The Battle of Carter Hall Pt 1 – Carry’s Shower

 The sun crested the horizon and shone its radiance on small Filton College.

 Birds sang sweet melodies, and dew drops glistened on the manicured grass.

 Nothing about the beautiful spring day hinted at the malice that was to come;

 no signs and portents gave an indication that the opening salvo in what was to

 become the greatest war in the history of the school was about to be fired.

 Carry Wyatt certainly did not anticipate that she would be the first victim as

 she blissfully stood under the warm water of the shower. She luxuriated in the

 spray. Though she heard the bathroom door open and close a couple of times,

 she felt no need to hurry as she woke much earlier than most of her school

 mates. She knew from experience that there would not be enough girls up

 already to fill the shower stalls.

 These stalls were just one of the perks of living in Carter Hall. Carry had

 taken one look at the communal showers in the freshman girls’ dorm at summer

 orientation and had resolved to do anything possible to get into better living

 conditions. Fortunately, her skill at volleyball came to her aid. The team was

 scarcely more than a club as it had only two partial scholarships to offer,

 but the coach was able to provide her recruits entrance into the relatively

 cushy girls athletic dorm.

 Of course, life in the CH, as they jokingly referred to it, did have some

 downside. While her teammate occupied most of the rooms on the northwest side

 of the third floor, the cheerleading squad lived opposite them on the

 southwest side. A healthy rivalry had developed between the two sets of girls.

 In later years, Carry would think back often about the circumstances that led

 up to that day, about how a twist of fate had placed the cheerleaders and the

 volleyball team in such close quarters. She would wonder what it was about her

 that had made destiny, or, rather, Staci Sanders, choose her. Was it her

 modesty about her body that set her apart from the other girls? Did the robe

 that she always wore over her conservative nightgown mark her as a target? She

 never got a chance to ask Staci the reason, and, maybe, there was no reason.

 Maybe Staci walked into the restroom that day, saw Carry’s distinctive bunny

 slippers peeking out underneath the shower curtain separating the dressing

 area of the stall from the room, and decided right then and there to pull her

 prank.

 Regardless of the reason, it did happen to her.

 As Carry finished rinsing out her hair, she reached for the towel that she had

 left hanging on the hook in the dressing area. With her eyes still stinging

 from the water and shampoo, she groped for it when her hand did not

 immediately feel the soft cloth. Her probing hand soon felt the unadorned

 metal hook.

 ‘Crap!’ she thought, ‘it must of fallen.’

 Shaking the water from her eyes as best she could, she peeked out to search

 for the wayward towel. It was nowhere to be seen. Not only that, but the rest

 of her stuff was missing as well. The long nightgown, panties, and robe that

 she had worn in were not there. Her outfit that she was planning to wear that

 day was not there. Even her slippers and room key were gone!

 Even though her naked body was still concealed by two closed shower curtains,

 she instinctively used her hands to cover her breasts and bush.

 ‘Someone has stolen my clothes!’ she thought. ‘Oh my God! I’m naked with no

 clothes, and no way to get back into my room. What do I do?’

 She fought to control the panic that was threatening to consume her mind.

 ‘Think, dammit. What do I do?’

 She listened for sounds in the restroom but didn’t hear any. She stepped into

 the dressing area and poked her head out, wrapping the hanging drapery around

 herself to conceal her nudity.

 “Is there anybody in here?” she called out.

 There was no response.

 ‘Maybe they left my clothes in the restroom.’

 Conscious of her state of undress, she warily stepped out from the cover

 provided by the shower curtain into the open room. Still dripping water and

 keeping her hands strategically placed as much as possible just in case her

 tormentor was still hiding in the bathroom or someone walked in, she searched

 through every shower and toilet stall. Her clothes were nowhere to be found.

 She had only two choices: try to make it back to her room and hope that she

 would be able to wake her roommate or hide in the restroom until she could

 find someone to get clothes for her. She stood there wet and shivering for

 about five minutes trying to decide what to do. Not a single person entered

 the room.

 In the end, it was her desire not to lose her job that prompted her to move.

 She only had about 30 minutes left to dress and get over to Dean Brown’s house

 to walk his dog. She’d only had the job for a couple of weeks, and she didn’t

 want to let down the most powerful man at the college. Having heard stories

 about how her employers had fired previous students in her position for being

 less than five minutes late, she knew that the Dean and his wife were

 notoriously strict regarding being on time.

 She stuck her head outside the door and was relieved to find the hallway

 empty. She stepped out and let the bathroom door close behind her. She was now

 naked in her dorm corridor! Anyone could step out of their room at anytime and

 see her with her body covered only by her hands. A girl stepping out behind

 her would see her bare butt!

 As quickly as she could, she padded to her own door.

 ‘Maybe I left it unlocked. Please, please tell me that I left it unlocked.’

 Hopeful, she reached her hand out to the doorknob leaving her breasts

 uncovered. It wouldn’t turn.

 ‘Oh crap! Oh crap! Oh crap! What now?’

 Her only option was to try to wake her roommate. Unfortunately, Joeli slept

 with her iPod blaring in her ears and was notoriously hard to wake up. Carry

 began banging on the door.

 “Joeli, wake up please!” she shouted.

 The noise that she was making was bound to attract attention, and, sure

 enough, the door opposite hers opened. Carry quickly turned around so that her

 bare butt was up against her room and used her arms to conceal her charms. In

 front of her stood Staci Sanders.

 “Well, what do we have here? A streaker?” Staci said loudly.

 More doors started opening in response to the commotion, and sleepy girls

 started coming out into the hallway.

 Staci laughed.

 “Locked out of your room, naked, dripping wet, and your roommate won’t answer

 the door. I hate it when that happens.”

 Carry was already about to die of shame when she noticed a boy in the

 gathering crowd. Karen, one of Staci’s fellow cheerleaders, must have decided

 to let her boyfriend, Mike, stay the night and try to sneak him out in the

 morning. Carry was beyond mortified.

 Staci pulled something out of her pocket. It was Carry’s room key!

 “It’s an amazing coincidence, but I just happened to have found this key this

 morning. I wonder if it fits your door?” Staci asked, feigning innocence.

 “Please give it me, Staci. Please?”

 “I don’t know if I should. Finders, keepers and all.”

 “Please, I’m begging you,” Carry said.

 “I don’t see you begging. I see you asking. I’d like to see you beg.”

 “What do you mean?” Carry asked.

 “I mean that I want you to beg. Like a dog. You’re a dog walker, right. Let’s

 see you beg like a dog.”

 Carry couldn’t bear the thought of all the eyes on her naked body, especially

 a boy’s eyes. She just wanted it to be over. She lowered herself to her knees,

 keeping her rear firmly planted against her door and hiding her private parts

 as much as she could. She knew, though, that the crowd had to have gotten

 peaks at her nipples and full brown bush as she kneeled down. She blushed

 crimson.

 “I don’t think that dogs keep their paws up clenched across their bodies when

 they beg, do they?”

 Stacy held her hands out in front of her with bent wrists.

 “I think they beg more like this.”

 Surely Staci didn’t expect her to bare herself to everyone, did she?

 “Please, Staci,” she started.

 Staci glared at her.

 ‘Please let this end. I wish I were anywhere but here.’

 Shaking like a canopy in a hurricane, Carry extended her hands out in an

 imitation of Staci.

 The assemblage oohed as the coed exposed herself. Carry could feel all the

 eyes, especially Mike’s, on her breasts and bush, examining every inch of her.

 “Now bark,” Staci commanded.

 “Woof, woof.”

 Staci patted her head.

 “Good dog. Now get on your hands and knees.”

 Not knowing what else to do, Carry did what she asked. She imagined how she

 looked with her 36C breasts hanging down in front of her peers.

 “Come out from the wall,” Staci ordered.

 Carry crawled toward her blonde tormenter.

 “Great. You’re such a good dog. Now turn in a circle.”

 Carry turned around, exposing her butt to everyone watching.

 “Excellent. One more trick and you’ll deserve a treat.”

 Did Staci mean that she’d give her the key next? Carry’s hopes rose.

 “All you have to do is roll over onto your back.”

 ‘I can’t lay on my back without exposing my really private parts to everyone.

 Surely, she can’t mean for me to do that.’

 Carry looked at Staci with wide, pleading eyes. There was no sympathy in the

 look that Staci returned.

 Resigned, Carry, keeping her legs as tightly clenched as possible, turned over

 so that she was lying flat on her back on the cold tile floor.

 “Oh no. I don’t think that dogs lie flat like that. I seem to recall them

 having their limbs up in the air.”

 Carry whimpered but followed Staci’s suggestion. She lifted her arms and legs

 straight up.

 “Good doggy.”

 Staci put touch each of her hands to one of Carry’s bare ankles and gently

 pushed. Humiliated, Carry spread her legs. As the crowd jostled for position

 to see Carry’s exposed pussy, Staci circled the debased girl and bent down by

 her side. Staci then traced her finger from Carry’s nipple, which hardened at

 the touch, to her clit.

 Putting her finger in the air, she said, “hmmm. It’s wet. Someone must like

 being a dog.”

 With that last belittling remark, Staci threw the key beside Carry and went

 back into her room. The audience laughed hysterically as Carry snatched up the

 key and ran into the safety of her room.

 End of Part 1

Battle of Carter Hall Pt 2 - Staci's Day at the Waterpark

 When Joeli woke up, she noticed the Carry had already left and did not realize

 that anything unusual had happened while she slept. It wasn’t until later in

 the day that she learned of the mornings event’s from dorm mates eager to

 share a bit a juicy gossip. At first, she felt guilty because she had slept

 through the humiliation of her younger teammate. That guilt quickly turned to

 anger and a desire for vengeance.

 Though Carry later pleaded with her to let the whole matter drop, Joeli could

 not let the insult to a member of the team go unpunished. Knowing that revenge

 is a dish best served cold, she let weeks go by as she planned the perfect

 counter attack. She and her teammates eavesdropped and performed surveillance

 on the cheerleaders to determine the most effective counterstrike.

 Finally, Alexis, one of the senior volleyball players, heard Karen talking

 about a group outing to the local waterpark. It seemed that all the

 cheerleaders would be enjoying the day there next Saturday.

 Since Alexis was good friends with the resident advisor for their floor, Joeli

 was able to borrow the master key in order to steal Staci’s bikini for an

 afternoon. After taking the tiny garment to a friend’s apartment that was

 equipped with sewing equipment, she carefully removed stitching so that the

 fabric completely separated from the bands at several key points. Then she

 made precise cuts so that the bottom could now be separated into three

 distinct sections: the middle piece holding all the fabric and two sections of

 string that would normally be tied on each side of Staci’s waist. For the

 bikini top, she cut the string where it connected into the top and bottom of

 each cup. Finally, she used a super strong but water soluble glue to attach

 the strings back to the fabric.

 It had taken her hours, but Joeli finally had the swimsuit finished perfectly

 for her rival. She smiled to herself as she envisioned her enemy swimming

 around and discovering that her bikini had separated into six little pieces

 that would be impossible to reassemble. She could see Staci having to climb

 out of the pool naked, looking around frantically for a towel. Or, better yet,

 going down a slide and leaving her swimsuit behind.

 The Friday night before the big excursion, Joeli felt like a kid on Christmas

 Eve. She had invited Carry and Alexis to join her in going to the waterpark

 tomorrow and was going to have a great time watching Staci’s payback.

 Carry was apparently still suffering from the effects of her ordeal. She had

 become even more socially withdrawn and reticent about showing her body. While

 almost all the fit, young girls at the park wore suits that showed off as much

 as could be considered almost decent, she had on a swim shirt over her top and

 shorts over her bottom. It was at least good to see her out.

 The three volleyball players got to the park super early, and Joeli made sure

 to grab three lounge chairs in a prime location. She could see the entirety of

 the small park from where she sat. Carry looked at her strange when she pulled

 out a video camera and binoculars, though.

 Carry was the first to see Staci and her crew come into the park.

 “Oh crap! Staci’s here. Can we leave? Please,” she said.

 “I’m not going to let you run away from that bitch. Besides, we paid twenty

 dollars apiece to get into this place; I intend to get my money’s worth. Don’t

 worry, though. Alexis and I will keep her away from you,” Joeli replied.

 Carry need not have worried. Staci didn’t even notice the three volleyball

 players in the middle of the large crowd. Instead, as Joeli watched intently,

 they seemed to be discussing what to do first.

 The cheerleaders reserved a section of chairs by using their towels and bags

 as markers. Then they strolled over to the pool and dived in. It appeared that

 they just wanted to get wet before heading off to one of the rides because

 they only stayed in the water for a few minutes.

 Joeli anticipation rose as Staci climbed out.

 ‘Crap. Her suit is still together. Did I do something wrong? The bottle said

 that the glue would dissolve in water,’ she thought.

 Her eyes followed the cheerleaders as they walked toward a big set of stairs

 leading to a new ride.

 “Hey, Karen,” Joeli asked, “what’s that new one over there?”

 “Oh, I read about its opening in the paper. It’s a zip line.”

 “Like those things you grab onto and ride down across a chasm in a ropes

 course?”

 “Yeah,” Karen said. “See, you climb up over there, ride all the way across the

 pool, and get off at that platform there.”

 Joeli couldn’t see the end platform very well from her vantage point, but, as

 she watched, a girl grabbed on at the start and traveled halfway across the

 park.

 “Is that safe? At the ropes course, we were tied off. I didn’t see a harness.”

 “They secure your hands to the bar. The guy on the receiving end frees your

 hands.”

 Joeli used her binoculars to spy on Staci as she stood in line. Staci seemed

 to be adjusting her suit an awful lot.

 ‘The glue is dissolving; it just needed more time.’

 Fascinated, she watched as Staci wound her way to the front of the line.

 ‘Surely, with as much as she’s having to straighten her bikini, she won’t get

 on a ride where her hands are secured over her head.’

 Joeli put down the binoculars and picked up the video camera, zooming in as

 tightly as possible. She could see the young attendant attaching Staci’s hands

 to the bar. Standing on the edge of the platform, she stretched her arm out

 waiting for the start signal, and her top fell to pieces.

 Laughing, Joeli quickly told Karen and Carry to look.

 Staci must have felt the pieces of cloth either leave her shoulders or brush

 her legs on their way to the ground because she looked down. The movement

 caused her to slip, and, as she tried desperately to stay on the platform, her

 bottom fell off. Screaming, she lost her balance and flew forward, totally

 naked, on the zip line.

 The loud, shrill scream had attracted the attention of nearly everyone there.

 Hundreds of people looked up to see a very nude young lady riding the zip

 line. Staci flailed her legs about like she wanted to break the hold that the

 apparatus had on her hands, but all she accomplished was giving great views of

 her shaved pussy to the audience below.

 Joeli captured close up shots of nearly every square inch of Staci’s body.

 After the exposed, howling coed passed her, Joeli ran to get shots of her on

 the platform.

 As she found a good viewpoint, she heard the attendant on the platform tell

 Staci, “I know you’re naked. That’s WHY I had to call security.”

 “Undo my hands, you little twerp,” Staci shouted at him.

 “As I already told you, I have to wait for security since you’re in violation

 of the park’s nudity rules.”

 It was nearly ten minutes before two teenagers dressed in security uniforms

 showed up. During that time, Staci tried to bully the young man into releasing

 her. She became quite animated, making her uncovered breasts bounce all over

 the place. Joeli looked at all the people, male and female, watching Staci so

 intently and couldn’t help but laugh.

 ‘This is so much better than I expected. To stand there for so long with such

 a large crowd and not even be able to cover yourself with your hands.

 Priceless. Her friends can’t even help her because they’re stuck on the other

 side of the park until security gets here.’

 Ride attendants in the park were well trained in what to do in case of someone

 breaking the nudity rules. They were to call security immediately and try to

 hold the person until help arrived. The young man on the zip line receiving

 platform had called the chief of security, Mr. Johnson, as soon as he had seen

 the nubile blonde.

 Mr. Johnson, upon receiving a report of a nudity violation, thought, ‘just

 what I need - another flasher.’

 He had just gotten back from making rounds and wanted nothing more to sit down

 for a few minutes and enjoy a cold soft drink. It was getting hot out there.

 He called in two of his teenage underlings.

 “Chris, Rod, I’ve got a situation that I need you to take care of for me. I’m

 supposed to go out and personally supervise these types of infractions, but

 it’s time for my break. Do you think that you can follow my instructions

 EXACTLY, so that I don’t have to walk all the way back out there?”

 They replied “Yes sir!” in unison.

 “Okay, here’s what you do.”

 He pictured the typical occurrence in his mind. On a dare from her friends, a

 teeny bopper flashes her little titties on the way down a ride. She claims

 that it was and accident, a “wardrobe malfunction.” She may even blush as she

 covers her breasts back up, and the park authorities approach her.

 “I like to make them sweat it out a little. Threaten them by saying we’re

 calling the cops. If they’re shook up enough, I’ll go ahead and let them off

 with a warning. If they give me attitude, I use the plastic cords to cuff ‘em

 and make ‘em do the perp walk.”

 “Perp walk?” Ron asked.

 “You know. Parade ‘em handcuffed through the park. Embarrass ‘em a little. Let

 all the other kids see what happens when you break the rules. I take ‘em to

 the front gate and tell them to get lost and that they’re banned for the rest

 of the season.”

 Mr. Johnson remembered the banning procedure and the book of head shots of

 offenders.

 “Oh, before you let ‘em go, take a couple of pictures. That’s all there is to

 it. Now get down to the zip line pronto.”

 Ron nearly tripped over his own feet when he saw the beautiful girl with her

 hands secured above her hand standing totally naked on the platform. He nudged

 Chris and grinned.

 “What should we do?” Chris asked.

 “Exactly what Mr. Johnson told us to do.”

 Ron walked up the stairs of the platform and took control of the situation.

 “Ma’am,” he said, “you are in violation of the clearly posted rules and

 regulations of this park regarding public nudity.”

 “No shit, Sherlock!” she screamed at him. “This asshole here has been

 displaying me to the crowd for nearly half an hour. He won’t let me go!”

 “Ma’am, if you don’t cooperate fully with us and calm down, we’re going to

 have to turn you over to the police. The city has laws against what you’re

 doing.”

 “Calm down! You’re letting all these people gawk at my body, and now you want

 me to cooperate and calm down. You stinking perverts!”

 Ron shook his head.

 “Don’t say that we didn’t warn you.”

 He walked over to stand behind the nude girl.

 “Go ahead and release the mechanism,” Ron told the attendant.

 “It’s about time…” Staci started.

 She stopped mid-sentence as Ron grabbed her newly freed hands and bound them

 behind her back with the plastic cord.

 “Pervert! What are you doing?” Staci yelled.

 Grabbing the defiant coed by her upper arm, Ron started to pull her toward the

 steps.

 “We’re escorting you to the park exit where you’ll be taken into custody by

 the police.”

 It seemed that the real prospect of being arrested finally registered to the

 girl.

 “No. Please don’t do that! It wasn’t my fault. I swear. The suit just

 disintegrated.”

 “If you cooperate fully,” Ron told her coolly, “we’ll see if we can let you

 off with just park expulsion and banishment. I don’t want to hear one more

 complaint out of you, though.”

 The two security officers, with the nude, bound girl between them, started

 walking closer to the huge crowd of onlookers. As Joeli continued taping, she

 heard a little girl say, “Mommy, why is that lady naked? You can see her

 who-ha. Why is that lady’s who-ha showing? You told me that you’re not

 supposed to show your who-ha.”

 Several other children in the crowd picked up on the girl’s comments. They

 started pointing and chanting, “look at her who-ha! Look at her who-ha!”

 One little boy spoke up.

 “Mommy, what’s the white stuff between her legs?”

 Joeli hadn’t noticed until the boy pointed it out. What a slut; the minx was

 excited by this! She zoomed in on the clear evidence of discharge and then

 back up to Staci’s face.

 ‘Her defiance is completely gone! I never thought I’d see the day when Staci

 Sanders was cowed. Her face is so red, and she won’t look anyone in the eyes.

 She’s so humiliated. Yes!”

 Joeli continued to film as the guards led Staci to the park exit. She motioned

 to Alexis to grab Carry and their stuff and follow.

 Though a few people still stood around gawking, the crowd had mostly

 dissipated by the time the guards got to the gate. Joeli found a vantage point

 close enough to pick up visuals and sound of what was going on but far enough

 away that Staci wouldn’t notice her.

 “You’re doing well so far,” Ron said. “As long as you keep cooperating, we

 won’t turn you over to the police. However, you are banned from the park for

 the rest of the season.”

 Chris grabbed a camera from one of the ticket booths and handed it to Ron.

 “What are you doing with that?” Staci sobbed.

 “Our boss told us to take pictures.”

 As Staci stood there, breast and pussy exposed, hands bound behind her back,

 Ron started taking pictures. He took full body shots and shots zoomed in on

 her private spots. Then he asked her to pose.

 “Could you bend forward?”

 Looking mortified, she did as she was told.

 “Oh, I’ve got an idea,” Chris said. “Have her lay down!”

 Staci did as she was instructed and laid down on the hard gravel. They made

 her spread her legs and laughed at how wet she was. Finally, Ron told Chris,

 “we’d better get back to work. You can go now.”

 “Aren’t you going to undo this cord? Can you give me a towel? Please!” Staci

 begged.

 “Nope, sorry. The boss said nothing about covering you or uncuffing you. You

 better get out of here, or I’m calling the cops,” Ron told her.

 Laughing, the two boys looked at Staci’s cute butt as she ran to the parking

 lot.

 Joeli stopped filming and hustled her teammates out to her car. She directed

 Carry to drive around lot as she handed the camera to Alexis in the front seat

 and she got ready in the back seat. After a few minutes, the spotted Staci

 crouched behind a car.

 “Stop the car!” Joeli directed.

 She opened the back door and called out.

 “Staci, over here! Are you okay?”

 Staci hesitantly stood up and approached them. She was apparently too shocked

 by the circumstances to realize that this wasn’t the best time to be talking

 to your mortal enemies.

 “Come on. Get in,” Joeli told her.

 Staci looked like she was about to enter when Joeli stopped her.

 “Wait a sec. Alexis, please hand me one of our beach towels.”

 Staci must have thought that the towel was to cover her because she smiled.

 “Thank you so much.”

 “Oh, believe me. It’s our pleasure,” Joeli replied.

 Instead of using the towel to cover the naked girl, Joeli put in on the seat

 and spread it over her own legs.

 “Wouldn’t want to get your juices all over my car.”

 Staci sat on the towel, and Joeli reached around her to close the door.

 “My, my. What a situation you’ve gotten yourself into. You’re naked in public,

 have your hand’s tied behind you, and, from the look and smell of things, so

 horny that you’d hump anything that moves. Would you like some help?” Joeli

 said.

 “Oh yes! Please. Can you help me? Do you have a knife or something to cut off

 this horrid cord?”

 Joeli placed her hand on the girl’s inner thigh and lightly stroked the

 outside of her clit. With her eyes, she directed Alexis to start filming.

 “No, but I could help with something else.”

 Staci closed her eyes and moaned with pleasure, but then she tried to clinch

 her thighs. Joeli responded by sticking her finger into her moist hole.

 “Are you sure that you don’t want some relief?”

 Staci spread her legs.

 “Ohhh. Ohhh. But I’m not a lesbian.”

 Joeli removed her hand.

 “I’m insulted that you think that I’m a lesbian. I’m just offering to help out

 a friend in need.”

 “No, please don’t stop. Please, I need it!” Staci cried.

 “After insulting me, you’re going to have to beg. Tell me how much you need.

 Tell me what a slut you are.”

 “Ohh, please finger me. Please stroke my pussy! I’m a huge, lesbian slut. I

 need your finger. Please.”

 “That’s better.”

 Joeli patted her towel covered legs.

 “Here, climb on top of my lap.”

 Staci practically threw herself on top of Joeli and spread her legs wide

 without being asked. Alexis taped the whole thing as Joeli began fingering her

 and stroking her clit. She was merciless, continuing to fondle the girl

 through multiple orgasms until they reached Carter Hall. She kept up the

 piston action until Alexis opened the door and pulled the naked and disheveled

 Staci out of the car and onto the front steps of the dorm.

 Staci collapsed from exhaustion as a crowd of her laughing classmates gathered

 around.

 End of Part 2