**The Soccer Player**

by Katie

**The Soccer Player, Chapter 1**

Rebecca ran down the wing, dribbling the ball as she went. Over her shoulder, she felt a defender closing in. Just as she was about to pass the ball to her teammate in the middle of the field, she was taken down from behind and the ball went out of bounds.  
  
“Sorry Becc,” the defender said as she helped Rebecca up. The girl got to her feet and mumbled, “it’s fine” to Marissa, one of the older girls on the team and not the nicest person in the world. But Rebecca definitely wanted to be her friend and would never confront her.  
  
This was big time—college soccer—and Rebecca believed she was lucky to have simply made the team. After all, she was just a freshman and had played on a small high school team. But she was good, fast and lean, all things that her coach, the legendary April Smith, loved in a player. So Rebecca not only made the team but started some games.  
  
“Take a drink break but that’s the last one of the day,” Coach Smith yelled.  
  
Rebecca took a few breaths and walked over to the where the water jugs were stationed. Grabbing a cup of water, she then toweled off. She was dressed as most of the other girls were, wearing a black sports bra with maroon shorts, maroon socks, shin guards and spikes. She had never walked around in just a sports bra before but nearly all of her teammates wore them without a shirt and after a few practices, she had gone along.  
  
The bra that Rebecca wore was older and starting to fray along the seam, she had noticed this morning when she dressed. She had thought about throwing it away but it was her most comfortable and the only one clean. She knew that she would have to do some wash tonight.  
  
“OK girls, back at it,” Coach said. “Corner set.”  
  
She joined the other girls rushing towards the goal. The first-team defenders threw pinnys on so the team could tell who was who. Rebecca, as usual, started roughly 12 yards out and run in for a header or something similar if the kick was a good one. If not, she had the speed to track it down.  
  
This kick from Emma was a good one and arched right to the far post. Rebecca, as she had been trained, ran towards the spot, knowing that the ball would be there. She jumped at the same time the goalie did and, somehow, it hit her forehead and went into the net.   
  
There was no time to celebrate though. As Mary Sue, the goalie, came down, she lost her balance and grabbed at the nearest thing to keep her upright. Unfortunately, that nearest thing was Rebecca’s chest and she felt the girl’s fingers clawing at her and grab hold of her bra. Mary Sue fell backwards and, in her hand, was Rebecca’s now ruined sports bra.   
  
It took a second to register what had happened. Rebecca was mortified and covered her breasts with her hands. The other girls began giggling and Mary Sue was so upset.  
  
“Becc, I am sorry, I didn’t mean to,” she said, getting to her feet, handing Rebecca the now useless garment.  
  
“It’s fine Mare, you didn’t do it on purpose.”  
  
“OK GIRLS, let’s do another set,” Coach said, seemingly oblivious to the situation.  
  
“Coach, Rebecca needs to get another shirt, I ripped hers,” Mary Sue yelled.  
  
“It’s fine, no more breaks,” Coach said. “I told you girls that when we broke last for water. No more breaks. Becca, you’ll be fine. Play on.”  
  
The girls all seemed incredulous. Was Coach really suggesting that Rebecca play topless.  
  
“COME ON GIRLS, UNLESS YOU WANT TO RUN FOR THE NEXT TWO HOURS!”  
  
That did it. The girls all set up. Rebecca was stunned. How should she handle it? She knew that her starting spot wasn’t secure and she did not want to upset Coach Smith. But playing topless seemed beyond her.  
  
“COME ON REBECCA, PLAY.”  
  
She lowered her hands from her breasts and got into place. Again the ball came at her and again she jumped. She was acutely aware of her boobs bouncing as she ran and now as she jumped. This time, Mary Sue was able to catch it before her head got on it.  
  
“Punt it out, let’s play,” Coach said.  
  
Rebecca was shocked again. They really were going to keep playing. Mary Sue punted the ball and Rebecca instinctively ran, her ample boobs bouncing as she went. In the last year or so, Rebecca’s boobs had blossomed. Where in high school she was once a 34A or B, she was now a C cup and full. Usually her sports bra kept them encased but not now.   
  
Marissa smirked. She had never understood Coach’s infatuation with the freshman but it was nice to see her humbled a bit. They played for the next 30 minutes with Rebecca topless for the rest of practice. It felt completely foreign running around with her boobs uncovered, the sun hitting them and feeling them bounce up and down. Rebecca had always been pretty conservative, rarely wearing a bikini and always covering up when out of the water. Now here she was showing off her boobs for her whole team to see. Luckily for her, the women’s soccer team practiced far from the main campus areas. The only ones who would have a chance to see were the men’s team since they practiced close by but they were not out there now.  
  
Finally Coach blew her whistle. The girls gathered on the lines to run sprints, suicides and more. Though she was in good shape, better than most, Rebecca was too tired to feel her nudity much. After 15 minutes of running drills, Coach blew her whistle again and called the girls over.  
  
Rebecca realized she was even more ashamed now, as she gathered in close proximity with the other girls than she had on the field. She began to cover up and then realized that it made no sense…they had seen her for the last hour anyway.  
  
“Girls, good practice,” Coach said. Then she looked right at Rebecca. “I wanted to point out the dedication of Rebecca. She lost her shirt today and kept on practicing. At no time did she stop playing or try to give less than her best. I want everyone to practice like that, give it all they’ve got, no matter what else is going on. Becca, well done. “  
  
The other girl whooped and some patted her on the bare back. “Alright, hands in.” The girls, as always at the end of practice, put their hands together over their heads in a circle. Rebecca was acutely aware of her bare breasts pressing against the bare arm of Carrie, the only other freshman on the varsity team and one of her best friends. Carrie looked over her shoulder sympathetically as they screamed out “TEAM!”  
  
Rebecca ran to her bag and grabbed the t-shirt that she always kept there. It was tight, one that she worked out in usually, and it was obvious she was braless beneath it. Her nipples, erect from being exposed for the past hour, poked right through.  
  
“Nice nips Becc,” Marissa said with a smile, causing Rebecca to grow red faced. “Hey, I’m only kidding. You are one tough MFer going through a whole practice like that. Keep it up.”  
  
Now she was red faced for another reason. Marissa never said anything nice to her or any freshman. She was happy to have earned the girl’s respect.  
  
She and Carrie walked to their dorm, Rebecca keeping her soccer bag in front of her, trying to cover her chest. Though she was mostly successful, some students noticed and smiled at her.

**The Soccer Player, Chapter 2**

The next day, the team played a home game against their rival, Jonestown State, roughly an hour from their campus. The two teams were usually good and this year was no exception. The winner would take first place and get a bye in the conference tournament. As always, the game was evenly matched until Rebecca got the ball on the wing with some space. She took off full speed until she reached a defender. Deftly, she used the outside of her foot tap the ball one way while her body evaded the defender. She took the ball right into the goal box and blistered a shot past the goalie into the top right corner of the goal to give her team a 1-0 lead.   
  
She then scored again in the second half, her first multi-goal game of the season. This one was not as pretty but still effective. A centering pass off the foot of Joanie got past the goalie and Rebecca was there to guide it into the net. It was all of the scoring her team would need as they grabbed a 2-0 win.  
  
“Everyone played great. Kudos to Mary Sue and the defense for another shutout and to Rebecca for a two goal game. Guess that dedication at practice paid off. Good job.”  
  
Rebecca quietly accepted their praise but then looked over and saw Joanie who was smiling from ear to ear. “Coach, don’t forget Joanie…that goal only happened because of her. She deserves credit too.”  
  
“YEAH JOANIE,” Marissa screamed and their all gathered round the other girl, who’s smile somehow got even bigger.  
  
“That’s a good team play girls, I like it,” Coach said. “Conference playoffs start Monday. We need solid practices leading up to them. Bec, can we count on your another dedicated performance?”  
  
Coach was looking right at her so Rebecca answered, “absolutely Coach.” The woman smiled and the rest of the team cheered. Rebecca wasn’t really sure what she had signed up for.  
  
As they were leaving, Carrie said, “I can’t believe you are going to do it.”  
  
“Do what?”  
  
“Practice topless again.”  
  
“What are you talking about?”  
  
“Coach asked if you were willing to give another dedicated performance. Obviously she means to practice like you did last time. She was so excited.”  
  
Rebecca thought it over and realized that Carrie was right. “Oh my God, what have I done? I don’t know if I can do it.”  
  
“Of course you can, you did it once,” Carrie said. “Think about how happy Coach was. You’ll be a starter for sure.”  
  
Rebecca knew that Carrie was right but was this the only way to do it? She didn’t see any way out of it and had a nervous night’s sleep thinking about it.  
  
Somehow she made her way through classes that day and got to the locker facility to get dressed. She threw on a sports bra like always and headed to practice. She began loosening up while waiting for the rest of the team.  
  
“Bec, surprised to see you dressed like that,” Marissa said. “Thought you were more dedicated.”  
  
Rebecca stammered. “I, I was, uh, just waiting for practice to start.”  
  
“Coach says practice starts the minute you walk on the field,” Marissa said. She looked at Rebecca’s covered chest and raised an eyebrow. Knowing what she had to do, Rebecca pulled the sports bra up and over her head and put it in her bag.  
  
“Good girl, I knew you were a good teammate,” Marissa said. The other girls were starting to gather and many were surprised to see Rebecca topless again.  
  
“This is dedication girls,” Rebecca said more confidently than she felt.  
  
“Yeah Becca,” shouted one of the girls and they began stretching.  
  
The team was still in a circle when Carrie said, “Crap, the men are practicing today too.” Rebecca looked up and saw the field next to theirs starting to fill. She was not going to be as lucky as she was last practice. Today, more than her teammates were going to see her bare boobs.  
  
Coach Smith arrived and was surprised to see Rebecca topless. “I see you took me literally,” she said. “I love it though. Keep it up.”  
  
Rebecca groaned inwardly, realizing how wrong she had been. Coach never meant for her to practice topless but now she was stuck.   
  
Practice was intense as they prepared for the playoffs. Coach was on them and they had to run several times for mistakes. Coach didn’t want any slipoffs simply because they were the number one seed.  
  
Very early in practice, the men noticed Rebecca. A few catcalls came her way but Coach Smith put a quick stop to it. No one crossed April Smith and Rebecca was able to practice without another comment. Still, Coach could do nothing about them looking and they got their fill of seeing her bare boobs.  
  
At the end of practice, Rebecca again gathered with her teammates and again was praised. She threw the bra and then her t-shirt on, hearing boos from the men on the other field. She smiled and waved and took off, wanting desperately to get away from the field.  
  
Later that night, while working on a paper for a lit class, her cell phone rang. It was Mike, her boyfriend. “Hey hon, how are you,” she asked sweetly.  
  
“how am I? Seriously? Becca, are you really practicing topless?”  
  
“How did you find out?”  
  
“So it is true. Damn. I swore there was no way you would do that. That you were a good girl. But those soccer guys were right. Dammit.”  
  
Rebecca started crying. “I am a good girl, it’s just--.”  
  
“No, you’re not. You are slut and I don’t want to know you anymore.”   
  
And then there was dead air. Rebecca had just been dumped by her first boyfriend without even an explanation. She climbed into her bed, curled up in the fetal position, and sobbed.  
  
The next morning, she was eating breakfast alone, studying chemisty, when Mike appeared at her table. “Can we talk,” he asked softly.  
  
“You want to eat with a slut,” she asked, her eyes narrow in anger.  
  
“Yeah, about that, I’m really, really sorry,” he said. “I was out of line and didn’t mean it.”  
  
“Sure sounded like you meant it.”  
  
“I was angry and the guys were razzing me. I didn’t know how to handle it.”  
  
“You never asked me what happened. You didn’t give me a chance to explain.”  
  
“Well, I’m here now. Can we try again?”  
  
Tears formed in Rebecca’s eyes again. “You hurt me Mike, really bad.”  
  
“Please Rebecca, I don’t want to break up over this. I want to talk about it.”  
  
Rebecca took a deep breath and said, “fine, sit.”  
  
Mike sat down, his tray filled with breakfast foods and two cups of coffee. Rebecca smiled despite herself. Mike ate like crazy but never seemed to gain an ounce of weight.  
  
“So…why are you practicing topless?”  
  
Rebeccca told him the story and could see his body relax. “So they’re hazing you?”  
  
“No, it was an accident but Coach thought it was a show of dedication, now I’m stuck.”  
  
“Well, do you like it?”  
  
The girl sat and thought for a minute. “Not really, no, but I don’t hate it as much as a I thought I would. It’s strange being out there without a shirt on. My, um, my breasts bounce and everything.”  
  
She saw the look in his eyes. “Stop it you perv.”  
  
“I’m just annoyed that those soccer jerks get to see you but I don’t.”  
  
“Well, we’re practicing today. Stop by and get an eyeful yourself.”  
  
“Maybe I will,” he said softly. “We ok?”  
  
She nodded. “Yeah. I guess I should have told you so you weren’t so surprised. I guess I was just a bit embarrassed about it.”  
  
“If it helps you get your starting spot, I guess it’s worth it.”  
  
“I suppose. I’d better go,” she said, grabbing herself. He stood up and leaned over. “Sorry for what I said last night. I don’t think that about you. Never have really.”  
  
“Thanks…but think about not saying it next time okay?”  
  
They kissed quickly and she rushed off to her class.  
  
That afternoon’s practice was one of the best attended with fans. The men’s team did not have practice but many filled the sidelines. That plus Mike and his roommate gave them more fans than some of their early season games. Of course, they all seemed to have congregated on Rebecca’s side of the field and they drank in her bare boobs. Coach Smith was annoyed by the men’s presence at first but soon forgot about them. Rebecca tried to forget them too but just couldn’t.  
  
“Playoff game tomorrow girls,” Coach Smith said. “Let’s get this win and then we can worry about the championship.”  
  
“TEAM”

**The Soccer Player, Chapter 3**

The team was on fire from the beginning. Again Rebecca scored first and had another multi-goal game. They blistered their opponents, 5-1, and were in the championship for the first time in four years.  
  
“Girls, I am so proud of you,” Coach said. “But our job is not done yet. We have to win on Monday and then worry about the next stage. Rebecca, I love what you are doing. I admit, it’s unorthodox but it’s working. Keep it up.”  
  
Rebecca smiled shyly and wondered if she could keep it up. But she forgot it as her teammates patted her on the back (clothed this time, thank God) and they put their hands in.  
  
“TEAM!”  
  
That night, the team had a party in one of the senior’s apartments. When Rebecca arrived, one of the girls laughingly suggested that she should be topless but the senior said, “I can’t have that. If my landlord finds out, we’ll get evicted. Sorry Bec.”  
  
Sorry, Rebecca thought. Thank you! She did not want to be topless on the practice field and definitely did not want to be topless here.  
  
The next day, Rebecca again practiced topless. This time, the men’s team had an away game so no one was there to watch. Somehow, they hadn’t blabbed it to the whole school yet or there would have been more people there to watch.  
  
Monday was the championship, again with Jonestown State. This time though, it wasn’t even close. Rebecca scored another goal and assisted on two more. Another shut out for Mary Sue in a 4-0 win and a conference championship. Rebecca, as a freshman, won the playoff MVP award and was praised by Coach Smith.  
  
That night, Rebecca stood in line at dinner, her salad and breadsticks on a tray with a cup of coffee and glass of water. She was looking for some friends to sit with when she felt someone guide her by the arm.   
  
“Come with me,” Marissa said, leading her to a table in the corner. Rebecca was surprised and worried. She had never socialized with Marissa and wondered what the girl was up to.  
  
“So Bec, you are playing great. Coach is psyched.”  
  
“Yeah, I guess I’m getting some good breaks.”  
  
“Or, maybe you’re playing with confidence because of practice.”  
  
“What are you getting at?”  
  
“You, showing your boobs at practice. I think it’s making you better and helping the team.”  
  
Rebecca swallowed her bite of breadstick and thanked the girl.  
  
“So, I think you have to step it up for the regionals,” Marissa said.  
  
Rebecca was confused. “What do you mean?”  
  
Marissa looked down at Rebecca’s jeans-covered legs. “Step it up,” Marissa said. “Why just go topless when you can go full nude?”  
  
“No, I can’t do that,” Rebecca said. “No way.”  
  
“So, you’re not as dedicated as we all thought and as Coach Smith thought,” Marissa said. “I guess I was right about you all along.”  
  
“What do you mean,” a shaken Rebecca asked.  
  
“That all you care about is yourself,” Marissa said snarling. “That you care about the team only if it can help you.”  
  
“How will me being naked help the team?”  
  
“I don’t know, but have you seen how well we play with you topless? It’s working. I can only imagine how good we will play with you naked.”  
  
The two sat quietly. Finally Rebecca spoke, “I don’t know Marissa, I will think about it.”  
  
“I guess that’s all I can ask,” Marissa said. “I hope you will think about what I said. Hopefully, you will try to think about the team.”  
  
Rebecca had a sleepless night, tossing and turning. Was Marissa right? Was she selfish? But, wasn’t this asking a lot? To practice naked? No one had ever done it, why should she put herself out there like this? Did her being topless at practice really help the team?  
  
Finally, it was time for practice. Rebecca sat at her locker while the other girls came and went and knew that she had to make a decision. If she was going to do this, she had to do it all the way.   
  
The girl kicked off her sneaks and socks and stuffed them into the locker. She then pulled off her shorts and top. If she was going to get naked, her bra and panties would have to go next. If not, she would throw on shorts and her sports bra and head to practice.   
  
Shaking, she undid the clasp of her bra and dropped it into her locker. She then hooked her thumbs into the waistband of her panties and pulled them down her long legs.  
  
For a second, she panicked, wondering how she looked down there. She had shaved a few days ago and was relieved to find that her pubic mound was still clean. She sat down, wincing as she felt the cool, hard wood under her bare butt, and pulled on her shin pads and cleats.   
  
Taking a deep breath, she headed out towards the field.

**The Soccer Player, Chapter 4**

At first no one noticed her. But then, heads started turning towards her. Still, Rebecca walked on. No bag, no short, no shorts. Just shin guards and spikes. She had arrived just as her teammates were stretching. The first one to notice her was Mary Sue.  
  
“Oh my God, Becca, what are you doing?”  
  
“Showing my dedication to the team,” Rebecca said, her voice shaking. “I thought I needed to step it up for regionals.”  
  
“Damn girl, you are fine,” said Myeisha, one of the few black girls on campus. “If I looked like that, I’d go out nude too.”  
  
The girls all laughed and Rebecca joined the stretching. She was extremely aware of how each exposed she was in each position but she tried to block it out. When Coach arrived, talking to Claire, her assistant, she didn’t notice Rebecca at first. When she did, she did a double-take.  
  
“Becca, what are you doing?”  
  
“She’s stepping it up for regionals Coach,” Marissa shouted. “Isn’t she the best?”  
  
“Um, yeah, I guess,” Coach said. “Pretty extreme but if you play like you did in the last few games and in the playoffs, I don’t care what you do.”  
  
Practice was intense as always but for Rebecca even more so. She was acutely aware of her nudity at every turn. Still, she made some good plays and noticed that her teammates got used to it very quickly. Luckily, the men were not there again so they practiced in peace.  
  
Finally practice ended. Again, the team huddle at the end of practice was interesting. She felt the other girls near her bare skin and was acutely aware of being the only naked person there.   
  
She walked with two of her teammates back to the locker room and was relieved to change into her clothes. As she was leaving, Marissa and Mary Sue, the team’s two captains, stopped her.  
  
“Can we talk to you a minute Becca,” Mary Sue asked.   
  
“Sure.”  
  
“Um, we are so excited about your, um, dedication to the team and want to support you,” she said. “So, if tomorrow you don’t want to wear the shin pads and spikes, that’s cool. We’ll make it work.”  
  
Marissa looked at Rebecca with a sly smile.   
  
“Thanks Mary Sue, I appreciate it,” she said. The girl leaned in for a hug and headed off, leaving Marissa and Rebecca alone.  
  
“Well, well, guess who will be buck naked and bare foot at practice tomorrow,” Marissa said.  
  
“Why are you doing this to me,” Rebecca asked, trying hard not to cry.  
  
“Well, first of all, I get off on seeing you naked on the field, I guess I’m a bit of a sadist,” Marissa said. “But, more importantly, for some reason, your naked body is making this team play the best soccer I’ve ever seen. So, if it takes you walking naked everywhere we go for us to win a championship, I guess that is what we will do. See you tomorrow.”  
  
The girl left and Rebecca noticed that she was shaking. Somehow, this had gotten way out of her control but she saw no way out of it.  
  
The next day, she left her shin pads and spikes in the locker. She had hoped that Coach Smith would not allow her to practice without them but the woman said nothing. It felt weird playing barefoot, feeling the grass and dirt beneath her feet. When she dribbled, it was odd feeling the ball against her toes. However, she remembered playing in a soccer tournament on a beach when she was in middle school. This was sort of like that. Of course then she had worn a tank top, bra, shorts and panties. She was not wearing a stitch of clothing here on the field.  
  
She felt so strange running nude and barefoot. Once when she got tangled with Danielle, Rebecca hit the ground. She got up and felt grass stains on her knees and a mud smear on her shins. Finally, practice ended.  
  
“Becca, can I talk to you for a minute,” Coach said.  
  
“Sure Coach,” Rebecca said. Though before she could get there, Marissa stopped her. “You better not say anything about me being involved in this. You will regret it.”  
  
Marissa headed to the locker room and Rebecca waited for Coach, standing there alone and naked.  
  
“Becca, what’s going on here? You a nudist or something?”  
  
“Um, no, not really. It’s just, being topless really seemed to inspire me and the team. I was trying to figure out what else I could do so I came up with this. Is it bad?”  
  
“Well, it’s unusual, that’s for sure. Look, I like you, a lot. You are a major part of our team and I do not think we would be going to regionals without you. You don’t have to do this in order to play. You would be starting anyway.”  
  
Rebecca swallowed hard, unsure what to do. Was Coach giving her a way out?  
  
“It’s just, I think the girls would be let down if I didn’t follow through with this.”  
  
“You know it’s going to be hard to keep this up,” Coach said. “The boys will hear and this will spread all over campus. Are you ready for that? What about videos or pictures? It could get spread all over the Internet. Is that okay with you?”  
  
No it’s not. “I hadn’t thought about that,” she said softly. “I just want to help the team.”  
  
“Well, take tonight and decide,” she said. “Let me be the bad guy. I will say that I forced you to wear clothes. Or just go back to topless. That would be okay with me if it’s okay with you.”  
  
“Thanks Coach.”  
  
She walked, her legs shaking, back to the locker room. There she saw Carrie waiting for her.  
  
“You okay?”  
  
“Yeah, why?”  
  
“You don’t seem all that happy about being naked,” Carrie said, not able to look her friend in the eye. “I mean, it was different when you were topless. You seemed okay with it. This seems like you are being forced.”  
  
This was it, she knew, the moment of truth. “Car, I’m fine, trust me. I just wanted to do something to help the team, that’s all.” She was lying but Carrie seemed to buy it.  
  
“OK, cool, I guess I was just reading into it.”  
  
“I’d better go shower,” she said. She opened her locker and grabbed a towel out of it. “See you later at dinner?”  
  
Rebecca went and showered, cleaning off the worst of the grass and mud. Finally she was clean and headed back to her locker. She was stunned to see her clothes gone. She looked around and found only her student ID and room key. Everything else had been taken. She knew that Marissa was a part of this but didn’t know what to do.  
  
Tying the towel tightly around her, she made her way across campus. She got some crazy stares as she walked but she smiled and waved, playing it off as something normal. Finally, she was about to pass the dining hall and head to her dorm when Carrie saw her.  
  
“Christ Bec, what the hell?”  
  
“Someone took my clothes,” she said. “I’m going to head into my room and get dressed and then meet you.”  
  
“There’s no time for that, the dining hall is closing in like 10 minutes. You’ll never make it. Come on, let’s go.”  
  
“Carrie, I’m in a towel!”  
  
“Well, you were in less than that for two hours at soccer practice. This is like wearing a burka for crying out loud.”  
  
Carrie led her friend into the dining hall. Every head turned and wondered what was going on and why was that girl wearing just a towel. Rebecca was mortified but did not seem to be in control of her body. Finally she was in the food area when someone stopped her.  
  
“Miss, what is the meaning of this?”   
  
“Um, well, someone stole my clothes so I had to wrap myself in this towel.”  
  
“I hate these damn sorority pranks,” the woman said. “Well, you can’t be in here barefoot so you’ll have to leave.”  
  
“Wait, I have flip flops,” Carrie said, pulling flip flops from her bag. Rebecca gratefully slipped them on and the two continued to grab dinner, despite the manager’s annoyance.  
  
They grabbed what was left and paid the cashier. Carrie again led the way to a table where they sat.  
  
“Can I have my flip flops back,” Carrie asked.  
  
“Can I just wear them until I get back to my room,” Rebecca asked.  
  
“I just don’t want to forget the grab them so it’s easier if I put them in my bag,” Carrie said. “You don’t mind do you?”  
  
Yes, I mind very much, Rebecca thought, but that went unsaid. Instead, she slipped the flip flops off her feet and handed them to Carrie who put them in the bag.  
  
“Thank God I had them, we would have never gotten dinner.”  
  
The two girls settled into an easy conversation, though of course it was very strange with one of them wearing only a towel. Every so often, Rebecca would notice Carrie looking at her cleavage and realized that her towel was slipping. She would stop and retie the towel. Finally they were done and carried their trays to the trash. She had almost made it when she felt the towel starting to drop. Before she could put the tray down, her left breast had popped loose and she heard several gasps and comments. It was only for a second but she knew that several people had seen her bare boob.  
  
Carrie seemed oblivious to her friend’s predicament and had hurried off. It was only when she got to the door that she stopped, realizing that Rebecca wasn’t behind her.  
  
“What’s up,” she asked, coming back.  
  
“My boob popped out,” Rebecca said.   
  
The girl laughed. “I guess that’s a hazard of wearing a towel around campus. Luckily it was just one boob and not your whole body.”  
  
Rebecca was stunned at Carrie’ lack of compassion but the girl did take Rebecca’s tray and dumped the trash out. They left the dining hall, Rebecca thankful that her exposure was almost over. Finally they made it to their dorm and they went their separate ways. Rebecca entered her room and was happy to see her roommate was out. She dropped the towel and put on panties, sweatpants, socks and a hoodie sweatshirt. She wanted as much clothing on her as possible

**The Soccer Player, Chapter 5**

After a restless night’s sleep, Rebecca had decided to accept the coach’s offer. It was a way out of this crazy situation with what was left of her dignity still intact. Her mood was good as she headed to practice, her bag filled with shorts, shin guards and spikes. She even brought her sports bra in case there was a need for it.  
  
There was a spring in her step, knowing that her days of naked practice were over. She fell in with teammate Jackie, a girl she didn’t know really well but always liked and they chatted easily.  
  
When they arrived at the Athletic Center, three of her teammates were standing by Rebecca’s locker. “Hi girls,” she said cheerily.   
  
“Becca, we wanted to say something to you,” Carly, a junior, said seriously. She was joined by Molly and Meredith. Both looked equally serious.  
  
“Um, ok girls, what’s up?”  
  
“Well,” Molly said, “last night, at dinner, we were talking about you and what you’ve been doing.”  
  
There was silence again and Rebecca got nervous. It was obvious they had something important to say. She wondered if they were angry about her being naked.  
  
“It’s just, we’re so pumped about how much you care,” Carly said.   
  
“Yeah, I mean, I could never do what you are doing,” Meredith said. “It’s so awesome that you are doing this for us.”  
  
Rebecca thought the girl was about to cry.  
  
“So, we just wanted to tell you how great it is that you are going this and feel that you inspire us to play better,” Molly said. She ended it by leaning in for a hug. The others girls did the same and left her alone.  
  
The girl was now racked with confusion. Did she dare follow through with her plan and wear shorts and spikes for practice after that show of emotion? Sighing, she knew what she had to do.  
  
Before dropping her clothes in the locker, she went to see Coach, who was talking with her assistant coach when Rebecca knocked.  
  
“Hey Bec, what do you need?”  
  
“Can I talk to you for a second?”  
  
“Sure.” Seeing Rebecca look at the other woman, Coach added, “don’t worry, I’ve told Claire what we discussed. She is on board.”  
  
“Um, well Coach, I’ve decided to, um, stay naked, during practice I mean.”  
  
Both women looked at each other and then back at her.  
  
“Can I ask why?”  
  
Rebecca filled Coach in on the conversation at her locker and her interaction with Carrie last night. Coach sat back in her chair and put her hands together in front of her face, tapping her fingers.  
  
“Fine, but I won’t take it easier on you,” she said coldly. “You will perform the same as if you were fully dressed. No excuses.”  
  
Rebecca gulped nervously and nodded. “Yes Coach.”  
  
“Well, go get ready for practice. Since you won’t have to worry about dressing, you have time to carry the equipment. Meet me in the equipment room.”  
  
The girl nodded and went off to “change,” which meant strip and walk naked to practice. She felt like a convict being led to the electric chair as she finally arrived at her locker. She kicked off her sandals and pulled her top over her head. She was uncertain of what to remove next, knowing how stupid that was considering she would be completely naked in just a few seconds. Still, she wanted covering as long as possible so she pulled her shorts off, leaving her breasts covered just a little bit longer. Finally, unable to push it off any further, she undid the bra and pulled the straps down her arms, letting her breasts spring free. She then hooked her thumbs into the waistband of her panties and pulled them off as well, leaving her naked as the day she was born.  
  
She felt the hard concrete locker room floor beneath her feet as she walked to meet Coach in the equipment room. Outside the room was the bag of balls and the water jug. Normally one of the team managers carried this but she knew that she had been given the task.  
  
She threw the bag of balls over her shoulder, feeling the rough mesh rub against her bare skin. She bent over and picked up the water jug and began the laborious journey to the practice field.  
  
In the best of times, this walk would be shaming. It was roughly 100 yards from the locker room to the women’s practice field. She had to cross the men’s field and the track. Other days, she had been in luck and not had to deal with the men’s team. Today, she was out of luck…the men’s team plus the men’s and women’s track teams were out. She heard the yells and whistles as she struggled with the equipment.  
  
“Bec, wait, let me help you,” yelled Bonnie, a fellow freshman who was part manager and part player. She was a decent player but didn’t get a lot of time. To help the team in any way she could, Bonnie acted as a manager.  
  
“Thanks,” she said, realizing now that her entire front was now open to all who were staring at her. She tried to pretend that she didn’t care that dozens of her schoolmates were seeing her naked. The men’s team had seen her playing topless but not naked. Only her teammates had seen that. Now, so many were seeing those places that most girls kept private. It took all of her efforts to not cover herself.  
  
This was not going to be easy as she finally got to the area where her teammates were stretching.

**The Soccer Player, Chapter 6**

“Girls, great practice,” Coach Smith said. They had gathered in the corner the furthest away from the men’s practice field, where a large group had gathered to watch the proceedings. “Tomorrow morning, 6 a.m., we leave for regionals. Bus pulls out at 6 so be there by 5:45 in practice gear. Gather in.”  
  
“TEAM”  
  
“Bec, help Bonnie with the equipment,” Coach shouted as she walked off the field. Rebecca cringed. Coach had been tough on her all practice. She had run laps for minor things and Coach seemed to pull out the most shaming drills for a naked girl to run.  
  
They had done situps, with a player holding her ankles. Of course Marissa had agreed to be her partner. She took great joy in leering at the bare vagina just inches from her face and grazing Rebecca’s hard nipples every time the girl came forward. Then they did pushups, Rebecca’s nipples against causing a problem as they grazed the grass every time she came down. Her breasts swayed with each motion. Of course, Coach had them do these drills in the section of field closest to where the men’s team and track folks had stood to watch.  
  
“Girls, seems like we are getting some support for our championship run,” Coach said. “Let’s make it a great practice.”  
  
Rebecca was sad to not be working out with the starters but quickly got moved into her normal spot. Coach was on her from the beginning, yelling at her, criticizing every misstep.   
  
“If you can’t handle it here, with just us, how you going to handle the pressure this weekend,” she screamed before sending the nude girl off to run two laps around the perimeter of the field. This brought her closely past the gathered onlookers who hooted and hollered. Rebecca was mortified but kept going.  
  
Practice was now over but not for Rebecca. Rather than joining her teammates walking back to the locker room, she was stuck running after balls and stuffing them into the bag with Bonnie, who seemed oblivious to the humiliation Rebecca was feeling. Once the bag was packed, the two girls, one dressed in the team’s regular practice gear and the other naked, picked up the empty cups off the grass. Finally, they made the walk back to the locker room.  
  
Bonnie was talking a mile a minute while Rebecca stayed silent. She heard the catcalls and laughter. Out of the corner of her eye, she saw three girls from the track team in a group. One was obviously whispering to the other two and the group giggled as she passed. The naked girl was mortified as she walked, trying to act as dignified as she could while being completely humiliated.  
  
Finally, they got to the locker room. Rebecca dropped the ball bag on the floor outside the equipment room and ran to shower, grabbing a towel from her locker. This time, she made sure her locker was locked. She did not want another walk across campus in just a towel.  
  
She hopped into the shower, grateful for the privacy of a stall shower instead of the group shower that was on the other side. After so much time on display, she relished the idea of being hidden from view. She took a long time lathering her hair before working on getting her bare skin clean. Looking down, she saw what the girls were giggling about…her breasts were streaked with grass and mud, even her nipples. She rubbed, groaning as she rubbed harder to get the stains out. Finally, her body looked clean and she turned off the water. She heard some girls who had gathered at the sinks to do their hair or makeup.  
  
“I know, right. I mean, talk about showing off, jeez? I mean, what’s she trying to prove,” the one girl said.  
  
“She’s just a slut, obviously,” the other girl said. “She wanted to show her pretty little body off to all of those soccer boys.”  
  
Rebecca gasped but silenced herself. They were talking about her.  
  
“Well, it worked, they were, um, distracted.”  
  
“Yeah, but maybe she wasn’t doing it for them. Maybe she’s a lezzie who was trying to give the other girls a show.”  
  
“I know her, she’s hetero. Dates a guy.”  
  
“Maybe she’s bi.”  
  
“Well, she’s got a good body.”  
  
“I don’t care. She gives us other girls a bad name. Now all of those jerks think every girl should run around naked and show off their boobs. Makes it harder for us all.”  
  
“Seriously. We’re supposed to get boys to respect us and all and then we have her running around showing off her boobs and her vag.”  
  
Tears flowed down Rebecca’s cheeks. She couldn’t bear to leave the shower and show herself to these girls. She wondered what they would do if they knew she was there listening. Would she be able to show her face around campus again.  
  
“Hey, Carrie, what’s the deal with the slut practicing naked?”  
  
“Oh, that’s Becca, she’s our good luck charm.”  
  
“Your what?”  
  
“Our good luck charm.” Carrie then proceeded to tell the story about Rebecca’s bra ripping and her practicing topless and the rest. The other girls got quiet.   
  
“Oh man, that’s pretty cool,” one of them said.   
  
“We didn’t know that.”  
  
“Yeah, and since she’s been naked, we haven’t lost,” Carrie added. “In fact, we’ve never played better.”  
  
Rebecca took a deep breath and dried her eyes. She decided to face her attackers.  
  
“Hey girls,” she said cheerily as she passed them. The three girls, plus Carrie, looked stunned when they saw her leave the stall shower, a towel wrapped around her hair and another around her body. “Car, want to grab lunch or something?”  
  
“Sure,” Carrie said, stifling a smirk. These girls must have been bad mouthing her friend, who was too cool to care.  
  
That night, Rebecca packed her bag, leaving just her practice gear out as she needed it for the ride. The practice gear comprised of maroon mesh soccer shorts, maroon warm up pants, a grey t-shirt and a maroon zip up jacket. Most of the girls practiced in just the shorts but the other stuff was for travel, etc. Rebecca remembered how excited she had been to get the gear that she wore the t-shirt for three days straight.  
  
The next morning, she awoke at 5:15, pulled her hair into a ponytail, dabbed a little bit of make-up on before getting dressed. She had chosen a grey cotton demibra with matching boycut panties to go under the warmup suit. She had stuffed the shorts into her bag for practice at regionals. Once they got to the campus where the games would be held, they were practicing, at roughly 11:30 today.  
  
She pulled on white ankle socks and slides to complete the outfit, grabbed her bag and her bookbag for homework, and headed out quietly to avoid waking her roommate.  
  
Along the path to the athletic complex, she saw Miranda, another teammate who looked at her with surprise but said nothing. Soon others were also with them as they got closer. Each had looked at Rebecca with surprise but no one said anything.  
  
They all gathered at the bus where Carl, their driver, loaded the bags into the bottom. Rebecca thought about keeping her bookbag but figured she wouldn’t get much done on the drive as sleep would be her priority.  
  
“What’s the deal Rebecca,” Coach asked as she came out of the athletic facility.  
  
“What do you mean Coach,” Rebecca asked.  
  
“I said practice gear. Is this your practice gear?”  
  
Rebecca looked down. She was wearing the gear issued to her at the beginning of the year. “Coach, I don’t unders--” and then stopped. It finally hit her. She didn’t wear practice gear.  
  
“Please get into uniform so we can leave,” Coach said, passing the stunned girl and sliding her bag underneath before boarding the bus. No one in the group moved for a few seconds; all just stared at Rebecca, wondering if she was going to go through with it.  
  
Finally, Rebecca kicked off her slides and, using her toes, slid off her socks. She winced a bit when she felt the cool concrete beneath her now bare feet. She unzipped the jacket and took it off. Not knowing what to do with her clothes, since she had already put her bag under the bus, she laid the jacket on her sneaks.  
  
“I’ll take them for you and put them in my bag,” said Carrie, who had just arrived. Rebecca looked at her friend with a grateful smile.  
  
It was tough deciding what to remove next. She knew that was silly, since she would be naked very soon but for some reason, Rebecca was almost paralyzed, unable to make a decision. Finally, she reached down and pulled her pants down and off, revealing her panties. Rather than take them off together, she waited, wanting to enjoy a few moments with her vagina covered so she grabbed the bottom of her t-shirt and pulled it over her head, her bra-covered boobs now on display.  
  
Most of the team had gathered, along with Carl the bus driver. With shaking hands, Rebecca reached behind her and unclasped the bra, letting the straps slide down her arms. She held the garment in front of her for a moment and then handed it to Carrie. A low whistle came from Carl as the young woman’s boobs popped into view.  
  
Wanting to end this nightmare, Rebecca grabbed her panties and pulled them off, eliciting another low whistle from Carl. Wasting no time, she rushed past everyone and onto the bus.  
  
Rebecca’s legs were shaking as she passed Coach and Claire, who sat across from one another in the front row. “That’s better,” Coach said. “Sit towards the front Bec so we can chat a bit as we go.”  
  
The naked girl closed her eyes, knowing that she was beat. She was going to head to the back rows and hide for the ride but Coach was ensuring that she was going to be very fully seen by all. It shouldn’t matter, of course. She had been naked in front of these girls many times already, both in the locker room and on the field the last few days. Still, she had never been this exposed for such a long time.  
  
“Hey Becca, sit with me,” Marissa said, motioning to a seat on the aisle in the third row of seats. Rebecca knew that nearly everyone would have to pass her and see her nudity. She wouldn’t even be able to hide against the window. Sleeping would be out of the question.  
  
“Sure Marissa, thank you,” she said and slid into the seat. She was glad that they were padded seats and not hard plastic as she crossed her left leg over her right at the knee, obstructing the view of her open vagina. With her hands folded on her laps, semi-covering her breasts, this felt almost covered.  
  
Carl came up the steps and looked over to see the nude girl right in his line of seat. He smirked at her and climbed into the driver’s seat. Rebecca prayed that they would get to their destination and she could get her clothes back.  
  
Just then, she saw a man in a business suit climb the steps, followed by a woman. She cringed, knowing it was the athletic director and assistant athletic director.  
  
“Ladies,” the man began, “we just wanted to—whoa.” He stopped suddenly when he saw the naked girl sitting there. “Um, what is going on here?”  
  
“Coach, that’s Rebecca, one of our freshman,” Coach said.  
  
“Why is she naked,” he said, obviously getting angry. “Is this hazing? That is against regulations. We could get suspended.”  
  
“No, not at all, she’s our good luck charm,” Marissa said.  
  
“Yes, our good luck charm,” Coach said, telling the story about the ripped bra to going topless to Rebecca “stepping it up” for the regionals, etc. The two administrators looked from the coach to the naked girl.   
  
“Well, young lady, I admire your courage and team spirit,” the man said.  
  
Rebecca smiled, not sure how to answer as the administrator began his pep talk. “Girls, thank you for your hard work and your dedication to the college and the athletic department,” he said. “I speak for Ms. Finley and all of us here when I say good luck in regionals and bring home the championship.”  
  
“Go get em girls,” Ms. Finley said, as they shook hands with coach, eyed up Rebecca again and left.  
  
“Alright Carl, let’s go.”

**The Soccer Player, Chapter 7**

The ride was the most bizarre of Rebecca’s life. As she sat there naked, the rest of the team acted as if nothing was going on. They chatted, some slept, some even studied. She was too nervous to do anything as she sat there, fully aware of every part of her. Her feet felt the cold, hard floor. Her legs, butt and back felt the soft fabric of the seat.   
  
She sat with her legs crossed for a while until she felt Marissa’s hand softly pull at her knee until both of her feet were on the floor. She then pulled the knee a little bit more so that Rebecca’s legs were spread and her vagina on display. Rebecca looked at Marissa with a pleading look but Marissa just smiled and continued talking to Mary Sue who was sitting behind her. The other girl had no idea what Marissa had just done but Carl did as he could see right up between Rebecca’s legs using the mirror. He now had a view that very few men have ever had of Rebecca.  
  
Across from Rebecca sat Carrie and Jen, another freshman. The three soon settled into a regular conversation, as regular as it could be with one of the three sitting buck naked. All of a sudden, the bus came to a stop.   
  
Rebecca noticed that they had pulled into a rest stop.  
  
“Alright girls, come up and get your meal money,” Claire shouted from the front of the bus. “We’re stopping for 15 minutes for food and bathroom. Only stop so do what you need to do.”  
  
The girls all made their way to the front, all except Rebecca who stayed in her seat. Marissa stood and climbed over the naked girl, brushing her sleeve across the girl’s bare breasts. “Oh sorry Bec.”  
  
Finally the bus was empty except for her, Claire and Carl, who couldn’t take his eyes off of the naked girl.  
  
“Well Becca, let’s go,” Claire said.  
  
“Coach, I’m naked,” she said.  
  
“I can see that,” Claire said laughing. Carl joined in.  
  
“But, I can’t go out like this?”  
  
“Why not, the rest of the girls are in their practice uniforms,” she said. “Coach said no exceptions. Here’s your meal money, though I have no idea where you are going to put it.”  
  
The woman held the envelope out but Rebecca still didn’t move.  
  
“Let’s go kid, if you don’t go, I can’t go,” Carl said. “I can’t leave the bus unless it’s empty and I have to use the bathroom.”  
  
Resigned to having to show herself in public, Rebecca got to her feet and made her way to the door, taking the envelope from her coach. She felt Carl’s eyes boring a hole into her breasts and vagina as she walked towards him and then knew, without looking, that he was staring at her butt as she made her way down the steps.  
  
She desperately needed a way out of this when it hit her. On the door was a sign, “No Shoes, No Shirt, No Service.” She turned back and saw Claire who was entering behind her.  
  
“I’m not allowed in,” she said, pointing to the sign.  
  
Claire took a deep breath. “This is very frustrating Becca,” she said with a huff. “What are we going to do now?”  
  
Just then, Carrie came out. “What’s up?”  
  
“Becca can’t enter the store without a shirt or shoes,” Claire said.  
  
“Well, I have her shirt and slides in my bag here,” Carrie said. “Does that work?”  
  
Rebecca looked around and saw several people watching her out the window. She wondered if she was going to get in trouble.  
  
“I guess, Coach really can’t say anything about it,” Claire said. “They are the rules. But as soon as you come outside, take them off, ok Bec?”  
  
She nodded as Carrie waded through her bag. She had all of Rebecca’s clothes in there from this morning and the naked girl looked longingly at the garments. She wished she was dressed like all of the other girls.  
  
“Here Bec, sorry about that, your shirt was all the way at the bottom,” Carrie said, handing the balled up tee to her friend. Rebecca hungrily grabbed the shirt and pulled it on, glad that her breasts were hidden from sight.  
  
No matter how hard she tried, the shirt didn’t cover much down below. She held the shirt down in the front so that her pubic mound was covered but that pulled the shirt up in the back and revealed her bare butt. Still, it was better than total nudity.  
  
“Here’s your slides,” Carrie said, placing the shoes on the ground for Rebecca to step into.  
  
“Thank you Carrie, you are a life saver,” Rebecca said. She followed her friend back into the rest stop.  
  
“I have to go to the bathroom,” Carrie said and Rebecca thought it was a good idea, not wanting to use the one in the bus. She saw a large group had gathered to gawk at her and the bathroom seemed like a good place to hide for a while.  
  
She got into the stall next to Carrie and began to pee. Since she was nearly naked, it was pretty easy for her to squat over the public toilet as her mother had taught her. She was just finishing up when she heard some chatter from the sink.  
  
“yeah and she was butt naked, not wearing anything at all.”  
  
“Do you think it was some initiation or something?”  
  
“Maybe or she’s just a slut who gets off on it. I know I could never walk naked in a public rest stop or anywhere really.”  
  
“Stop it Joanie. That minidress you wore last week was pretty revealing. You had to be careful or everyone would have seen your panties.”  
  
“Who says I was wearing panties.”  
  
The two girls laughed. “Just kidding. I was. But that’s a hell of a lot different than walking naked. I wonder what that girl was thinking…”  
  
Their voices drifted off and Rebecca felt her whole body shake. She hated being the subject of other people’s conversations and this was the second time in two days that it happened.   
  
“It’s okay Bec,” Carrie said. She too had obviously overheard the conversation. “Let’s get a bagel or something.”  
  
Robotically, Rebecca followed her friend, holding the shirt down in the front to try and cover herself. From the gasps behind her, she realized that she was revealing more of her behind than she would have liked.  
  
Sizing up the situation, Carrie said, “Bec, go grab us a seat and I’ll get breakfast.” The bottomless girl smiled and mouthed a grateful thank you to her friend and slid into a booth as far from prying eyes as possible, wincing as she felt the cold, hard plastic on her bare thighs. Sitting this way, she realized that her shirt had ridden up and her butt was exposed against the seat. Thankfully, there was a back to this booth and no one could see her. A few of her teammates found her and sat around her, making her feel better. Finally Carrie arrived with French toast sticks (her favorite) and an orange juice.  
  
With her legs again crossed at the knees (left over right), and the t-shirt on, Rebecca was not showing anything at all. From the side, people could obviously see nearly all of her bare legs but her “private” parts were hidden from view. She wished she could wear this shirt for the rest of the trip and would feel fully clothed after sitting naked on the bus but she knew that was not to be.  
  
“Let’s go girls, back to the bus,” Marissa said. She was about to leave when she saw Rebecca. “What are you wearing?”  
  
“She had to,” Carrie said interrupting. “The sign said ‘no shirt, no shoes, no service.’ So I gave her shirt and shoes back.”  
  
“Well, make sure they’re off before we get back on the bus,” the senior said. “Would hate for Coach to get mad.”  
  
“Man, she really seems to like you being naked,” observed Toni, one of the few black girls on the team. “Of course, she’s a bitch most of the time so maybe that’s just her personality.”  
  
“I think she just wants to make sure nothing disrupts the team,” Mary Sue said, giving Toni a defiant look. “What’s wrong with wanting the team to do well?”  
  
“Nothing, but this whole nude is supposed to be fun,” Toni said. “Let’s keep it that way.”  
  
Rebecca wondered, fun for who? Certainly not her. But she kept those thoughts to herself, not wanting to upset her teammates.  
  
“Well we’d better get back to the bus before Coach makes us all ride naked,” Carrie said, causing the other girls to laugh, except one. “Bec, I’m sorry, I didn’t mean to make it sound like a punishment or anything.”  
  
“Yeah Becca, I think you’re a brave mother f-er walking around like that, just to inspire the team,” Toni said. “Pretty damn cool.”  
  
Rebecca smiled, amazed again that her humiliation was such an inspiration for her teammates. She hated being naked like this but was glad for the admiration.  
  
Sadly, she had to leave the relative comfort of the booth and walk to the bus. Thankfully, this time she had her teammates around her for comfort and support. Unfortunately, she had both hands full with the sticks and her drink so she couldn’t hold her shirt down. Seeing her reflection in the glass of the door as she exited gave her all of the proof she needed. The shirt was just not long enough and her vagina was peeking out from underneath. She heard clapping from a group of teenage boys who just had the luckiest rest stop visit of their lives.  
  
They walked outside and Carl stood there with Coach and Claire. “Just in time girls,” Coach said, heading onto the bus. “Becca, you know what to do.”  
  
Sighing, Rebecca slid the slides off her feet, missing them already, and then pulled the shirt up and off. She handed the shirt to Carrie who had already grabbed the shoes. Quickly, to avoid showing more the gathering crowd, Rebecca bolted into the bus and took her seat next to Marissa who leered and smiled. This time Rebecca did not try to cross her legs.  
  
They sat talking until Marissa stood up.  
  
“OK Girls, it’s freshman talent show time,” she said. “Each freshman has to get up and sing a song or do something talented. Becca, you start.”  
  
The girls all cheered while Rebecca cringed. It was bad enough to get up and sing in front of all of the girls but to do it naked was more than she could bear. She sat there for a long moment before Carrie, again, came to her rescue.  
  
“Come on Becca, let’s sing Mean by Taylor,” she said. “Bonnie and Jen too. We’ll be a team.”  
  
The other three girls came forward and stood in the aisle, sort of blocking Rebecca who now stood. Though many could see parts of her, most of her was covered by the other girls.  
  
Carrie started and the other girls joined in.   
  
“You, with your words like knives and swords and weapons that you use against me. You have knocked me off my feet again got me feeling like I'm nothing  
You, with your voice like nails on a chalkboard, calling me out when I'm wounded. You, pickin' on the weaker man”  
  
Of course they knew every word to this song, as every teen girl does for every Taylor Swift song. Some of the others sang along and clapped. For this next part, Rebecca sang directly to Marissa.  
  
“Well, you can take me down with just one single blow. But you don't know what you don't know…Someday I'll be living in a big old city and all you're ever gonna be is MEAN!” This time, all four girls pointed at Marissa and laughed.  
  
“Someday I'll be big enough so you can't hit me. And all you're ever gonna be is mean. Why you gotta be so mean?”  
  
The rest of the girls cheered, even Coach and Claire. Marissa laughed good naturedly with the others.  
  
“How about the seniors,” Rebecca said. “What you got?”  
  
She sat down and the seniors stood. They started singing a Katy Perry song, “Firework” to the cheers of the whole bus. Soon the juniors and then the sophomores sang and everyone was geared up.