**Stripped at the Park**

by SDS

Back when I was 14 I was somewhat of a late bloomer, I was just under 4’6 foot tall and due to my mostly flat chest looked more like a 12 year old. I used to go to a private school as my parents were fairly well off and I remember one day when my dad wasn’t able to pick me up from school I Had to walk home. This didn’t seem like too much of a big deal to me as it was only about 15 minutes away. I cut through a local park to save me a walking round and that was my big mistake.

About halfway through I was stopped by a group of what these days we’d call yobs, youths from the local comprehensive school. They surrounded me and started asking me what a posh bitch was doing in their park. I was scared they only looked around 11-13 but there was still a lot of them and most were bigger than me.

I told them I was just trying to go home and to leave me alone. I tried to push past them but the biggest fat girl pushed me backwards and I almost tripped. They told me to give them my money, and threatened to beat me up. The problem was that I didn’t carry money on me, my school lunch was already paid for me and usually got picked up and taken home. They didn’t like that answer and grabbed my bag and started looking through it. I tried to protest but one of the other girls grabbed me and told me not to move unless I wanted battering.

While looking through the girl pulled out my schools planner, on the front said my name and that I was in Year 10 (UK schooling system) she started laughing and asking me how old I was. I was near tears by now and terrified of what they were going to do to me. I answered honestly that I was 14, the girl laughed louder saying that I looked like a little kid with no boobs.

She walked up to me pointing at my chest saying they were non-existent, then grabbed her own over the top of her school shirt saying look I’m 12 and have far bigger showing off her assets. At this point I was not only upset but red faced with embarrassment. A few of the boys hanging around had come over to watch and shout their own vulgar comments. She grabbed me by the arm dragging me over to them asking them how old I was, they laughed along with her when she told them how I looked like a child. Please get off me I begged, but this only made her laugh louder and tease me for my posh accent. She then started to point at my uniform and how my shirt was still tucked in.

Soon it was obvious I had no money on me so she changed her plan. She kept laughing calling me a stuck up cow and how I thought I was better than them in my fancy uniform. She then pushed me down onto the grass, I landed hard and my first reaction was to pull my short skirt down so I didn’t expose my underwear she picked up on this laughing that I was probably wearing little girl posh knickers too and was too shy. She pulled her thong sting up a bit showing it atop of her tracksuit bottoms and said something like this is what girls her age should be wearing. I got up and tried to run but one of her friends grabbed me. She pulled my skirt up at the back so she could see what I was wearing. To my shame I was wearing an old pair of small pink cotton panties that I should have thrown away a long time ago. I screamed in shame trying to pull it down but one of her friends grabbed my arms from behind. Some of the boys wolf whistled and the lot of the scum where laughing at me. “Please strop, please.” I begged again now totally red with embarrassment. She only laughed more pulling my skirt up fully exposing my underwear to everyone.

A few of the boys and her friends egged her on shouting to strip me. She obliged letting go of my skirt but then starting to work the button and zip that held in in place. She looked me in the eye with and evil grin, and started counting down, three, two, one and then tugged my skirt to my ankles. It wasn’t just my skirt being pulled up it was now pulled down I felt totally humiliated as the fabric slid down my thin pale legs. They all laughed and hollered. I was made to step off my skirt as she picked it up holding it in front of my face.

She told her friend to let me go but I was still surrounded by girls and boys younger than me. Instantly I tried to pull my shirt down, just covering my humiliation. Please give me it back I begged, again. Surprisingly she said ok. For a second I felt hope but that was quickly shattered as she said only if you do exactly what I say. She gave me a choice do what she said or her and her friends would strip me and leave me to run home naked. I was terrified and agreed with a tear filled nod. First she made me put my hands on my head and spin slowly. For a moment I stood stunned but begrudgingly did it. As I reached for my head my shirt hiked up exposing my little knickers to everyone again they laughed at my humiliation asking how I felt to be stripped and ordered about my people younger than them.

After a few spins she told me to stop still hands still on head, she walked behind me, fear grippe me deeper as I thought she was going to pull my panties to the ground as well. Instead she grabbed the back of my knickers and pulled upwards hard giving me a painful wedgie as the cloth of my underwear dug into my ass, exposing my pale little checks. She told me this was what it was like to be a big girl and wear a thong. She told me to keep my hands on my head and not to dare pick it. I felt so exposed as eyes were on my little bum clothed only in a small amount of cotton silk. She then told me to dance and they all laughed at my poor dance moves. Then things got serious again as she told me to strip. I stood for moment, shocked and begged her just to let me go. She told me no and that ether I could take my shirt off or they could do it for me and take my bra and panties too.

So I did, slowly unbuttoning my shirt trying to prolong the humiliation desperately trying to think of another solution or a way out. As I had almost unbuttoned all the way to the top the girls moved on me like hungry animals pulling the shirt over my head exposing my little boobs covered only with a matching pink bra. They laughed and teased calling me a little posh slut for stripping for the boys. I started to cry uncontrollably totally humiliated and shown up I covered by breasts with my hands it was all too much everyone starting at me.

Hands on head again, she laughed almost unable to talk in joy at my shame and humiliation. I did and they pointed at my little boobs again pulling her own shirt down a bit to show hers again comparing and humiliating me.

They humiliated me for a while longer making me bend down making my wedgie go deeper and then jump up and down so my small tits bounced for their amusement. Finally she said if I showed the boys my little almost flat boobs she’d let me go and even give me my clothes back. I refused it was too much I cried but they didn’t listen. They jumped on my pushing me to the grass again. A couple of the girls grabbed my hands pulling me across the grass getting my bum and back muddy they turned me over and piled on me unclipping my bra. There was little I could do suddenly someone grabbed my panties pulling them down my legs exposing my bum to everyone. I screamed but no one cared like a mob they turned me over again letting go of me. Someone turned me over again two people grabbed my legs two people my arms. They ripped my panties all the way off me and then did the same with my bra. I was totally naked and totally humiliated.

Then they left me curled up on the muddy grass with my clothes piled up next to me. I had to redress in front of them before I could run home. It was the worst day of my life, I never told anyone about it until now almost 10 years later.