**Spill**

by Sky

I don't put much effort into how I dress. Sweatshirts and sweatpants are my usual attire. I've got a nice white sweatshirt that I particularly like because it fits nicely. It's really long in the sleeves and waist but not baggy at all like it was made for someone six inches taller than me. I've got a pretty small frame, really short, and, to put it bluntly, I'm still waiting for my tits to fully come in. I'm not flat as a board but ehh.. I always just wanted them to be bigger. Anyway, I dress purely to be comfortable which works for me. The inside of my sweatshirts are always really fluffy and soft because I don't wear anything under them. It might sound weird, but trust me, get yourself a big comfy sweater or something and just lose the undershirt and it'll be a million times better. It's not like I exactly need a bra either and wearing one's uncomfortable to boot so I figure that there's no reason to torture myself like that. Obviously I can't wear my sweats in the summer so autumn has kind of defaulted to being my favorite season since winters too cold and spring just feels generally gross like the air is always on the verge of being too hot and the humidity starts coming back.

I was heading home with a pumpkin spice coffee from Starbucks. Typical for a girl like me I know... Anyway, I wasn't paying attention as I was walking, trying to use my phone and drink my coffee all at the same time and out of nowhere some sick, twisted architect decided to plant a pole right in front of my face. I walk home this way almost every single day through downtown with the road to the right of me and a bunch of small businesses on the left and I had never before seen this pole on the edge of the sidewalk that holds up an awning attached to a local restaurant. I swear it just appeared there today like magic, and I managed to walk straight into it, smashing my coffee and spilling it all down my favorite white sweatshirt. At first I stumbled back in pain, thinking I might have broke my nose or something, but then I leaned forward from a different pain on my chest. This burning hot coffee had spilled all over my sweatshirt that was now clinging to body like glue, and all I could do to get it off was lean forward and wait for gravity to take its course. Eventually it did but the burning didn't go away, my sweatshirts aren't very baggy at all, so it could really hang about an inch off my chest and this shit was absolutely scalding. It wasn't cooling down at all.

I made a game time decision and just threw the nearly empty cup of coffee to the ground and held my sweatshirt away from my chest to help cool down but it wasn't enough. It was like lava and it already soaked all the way through, so much so that I could feel it running down my chest under the sweatshirt. The street was pretty dead so thankfully I don't think anyone saw me retardedly walk right into a pole and spill coffee all over myself but that was the least of my worries now. I had to get this sweatshirt off, so I did a quick three sixty around at the empty road of m small town and made the call to pull the sweatshirt off. I ripped it as fast as I could over my head, and then quickly clung the black of it to my now exposed chest. The backside was still dry so it soaked up all the remaining coffee that had soaked onto me. It was already ruined so it didn't matter, more importantly, I backed up against the brick wall of the restaurant and clung to my sweatshirt in an attempt to hide myself as much as possible. In a few seconds the coffee should have cooled down enough to put my sweatshirt back on and then I could make it home but then poof, boom, paow, it's like magic and and I turn my head to see a group of four kids from school. Two girls and two boys just kind of looking at me stupidly. I swore that the area was clear before undressing but these four just materialized in the small time frame from when I checked to when I backed up against the wall which was about three seconds. They must have been able to see that I didn't have anything on underneath this, in fact it couldn't be more obvious from my bare shoulders and arms that clutched my sweatshirt to cover my chest.

Why are you naked?" One of the boys asked me as if I was actually fully undressed. I didn't recognize any of these little shits but there was no doubt in my mind that they recognized me, mostly because one of them said my name a few seconds later when he asked me, "Aren't you Sky?" as if I was some kind of celebrity. I didn't really want to talk to any of these assholes so I just kinda told them to go away which probably came out a little more rude than I wanted it to but with my current situation i'm sure you can understand the panic I was in.

"I was just wondering you don't have a shirt on," as if the giant coffee stain wasn't visible on my sweatshirt although I suppose he could be asking why I didn't have an undershirt but I wasn't going to explain anything to them so I asked back why they were so nosy in mildly accusatory manner. I could tell I was getting under his skin as much as they were getting under mine. They started walking towards me and at first I thought that they would just walk past and continue on their merry way and leave me to my own affairs but they came to a halt right in front of me, the four of them forming an impromptu semi-circle and trapping me against the brick wall. My heart started pounding that they were gonna try something cheeky but they just kept pestering me with dumb questions to which I always answered more wittily. After some time they just kept asking the same thing over and over again as if I was ever going to give them a different answer.

"Why don't you have a shirt? Are you stripping naked in public? What happened to your sweatshirt?" Over and over And every time I gave the shortest, snappiest reply I could think of until eventually one girl reached for my sweatshirt with one hand. She grabbed it, and started pulling it away from me saying, "Let me see it. I can get the coffee stain out. Let me see," over and over while trying to pull it out of my hands. I held on tight enough that she couldn't grab it, she was a total basic bitch that didn't stand a chance to rip the sweatshirt away from me.

"Do you not wear underwear either?" One of the stupid boys asked as I fought for my sweatshirt. The sudden question made her let go, and start backing that train instead asking over and over if I was wearing underwear. I just snapped back, 'Yes, now go away!' which may have been the wrong response because after that they wanted proof. Like a broken record, they asked over and over for my to show them my underwear because they didn't believe until one of them said, "If you prove it we'll leave you alone. I naively bit, and took the bait. I took one hand off my sweatshirt, and hooked my sweatpants with my thumb. I pulled them down just enough to show the elastic waistband of my panties for a quick second, but while my defenses were down, that girl reached back for my sweatshirt and ripped it away from me while I only had one hand on it. Like a magician pulling a tablecloth away, my white sweatshirt left my grasp, and my chest was fully exposed. But only for a brief second as I immediately reached up with both hands to protect myself.

I knew I shouldn't have trusted them but I stupidly did it anyways, and now they had me topless in public feeling like a total idiot. It was humiliating to be stared at and backed into a corner like a wounded animal. On my last legs, I retaliated and tried to fight back, at first just cursing at her, to which she returned the favor. We jawed back and forth until I made the first move, trying to hit her in the face but I was restrained before I could connect a punch. The two boys grabbed my arms and pushed me back into the wall. They were much stronger than I, and held my arms a my sides while they pushed me back, leaving me completely immobile with my small breasts being exhibited. The cool autumn air was especially chilling now on my bare skin and they all made sure to point out that my hard nipples reflected it. They all examined my bare chest up and down, while restraining me. I wanted to fight back but couldn't, I wasn't able to fight back no matter how much I wanted to for putting me through this. They acted like they had the right to humiliate and stare me down just because they caught me at the wrong time. I was giving as much resistance as I could but was no match for two boys I needed someone to come in and save me but the street was silent as ever.

While I pushed back as much as I could, that girl reached for my sweats, and pulled them straight down to ankles, scraping them against the bricks of the restaurant. My body froze as I was stripped even more. My black and purple striped Baltimore Raven panties were brought to light. Not only my was my secret love for the raven disclosed, but nearly my whole body was lay bare for them to gawk at. With my barely developed breasts presented to them, and tight, small panties clinging to my hips a terrible feeling washed over me. I couldn't let them strip me naked like this but there was nothing I could do to stop myself from becoming their play thing. I stopped trying to fight back, realizing I couldn't win, I just pleaded for mercy. I begged for them to stop but they wouldn't let me go so easily.

"Apologize or I pull your panties down!" That evil blonde whore demanded of me. I apologized in every way I knew how, even in spanish, but it's like it wouldn't be enough for them until they took every last shred of dignity away from me. I' not sure what I was even apologizing for but it I wasn't in a position to defy them. She snagged my panties with two fingers and pulled the waistband forward, essentially exposing my privates to anyone that could see down them. She ventilated my underwear, stretching the waistband back and forth without pulling them down and said, "Beg on your hands and knees and we won't make you walk home naked." I just kept saying sorry and begging them not to leave me naked even as they pushed me to the ground. On my hands and kess, with my butt sticking out and my head held low, I begged for them to stop. They were ruthless as they took my sweatpants from my around my ankles as well as my ugg boots. Leaving me in my panties and a pair of bright pink ankle socks.

I was dying inside as they made me do whatever they said. I was utterly defeated and disgraced. As I pleaded for sympathy, they pulled my panties down to my knees, ignoring the promise they made as well as my pathetic sounding pleas. When the cold air hit my butt, a shiver surged through my body, causing me to try to reach back and hide my shame but once again I was detained. They lifted me back onto my feet as my black and purple panties fluttered down my legs and around my ankles. Now standing totally nude save for my socks, I was completely mortified. I wasn't even given the chance to cover myself since they held my arms behind my back. They all inspected my totally nude body. I could hardly believe that I was being held naked in public for these four's amusement. My spirit was totally crushed but when I thought that things couldn't get any worse, I heard her say, "Lift her legs in the air."

They wouldn't let me go, and for some reason weren't yet satisfied even though I did all I could to apologize. I tried to fight back, but I felt two hands grab me from behind, and two more lift my knees up, and they lifted me off the ground, with my hands pinned behind my back, and my legs spread in the air. That girl took out her cell phone and I urgently began to scream for her to stop. With teary eyes, and a mix of a miserable and scared expression I prayed that she would show me some empathy. I begged and cried for her to not go through with it but she didn't even miss a beat as she prepared her cell phone camera to capture my entire unsheltered body. Without an ounce of preservation on my body, my most indecent and shameful moment was set to be captured on camera. My legs were spread to flaunt my shaven vagina, and my arms held behind my back so I couldn't even cover my barely grown breasts. Her cell phone was pointed at me, ready to capture it all and then I heard the sound of the camera shutter. I was completely demoralized and ashamed to be held like this outdoors, in front of four people I didn't even know and all I could do was beg for her to stop. Eventually she silenced my cries when she ripped a sock off my foot, and jammed it in my mouth. With nothing left to do, no way left to protest, she rubbed her fingers over my pussy while taking more and more pictures until I started getting wet.

"Okay, now masturbate until you cum," she demanded from me. I can't even describe how ashamed I was as she grabbed my arm out of another kids grasp, and forced me to touch myself in front of them. I tried to protest but she said, "if you don't listen then I'll just share these with everyone in school." I was already defeated and was left feeling deflated as I moved my hand on my own accord over my vagina. She pointed her phone at me the whole time, sometimes up close in my face and other times she zoomed in on my nipples or pussy. I dug my fingers around inside as I tried desperately to give them what they wanted but I only felt depressed at my current situation. After a while, she told me to stop and instead pointed the camera at my face. "Now tell everyone how much you love to strip naked in public!" She ripped the sock from my mouth and I said it without any hesitation albeit it probably sounded more discouraged than genuine. She could barely even believe it herself, but must have realized that she had completely broke me. "Here, I'll help you finish stripping naked," she said, and ripped my other sock off. Now totally bare from head to toe, she finally told them to let me down.

I stood with my arms held behind my back, in public with my birthday suit on, utterly humiliated and flustered at what just happened. "Unless you want me to send this video to everyone then walk home naked," she said as the whole gang held back laughter. They released my arms, and with a slap on the ass told me to get going, but when I tried to cover myself back up, they told me to leave my hands by my sides so everyone can get a good look. I walked away dejectedly, hands at my sides, and nudity on display. They followed me for a good while, but as I neared my house they stopped tailing me. Luckily I don't think anyone else saw, but the damage was already done. I entered my house, immediately locking myself in my room for the night, and hoped I wouldn't see them ever again.