**Tales From Liberty High School**

Tale One: Samantha Gets Her Sister

Words could not describe Samantha’s disdain for her older sister Tasha. Samantha noticed a change for the worse ever since her sister began high school. Suddenly, Tasha acted as if she was “too cool” to treat her little sis with any respect or decency. Now that Samantha was in high school too, she felt belittled more than ever before.
Little did Tasha know, Samantha was going to rock her world and utterly humiliate her.
More developed than most girls her age, Tasha was considered quite the hottie in her sophomore class. Not many other classmates were busting out of a C-cup bra or sporting such a full, round ass at the age of sixteen. Tasha kept her deep chestnut hair at a respectably long length, and her green eyes often betrayed her innocent demeanor. Of course, all the guys in school appreciated her outfits which often seemed to display her assets quite well.
Barely fifteen herself, Samantha was not particularly unattractive. In fact, she was also a pretty girl. There was certainly a family resemblance. However, Samantha was not nearly developed like her older sister. If Tasha had not made it a point of rubbing this in, Samantha might not have worried about it so much; revenge would not have plagued her every thought.

\* \* \*

In the confusion of high school hallway traffic, Tasha found herself confronted by her little sister and some of her not-so-popular friends. “Well, if it isn’t Tweedle Dee and Tweedle Dumbasses! Awww, am I interrupting the bra-stuffers convention? It’s so good to see you join those extracurriculars, Sam, but I have more important things to do. You can ogle me as I go, but you need to get your scrawny asses out of my way first.”
Samantha sighed, “Always the same bullshit, isn’t it? Today won’t be your lucky day after all, big sis.”
Before Tasha could muster a retort, she immediately found her limbs snagged by four freshmen girls. Her books now scattered the floor as her upper body was pulled backward while her legs were solidly rooted in place. This position Tasha was forced into completely threw her off balance and left her at the mercy of the freshmen to support her.

“I believe you were bragging about these earlier, weren’t you, sis?” Samantha mocked, lifting her sister’s thin, low-cut sweater out of the way.
Now, exposed to the entire school were a pair of massive, heaving breasts encased in a sexy, pink bra. The bra’s pink fabric was precariously thin, and it was obvious that it was too small to contain such burgeoning tits properly. Each breast jiggled and bounced with Tasha’s struggles and could only be rivaled by the horrified look on the sophomore’s face.
By now, the spectacle was receiving more and more attention from their class peers.
Samantha continued, “But, I think I’ve heard you brag about all this before.” With Tasha held fast, Samantha was free to work on the belt which held up her sister’s low-rise jeans. Tasha’s pants definitely loosened when her sister removed her belt in its entirety. Tasha’s anxiety grew as her little sis unbuttoned her tight pants. Winking mischievously at her sister, Samantha slowly and dramatically lowered Tasha’s zipper, revealing the crotch of the sophomore’s tiny, pink knickers.
Much to Tasha’s chagrin, hooting and hollering came from her classmates as her sister grabbed the waist of her jeans and carefully peeled them down to her knees. Displayed for the whole school were some of the tiniest briefs ever to grace such full hips. The fabric matched her bra and was also delicately thin and soft.
“Not so tough and confident with all your business hanging out, are ya, sis?” Samantha chuckled, scandalously patting her sister’s pantied pussy.
“Let me go, you sick, little shit!” Tasha hissed.
“In a sec, sis! Keep your pants on! Oh, oops, too late for that!”
Without warning, Samantha’s assistants began shifting Tasha’s position. It took some effort, but the foursome managed to get the struggling sophomore on her back with her legs splayed in the air. This position allowed everyone to get a good look at Tasha’s shapely ass and laugh at the cute kitten printed on the rear of her tiny knickers.
“Awww, that’s a nice, itty-bitty kitty on your ass! Did you save those knickers from kindergarten or what? Anyway, I could take this much farther, sis, but I won’t give away our family secrets. Although, I will give them a great preview!” grinned Samantha menacingly.
Tasha shrieked while her sister began pouring ice water up and down her pinioned body, thoroughly soaking her sexy bra and knickers. The insubstantial garments became nearly cellophane, and all could plainly see her large nipples standing at attention now. Shining from their wetness, Tasha’s fleshy tits continued to jiggle as she fought futilely against such overwhelming odds. The dark circles of her areolas were quite apparent behind the thin cups of her sopping bra. Tasha’s ass might well have been bare because the cleft between her rounded cheeks was now an eye-catching shadow behind her dripping knickers. No longer hidden by the pink fabric, the dark triangle of Tasha’s pussy was probably the most glaring feature of them all. Those who studied her drenched crotch carefully (and many in the audience were) could make out individual curls of Tasha’s most secret treasure.
Tasha simply moaned and groaned, shivering from both the freezing cold and her utter humiliation at the hands of her little sister.
Samantha laughed, “All the guys are right; you do have a hot, little bod, big sis! If you had learned to wear padded bras and less skanky knickers, I guess they wouldn’t have such great images to jerk off to tonight, huh? I’ll let you figure out what to do from here, Tasha. Catch ya later, slutty sis! Oh, and this means you need to stop giving me shit, or you’ll get more of the same, bitch!”
Satisfied with her revenge, Samantha and her friends left a thoroughly soaked and embarrassed Tasha in their wake and marched proudly up the hallway. The amassed crowd went absolutely wild! Never before had they seen such an awesome sibling rivalry, but they had no idea that Liberty High had not seen the last of such displays..

Tale Two: Brandy the Bitch

There are some people in this world who never seem to get the comeuppance they deserve, yet the people around them want it to happen so bad it almost hurts. Well, Brandy is a girl like that, and her friends Shannon and Kim were so sick of her that they planned to deliver that comeuppance. Obviously, this was far from a typical friendship. One might wonder why they even hung out together at all, but some 16 year-olds can be so cruel.
One day, the three of them were walking home from school together. It seemed like any other day; however, Brandy had really pissed off Shannon and Kim with her excessive self-righteous attitude. At least, she pissed them off more than usual on this particular day.
Finally, Shannon threatened, “If your bitchy attitude doesn’t stop, Brandy, I can guarantee you’ll be sorry!”
“Oooooh, have I stepped on your fat ego again? Awww, is the little princess gonna cry?!” Brandy mocked carelessly.
“Bitch! That does it!” Shannon shouted, lunging at her bitchy companion. Now, Shannon wasn’t exceptionally strong, but her friend Kim was a pretty decent weightlifter. Today, Kim was certainly not on Brandy’s side. As planned, it only took a second for Kim to secure the snobby schoolgirl’s arms behind her back.
With her long, auburn hair flailing about, Brandy was clearly furious but completely helpless: “You let me the fuck go!” Of course, despite her aggressive demand, that wasn’t going to happen soon enough for her. In fact, unbeknownst to her, things were going to get a little crazy.
“I don’t think so,” Kim and Shannon chimed in unison.
Brandy spat, “I told you to let me go, you tit-less freaks.”
“Tit-less, huh?! So, you like to flaunt your tits to the whole school?! Then, here, let me help you with your cleavage!” Kim taunted her from behind. She reached around and literally plucked the buttons off Brandy’s shirt. It only took 3 buttons before the girl’s lacy, white C-cups were jiggling for all to see. As it was, Brandy’s breasts were really straining her bra overtime. If she struggled much further, her prized melons would most certainly pop out. Of course, Kim didn’t stop until all her buttons sat uselessly on the ground, displaying Brandy’s toned and tanned midriff as well.
Seeing her ruined shirt and exposed bra, Brandy bellowed in a fruitless rage.
And, hearing the sudden commotion, a crowd of curious students began to gather.
Shannon continued, “What kind of slut buys such a dinky bra? Ha! Now, let’s help you with that low-rise pants look!” She was already wearing low-rise pants, so this suggestion didn’t sound good to the trapped girl. While Brandy bucked her hips, Shannon struggled to undo her “friend’s” belt. As she futilely resisted, her schoolgirl ass dipped and rolled like a dancer from some hip-hop video. It seemed doubtful that Brandy would have intended her struggle to look so damn sexy, but her sashaying hips drew quite a lot of attention.
Once Shannon had the belt undone, she quickly yanked it out from all the belt loops, earning a stunned yelp from Brandy. Brandishing the belt triumphantly, Shannon whipped the ground boldly as if she were taming a lion. “Down, bitch, down!” she taunted.
Brandy cried, “You fucker!” But, no one answered her insult.
Then, Shannon swooped in for the kill. Instead of doing things the easy way, she opted to make things a little more uncomfortable for Brandy while making things more entertaining for them. Rather than unbutton those tight jeans, she instead latched on to Brandy’s front pockets and began tugging downward rhythmically. Each tug bared more flesh and yielded a rewarding grunt from their captive. It wasn’t long before Brandy’s hips and top of her ass crack were in full view.
Naturally, Brandy fought even harder, but little did she realize that this was only inciting the growing crowd even further. The more vocal the crowd became, the more devious Kim and Shannon grew. While Brandy instinctively pulled her pelvis away from the unwanted attention, Kim ensured that she stepped aside so everyone could enjoy the bob and weave of Brandy’s round ass. Shannon, of course, maintained the best view of those jiggling C-cups in their lace wrappings.
Unfortunately for Brandy, her tiny, lavender knickers were not designed to withstand such a forceful disrobing. They partially gave way to the friction when her jeans finally cleared her curvaceous ass, leaving half her butt and auburn pubes exposed. The crowd cheered wildly as her low-rise jeans dangled uselessly around her knees, but the schoolgirl was helpless to do anything about it.
“Learned your lesson? Had enough?” Shannon sneered.
“Fuck you, bitch!” Brandy seethed. “I hope everyone finds out about your raging case of jock itch!”
For a moment, Shannon was stunned. She didn’t expect dirty secrets to come flying out during this. Then, she turned angry... very angry. Kim was on her side, and Brandy didn’t realize that she had just made an awful mistake. Things were about to go beyond the original plan.
“Is that so? Well, how’s your crotch been, Brandy?” Shannon snarled.
With a quick signal from her friend, Kim repositioned Brandy so that she was off balance with her pelvis obscenely jutting toward the numerous onlookers. A modest forest of auburn curls sprouted above the dainty waistband of her sagging lavender knickers. Unceremoniously, Shannon grabbed that dainty waistband and yanked it to her knees too, earning a surprised shriek from their schoolgirl captive.
Now, Brandy’s sacred triangle was bared for the awed audience, and all could see her healthy curls glinting in the warm sunlight. Still hidden in the auburn forest was Brandy’s tender slit which somehow remained resolutely closed. Livid beyond all rationale, the enraged Shannon reached with one hand and parted Brandy’s pussy for the speechless crowd. Shocked, the schoolgirl humped the air to try to remove the offending hand, but this only made things worse. The new gyration of her pink lips and clit brought forth a roaring approval from the crowd.
About this time, Brandy’s flimsy bra could no longer retain their supple prizes. In the midst of all her bucking and thrusting, her left tit sprang out which also freed her right tit in the process. Her pink nipples appeared rigid atop their ruddy areolas, and her unsupported breasts bounced almost comically now.
“Oh, very healthy down there, I see! Too bad you’ve otherwise been a very bad girl who needs to be punished,” Shannon threatened, cracking Brandy’s own belt across the tops of her bared thighs.
Brandy barely emitted a squeal before Kim repositioned her. Now, she was bent over with her ass facing the crowd. Kim made sure to keep the schoolgirl’s head below her waist, always keeping the girl off balance. With her wide set of hips, Brandy’s upturned posterior presented itself as an excellent target for what Shannon had in mind.
“Well, since I didn’t get to do the honors at your sweet sixteen...” Shannon declared, leaving the obvious conclusion unannounced.
Wielding that belt with unbridled ferocity, Shannon whipped it across Brandy’s rounded cheeks: CRACK! A stream of expletives escaped the girl’s mouth. Now, a solitary red stripe marred her creamy derriere. Deviously, Shannon also made sure she slowly dragged the looped belt across Brandy’s prominent backside, pulling one cheek away from the other and giving the crowd an awesome view of her most intimate areas.
“ONE!” the audience counted.
Once again, Shannon repeated the same swing: CRACK! This time Brandy yelped and shuddered, causing her dangling breasts to slap her in the chin. Yet again, Shannon tenderly pulled the looped belt across Brandy’s ass, giving another quick glimpse of her pussy and anus.
“TWO!” the crowd cried.
SMACK! “THREE!” SLAP! “FOUR!” CRACK! “FIVE!” SLAP! “SIX!” WHAP! “SEVEN!”
Tears welled in Brandy’s eyes, and her striped ass looked almost like a tiger or a zebra.
CRACK! “EIGHT!” SMACK! “NINE!” SMACK! “TEN!” WHAP! “ELEVEN!” SLAP! “TWELVE!”
Brandy’s face was just as red as her ass, and she desperately wondered when it would end.
WHAP! “THIRTEEN!” SMACK! “FOURTEEN!” CRACK! “FIFTEEN!” SLAP! “FIFTEEN AND A HALF!” CRACK! “FIFTEEN AND TWO-THIRDS!” WHAP! “FIFTEEN AND THREE-QUARTERS!” SLAP! “FIFTEEN AND NINE-TENTHS!”
Shannon and Kim had a good laugh at the crowd’s desire to extend the schoolgirl’s spanking while Brandy tearfully wondered why everyone was suddenly so mean to her.
Wickedly, Shannon aimed her last shot right down the split of Brandy’s cheeks. This garnered a terrific bellow from the schoolgirl and “SIXTEEN! YAYYYYYYY!” from the crowd. Brandy’s ass throbbed a furious red compared to her tanned body, and the contrast drew more attention to the sexy wriggling of her uncomfortable bottom.
“And, a pinch to grow an inch!” added Shannon who cruelly pinched the backside of Brandy’s unmarked thigh. Brandy simply gave an unintelligible cry.
Kim said to her captive: “I haven’t broken a sweat yet. What about you? You want some more, or are you done with that mouth of yours?”
“NO! Fuck no! I’m sorry! I’m sorry! Please let me go!” the defeated snob blubbered.
“I’m glad you see it our way, so I hope you’ll cut out the shit,” Shannon growled.
“Never again! I’m sorry! I’m sorry!” Brandy sputtered.
Rabid as ever, the audience wanted more, but Kim and Shannon knew they had to draw the line somewhere. Then again, Shannon didn’t want Brandy let off the hook too easy, so she took the belt and looped it around the crotch of Brandy’s jeans and knickers. Threading the belt through the buckle, she cinched Brandy’s pants and knickers together as tight as possible before knotting it several times. Now, it would take some effort before the schoolgirl could restore modesty to her lower half.
If that weren’t enough, everyone cheered as Kim pushed Brandy into a nearby pond. Although she was free, Brandy was utterly soaked, especially her white bra and buttonless blouse. They were almost see-through because of the water. Now, it would require effort to restore modesty to her upper half too!
Beaming with wicked smiles, Kim and Shannon walked away knowing that their bitchy friend was still in quite a predicament. Meanwhile, the crowd had a good laugh and a great show while a cursing Brandy hastily struggled to restore her dignity. No one knew if Brandy would calmly comply with her friends or plan a fitting revenge for them...