**Stephanie’s School Skirt And Strip Show**

It was a routine sort of morning like any other. I had gotten out of bed and packed my school books for that day, then made sure I had socks and hockey skirt for PE which was due that day. I wore my new matching pink underwear and I opened a new pair of tights and put them on. They were only 10 denier and really sheer and I felt pretty cool as I admired myself in front of the mirror. I bet so many of the boys in school would love to see me like this, but they never would because I always made sure I was covered up with my sensible thick white blouse, black blazer and wrap over skirt. Mum cried up from downstairs. I was going to miss the school bus if I wasn’t quick. Then I shuddered. The school bus! The journey had become a nightmare over the last few weeks. Some gypsies had started living locally and the council had forced them to send their obnoxious teenage sons and daughters to come to our school in the hope of putting some sort of knowledge into their heads. Their unruliness, bad behaviour and bullying had become a regular part of the journey and most of the decent people from the area no longer looked forward to taking the bus.

Mum shouted again. I was going to be way at the back of the queue now going for the bus. I finished dressing, grabbed some toast on the way out and listened to a brief lecture about eating healthily delivered by mum as I left.

When I got to the bus stop the queue was massive. I was going to be lucky to get on the lower deck. The gypsy morons always went upstairs and most of us tried to avoid that.

The bus came along and the lower deck duly filled up with a lot of the younger kids. Me and some of the other 16 year olds had to go upstairs where already the gypsies were verbally abusing some young kid. I sat as far away from them as I could, but it was still closer than I wanted to be.

The first part of the journey was quite, but as we got within a mile of school they started up.

They started exchanging blows with each other and one of them came flying down the bus as a result of being shoved. The bus rounded a corner as it happened and he fell headlong into my lap. His friends just laughed. He said something unintelligible to me and I pushed him away and said something about him being a moron. He got up and swore at me. One of the girls in his crowd moved down from the back.

“You think you’re something don’t you”

I ignored her. The other moron stood beside her as she carried on ranting. Why did she have to pick on me? I decided to stand up to her. I said a couple of choice things but had hardly started when she slapped me down into my seat. Two of the other boys came running at me and before I knew it they all seemed to be piling on top of me. I felt my hair being pulled and my back being thumped, but then I felt my wrap over skirt ties loosen. I pushed them back. I went to stand up but as I did the girl, seeing the ties were loose reached forward and grabbed hold of my skirt. With one mighty tug she pulled it off leaving me standing there in my tights.

You could hear the gasps from all around. I stood rigid to the spot.

She threw my skirt to the boy next to her. He was staring at my legs intently and without looking away, he threw it to the boy next to him who immediately stuffed it out of the open window. I gasped. It was gone. It was as if everything went silent for a minute then suddenly they all started laughing and pointing at me, saying that I didn’t look so high and mighty now and saying what nice pink knickers I had on.

I was looking for the ground to open up and swallow me. I looked around at my fellow passengers for help. Some of the boys looked like they wanted to help, but they did not want to run up against the four big gypsies. Every one of them was staring down looking at my pants, which were so clearly visible through my tights.

I could hear the sound of feet clambering up the stairs. Some of the younger boys from downstairs had seen my skirt go flying out of the window and had come up to get a closer look. I tried to sit down, but the strong gypsy girl held me up and dragged me towards the stairway.

“Go on – have a good look at her in her knickers,” she laughed. The young boys looked their eyes almost popping out of their heads.

I felt so ashamed and embarrassed.

Just then the bus stopped. We were at school.

Everyone started to pile off including the gypsy mob. One of the guys – I think his name was Dave, handed me my bag. He looked down. I think he wanted to say something but couldn’t. I glanced down. His trousers were almost bursting. He had obviously enjoyed looking at me.

The upshot was that the gypsies were expelled and shortly afterwards, I am glad to say, they left the area. My embarrassment stayed for ages. I was always being pointed at in school and the boys always used to whisper when I walked past talking about the day they all saw my panties.

After a couple of years when I had left school and put the incident behind me, I went out one nice summer evening with a couple of the girls I worked with. We went to a funfair – something I hadn’t done for years.

We rode the bumper cars and the ghost train and the mini roller coaster. We screamed our heads off on almost every ride. We scrambled from ride to ride like a bunch of kids and then we entered something that I didn’t even know what it was. I just saw the words “Fun House” in neon lettering. It was weird. We got rocked from side to side in a strange room and then there was a little narrow corridor so we had to go in single file. I led the way and headed for a door that led to the outside. As I opened it, I could see we were up high and there was a big crowd of spectators below. As I walked forward I suddenly felt an almighty gust of wind that took the

hem of my dress up and over my head! I tried to pull it down, but no sooner than I had than it blew up again showing everyone below my panties. I realised that a light summer dress was not the best thing to be wearing on this attraction. I turned to go back which was a mistake as the door had closed behind me and I couldn’t move back. As I did, the wind lifted the back of my dress and showed everyone below that I had chosen to wear a g-string that day, so my bottom was the subject of attention. I turned to try and get away, but my heel had caught in the grating and this wind jet just kept blowing my dress up. At one point it blew up so much it

took it over my waist and showed off my bra as well! The crowd cheered. I held my dress down as best I could but as soon as I held down the back the front went up and vice versa. By this time the crowd had grown to about 50 people including people with cameras all watching and capturing my embarrassment. With a thump I was suddenly free. Sharon, one of my friends had got through the door and had pushed me on. She was wearing a skirt that blew up revealing that she was wearing black panties, but her show was not as lengthy as mine.

Alison came through behind. She was wearing jeans which did not cause her any problems, but she was wearing a very light summer top which immediately went skywards revealing that she was not wearing a bra. This brought an extra big cheer from the crowd. We soon headed for the exit. I was a bit annoyed at having shown so much to so many people, but the girls just laughed the whole thing off.

We headed for another ride. I am not sure what it was called, but it was very violent and threw us from side to side and I was glad to get off. Sharon looked terrible. She started saying she was going to be sick and we started rushing her off to the toilet. Alison took her inside and I stayed outside, more keen to get some fresh air. I was standing next to one of those stalls where you win a coconut when the boy running it looked at me. “I don’t believe it,” he said.

I looked at him. He was a stranger to me. He shouted to some other people and only when they came over and stood together, it dawned on me that it was the same band of gypsies who had pulled my skirt off when I was a schoolgirl. I felt a real shudder. I looked around for assistance but found I was very much alone. The girly gypsy moved towards me. Even though she was only my age, she looked like an overweight grandmother already. “We’ve got a score to settle with you,” she said.

“You got us kicked out of school,” said one of the boys. I started trying to back away to get ready to run, but as I turned, I was stopped by a huge figure whom I recognized as another of the gypsy crowd, but not one I had seen before.

“What goes on here,” he said. They explained the story of what they had done and what the consequences had been. His face drew a wicked smile.

“So you all got to see what she looks like did you?” said the man. They laughed and nodded.

“Well I haven’t been so lucky – how about a show?”

The others crowded round me and forced me into a corner. Everyone in the funfair seemed to have disappeared. It was just these people and me.

“That’s a nice dress she’s wearing Donna, do you think it will fit you?”

The gypsy girl laughed. I would have laughed had the circumstances been different. She was at least 3 sizes bigger than me. She spoke though.

“Yes, just what I need – OK, take it off.”

I stood frozen to the spot. From somewhere inside I heard myself saying no.

“Look – either you take it off or the guys here will give you some assistance.”

I looked at the four rough looking men that stood around me. I did not like the idea of being attacked by them. I started unbuttoning my dress and then pulled it up over my head and held it in my hands. She snatched it away from me and the men all laughed as I stood there I my white bra and g-string trying to cover myself up. I just wanted them to go.

“Come on, and the rest,” said one of the men. I stood rigid again until she threatened me and then I started slowly removing my bra. I handed it over and the men made comments about the size of my breasts. One of them had an enormous erection that I could see through his trousers.

I stood with my hands over my boobs trying to retain what modesty I could.

“Get them off,” said the huge man pointing to my panties. I did not hesitate. I pulled them down immediately and stepped out of them. The girl gathered up all my clothes and laughed.

“I’ll look very nice in all of these,” she said walking off.

I stood naked in front of the men. I was terrified of what they were going to do.

I felt myself being grabbed from behind. My arms were forced back and I was frogmarched along a little alleyway behind some of the attractions. I was beginning to fear the worst when one of the men opened up one of the doors and I was hauled in to a dark area. I couldn’t see what was going on, but I was being manhandled and was being forced down on to something

cold and metallic. I then felt my hands being tied roughly together and my legs were spread apart and then tied to something. As I wondered what was going on in the darkness, it suddenly became light. I looked up at my captors. They were grinning their heads off still looking at my naked body, which was totally spread-eagled and tied to a mini train. They exchanged a few words and then one of them pushed a lever. Suddenly I was moving slowly down a track. The train bumped into two big doors at the end and suddenly I was outside on one of the rides – naked and tied to this damned train with my legs wide apart. I was now in view of the public and the first thing I saw was a crowd of boys who could not believe what

they were looking at. They craned their necks to get a good look between my legs. Then I heard laughter. More and more people came over to see what was going on. The train was moving slowly round the track and everyone from young boys to older men with their wives were all staring at me – laughing because they thought it was some sort of attraction.

I saw the gypsies who had done this to me. They seemed pleased with their handiwork. The girl who had walked off with my clothes was shouting to everyone, “Roll up roll up, see the incredible naked lady that just loves showing off. Is she real or is she a fake – all the men are welcome to touch her and inspect her.”

With that the train stopped. About half a dozen men leaned forward and started feeling me, touching my nipples and one of them put his finger into my twat which made me squeal. He sniffed his finger and proclaimed to everyone that I was real. As I wriggled, I found that the ropes had loosened and with one bound I was able to get up and start running away.

Obviously running through a carnival naked was still attracting attention, but eventually I got behind one of the stalls, found some old sacks and covered myself with them and made my way back home.

Never again did I want to visit a funfair!