Hi – I’m Stephanie Sharp from England.

I have amazing bad luck some times when I try to keep my clothes on and over the

next few weeks I will tell you all about the various things that have happened.

I am a genuine 32-year-old female who likes chatting like this – and if all men are like my husband – I think you will enjoy it too.

If you have any ideas or just want to chat about things – write to me at

stephsharp46@hotmail.com

Thanks

The following is a true story. I have changed a couple of things (like my name!) so

that the innocent as well as the guilty are protected.

This goes back to when I was 16. I went to a mixed school in the UK in Manchester.

One day late in the summer towards the end of term, we had a physical education

class. Normally we didn’t do anything too strenuous, but that day we had to go for a run which was not a lot of fun. After 8 laps round the track, we were ready to go back to the changing room to freshen up. I was never so glad to get into a shower in my life and stayed on long after most of the girls had gone when all at once – the fire bell sounded. Normally when the fire bell goes there is no problem, everyone just heads straight out into the playground in an orderly manner, but I ran into the changing room and all the girls were there in various stages of undress. We just looked at each other not knowing what to do.

The teacher made our minds up for us very rapidly. She came in and ordered us to

get out of the room immediately and grab a towel to cover ourselves. Any thoughts of protest we had were gone when we began to smell smoke, so we all grabbed the

nearest towels and headed outside.

Despite the fact that it was sunny, I didn’t feel very warm and I could feel my face go red as we all trooped outside. Some of the girls had managed to get dressed and a couple had managed to get their bras on as I could see their straps. I was the only one who had not managed to put any clothes on at all and I felt very vulnerable covered in just a towel.

The bell continued and the other classes came out and when the boys all saw us

standing there, there were lots of whistles and shouts and whistling of “The Stripper”. I was looking straight at a group of these boys, a lot of whom I shared classes with, and I thought it was the most embarrassing moment of my life, but that was still to come.

They started cheering and I noticed one of the girls next to me had accidentally let the top of her towel fall and her white bra was on show. I felt happy that they were now looking at someone else when all of a sudden I felt a massive tug at my towel, so strong that it made me almost fall. As I steadied myself and stood up, I noticed my towel was being whisked away. One of the boys had come up behind me and pulled it with all his strength. He ran away holding the towel in the air. I stood up and looked around. All the boys in the school seemed to be there in front of me and their eyes were all popping out of their heads. I looked down. There on show to everyone were my nipples and my pubic hair. I just screamed. I looked at the boys again and immediately turned around although that didn’t stop them cheering. I looked for something to cover myself with and there was nothing. The boy with my towel had completely disappeared and all of the other girls were holding their towels as though their lives depended on it. I looked back at the boys. I looked at the faces. Some of them were laughing, some of them looked in shock and some of them looked like they were thinking what they would like to do to me.

I turned round to go back into the building but the smoke was still coming out of the door. I started running towards one of the other doors, but just as I did the door opened and another crowd of boys came out and again, they couldn’t believe they had ran into a naked girl.

Finally I felt a towel being placed over my shoulders. The PE teacher had retrieved it and I grabbed it and covered my boobs. It only took me a second to realise I was still showing my twat to everyone and my bottom was on show to everyone in back of me. I took a gulp and took the towel off again knowing that all the guys would get to see my goodies again, but this time I wrapped it around me really tightly

After what seemed like a year, we were all allowed back into the building and I was

able to retrieve my clothes, which I put on really quickly. Some of the other girls were sympathetic, but some laughed which I thought was a bit mean.

There was quite an aftermath. It turned out that the fire bell had been triggered by a smoke bomb which had been placed by the boy who crept up behind me and pulled off my towel. He was always in trouble and it was no surprise when he was expelled for his misdemeanour.

My life in school was never the same. All the boys always gave me knowing looks

and on several occasions, one I remember particular, I was walking along the corridor and 2 boys came up behind me lifting up the hem of my skirt and showing my panties to all their classmates.

To this day I remember every detail of what happened and every now and again if I

ever see one of the boys from school – I always think to myself about the time he

saw me standing naked in the playground. I was so embarrassed.

Love from Stephanie