The Suggestion Box

by Alvo Torelli, 2017

- based on a seed idea by Danaume Rook

Introduction

The box was old. The wood was beaten, gouged and shiny from the oil of the many hands that had handled it over the years. The brass handles showed a red and green patina of deep age. The massive padlock on the front of the box looked like it would take a key the thickness of a young girl's finger. The key was undoubtably lost to the ages. A small discolored and scratched brass label on the top, sitting just below a three-inch slot, read "SUGGESTIONS."

The box was sitting on a table outside Principal Harris's office. It was minding it's own business, but Cindy was staring at it with annoyance. Her annoyance had nothing to do with the box, it just happened to be in her line of sight.

"You can go in now, Cindy," old Mrs. Paxton said, sneering at Cindy from behind her desk. "Principal Harris is ready for you. And mind your manners, child."

Principal Harris didn't even look up from the papers scattered about her desk as Cindy entered. She just snarled "have a seat, Cindy." She moved some papers around and then picked one up. "So, this is the third time this month you've been sent to me, Cindy." She finally looked up at the blonde eleven-year-old and her eyes flared at the sight of Cindy's bright red tie - a shocking and flagrant violation of the school's strict uniform. "Oh! Cindy, really?" She looked down at her papers again, then looked the girl in the eyes. "Why must you be such an... adolescent? Two days suspension! And don't even think about doing this again!"

Cindy stormed out of the principal's office. Two days!? It was outrageous. Just because she tried to fight back against her middle school's idiotic, out-of-date, over-the-top ugly, soul-crushing school uniform. Oooh! Two days?! She was going to miss the tryouts for middle school cheer-squad. It wasn't fair. Principal Harris was such a, such a, such a... prude!

The old, weathered box was right there, in front of her. Cindy ripped a piece of notebook paper out and she scribbled on it. "Suggestion: Change the school uniform so that girls wear miniskirts and no panties! -Cindy" There, that will tell the old bitch what I think of her, Cindy thought. She stuffed the folded up piece of paper into the box and stormed out of the office with as much bluster and disruption as she could muster.

Old Mrs. Paxton just rolled her eyes and shook her head.

Chapter One

Three days later, Jenna arrived at school exactly on time, with her school uniform in perfect shape, as always. Getting out of the car in front of the school was its usual nightmare. Her older brother Jason jumped out of the front seat and took off, waving cheerfully at the group of six or seven eighth-grade boys who sat on the front wall every day where the other middle-schoolers were dropped off. There they could watch the girls trying to get out of the SUV's and minivans without flashing themselves. The smirks on the boys faces were infuriating! Jenna scowled at them as she carefully slid across the seat, her knees clasped together. She barely managed to get down to the curb with most of her dignity intact. Shouldering her book bag, Jenna tugged at the hem of her annoyingly short skirt, as she would likely do a thousand times before the day was over. God! Jenna was not one to mock school rules, but she hated the school uniform so much!

Jenna spotted her friend Cindy across the quad and she waved to her with a smile. She'd missed her! A second later Jenna saw the way Cindy was dressed and her eyes bugged out. Oh no, not again! Why was Cindy always flaunting the school uniform? She was going to get kicked out of school for sure. "Cindy! Your skirt!" Jenna said as she ran up to her best friend. "You can't come back from suspension and wear that. They'll kick you out for sure."

"OMG, Jenna," Cindy said, looking at her friend askance. "Since when did you join the skank patrol. That skirt! OMG!"

"What are talking about?" Jenna shot back. "You're the one breaking the rules, again! OMG, we've got to do something, right away. You're going to get expelled!"

"Jenna, have you gone..." Cindy began, but then she saw another mini-van open up and two seventh grade girls attempted to get out of it in ridiculously short, pleated mini-skirts just like Jenna's. Only one of them managed to do it without flashing her crotch at the line of laughing, pointing boys. The girl turned bright red and hurried past the line of snickering boys. Cindy couldn't be sure, be she thought she saw - no!, it couldn't be.

"Cindy, are you listening? Come on! We don't have time for this," Jenna broke into Cindy's confused staring.

Jenna pulled Cindy along with real force and Cindy stumbled down the crowded hallway, getting dirty looks from at least half of the mini-skirt clad girls who saw her. As fast as she could, Jenna twirled the dial on her locker and opened it with a bang. Jenna grabbed a plastic sack, slammed the locker closed and dragged her confused BFF into the girl's bathroom. They only had a few minutes before the bell would ring.

"OMG! I'm so glad I had these extra clothes at school," Jenna said as she pulled a pleated black mini-skirt out of the bag. "This is going to be tight on you, but I think it will work. Oh hurry up! Get that stupid skirt off before someone sees you!"

"Jenna, I don't understand. Has everyone gone mad?" Cindy asked as her friend unzipped the side of her knee-length pleated skirt and let it drop to the ground.

"OMG! Cindy! What are you thinking? OMG! Get those panties off before someone sees you." Jenna looked about wildly to make sure no one else had come into the bathroom to see how horribly her friend was flaunting the uniform policy. She tugged at the waist of Cindy's pink cotton panties and practically ripped them off her. "Hurry, we're going to be late for inspection if you keep dawdling. Please, Cindy, I don't want you to get expelled!"

Cindy was nearly overwhelmed with confusion, but she let her pretty friend pull her panties to the floor and then stepped out of them before stepping into the ridiculously short mini-skirt that Jenna pulled up her thin, curvy legs and over her very fine, rounded bottom. Jenna was quite a bit thinner than Cindy - Jenna was a stick, whereas Cindy had started developing some actual curves and a bit of a waist - so the insane skirt was a bit snug on Cindy. It was snug enough that Jenna had to tug it up higher onto Cindy's waist to get the zipper to close. Cindy turned to look at herself in the mirror and nearly screamed. The short skirt, on her frame, was obscene. It flared out from her waist much more than Jenna's did, and her butt cheeks were clearly visible. Heaven forbid that she lift her arms or bend even slightly - her naked crotch would be visible to all.

"Jenna, OMG, I can't go out there in this! I can't. Oh my god!"

"You have to! We'll be late. We have to run." Jenna glanced at her watch. "We only have one minute before inspection!"

Jenna grabbed Cindy's book bag and threw it onto her friend's shoulders, then lifted her own book bag onto one shoulder, grabbed Cindy by the elbow and dragged the shorter girl out into the hall. They arrived in their home room out of breath, with barely ten seconds to spare. Still confused and stunned, Cindy let Jenna lead her to one side of the classroom, where all of the girls in their home room were aligned side by side along one wall. The boys in the class were lounging behind desks, many of them smirking, and their teacher, Mr. Rose sat behind his desk pretending not to be sneaking glances at the nubile girls. As Cindy was thrust into her position in the line, several of the boys pointed in her direction and exchanged whispers.

Cindy yanked at the hem of her insanely short skirt, tugging it and wrestling with it, but she knew that she was still flashing half her ass at the smirking boys around the room. Everything was happening so fast and she was so confused. To make matters worse, five seconds after the bell rang to begin the day, the dreaded Principal Harris strode into the room.

"Oh gosh!" Jenna whispered next to Cindy. "Harris is doing inspection. She's scary!"

"At attention, ladies!" Principal Harris barked. "Face the wall - you know the drill! Now bend over for uniform inspection. Hurry now, let's get this over with - I have important things to do."

Every girl in the class bent at the waist and placed the palms of her hands on the wall in front of her. Every girl except Cindy. Cindy gasped and looked around her with shock and alarm. This couldn't be happening. This was a nightmare. Fortunately, Cindy was two-thirds of the way down the line of bent over young ladies and the Principal had her attention at the beginning of the line. Harris started by stepping directly behind the first girl, blocking that girl from the hungry eyes of some, but not quite all, of the males in the room. Mr. Rose, in particular, still had a lovely view of the girl's fine ass as Harris lifted the girl's skirt and checked to make sure she wasn't wearing panties. Satisfied, Harris dropped the girl's skirt and moved to step behind the second girl in line.

Cindy was appalled! But with every step the Principal was getting closer to her. Jenna yanked on Cindy's arm, desperately trying to get her to bend over like she was supposed to. But Cindy realized that while the other girls' mini-skirts were just barely long enough to cover their little pussies while they were bent over, her mini-skirt definitely was not long enough. If she bent over she was going to be flashing her cunt at every boy in the room! Cindy turned bright red. Principal Harris took another step in her direction. Jenna yanked on her arm and hissed at her. Oh god! How did this nightmare happen?

Cindy bent at the waist and placed her hands on the wall like all the other girls. She heard the murmur of appreciation that spread quickly through the gang of eleven-year-old boys and she turned an even deeper shade of humiliated red. She felt tears coming to her eyes and she fought them back as hard as she could. Suddenly Harris was behind her and she felt her skirt raised, not that it needed to be for everyone to see that she was sans panties. Then Harris moved on to lift Jenna's skirt and once again Cindy was exposed to all the boys and her teacher. She could see that all of the girls were maintaining their bent over stations until they were told not to, so she remained in her humiliating, vulnerable position. But every atom of her young being wanted to run from the room.

Cindy sidled onto one of the benches in the lunchroom, trying to get her ridiculous skirt underneath her and only partially succeeding. The metal was cold on her little ass! Her nightmare of a day continued. Home room had been bad enough, between panty inspection and Mr. Rose's insistence that she sit in the front row, where she discovered there was no way to sit that didn't give him an excellent view from which to ogle her. Math class had been worse. Mrs. Jenkins chose Cindy to be one of the three students who worked problems on the board in front of the class. Cindy knew that every time she reached up to write on the board she was flashing her cute ass and framing her nice little pussy for the whole class. As her humiliation went on and on something truly terrible had happened - she'd gotten aroused. Just seeing the hard lumps in the pants of all the boys had triggered the terrible reaction, and right there in front of all of them she'd gotten wet. She was sure they could all see the moisture glistening under the harsh neon lights. French class was a little bit better. At least she'd been allowed to sit behind her desk half-way back in the room. But Madam Florence was a stickler for her students standing up when they answered or asked questions and she'd been called on no less than five times. It was impossible to get up and down from her seat without showing the whole room just how lovely her hairless young slit was.

Jenna slid in across from Cindy with her tray and Cindy immediately started asking questions. "Jenna, OMG, when did this nightmare start? I only missed two days and everything has changed. These skirts are ridiculous. And forbidding panties, what is that all about? OMG! What happened?"

Jenna looked at her friend with puzzlement. "What are you talking about, Cindy? We've always had to wear uniforms. I know you don't like them, but you've got to stop messing with the uniform policy - you're going to get yourself expelled."

"I know we've always had uniforms! I'm not stupid. But they weren't like this, these, these, ridiculous mini-skirts! And no panties. And..." Cindy's eyes went wide with shock. "Oh my god, Jenna, oh my, oh... I did it. It's, it's... it's exactly what I wrote in the suggestion box. OMG!"

"What suggestion box? What are you talking about, Cindy?"

"The big wooden box, outside Principal Harris's office. I, I... I put a suggestion in it - I was so mad. I, oh gosh, Jenna, this is all my fault."

"You're not making any sense, Cindy. Nothing has changed, nothing is your fault. I don't like the uniforms either, but it's not your fault. It's just the way it is."

"OMG, OMG, yes it is! I put a suggestion in the box - short skirts and no panties, just to make Harris mad. OMG, Jenna, we have to find that box. Come on! We have to go find it!"

But the suggestion box was nowhere to be found. Cindy dragged her increasingly confused and concerned friend all over school for the remainder of lunch, but there was no large wooden box anywhere. Finally they had to part so that Cindy could head to History and Jenna to her Math class.

Two hours later, after the last class of the day, Jenna walked alone through the halls of the middle school, worrying about her best friend and unconsciously, once again, tugging at the hem of her skirt to keep it firmly below her cute little ass. And then she saw it - the beat-up old suggestion box - sitting just outside the entrance to the science wing. How had they missed it? That was so strange. It was exactly like Cindy had described it. The whole idea that Cindy was responsible for the school's awful uniforms was ludicrous - and yet... Jenna stared at the box. 'What the hell could it hurt?' she thought. But then she glanced at her watch and realized she was going to be late getting picked up for swim practice. She had to hurry. She tore a piece of paper from her notebook and quickly scribbled 'I suggest girls don't have to wear the school uniform if they don't want to.' Jenna stuffed the note into the suggestion box and bolted down the hall to meet her mother, who was bound to be annoyed at her tardiness.

Chapter Two

Once again, Jenna watched her brother rapidly disappear into the crowd, then carefully slid out of the back seat of the mini-van, trying hard not to flash the gang of perving boys who lounged along the retaining wall at the entrance to her middle-school. She tugged at her skirt as soon as she was standing and headed towards the front door. Jenna had so hoped that the suggestion she'd put in the stupid box might have magically changed everything, like Cindy had claimed, but alas everything seemed to be the same. She'd tried to wear a longer uniform skirt this morning, but she'd found she simply couldn't do it. Jenna paused and turned at the sound of her name.

"OMG! Cindy! OMG!" Jenna's eyes nearly bugged out of her head. Her best friend had just climbed out of another mini-van and she was stark naked!

Cindy hurried over to Jenna, desperately trying to cover the naughtier parts of her anatomy, without nearly enough hands to accomplish the task. She could cover one nipple and her sweet, hairless little pussy mounds, but that left her ass and her other nipple exposed no matter what she did. She didn't understand why her friend was just standing there gaping at her. "Jenna! Please," she said as rushed up to Jenna. "Let me hide behind you. Please! Oh god, they're all looking at me."

Indeed, the boys on the wall were all hooting and calling out to naked Cindy. But then another naked girl jumped out of a car, an older girl with the beginnings of actual breasts and curvier hips, and the boys turned their attention to her as she sprinted by them. A couple even got up to follow the pretty brunette.

Jenna and Cindy walked together into the building and made their way quickly towards home room, with Cindy staying close behind her friend as boys on either side whistled and made lewd comments. They saw that about one in ten of the girls in the crowded hallway was dressed like Cindy, that is to say completely naked. The rest wore the usual very short pleated mini-skirts, white blouses, with or without blue wool sweaters, and blue ties - the school uniform. The girls had no time to talk, for they'd both arrived late and they didn't want to get in trouble by being late for inspection. They tumbled into home room, the last two students to arrive. As usual, all the mini-skirted girls were lined up along one wall while the boys lounged behind desks, smirking. There was one other naked girl in the class, their friend Alice, who sat behind a desk with her knees pulled together, her arms across her chest and a deep red blush on her face.

Cindy slipped into the desk next to Alice and like her friend, she crossed her arms over her little nipples. "Alice," she whispered. "Why aren't you over with the other girls?"

Alice looked at Cindy like she'd lost her mind. "I didn't want to wear the stupid uniform today! You don't have to get an inspection if you don't wear the uniform - well, unless it's Mr. Rawlings who does the inspection. You know that! You should know that better than anyone. What's wrong with you today?"

"What?" Cindy said, still confused. "Mr. Rawlings? How would he do inspection? That doesn't make sense."

"Hush! It's almost inspection time," Alice hissed and indeed the bell rang at that very moment. "Oh gosh! I hope inspection isn't Mr. Rawlings today!" Alice crossed the fingers of both of the hands that covered her little breasts. She looked up as the classroom door opened and an older man with dark sunglasses entered the room, accompanied by a seeing-eye dog. "OMG! It's him. Oh no! Come on Cindy - you know the drill."

Cindy was so confused, but she got up from her desk to follow her naked friend. They joined the line of mini-skirted girls along the wall. Cindy noticed that there were even more nasty smirks and wide eyes amongst the boys in the classroom, and Mr. Rose smiled broadly, leaning forward to get an even better look at the pretty girls in his class.

"Uniform inspection time, ladies," blind Mr. Rawlings said. "Please assume the position. This won't take a minute."

Cindy's eyes were huge. How in the world was Vice Principal Rawlings, who was completely blind, going to do a panty inspection? The answer caused her to nearly faint. The blind man's dog pulled him forward until he was directly behind the first bent-over child. Instead of lifting her skirt, he felt around with his hand until he found her ass, then he expertly slid his hand down her thigh and up under the skirt, between her legs. From the way the poor girl flinched and let out a small gasp, it was clear that the old man had just slipped his fingers up against her mound! And his hand seemed to linger quite a bit longer than necessary to be sure there was no cloth between his fingers and the child's smooth, hairless cunny.

Satisfied that the first child was observing the no-panties portion of the uniform policy, Vice Principal Rawlings pulled his hand from between her legs. He took just a moment to sniff his fingers and smile before he reached to his right to find the next child in line - a small red-headed girl who was already trembling. He touched her ass and used it as a guide as he stepped behind her and began the process of making sure that the cute little thing had come to school commando.

Cindy almost screamed when she saw what happened next! As the Vice Principal stepped behind the second girl his seeing-eye dog stepped up behind the first girl, who was still bent over with her palms against the wall as required of the daily inspection exercise. The big dog quickly stuck his head under the girl's short skirt and the girl had to bite her lip to keep from screaming out. Her back arched and she stood on her tip-toes, but there was no escape from the dog's wet nose and long tongue.

And so it went on as the Vice Principal reached out and moved to each girl in turn. He used his probing, old fingers to stroke the tender flesh and make sure there were no miscreants who'd worn panties - while his dog had a nice sniff and lick at the girl to her left. Soon the old man was feeling up Jenna, just next to Cindy and Cindy knew her turn had come. It was just her bad luck, on the day she'd chosen not to wear the uniform, that inspection was done by a blind man who could only determine the appropriate attire through touch. Cindy bit her lip and bent to place her palms on the wall, afraid to find out what would happen if she rebelled from this humiliating nightmare.

'Oh, oh, oh!' Cindy screamed in her mind when the old man ran his rough fingers up between her legs and actually parted the folds of her young pussy. One finger slipped inside her and tested her wetness. To her deep embarrassment, the child was indeed aroused and wet from watching all the other pretty young girls being similarly tested. But in a few moments the finger was gone and Cindy managed to let out a breath of air.

Cindy heard her friend Alice, last in line, gasp and a split second later she gasped herself. A hot, rough tongue was pressing between her ass cheeks! She heard the titters of the boys and realized what they were witnessing, since she had no skirt to hide what the horrible big dog was doing. She wanted to scream and run, but she couldn't. The dog's tongue forced between her legs and dipped into her wet cunt. His cold nose attacked her ass. He seemed to like the taste of the aroused little child - the last taste he would get for the day - and he took special pleasure in forcing his tongue far up inside Cindy's tight slit.

"Very good, very good, Mr. Rose," Mr. Rawlings said as he finished his inspection of Alice and turned away. There were sighs of relief all up and down the line of girls and moans of disappointment from the boys, but the old Vice Principal paid no attention. His big German Shephard led him from the room and the girls were finally allowed to return to their desks - at least one of them starry eyed and shocked.

"Oh god, Cindy, I'm so sorry," Jenna said to her naked friend over their lunch. "I found the suggestion box! I put a suggestion into the box, but I got it all wrong. I said girls shouldn't have to wear the uniform if they didn't want to. But I didn't say what they could wear - so I guess if you don't want to wear the uniform, then you don't wear anything."

Cindy looked at Jenna with anger. "That was stupid, Jenna, god! I didn't even realize I was naked until I got to school. And all these other girls who are naked. They don't even know anything's changed. Alice said she just didn't want to wear the uniform today, so she came the way she is - and she's miserable and embarrassed. All the boys are looking at us and saying stuff and just being awful - all the time! It's terrible!"

"I'm sorry, I'm sorry! Let's go look for the suggestion box again. Maybe we can fix this." Jenna turned to her fourteen-year-old brother. "Jason, you have to help us find the box. And quit perving on Cindy, god!"

"Sure, I'll help find the box," Jason said with a wry smile, never taking his eyes off of this sister's sexy eleven-year-old friend. He loved the way she blushed. He also loved the little nipples he got to see every time she had to use one of her hands to take a bite of her lunch. "But I think the whole thing is stupid. This school has always had those uniforms and inspections, and there's always a few girls who run around naked - it's like no big deal - whatever."

The trio roamed the halls all through lunch, but they never did find the mysterious, movable suggestion box. It wasn't until the end of the day, as Jason was heading to basketball practice, that he ran across the battered old wooden container, sitting just outside the boys locker room. 'Damn,' he thought, 'there really is a box. What a hoot.' He was going to be late for practice if he didn't hurry, and coach was not nice about laggards. But still, he looked at the box. He really ought to go fetch Jenna, or pretty Cindy, but... 'Hell, what harm could it do?' he thought.

Jason ripped out a piece of notebook paper. In his mind he saw Cindy. He'd liked her for years, despite the difference in their ages, and now that she was eleven and getting some curves... damn! He scribbled quickly. It was time to get to practice! He stuffed the note into the heavy box and dashed for the locker room. The note fell into the box: "Suggestion: have the sixth grade girls do whatever the eighth grade boys want."

Chapter Three

As usual, Jason jumped out of the front seat of the family's mini-van and headed in to school to find his friends. He high-fived a couple of fellow basketball players as he went by the gang who were hanging out on the wall and perving on the girls as they arrived. He didn't dally long enough to observe one of the eighth-grade boys jump up from the wall and walk up to his blushing sister, Jenna, who'd had the misfortune of not wanting to wear the school uniform this morning. The naked girl's eyes flared in fear and surprise, but she immediately took the young man's hand and let him lead her into the school and over towards the boy's bathroom.

Jenna disappeared into the school just as her mini-skirt clad best friend, Cindy, sidled her way out of a car and tugged her too-short skirt down in a futile effort to keep most of her ass covered. "Jenna!" Cindy called out. But she was too late; her friend was gone.

Cindy wasn't quite sure why she felt like a caged animal - even more so than the last couple of days of her nightmare at school. At least she was almost decently dressed - but still she felt something new and terrible was in the air. She realized one of the older boys on the wall was looking straight at her with a wicked leer. Her eyes flared and her pulse raced. She did NOT like the way he stood up and started walking towards her. Cindy bolted for the door and slipped into the hallway. She checked her watch and then headed straight into the girl's restroom, where she found a huge crowd of sixth-graded girls, only a few of them naked, milling about. She could barely press her way into the room.

Jason sat alone at the lunch table, hoping Cindy would show up. He was pretty certain that the suggestion he'd made the day before had actually been acted on! He'd seen several sixth-grade girls locked in deep embraces with eighth-grade boys in nooks and crannies here and there around school. One naked little girl had even been sandwiched between two older boys who were kissing her lips and neck while their hands explored her immature little body. Jason couldn't wait to find out if his suspicions were correct.

"Hey Cindy," Jason said as the pretty young blonde slid into her seat across from him. "I was hoping to see you."

"Oh gosh, Jason, have you seen Jenna? I don't know what's going on! Things are getting worse and worse. First the mini-skirts and the panties, then being - well, you know, and now the older boys are all like, like, predators! I'm so confused. And nobody seems to notice. It's like somebody did something else with the suggestion box. Can't you see it's all different?"

Jason blanched. He hadn't meant to make Cindy so scared. But still, she was so pretty and he liked her so much and... "Hey, it's going to be okay," Jason said. He put his hand out across the table. "Here, give me your hand. It'll be fine."

Cindy immediately put her little hand in Jason's and then looked into his eyes. Her eyes fared in shock. She'd never held hands with Jason before. Why was she holding hands with him now? Oh god!

"Come on, Cindy, let's go somewhere quieter," Jason said. "I'll make sure nothing happens to you. You don't have to worry."

Cindy stood and followed the older boy - she couldn't stop herself. But her worry didn't abate, and it increased when he pulled her into the boy's bathroom and into one of the stalls, where he closed and locked the door.

"God, Cindy, I like you so much!" Jason whispered to the small girl. "Kiss me," he demanded and she did. He leaned down to her and her arms went around his neck and they kissed deeply. Jason was in heaven. He was so excited. He'd only kissed one other girl in his life and he realized that it was partly because the girl he really wanted was Cindy - his sister's preteen best friend. And now he could have her!

At Jason's urging, sweet little Cindy put her palms to the door of the bathroom stall, bending over exactly as she would for one the humiliating uniform inspections. But this time she was with a boy, Jason! She trembled in fear as his hands roughly roamed over her body. Jason was trembling just as badly. "Oh, Jason, no," Cindy managed to cry out when she felt his hands come up under her short skirt onto her bare ass. But she didn't try to get away from him, she couldn't. He pulled her little butt against his crotch and let one hand rove around to Cindy's front, where he parted her legs and cupped the amazing little hairless mounds of flesh that protected her pussy.

"Oh man, Cindy, you're so, so... Let me touch you. Let me touch you!"

Cindy gasped, but she arched her back to drive her round ass harder into Jason and she spread her legs wider. She was terrified, but every fiber of her being needed to do whatever Jason wanted. She knew it must be the damn suggestion box, but at the moment she didn't care. "Ohhhhh!" Cindy moaned when Jason's fingers spread open the puffy mounds of her pussy and he pushed one inside of her. She was so wet and aroused and ready.

Jason was wild with desire for the little eleven-year-old hotty bent over in front of him. Her pretty blonde curls fell around her face and she moaned when he slipped a second finger into her pussy. God! She was so wet. Were girls supposed to be that wet? What did it mean? His cock was throbbing in his slacks. His other hand went inside her blouse and he touched her tiny nipple. Cindy bucked back into him even harder. Oh god! He couldn't wait. This was crazy, but he just couldn't wait.

Cindy gasped when Jason's fingers left her sopping pussy, but his fingers tweaked her little nipple and she nearly fainted. This was terrible. This was wrong! She was just a little girl - but she wanted him! She heard a zipper and tensed in terror.

With his cock throbbing in his fist, Jason brought the head up to meet Cindy's dripping, tight slit. Could he really do this? He knew it was just the suggestion box that was making this happen - nothing else made sense. But he didn't care. He just wanted little Cindy so much. The feel of her velvety, hot flesh molding around the head of his cock nearly caused him to lose his mind. It felt like she was sucking at his cock, begging him to push inside of her.

'Oh god, oh god!' Cindy screamed in her mind. She couldn't stop herself from arching her back even harder. Jason's cock was opening her up, stretching and pressing the sensitive wet flesh. "No Jason, no, please!" she gasped out in a hoarse whisper. "I'm too young! Please."

"Oh god, let me fuck you," Jason responded in the same whisper.

Cindy had no choice. She took a deep, rasping breath and pushed hard against the cold metal of the stall's door. She impaled herself on Jason's cock, ending her virginity and Jason's, forever.

With his hands firmly gripping Cindy's hips, Jason took control and fucked the eleven-year-old with vigor, even as he trembled with excitement. The little girl was no match for his fast, vicious thrusts and soon her face was pressed against the cold metal between her hands. Fucking her felt so good! The best thing ever! Cindy's tight cunt sucked at Jason's cock and invited him to fuck her faster and faster. The little grunts she made with every hard thrust drove him crazy.

It was no surprise that the fourteen-year-old boy's first experience at fucking a girl wouldn't last very long, especially in the super tight cunt of little Cindy. After no more than a couple dozen plunges deep into Cindy's womb, Jason felt his balls contract and spasm and then he filled her little body with cum - wave after wave. His brain nearly exploded from the pure, overwhelming pleasure of the sensation. With his hot cum expelled, he slammed as deep inside Cindy as he could get and held her tight, waiting for his pounding pulse to slow and his mind to stop reeling.

Cindy could believe what if felt like to be completely filled up with a boy's cock. She'd been terrified, but it was incredible. Why was he stopping? No! No Jason, please don't stop. Since he wasn't pounding into her anymore, Cindy could drop one of her hands from the cold steel to scrabble under her skirt. Her fingers felt Jason's cock where it entered her small body and she gasped. It still felt so good to have him inside her, but she needed more - something was missing. She rubbed the warm fluid she found into the top of her pussy, desperate for release. Faster and faster her fingers flew over her clit and around the flesh surrounding Jason's cock. At the same time she bucked back and fucked herself on his still hard member. It felt so good, so right, so, so, so... "Ohhhhhh! Ohhhhh!" Cindy moaned as the first orgasm of her young life crashed over her and she squeezed her muscles down on Jason's cock and her wet fingers with everything she had. "Ohhhhh!"

A couple of minutes later, still breathing hard but finally coming down to earth, Jason and Cindy realized they were going to be late for class if they didn't pull themselves apart. Jason finally withdrew, turned Cindy to face him and kissed her deeply. He was SO happy he'd made his suggestion to the suggestion box!

Jason and Cindy stepped out of the stall and came face to face with a sight that would quickly change Jason's mind about his stupid suggestion.

Cindy gaped and Jason froze. What they saw was Jason's sister Jenna on her knees in front of three eighth-grade boys who were side by side, trousers around their ankles. She was rapidly, and rather expertly stroking the cocks of the boys on the left and right. Much worse, Jenna was bobbing her head forward and back with impressive speed and energy as she gave the middle boy a blow job. The middle boy's hands were on top of Jenna's head as he guided her mouth down the length of his tumescence, His head was thrown back, his mouth was open and his eyes were wide - a look of utter pleasure. Even as Cindy and Jason gawked in shock, the boy yelled out and filled little Jenna's mouth with his hot seed.

"Jesus Christ, Bill, what the fuck are you doing?!" Jason suddenly yelled, breaking out of his trance. "That's my sister, you fuck!"

The middle boy, Bill, pulled his fat cock from Jenna's mouth and tilted her head back. He looked Jason in the eye and then looked down into the watering eyes of the pretty little girl and said "swallow, bitch!" Everyone saw the naked child follow the older boys orders and swallow his cum in three big gulps.

"My turn!" said the boy to Jenna's left and he quickly took her little hand away from his rock-hard cock and stepped in front of her for his turn with her pretty mouth.

Guilt overwhelmed Jason's brain. This was his fault! His stupid suggestion had put his sister in this terrible position. What had he been thinking. "Get away from my sister, asshats!" he yelled at the three boys. "She's only eleven. What the fuck?"

"Look who's talking," Bill said, stepping forward to get in Jason's face. "We heard you and your little whore in there. Ohhhh, ohhhh, ohhhh!" he said, mocking Cindy's moans and causing her blush to get three shades deeper. "We'll leave your sister alone Jason, just give us the hot little blonde and you can take your sister away."

It was bad enough that these bastards were abusing his sister. For the first time Jason realized the horrible situation he'd created for Cindy too. There was no way was he was the only eighth-grade boy who was going to want a go at the prettiest sixth-grade girl in school - Cindy. "No fucking way!" Jason growled at Bill, but even as he did Jenna closed her pretty lips around the other boy's hard cock and started bobbing her head rapidly. "Hey, I said stop!"

"Make us, asshole!"

"Fuck you, Bill!" Despite the three-on-one odds, Jason pushed Bill in the chest and sent him reeling back into the sinks. Unfortunately, the other two boys immediately came after him and in seconds the bathroom was a wild melee of thrashing arms, legs and bodies. It gave Jason a slight advantage that two of the battling boys had their cocks waving in the air as well.

Cindy thought fast and jumped out of the way of a stumbling boy. She grabbed Jenna's hand. The girl seemed stunned, but Cindy dragged her away and out the door. Cindy didn't stop running and pulling Jenna along behind her until she'd delivered the naked child to her Math class. Then she headed to History, wondering as she walked just how long she was going to have to deal with cum dripping out of her tingling little cunny. She just hoped nobody would notice! It was SO embarrassing!

Jason cut his last class of the day to search for the suggestion box. It had to be there somewhere! If only he could find it. He was sure he could fix the mess he'd created. He really liked Cindy, but having her at his beck and call wasn't worth endangering her or his sister Jenna. But the god damn box was nowhere to be found! He kept looking even after the final class let out and the halls were temporarily flooded with students who were happy to be heading home for the weekend. The students filtered out of the school and still Jason searched. He searched until he came around a corner and two small bodies attacked him, knocking him to the floor and pinning him down.

"What did you do!?" Cindy screamed into Jason's face, her small body sitting firmly in the middle of his chest. She and Jenna had taken him down like two coyotes taking down a deer. Jenna sat just behind Cindy on Jason's stomach, intent on holding her brother down until he confessed. "You found the box! Didn't you? What did you put in the box? What stupid, stupid, suggestion did you make!?"

Bright red with embarrassed guilt, Jason confessed all to Cindy and his sister. The girls were shocked, but it explained everything and they knew there was nothing to be done unless they could all find the box. They let Jason up and they all commiserated. Cindy insisted the whole thing was her fault for getting the whole thing started with her stupid mini-skirts and no panties suggestion. Jenna insisted it was her fault for not wording her suggestion right. Finally the trio pulled themselves together and set off for one more futile search for the mysterious suggestion box.

None of the children knew that just around the corner, listening to their entire, strange conversation, stood a very confused Mr. Brown, the school's History teacher. As the children took off on their search he shook his head and wondered how three solid, smart students could all have such a strange delusion.

On Saturday, Mr. Brown needed to grade some papers he'd forgotten in his classroom. As he headed past the main office he was surprised to see an old battered wooden box with a slot in the top and a weathered label: SUGGESTIONS. Odd, he thought before heading to his classroom.

Once Mr. Brown was behind his desk he kept thinking about the strange conversation between Jason, Jenna and Cindy. Ah, Cindy, he thought, what a beautiful and tempting little morsel! What I wouldn't give... It isn't fair! These days teachers have no power. You don't dare touch a student for fear of reprisals, even lawsuits. All these years and it's still only the administrators who get to do panty inspections! Years of watching eighth-grade boys get to tell the pretty little girls what to do. Most of the boys don't have the slightest idea what a real man would do with the hot, sexy little vixen. It's a waste, a complete waste. YEARS of the hot little teases that run around naked, flaunting themselves in front of the teachers. It's DISRESPECTFUL! And in the meantime the teachers DON'T GET SHIT! We're not APPRECIATED or RESPECTED! IT'S NOT RIGHT! IT'S NOT FAIR!!

Mr. Brown ripped a pice of paper from his pad. His temples throbbed and his hand shook with anger. Oh, if only the children's crazy story about the box was true. Then he could show them, he could show them all! Mr. Brown wrote furiously and then marched down the hall and stuffed his angry suggestion into the weathered old box:

"These children shouldn't be allowed to be so disrespectful! My suggestion: Teachers should be free to punish the children for infractions as they see fit."

Chapter Four

Jason jumped out of the mini-van in front of school, but he didn't dash off into the crowd of students and he gave the boys waiting on the wall an angry stare as he waited patiently for his little sister to carefully sidle out of the car in her mini-skirt. Together, they scanned the crowd for Cindy and as soon as they spotted her they rushed over to her.

"Come on, I'll walk you two to your home room, but we've got to be early so I have time to get to mine on time. Mr. Brown has been a real stickler on tardiness lately." Jason said these words, then he wrinkled his brow in confusion. He paused and looked at Cindy. "Wow, that's weird - I know it would be really bad to get to class late, but I don't know why. Do you think maybe someone else used the box?"

Cindy's eyes flared and she trembled.

"Well, whatever, I guess we'll find out," Jason said and then he escorted the two preteens to their home room. Jason was determined to try to protect Cindy and his sister from the chaos he'd let loose. But even with that determination, he couldn't resist telling Cindy to kiss him before she went in to class. And god, what a kiss. He was hard as rock by the time the sexy girl disappeared through the door.

In Mr. Brown's home room, which would also be Jason's History class, the mini-skirted girls lined up as usual along the wall. Only one girl in class was naked and Jason noticed that no one was late to class - not a one. That was already odd. Then old Mrs. Paxton arrived for uniform inspection and all the girls turned to bend and put their palms against the wall - all except the naked, freckled redhead who sat squirming behind her desk, trying desperately to cover her rather nice B-cup thirteen-year-old breasts. Despite the fact that he knew all of this was wrong, that it was the fault of the horrid suggestion box, Jason couldn't help enjoying ogling the various pretty girls in his class.

"Oh! My goodness," old Mrs. Paxton declared as she was inspecting the second to last girl in the line-up. "Angela! Really, I'm quite disappointed in you." The old woman was holding a measuring tape against the side of a pretty Brunette's mini-skirt and it clearly measured seven inches. "This skirt is a full inch longer than required by the school uniform code. It's terribly disrespectful of you to flaunt the rules like this! I thought you, of all people, knew better."

Old Mrs. Paxton turned to Mr. Brown, who was sitting behind his desk where no one could see his usual morning hard-on. Mr. Brown thought that the rules were unfair, but that didn't stop him from enjoying the show every morning. And Angela was one of his favorites. "Well, Mr. Brown - this infraction occurred in your class - so the punishment is up to you. But please, do make sure it's sufficient to prevent a repeat. We don't want to disappoint Principal Harris, do we?" With that pronouncement, Old Mrs. Paxton inspected the last girl in line and then removed herself from the classroom without another word.

Oh shit, Jason thought. Teachers don't punish girls for uniform infractions - at least, they didn't used to. This is something new! Oh shit.

Oh shit, Mr. Brown thought, this is it, this is it! It worked. My suggestion worked! But what am I supposed to do? Oh shit!

"Oh gosh, Mr. Brown," Angela said, standing in front of Mr. Brown's desk. "What do I have to do this time? Do I have to do the usual? Oh gosh, please, not the usual!"

The usual? Mr. Brown thought, standing and coming around his desk. Hell, let's find out. "Yes, Angela," he said in an authoritative voice, despite the fact that his hands were trembling. "The usual!"

"Oh gosh!" Angela moaned, but she dropped to her knees in front of Mr. Brown and the entire, ogling, class and reached for his zipper. A few second later she was bobbing her pretty head forward and back on his long, raging cock.

"Oh my! Well, class," Mr. Brown managed to croak out. His fingers were entwined in Angela's long brown curls and he was starting to get his cock down into her throat, even as she spluttered and choked. How often had he dreamed of a moment like this? "Please turn to page seventy-four and, oh god, oh god, ah, start reading about the U.S. entry into World War One. Oh my god!"

Cindy, Jenna and Jason continued to hunt for the suggestion box for the next three weeks. They began to truly despair that they would ever find it, and things seemed to be getting worse and worse.

All the teachers in the school, it turned out, had strong and sometimes peculiar sexual desires and they were all more than happy to have the occasional use of a 'miscreant' in one of their classes. Several of the teachers, but none more so than Mr. Brown, were known for accusing students, especially the prettier girls, of punishable behaviors when the student was completely innocent. Cindy and Jenna were both frequent victims of this - and Cindy had sucked Mr. Brown's dick almost daily in History class. Since she had his class late in the day, it took practically the whole class period to get the awful man to cum in her mouth.

Every day the trio was witness to new deviance as the eighth-grade boys prowled the halls for unwitting sixth-grade girls and the teachers thought up new ways to 'punish' their students. And everyone around them continued to think these behaviors were perfectly ordinary. The teachers even gathered together in their lounge and had a good laugh over it, comparing notes during the lunch break.

Madam Florence, the French teacher who had always seemed so sweet, was quite fond of making her current behavior problem, usually one of the more petite girls, bend over a desk at the front of the classroom. She would bind the child's ankles and wrists to the legs of the desk and gag them with an old pair of panties she kept in her desk drawer. If the child was dressed, she would flip her mini-skirt up over her back so that the entire class could enjoy the sight of a naked little girl's pussy. Then, as she taught her class, she carried around a small leather whip. Every time one of the pupils got the answer to a question wrong, mispronounced a word, or even spoke with too much of an American accent, Madam Florence would lash the bound student across the buttocks. She didn't even try to hide the fact that her hand was down inside her pants or skirt, frigging her pussy with excitement as the bound little girl writhed with each lash and her butt got redder and redder. Of course some of the boys messed up their answers on purpose, but most of the children tried very hard to do their best - and the overall test scores in Madam Florence's classes improved quickly and dramatically.

Not all of the teachers were so creative. Mr. Rose, for example simply liked to have whichever little girl had most recently done something wrong in class come to the front, strip off her clothes (if she was wearing any) and sit in his lap, facing her classmates so that they could see her shame. Then the child was required to ride his short, fat cock - fucking herself up and down as he played with her little nipples. Jenna and Cindy had both discovered just how thick Mr. Rose's cock was - and they hated it. But they truly abhored the humiliation of watching all their friends watching them as they were fucked and fucked until Mr. Rose was ready to cum. Worse, Mr. Rose always pulled out at the last second and shot his cum up onto the girls' stomachs, and he refused to let them clean it off.

It turned out that even Mrs. Jenkins, the dowdy, elderly math teacher had some surprising quirks. Somehow, there always seemed to be two children in trouble at the same time in Mrs. Jenkins classes. No one could figure out why. There was little rhyme or reason to it and she didn't seem to mind if it was two boys, two girls or one of each. As soon as she had identified her two miscreants she didn't hesitate to put in place their 'punishment,' as the other children worked quietly at their desks on practice problems, or reading a new section of the book or even taking a quiz. Of course it was rather difficult to concentrate when two of your classmates were posed, naked or semi-clad, on the teachers desk with one of the other using his her her mouth to arouse and pleasure some portion of the other's anatomy. It was a constantly changing display: Cindy licking Alice's tight little pussy as Alice writhed on her back until she screamed, Alice licking Jackson's ass as the boy tried to hold still on his hands and knees and Alice reached around to stroke his small cock, Jackson sucking Bob's cock, or Bob licking Cindy's tiny breasts as she arched her back and moaned. Mrs. Jenkins only seemed to be interested in the sight of oral stimulation, which could be rather frustrating for some of the boys - but the girls all agreed that if you had to be punished, Mrs. Jenkins math class was the place to do it.

But far and away the worst punishment's meted out in any of the many classrooms were those assigned by old, blind Vice Principal Rawlings who frequently acted as a substitute teacher if one of the other teachers needed an hour off or was just ill. He could pop up anywhere - and the students all walked the halls in dread that he might be their next teacher. Poor Jenna turned out to be one of Mr. Rawlings favorite pupils to punish - but that was probably due to the fact that his dog thought the thin young girl smelled good and enjoyed the way the girl shivered in fear as he rode her back and rapidly fucked her with his impressive, bright red cock. Every time she found herself in one of Mr. Rawlings random classes, Jenna was soon down on all fours, with her entire class watching as the large dog raped her, swelled up inside of her and then stayed knotted to her for the rest of the class hour. It was so humiliating to be stuck butt to butt with a big German Shepherd - even worse than the frequent blow jobs she had to give the eighth grade boys.

Cindy realized one day that the nightmare her school had become was worse for her and Jenna, and even Jason, than for anyone else. All the others had no idea that this wasn't the way things were supposed to be. Things had always been that way. They were resigned to it. But knowing the truth made it all seem much more depraved and humiliating and overwhelming. Her friends had despaired of ever finding the suggestion box or ever ending their nightmare. Cindy wasn't sure that Jason truly wanted to end it! But she rallied them together and they kept up their hunt for the elusive box.

And then, after all those weeks, when they weren't even looking for the box, when Cindy was just scurrying down the hall from shadow to shadow in order to avoid being spotted by any eighth-grade boys, as most of the sixth-grade girls did, heading for a rendezvous with Jenna and Jason - there it was, the suggestion box! Cindy froze in her tracks, staring down a long empty hallway in disbelief. She found it! She found it! OMG! she thought. Was it real? Was it really there? Cindy started running towards the box. It felt like it was miles away but she got closer and closer. She was almost there!

"Don't even think about it!" growled a low voice and Cindy felt arms circle her waist and hold her back, barely an arms length from her prize. She twisted and squirmed and looked up into the eyes of Mr. Brown, her History teacher! "You are not going to ruin this for me, Cindy! I won't have it!" Cindy fought, but the man was much stronger than her and he easily dragged her down the hall away from the box. She couldn't be sure, but as she was dragged away it looked to Cindy like the box was slowly beginning to fade!

A sudden flash of movement caught Cindy's eye and then two hurtling bodies crashed into her and Mr. Brown with surprising force, driving them to the ground. Cindy rolled away, half stunned, then looked up to see Jenna and Jason both tangled with Mr. Brown. Brown got back to his feet, but Jason grabbed an arm and Jenna wrapped her body around a leg. "Hurry! Cindy, hurry," Jason yelled. "We can't hold him long. He's too strong. Hurry - I think it's disappearing."

Indeed, the mysterious suggestion box was fading away. Already Cindy could vaguely make out a poster behind the box. Oh god, she thought, please! Please! Give me enough time. Cindy had to find her book bag and find a piece of paper. She tore the paper from it's binder as she ran back down the hall, her friends still exhorting her to hurry and Mr. Brown screaming "no, no, don't you dare!" Kneeling on the floor in front of the half-transparent box Cindy scribbled the only thing she could think of: "Suggestion: Put everything back the way it was before I made my first suggestion. -Cindy" The box was nearly gone! Two folds were all she needed and then she leapt to her feet and reached for the slot in top of the nearly invisible box. The paper disappeared as it slid through the slot and two seconds later the box was gone.

Epilogue

Jason jumped out of his mother's mini-van and raced along the low, empty wall leading to the entrance to school, but he found himself confronted with his sister Jenna's cute little friend Cindy. Damn, he thought, not for the first time, if she was just an eighth-grader. But why was Cindy holding up the palm of her hand in front of him like some kind of traffic cop, frowning at him. Jason stopped in front of the pretty girl, confused, but willing to stop and talk to her if that's what she wanted. "Hey, Cindy," he said.

"Just wait," Cindy demanded.

Five seconds later Jason's sister Jenna joined them with a puzzled look on her face. "Hey girl, what's up?" she asked.

Cindy looked Jenna up and down, giving special attention to her friend's knee-length pleated uniform skirt. She fixed Jenna in the eye and said "Are you wearing panties?"

"Cindy!" Jenna blurted, then looked at her smirking brother and blushed bright red.

"Tell me to do something!" Cindy demanded of Jason, wiping the smirk from his face with her vehemence.

"Wha-what?" Jason stammered.

"Tell me to do something. Something simple."

Jason looked to his sister for assistance with her obviously insane little friend, but Jenna just shrugged her shoulders. "Uhm, okay? Ahhh, blink your eyes twice. How's that?"

Cindy grabbed Jason's shirt collar and pulled his face down to her level. She fixed him with her eyes, frowning seriously and very pointedly not blinking. After a few seconds a smile broke out on her face. "Yes!" she said and then she pulled Jason closer and kissed him full on the lips, like only she remembered he liked to kiss.

"Cindy!" Jenna blurted out.

"You don't remember any of it, do you? It's like it never happened - except I made the suggestion so only I remember."

"Remember what?" Jenna asked, getting seriously worried about her friend and showing it on her face.

"Oh, don't worry Jenna, I'm fine. Everything is fine! And guess what - I found a new way to flaunt the stupid uniform!" Cindy stood back, ran her hands down her knee-length skirt to smooth it out and straightened her navy-blue tie.

"Your uniform looks fine to me, Cindy," Jenna said.

Cindy leaned in very close and whispered into her best friends ear. "I'm not wearing any panties!"

"Cindy!"

And finally, because she was so happy to have everything back to normal, even if she did have to wear most of the stupid, unflattering, out-of-date and uncomfortable uniform, Cindy stepped up to Jason again, grabbed him by the shirt and made him kiss her again. "Oh, Jason," she moaned into his ear a moment later, "we are going to have SO much fun."

The suggestion box never returned to Cindy's middle school and she, for one, was very happy. No one remembered what had happened, except for Cindy. And as the weeks slowly went by, even Cindy began to believe that the whole thing had just been some kind of amazing dream. She nearly dismissed the whole experience - right up until the day that she suddenly realized why her little tummy was insisting on bulging out in front of her.

The end.