**Streak Suprise**

by CityWolf

Jeannie was terrified. She was a senior in high school in the girl’s locker room with the boy’s basketball game going on upstairs. She was wearing a raincoat, flip-flops and a Halloween mask. That was it. She was completely naked under the coat. Not even any jewelry. The mask was a loosely fitting werewolf mask, fitting like a hood over her whole head, with eyeholes, small holes around the nose and mouth. It was mostly rubber, with some fake fur decoration and a cloth lining inside. It was hot, but she was glad she had it on.

The plan was what terrified her. She was to go upstairs with her friend, Sally. At the top of the steps outside the door to the game she would wait for a time-out, leave the coat and flip-flops with Sally and streak the game wearing only the mask. She would run to the door catty-corner from the locker room door, where her other friend Jane would be waiting outside that door. They would then run down the steps, out the door, into a car waiting just outside the door that another friend, Sarah, would be waiting in with the engine running. Off they would go, no problems at all. No one would know who the naked runner was.

Sure, thought Jeannie. There were a thousand things that could go wrong. Sally reassured her. “Everything’s worked out. Nothing will go wrong. Remember, we’re your best friends and we will have to do the same sort of thing, so we will make sure your thing goes well.”

This was a mess.

The friends had agreed that they would each do something brazen. They had each written a scenario and put them into a hat. They drew the scenario first, then put their names in and picked a name. Jeannie knew there was a chance she would be picked first, but after smoking a little pot and staying up a little late and talking about some boys they knew, it didn’t seem like such a bad idea. It seemed like a colossal mistake right now.

It was actually more of a mess than Jeannie knew. For Jeannie, that is.

What she did not know was that it was all a setup. The other girls were mad at her. They were high school girls, so who knows why. They had come up with the idea, broached it when Jeannie was in a weakened state and counted on her being less than observant. All of the scenarios in the hat were this one and all of the names in the hat were Jeannie’s.

“Come on, can’t I at least wear the flip flops?” Jeannie begged.

“No,” replied Sally, “You know what you agreed to. Anyway, the flip flops would actually slow you down and increase the chances you might stumble. They aren’t made for running. Just think what could happen if you stumbled? There’s virtually no chance of falling if you are barefoot.”

Jeannie agreed, but the thought of stumbling now terrified her.

There was a little more to the setup. An ample supply of fishing line, with a small, light clip on one end was being held by Sally’s boyfriend, who waited for them outside the door. There was a little loop on top of the mask, used to hang it up on the store. The plan was for Sally to attach the fishing line to the loop on top of the mask just before Jeannie took off the raincoat. Naturally, the hope was that Jeannie would be about halfway across the court when the line was reeled in, so to speak. Girls can be so mean.

They went upstairs. Outside the door to the gym, they could see the game going on, with a few hundred fans cheering. “Next time out, you go,” said Sally.

Jeannie said “No, I have decided I’m backing out. I can’t go through with this.”

“No way,” said Sally. “You try and back out and I will drag you out there, get the raincoat off AND the mask. I may not be any stronger than you, but you’re naked under that coat and have no margin for error. Come on, we all agreed.”

The thought of being naked WITHOUT the mask terrified her. Everyone in her school would see her naked. It was a small town and she’d never live it down. The team they were playing tonight was a nearby rival and she knew kids from that school too. No, even chancing that she’d be naked without the mask was too much of a risk.

The horn sounded, indicating a time out. “It’s time,” said Sally, as she pushed Jeannie through the door.

Jeannie could not see very well, the mask acting somewhat like blinders.

“Remember the flip flops,” said Sally as she took the end of the fishing line from her boyfriend who was beside the door.

As Jeannie bend down kicking off the flip flops, Sally quickly attached the line to the loop on top of the mask. The trap was set. Sally pulled the raincoat off of Jeannie and smacked her in the ass. Jeannie took off running. Naked but for the mask.

Jeannie heard the gasp of the crowd, and then their laughter, shouts, catcalls and whistles. She tingled all over. She could not imagine that her whole body was not turning red with embarrassment. Her feet were thumping along the court. Her tits were flopping around. She saw flashes. The camera phones were capturing her streak for posterity. She hadn’t thought of that. She was running as fast as she could. All she could think of was how stupid this was and how glad she was to have the mask on.

Sally stuffed the raincoat and flip flops into a nearby trash can and grabbed the fish line from her boyfriend. When Jeannie was about at half court, Sally pulled back on the fish line and reeled in the mask.

Jeannie suddenly felt the mask lift off of her head. She reached her hands up to try and grab it, but it was gone. She was scared and confused. She looked around to see who could have grabbed the mask, but no one was there. Suddenly she was naked and exposed. The shouts quickly turned to laughter. Everyone was laughing at her. She looked around. She knew almost everyone she could see. Not all of them were friends. In fact she disliked many of them and she knew they disliked her. She could see delight on the faces of many of her enemies who were reveling in her humiliation.

Sally pulled in the mask, went out the door and then put a chain and padlock on it.

Jeannie just stood there in terror. She did not know what to do. The mask had just disappeared, so far as she could see. She was completely naked in front of about everyone she knew. The flashing of cameras increased, memorializing her naked body, but now with her face in the picture. She saw the school guard walking towards her. She did not know what to do, so she ran towards her original destination, the far door where her friend and a car were waiting.

As she got closer, she did not see her friend. She kept running to the door, but when she got there, there was a chain and a padlock on it. In frustration, she gave it a pull, but it did not budge. She did not know what to do, but now people were coming towards her. She turned and ran back across the court to her starting point. At least she could get her raincoat back, she thought.

Again, she endured the laughter of the crowd. The flashes never stopped.

She just kept saying “OmygodOmygodOmygod.”

When she got back to the door, she pulled it but the chain Sally had put there held it tight. No Sally. No raincoat. No escape. No hope.

The school guard grabbed her arm, turned her around and put handcuffs on her. He looked as if he did not know what to do, but was following the rules. He marched her towards the door she had originally run towards, not knowing that it was locked. With her hands cuffed behind her, could not cover any of her nudity. When they got to the door, she thought that if she had remembered to tell him it was locked, at least her humiliation would be done for now. They then walked towards another door, which was open and they went to the security office. The laughter continued.

Her friends had counted on some camera phones, but also made sure that there were a number of people there with really good cameras and video cameras. Jeannie’s streak would be well preserved. Not everyone was at the game, but everyone had photos by later that night. Websites were created with hundreds of pictures and videos, all available for free download. There was no other school in the area, and Jeannie’s parents made her go to finish out the year. She seldom made eye contact with anyone. She only went to a few after-school events. Each time she went, someone was wearing a t-shirt with her nude picture on it or drinking out of a mug with her exposed on it. Wherever she went after high school, the pictures followed. A digital picture is forever.