**Shirts vs Skins**

by Sharon

Introductions first: My name is Sharon and I live in the New England. I am three weeks from my twentieth birthday. I have short (boy cut), jet black hair and weigh 116 pounds. I am very active in sports and attend a junior college two hours from my home. Well, now that you have some specifics about who I am, this is my story.  
  
I’ll start by telling you, some days you just can’t prepare for what might happen. It all started innocently enough last Sunday afternoon. I went for a walk, and ended up down by the junior college, where I go to school, and played on the varsity basketball team during my freshman year. I am short, only 5’ 4” tall, but have a great outside shot, and I am a pretty good point guard, if I do say so myself. It was late august, and I had just started my sophomore year the week before. The temperature was unusually hot, in the mid-nineties and the humidity was high.  
  
With such weather conditions, I chose to wear a light sundress, bra and white cotton panties. I had on my sneakers and ankle socks, because I had planned on walking several miles that day for the exercise, despite the heat. Other than my water bottle, I had no other possessions with me. I have a hide-a-way key to my little studio apartment, so I didn’t have to carry a purse during my walk. As I walked along the sidewalk in the rear of the college, I saw some guys shooting hoops on the outdoor court. I also noticed someone appeared to be opening the door to the gymnasium. I thought that was strange since it was Sunday but didn’t give it too much thought.  
  
Since I was in a tree shaded area, I took a few minutes to rest and watch the guys play. They were o.k. but I could easily hold my own among them. You see, I chose this junior college for three reasons. One: I knew my basketball skills would get me a spot on any college team, but a small junior college would allow me much more playing time than a larger one. I never expected to have a career playing basketball, so I wanted the opportunity to play a lot. Two: I had planned to transfer to a larger school my junior year, to keep from going into too much debt for my education. Third: I was two hours from home, so I could visit often but still be out on my own. The college was in a quaint small-town setting and had a great nursing program.  
  
I continued to watch their game from a distance, when a girl I knew from the college, walked up beside me. Her name was Emily. She and I had some classes together but were not real close. Emily was taller than me, about 5’7”, and had red hair. Noticing I had been watching the guys play, she said, “That’s my brother Sam, going into the gym. He practices with those high school seniors, sometimes”. “They’re allowed to use the 'Gym' when the school is closed?”, I asked. “I guess so”, she replied.  
  
I tilted my bottle and took the last swig of my water. Emily noticed my empty water bottle, then offered to ask her brother if I could go into the gym and refill it from the water fountain. “Why not?”, I thought, and nodded in agreement. We made our way over to the court, where her brother and six sweaty high school guys were taking a water break of their own. The guys had been playing shirts vs skins, so the three of them who were skins, were not wearing shirts. I had to gain my focus, and not stare at their sweaty, glistening abs.  
  
Emily said, “Hey Sam. This is my friend Sharon. Can she fill her water bottle at the fountain inside?” Sam seemed somewhat irritated and said, “I know who she is. Have her hurry up. Only us guys are supposed to be in there”. I felt awkward and my heart was beating faster, as I hurried in and refilled my water bottle. I’m not sure if I was a little anxious because I wasn’t supposed to be in the gym on a Sunday, or if it was because those boys were so cute and fit. ‘Boys”. Listen to me. I was only two years older than them.  
  
I returned outside and heard Emily telling Sam, “Sharon played on the girl’s, varsity basketball team when she was only a freshman”. Sam did not seem impressed, as he instructed the guys to move the game into the gym. I started to wonder what he meant when he said, he knew who I was, as I watched the high school seniors go through the gymnasium door. I must have had a puzzled look on my face, because Emily noticed my expression and started to fill me in. “Sam is a senior this year, and still plays on the junior varsity basketball team. I know he goes to the girl’s games to support the team, and the school. He must be a little jealous that you played on the varsity team your freshman year.  
  
Just when I thought they were going to close the outside gym door, one of the shirtless guys, wearing only small gym shorts and sneakers, peeked his head out and asked, “Do you two want to come in and watch the game?” Immediately, I was against the idea, but Emily pulled me aside and said, ‘Sharon. I like one of those guys. Please go in with me?” with a desperate but sweet expression on her face. O.k. but only for a few minutes” I replied. The boy holding the door smiled, as Emily and I walked past his toned physique. I didn’t know which boy Emily was attracted too, but they were all pretty cute.  
  
Emily and I sat on the bleachers, while the guys warmed up with some outside shooting and basic basketball drills. I assumed Sam was going to take more of a coaching or referee position, since the high school boys already had an even three on three. After a few minutes, one of the boys wearing a shirt was replaced my Sam and the three on three game began. Emily whispered to me, that the boy sitting on the bleachers in front of us, was the one she liked. “He’s only a year younger than me”, she emphasized, trying to come to terms, in her own mind, that she was in college and he was a high school senior.  
  
I signaled to Emily with my eyes, and headed down the few bleacher seats, separating us from the object of her crush. Making sure there was a place between me and the young man, for her to sit, I turned my focus to the game. Emily took her place between us. “Hey Jimmy. How’s it going?”, she asked him. “Pretty good Emily. How are you doing?” I quietly slid down a bit, allowing Emily an opportunity to further her one on one discussion with this cute guy. After all, that’s why I agreed to watch the game with her in the first place.  
  
I couldn’t help from overhearing that the eighth guy expected to play, cancelled at the last minute. I felt bad for Jimmy, but Emily seemed thrilled it worked out as it did. Even so, Jimmy was obviously disappointed. I figured they would substitute the players in and out of the game sooner or later, but I was wrong. Jimmy went on to tell Emily that he was the only one who didn’t play on the school team and was more a baseball player than basketball player. He said the competition was fierce, so he had little chance of playing in an odd numbered game.  
  
I am extremely competitive myself but would never let one person sit on the bench, while everyone else got to play. It was just a pick-up game after all. It didn’t mean anything! I felt a little weird but was happy to be in the air-conditioned gymnasium. I was a little self-conscious, but a bit turned on. The cool breeze from the air-conditioning vent was stimulating me under my sundress, while I was watching these shirtless hunks running up and down the court. Emily continued to distract Jimmy as the game went on.  
  
After fifteen minutes of non-stop running, playing, sweating and basically turning me on, the guys finally took a break. Trying not to seem obviously aroused, I got up and went to the water fountain to refill my water bottle, even though it wasn’t near empty. As I filled it to the brim, I heard Emily say, “Sam. When does Jimmy get to play?” In his arrogant tone, he responded. “We don’t have enough players for him to play Emily”. That’s when I heard those fateful words spill from Emily’s mouth. “Sharon can play! She’s very good! Then the teams will be even, with each having four players”.  
  
The high school boys looked at me, as I walked back from the water fountain. “No. I really don't want to play”, I said. Sam responded in a demeaning tone, “Oh. The superstar basketball player doesn’t want to play, Guys. She must be afraid to mix it up with the big boys”. Emily and the high school boys looked to me. Their eyes said it all, “Don’t let him bully you Sharon”. I relented and said, “O.k. I’ll play! I had forgotten I was wearing a short sundress and not the appropriate attire for playing basketball. I don’t think Sam thought I would agree to play, because he walked back onto the court saying, “Fine! We’ll take Jimmy and you can be skins!”

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“Skins? I’m not playing on the ‘Skins’ team!” I insisted. Sam continued his discontented attitude and replied. “Oh. ‘Big Girl’ on campus!” Staring at my little ‘A’ size breasts, he went on to say, “Sharon! You don’t have anything there anyway. Who cares if you’re skins?”. I turned to Emily and said, “No Way Emily! I’m not playing topless!” Her pleading eyes were begging me to go through with it, so Jimmy could play too. I argued continuously, but her infatuation with Jimmy clouded her vision. All she wanted, was to help him get on the court, but at what cost to me?  
  
I started to walk toward the door leading outside, when I was stopped by one of the shirtless high schoolers. He was one of the boys I was barely able to take my eyes off of. He must have been Italian. Wearing the smallest and tightest spandex gym shorts available, with hair as black as mine, he smiled at me and said. “Please Sharon. Why won’t you play?” I must have lost my mind, because I pulled up my dress to just below my ‘A’ size breasts and said, “Look! I can’t play basketball like this!” I found out his name was Tony, as we both surveyed my low-cut white cotton panties, that allowed my black pubic hair to rise above the waist band.  
  
He stared at my now stimulated pussy and continued to beg with his eyes for me to play. There was no way I was going to play basketball wearing just my panties and sneakers. “Sharon. Who cares if you are topless?” I pulled my shirt above my nipples for Tony, and replied, “Tony! I can’t play like this!” My nipples were so erect and sore from being so aroused, that I was embarrassed for everyone else to see them. Sam continued his belittling rant and said. “You know guys. They are all women libers until it’s time to play like a man”.  
  
That was it! I had heard enough! I ripped off my sundress and bra and dropped them on the gym floor next to me. Standing there in just my white cotton panties and sneakers I said. “Let’s play!” All eyes were on my now exposed ‘A’ size breasts and scantly covered pussy, as I picked up a basketball and started to dribble down the court. For the first time in my life, I was happy I had small breasts. Having double ‘D’s bouncing all over while I was running up and down the court, would have been even more embarrassing. I must admit I had this impassioned desire to be observed by the boys, as I pulled up and sank a three pointer from the perimeter. I turned to the guys and said, “Are you guys ready to play?”  
  
Emily was so excited that Jimmy was going to get to play, but Sam seemed disappointed, that I was not only willing to play in just my panties but was actually going through with it. The sensation of being so exposed was titillating, as I stood there with my black pubic hair sprouting up slightly past the waist band of my low-cut panties. The teams were set, and the game was on. I took my usual position as point guard and moved our team down the court. I couldn’t believe I was playing basketball with seven guys in my college gymnasium, wearing only panties and sneakers. I must admit, it was thrilling!  
  
Making sure I wasn’t seen as a ball hog, I passed the ball back and forth to my fellow, shirtless team mates. I threaded the needle with a bounce pass to Tony who made a layup. We had scored the first points of the game while another of my team mates gave me a high five, as we fell back on defense. This would prove to be the first true test of my nerve. Anyone who knows the game of basketball, knows when on defense, you must keep your hands up and legs spread for balance. I was completely exposed to the seven guys on the court, and Emily in the bleachers.  
  
The game went back and forth as most games do. We were up five points thanks to my foul shooting. I guess it should have been expected that the other team players were going to foul me more than the guys. There were plenty of hands grabbing my tits and ass, disguised as inadvertent fouls. I took them in stride and made my way to the foul line. Standing there on the foul line, with everyone’s attention on me, was getting me more and more aroused. I really had to focus to make those shots.  
  
I settled into my game and concentrated on playing the best I could but was unable to totally disregard my state of dress. Sweat was now covering my bare skin, which was a constant reminder of the fact that I was almost naked. I would usually wipe the sweat off my face using my shirt, which I did not have on. The constant fouling for the purpose of getting some cheap thrills, dissipated a bit. I guess they got tired of watching me sink those foul shots. The game continued for another half hour with only a few one-minute breaks. As badly as I needed the rest, along with everyone else, it was then I felt most vulnerable.  
  
I tried to maintain some dignity, while being the center of attention courtside. When we were playing I felt less noticed, but courtside, that was different. I felt my now sweaty, bare skin was on display for all to see. It’s not easy pretending it doesn’t bother you, trying to act like one of ‘The guys’. The problem was ‘The Guys’ didn’t have breasts and they had shorts on. Even though my breasts were small, my nipples still became erect and my snug little cotton panties were now soaked with sweat. Being this exposed was both arousing and humiliating at the same time.  
  
We finally took an extended break of fifteen minutes. I spent my time courtside talking about the game, in a failed attempt to distract the guys from continuing their obvious stares. I get it. I caught myself staring at them a few times, but they were dressed appropriately for the game. I wasn’t. To add insult to injury, my water bottle cap was loose, and water poured down the front of my panties as I was taking a sip. Instantly my panties turned transparent, proving I was no blonde. My black pubic hair could be seen through the thin, wet fabric from the other side of the gym. I have never been so mortified as every eye in the gymnasium was glued to my crotch and now exposed black bush.

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Emily was busy cultivating her relationship with Jimmy, leaving me feeling naked and abandoned among the other players. To my surprise, no one, including Sam, made fun of my precarious situation. There was not one teasing word, as I impatiently waited for the game to resume. Maybe it was due to the passive attitude of the college-high school correlation. Maybe the boys looked at me as more of an adult. Regardless, I was grateful I hadn’t become the object of any ridicule.  
  
Trying to maintain some level of dignity, while wearing only soaking wet, transparent panties, that allowed my bare breasts and pubic hair to be in perfect view of everyone, was unfathomable. After what seemed like an eternity, we finally took to the court and started to play. My total concentration on the game, diverted my attention from the overwhelming sense of impropriety I was feeling. I had been exposed for almost an hour at this point, but this inner perception of my own indecency remained unbearable.  
  
Ten minutes into play, the aggressive pace of the game preoccupied my attention. This finally allowed me some small diversion from these thoughts about my own indiscretion. I was playing basketball with seven guys, wearing only my panties and sneakers, in my college gymnasium! What was I thinking? Why did I agree to it? Emily and I were not that close, so it couldn’t be for our friendship. I dribbled down the court and passed the ball to a team mate who scored. Running backwards on defense I started to question my own emotional state.  
  
There was no denying it. This was exhilarating! Every time I got into a scuffle for a loose ball, I became more sexually stimulated. I was unaware someone could feel so excited and apprehensive at the same time, but I was. Once again, dripping with sweat and feeling the bodies of the guys brushing against me bare skin, I had lost all my inhibition. I was playing as if I was wearing college basketball uniform. It was intoxicating. As I said earlier, I knew I could hold my own with these guys, but doing it wearing only my panties was a huge turn on and burst for my ego. I could play all afternoon like this!  
  
I can’t believe I am admitting to this, but when we took our next sixty second break, I discreetly wet my panties again. This time on purpose. I tried to justify in my mind that I did it for an advantage on the court, but the truth is, I was elevating my sexual stimulation. Being the object of attention of these cute guys was so erotic. I even shot baskets while the guys were resting courtside, trying not to come off looking like I was deliberately exhibiting my tiny, almost naked frame. But I was. Being so exposed had become such a ‘Rush’ I had almost forgotten where I was. Almost.  
  
I was at the far end of the court shooting baskets, when my sense of euphoria would come crashing down. The gym door leading to the locker rooms burst open and there stood Mr. Wallace, the dean of students. “Let’s get out of here!” was all I heard from the end of the court leading outside. The trampling of sneakers and the slamming of the outside door followed, as I was left standing there alone in front of Mr. Wallace. I must have been in shock because I just froze, not even having the ware-a-bouts to cover my tiny breasts.  
  
The sound of his shoes clacking on the gym floor, as he made his way over to me, seemed excruciatingly loud. He stopped a few feet from me and scanned my inappropriately dressed body. He muttered, “I can only imagine where your clothes are”. Then he caught sight of my soaked panties and visible pubic hair and asked in a stern voice. “Why are your panties wet?” Total humiliation overcame every fiber of my being, as I was unable to answer him. I finally regained enough of my bearings to cover my breasts. “Oh no! Arms by your side”, he demanded. “I see no reason for any modesty at this point young lady”.  
  
I dropped my arms to my sides, and my head in disgrace, as complete and utter shame overwhelmed me. The clacking of his shoes continued as he slowly walked around me, surveying every inch of bare skin and what could be seen through my wet, transparent panties. I almost started to cry, realizing I had no idea how much trouble I was in. Would I be suspended or expelled? How could I possibly explain this to my parents? After keeping me in suspense for what seemed like forever, he finally spoke again, “Well miss”. What to do with you? Do I report the trespassing to the police? Do I notify your parents? What to do?” he said, aware he was now emotionally torturing me. He had the upper hand and he knew it.  
  
Mr. Wallace made his way back in front of me and asked, “What is your name young lady? And please look at me when you answer”. I turned my red face upward and replied, “Sharon”. “Sharon”, he muttered. “Well Sharon, don’t you play basketball on the varsity team?” “Yes sir”, I answered, wondering how my circumstances could have changed so dramatically, in just a few minutes. “I think I should notify your coach first, since she bares some responsibility for the girls on her team”. I wanted to beg him not to contact my coach, Miss Reynolds, but the threat of a trespassing charge with the police worried me more than anything.  
  
Not allowing me to retrieve my clothes, Mr. Wallace pulled out his cell phone and dialed Miss Reynolds. ‘Mortified’, is not a strong enough word to describe how I was feeling. He confirmed she was on her way. My coach would be here soon, and I had no idea how to explain why I was playing basketball, wearing just my panties and sneakers, in the college gymnasium. There is no explanation! I got caught up in the moment and was about to pay the price for my inexcusable behavior.

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Miss Reynolds came storming into the gymnasium and caught sight of me. Immediately she headed right for Mr. Wallace. Before she could get out a word, he said, “Jean. Before you lose your temper, keep in mind this is how I found her when I came into the gym. As a matter of fact, it was only by accident that I walked by the security monitors in my home and saw what was going on here. You would be best turning your outrage to her and find out what she was thinking”. Miss Reynolds knew about the security cameras in the school and realized her disappointment had nowhere to fall but on me. I sat there (on the bleachers by now) totally ashamed and practically naked.  
  
Miss Reynolds was glaring at me, as she walked down the court and retrieved my sundress and bra. She threw them at me and barked, “Put these on!”, in the most annoyed tone possible. I remained seated as I put on my bra and sundress, only leaning forward enough to pull the dress below my thighs. Back and forth she paced on the gym floor in front of me, not knowing quite what to say. I was about to speak when she said, “Not a word Sharon! Not one word”. She took a deep breath and said, “I’ll need to see the tape Mr. Wallace, so I can best decide how to deal with this situation”. She was so disappointed in me, that I could barely catch my breath.  
  
Mr. Wallace agreed and led us to the faculty screening room. This was where the teachers, professors and security people would review a camera film, before taking action on a specific event that went on at the college. “OMG! It’s all on film!”, was all I could think to myself. I followed them like I was on my way to ‘The Gallows’. I was told to wait outside the screening room while Mr. Wallace and Miss Reynolds watched the film. Of course, they left the door open. I guess I was considered a flight risk, now that I had my dress back on. Knowing what was on the film, made the wait unbearable.  
  
I was cringing at every ‘Gasp’, ‘O.M.G.’, “I can’t believe this!” and ‘W.T.F’, I heard, as they watched the video of me playing basketball with the boys, wearing just my panties and sneakers. The video was almost an hour, and they watched it from beginning (when we entered the gymnasium) to end (when Mr. Wallace entered the gym, and everyone else took off). I didn’t think things could get worse until they started to discuss my fate.  
  
Miss Reynolds said to Dean Wallace, “Mr. Wallace. What do you suggest?” Dean Wallace replied, “Well Jean, we have breaking and entering, trespassing and indecent exposure, just to name a few”. Miss Reynolds responded, “Mr. Wallace! Sharon is a good student and talented basketball player. She had a serious, lapse of judgement, I admit, but this is no reason to ruin her future!” His reply made me knees weaken. “Miss Reynolds. There were seven boys and another girl present! This twisted antic of hers will not be kept quiet for long. If this depraved stunt is not disciplined accordingly, I will have students showing up for class in their underwear before you know it!”  
  
As they bickered back and forth about my punishment, I couldn’t believe, I was the only ‘One’ not interested in the game in the first place, yet, ‘Here I Was!’, while Emily, Sam and the rest were nowhere to be found. Petrified about the seriousness of Dean Wallace’s determination to punish me, I heard their agreement, concerning the consequences I would have to pay for my conduct. I may have had my bra and sundress back, but hearing Dean Wallace’s and Miss Reynold’s consensus, made me feel more vulnerable than I have ever felt before!  
  
I kept slapping me ears, wondering if I was really hearing this. “Alright Mr. Wallace. At least this way there will be no criminal charges brought against her”, Miss Reynolds said. “She will just have to live with it, Jean”, he replied. Still unable to comprehend the severity of the situation, I struggled to take in what I was hearing. “So, it is agreed Mr. Wallace. Tuesday. Sharon will stand at the entrance of the gymnasium, and write 1000 times on a portable blackboard, “I will not trespass and play basketball on school property, while wearing only my panties and sneakers”, while she is actually wearing only her panties and sneakers” Miss Reynolds said. “Yes Jean, and on Thursday night she will play in an exhibition game with the girl’s, varsity basketball team against the boy’s, Jr. varsity basketball team wearing the same panties she was so proudly displaying today”.

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I could not believe my ears and stormed into the room yelling, “I’m not doing either of those things!” Mr. Wallace turned to Miss Reynolds and said, “I’ll leave this to you Jean” as he walked out of the room and down the hallway. I turned to Miss Reynolds in disbelief. She said in a stern voice, “Sharon! I don’t know what you were thinking but this is serious! Mr. Wallace is right! You have broken some serious laws here today. This wasn’t some out of control frat party! You broke at least three laws while on this property, including trespassing and breaking and entering. Not to mention, Indecent exposure. Do you want that on your record? I’m trying to keep you from spending years on probation or even worse, going to jail!”  
  
I started to fall apart so she put her arm around me and said softly, “It’ll be o.k. Sharon. There’s no need to contact your parents since you are legally an adult. Mr. Wallace agreed to destroy the tape after you have fulfilled your punishment. I know it will be embarrassing but it will blow over soon after the game on Thursday. He is determined to make an example of you, so I suggest you suck it up and get it over with. I’ll talk him about making your Tuesday punishment outside the gym, a hundred times, not a thousand. It’ll be over before you know it”.  
  
None of this came even close to making me feel better. All I knew I was going to be humiliated in front of the entire school, and I had no choice. Well, no choice but probation or jail. “Come on. Let me drive you home” she said, still keeping her arm around me as we walked out of the room and out to the parking lot. “If it’s any consolation Sharon, from what I saw on the tape, you played really well against those boys” she said with a slight giggle. I was not the slightest bit amused.  
  
As we made our way to Miss Reynolds’ car I asked her, “Why am I the only one in trouble?” Her response made me even more nervous about the possible consequences. “Sharon. Mr. Wallace recognized Emily and her ‘asshole’ brother Sam. He will handle them on his terms, but we don’t want any involvement with the high school boys. After all we’re not sure they are all eighteen”. My heart sank as I realized what she was saying. I’ll be twenty soon and if they were not at least eighteen, I could have a whole other set of problems. I could not have felt more ashamed as I sat in silence on the ride home. Miss Reynolds pulled into my driveway and said, “Sharon. I will be calling Mr. Wallace when I get home. I’ll call you when I know more”.  
  
I could barely utter the words, “Thank you Miss Reynolds” as I ran into my apartment. I started hyper-ventilating when I got inside. “How did I get myself into this mess?” I thought to myself, as I ran for my cabinet and pulled out a bottle of Rum a friend has stashed there. I drank three swigs right out of the bottle in an attempt to calm myself down. Not being a heavy drinker, it didn’t take long to catch a good buzz. I walked past a mirror on my way to the bathroom and stopped.  
  
With a pretty good buzz, I found myself staring at my reflection. I reached for the bottle of rum and took another swig. I was now starting to really feel the effects of the alcohol and returned to the mirror. Not knowing what was possessing me, I pulled my sundress off and dropped my bra to the floor. I was studying myself wearing only the panties and sneakers I was wearing in the gym in front of all those boys. I became aroused as I turned to see all the angles the boys had seen. I couldn’t help myself and went to the kitchen sink to get some water to wet my panties like they were in the gym.  
  
I became down right horny, as I stared at my jet-black pubes through the transparent panties. I can’t believe all those boys saw me like this! I remembered how thrilled I was to be running around like this in the gym and temporarily forgot about my dilemma. Believe it or not, I actually lowered the mirror a few inches, so I could see my entire reflection. From my boy haircut, past my small breasts and erect nipples, to my wet, low cut panties with fringes of my pubic hair above the waistband, down to my well-toned legs and sneakers. Maybe I was getting drunk, but I looked hot!  
  
I took another swig of rum and playfully pretended I was back in the gymnasium with the boys. I took the precaution of locking my door and lowering the shades, so my neighbors would not see me. I buried the thoughts of my upcoming punishment and focused on the memories of my uninhibited exhibition at the gym. This is the stuff girls fantasize about, but I did it! My heart started pounding as I stared at my reflection again, knowing I was actually playing basketball with seven guys, dressed only in the panties and sneakers, I was gazing upon now. It was intoxicating.  
  
In my now drunken state, I removed my panties and focused again on my reflection. With nothing on but my sneakers, I wondered how far I would go in the right circumstances? I had gotten myself so horny, I made my way to my bedroom and took care of business. (If you know what I mean) Just when the anxiety and tension of the days events dissipated, I heard the phone ring. It was Miss Reynolds! I knew better than to answer, since I was drunk, and let it go to voicemail.  
  
I laid in my bed, spread eagle, wearing only my sneakers and now satisfied, wondering why I did it in the first place, but I knew. I wanted to do it! It turned me on! I loved it! Trying to come to terms with this newly found exhibitionist side of myself, I listened to the message. Miss Reynolds said, “Sharon. I talked to Mr. Wallace, and he agreed to only 100 times on the blackboard, and no cell phones at either Tuesday’s gymnasium punishment or the exhibition game on Thursday. I hope this makes you feel better. Please call me”.

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My head was so foggy as I started to fall asleep. Just when I had a fleeting moment of emotional relief, the doorbell rang. I remained quiet, hoping whoever it was, would go away. The doorbell ringing and knocking on the door continued. “Sharon. I know you’re in there. Please let me in!” It was Emily. Forgetting my lack of clothing, I stormed toward the door and yelled as I opened it, “What do you want?” Somehow, Emily was able to contain herself, as she stared at my naked body. “Sharon. I am so sorry! Can I come in?”  
  
I turned and made my way back to the bottle of rum. “What do you want Emily?”, I asked, as I took another swig. I turned to her and said, “YOU LEFT ME THERE! YOU LEFT ME THERE EMILY!” Her eyes filled with tears, and I could see the total remorse she had about abandoning me. “Sharon. I don’t know what to say. I am so sorry” she said. I handed the bottle of rum to her and said, “You may as well join me in a drink before my public debasement”. In the most timid voice possible, Emily said, “Sharon. Tony’s here. He’d like to talk to you too”. Drunk, and forgetting I was naked, I said “Sure! Why not! Let him in”.  
  
Tony walked through my door and instantly scanned my naked body. He tried his best but was unable to contain his enthusiasm. Being drunk, I was still unaware of the fact that every inch of my bare skin, small breasts with erect nipples and now swollen, wet pussy, were on display (with the exception of my sneaker covered feet). It wasn’t until I walked in front of the mirror, that I realized I was naked, and my complete exposure could not be undone. “Screw It!” I thought, as I decided I would not cover in shame but continue my little fantasy.  
  
Emily and Tony continued their attempt to gain my forgiveness, but I was too tipsy to think about anything other than parading my naked body in front of them. I walked around my apartment telling them what Mr. Wallace had decided would be my punishment. I went on and on telling them how humiliating it was going to be for me, while remaining totally exposed to the two of them. I even went as far as to put my tiny cotton panties back on, to display how I would be dressed in front of the entire school, or at least those who wanted to see my public disciplining. While complaining about my upcoming chastisement, I was secretly becoming more and more aroused.  
  
Mind you, I was an emotional wreck from the day’s experience, and had a pretty good glow from the rum, but I didn’t fail to notice how Tony was unable to keep his eyes off my body. I pretended I didn’t see him staring at my small but ample breasts, and rock-hard nipples. I kept telling him, “Look at Me!” as I widened my stance and held my arms outward. “The entire school will have the opportunity to see me with nothing on but these little cotton panties!”, drawing his eyes to my moist, cotton covered muff. He was unable to do anything but stare. I continued to act apprehensive about the upcoming events but wished the day of reckoning was today. Probably because I was drunk and horny again.  
  
I had already crossed the line of decency in so many ways, that I was careful not to get so drunk I did something even more egregious. I even pretended to take additional swigs from the rum bottle but didn’t actually drink any. I continued my fraudulent behavior, in an attempt to get some practice wearing nothing but panties and sneakers amongst clothed people. The fact that Tony was so cute, and obviously turned on by my tiny, almost naked body, made my masquerade that much more fun. Don’t get me wrong. I was seriously buzzed but was keeping myself on display because I wanted to. I have never even played strip poker but was becoming intoxicated by the exposure.  
  
As I became totally comfortable hanging out with Emily and Tony in just my panties, there was a knock at the door. Instinctively, I crouched over and covered my tits. My eyes bugged out, as I looked at Emily and said, in an authentic voice, “Who is it?” She peaked through the curtains, then turned to me and said, “It’s Jimmy”. Don’t ask me why but I stood straight up, dropped my hands from my tits and said, “Well. He’s already seen me like this. May as well let him in” as I pretended to take another swig from the rum bottle. This way I could blame the alcohol later.  
  
Emily opened the door a bit to let him in. I would have been fine if she had swung it wide open. Jimmy walked in, greeted Emily and laid his eyes on me. With total confidence I stood there and barked. “I can’t believe you guys left me there, Jimmy!” maintaining my public display. Continuing my contrived ‘Drunk Girl’ theatrics, I asked, “Anyone want a drink?”, taking my fourth phony gulp from the bottle. I was now in view of Tony, Emily and Jimmy and secretly loving it.  
  
Emily quietly said, “Sharon. I think you’ve had enough”, as she discreetly took the bottle of rum. “O.k. Fine Emily!” I snapped, keeping up my disguise. “You get me to play basketball in just this!” as I again, purposely brought everyone’s attention to my nearly naked body. “Now I can’t even have a drink!” With all eyes on me, Emily said, “I swear Sharon! I thought Sam would back down. I never once thought you would rip off your dress and bra and run around like that! Nobody did!” I could see the consensus in Tony’s and Jimmy’s eyes, as they nodded in agreement. That’s when I knew I was to blame. I must be some kind of exhibitionist slut or something, I thought to myself. Still. I was wet between my legs.

**Shirts vs Skins - 7**

Being at ease with Jimmy’s presence in my apartment, I fell silent about my fate, yet extended my topless exhibition. By now I could have used a real swig from the bottle of rum but didn’t want to come off as some kind of inebriated tramp. My heart skipped a beat as I heard a car pull into my driveway and the engine turn off. Next came the voices of several guys talking to each other. I gave Emily the same look I had given her when Jimmy showed up. Emily walked outside and returned a few seconds later. “Sharon. It’s the guys from today’s game. They’re checking to see if you’re alright”. I gave her one of those (Are you ...ing kidding me?) looks, then waited for her to send them away.  
  
Emily’s expression said it all. She had this ‘Sympathetic to Their Cause’ look on her face, as she handed me the bottle of rum. “They mean well Sharon”, she said. "How did they know where I live?" I asked. Again, Emily's expression said it all. I took a real swig this time and said. “Sure. Why not? It’s a regular party!”, remaining in just my panties. I figured at this point, any practice at public nudity could only help, and they had all seen me this way earlier. The door opened and they all crammed into my little studio apartment. Everyone apologized and said they were going to Dean Wallace and turn themselves in, hoping to get him to reduce my sentence.  
  
One of the skins players from my team introduced himself. “Sharon. My name is Barry. I want you to know that I could have played better today, but I was trying to hide my erection. You are so ‘Smoking Hot’!” Everyone was horrified, as the room fell silent. They all verbally pounded on Barry and scolded him in unison. Poor Barry had this dumbfounded look on his face, as if to say “What? What did I do?” The grumbling continued, but I was privately flattered, as my bottle of rum was passed around the crowded room. Emily was right. I was standing in my tiny studio apartment, wearing only panties and sneakers with six guys and her, but somehow, I felt better.  
  
I called out, “Hey Guys. Guys!” After getting their attention I said, “I appreciate your offer, but I just want to finish my punishment and move on”. “Is there anything we can do?”, Tony asked. “Yes. You can all be at the game Thursday night. It will help to distract me from the taunting and ridicule, I know I’m in for”, I replied. “But for now, if it’s o.k., I think I’m going to get some rest”. I could see the understanding in their expressions, then they all lined up to give me a hug goodnight. You can’t imagine the stimulation a girl wearing only panties can get when being hugged by six good looking young guys.  
  
When it was Barry’s turn to hug me goodbye, I stepped back and watched, as he scanned my almost bare little frame. “Can I trust you to behave?”, I asked. “No! I’m sorry Sharon, because you are ‘So Smoking Hot’!” he yelled, as he shook my hand and headed out the door. Only Emily and Tony were left in my apartment, as I laughed at and appreciated Barry’s honesty. Tony stepped up to me and asked, “Can I call you?” With a suspicious look on my face, I said “Let me see your license”. He opened his wallet and handed it to me. He was eighteen years and seven months old. I grinned, handed it back to him and replied, “Yes you can”.  
  
Emily, still with this expression of remorse on her face, looked at me with her watery eyes and just hugged me tight. I whispered into her ear, “It’s o.k. Emily. It’ll be fine. Jimmy’s outside waiting for you. I’ll see you in class tomorrow”. She leaned back and asked, “Promise?” “Promise” I replied, as she walked out the door, still looking back at me. I knew she was feeling this burden of guilt and wished I was able to ease it. I closed my door and realized that as bad as this, and the coming days may be, I had made some true friends today.  
  
Now that I was alone in my apartment, I stood in front of the mirror again. I knew the fantasies I was having were far from the humiliating reality I was going to endure at school. I decided to go on line and look up stories where other girls were put into similar situations and how they were able to bare it. I was stunned to find out how many websites there were. They even have on line communities where the girls communicate through e-mail with each other.  
  
  
I logged onto a site and started to ask some of the girls some questions. Were you totally naked? Why were you naked? Where were you naked? How long were you naked? How many people were there, etc. Before I knew it, it was almost midnight. I had been on line for hours. The time flew by as I got involved in discussions while letting my fingers find their way to my slot from time to time. I found out how humiliating it was going to be and that I had better prepare myself mentally. I also found out they all had one thing in common. They all still masturbate thinking about their experiences to this day. I went to bed hoping to dream about being exposed in public.

**Shirts vs Skins - 8**

I woke early in the morning to use the bathroom and returned to bed. I fell back asleep, and it was then that I had that ‘Only One Naked’ dream. It seemed so real. I was naked among a group of clothed people, none of which I knew, as I frantically looked for anything to cover myself or a place to hide. Neither was available. I remember wondering the entire time, “Why am I naked?” The humiliation was crippling, as I continued to search for any cover available. Still there was none. Everyone was looking at me, but I seemed to be the only one aware that I was naked, or the only one who cared.  
  
The ring of the alarm clock went off as I woke up panic stricken. I tried to shake the cobwebs from my head. I sat up on the side of my bed, trying to comprehend yesterday’s events. I bounced out of bed and soon found myself in front of the mirror again. There I was, wearing only my white cotton panties. O.M.G.! “How many people had seen me like this?”, I thought. More importantly, “How many more will see me like this tomorrow and Thursday?” It was Monday morning and I had to get to my classes. I stripped naked and took a shower, all the while remembering the way I had been bold enough to spend most of the day in those white cotton panties and sneakers. It was so out of character for me.  
  
The nausea in my stomach was the first indicator that the upcoming events would not be the exhilarating experience I had during yesterday’s basketball game with the guys. My anxiety was reaching a fever pitch, as I decided to get to school, find Miss Reynolds and look for a way out of this. Even though the heat had not subsided, I dressed as conservatively as possible. I put my blue jeans, a bulky pullover T-shirt and my sneakers over my bra, thong and socks. It was laundry day, so a yellow thong was the only under garment I had that was clean. No one could see the lines through my heavy jeans anyway, so I grabbed my book bag and headed for school.  
  
Keeping my head down, I walked swiftly to school, hoping Miss Reynolds would be there already. I was supposed to call her back last night but was distracted with my visitors. I reached the small campus of just a few buildings and made my way toward the building container her office. The school only had a couple hundred students and it was early, so I passed only a few students and teachers on my way to Miss Reynolds’ office. As usual people were friendly and would say “Good morning”, etc. as we crossed paths. I had goose bumps as I wondered if they would be spectators at my mortifying public punishment.  
  
I made my way through the halls to Miss Reynolds’ office and walked in without knocking. Thankfully she was alone. Looking up from her desk she smiled and said, “Well good morning Sharon. How’s my favorite little topless basketball player doing today?” She could see the stress I was under and got up and walked over to me. I almost broke down as I pleaded with her to help get me out of this.  
  
She gave me a motherly hug and whispered, “Relax Sharon. You act a though you’ll be the only girl in this school ever to be exposed a bit”. I stepped back and said, “I will be Miss Reynolds!” “Oh, really Sharon. How about the girls who pose nude for the art classes? Those girls pose in front of thirty male and female students for a measly $20.00 an hour, just trying to make ends meet. Or the girls who take nude roles in the college dramas? They’re exposing themselves in front of large audiences just for the acting experience. At least you’ll have your panties and sneakers on. Those girls are totally naked and are exposed for hours at a time. We’re all grown ups here Sharon. You may take a little ribbing but that will be the end of it.  
  
This was not the sympathetic ear I was hoping for. “I left you a message last night. Did you get it?” she asked. “Yes” I replied. “Well I talked to Mr. Wallace and he agreed to 100 times on the black board, instead of 1000. You’ll start at 9:00 and should be able to finish about noon. Most of the students will be in class anyway. Remember what you’ll be writing, ‘I will not trespass and play basketball on school property while wearing only my panties and sneakers’. As we agreed there will be no phones allowed. Same rules as the art classes and dramas”. Still this was little consolation.  
  
“On Thursday night”, she continued, “The game will be four ten-minute quarters, with six members of each team eligible to play. (I knew that four ten-minute quarters meant at least an hour and a half of playing time, with time outs and intermissions included) That will allow for needed substitutions". She went on saying, "I’ve arranged for five of your team mates to play, dressed in their uniforms of course. The boys, team will be there, and Coach Hansen has agreed to coach his team of six".  
  
"Your friend Sam will play, but Dean Wallace has not made any stipulations on his attire as of yet”. “He’s not my friend!”, I snapped. “His arrogance is what got me in this predicament!” She looked at me over her glasses and said, “His arrogance, Sharon? I didn’t see him running around in just a speedo or anything” as she turned her focus back to her desk. “O.k. I want you to meet me back here at 5:00. Now go to class and stop worrying".  
  
I left here office dumb-founded. This was really going to happen. I can’t believe they’re going to make me go through with it. I picked up a coffee and found a quiet table on campus and waited for my first class to start in and hour. I spent the entire day distracted by our conversation. One minute I felt a bit of relief thinking about the girls in the art classes and school dramas. Those girls must have some serious guts. Then I would be overcome with anxiety, thinking about being so exposed in public.

**Shirts vs Skins - 9**

I went to my first class with this feeling that everyone was looking at me. Barely able to pay attention, I was happy when it ended. I kept telling myself that no one was staring at me and that it was all in my head. I had and hour before my next class, so decided to grab another coffee and outdoor table on campus. I’m not one of those caffeine junkies, but I don’t normally drink rum either. I spent the hour trying to come to terms with my situation.  
  
Only a few minutes until my next class, I headed back inside. Having shed the idea that everyone was looking at me, I relaxed a bit and went into my 10:00 biology class. Just as I went into the classroom, one of my classmates said, “Hey Sharon. Yellow’s a good color for you”. I turned and said, “What? What does that mean?” The girl took a step back and replied with a puzzled expression and a meek tone, “Your T-shirt. Yellow’s a good color for you”, then turned and walked away. I felt like such an idiot! I thought she was talking about my yellow thong, when she was referring to the yellow T-shirt I was wearing. All I could think about was being exposed and it was already starting to take its’ toll.  
  
I made it through the rest of the day without incident. I spent most of that time inside the building with the air conditioning. My jeans and heavy T-shirt were way to, much for this unusual heat wave we were having. It was almost 5:00, so I headed for Miss Reynolds’ office. I entered through the door and she said, “Oh. Hey Sharon. Thanks for being on time. Come with me”, as she ushered me out the door, turned off the lights and pulled the door closed. “Where are we going?”, I asked. “Practice of course”, she replied and headed down the hallway. No less puzzled than I was this morning, I kept quiet and followed her.  
  
We ended up at the inside entrance to the gymnasium, where I could hear the thunder of several basketballs being dribbled on the wood floor. My heart sank as I saw the portable black board set up outside the gym door, for my morning debasement. Miss Reynolds’ must have seen the terror in my eyes, when she said. “Sharon! Pull it together!” as she opened the door to the gym and gave me this ‘You First’ look. I cautiously made my way past her and into the gym. “Hey Sharon!” came a greeting from our team captain Angela. There, on the court, were five of the best players from our basketball team, warming up.  
  
I looked up to Miss Reynolds, when she said, “We’re here to practice Sharon. We don’t want to embarrass ourselves on Thursday night. Do we?” Like Emily and the guys coming back to check on me last night, I felt this tremendous emotional support from the team mates I wouldn’t even start playing with for another month. Keep in mind, I was only a sophomore. One of the girls was a junior and the rest were seniors. I ran on the court and signaled one of the girls to throw me a ball, so I could warm up too. Instantly they collected the loose balls, stood still with them held under their arms, and looked to Miss Reynolds.  
  
“Sharon. As important as it is to hone our skills for the game, you will be the only one wearing just your panties. All the doors except the one leading to the girl’s locker room are locked. The cameras have been shut off too. You need to strip down to your panties, so you can learn to focus on your play and not your exposure”. I didn’t have two seconds to debate when she said, “Girls! Strip her!” All five of my team mates wrestled me to the floor and stripped me down to my thong. I didn’t even have my sneakers since they had to take them off to remove my jeans.  
  
I was stripped down to only my tiny yellow thong and socks as the girls held me down on the cold wood floors of the court. “Look at that tiny yellow thong!” Angela said, while holding my legs down on the floor. “You should wear that on Thursday, Sharon!” she exclaimed. Totally immobilized by the girls, with nothing but a transparent yellow triangle to cover my jet-black pubic hair, I looked to Miss Reynolds to ease my poignant emotional state.  
  
She looked down at me and said, “Sharon! You have two choices. One: You can run around the gymnasium Thursday night like a scared rabbit, while everyone laughs and ridicules you, or Two: You can play the way you did yesterday against those boys and make yourself and us proud. These girls came out to help you tonight. They have other things they could be doing. Now! Are to ready to play basketball?” I wasn’t sure if Miss Reynolds and the girls were on my side or not, so I just replied, “Yes”. “O.k. girls. You can let her up now. If she tries to run, push her outside and pull the door closed”.  
  
“O.M.G.!”, I thought. Miss Reynolds was willing to let my team mates push me outside with nothing but my sheer yellow thong for cover. I knew one thing. I had no choice but to trust her and the girls. The girls let me up and I put my sneakers back on. Sitting on that cold wood floor, with my bare ass cheeks squeaking against the heavily sealed surface, I looked up to my team mates. Angela reached out her hand and pulled me up to my feet. In a last attempt to humiliate me, she reached her index finger into the rim of my thong and pulled it out, so she could see the only thing other than my feet that was covered. My pussy.  
  
Miss Reynolds blew her whistle and said alright girls! Basic drills!” Angel took one last look at my pussy and released the rim of my thong, as she winked and said, “Need a ride home later rookie?” Knowing how girls experiment in college I didn’t know if she was serious or not. All I knew is that I was getting moist down there. Immediately we fell into line as though we were in regular practice. I felt vulnerable, yet safe at the same time. For a straight hour we practiced and played as if getting ready for a regular season game.  
  
Miss Reynolds said, “O.k. girls! Same time tomorrow night”. After the hour of intense drills and scrimmaging, covered in sweat, I had almost forgotten I was playing in just a tiny yellow thong and sneakers. I didn’t even run for my clothes. I just hung out for a few minutes with the girls, uninhibited, wearing just my transparent thong. Miss Reynolds looked at me and said. “See Sharon. It’s all in your attitude. Now get home and be sure to wear those white panties you had on yesterday, tomorrow. Mr. Wallace will be watching”.  
  
I put my bra and T-shirt on, then reached for my jeans. Most of the girls had left by now as Angela held fast to my jeans and said, “I think I should drive you home rookie”. My T-shirt came down to only a few inches below my pussy. I had become a bit uninhibited, and so totally horny, that I released my grip on the jeans and replied, “Thanks Angela. If you don’t mind”. We walked to the door exiting to the outside parking lot (The one I originally came in to fill my water bottle yesterday) when she stopped and said, “It’s awfully hot tonight. You should give me your bra too”.  
  
Wondering what it would be like to experiment like some of the other girls, I didn’t hesitate. I reached up inside my T-shirt, unhooked my bra, pulled it through the sleeve and handed it to Angela. I was now about to go outside, wearing only my tiny, transparent yellow thong, yellow T-shirt, sneakers and socks. Angela pushed open the door and I brazenly walked out. The campus was empty, but I still felt invigorated. Unbeknownst to me, Angela dropped my jeans and bra on the gymnasium floor and pulled the door shut. I was now in public wearing only a T-shirt and thong.

**Shirts vs Skins - 10**

“Angela! What are you doing?” I demanded. She looked at me and said, “Sharon. Relax. I promise ‘No Tricks’, but you must admit not having an escape route makes the walk to my car much more interesting” she replied. “But what if someone sees me?” I complained. “Sharon! Your T-shirt is long enough that anyone who sees you will think you have short shorts on under it. I must tell you, I’m a bit disappointed. After watching the security video, you became my hero. Ripping off your dress and bra like that, then tearing the boys up on the court. That was awesome! And tonight! Playing with us girls in that sexy little ‘eyepatch’ you call a thong. You can’t tell me it doesn’t turn you on, too”.  
  
Still standing outside the locked gymnasium door I realized, I ‘Was’ turned on, and had no choice but to make it to Angela’s car without being noticed by anyone. I took a deep breath and said, “O.k. Let’s do this”. It was now almost 7:00 pm. and the heat had subsided. The cool, late summer breeze was stimulating my pussy, as I tried to walk naturally and keep my T-shirt from blowing up and exposing the fact that the only thing I was wearing under it, did not have enough fabric to cover a small cell phone. Knowing that a typical New England gust of wind could expose my bare butt cheeks was becoming a thrill.  
  
We walked down the concrete paths until Angela said, “There’s my car”. She was parked about fifty yards away in the last parking lot on campus. I figured we would continue on the sidewalk to the parking lot when Angela said, “Sharon. I’ll give you my keys, if you give me your T-shirt, and we’ll race across the grass to my car”, as she hit the panic button on her key to prove it was her car. There it was, alone in the lower parking lot. “No way Angela! I can’t do that!” She gave me the most sarcastic expression and replied, “So let me get this right. You can play basketball with seven guys wearing only your sneakers and little white panties. You can practice with the basketball team for over an hour, wearing only that tiny yellow see through triangle, but you can’t race me for 45 seconds to my car? I don’t buy it”.  
  
I looked around to see if anyone was watching, then back to the car. “You know you want to”, she said, with the most tantalizing tone. “Plus, I’ll make you a deal, Sharon. I’ll get the girls on the team to skip class, so we can give you emotional support while you’re fulfilling you penance tomorrow”. The thought of running across the grass to her car wearing only my yellow, transparent thong and sneakers was both petrifying and invigorating at the same time. I must have been completely out of my mind. I continued to scan the surrounding area, as I said, “Give me your keys”. Angela handed me her keys and I hit the panic button to be sure this was not some kind of a set up.  
  
Gripping the keys with all my might, I ripped off my T-shirt, threw it to her, and said, “Go”, as I took off across the grass, running as fast as I could to the car. I reached the car and frantically opened the door and jumped in, covering my exposed tits. I looked back to see how far behind Angela was. To my horror, she was still standing in the same spot. She held my T-shirt, while extending her arm, and dropped it on the ground, wearing the most sinister smile anyone had ever seen. OMG! I may have been in her car, but it was still light out and I had nothing on but my tiny little thong.  
  
I rolled down the car window down and yelled, “Angela. I swear I’ll leave you here! I’ll take your car and drive myself home!”, as I desperately surveyed the area for anyone who might have seen my first streaking adventure. She yelled out, “Go ahead Sharon! I dare you!” knowing I could not drive home wearing nothing but a thong. Then she Yelled out again, “Relax Sharon! I’m just teasing you!” as she bent over, picked up my T-shirt and took her sweet time walking to the car.  
  
For some reason I could not keep myself from getting moist between my legs. I was totally turned on. “Why was I turned on?” I thought to myself, as I watched Angela drop and pick up, drop and pick up my yellow T-shirt on her slow walk back to the car. The only covering I had for my overexposed body was being put out there like the proverbial carrot. Finally, she reached the car, and dropped my T-shirt for the last time. She left it about ten feet from my side of the car and got into the driver’s seat.  
  
As she closed her door, I looked at her and asked, “Why are you doing this Angela?” She smiled, rubbed my rock- hard nipples and said, “Sharon. You really are my hero. I wish I had the guts to do the things you do. Now, there’s your shirt. The question is, will you jump out of the car, covering those perfect tits, grab it and jump back in, like that scared little rabbit Miss Reynolds talked about? Or will you open the door and slowly walk over and retrieve it?” I looked at my shirt, sitting on the pavement, and summoned every bit of courage and dignity I had and decided to take the high road. (Or so I thought)  
  
Still gripping the car keys, I once again scanned the area for any observers who may be using their cell phones to record my public exposure. I opened the car door and got out of the car. Taking the few strides toward the only covering I had, I stopped and picked up the shirt. I turned to Angela and said, “Happy?” She replied, “Oh yeah Sharon. Very happy”. I returned to the car without a thought of pulling that yellow T-shirt over me bare skin. By the time I got back in Angela’s car, I had gone from moist to soaking wet. I folded the T-shirt, looked to Angela and said, “Ready to drive me home?”  
  
Angela said, “Oh yeah Sharon. I’m ready”. She slipped her right hand under my thong and into my slit, as I handed her the car keys. She started the car, put it in gear, and pulled out on the road heading toward my apartment. I have no idea what had come over me, but I didn’t want to put on the shirt. I kept a good eye for any onlookers but was happy to ride home practically naked.

**Shirts vs Skins - 11**

Just a few houses away from my apartment, I put my T-shirt back on, to the disappointment of Angela. I just looked up at her innocently, and said, “Sorry Angela, but I live here. My landlord is an elderly woman and I don’t think she’d understand”. We pulled into the driveway and went into my studio apartment, built off the back of Mrs. Riley’s house. We weren’t five feet inside the door when Angela came up behind me and pulled my T-shirt up over my head.  
  
I turned and barked, “Angela! I’m not a lesbian!” Her reply blew me away. “Either am I Sharon! But ever since Miss Reynolds showed us the security video from yesterday, I can honestly say, there is not a guy on campus that turns me on the way you do now!” “She showed you the video?” I screamed. “Of course. Why do you think we all rallied behind you? Now, didn’t you say you had to do your laundry?” Standing there in my teeny transparent thong, I replied, “Yes. I do”. “Well. Get to it” she said, with a curious look, as she sat on my couch watching my every move. I put my dirty clothes in my neatly, stashed away stack washer/dryer.  
  
Doing my laundry, wearing just a thong and sneakers, while Angela studied every inch of my bare skin was nothing less than titillating. I put on a casual façade but was throbbing between my legs. The rumble of the wash cycle had started when I heard a knock at the door. I crouched, covered my tits and looked to Angela. I looked at her and then the door, signaling her to see who it was. She peeked through the curtains, turned to me and said, “Sharon, it’s Sam”. Horrified, I snapped in a low voice, “Send him away. Angela. Get rid of him!”  
  
Angela looked at me and said, “I’m going to let him in”. I was now cowering in a ball, as I pleaded, “Angela! I can’t let him see me like this!” She rushed over to me and replied, “You got that right girl. You need to lose this thong”, as she knelt down and peeled the only cover I had down to my ankles. Appalled, I snapped, “Angela! What are you doing?” “Trust me! Sharon, you are going to go about your business of doing laundry as if there’s nothing wrong”. I looked down to her with a petrified expression, as I let her pick up my feet one at a time and remove my thong.  
  
Now holding the tiny, yellow, transparent fabric in her hand, she looked up to me and said, “Act naturally Sharon! Make him eat his heart out!” She rubbed my trimmed, brunette pubic hair covered pussy and stood up before me. I’m going to let him in, and you are going to express all the feelings you’ve had since he baited you into taking off you dress and bra”. I took another deep breath and said, “Alright Angela. Let him in”. I walked to the washer, keeping my back to the door.  
  
Angela opened the door and said, in a disgusted voice, “What do you want Sam?”, keeping him from entering my apartment. “I want to talk to Sharon”, he replied. “What about?”, she responded, with such distain that I almost felt sorry for him. “I just want to talk to her”, he continued. “Sharon. Sam wants to talk to you. Should I let him in?” My heart pounded as I looked down at my naked body and replied, “Yeah. It’s o.k. I guess”. I heard the squeaking from the hinges of the door, as it was opened all the way and felt goose bumps cover my bare skin.  
  
Pretending to be occupied with my laundry, I summoned the courage to turn and face him. “What Sam? What do you want now?” I snapped, standing in front of him with nothing to cover me but my sneakers and dark pubic hair. His eyes were bulging out of his head, as he could barely turn his focus from the gap between my thighs, I was happily providing. I should have felt embarrassed, but instead, I felt rejuvenated. “Sam! What do you want?”, I persisted. I waited for him to respond, as I purposely remained exposed for Angela’s enjoyment.  
  
Sam finally was able to spit out the words, “Thanks to you Sharon! I have to play in my boxers on Thursday night!” I responded, “Oh. You, poor boy Sam. Thanks to you, I have to be outside the gym tomorrow, wearing nothing but my sneakers and panties! The whole school will see me!” Angela cleared her throat to distract Sam for a moment, so I could widen my stance and give him an unobstructed view of my wet pussy. Sam turned his attention back to me, as Angela gave me a thumbs up behind his back.  
  
Poised, with my hands on my hips and my legs spread as far apart as possible, without appearing obvious, I confronted Sam again. “You baited me into playing on the skins team, and now look at the trouble I’m in!” Unable to take his eyes off my erect nipples and trimmed bush, he argued, “Sharon! No one in their right mind would have ever thought you would tear off your dress and bra! No one! I was teasing you Sharon! I never expected you to take me seriously!” My spine began to weaken as I realized Sam was right. I wasn’t forced to strip. I wasn’t even really challenged. He made a sexist remark and I tore off my clothes.  
  
Angela saw where this was going and stepped in. “O.k. you guys. It doesn’t really matter how you both got here. What’s important is the way you choose to handle it. Now Sharon. Tomorrow will be fine. Yes, the entire school will see your awesome little body under that adorable boy’s haircut, while you complete your atonement”. She turned to Sam and asked, “Doesn’t she have an awesome little body, Sam?” Sam was unable to take his eyes off me and mumbled, “Yeah”. “And Sam. Really, boxers? You may as well be wearing shorts. Who cares people?”  
  
Sam and I looked at each other, and without a word being said, buried the hatchet. Angela took Sam’s hand and led him to the door. I’m surprised he didn’t hurt his neck, as he continued to stare at the naked body I was so happy to provide. “Good night Sam”, she said, as she closed the door. Angela leaned against the closed door and returned her attention to me. She stared at me and said, “Sharon. I am not a lesbian. I have a boyfriend. But tonight, I want to be with you”. Practically dripping from my experiences, I returned the look and replied, “O.k.”. The rest is a private matter.

**Shirts vs Skins - 12**

The Alarm went off and I woke on the day of reckoning, with Angela in my bed. She sprung up and said with great exuberance, “Sharon! Today’s the day! Make sure you wear clean ankle socks!” as she laughed and searched the room for her clothes. I was not nearly as excited about the upcoming events as she was. I sat up on the side of the bed when she looked down at me and said, “You are so adorable with your little boy’s haircut and that tiny body”.  
  
She knelt in front of me, spread my thighs apart and stared at my pussy. We’re going to clean you up a bit but definitely not shave you”, never taking her eyes off my muff. We want everyone to know, with out a doubt, you’re a brunette”, as she giggled. I fell back on the bed, keeping my legs spread apart for her enjoyment, and replied, “Angela! It’s not funny! I’m going to be totally humiliated today” She laid next to me, stared into my eyes and said, “Yes you are Sharon, but in some ways I’m a little jealous”. “Want to trade places with me?” I asked. “No Way!” was her definitive reply.  
  
Angela jumped up and looked down at me saying, “Now. Let’s get you ready”. She grabbed my hands and pulled me to my feet, then led me to the bathroom. “Sit” she instructed, while pointing to the toilet and searching for my razor. I sat on the toilet seat lid, instinctively spreading my legs apart. She dampened a hand towel, applied some shaving cream to the outer edges of my bush and proceeded to trim the sides, leaving the top at full length. “Get showered and meet me in the kitchen”, she directed. Being grateful to have her there, I followed her every instruction.  
  
I dried off and emerged from the bathroom, to find Angela holding my low-cut white cotton panties, unable to disguise her excitement, sporting an ear to ear grin. I snatched the panties and sarcastically said, “I’m glad someone is enjoying this”. I put on the panties and pulled them up snug. We both looked at my crotch and noticed my pubic hair was still peeking out above the waistband. I looked to Angela and asked, “Shouldn’t I trim that down?” She knelt down and studied my now thinly covered mound and replied, “No. This is much more erotic”, and stood back up again.  
  
Angela pointed to my sneakers and said, “Put on your ankle socks and sneakers first. I want to see what everyone else at school will be seeing”. After my socks and sneakers were on, she marched me to the mirror. It definitely didn’t seem as salacious as when I had a rum buzz going on. Now, it was just felt nauseating. I stared at myself and said, “Well, maybe there won’t be anyone using the gym this morning”. “Not likely”, Angela replied.  
  
Angela continued her instructions, and said, “Now, turn around and pretend you are writing on the black board, imagining a couple hundred people coming in and out to watch you. I want a preview of how this will unfold today. This is awesome! I get to live out my fantasies vicariously through you!”. “Angela! Relax. Not many people have a reason to be at the gymnasium entrance unless they’re using the gym”, I said. “Not unless they got a text message”, she cheerfully replied, while holding up her phone.  
  
“WHAT?” I screamed, as I grabbed her phone. “Every teacher and student at school received this yesterday”, she said. I frantically read the message sent to everyone by Dean Wallace. My heart sank, and I became completely deflated as I read the text. “In keeping with school policy, I wish to inform you in advance, that a scheduled event involving partial nudity is scheduled for Tuesday morning at 9:00 am. at the entrance to the college gymnasium. As a disciplinary action, one of our students will be fulfilling her penalty for breaking campus dress code. Please stay clear from the area if you believe you may be offended. Sincerely, Mr. Wallace. Dean of Students”.  
  
I almost passed out after reading the text message. I started to melt down when Angela grabbed me by the arms and shouted, “Sharon! Look at me!” I turned my eyes up to hers but knew nothing she could say would remove the overwhelming dread I was feeling. “Sharon! I am a senior and captain of the basketball team. You are barely a sophomore, yet you must believe me when I say, ‘You are truly one of my heroes’. The way you disregarded all modesty and etiquette to stand your ground and confront Sam on Sunday was a thing of beauty!” She picked up my yellow thong and dangled it in front of me, saying, “I so wish I had your courage”.  
  
She turned me toward the mirror again, holding her harms around my waist and gently pressing against the bare skin above my pubic line. “You are rapidly becoming one of my best friends Sharon. Miss Reynolds and the entire basketball team will be there ‘In Uniform’ to support you. People will laugh and ridicule you a bit, but you need to keep your spine stiffened and not let them get to you. Focus on writing your little penalty, but at all cost, ‘Maintain Your Dignity!’. Don’t let Yourself or Us down. Stand tall you, adorable little creature”.

**Shirts vs Skins - 13**

At least for a moment, I felt somewhat emotionally prepared for the impending ordeal, I was soon to endure. I turned around, looked up to Angela and said, “I’m ready. Let’s get this over with”. I reached for my bra when Angela asked, “What’s that for?” I replied, “Angela! I’m going to strip down to my panties when we get there. I’m not going to school like this”. She rolled her eyes and said, “Sharon. I know you’re not going to school like that, but after everyone sees you in just your panties, do you think a bra under your clothes will matter? She took the bra from me, handed me the newly washed sundress I was wearing on Sunday and said, “Here. Put this on”.  
  
I heard several cars pull into the driveway, then the slamming of many car doors. A loud repeating banging on my door followed, which alarmed me, as I quickly pulled my sundress over my body. “Come on in guys”, Angela yelled out. My door swung open and six of the girls from the basketball team barreled in, dressed in their blue and white team uniforms. “Hey Sharon. Are you ready for your big day?” was the greeting I received from most of them, as they crammed into my tiny apartment. All I knew was that I felt like an NFL quarterback surrounded by the best offensive linemen (or linewomen) of all time, and was grateful.  
  
It was still early, and we had more than an hour until I had to report to Dean Wallace’s office. The girls were a great support but decided to have a little fun at my expense. Angela and Jennifer (One of my teammates) moved my little kitchen table to the edge of the room, as Kate (The only junior scheduled to play in Thursday night’s game) grabbed my hand and led me a few feet to the center of the room.  
  
The girls circled around me as Kate asked, “O.k. Sharon. How are you going to do it?” Having no idea what she was talking about, I inquired with a puzzled look, “Do what Kate?” She seemed dismayed that I didn’t know what she was talking about and replied, “You know. How are you going to strip down to your panties in the gym?” Bewildered, I replied, “Kate. I’m sure I’ll take my dress off in the locker room, and I will be outside the gym entrance doors, not in the gym. You saw the blackboard last night when we practiced”.  
  
I could see by the expressions on the girl’s faces, there was something I did not know. I looked to Angela for some clarification. She held both my hands, stared me in the eyes and said. “Sharon. The response to Dean Wallace’s text message was enormous. You’re going to write your hundred sentences in the gym instead of outside the doors. There are just too may people who plan to be there for you to do it outside the gym”. My knees became week and Angela knew I was losing my nerve.  
  
“Time for plan ‘B’ girls”, she announced. One of my teammates, Sarah, handed Angela another pair of my underwear. “Come on Sharon. Swap panties. Put these on instead”. She handed me what I called ‘Granny Panties’. Totally confused I removed my snug white cotton panties, handed them to Angela and put on the purple granny panties she had handed me. “Now what?” I asked. She had a single word response. “Girls”.  
  
The six girls and Angela pounced on me, wrestled me to the floor and tickled me to the point where I actually pissed my pants (or granny panties). With almost sixty fingers at work on my body, I rolled around on the floor laughing and begging for relief at the same time. “I can’t breathe! I can’t breathe! I cried out, as tears of laughter ran from my eyes. When I thought I could bare no more, the girls relented, leaving me still giggling on my kitchen floor, surrounded by my teammates.  
  
I looked up at the girls with a tremendous sense of relief, as I was moved by their reassuring countenance. Kate stood up, then pulled me to my feet. With all the girls back on their feet, I was again encircled by them. Angela stepped in front of me and asked, “You O.k. kid?” I smiled and responded, “Much better now. Thanks”. Angela held up my white panties and said, “Can’t have you representing us wearing pee-stained panties. Can we?” She instructed me to swap my pee-soaked granny panties with the white cotton panties Mr. Wallace instructed me to wear. I realized at that moment that I ‘Was’ representing this group of girls wearing the blue and white colors of our school.  
  
“Kate. You’re on again” Angela directed. Kate stood before me, as I finished my panty swap. Now wearing the low cut, white cotton panties I wore when I played against the boys, I shimmied my sundress down past my thighs, and down toward to my knees. I focused on Kate’s earlier question for the first time. She repeated it, so I could hear, “O.k. Sharon. How are you going to do this?” I stood there amongst my teammates, now new friends, still uncertain what I was supposed to do. By this time Angela had dressed in her college uniform and taken center stage again.  
  
“Sharon. Imagine wearing what you are wearing now. At 9:00 am. you will be instructed to disrobe down to your panties and sneakers. Do you hesitate and cower down and let the crowd have the upper hand, or do to tear your dress off like we all watched you do on the security video from Sunday?” I reached down and pulled the dress over my head in seconds, then dropped it on the floor. “Beautiful Sharon! I love the defiant attitude! Now, practice a few more times”. I repeated the public disrobing several times becoming more, feisty with each rendition.  
  
The girls cheered me on as ripped the dress off, dropped it to the floor and practiced my stance, making sure there was not the slightest hint of modesty. I doubt you can appear dignified, while standing in a gymnasium wearing nothing but thin, low cut, white cotton panties and sneakers, among what might be more than a hundred dressed people, but I was determined to try. As I watched the time creep closer, I couldn’t imagine having to go through this without the support of Miss Reynolds and my teammates. I put my dress back on and we filed out of my apartment, got in the cars and headed for the college.

**Shirts vs Skins - 14**

The college was barely over a mile from my apartment, but the trip today seemed to take only seconds. My stomach became queasy as we drove up to the now, ominous campus. I rode with Angela and found myself unable to speak, as she pulled into a parking space. The other girls pulled in next to us and hopped out of their cars. “Come on Sharon! Don’t get cold feet now!”, Kate hollered”. Angela said in a reassuring tone, “You’ve got to go in now, Sharon. It will be fine, you’ll see. We’re all here to support you”.  
  
I took a deep breath and said, “Here goes”, then opened my car door and got out. As we walked toward the school a couple girls gave me some surprise last minute tickles, in an attempt to get me to ‘lighten up’ a bit. “Lighten up?”, I thought to myself. I was about to be totally humiliated in front of the entire school, in the name of Dean Wallace’s warped version of discipline. It all seemed so unfair. We reached the building, and Sarah pulled open the door and silently gave me the ‘After You’ sign with her eyes.  
  
I walked into the building then hesitated for a moment. As I was gaining my composure, two male students walked by us. As plain as day I heard, “I hope the naked girl is beddable. Who wants to see an ugly naked girl?”, one of them said. His friend responded, “I don’t know what she did, but who cares as long as she’s hot”, as they ran up the stairs to the second floor. I started to make my way to the door when Angela stopped me and said, “Sharon. It’s no big deal. All they said is that they hope you’re hot, and You Are! Now let’s go”.  
  
The girls corralled me down the hall to Dean Wallace’s office. After being pushed a bit, I walked in to the outer office where the secretaries worked. All eyes were on me. I felt so ashamed. Thankfully, Miss Reynolds was already there and mouthed the words, “It’ll be o.k. Sharon”. She instructed the girls to wait there and escorted me back to Dean Wallace’s private office. I knew it was bad if I was being taken back there. Miss Reynolds knocked on the fogged glass of the door. I never thought the words “Come in” could be so frightening.  
  
Miss Reynolds opened the door and whispered, “I’ll be right out here Sharon”. I gave her the most petrified expression, as she continued, “Go Sharon. I promise, I will be right out here”. I walked in and heard Miss Reynolds quietly pull the door closed. “Well Sharon. Have you given any thought to the consequences of your inappropriate behavior?”, Dean Wallace asked, in the most self-righteous tone imaginable. I meekly replied, “Yes sir”, trying not to roll my eyes at him. “This entire situation is unfortunate, but you, young people need to learn to respect rules and regulations, no matter where life may take you”, he preached.  
  
“I’m sure you have heard that a text message was sent out to all students and faculty, making them aware of the necessity of making the ‘Punishment Fit the Crime,’ so to speak. Your name was removed from that list, in an attempt to reduce the possibility of you becoming a flight risk. After all, we want our students grow and learn the meaning of accountability here at the college. The venue for ‘Your Punishment’ has been moved to inside the gymnasium, due to the overwhelming response to the original text message. I doubt many will be attending classes this morning, but I believe a lesson can be learned by everyone about the ramifications of unsuitable conduct”, the blowhard continued.  
  
There was one consolation of having to listen to this pompous fool go on and on. Being exposed in front of the entire school, wearing only my panties had to be easier than this! “Do you remember what you are required to write?” he asked. “I will not trespass and play basketball on school property, while wearing only my panties and sneakers”, I replied. “Are you wearing the wardrobe we discussed?” “Yes sir”, I replied, hoping the pervert wasn’t going to ask to see my panties. “Good. You have eighteen minutes (as he looked at his watch) to report to the gymnasium. You’re dismissed”, he said. Sometimes the wrong people have the power, I thought as I left his office.  
  
I’m not one to disrespect authority, but listening to his speech, with all the ‘I’m Doing This for Your Own Good’ overtones, was making me more nauseous than the prospect of being practically naked in front of the whole school. Miss Reynolds and the girls all had their eyes fixed on me as I pulled the door closed behind me. I walked through the outer office area and through the door that led to the hallway, saying to them, “Let’s do this!” The girls became excited and followed me out, as Miss Reynolds asked, “Sharon. What happened in there?”, stopping me in the hallway, looking for an explanation to the sudden change in my attitude.  
  
“Miss Reynolds. He talked like humiliating me in front of the entire school was going to save the planet! He’s making me do this just because he can. Well you know what? He can take my clothes, but he can’t take my dignity. I’m the only one who can surrender that, and I have no intention of doing it today! Let’s get this over with!” I asserted. Miss Reynolds had an odd grin on her face, which prompted me to ask her, “What?” Her eyes became glassy with tears as she looked at me and said, “Sharon. Today you have taken control of your own fate, and that means you have taken control of your own destiny. Quite an achievement for one so young. I am very proud of you” as she hugged me.  
  
The team all joined in a group hug which was appreciated, but not conducive to keeping my ire up and my spine stiffened. We started to the gym in relative silence. I was remembering what the boys at the school entrance said earlier, about hoping I was hot. Then I remembered Barry used that same word to describe me Sunday night. Angela called me an adorable little creature. I’m not one to feel conceited, but any boost to my self-esteem could only help now.  
  
My breasts are small but proportioned to my size. You can hang your keys from my nipples when they become erect. Ha-Ha-Ha. I do have a pretty nice ass (if I do say so myself) and my legs are well toned. My short, boy hair cut has received dozens of compliments since I got it last year, and my face is pretty cute. I may be humiliated today but I won’t be embarrassed about my body. I would let anything go through my mind that would distract me from my fate which is now less than ten minutes away.

**Shirts vs Skins = 15**

You could hear the commotion coming from the gymnasium as we got closer. Angela grabbed my hand and gave it a squeeze. We both held back our grins, knowing we were a bit closer than anyone knew, remembering her overnight stay last night. I could barely keep from smiling, as I remembered her saying, “Sharon. We can’t tell anybody about this. My boyfriend would never understand”. It was a distraction that I cherished. We made it to the doors entering the gym, so I peeked through the long rectangular windows and became panic stricken. The gym was packed! We never once drew a crowd like this at our home games.  
  
Then I noticed, placed right on the college logo at center court, was a clear plexiglass drawing board, that had replaced the blackboard we had spoken about. This would allow people to see me from the front too. With a blackboard, any spectators could only see my bare back and cotton panty covered ass, as long as I remained focused on getting to the 100 sentences and avoided turning around. Now I could be seen from any direction and my tits would be more readily on display. “That Bastard!” I thought to myself. I didn’t look to Miss Reynolds or the girls for an explanation, knowing they had no control over Dean Wallace’s twisted agenda.  
  
Watching all those clothed people, waiting for my public debasement was nothing short of daunting. As my heart fell faint, I caught site of the rest of the varsity team, wearing their blue and whites. It was just what I needed to keep up my spirits. The entire team was hear in the college colors, just for me. I felt my emotions taking hold when I heard that arrogant voice behind me, say, “Should we start the lesson ladies?” Dean Wallace’s voice made my skin crawl. I pushed open the door and walked to his masterly arranged ‘Degradation Platform’.  
  
I took my place in front of the transparent drawing board and searched for the special markers I would need to complete this part of my punishment. There were four markers, which I felt would be sufficient for the task. The packed gymnasium fell silent as Dean Wallace made his way to center court, holding a microphone. I was stunned when the girls from the team all surrounded the board and sat on the floor in their uniforms, showing support for me and team solidarity. Obviously annoyed that the girls were there, but not sure how to deal with them, Dean Wallace put the microphone to his mouth, and in his typically egotistical way started to say, “Sharon. I hope……….  
  
That was enough! I ripped off my sundress, dropped it to the floor, picked up a marker and stared at him. I was robbing him of his opportunity to convey more of his propaganda to the audience, as the gymnasium erupted with cheers and bleacher stomping. As I defiantly stood there in just my little white panties and sneakers, with the crowd going nuts, Dean Wallace was unable to get in a word and relented. He walked off the court as I turned to the board and started writing, making sure to number each sentence. It was so surreal that I had six sentences down when I finally noticed the smiles and thumbs-ups from the teammates I was able to see through the transparent writing board.  
  
I returned the smiles but continued to write down sentence after sentence, in an effort to make this as short and painless as possible. Things had quieted down and the crowd had made their way off the bleachers and to the gymnasium floor. I was at thirty sentences when Angela walked up to me and whispered in my ear, “If you find yourself unable to deal with the spectators, just imagine I’m eating your pussy right here at center court. We both broke out laughing, but truth be known, I wouldn’t have put on my dress if Dean Wallace told me to.  
  
Keeping my focus on finishing the one hundred sentences required by Dean Wallace, I could feel the presence of the crowd, as they continued their encroachment. They were a blur, but I couldn’t help but wonder, who was looking at what? Who was fantasizing about what? I tried to remain focused yet was worried my current arousal would be noticed. I wasn’t soaked yet, but I was getting there. I looked down at the waistband of my panties and wondered, how many people saw the jet-black pubes sprouting out to daylight? There were so many conversations going on around me, I started to lose my focus and hand cramps were slowing my progress.  
  
I stepped back and started to shake the numbness from my writing hand. I was at sixty-eight sentences, and it was only 10:30. Apparently, my short break became the window of opportunity for the dozens of people who wanted to hear me explain, why I was in such a predicament. Angela handed me a water bottle with a pull up top and I took a swig. I was handing it back to her when Sarah grabbed the bottle, pointed it at my crotch and squeezed it until the bottle was empty. The cold water stimulated me to the point where my nipples became erect and I was covered with goose bumps. My thin cotton panties became transparent, just like Sunday, and my jet-black pubic hair was visible for all to see.  
  
“Sarah! What are you doing?”, I snapped. As I, and those around me, stared at my saturated panties and now noticeable black pubic hair. Sarah was obviously hurt and asked in the most, timid voice possible, “That’s how you were when you played against the boys Sharon? Are you mad?” This poor girl had stood by me through all of this. I felt awful. “No Sarah. I’m not mad, but you need another water bottle, so you can wet my ass too”. She smiled, as Kate handed her another water bottle and the girls from the team smiled in approval.  
  
  
  
Sarah drenched the back of my panties, as I rotated so she could be sure to make every inch of the material transparent. Miss Reynolds instructed a janitor to mop up the water on the court, which left me again exposed to someone, one on one. The man mopped up the water but was unable to take his eyes off my saturated crotch, and I had to work at not being happy to be so exposed.  
  
Now that the only cover I had was all but invisible, I turned back to the board and my disciplinary assignment. Before I could reach the board with the marker, I was interrupted by one of the female students. “Sharon. Dean Wallace said you were being reprimanded for an egregious lapse of judgement. What was he talking about?” With the addition of Sarah’s little water prank, every inch of me was on display, yet not only did I not feel humiliated, I felt empowered! I turned to the girl and replied, “I allowed myself to be baited into playing on the skins team of an all-male basketball scrimmage on school property. I was wearing that sundress, as I pointed to my dress on the gym floor, but I played wearing exactly what I have on now. Wet panties and all”.  
  
I was loving the fact that dozens of people were staring at my body and listening to my explanation. Somehow, I felt vindicated. After all. Dean Wallace was intentionally trying to humiliate me for a moment of poor judgement. Anyway, I continued writing the sentences until I had reached eighty-seven, when I needed to loosen up the hand cramps that had been plaguing me. By this time the crowd had sifted down to about sixty people and I had to work at not looking down at my visible black pubic hair. writing three sentences at a time, I finished the hundred sentence penance, but had no urge to pick up my sundress and put it on. I was happy the way I was.

**Shirts vs Skins - 16**

Angela picked up my dress and started to hand it to me. “Oh no! Not until Dean Wallace counts them and agrees I have completed it satisfactorily. I’m not letting him drag this out because of some loop-hole. One of the girls ran down the hall to inform The Dean that I was finished, while I remained in my soaked panties, trying to maintain some self-respect. Several students approached with one of the girls asking, “Did you really play basketball with seven guys dressed like that?” Not sure if they were friend or foe, I carefully chose the words to my reply. I didn’t want to come off as either a victim or a tramp.  
  
“While defending women athletes against this sexist buffoon, I some how forgot myself and ended up playing like this to demonstrate my point. He baited me, by insisting I would have to be on the skin’s team if I wanted play. So, I did”. For the first time all day I felt like I was under a microscope, as I waited for her response. The two girls and two guys took in every inch of my flesh, when she finally said, “I think that took real courage. Good for you girl!” then gave me a high five. I felt relieved as she asked another question. “Why did that girl wet your panties?” I turned toward Sarah then back to her and said. “She’s a good friend who was just teasing me”.  
  
“You know we can see your pubic hair, right?”, while the other three were staring at my bush, through the transparent material. I started to feel a little self-conscious and a bit antsy, so replied, “I think that was her intention”, as I smiled and said, “You guys have a great day”, and made my way back to the safety of the team. Angela was still holding my dress as I was becoming impatient, waiting for Dean Wallace to come and approve my work. I know he was purposely stalling to extend my scandalous predicament.  
  
Another girl walked up to me and asked, “Sharon, right?” as she pointed at me. I nodded, wondering if I was supposed to know her. “My name is Melissa and I just heard your story. I must tell you girl. You have guts girl. Don’t worry about what some people are saying and keep up the good fight”, then she walked away as quickly as she arrived. “What some people are saying?” I turned and asked Angela, now feeling anxious. “Relax Sharon. From what we’ve all seen, your reputation will me more hero than villain. Some people will always be negative, don’t worry about them”. “Where was Dean Wallace?” I thought in frustration.  
  
Finally, Dean Wallace entered the gym and walked over to center court, where we were all waiting. He even walked like he thought he was better than everyone else. He took one look at my wet panties then put his hands on his hips, obviously waiting for an explanation. Miss Reynolds jumped in and said, “It wasn’t her fault! Now approve the board so the poor girl can get dressed!” As I figured, he took his sweet time as he looked over his glasses. “It’s satisfactory”, he said, and walked back to his office without another word. Angela handed me my dress and I put it on, relieved that half of my punishment was over, and the worry (as usual) was worse than the actual event.  
  
By now it was noon, and I had an hour until my next class. I thought about just going home for the rest of the day. I’m sure tomorrow was going to be tough enough. There were about twenty people remaining in the gym as I looked to Miss Reynolds and the girls and let them know my intentions. Angela offered me a ride home since I rode with her this morning. Before we were able to get to the exit we were stopped first by the art instructor, Mr. Hammond. “Well Sharon. That was quite an exhibition you put on, even if it was imposed. We’re always looking for models at the art studio. You should stop by”.  
  
Talk about striking when the iron’s hot. This guy had no shame, I thought. “No thanks Mr. Hammond. This was a result of a misunderstanding. I’m really not interested, but thanks anyway”, I said. as I made my way past him, attempting to reach the exit. Angela said, “You should take him up on it, Sharon”. I stopped and responded to her, “Are you crazy? I just want this whole thing to be over!”, then started for the exit again. “Admit it. You loved it, you, adorable little exhibitionist”. “Come on Angela. Stop teasing me. I’ve had a rough day”, I complained. I was about to find out how rough.  
  
Angela and I exited the gym through the outside doors and there stood Sam. He was looking at his phone, then turned to give me the most sinister grin. “Hey Sharon. Would you like to see how you look on the internet?” In a panic, I grabbed his phone and to my horror he had photos of me wearing just my panties. He had loads of them! I started to storm off to Dean Wallace’s office when he called out. “Don’t bother Sharon. He can’t expel all of us”, he said, as he pointed to dozens of students all looking at their phones. When they saw me emerge from the gym, they held up their phones, smiling from ear to ear. Some were even laughing. I was mortified.  
  
“Dean Wallace said, ‘No Phones!” I argued. Sam just laughed and said, “You can enforce that in a small art class, and everyone knows phones are forbidden during live plays and performances, but there’s no way to police a couple hundred students in space as big as the gymnasium. Your famous Sharon”. I ran to Angela’s car with that awful sound of laughter coming from around me. We reached the car and Angela sped off as I started hyperventilating in my seat.

**Shirts vs Skins - 17**

We pulled into the driveway and I jumped out of the car and ran into my apartment, hoping not to be seen by anyone. Angela followed me in and yelled, “Sharon! Get a hold of yourself!” I can’t go back to that school”, I whined, as I coward down in shame. Angela barked, “Sharon! What did you think was going to happen? Right now, you may be the most recognizable student at the college, but it will blow over! Now listen, I know something about this. Yes, right now half the students probably have pictures of your precious little body and those delightful little titties, on their phones”, she said, in the most lustful tone, unable to take her eyes off me.  
  
She shook her head in an attempt to refocus on my dilemma, and not on her desire to be with me again. She couldn’t have been more obvious. She then continued, “Wait until you see how quickly they’ll move on to the next scandal. It’ll make your head spin”. “What do you know about it?”, I asked. “When I was a sophomore like you, my x-boyfriend made a video of us. I knew about it, but what I didn’t know was that he was going to send it to his buddies. I was all over school in no time. I felt like I couldn’t go back to school but Miss Reynolds talked me into staying and facing my fear. She was right. It blew over in a few days and those idiots aren’t even around anymore.  
  
I felt so bad for Angela, that I gave her a big hug and temporarily forgot about my situation. “Sharon. There is one big difference between our situations”, she said. “What?”, I asked, afraid to hear the answer. “What happened to me was supposed to be private. You on the other hand are known around the school as the girl that wouldn't be bullied and took on the boys on the basketball court, and Dean Wallace in the gym wearing only your panties and sneakers. The way you defiantly ripped off your dress and dropped it on the floor, motivated those students to make all that noise and shut him up. Your performance today is already legendary. You may not want to hear this, but you have got to play in Thursday night’s game”.  
  
“No way Angela. I can’t!”, I insisted. “Why Not? Because someone might take some pictures of you? Sharon! You spent three hours in the center of the packed gymnasium wearing just your panties in front of most of the student body and faculty! There are hundreds, maybe thousands of pictures of you already out there! The damage is done!”, she exclaimed. “Is that supposed to make me feel better?”, I snapped. “Yes! It is!”, she shouted back. We both just stared at each other and finally broke out laughing hysterically, as we fell back on my bed. It was the comic relief I had needed in the worst way.  
  
Just as we were catching our breath, there was a knock on the door. I grabbed Angela’s arm and said in a low but anxious voice, “Angela, send whoever it is away. Hurry!” Angela walked to the door, peeked through the curtains and said, “OMG I don’t believe it”, then shouted through the glass of the door, “Go away creep!” I couldn’t believe it either when I heard Sam’s voice yelling back, “No! Not until I talk to Sharon first”. Angela turned to me and said, “Do you believe this guy?” I sat on the bed wondering why he was here. It couldn’t be to humiliate me more. That wasn’t possible. “I’m not leaving”, we heard him say.  
  
Angela came up with the idea to open the door but make Sam stand outside so he could say what he came here to say. Personally, I think she just wanted to get rid of him, so we could be alone. Since I was having the same idea, I agreed. She opened the door and sternly said, “Stay there Sam. Say what you want to say, then leave”. Sam looked at me again with remorse in his eyes and said, “Sharon, I swear. I didn’t take those pictures until a saw everyone else taking some. I figured it didn’t matter at that point. Plus, you must admit you had it coming”.  
  
“HAD IT COMING? HAD IT COMING FOR WHAT?”, I screamed. “Like you don’t know”, he replied. “KNOW WHAT?”, I demanded. “Thanks to Miss Reynolds going to Dean Wallace, I won’t be wearing boxers during Thursday’s game. I have to wear Tighty Whities! I don’t even own any Tighty Whities!” Angela and I fell back on the bed in hysterics. We laughed until our sides hurt. Then Sam continued, “Sure laugh it up! You come off looking like Joan of Arc and I’ll look like the village idiot!” I almost felt bad as we continued our uncontrollable laughter.  
  
After we finally settled down I got up and walked over to the door noticing Sam looked like I felt. “Sam”, I said. “I don’t know if I should say thanks or sorry, but I do appreciate you coming by. I feel a little better now. “I’ll erase the photos if you want me to”, he offered. “Nah. Keep them as a souvenir, and thanks again”, I replied. “Just so you know Sharon. You are a hero to most of the students and teachers at school. You stand up for yourself. Usually without your clothes but you stand up for yourself”. We silently buried the hatchet again, then he left as I closed the door.  
  
I turned around to see Angela’s shit eating grin. “O.k. o.k. I’ll play on Thursday. By this time both Angela and I had dozens of text messages on our phones. I didn’t have the energy to answer them, so I sent out a message to all my contacts, saying, “It’s been an unusual day to say the least. I plan on trying to relax this afternoon and will talk to you tomorrow. Angela did something similar, letting everyone know I was o.k. Then we shut off our phones and, well, the rest is a private matter.

**Shirts vs Skins - 18**

About 6:00 that evening Angela was trying to convince me to go out for a bite to eat, while I argued that we should order in. “Sharon. You have to go to school tomorrow anyway. Why not test the waters a bit? In a small college town like this, we’ll probably run into some people from school, and you can gauge their reactions before seeing everyone tomorrow”, she persisted. “Oh, I see. I should be my own guinea pig. Right?” “YES! Exactly!”, she replied, in her enthusiastic way. “I think I’ll pass”, I said, as I pulled a menu for a local pizza place from under the magnet on my refrigerator.  
  
Someone knocked at the door, and for the first time since getting caught by Dean Wallace during Sunday’s game, I wasn’t startled. Angela was a great comfort among other things, and I was actually relaxed. I opened the door and there stood Emily and Jimmy. Emily still had that same guilty expression she was wearing Sunday night. “Emily. It’s o.k.”, I said, and invited them in. Still traumatized from the event, she said in an apologetic voice, “Sharon, I was so upset yesterday, about being responsible for you getting into trouble, I just stayed home. But I did come by after school hours to check on you, but you weren’t home”.  
  
I was so consumed with the paranoia that others in school might know about Sunday’s game, and Dean Wallace discovering me wearing only my panties, among all the guys, I didn’t realize Emily wasn’t in school yesterday. I felt so self-absorbed. Emily continued, “I wanted to apologize again today. But after you saw everyone had photos of you, you became so upset, and took off. I wasn’t sure what would be a good time to see you, so here I am”. I walked up to her, cradled her face in my hands and said, “Emily. It’s not your fault. You have nothing to be sorry about”. She gave me a big hug.  
  
That’s when Jimmy decided to pipe in. “She’s right Emily. No one thought she would just, take off all of her clothes! No one!”. I turned to Jimmy, and sneered, “I didn’t take off ‘All’ of my clothes Jimmy”. He quietly muttered, “Well almost all of them”. Emily asked, “Where were you last night when I came by?” I told her how Miss Reynolds wanted the team to practice for Thursday’s game, so we were in the college gymnasium. Angela butted in and said, “Tell them the rest, Sharon”. I glared at her to keep quiet, but it was no use. By now Angela was familiar with my tiny apartment, and had found the transparent, yellow thong I was wearing yesterday.  
  
She yelled out, “Sharon practiced for an hour, wearing just this little, gold nugget!”, as she dangled the tiny, yellow triangle, above her head, laughing, knowing I couldn’t reach it. Emily’s and Jimmy’s jaws fell open and their eyes bugged out in disbelief. I tried to explain, but it was difficult with Angela dancing around behind me, swinging the tiny piece of yellow fabric in the air. “Angela! Stop it, so I can explain”, I insisted. She stopped swinging the thong around, but held on to it, while saying, “Let me tell the story”.  
  
She went on, “Miss Reynolds was determined not to have Sharon hide like a little rabbit, in her own words, or choke on the court, Thursday night. She got the girls that will be playing together and told us if Sharon didn’t agree to practice wearing just her panties and sneakers, like she’ll be wearing for the game, we were to strip her down. Well Sharon declined Miss Reynolds’ invitation (as she snickered) so we held her down and stripped off her clothes. This was no easy task by the way, because she was practically dressed for winter. But under those heavy clothes, much to heavy for a 90-degree day, she was wearing this tiny, see through, yellow eye patch”, as she held it back on display and they all started laughing.  
  
Emily and Jimmy’s expressions went from total disbelief to amused curiosity. I stepped aside to allow Angela to finish the story. She would have interrupted me anyway. She continued the story and told it like it happened. I practiced with the girls wearing only enough material to cover my pussy. My butt cheeks were totally exposed. My small tits were bouncing around as much as small tits do, and she made sure not to leave out a single detail. I was getting aroused just listening to her tell it. Of course, she told the part about me running across the campus lawn, dressed like that, against my continuous objections.  
  
Emily screamed out, “SHARON! I feel so much better now! I didn’t know you took your clothes off all the time!” I tried to clarify the recent episodes, but to no avail. I was getting a reputation as an exhibitionist, and we all know reputations are hard to shake, once you have them. I couldn’t help it, but I was moist between my thighs and needed a change of venue. “O.k. Angela. We can go out to eat”, I said, trying to move the topic of conversation to anything but my recent topless adventures. Angela invited Emily and Jimmy to walk to the pizza shop, down the street with us.  
  
I wasn’t concerned about walking, since most of the students wouldn’t recognize me with my clothes on anyway, as bizarre as that may seem. After all, other than my studies and basketball, I really didn’t have much other social involvement at school. I went to the bathroom, put on my jeans, an old ski-resort T-shirt I had, and baseball cap. (And yes. I wore regular panties and a bra under them) I came out of the bathroom and asked, “Is everybody ready?” We all headed down the street, the few blocks to the pizza shop. By now it was 7:00 and the New England sun was starting to set.  
  
We made it to the small shop and saw only a few people inside. My paranoia was starting to return, as I felt I may be recognized at any time. My only solace was having my three friends with me, and my clothes on. We went up to the counter and ordered, then took a table in the corner and waited for our food to be ready. I had forgotten one major detail. Angela was still wearing her basketball uniform! How could I have been so stupid? I started to panic, and whispered across the table, asking if we could get the order to go. Emily was sympathetic, but Angela and Jimmy wanted to stay and eat there. Within seconds of our food arriving, two guys from school approached our table. I lowered the brim of my cap and started to eat, even though my stomach was in knots.  
  
One of the guys asked Angela, “Aren’t you the girls basketball team captain?” Angela replied, “Yes I am”, as she took a sip of soda through her straw. “Then you must know the ‘Wet Panties Girl’ from the gym today”, he continued. “The Wet Panties Girl?”, she growled. “Yeah. I know her. What about it?” she replied, in an annoyed tone. Angela was not one to take anyone’s crap, and I was glad she was with me on my first outing since my public exposure earlier today. “If you see her. Tell her it was awesome how she shut down old Dean Wallace today. We don’t know how she ended up that way, but the way that almost naked girl, embarrassed the Dean, when she should have been the one humiliated, was fantastic! Oh. And tell her she has nice tits”. Angel stood up and the two guys backed off, with one of the muttering, “Just saying”.

**Shirts vs Skins - 19**

I was happy not to be recognized and appreciated Angela’s defense of my honor. We finished our food and headed back out to the street. Keeping my head down, in order to avoid being identified as the ‘The Wet Panties Girl’ again, we headed back to my apartment. We had made it only a few yards when Angela was approached again. “Hey Angela!”, came a voice from a male student, hanging out with his friends, that apparently knew her. Angela turned and asked, “What do you want Eddie?”. “Can you introduce me to her?”, as he showed Angela his phone, with a photo of me wearing only my saturated panties, on display and lighting up the now dusk hour, of the New England evening.  
  
“Grow up Eddie”, she instructed, and turned to join us for the walk home. “No wait, Angela! I’m not kidding. I really want to meet her”, he continued. I kept my head down and listened, petrified of what I might hear. “Why Eddie? Why do you want to meet her? Do you like her little body, you slime ball? Or do just want some sensationalism for that pathetic school paper of yours”, she replied. “The entire school wants to know her side of the story, Angela. We all know Dean Wallace is a bastard, but this punishment is outrageous, even for him”, Eddie responded. Angela said, “Let me talk to her Eddie. But if you make her look bad, I will beat you into the ground, you little twerp!” “Fair enough”, he replied, and walked away.  
  
I wanted to give Angela a ‘WTF’ look but was more interested in making it back home. As we walked down the sidewalk, Angela asked, “What do you think Sharon? Here’s your chance to tell your side of the story. It’s obvious that most people believe Dean Wallace is the scumbag they always thought he was. You can make a difference here”. I turned to Angela and persisted, “Angela! I just want this to be over! I don’t want to be some champion for a cause! Especially when I have to be practically naked , to be that champion! Let’s just play the game Thursday night, so I can move on!”  
  
We were mostly silent the rest of the way home until Emily decided, in her naïve way, to relieve her conscience. “Sharon. I feel really bad for you, but I’m happy that you take your clothes off all the time. I thought it was because of me, that you are in all this trouble”. “Emily! I don’t take my clothes off all the time!”, I insisted. Emily responded, “Well Sharon, you took your clothes off Sunday in the gym with the guys there. Then at Monday’s practice and again today. Not to mention how you streaked across the campus lawn last night, like Angela said”. I turned to her, keeping in mind how sensitive she is. and replied, “O.K. Emily! I get it! We all get it!” and continued the few remaining blocks back to my apartment.  
  
During the remaining walk, I couldn’t help but think about what Emily had said. I didn’t have to tear off my sundress and play with the boys on Sunday. I could have walked away. I didn’t have to take my T-shirt off and run across the campus lawn. I could have protested more against Dean Wallace’ penalties. I started to question how I got here. Was it a temporary lapse of judgement that led to all of this, or was I subconsciously capitalizing on Dean Wallace’ penance to purposely allow myself to be exposed. Did I want this, somewhere deep down? I was becoming so confused. We reached my apartment without any additional interaction with anyone. Most importantly, any interaction with anyone who may have witnessed my humiliating exposure.  
  
Angela gave me a hug and said she needed to get home. Emily and Jimmy also said good night, and they got in their cars and left. Since Monday night I had not been alone. It felt awkward to be left only to my thoughts, especially since I didn’t know what to think. I closed all my curtains and took a nice warm bath. Against my better judgement, I turned on my phone. There were dozens and dozens of messages. Someone must put my number out there because I only gave my number to a few close friends. I closed one eye, cringed, then opened the first message with a great deal of reluctance.  
  
It was a picture of me, bleachers full of people in the background, with my breasts on full display, and taken after Sarah had soaked my panties. The messenger even went to the trouble of putting a close-up of my crotch in a circle, next to the full photo. The tight, see-through panties with my pubic hair sprouting above the low-cut waistband was available for all to see. Staring at my own visible dark pubic hair, through the wet, transparent white material was so surreal. I didn’t realize until now, seeing myself in view of so many dressed people, while in such a compromising position, how exposed I really was. The knots returned to my stomach, as I read the words that were posted across the bottom of the photo.  
  
“WHY WEAR PANTIES AT ALL?  
  
I enlarged the circular photo on my phone and became captivated, as I lay naked in my tub. It was a given that my tits were exposed for all to see, but the wet panties added some serious eroticism to the overall post. I was mortified, as I wondered how many students had seen the message, or were looking at it right now, and enlarging the circle like I was doing. You could easily make out my slit, through the skin-tight material. Having my breasts uncovered all morning was one thing, but knowing my pussy was also in view in such detail, made me feel both nauseated and stimulated.  
  
A glutton for punishment, I continued viewing the messages for almost two hours. The two basic messages were compliments on either my body or my courage. In many cases, both. There were some rude and demeaning messages also, but they were far outnumbered by those who displayed their desire (both male and female students) for my body, or admiration for my audacious stance against Dean Wallace. It was getting late, so I took care of business, so to speak. I wanted to get enough sleep, so I could rise early and emotionally prepare myself for the day at school. I was not so naïve as to believe it would be easy.