**The Anniversary  
By: Cheryl**

A crowd was starting to gather around the arguing teens, anticipating a fight. Apparently Greg had shot his mouth off to a bunch of older, bigger guys, and they were pissed.

“Please!” begged Heather. “Please don’t hurt him!”

Heather and Greg were dating. They had been friends since second grade, and had started dating last summer. They were out celebrating their one-year anniversary and the end of the school year when the trouble started.

“Please don’t hurt him!” she pleaded again, this time directing her appeal to the big guys who were holding him.

The growing crowd was now forming a rough circle around them; mostly guys about their age, but a couple of girls. Heather didn’t know any of these people, though. She went to the Catholic school across town, near where her father worked. None of her classmates lived near her, which strained her social life. That’s probably why she’d started dating her next door neighbor.

“He’s a dead man. You don’t want to see your little shit of a boyfriend bloody, go home now,” Tony, the oldest and largest of Greg’s four tormenters had a bit of a Bronx accent, although he’d grown up in the Chicago suburbs just like the rest of them. His dad was from California, and his mom from Peoria. The accent sounded stupid; forced and fake.

“Please!” she said once more, tears beginning to fall. “I’ll do anything!” She stressed the last word, but only slightly.

Guys being guys, the four older bullies all laughed at the implication. Although they would never stoop to taking a girl under those circumstances, machismo and testosterone would not allow them to ignore the opportunity to make her squirm.

“Anything?!”

“Heh heh… I can think of some things you can do, honey!”

She blushed slightly, but could not back down.

“Shut up, bitch! Let the guys have their fun with this little piece of crap!”

Her name was Gina, and she had just stepped out of the still-growing crowd. She seemed like a hard girl, dressed in jeans, black zipper boots with a 4 inch platform sole and even higher heel, and a tight t-shirt. She looked like a biker chick, probably nineteen. “Kick the little prick’s ass!”

“What’d he do to you?!” Heather shot back at her, choking back tears.

“I don’t even know what he did to THEM,” Gina replied snidely. “I just wanna see a fight,” she laughed, as though she’d been amazingly witty.

“You’re a bitch! Greg was just joking around! He doesn’t deserve this!”

“Don’t call me a bitch, you little whore,” Gina sounded dangerous, speaking in a low voice that nonetheless carried over the commotion going on around them.

Heather turned her attention back toward the bullies who were still holding her boyfriend, his arms pinned back. “Please!” she implored once more.

“The little whore says she’d do anything. Make her give me her shoes,” said Gina, eliciting nervous laughter from some of the assembled crowd of onlookers.

“What?” asked Tony, cocking his head quizzically at Gina.

“She said she’d do anything,” replied Gina, grinning widely, “so make her give me her shoes. She looks about my size. Those are some sweet kicks.”

Tony and his cohorts laughed at the suggestion, as well as the implications. Heather was wearing black strappy leather sandals with three inch heels. The shoes looked expensive.

“If I give them to her will you let him go?” she asked, kicking off the shoes hurriedly.

Heather’s immediate consent brought a gale of laughter from the group.

“You get the little bitch’s shoes,” Tony said to Gina. “What’s in it for us?”

“I see your point!” agreed Gina, laughing out loud as she picked up the shoes. “But she’s so eager to keep her boyfriend alive. Maybe I can have her shirt, too. You guys would like that, I’m sure!”

This brought more laughter from the assembled crowd of high school boys. Even the girls who had wandered over to see what the commotion was about looked eagerly on, waiting to see what would happen next.

“Okay!” Tony shouted over the din. “Now it’s getting interesting!”

Heather blushed, but stood her ground. Everyone could sense it; she was too invested now. She couldn’t walk away; doing so would be tantamount to signing Greg’s execution notice. Not that they’d actually kill him, but they would certainly make him bleed, and might even break a bone. They were big guys, and they were still pissed off. If she walked away, backed out now, they would be more pissed. And how could she desert him like that, anyway? The crowd of onlookers pressed forward, closing the circle a little tighter as the anticipation built.

“So you’ll do anything for your shithead boyfriend here?” Tony asked. The combination of malice and mirth flavoring his voice would have rendered his fake accent even more comical had the situation not just arrived at this juncture. This was the deciding point that would tell how the night would proceed from here. A wrong move now and the situation would be unsalvageable.

Heather looked around for help from anywhere. Mostly unfriendly, bloodthirsty eyes stared back from the crowd; there would be no stranger rushing to their aid. Her eyes locked with Gina’s.

“Don’t look at me for help, you little bitch,” snapped Gina. “I think your shirt will go very nicely with my new shoes.” To add insult to injury, Gina held the sandals in the air by their straps, waiving them for all to see, bringing another round of laughter.

“Come on you guys, this is bullshit!” said Greg forcefully as he redoubled his efforts to break free from his tormentors.

The thug on his left threw what looked like a really hard punch that landed in his stomach and his struggling ceased as he bent forward, trying to catch his breath.

“Stop it!” cried Heather, new emotions now stemming the flow of tears. “You’ll hurt him!”

“I’ll kick his ass myself if you don’t shut up!” snapped Gina, shooting Heather a withering stare.

“You’re going to let him go if I give Gina my shirt?” Heather asked pleadingly, directing her attention once again to Tony.

He was smiling now. He couldn’t help himself.

“Should we make a deal with her?” Tony shouted to the audience, now at least twenty five teenagers large, mostly guys around their same age. There were still people wandering toward them, wondering what the commotion was about.

A loud cheer erupted, along with whistling and overlapping voices calling out jeers and insults.

“Is a new shirt payment enough to get this piece of shit off his beating?” called Gina to the already excited crowd.

Heathers ears were assaulted by a loud chorus of boos. This was now a mob, and mob mentality was taking over. They wanted blood, or they wanted something better, and nothing would dissuade them now.

Tony picked up Gina’s train of thought immediately. “Sounds like everyone here is gonna kick your little boyfriend’s ass ’less you start payin’ up,” he said almost conversationally to Heather.

“What?” asked Heather, understanding the implication of what he’d said, but stalling for time.

“Why don’t you give this here chick your shirt, and we’ll see if everyone figures you paid up enough.”

“Isn’t there something else? Some other way?” she asked pleading, looking around the crowd for a friendly face.

“Take off your clothes!” came a yell from the back. Laughter and repeated echoes of the same sentiment rang out from the throng, stretching the smile on both Gina’s and Tony’s face. Gina actually laughed.

It was now obvious to everyone assembled. Heather was backed into a corner, and there was nothing else to do. If she ran away, Greg would be beaten by the entire crowd now. No, not a crowd; by a mob of bloodthirsty teenaged guys. Heather had made his situation worse by trying to help. If she stalled for too long, they may tire of her and turn their focus back to him. She was now trapped into submission by her own actions.

Shaking, she pulled the hem of her shirt slowly up her tanned, toned belly until her white cotton bra came into view. A deafening cheer erupted from the horde, making it sound as though more than double the assembled group was present.

Gina grabbed the shirt just as Heather tried to cover herself with it, and waved it in the air as she would a victory flag, turning in a slow circle.

“Now let him go!” shouted Heather defiantly, keeping her hands on her hips rather than crossed over her chest.

Another chorus of boo’s rang out even before the cheering had completely ceased.

“I don’t think they think that’s good enough,” jeered Gina.

“Is she right?” Tony called to the crowd. “Do we need more payment to get her boyfriend off his beat-down?”

Another deafening cheer rang back, and the mass of bodies around them pressed forward, closing the circle around them even tighter.

“Leave her out of it!” called Greg, once again fighting to break the grip of the two oafs holding him back. Another fist to the stomach silenced him once more.

“Your little girlfriend wants to help you. She’s saving you from a major ass kicking, so you just stay silent or we’ll up the price,” warned Tony, holding Greg by the chin and forcing him to hold eye contact.

Greg did not reply, but neither did he break Tony’s gaze.

“What size pants are those?” asked Gina, confidence brimming on her smiling face.

“They’re a zero/one,” replied Heather quietly. Then, she added in an urgent whisper that carried nonetheless “But I’m not wearing panties! It’s our anniversary!”

Laughing heartily, Gina threw up her hands and shouted to the crowd “The little whore isn’t wearing any panties tonight! Looks like the boyfriend was going to get lucky!”

The laughter and cheering was louder now than it had been so far.

“Looks like this is going to get interesting REAL fast!” laughed Tony.

“Stop it!” yelled Greg, once again trying to break free of his captors. This time they pushed the back of his head down, forcing him to his knees.

“One more peep out of you and we’ll make her watch your ass kicking butt-ass naked,” threatened Tony.

Heather and Gina made solid, steady eye contact, but whatever Heather’s intent, it only seemed to make Gina more vicious. “You guys wanna see tits or beaver?” she yelled, still staring Heather down.

The shouts were incomprehensible, but it didn’t really matter. Heather steeled herself. Nobody present now had any doubt that Heather would be completely naked before being allowed to exit the circle of bodies around her. The guys only hoped they would get a good look once everything was off.

“I think a lot of them wanna see your tits first!” teased Gina. “But you went through all the trouble of not wearing panties so you could give it up for your little boyfriend. Seems a shame not to let us see what he was gonna get. You shave down there, whore?”

Heather looked at the ground and didn’t say a word.

“I asked you a question, whore,” laughed Gina. “Is your cunt all trimmed and pretty for your little boyfriend?”

Heather looked at her. The crowd of boys was pressed in closer, and anticipation had momentarily silenced them.

Heather nodded, and the stillness was shattered by more cheering and laughter.

“Let’s see your pretty little pussy then, whore. Show us what the little boyfriend is gonna get later!” Gina chided.

She couldn’t run away now even if she had wanted to; the mob had pressed so close together she would bounce off the bodies encircling her like a brick wall. Although they lacked torches and pitchforks, the mob was still dangerous and unsympathetic to her.

As her shaking fingers fumbled with the button of her Capri pants, the crowd erupted once again into cheers. A bystander might believe a football game was going on inside that tight circle of bodies.

Heather undid the top button, pushed the zipper down, and allowed her hands to guide the pants slowly down. She could crouch forward, which would momentarily hide her crotch in shadow, but this would thrust her butt outward, toward the crowd behind her. She was going to be exposed, and there was no denying it. She stood tall, and as her pants cleared her hips she let them go, allowing gravity to pull them to her ankles. She stepped out of them, holding a hand against the small strip of light brown pubic hair that did nothing to hide the slit of her vagina.

The crowd roared its approval as Gina quickly snatched the pants from the ground and held them high in the air. “We can’t see your cute little pussy hair that you shaved all nice and pretty for your little boyfriend!” scolded Gina in a sing-song voice, eliciting more laughter from the assembled horde. “Put your hands on your head and turn around slowly!”

Heather felt her face flush slightly as she complied. ‘Eventually, this will be over’, she thought to herself.

Heather’s bikini was obviously small. The guys behind her could already see by her tan lines that the bottoms were low rise, with a high cut leg and minimal coverage on the butt. The girls present knew that it was a Brazilian cut bottom. As she turned, everyone there was clearly able to see that the 1 inch wide strip of hair that started about half an inch above her pussy lips was barely contained within the suit, and many lustfully wondered which beaches she frequented.

After Heather completed her turn, Gina incited the crowd once more. “Is this good enough, or do we want to collect more to spare her little boyfriend from his ass kicking?”

Yet another deafening roar provided the answer. The question had been largely rhetorical, anyway. No one really thought Heather would be walking away with her bra still on.

“Alright, bitch!” Gina goaded. “Let’s have the bra. And this time, no covering up. We wanna see those titties good. Hands right on your head, and you turn around real slow. You count out loud. One-lookatmytitties. Two-lookatmytitties. You make it all the way around back to facing me before you hit 30, and you’re just going around again!”

Heather looked at Gina again, but Gina was too busy smiling and waving to the crowd, who were all cheering happily at the new command, anticipating the show to come.

Heather closed her eyes and quickly unhooked her bra, allowing it to hang on her breasts for a moment before pulling it off and tossing it roughly at Gina. She quickly put her hands on her head, and began to turn slowly. Each and every guy there was treated to a nice long look as the now-naked teen displayed her body for their hungry eyes. Her B-cup breasts were tipped with light pink nipples, with areola a little smaller than quarters. The air was warm, but her nipples were hard, extending almost a quarter of an inch outward from her perky young chest. The position of her arms, pulled above her head, was heightening the exposure, and pulling her already flat stomach tighter. The guys behind her were getting a nice view, too, of her bare, round ass.

It took her almost forty seconds to complete her turn, and she quickly dropped her arms to cover her breasts and exposed pussy as she stopped, finally facing Gina again.

“Sorry, bitch!” laughed Gina. “You didn’t count out loud!”

“I turned slow! Everyone saw me!” Heather pleaded.

“I told you to count out loud. We’ll let the guys decide.” Then, to the crowd she called out “What do you think, should she do it right?”

Once again the accumulated mass shouted at their delight. They were going to get to see it all again!

“You have to get to sixty this time,” said Gina. She broke out in laughter again as she said it.

Heather closed her eyes for a moment, then lifted her hands to her head once more.

“One look at my titties. Two, look at my titties.”

She was taking no chances. She counted slowly and enunciated her words loudly as she shuffled her feet, barely moving in her turn after every second count. She kept this pace even after it was apparent that she would exceed a count of sixty to turn full circle. She faced Gina and stopped counting after eighty-eight. Defiantly, she dropped her hands to her hips, not trying to cover up. What was the point now?

“Well done, little whore,” Gina said, laughing.

Tony nodded to his friends, who roughly shoved Greg to the ground, releasing him from their grip. Heather dropped to her knees as he rose to his, and they hugged briefly.

“Let’s go,” he said, sounding nervous.

“Can I have my clothes back?” Heather asked Gina, who was starting walk away.

“Are you kidding me? fuck off,” she replied, laughing once more. Gina turned her back and pushed her way through the crowd, twirling the girls shirt high above her head, the rest of her clothes cradled in her other arm.

Tony and his thugs followed Gina’s lead, and Greg and Heather trailed in their wake. The gathered assembly tagged along, calling jeers and laughing as they made their way to Greg’s car.

“What, you can’t offer a lady your shirt?” asked Heather once they were safely inside the car and pulling away.

“Best decision I ever made was asking you to go on that date with me last summer,” he said in reply. “Thank you.”

She smiled at him.

Ten minutes later they pulled into the parking lot at a nondescript strip mall. Greg got out of the car and unlocked the door to his dad’s small insurance office there. Heather followed behind him, and he playfully slapped her naked ass as she tried to push past him to get in the door. When he blocked her path, she pushed herself up onto her bare toes and kissed him deeply.

Two other vehicles entered the parking lot and parked nearby. Out of the first car stepped Tony’s thugs, and another boy who had been in the mass of people watching the events unfold. Out of the second stepped Tony and Gina, leaving Heather’s clothes in the back seat.

“That was fucking awesome!” shouted Heather, running, still naked, and grabbing Gina in a big hug.

Laughing, they all pushed their way inside the insurance office, and Greg locked the door. Heather ran from person to person, hugging each one tightly, giggling giddily and smiling. In the back of the office was a large meeting room. Once the door was closed, they turned on the light in there.

“That was a good one, wasn’t it?” said Tony, his arm around Gina who was playfully nibbling his neck.

“What was with the accent? I almost laughed, you dick!” said Heather, slapping his chest with her open palms.

“What, you didn’t like d’ way I talked?” he said, laying on the bad accent even thicker than before.

“Oh, you totally suck ass!” said Greg, punching him in the arm. “Tell us before you pull shit like that!”

“I really hit you once… you okay?” asked Mark, one of the three thugs that had been restraining Greg.

“It kind of surprised me, but it didn’t hurt that bad,” Greg said, smiling at his friend. “I think it added more realism.”

“God! That was such a RUSH!” said Heather, spinning giddily with her arms outstretched and her eyes closed.

“You and Gina are so strange,” said Evan, thug number two, smiling.

“But SO cool,” interjected Sean, the final thug of the trio.

Heather rounded on the other boy, Jeff, who was the youngest of the group. “Take off your clothes?” she said, mocking his speech pattern. “That’s how you work the crowd?”

“I almost lost it when you said that! I laughed, actually laughed out loud! You made me break character, you little prick!” joked Gina.

“Oh, come on!” he replied, pushing Heather’s bare shoulder gently and playfully. “It worked, didn’t it?” He blushed slightly.

“Did you get it all?” she asked him excitedly.

“Damned straight!” he replied, waiving the camcorder in front of her.

“Awesome!” She leapt forward and hugged him tightly.

“You look great on film, and you’re such a good actress. I almost believed you were crying! You should totally be a porn star,” said Mark, admiring her bare butt as she was hugging Jeff.

“This is off limits to everyone but Greg,” Heather replied, spreading her legs and patting her bare pussy. “So I can’t do porn!”

“Oh, really?” asked Gina, stepping closer and locking her in a deep kiss. She pulled Heather’s hand away, then thrust a finger inside.

“You’re soaking wet! I was right when I called you a whore!”

Heather playfully slapped Gina on the arm. “I’m not a whore; I’m an exhibitionist. And my pussy is off limits to everyone else’s dick. You’re allowed in only because you don’t have a dick.” Her voice was playful and slightly embarrassed.

“Did I mention how cool you guys are?” asked Sean playfully.

“I get to go tomorrow night!” said Gina excitedly, her arm still around Heather’s shoulder, her hand resting lazily on the top swell of her breast. “I’m gonna lose my bikini at the beach party!”

“No, I’m serious,” said Sean. “You guys really are the coolest. I mean it!”

“Let’s get planning then. I officially call this meeting of the Drama Club to order. We’ve got a script to write if we’re going to pull this one off just as clean!” said Greg matter-of-factly.

“Not before I have a good cum!” corrected Heather.

“All in favor?” said Greg.

Heather climbed up on the table as the others took their place in chairs.

“Make it a good one!” challenged Gina. “But my show tomorrow night will still be better!”

“No, I don’t think you guys understand. The… absolute… coolest… ever!” smiled Sean.

She listened for it for just a moment, then smiled as she heard the soft hum of Jeff’s camcorder. ‘It’s great to have friends who understand you, and who you can laugh with.’ thought Heather as she laid her head back. Gina wasn’t kidding… she was soaked!