Hi – I’m Stephanie Sharp from England.

I joined this community because I get a kick out of embarrassment and my husband and I enjoy situations where I sometimes lose my clothes in public.

I am a genuine 32-year-old female who likes to chat on this subject and attached is

one of my stories. If you like – I will add more as the weeks go past.

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

stephsharp46@hotmail.com

Thanks

Here is something that happened to me when I visited the supermarket earlier in the year during the summer.

I had finished getting the week’s groceries and was heading back through the car park to get to the car. There was another girl coming towards the store. I noticed she was wearing a very nice summery dress. She was blonde, had a nice figure and I could see the men in the car park looking at her as she walked past them.

Just as she came past me, the heel on my shoe went and sent me stumbling. I

reached out to grab anything before I fell and I grabbed hold of this poor blonde girl – unfortunately as I did so I caught the top of her dress and there was terrific ripping sound. I fell to the ground. As I looked up I saw the girl standing over me.

She was only wearing her bra and panties. I had ripped her dress completely off.

I stood up to apologize, but I could see she was not in the mood to listen and she

looked really angry.

“You bitch, you did that deliberately”

As I was getting up she knocked me back to the ground, which was a bit

embarrassing because I fell down with my legs wide open and there were men

walking past that stopped to look. They could see right up my skirt and probably see my panties.

Some other people had stopped to look at this girl. She did have a nice figure and her white underwear was very sexy and there she was standing in a supermarket car park in front of a lot of men. She was not pleased at all with me.

As I lay on the ground she said “right – let’s see how you like it”

Next thing I felt my skirt being pulled down. It was an elasticised waist so it came off easily. I yelled – but she whisked it off and the next thing I knew it was in her

hand and all the men were cheering. As I was still trying to get up she grabbed my

blouse and I could hear it rip. Again the men cheered and at last I got to stand up – but she had already grabbed my bra and I could feel it loosen. Trying to defend myself I reached out and grabbed her bra, which fell off really easily. She had big breasts – much bigger than mine. She looked down and screamed and tried to cover herself from all the men and boys who were watching. I started to run to the car but as I did I could feel my bra fall off and all the men cheered and laughed at me. I looked down. I realized that today I had worn my tiniest panties and there I was standing in front of a load of men wearing nothing but them.

I’m not sure what happened next but I felt myself being grabbed by this girl who was quite strong.

She dragged me over to her car and then I heard her order two of the men to help

her. As I struggled to get free she grabbed my panties and pulled them down in front of everyone leaving me naked. I screamed as I felt the air rush around my vagina, which was now on show. Then, with the 2 men, they threw me on top of the car and on to the roof rack and before I knew what had happened, I was being tied to the roof rack. The men who tied me were quite rough. She instructed them to pull my legs apart and tie me to the roof rack by the ankles. I felt really humiliated because there were loads of men now looking at my wide-open legs and looking up my fanny. The girl, who had managed to slip on a coat she had in the car - then went into the car, started it up and drove off. I felt the breeze blow up my crack as she slowly drove round the car park. I thought the ordeal would be over soon, but she then drove out into the main road and started driving along the street. There were people at bus stops, college boys at windows all getting an eyeful. Even a double deck bus drew up beside us and everyone on the top deck looked at me. Eventually she stopped the car in a pub car park. She said she would let me go on condition I walked into the pub stark naked as I was. I had to agree, so as soon as she untied me. She forced me to walk to the door – but she obviously knew the pub was full of rugby players having some sort of stag do, so I walked in and all these men saw me naked. I felt so embarrassed and humiliated.

Love from Stephanie

STEPHANIE SCRATCHES!

There are people in life you get along with – and people you don’t. I never did get along with Louise Crossley and even if I live to be 200, I don’t think I ever will.

In theory we should have got along. We were both in our early 20s and we worked in the same office – but there the similarity ended. I mean she was pretty enough and always dressed well in black skirts and white blouses and sometimes knee length boots. She had those big eyes that men go wild for and shoulder length hair. What I did have over her was my height – I was five foot four and she barely came up to five feet and my bust size, which is a healthy 38 whereas she looked as if her underwear drawer only boasted of 32A bras. She had joined JCN Computers a few months before and had been really crawling round after everyone; making it so obvious she wanted to get on. I had been in there for a couple of years and got where I was on merit. Girls like Louise Crossley were bad for girls everywhere.

It had all started off with what I thought was a rather cruel joke that she played on me. I was struggling to walk through the office one day carrying a load of files – all the boys were standing by the coffee machine watching and doing nothing to help. She came towards me and I thought she was going to help, but she shouted to the boys

“What do you think of this guys?”

I went to turn round to see what she was talking about when I felt my skirt being tugged and fall to the floor. The guys at the coffee machine couldn’t believe their eyes.

I was standing in front of them with my skirt on the floor, my white panties on show through my tights. Louise stood laughing at my embarrassment and I struggled to put down the files and pull my skirt back up again. The guys in the office kept ribbing me about it for the rest of the day and I decided I was going to get even with the stuck up Miss Crossley.

My chance came just a few days later.

She had come back to work one lunchtime with her holiday snaps and I saw her going through them quietly at her desk and taking some out which she placed in her handbag. Then she started walking all around the office talking to all the men and sitting at their desks distracting them asking if they wanted to see her pictures. Of course like the bunch of suckers they were, they all came swarming like bees round a hive. She showed them pictures of her in a nightclub with a low cut dress, on the beach with her bikini and by the pool.

The guys were all leering and asked her if she had any topless pictures, but she kept smiling and saying they couldn’t see anything like that. She loved every bit of attention being lavished on her.

Her telephone went and she went off to answer it leaving the yellow envelope with the pictures on a desk. I picked it up and looked inside. The negatives were still in there. I discreetly took them out and put them into my trousers pocket then headed off to the ladies.

Once in the privacy of the cubicle I took out the negatives being careful to handle them only by the edges. I held them up to the light. All very routine holiday stuff, then bang. I liked at one more closely. Even though I was seeing it in reverse, it looked like Louise coming out of the shower, stark naked! I checked the rest. There was one where she was in her bedroom just wearing her panties and another where she was on the beach with her bra off. These must have been the ones that she was so keen to take out of the envelope earlier. This seemed too good an opportunity to miss. I took these negatives out and slipped them into my bag. The others I placed back in their holder and returned to the office. Louise was still on the telephone and no one noticed me slipping the remaining negatives back in the envelope.

That afternoon I left early and went to one of those “pictures developed in an hour” booths. I handed over the three pictures and asked for blow-ups.

Next morning Louse arrived in after nine as usual and she could not figure out why all the boys were looking at her in a different way. They were nudging each other and then on her way to the coffee machine she saw a crowd round the notice board. She went over and took a look and then almost jumped in horror when she say three 8 by 10 pictures of herself on the board. The first one was her on the beach with her lying back making her look totally flat chested with just her little pink nipples sticking up. The second she was standing smiling at the camera wearing only tiny white panties and topless, again with her boobs looking really small.

The third picture was the best one. She looked like her boyfriend must have taken this by surprise because she was in the shower turning around and looking surprised. It was a full frontal shot and so all the guys were treated to a view of her little black twat that had been neatly shaved to accommodate her bikini bottom. She screamed and started ripping the pictures down. A minute later she was at my desk.

“You did this didn’t you” she shouted.

I looked puzzled – but I am sure she could see I was laughing on the inside.

“I don’t know what you mean.”

She stomped off swearing revenge. I felt that her humiliation had more than made up for my skirt being pulled down.

Unfortunately, Louise was not one to forgive and forget as I found out the following day.

I was very careful the following day knowing that Louise would probably still be sore, so I spent most of the morning in another part of the office where she would not be dealing with me. The day was fairly uneventful until I was asked to go to the stock room to do some checking. When I got there, I found some typewritten instructions telling me to check all the materials on the top shelf. This seemed a bit unusual and I was less than keen to do it as I was wearing my shortest skirt and did not want to be at the top of a ladder if any of the boys came in. It was quiet though and a couple of minutes later I was on top of the ladder stretching for all I was worth to make sure that everything was checked out. Once I finished I went back into the office where all the boys were gathered round a screen having a good laugh at something.

I went over to check it out and saw they were looking at some video of some tart in a mini skirt climbing a ladder and showing off her panties. I shrugged shoulders and went to walk away when I took a closer look. The panties looked familiar. So did the legs. So did the shelves she was climbing to. It was me! They were all laughing at me, making comments about my legs and my “cute little ass.” I couldn’t see how they had managed to make a video, but a moment later Louise came in holding high the tiniest, miniature camera I had ever seen.

She had obviously hidden it on the floor disguised in something and all the guys in the office had been broadcasted pictures of me climbing the ladder and showing off everything I had. I stomped out of the room furious and very embarrassed.

Things finally came to a head in the cafeteria. I was walking in to get a sandwich and there in front of me was Louise with, as usual, a crowd of boys. She was carrying a tray in front of her and she was wearing a little floral skirt with an elasticised waist. I looked around. There must have been about thirty men all seated at tables all looking at her. She had both her hands occupied carrying a tray so she could not do anything. I thought I would take the opportunity to get one last revenge. I walked up behind her, stuck both hands inside the waistband and pulled it downwards as far as I could.

Louise’s scream could have been heard for miles. I stood back to view my handiwork and all the men were looking as well. Unfortunately, I had done my job a little too well. As well as getting her skirt down, I had also accidentally pulled her panties right down as well and as she turned around to see what was being done, I could see her little bush for the second time that week – this time though the hair had grown back from her vacation and she was a lot hairier than in her holiday pictures. She bent down leaving her tray on the floor and started recovering herself, first hitching up her little black panties then her skirt. I have never seen anyone’s face so red. She screamed at me“You bitch”Faster than I could realise she had a handful of my hair in her left hand and she was delivering a mighty slap to my face with her right. I fell back stunned into a couple of people making them spill their trays. She continued pulling my hair and it was painful. She dragged me down to the ground and started scratching my face. I realized I was being whacked, but as I was on the ground inspiration hit me – with the hand that was not trying to fight her off, I reached out and gave her skirt another sharp tug. It had the desired effect and it plummeted to the ground. Louise let go and looked down at her panties being on show again. I took this opportunity to get up and deliver a slap of my own which sent her back and because her skirt was round her ankles, she fell over backwards landing on the floor. She had unwittingly stepped out of her skirt and so I took the opportunity to grab it and throw it as far away as I could. She got up and launched herself at me and this sent me flying to the floor. I was totally winded and was only vaguely conscious that as I was lying there, she grabbed my skirt and started pulling it down. I tried feebly to stop, but I was really floored. As I stood up I saw my skirt being thrown in among a crowd of men. They were all having a good look at my white panties, which were not covering much and today of all days I had chosen to wear my stockings. I got another thump in the face but when she went to follow through, I ducked and she overbalanced and spun round. She had her back to me for a brief second, I reached out to scratch her, but instead grabbed her blouse and hauled it towards me. It was thin and the sound of it ripping right off of her body made the men watching cheer. She stood in front of all of us wearing a pink bra and black panties – none of which matched at all. Undeterred, Louise tried to land another blow, but I grabbed her by the arm and sank my teeth into it – that made her yell. I then hauled her by the back of her bra round and made her spin off into the crowd that had gathered. The elastic on her bra must have given way and when she emerged from the crowd, she was coyly covering her nipples with her hands. She looked totally embarrassed. It’s as if she just realised where she was and what she was showing. She tried to walk towards the exit, but I was determined to finish it. Those slaps were still stinging.

I strutted over to her.

“No – no more please,” she said. “I need to get my clothes.”

I was having none of it. I knew that if the situations had been reversed she would be doing the exact same thing. Everything had gone quiet. There were lots of people watching us. She

looked down at the ground. I shouted at her.

“Take off your pants.”

She looked at me in horror.

“What?”

“Take off your pants or believe me, you won’t like what happens next.”

She looked at me frightened and with tears in her eyes. She looked around at all the men

looking at her as she still tried to cover her nipples. She looked down to the ground again and started pulling her pants down. She stepped out of them – still staring at the ground, looking totally ashamed.

“Right – now walk out of here and don’t ever let me see you again.”

She didn’t argue. She walked quickly towards the exit, her hands trying to cover her nipples and vagina as she went. There was an almighty cheer from some of my male colleagues.

“Well done Steph.”

“We think you’re great.”

I found myself being hoisted on to shoulders.

“She’s been asking for that for a long time.”

As I was atop their shoulders, someone had told me that Louise had apparently been upsetting just about everyone she had come into contact with and she had been due her come uppance. Now that she had been totally humiliated and embarrassed in front of everyone, it was unlikely we would ever see her again.

It was great to be the centre of attraction and for all the men to be looking at me admiringly. It was only when they let me down and I saw them all looking I realised, I didn’t have a skirt on.

Love Stephanie

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

Hi,

The following is based on a 2 true stories. I was not the girl in question, but I have written it in first person as I prefer it that way, and from the notes you all send me, I think you do as well.

If you want to comment on this or any of the other stories, write to me at

stephsharp46@hotmail.com

Let me know what you like or don’t like about them.

Love Stephanie

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!