirt but is actually a short dress. Anyway, I  
got all set to go and even waited outside on the front porch for Chris to pick  
me up. When he showed up, he looked great. He had on kakki-cargo pants and a  
blue, red and yellow Tommy shirt. He complemented me as he gave me a quick kiss on the lips and then escorted me to his truck. His truck was really big. It  
was an F-250 extended cab with big tires on it. Needless to say, it was hard to  
get up in it for me, but Chris gave me a slight boost up into it by pushing my  
ass. As I jumped at his touch (this was still new to me) he remarked, "cute  
underwear." I was horrified. I never really bought my own underwear so they  
were just a pair of light blue cottons. I put that out of my head too. He shut  
my door and walked around to his side and climbed in. I was blushing from his  
remark, and he smiled and reached over and gave me a big kiss. We went to the  
movies, with his hand up on my thigh.   
  
I had only been out with guys (just friends) a couple of times so I got my  
wallet out to pay for my ticket. He smiled and said don't worry about it. We  
went inside and again I tried to buy some snacks, but he wouldn't here of it.   
We got some seat in the back of the theater. Chris said they were a better view  
to see the movie. I didn't care. We chatted till the movie started then  
settled down. As the movie began, Chris put his hand on my thigh again. I  
really didn't care; he had seen me naked the weekend before anyway. About 15  
minutes into the movie, there was a sex scene, at least an implied sex scene  
(there was no nudity, just a lot of kissing and touching and movement under the  
covers.) I was getting a little moist in my light blue cottons, and was afraid  
that he could feel the heat. He was getting really turned on too, because there  
was a slight bulge in his pants and his hand slide a little higher. I tried to  
make him stop his advance by crossing my legs but that didn't do anything. He  
smiled his charming smile, which made me melt, and leaned over and kissed me.   
It was the most intense kiss of my life; Chris, my crush for over a year now was  
kissing me in a dark theater. His hands were still sliding very gentle up my  
thigh and I started really getting worried about him noticing my wetness.  
  
I pulled away slightly, and asked for a sip of the coke, thinking this might  
deter him from advancing his hand. He grabbed the drink and handed it too me  
and then place his hand in the same spot. What was I to do? I gave him the  
drink back and he placed it in the cup holder to his right (I was on the left of  
him) and he lunged in again for a kiss. I accepted it. At the same time his  
hand slide right up to my panties. I flinched a bit but he kept his hand  
strong. He was still kissing me so I couldn't protest. He rubbed around  
feeling my heat and moisture. He said, "A little hot and bothered there,  
Shannon?" I blushed and tried to move away a bit but he grabbed my hand and  
place it on his crotch, and said, "Me too." I knew what he wanted so I obliged  
him a little, just slightly rubbing it as he continued to feel me up. All of a  
sudden he dug his hand underneath my panties from the right leg hole and was now fully rubbing my bare pussy. He rubbed it so gently and smooth that I started  
to moan softly. He stopped to reposition his hand and went in from the top of  
my panties. I didn't know what to do. By going in from the top, my dress was  
pulled up so my panties and now his hand were visible to anyone who looked  
(luckily there was only one other couple in our row (themselves making out) and  
about a total of 15 people in the theater in front of us. I tried to pull my  
dress down as much as possible but he would just move his arm a little and would  
pull it back up. His fingers started to dart in and out of me and I began to  
soak my panties, his fingers, and the seat. It felt so good. Just then he  
stopped to unzip his pants. He grabbed my hands, which was still slightly on  
his crotch and slip it in the hole to his boxers. I had only done this once,  
and that was with him in the pool at the party. I was still learning. I  
started pulling and tugging as hard as I could, given that my hand was not in a  
very comfortable position. He grabbed it again saying, "easy. Just slow and  
steady." I could tell he knew I was very experienced. He returned to my  
dripping pussy, and slowly inserted two fingers, again from the top. This time  
though, I didn't really care my moist panties were showing. He pushed down with  
his fist on the crotch of my panties and they started to slide down a little by  
a little. He stopped them when the waistband reached the top of my slit. He  
was working rhythmically in and out of me and I was close, close to something I  
had never really experience yet. I was breathing harder and harder, and was  
getting a little too loud, when it hit me. I had my first orgasm right in the  
theater. He was kissing me hard to not let out my scream of pure ecstasy. I  
started to come down a bit from my wave after wave of pleasure.  
  
He removed his hand slowly from my now drenched panties, which had moved down about another 2-3 inches in my moment, and brought his hand to my face. He all of a sudden, poked his fingers into my mouth, which disturbed me really. I  
didn't know what was happening. This was kind of sick and unnatural, or so I  
thought. He kept them there for a little while. He then removed his fingers  
from my mouth and sucked them himself, then kissed me hard. I was still  
massaging his penis occasionally through this whole ordeal. I was sweaty and  
out of breath. WOW! I slid back in my seat, still with my panties down far  
enough so I could have seen my pussy, had I thought to look. I had my hand  
pumping away on his member. I figured that this guy sure knew what he was  
doing.  
  
He sat back and with one motion, pulled his now pretty erect penis out of his  
fly, and quickly placed my hand back on it. I again started to pump it. He  
returned to my pussy, but didn't really do anything, just occasionally pet it.   
I was in awl. I sat up (taking my hand off his member) and turned and kissed  
him hard, practically falling into his lap. He responded by wrapping his strong  
arm around my back and hugging me. He moved his hand down my back to my ass, where he found my panties were still down a bit, but did cover my lower cheeks. At first, he started kind of tugging them back up, when I became aware of it and was going to do myself. After about a 1/2 inch or so, he stopped and flung them down even further. With his left hand on my middle back (outside of my dress) and the other on my panties, I really couldn't move. He slid them half way down my thigh, then gravity pulled them down to my knees where stopped temporarily.  My ass was now halfway exposed as my leaning in his lap gave my dress a rise up.  With his left arm, he slowly lifted my dress even higher and at the same time pulled me into his lap. Now I was pretty much standing up but leaning into him, kissing him, with my panties, which had now slid completely to my ankles, despite my attempts to slow its decent by spreading me legs, and my dress  
halfway up my back, totally exposing my whole butt to whoever. He slid his hand  
down cupping one check and the other inside my dress in the back. He quickly  
ran his hand around the front of my dress and lifted my bra off my boobs and  
replaced it with his hand. He rubbed my already aroused nipples softly.   
Everything was just great. I was getting a thrill of showing my ass to anyone  
who bothered to look.  
  
I was having a good time. He released my boobs and put both hands on my bare  
ass and pulled me close to him. I started to kneel with one knee on each side  
of him, but was restrained from my panties that were still around my ankles. At  
this point I didn't even care. I stepped out of them with one foot so I could  
kneel easier. His penis was now fully erect and my bare pussy was pressed  
pretty close to him as I was facing him and he was facing the screen. He  
reached down to his penis with one hand and tried to manage to move it into  
alignment with my pussy. I could feel what he was trying to do, but totally  
drew the line. I told him "Chris, I'm not ready for that. I just met you.   
This is our first date." Chris said ok and backed off a bit but returned his  
hands to my boobs and butt. This was the first little bit of control I had over  
him because he stopped. I took note of that. I continued making out with him  
and was allowing more and more of my body to be exposed. It didn't really occur  
to me how much I was exposed till he quit kissing me and move his head down to  
take my nipple in his mouth. That's when I realized that in my moment of  
ecstasy, he had managed to slide my dress far enough up that the front of it was  
bunched up above my boobs. That's when I started to panic a bit. I glanced  
around a bit. No one was watching except for the couple at the end who would  
occasionally look at us but were mostly busy with there own fun. Chris was  
still licking my nipples and trying to move my dress up further. It really  
didn't bother me b/c most of my skin was covered by the seat in front of us.   
Even so, I again drew the line when my entire dress got bobbled up around my  
high back, roughly around the area my bra hooked at. Chris grabbed my hand  
again and placed it back on his penis. It was now throbbing a bit and rock  
hard. After only a couple of strokes, he grabbed my hand and said, "blow me,"  
in the sweetest and most gentle way one can. Of coarse, me not knowing anything  
about doing that, I tried to change the subject by sliding my boobs up to his  
face, then down his face and then kissing him. I thought I had succeeded when  
he kissed me back and grabbed my ass again.   
  
Then I felt him move his hands up my back to my neck. He then slowly started  
pushing down on me. I, trying to delay the inevitable, slid down as slowly as I  
could kissing his neck and stuff. He kept a steady force on my head and  
shoulders as I moved toward his crotch. I was now on the floor of a movie  
theater, with my panties around only one ankle, my dress pulled up so high my  
boobs were showing, and now was eye to eye with my first real penis. I really  
had no clue of what to do. I gathered up my nerve and reached out to grab it.   
I leaned forward and kissed it a little not knowing what to do. I felt his  
hands kind of directing me so I just closed my eyes and followed. I felt it at  
my mouth so I opened up and took it in me. It didn't really taste bad, didn't  
really taste like anything, but I was frozen of what to do. I was starting my  
first blowjob. Well I decided I had better start "blowing" so I did, literally.   
I blew as hard as I could. He jumped and I knew I had done something wrong. He  
smiled and said, "No, honey, you don't actually blow it, you suck it." Suck it,  
but it is called a blowjob. Oh well, I was so embarrassed that I just gobbled  
it up and started sucking like there was no tomorrow, just like a blow pop. I  
was bouncing my head up and down sucking for all I could when it went to far  
down my throat and gagged me. I quickly pulled off of it and gasped for air  
when I felt an oozing felling on my face. He cam all over the side of my face.   
I looked up at him and he had his eyes tightly closed as he delivered his load  
onto me (now it wasn't the amount that you see in pictures or on pornos, thank  
goodness). When he finally looked up, he saw what a mess I was, and how shocked  
and scared I was. He just smiled his smile and said "clean me up." He forced  
my mouth back onto his penis where I first tasted cum. It was absolutely  
disgusting. I hated it and started to gag again but kept my mouth on it. When  
he let go of my head, I quickly spit out the cum onto the floor. He looked down  
at me and said "thanks, but you're a mess." Kind of chuckling as he spoke. He  
reached his arm out I thought to give me a hand when he zipped up his fly. I  
just sat there on the floor of the theater, pretty much naked, and now covered  
in cum.   
  
He looked up at the screen and said, "here come my favorite part!" I couldn't  
believe what was going on. I just sucked on his penis and he didn't even help  
me up. I slid up and into my seat while pulling down my dress. I reached into  
my purse and grabbed some tissue and whipped my face off. He just watched the  
movie. As I reached over to put my panties back on and pull them up, he stopped  
me saying, "no, leave them off." I glance a dirty look at him and started to  
slid them up my legs. He stopped me about calf high and gave me a quick peck on  
the lips and said, "they're all wet, you don't want to catch a cold do you?   
Here allow me." And with that he reached down and removed my panties. I don't  
know why I allowed him to; he had just treated me like dirt. He took them and  
placed them in his pocket saying he would hold them for me.   
  
The movie was over and we left the theater. As we started to walk out I felt  
him put his arm around me, which made me feel better some how. He quickly  
grabbed at dress to pull it up again, but I managed to pull away. He said, "you  
are so gorgeous. Your body is one of the best I have ever seen. I can't take  
it. Your ass, man, I love the way it looks." I just blushed, falling for his  
charms yet, again. As we left the theater and started walking to his truck,  
which was a little ways away, he grabbed my hands and kind of hugged me  
backwards. He was behind me and his arms were rapped around my front. He gave  
me a big kiss on the neck and then check. He said, "you are so beautiful. Just  
give me one more shot of that cute little butt?" I danced away smiling and  
lifted the back of my dress just a little for him. He escorted me to the truck  
and after helping me up into the cab by lifting me up from under my dress so he  
could get a nice long view of me naked bottom half. Since it was late and  
almost at my curfew, he drove me to my house. On the way home, he sang to the  
radio love songs as he would rub my thigh, and occasionally lean over for a  
kiss.  
  
When we reached my driveway, he turned out his lights and turned in and stopped.   
We have a long drive so we were still far enough away from my house. He looked  
over with his little smile and said, "Baby, we need to do this again. That was  
soo much fun." I had thought that too, then had not had fun, but now was  
actually having fun again. I was so confused, I had no idea of it was a good  
time or not. I just agreed with him, saying it was fun. I asked him for my  
panties back, and he pulled them out of his pocked and started to hand them to  
me when he stopped and asked what I was going to give him. I realized this was  
his game that he like to play so instead of playing the scared little girl part,  
I looked at him and said, "what do you want?" He leaned in and kissed me hard  
and his hands were all over me again. He kind of pinned me to the side of the  
truck kissing and fondling me, and not wasting any time. He reached down and  
pulled my dress all the way up to my boobs. He reached around my back and  
unsnapped my bra. He now had clear access to my entire naked body, but he  
didn't stop there. He pulled my dress and bra over my head, which locked my  
arms from moving.   
  
Here I was a 16 yr. old sophomore, with the most gorgeous senior guy in school,  
on my first real date, of which I had had my first orgasm, and given my first  
blow job, and now totally exposed in his truck, while he pawed at my body. He  
ran his hands all over my body and I felt him pull up as he reached over. I  
didn't know what he was doing but couldn't really do anything any way. He  
pulled off of mean then snap; he took a picture of me naked. I started to yell  
but I couldn't move. He snapped one more and I started to cry. He asked dumbly  
what I was crying about. I told him he was being mean and taking pictures of  
me. He said he was joking and the camera didn't even have film in it. I felt a  
little better having heard that, but still was upset. He started to yell at me  
saying, "You were coming on all strong. I was just playing along with your  
little game. Jeeze, maybe we shouldn't see each other again. I don't think I  
can play along with your games." I was stunned! My games? I was trying to  
play along with his game. Never the less, I started apologizing. "Oh Chris,  
I'm sorry. Don't break up with me, please. I wont play anymore games with you,  
honest." He smiled and said fine, but I would have to make it up to him later.   
I was confused. I asked him to help me up, but even he couldn't get me loose.   
I guess my dress and bra had somehow gotten tangled with the seat belt. I was  
stuck, naked. Chris laughed and I panicked. He said "No problem, we'll just  
have to cut you out of the dress." I was not going to let that happen. I still  
had to go inside the house where my parents would surely be waiting up for me.   
I started crying again and he laughed as he reached down and kissed me, still  
fondling my body. He got out of the truck and walked around to my door. He  
opened it up and tried to free my dress but couldn't. He did manage to free my  
arms though. He then tried to untangle my clothes, successfully. I was now  
totally naked and Chris with my clothes in his hand. He held them just out of  
my reach from the door.   
  
He dangled them in front of me and said, "come on. Come and get them. I  
glanced at my house then darted out of the truck naked, he was playing keep away  
and I was really getting mad. He made a dash for the road and placed the dress  
and bra right in the middle. He came back toward me laughing at my predicament.   
"Go get 'em." I cried and shake my head no. "I know you like being naked in a  
public place. You get off on it. Now quite you're whining and go get your  
clothes." I responded pissingly, "what makes you so sure? I'm not that kind of  
girl." He reached down to my felt pussy, which was indeed wet. I was turned  
on. He inserted one finger quickly then removed it placing it on my mouth. "I  
knew it," was all he said as he pointed. I ran into the road and grabbed my  
stuff, but he stopped me from leaving the road. I tried to get a way from him  
but I couldn't. "Since you like to play games, how about one of mine." He  
reached down and pulled out his penis right in the middle of the road. He  
smiled and pushed me down in the middle of the road till I was centered with his  
penis. I knew what he wanted but was really worried that someone might drive by  
see me in my state of undress giving a blowjob. I was even more afraid that my  
parents might come out and catch me. But I was still getting really turned on  
by my predicament. It was a thrill to see if I would get caught, so I sucked  
him. After just a few minutes, he started to cum again. This time he shot right  
in my mouth. The taste was so nasty (I don't think I'll ever get used to the  
taste). He told me to swollow it all. I did my best as he forced my head up  
and down on his member. After he had finished, he helped me to my feet and  
walked me slowly to the truck. I quickly dressed and he drove me up the  
driveway to my house. He opened my door and escorted me to my front door. On  
the porch, I reached up for a kiss and he backed away. "It is just weird having  
to taste my cum in your mouth," and he kissed me on my cheek. Well it did make  
since, although I didn't see what the difference was, compared to me being force  
to suck his fingers after they were in me. I turned to open the door and he  
stopped me just before I opened it. He hiked my dress back up to my boobs and  
kissed each nipple. It was thrilling. I could here the TV on in the living  
room just inside the door. He smiled and said, "had to say goodnight to the  
twins," and walked to his truck. Just as I was about to shut the front door, I  
heard him call my name. "Hey Shannon, you better take these," as he held my  
light blue cotton panties on one finger. I dashed out the door and grabbed  
them. He smiled, gave me one more kiss, then turned and left. I stashed them  
in my purse and went inside.  
  
  
  
Shannon's Chance  
Chapter 3  
  
I am a petite girl, 5'6 weighing around 122 with small perky boobs (32 b). An  
experience that happened in my sophomore year of high school uncovered my hidden passion for exhibitionism. As a young and quite unpopular girl, I was never part of the crowd. I couldn't ever get my foot in the door to the most popular click  
where my dream and crush, Chris, was associated with. To make a long story  
short, after being invited to a small party with the cool kids, and after  
several beers and a couple of shots to Tequila, Chris and I hooked up, really my  
first experience with guys. After a while of heavy groping by Chris, who had  
managed to remove my shirt, unhook my bra and was fingering me, I looked up to  
notice several of his friends were watching us. Chris played it off and to show  
off to his friends just how cool he was, forced to show my body off to the group  
of the elite popular kids. By the end of the night though, we all ended up in  
various states of undress in the pool.  
  
That week I became a popular girl, and even had a date with Chris on Friday. It  
turned out to be a lot of first for that night.  
  
Saturday evening, to my surprise, Chris called me. I was so excited because I  
had a feeling that I wouldn't hear from him again. He chatted to me for hours  
about the night before and school and stuff. He asked if I could see him that  
night, but unfortunately I wasn't allowed out because I hadn't cleaned my room  
on Friday as I was told to do. I apologized and he said he understood.  
  
After talking with him for a while, I heard him ask what I was wearing. I  
didn't think anything of it at the time because I thought he was talking to  
someone else on the other end. He asked me again, and I told him. I was  
wearing my "I (heart) New York" T-shirt I had gotten on my choir trip. It was  
quite large so I usually just wore that with my underwear, as I told him. He  
asked, "if I liked giving him blowjobs." I lied saying I did. He next asked if  
I liked being naked in place where others might be able to catch me. This I  
didn't have to lie about, but I did saying No. He admitted that he enjoyed  
having me naked in front of him in public places and having me perform erotic  
acts on him. I blushed thinking of what I had done the night before. I started  
getting hot, real hot as I thought more and more about it. I think he knew  
because he said he could smell me over the phone. He said, "well, since I can't  
touch you, use your hand and make believe they're mine." I did. I slid my  
hands up and down my body, over my clothes. He was talking dirty to me, real  
dirty as I continued tracing every fold of my body. I even started sliding my  
hands under my clothes. After a few minutes, my panties pretty moist and my  
nipples at attention, he asked how I was doing. I responded simply, "fine", as  
I was getting out of breath. He told me to remove my panties. I didn't have a  
problem with that considering I was alone in my room. I kicked them off and  
lied back on the bed. I pulled shirt up high enough to expose my boobs. I  
jacked my pillows up so the phone would sit even with my ear and my hands would  
be free. With one hand I was rubbing my clit and fingering myself, and with the  
other, fondling my boobs. I started to buck my hips in motion with my hand, as  
I listen to his voice of what he wanted to do to me. I was building towards a  
total orgasm when I heard a knock at my door. I jumped up and threw the phone  
under my pillow and ran to the door.   
  
I answered the door, forgetting that I didn't have my panties on and my shirt,  
although being long, barely covered my butt. "Oh, Hi Dad. What's up?" I said  
as calmly as possible. The smell of my sex was strong; I hoped he wouldn't be  
able to smell it. "Oh, nothing dear, just wanted to check on my little girl.   
Are you on still on the phone?" I answered him, "Oh yeah. Just talking to a  
friend. Do you need it or something?" "Well actually, honey, yes I do." My  
pussy was leaking down my legs and I hoped he wouldn't notice. I turned to get  
the phone. I reached over on the bed and grabbed it, speaking into it softly "I  
have to go. I'll call you back." Chris answered "Nah, I have to meet the guys.   
Have pleasant dreams of me."   
  
Just then I realized that my dad was still in the doorway and my shirt was  
pulled tightly halfway up my ass. I quickly hung up the phone and turned around  
blushing. Dad just looked at me and said, "I think you and your mother should  
have a talk sometime about proper dress." I was so embarrassed. I tried to  
explain that I was on my way to the shower when the phone rang, but he just  
shook his head No and grabbed the phone and left. I shut my door and laid back  
on the bed and continued masturbating.  
  
The next day, I awoke to my mother banging on my door. I had overslept for my  
chores. I guess I was exhausted from so much masturbation that night. She opened the door and yelled at me. I quickly started to jump out of bed, when I  
remembered that I had my taken my shirt off last night in the heat of the  
moment. She noticed and approached the bed. She grabbed my covers and pulled  
them off the bed. I was embarrassed but also kind of thrilled. There was still  
a damp spot where I had been masturbating the night before under my butt. She  
gasped and said, "Well, it looks like we need to have a little talk, don't we?   
Get a shower and come down stairs, preferably dressed." I just shriveled at  
that thought of what she said.  
  
I grabbed my towel off the hook on my closet door and wrapped up as I left my  
room heading toward the bathroom. I opened the door and walked in. When I was  
inside I started to lock the door, but something stopped me. I instinctively  
dropped my towel in the open doorway. I just stood there, getting a real  
thrill. I started getting real hot and my juices started to bead up on my  
pussy. "What was the matter with me? Last week I was a nobody, having very  
little knowledge of sex at all, and now I'm suddenly popular, dating the hottest  
guy at school. I am now standing in an open doorway in my bathroom naked." I  
walked naked to my room, using the excuse I was going to get something to read  
in the bath, I though to myself. When I returned, I forced myself to shut the  
door, but couldn't manage to lock the door. I walked to the shower and drew my  
bath. I put a little soap in it to make it bubbly. I slid into the bath of hot  
water and started to relax. I was still hot from my exhibitionistic scene. I  
started to tingle all over. I couldn't resist; I had to masturbate. I allowed  
my hands to run over my entire body. I started to finger myself slowly. I got  
a great idea. I slid down in the tub as far as I could and spread my legs. I  
allowed the water to stimulate me. I loved the feeling it created. I continued  
to masturbate and fondle myself. I experience the most intense orgasm yet.  
  
As I returned to my body, I started to stand up when I noticed the door was open  
and my parents were watching me. I flipped onto my side, trying to hide my body  
with the tub. I started to yell, "What the hell are you guys doing? Can't I  
get any fucking privacy in this house?" I couldn't believe I said what I said.   
My mother took a few steps forward and slapped me hard against my face. "Don't  
you dare talk to us that way. You are the one that's siting in the tub with a  
unlocked door, playing with yourself." I gasped, how much could they have seen?   
I just grabbed for my towel and covered myself and stood up. My dad left the  
room and my mom grabbed me by my are and practically threw me into my room.  
  
My towel had fallen to the floor as she shoved me. I was naked on my bed, with  
my door open and my mom scolding me. I should have been upset, but I was  
getting turned on again. I don't know what my mother was yelling at me about.  
All I could think of was my current state of nudeness. My mother reached out  
and slapped me again, as I was not paying attention to her. "You listen to me.   
You are not to curse in this house young lady. Now, as for your recent acts of  
vulgar display. I don't know what to say. I guess its only natural that you  
are experimenting with your body. I really don't know what to say. Are you  
having sex?" I still was having trouble concentrating but I heard the question.  
I yelled "No!" I guess my mother was ok with my response cause she got up and  
left the room shutting the door behind her. She immediately reopened the door  
saying, "While you are in this house, you are to have clothes on at all times.   
If you decided to pleasure yourself in this house, lock the door!" I just lay  
there and didn't say a word. After she left I got dressed and went down stairs.   
My dad couldn't even look at me, and my mother didn't speak to me. They just  
pretended to not see me.  
  
Things went on like this for the next few months, me masturbating as much as  
possible while in the kitchen, living room, and even in my parents room just  
waiting to get caught what a thrill.  
  
\*\*\*\*\*\*\*\*\*\*\*  
  
Chris and I continued to see a lot of each other, me more than him though. He  
continued pushing my buttons and forcing me to get naked in public places.   
Turns out, his favorite thing to do was driving around town while he would  
fondle me or I would give him blowjobs. He really was pushing the buttons for  
me to have sex, but I wouldn't budge. I just wasn't ready to have sex. I was  
content on masturbating and being masturbated. Chris was getting desperate  
though. I kept him satisfied the best I could. I would sometime when the coast  
was clear, walk out of my house totally naked, carrying my clothes in my hands.  
He always enjoyed that. Sometimes I wouldn't even say a word or kiss him, just  
lean over and blow him. Thing were going on pretty much the same way for the  
next couple of months. In fact, I was starting to get board. It just got too  
routine for me.  
  
  
  
Shannon's Chance  
Chapter 4  
  
I am a petite girl, 5'6 weighing around 122 with small perky boobs (32 b). An  
experience that happened in my sophomore year of high school uncovered my hidden passion for exhibitionism. As a young and quite unpopular girl, I was never part of the crowd. I couldn't ever get my foot in the door to the most popular click  
where my dream and crush, Chris, was associated with. To make a long story  
short, after being invited to a small party with the cool kids, and after  
several beers and a couple of shots to Tequila, Chris and I hooked up, really my  
first experience with guys. After a while of heavy groping by Chris, who had  
managed to remove my shirt, unhook my bra and was fingering me, I looked up to  
notice several of his friends were watching us. Chris played it off and to show  
off to his friends just how cool he was, forced to show my body off to the group  
of the elite popular kids. By the end of the night though, we all ended up in  
various states of undress in the pool.  
  
That week I became a popular girl, and even had a date with Chris on Friday. It  
turned out to be a lot of first for that night.  
  
Things stayed pretty much the same. I started to get more daring and ended up  
getting caught by my parents. After a while though, I started getting really  
board with the usual exhibition stuff.  
  
  
Things started to pick up again. I would go to the football games to watch  
Chris play. He would always glance at me and smile. I was in the popular click  
now and was having fun with it. When no one was looking, I would lift my skirt  
up for him to see. He said that always gave him good luck. Most of my new  
popular girlfriends were on the cheerleading squad. So mostly I stood at the  
fence close to them. I felt regret that I hadn't ever tried out for it. I  
could never go to the away games because after getting caught masturbating, mom  
and dad forbade me from driving my car. I wasn't allowed to go out of town with  
friends at all. My parents didn't have too much trust in me any more.  
  
It was during the 4th to last game that my luck would change. On a botched  
play, our running back got pushed hard out of bounds and into the cheerleaders.   
Kelly was on Renee's shoulders at the time and he ran right into them. Kelly  
suffered a broken leg, fractured in 3 places, and Renee had a broken wrist and  
hit her head. She was actually unconscious for 3 day. I guess that is  
considered a coma. Anyway, that next week at school, the squad called for  
immediate tryouts. Anyone was welcome to tryout and Jen made me promise I would give it a shot.   
  
I went to the gym the next day for the tryouts. There was only 4 other girls  
trying out. The judges were Jen, and her co-captain Macon, Ms.Valerie, who was  
the (a teacher) sponsor, and Danny, who wasn't really a judge, just was helping  
out on who he thought was good enough. Danny was one of the cool guys but he  
wasn't an elite. He didn't play sports but help out the teams where he could.   
He was in charge of making all the arrangements as far as alteration and  
replacements of uniforms, since his dad was in the business. I knew him, but  
not well. I went into the bathroom to change out of my school clothes. By this  
point, I usually didn't wear panties at all. Today was no different. I walked  
into the bathroom and stripped naked before even attempting to change. I  
reached down to grab my sports bra when the door opened. Ms. Valerie, a very  
beautiful mid-20's brunette walked in. I hide behind my sports bra as she  
walked in. "Oh, sorry, didn't realize you would be changing in the middle of  
the bathroom," she said with a giggle. I smiled back and said, "well those  
stalls are a bit cramped to change in." She responded by saying "yeah, you're  
right, but usually in a public place, girls usually change more discretely,  
changing one article of clothing at a time. My squad must always act  
dignified." I apologized, but she said, "Oh your not on the squad yet. I  
wouldn't care if you auditioned naked." I blushed, thinking how much I would  
love that. I began to dress again but I noticed her glancing at my body. "You  
know, you have a really nice body there." I thanked her for the compliment and  
reached into my bag for my gym shorts. I had brought panties, but I decided to  
just not wear them. When I pulled my shorts from the bag, the panties fell out.   
I picked them up and placed them on the counter while I started putting my  
shorts on. She glance over and grabbed the panties and dangled them in front of  
me saying, "aren't you forgetting these?" I told her "No, the are really  
uncomfortable, especially when I move around a lot. Is that ok?" She agreed  
they do get uncomfortable. "I quit wearing underwear in college. It was sort  
of a sorority thing." When I heard that, I started to wonder how she looked.   
She was wearing a tennis-type skirt. I decided I had to see her. I don't know  
what it was; I just really wanted to see her body. I quickly reached down and  
got my tennis shoes out of my bag and bent down to tie them. I made and effort  
to move as close to her legs as possible. I lowered my head but tried look up  
her skirt. She must have noticed it because she moved a little closer to me. I  
tried not to look obvious. She then bent over to the other side, away from me,  
to pick up a piece of trash, giving me a perfect view of her butt and pussy.   
She froze for a second for me. When she turned around she smiled and said,  
"Well good luck. I think you are the right girl for our team though. Just  
remember, always smile."  
  
I went out to the gym floor and the judges had a seat. We drew numbers to see  
who would go first. I ended up the last one to go. Jen and Macon got up and  
demonstrated a few moves for us to try. They didn't know that Jen had been  
working with me the last few days. The first girl went and she couldn't do  
anything right. She couldn't even do a cartwheel or a split. She left the gym.   
The next girl, Bridget, was a cute little blonde. She was tall and skinny with  
pretty nice boobs. She nailed the routine. It turns out, she had just moved  
here that semester when her parents got divorced. She was very beautiful. She  
told the judges that she had cheered at her last school. It was obvious that she  
would make the team. Luckily, the next girl, Shelly, also did a terrible job.   
All I had to do was be better than her and I was on the team. I wasn't worried.   
I did a good job, but got mixed up on a step. I think my key move though was my  
standing split. The way my shorts fit, I knew my pussy was being exposed a  
little.  
  
The judges talked it over and chose Bridget and me. "Practice tomorrow after  
school." Jen came over and hugged me. She was more excited than I was. They  
gave us our uniforms and we were told to change into them to since there was  
only two days till the next the next football game. Bridget and I walked into  
the bathroom to change. She was so excited to have made the team. She really  
hadn't met anybody since she moved. Then she said something that caught my  
attention. She said, "I just hope they don't make us do any stupid initiation."   
I was stunned. I hadn't heard of anything like that before. Remember, I was  
still relatively new to this whole sexually exploration thing. "At my last  
school, whenever someone new made the team, after the first game, we would have to pull their bloomers down to their ankle and make them walk around of the  
entire edge of the "in-zone," to signify their being in the squad. The trick  
was they had to carry a marshmallow in their butt the entire time. If it  
dropped out, we were made to eat it and start over. It was really  
embarrassing." My jaw about dropped to the floor. I couldn't believe what I  
had gotten into, but I liked the simple thrill of the idea. Bridget, while  
telling her tale, was stripping. She was already down to her bra and panties.   
I was amazed by the story and was kind of daydreaming when she said, "Aren't you  
going to change too?" I jumped up and stripped out of my clothes. I stripped  
off my shorts and began to put on the short skirt. I then started to put the  
top of the outfit on when she stopped me. "Honey, trust me, you don't want to  
wear a sports bra in a cheering outfit." She grabbed the bottom of my sports  
bra and raised it. I instinctively raised my arms as she slid it up and off of  
me. It was thrilling. "Nice," she said pointing to my boobs. I thanked her.   
I reached into my bag and put on my regular bra I wore to school that day. She  
must have noticed that I hadn't worn any panties because she asked if I planned  
to go out to get my uniform fixed up to be altered without them on. I  
turned around to search my bag for my panties. She laughed saying, "Don't point  
that thing at me," and slapped my bare ass. I laughed and squatted. I still  
couldn't find my panties. I dumped my bag out and still couldn't find them.  
  
I told Bridget I couldn't find them and that I think Ms. Valerie took them. She  
looked confused but didn't ask any questions. "Well, just put your shorts back  
on." I did and we walked out. Ms. Valerie had already left to go to the office  
to approve our grade were up to speed. Jen and Macon came up and started  
talking to Bridget about her experiences in her other school.  
  
My uniform was a little big on me. Danny called me over to the bleachers.   
"Well looks like you are going to need a smaller uniform." After looking around  
in the box of uniforms he said, "Well I think you are going to have to make due  
with this one. All the other ones are too big. Stand up here. I'll have to try  
to get this hemmed up." As I stood on the bottom bleacher, he noticed my  
shorts, which had been covered by the skirt. "Where are your bloomer?" "I  
don't have any yet. I just made the team you know." "Well why didn't you wear  
regular underwear?" I responded, "I couldn't find them." "Well lets get  
started then." He raised my top up a little to show off my belly and pinned the  
underarms of it to make it stay. "I don't know if this is going to work, but  
we'll see how it turns out." He turned me around and started with my skirt. He  
grabbed the top on my skirt and started folding the waistband down till the  
skirt was at the appropriate height. It didn't look right though. "Why don't  
you take those shorts off, otherwise your skirt may end up lop-sided." I  
glanced down at him and smiled. "Whatever you think you're the boss," and I  
crossed my arms. He smiled and reached up and pulled my shorts down and I  
stepped out of them. He pulled my skirt a little, looking at my ass and pussy.   
He made his arrangement with pins and then remarked, "You know you probably are going to have to shave." Shave what was he talking about? I always kept my legs smooth, shaving to mid-thigh. "No, not your legs; your, you-know, bush."   
"What! I don't think so. I'm not that weird." "All the cheerleaders do it,  
ask Jen." I just shrugged my shoulders. When he was finished he asked if I  
wanted him to put my shorts back on. I just smiled and said I could take care  
of that myself. I bent down and started to put then on, making sure my ass was  
right in his face. He reached out and grabbed my ass. I turned slapping his  
hand away. "You know I am dating Chris." "Yeah, I've heard alright?" I asked  
him what he meant by that and he just smiled.  
  
I changed and left for home, thinking about the whole Chris thing. I told my  
parents that I had made the team, but they didn't really seem to care.  
  
  
  
Shannon's Chance  
Chapter 5  
  
I am a petite girl, 5'6 weighing around 122 with small perky boobs (32 b). An  
experience that happened in my sophomore year of high school uncovered my hidden passion for exhibitionism. As a young and quite unpopular girl, I was never part of the crowd. I couldn't ever get my foot in the door to the most popular click  
where my dream and crush, Chris, was associated with. To make a long story  
short, after being invited to a small party with the cool kids, and after  
several beers and a couple of shots to Tequila, Chris and I hooked up, really my  
first experience with guys. After a while of heavy groping by Chris, who had  
managed to remove my shirt, unhook my bra and was fingering me, I looked up to  
notice several of his friends were watching us. Chris played it off and to show  
off to his friends just how cool he was, forced to show my body off to the group  
of the elite popular kids. By the end of the night though, we all ended up in  
various states of undress in the pool.  
  
That week I became a popular girl, and even had a date with Chris on Friday. It  
turned out to be a lot of first for that night.  
  
Things stayed pretty much the same. I started to get more daring and ended up  
getting caught by my parents. After a while though, I started getting really  
board with the usual exhibition stuff.  
  
After a freak accident during a game, two cheerleaders were hurt and wouldn't be  
able to cheer for the rest of the year. Me and a new girl named Bridget made  
the team in their absence.  
  
  
I tried to ask Chris about what Danny had meant when he heard about Chris and  
me. Chris just shrugged if off as just little rumors and I believed him.  
  
Friday came and my first game as a cheerleader. I was so excited, but I hadn't  
got my uniform from Danny, yet. He wasn't in school that day so I really  
started getting worried. When school got out I rushed home to call him. To my  
surprise he was on my porch with my uniform in hand. "Hey, here's your uniform,  
Madame." I thanked him and invited him inside, since my parents were both  
working. I ran upstairs to my room and he followed me. I showed him to my room  
where he started looking around. He suggested that I try on the uniform, just  
in case it needs a little last minute altering. I agreed and walked to the  
bathroom to change. We were talking so I left the door cracked just a bit,  
hoping he might be able to catch a glance of me in the mirror. I stripped  
totally naked as I was becoming accustomed to doing every time. Just then he  
pushed the door open. "I thought you might want these on," he said holding a  
pair of bloomers. "Danny," I screamed, trying to cover up and push the door  
closed. (A girl can't seem too forward) He held the door open and said, "you  
know you like people to watch you. Besides, I already saw most of you the other  
day. Everything except," he took a step closer and grabbed my arms spreading  
them, "your tits. Lovely." I said, "oh stop it," and attempted to pull away.   
He held my arms tight and said, "you're too beautiful," and reached out and  
started fondling my boobs. I let him for a minute, then turned away from him to  
start trying on my uniform. I put the top on first. I was naked from the waist  
down. He adjusted the top for me and said he thought it would work ok. I  
started to bend down again, and he stopped me and pulled the top off me. I let  
him do it smiling, and said, "you're bad. You just like to see me naked."   
"You're right," he smiled. I reached down and started pulling on my new skirt.   
It was a perfect fit. Danny reached out and gave me the bloomers, "Don't forget  
these." I reached up and took them and put them on. When they were on, Danny  
exclaimed, "better make sure your seems here hold ok. Why don't you jump up and  
down to test it out." I started to crack up. I did it though. He bent down  
and pulled me over his shoulder. "Danny, put me down," I told him, but he kept  
walking till he reached my bed. "Here, now jump up and down." I did as I was  
told. He told me to stop and I did and he said, "you didn't shave or at least  
trim yourself did you?" He was right, I forgot to do it. "Wait here for a  
sec."   
  
When he returned he had a small bowl of water, shaving cream, a towel and a  
razor. I shook my head no as he approached me. He reasoned with me that I  
didn't have enough time to do it for the first time by myself. I really didn't  
want to let him do it but he had a good point. He reached up to grab me as I  
was still standing on bed. He laid me down on the bed like a little baby about  
to get my diapers changed. He reached up to my face and touched my check, then  
slid his hand down my chest, stopping to fondle my boobs. He pulled my skirt up  
and removed my bloomers, revealing my pussy. "No funny business now. And leave  
some hair. Just trim the sides." He pulled the washcloth out of the warm bowl  
of water and dripped it on me. He let it sit over my pubic hairs. It felt  
wonderful, and exciting. I heard him say "Roll over. Your skirt is getting  
wet." I was in ecstasy so I just rolled over. He unsnapped the button and  
unzipped the skirt pulling if off me. "Chris was right, you do have a nice ass.   
Couldn't tell from the picture." "What," I yelled as I jumped up. "What  
picture?" "The one of you in his truck with arms above your head. I thought  
you knew about that." I couldn't believe it. The bastard told me there was no  
film in the camera, that it was all part of the game. He lied to me.  
  
Danny pushed me back down and raised my knees up. He used the shaving cream and lathered me up. He was very careful in shaving me. I was on fire in more ways  
then one. I was so mad he had lied and showed the picture around, and I was on  
fire, physically, as Danny expertly shaved me. He followed my direct to the  
tea, leaving a little hair on my pussy. When I thought he was done, I began to  
get up, but he pushed me back down and pushed my knees to my chest. "Not quite  
done yet. Need to get below your pussy and ass." Whatever, I really didn't  
care. It was feeling so good. As he continued to shave me, he tried to calm me  
down about the picture, saying he had only seen it because Chris had given him a  
ride one-day, but he was sure others had seen it. He also started asking, "So  
what do you think they are going to make you do for your initiation?" I had  
forgotten all about that. I was getting excited now and forgot about Chris for  
a moment. I was getting really turned on. Danny noticed because as he finished  
shaving and wiping down, he reached up and touched my clit, which was erect. I  
moaned and thrust my hips toward him, unintentionally.  
  
"Oh, you like that, huh? Want some more?" I couldn't resist. "Yes," I said. He  
responded and looked down at pussy. He smiled as he glanced at me, then slipped  
his fingers into me. This wasn't what I wanted. I wanted direct stimulation on  
my clit. But, then I felt him lick my clit. I went nuts. In all the times  
Chris had fingered me and had me naked, he never ate my pussy. This was the  
first time I had even experienced this at all. I never even heard of it before.   
But the feeling was amazing so I just laid there, getting closer and closer to  
cumming. His tongue was flicking my clit and his fingers were darting in and  
out of me. I was on the verge of cumming when he withdrew his fingers from my  
pussy and pushed one into my ass. I had never put anything into my butt before.   
My parents never even took the temperature from there. The feeling made me cum  
so hard I nearly lost conscienceless. He moved up onto the bed next to me and  
started kissing me softly on my neck while rubbing my stomach, chest and boobs.   
I looked over at him and he leaned in for the kiss. He kissed so much better  
than Chris did, and Chris usually never took the time to caress me. I rolled on  
top of Danny and moved down his body to his jeans. I unzipped him and pulled  
out his penis. It was roughly the same size as Chris' was. I took it in my  
mouth and started sucking him. After a few minutes, I happened to glance up at  
the clock. "Shit, I'm late," I said as I jumped up, leaving his penis at full  
attention. "Can you drop me off at school, please?" "Well yeah sure but I'm  
kinda in a delicate state right now." "I'm sorry, really but I gotta go. I'm  
late for the meeting with the squad and it's my first one. I'll make it up to  
you, anything you want" I was grabbing all my stuff as I spoke.   
  
"Here," I said as I threw him some of my stuff, "Take theses out to the car. He  
walked downstairs to his car as I threw on my socks and shoes. I raced into the  
bathroom and grabbed my bra and cheer top. I must have given Danny the bloomers and skirt. I fixed my hair quickly and ran down stairs and jumped into his car.  "You're not wearing your clothes." "I know, you had them." "I put them in the  
trunk, with the rest of your stuff. Hold on I'll grab them," he said. "No,  
I'll grab it latter, just drive."  
  
He flew to school. I had finished my makeup and had my bra and top on. As he  
parked, I jumped out and ran to the trunk. "Wait you're still naked," he said  
as I darted from the car. I couldn't open the trunk without the key. I'm  
standing in the parking lot with my top on which barely touched my belly button  
and nothing else except my socks and shoes. He jumped out and opened it and I  
threw my skirt on. I said thanks and gave him a quick kiss on the lips and ran  
off toward the field house holding my skirt together (I hadn't zipped it yet).  
  
  
  
Shannon's Chance  
Chapter Six  
  
As I entered the field house, most of the cheerleaders gave me dirty looks. Jen  
came up to me and zipped up my skirt and whispered, "You're late. The girls are  
really going to get you after the game, not to mention Ms. Valerie." I put my  
bloomers on. I stood up and apologized to the girls. No one except Bridget  
said anything to me.   
  
We walked out in the field and did our little routines. We ended up losing the  
game but Chris did well. He would occasionally glance over at me and smiled. I  
still like him and all. He was still my dream. I smiled back and waved. Danny  
was in the stands right in front of the cheerleaders and he was watching me as I  
waved to Chris. I felt horrible. I really liked Chris and he was the most  
popular and my popularity was owed to him, but Danny was so sweet. He wasn't  
bad looking either. I didn't know what to do. I just cheered and didn't think  
about it.  
  
After the game, we were walking back to field house. As I entered the field  
house, some hands grabbed me pulling me in and throwing me against the lockers.   
"Time for initiation little bitches," Macon, the co-captain said. I looked over  
and Bridget who was also forced up against the lockers. Jen walked up and said  
"sorry, but its tradition," and with that ripped my bloomers off. They were  
doing the same to Bridget. "Ladies," Jen said, and the girls all lined up.   
They grabbed us up and carried us to the showers. No one used the showers  
anymore. They probably hadn't been used in 10 yr., and they were disgusting.   
The showers were turned on all cold and we were forced underneath them. Poor  
Bridget slipped and fell to the floor. They helped her back up. Macon, the  
co-captain and quite a cute, very short, and petite redhead, walked up to us and  
turned off the water. We were soaked. The girls were all laughing at us in our  
wet condition.   
  
Jen walked up to us and said, "Ladies, time for the real initiation." The girls  
went into their lockers and produced, rotten eggs and spoiled milk, whatever  
they could find that was really disgusting. One girl had brought mayonnaise  
that she had left siting out in the sun all day. It was brownish and smelled  
horrible. Jen walked up to Bridget and me and said, "This is your real  
initiation. You can't move or tomorrow it will be ten times worse." She then  
told us to take or tops and skirts off, leaving us in just our bras and  
bloomers. Macon grabbed a rotten egg and walked up to me and smashed it on my  
head. The other girls joined in and totally caked us in horrible substances.   
We smelled so horrible and our bodies and hair were just covered in goop. After  
the mayonnaise was thrown at us and chocolate syrup poured and then messaged  
into our hair, we thought it was over. That's when the girls produced a camera  
and snap off several photos of us in all our glory. Jen left the showers  
saying, "save a couple of pictures for me." When she returned, she had a can of  
BBQ beans open. She looked at me telling me again not to move. She turned me  
around and dumped some of the beans into my bloomers. She told the girl with  
camera to get ready to snap the picture. I knew what she was going to do. She  
slapped my ass so hard, and the beans came flying out all over the place,  
snapping a picture as it happened. She turned to Bridget and did the same to  
her.  
  
We looked and smelled like shit. We were totally covered in nasty shit. Macon  
smiled and said that we could get cleaned up, but we couldn't use the warm  
water, just the cold. We didn't care, we were so disgusting. Jen walked back  
in and gave us some soap and shampoo. It took forever to get all the crap out  
of hair. I must have washed my hair 3 or 4 times trying to get it out of my  
hair.   
  
We still had on our bras and bloomer, completely filled with beans. I tried to  
wash my bra out by pulling it forward so the water could flow down inside of it.   
I looked over at Bridg, and she was trying to do the same thing. She reached  
down to her bloomers and pulled them to the side, letting all the beans and  
stuff fall to the floor. It looked so disgusting but I did it too. Bridg moved  
back up to her bra still trying to get the stuff out of it. She finally said to  
me, "Fuck it. I'm sorry but I'm just going to this off." The thought had  
crossed my mind, and I certainly wasn't shy about being naked in front of  
people, but it just seemed a little much for that time. I was glad she had made  
the suggestion. I watched as she slipped out of her bra. She held it to the  
spray and tried to wash it out. "Great, this shit wont come out," as she threw  
it to the ground. She next stepped out of her bloomers. She again held them to  
the spray to wash all the crud off them. She then turned her naked body around  
to wash it off, then her hair one last time. She re-rinsed her bloomers and  
put the back on. During this time, I was following her lead. She started to  
leave the shower as I was pulling my bloomers back on.   
  
Macon and the girls grabbed her and pushed her back into the shower, saying we  
hadn't been dismissed yet; the initiation was over. Great! What else would they  
do to us? She told us to sit down in the showers. Macon then produced a razor  
and said, "spread 'em." Danny had just shaved me not 4 hrs ago, and I was about  
to be shaved again. I started to move but Jen and the other girls pushed me  
back on the floor and held my legs apart. "Wow, nice job," Macon said as she  
examined what was left of my bush, "but it's got to be bald." She pulled the  
razor across pussy 3 times till all the hair was gone. "There all gone. Next,"  
as she moved over to Bridget. To Macon's surprise, Bridget was totally shaved.   
"Well, girls, looks like Bridg is a pro. She's already shave." Never the less,  
the helped us to our feet, and removed the bloomers from our mouths.   
"Congratulation!" The girls all came up and hugged and kissed us, welcoming us  
to the team. Bridget said, "that wasn't so bad." Jen walked over to us with  
towels to let us dry off. She also handed us a new pair of bloomers with the  
words "miners" written across the butt and a couple of "Miners Cheer Squad"  
T-shirt. We pulled them on to see if they fit at Jens request. The bloomers  
were awfully tight. Jen said they would loosen up.  
  
Macon came walking bye at that moment and said, "Yeah, lets loosen them up right  
now." "What? I thought we were part of the team now." Oh you are dear, but  
you were also over 20 minutes late so we are going to punish you. What should we  
do ladies?"   
  
A wide variety of choice came out. They started suggesting stripping me and  
throwing me into the boys locker room. Another option was to make me lick each  
girl's pussy, all just jokes; they would have never done those things. Jen  
stepped up and said, "Bridget, what did your old team do for the initiation?"   
She froze and looked at me. I shrugged my shoulder and smiled and winked at  
her. She looked surprised. I could tell she wouldn't have told them the truth  
had I shook my head no, but given the wink, she told everyone. The girls all  
laughed. Macon grabbed me by my arm, and I played along as if I was fighting to  
avoid the punishment. They escorted me to the endzone, by now totally vacant.   
I stood on the line. The problem was we didn't have a marshmallow. One of the  
girls tossed Macon a couple "fun size" three-musketeer bar. She smiled and said  
it would have to do. She reached under my new T-shirt and pulled my new  
bloomers down to my ankles. She bent me forward slightly and unwrapped the bar.   
She pushed it into my crack. I started to walk but Jen told me to stop. The  
chocolate was already starting to melt and was terribly uncomfortable. "Macon,  
here you are making the new girl humiliate herself over being 20 minutes late,  
and you were 12 minutes late," Jen said. Macon looked horrified. "You always  
treat the new girl like shit. I think its only fair that you do the punishment  
with her." Macon said, "don't be ridiculous. I'm not doing this. I'm the  
captain." "No Macon, you are the co-captain, I am the captain. Girls, do you  
agree that Macon should also share in the excitement?" All the girls responded  
"Yes."  
  
Macon realized it was impossible to try to argue. At that time she was in her  
Cheer top but had on shorts, a common look for the after game cheerleaders as  
they usually went out to get some food. Macon started to walk to the field  
house. Jen grabbed her arm, "Where do you think you are going?" "Alright, I'll  
do the damn punishment. I'm not a baby." "Well good but just go as you are.   
Drop your shorts." "See Shannon's got real miner spirit, she's not complaining.  
And you are over here crying." Macon answered, "Fine whatever, I don't care,  
let's just get it over with." Macon dropped her shorts and thong panties, "And  
I have the most miner spirit." Jen told Macon to bend over which she did. Jen  
pushed the other chocolate bar in her crack. "Well why don't you prove it. The  
last one back has to eat the other's bar. Macon said, "you're on". I didn't  
even agree to the terms but Jen said, "go". We took off walking as fast as we  
could walk with our underwear down around our ankles, while trying to keep the  
bar from falling out. As we approached the finish line we were really close to  
each other. She crossed it first and I lost the bet. She cheered loudly.   
"Come on a pucker up, baby" she said to me. I pulled the bar from my ass and  
looked at it. It was now just a black marshmallow. Jen asked Macon for her bar  
and when she felt for it, it wasn't there. "Looks like you lost Macon.   
Shannon, give her your bar." I gave it to her and she started thinking about it.   
Jen walked up to her and grabbed it from her hand and forced it into her mouth  
and she swallowed it.  
  
I reach down and started to get pull up my new, white bloomer, but stopped  
because all of the chocolate was all over my butt. I didn't want to get them  
dirty so I slipped them off, pulling my T-shirt down as much as I could. It  
wasn't that long, and my butt and pussy clearly showed. Ms. Valerie showed up  
and started yelling at us. "What the hells going on. Why do you two have  
nothing on, and what is that on your asses? You two in my office now. The rest  
of you girls, go home." Macon reached down quickly and pulled her thong and  
shorts up, and walked to Ms. Val's office to get yelled at.  
  
  
  
  
**The End**