**Stripped in Public!**

by Abbycakes  
  
Erin was a stunning 16-year-old beauty, five eight with a killer body. Her curly brunette hair dropped to her shoulders, her pert breasts were perfect, and her killer ass led into a pair of long, smooth legs, with her shaved pussy nestled between. Erin was a closet exhibitionist who loved to show off her body.  
  
One bright summer day, she decided to do a little flaunting. Her folks were away, so she left the house wearing a tiny cropped tank top that barely covered her tits and a ridiculously short pair of button-fly cutoffs, more like khaki panties.  
  
Erin had cut off the entire top part, along with the topmost button. She'd also ripped off the pockets, leaving two threadbare patches where they once were. Her tiny thong poked seductively out of her shorts waistband. Slipping on a pair of wedge-heeled sandals that really accentuated her legs, Erin left her house.  
  
She cut through her backyard, than another backyard, than across the road that ran behind. She passed through some trees and than entered her objective – a local but quiet park. Erin's objective was a particularly quiet section frequented by old men, who liked to sit and chit chat with each other. A way of getting out of the house and away from their nagging wives, Erin thought.  
  
As she walked, she undid one of the two remaining buttons of her shorts. Her shorts already rode dangerously low on her hips, exposing her flat belly to just an inch above her moistening quim. She came out of the woods and stepped onto the path that wound around the park.  
  
Spying three old guys sitting on a bench, she slowly strolled past, pretending they didn't exist while giving them as good a look as possible. And look they did. She sat on a bench nearby and stretched out her lean body. She could feel the bottom of her breasts becoming exposed as she stretched her arms over her head.  
  
Slowly, Erin was becoming aroused. She slid a hand down past her belly button and pretended to scratch just above the waist band of her shorts, but as she stroked her smooth skin she she could feel her sex quiver at the touch. Sneaking a peek at the old men, she saw them leering at her and talking amongst themselves. After a little while, Erin got up off the bench and strolled past the old men again.  
  
Erin was getting a kick out of flaunting her body at the old men. Too bad for them this was as far as it would go…  
  
At the same time Erin was putting on her little show, Bernice and her roommate Dora entered the park. Bernice was about 30 lbs overweight, with straight flat, almost purple hair. If you asked, Bernice would insist it was actually red.  
  
Dora was just as overweight, with straight slightly greasy black hair. Both were high school drop outs with crappy jobs, sported unattractive tattoos and wore the same unflattering attire of jeans (Bernice accessorized hers with a wallet and chain), clunky shoes and t-shirts.  
  
Two years earlier Dora and Bernice were seniors at West River High School. Aside from each other, they didn't have many friends, since they never really wanted any. Most of the other students figured they were just a couple bull dykes, but in reality neither one had the kind of sex drive inherent with high school students.  
  
West River was also the domain of Lindsey Krauss, a stunning blonde with legs up to here, great tits and an ass to die for, and Ginger Song, a beautiful, dark-haired Asian with a body every bit as hot as Lindsey's. Both were beautiful, bitchy, and the co-heads of the clique that pretty much ruled West River. And they never hesitated to make life miserable for Dora and Bernice, much to the other students delight.  
  
One day after school, Bernice and Dora were hanging out at the mall in the section most frequented by the local high school students. Lindsey and Ginger, with a couple their flunkies in tow, wandered in. Lindsey was wearing a pair of flip-flops, a short pleated skirt and a tube top. Ginger wore sandals and a sexy little sundress.  
  
"I see you two are hanging out with your huge circle of friends," Lindsey snidely said. The two flunkies laughed as if on cue.  
  
"We're just sitting here," Dora came back with. "We're not bothering anyone."  
  
Ginger leaned forward. "You're bothering me."  
  
A small crowd was beginning to form as things began to heat up a bit.  
  
Bernice, who was the more assertive, flicked her coffee stirrer at Ginger, splattering coffee on her sundress.  
  
"Oops, my bad," Bernice mockingly apologized.  
  
"...ing bitch," Ginger seethed at Bernice, "This dress cost more than both your ugly outfits."  
  
"Send me the ...ing cleaning bill," Bernice retorted.  
  
"That's it," the now irate teen stated. Ginger felt it was now time to assert her prominence over this girl, and the more people who witnessed Bernice's "deserved" ignominy the better. "Get up you ugly fat ..., I'm going to beat your ass." Ginger removed her sandals for better footing and handed them and her purse to flunky number one. Lindsey did the same, just in case Dora decided to get up to help her friend. "Don't even think about it," she warned Dora.  
  
On the surface it didn't look like much of a contest. At least that's what everyone figured since Ginger was tall, lithe and athletic, while her adversary was short, chubby and clumsy-looking. Bernice made the first move, but Ginger easily dodged her, kicking Bernice's ass as she stumbled past.  
  
Bernice clumsily wheeled around and came at Ginger again, and Ginger once again parried her charge, tripping her and sending Bernice sprawling. Ginger turned to acknowledge the crowd while Bernice rolled over and sat there on the ground.  
  
"Had enough, shitheel?" Ginger asked, "or shall we continue?" The crowd was laughing as Ginger walked over to Bernice and stood over her abashed victim. All Dora could do was watch.  
  
"What's the matter, can't think of a snappy comeback to my simple…" Ginger's words were cut off when Bernice reached up and in one swift motion tore Ginger's sundress off.  
  
For what seemed like an eternity there was silence as the shock of what had just happened began to sink in. There stood Ginger in a somewhat crowded mall wearing just a tiny pair of panties. Before what happened could sink in, Bernice grabbed her panties and started pulling. "Shit," Ginger's mind shouted, "this maniac is STRIPPING ME IN PUBLIC! The crowd was stunned as Ginger's panties were pulled down her long legs, finally tearing away just past her knees.  
  
Lindsey turned to help her friend, but as soon as her back was to Dora, Dora yanked her skirt and panties down to her ankles. Lindsey stumbled forward, inadvertently stepping clear of her clothes, and fell into Bernice's arms, who had scrambled to her feet. She yanked off Lindsey's tube top. Before the girl knew what happened, Bernice tossed both their clothes over the railing to the level below.  
  
In a panic Ginger and Lindsey bolted for the escalator, everyone staring dumbfounded at two beautiful girls running through a shopping mall totally bare-assed naked. When they got to the lower level they frantically looked for their clothes but couldn't find them.  
  
Bernice and Dora walked over to Lindsey and Ginger's two flunkies, who still holding the stripped teenagers purses and shoes.  
  
"If you two don't want to end up like your friends, you'd better get the ... out," Bernice informed them, "now." Bernice emphasized the word "now". The two girls took her advice and ran off in the direction Bernice pointed, leaving Lindsey and Ginger behind, stark naked in public with no cell phones, wallets, IDs, nothing. Bernice and Dora looked over the railing just in time to see Lindsey and Ginger's sweet naked asses heading for the doors, all eyes glued to their frenetic nude exit. They bolted past two old women entering the mall.  
  
"Were those two girls naked?' the first old lady asked.  
  
"Considering how some women dress, it probably only looked that way," said the second.  
  
Lindsey and Ginger ended up having to hide totally naked in the parking lot, keeping an eye out for mall security. They clung to each other to hide their nudity, but could feel themselves getting aroused. Lindsey moaned as Ginger slid a finger down the inside of her smooth thigh and into her soaked pussy. Lindsey shuddered as she came, kissing Ginger deeply on the mouth.  
  
Fingers found dripping quims, mouths found stiff nipples as the two nude teens began to ... right there in the parking lot, suddenly not caring if they got caught. In fact that just excited them more. As Lindsey and Ginger tribbed on one of the malls grassy medians their two flunkies, cruising the parking lot searching for them, were watching in aroused fascination. Both slid their hands into their panties and began to masturbate as they watched the two totally nude queens of West River High ...ing like animals in broad daylight.  
  
Soon after, Bernice and Dora dropped out of high school. They left their respective homes and got an apartment together. But now they held a grudge against beautiful women, especially beautiful women who made a point to emphasize their good looks in the way they acted and/or dressed. They delighted in forcing a confrontation with their intended target, but they never physically hurt anyone, no, that was not their intention. Theirs was humiliation. Humiliation through public stripping.  
  
And to Bernice and Dora a girl wasn't stripped until she was totally nude, and that included shoes and socks. Sometimes they'd tear off their hapless victims clothing themselves, but it was a real coup if they could get the object of their humiliation to remove her own clothes. Usually they could get her to masturbate, too. But the end was always the same. Once the girl was nude, they'd leave her that way. Bare-assed naked in public. Oddly enough (or maybe not), neither one derived any sexual pleasure from this, just the mad rush of power one gets from being in such control.  
  
And now it was Erin's turn…  
  
Dora and Bernice, watching Erin's little display from a distance, moved in for the kill. Erin heard a voice yell in her direction. "What the hell do you think you're doing?' The teen turned to see two large, dumpy-looking young women coming at her.  
  
"Who the hell do you think you are, parading around like some gutter tramp," Bernice told Erin. "Our kids," she lied, "play in this park, and we don't want them seeing you parade your half-naked body around like this." Dora just stood there arms crossed, nodding in agreement. Erin was feeling a little bold, not wanting to take Bernice's bullshit. Feeling safe in broad daylight (she obviously had no idea who she was dealing with), Erin curtly replied "I don't see your kids in the park, lady, and I'm just going for a walk. It's a free country you know. And too ...ing bad if you don't like my outfit."  
  
"You don't talk to her that way," Dora "seethed" as she stepped in front of Erin. Erin was pushing her luck, unknowingly playing right into the girls tawdry plan. "It's not my fault you two look the way you do. Lose some weight, wash your hair and just ... off," came Erin's smarmy answer. With that, Erin pushed past.  
  
Dora smiled at Bernice. "Why that little bitch," she muttered under her breath. Hurrying up to Erin, who decided to head home, she grabbed her arm and got in her face.  
  
"You want to walk around in public half-naked? Well how about going all the way you little trollop." With that she began to pull on Erin's shirt. Erin realized the material wouldn't hold as she struggled to pull her shirt free. Than Bernice stepped in and started pulling on Erin's shirt, too. The thin cloth began to tear away as Erin felt a hand reach into the waistband of her shorts. It became a tug of war as Erin fought a losing battle with the two stronger women for her clothes, which were being torn off her body. Erin thought she'd gotten these two so angry they were going to strip her in public!  
  
Of course, that was their intention all along. Erin's tank top was torn clean off, exposing her perfect little breasts and leaving her nude from the waist up. As her breasts were exposed she could feel herself getting wet. She tried to keep her shorts on, but Dora managed to pull them down her long legs. Erin's shorts tangled around her ankles as Bernice waded in, pulling off her sandals to get her shorts off. Erin watched aroused and humiliated as she lost her shorts. She was than plopped face down on the grass where everyone could see her luscious, round, thong-clad ass cheeks.  
  
Left with only her tiny thong panties, Erin tried to crawl away. Bernice stepped over to her and grabbed her thong. After a brief struggle, Erin lost the only thing covering her practically nude body as her thong was torn off. Erin was now bare-assed naked in public, in broad daylight, covering her nudity as best she could. This wasn't supposed to go down like this. All Erin planned was a little teasing, than head home for a some pussy play. But here she was, stripped stark naked in public, and it was turning her on. She could feel her sweet honey seeping through her fingers.  
  
Bernice, now really into this, picked Erin up, dragged her over to a park bench and bent the nude teen's body over her knee and began to spank her. Erin reached between her thighs and fingered herself, begging her tormentor to punish her. "Good lord," Bernice exclaimed as she paddled Erin's sweet round ass cheeks, "this gutter tramp likes it." Erin couldn't stop rubbing herself as her public spanking continued. Erin came with a shudder, and Bernice dumped her on the ground. She fell on her back, legs spread. The old men stared at her glistening womanhood, wet from her own juices.  
  
"Time to teach this slut a lesson," Dora said as she grabbed Erin by the arm and hauled her to her feet. Turning to the old men, she admonished them to say nothing, because they saw nothing. The old men, evidently intimidated, immediately agreed. The two women started walking the totally nude teenager to the trees. "What the ... are you doing," Erin half pleaded. "What about my clothes?'  
  
"These?" Bernice asked, holding the ruined tatters of Erin's clothing. "Since you like to be naked, you won't be needing them." With that, she dumped them into a trash can.  
  
Once Bernice and Dora had Erin away from prying eyes, they thought they'd take things up a notch.  
  
"You really seemed to enjoy this," Dora told Erin, pushing her up against Bernice. "I can tell, " she said as she lightly stroked Erin's wet pussy. Bernice began to finger her ass.  
  
As much as Bernice and Dora disgusted her, Erin did enjoy it, as her moistening slit and stiffening nipples indicated. Erin closed her eyes as Bernice and Dora worked her ass and twat, moaning when Dora clamped her mouth roughly on Erin's right breast as her probing finger found Erin's excited clit. As wet and aroused as Erin was becoming, her tormentors were dry as a bone and unexcited to boot. Again, it was all about the power. They roughly fingered and licked Erin until she came again.  
  
Supporting Erin, Bernice said, quite insincerely, "We should make sure this pretty young thing gets home safe. After all, she is nude." Dora nodded. They walked Erin through the trees, but stopped short of the road.  
  
"Maybe you should check that nobody's out there," Dora told Bernice. "We wouldn't want this young lady to be further humiliated should people see her totally nude and sticky with her own cum. Bernice nodded her head in an exaggerated motion. "OK, I'll check."  
  
Bernice walked to the edge of the road and looked both ways. To her left was a group of kids playing basketball in the street. To her right a trio of workmen repaired a light pole. "Coast is clear" she lied. Dora pointed out that Erin, still very aroused at her public stripping, was touching herself. Bernice stifled a wicked laugh.  
  
The two walked a masturbating Erin out to the middle of the road. The groups on either side were so involved in what they were doing they hadn't yet noticed the nude girl being walked across the road by two very unattractive, chubby girls.