**THE SURPRISE ASSEMBLY**

Shannon walked into school in a great mood and why not? Yesterday, she had skipped out of St. Mark’s Catholic High School and spent the day with some kids she had met through her older sister. They were hanging out in the city and had invited her along. One of them, Rachel, was able to call into the school and say she was sick and they had a great time in the city. It was so nice being out of uniform and hanging out with older girls. She had even flirted with a college boy who had taken her phone number and promised to call.

Before she got home that night, she snuck into the back yard and put on her uniform, leaving her older, skipping-school clothes in a bag on the porch. She then went around the front of the house and in, her dad never knew a thing.

It was a bright, sunny day but a bit chilly. January gets cold around here. Shannon was wearing her school’s uniform for girls...a blue tartan skirt, white blouse, blue tights and blue and white saddle shoes. Underneath it she was wearing a plain cotton bra and knickers. Not that she needed much of a bra. While all of her friends had developed, her breasts were tiny, still a 32A, much like she was in grade school. She was tall and thin, 5’7, 110 pounds. She had long legs (runners legs her Daddy called them) and a cute Irish face. She had a light complexion with freckles that matched her strawberry blonde hair. Her pussy hair was mostly sparse...just a touch of fuzz on that intimate area. Not that anyone but her sister and her doctor ever saw it but her. No man had seen her naked in a decade, since she was about 7. At that point, her daddy had told her that she must cover up around the house...it was inappropriate to display your naked body unless in the privacy of the bathroom or her bedroom.

She is a junior at the school and turned a lot of boys’ heads in the past year. Her teammates joked that the attendance at their basketball games improved when Shannon joined the team and their uniforms inexplicably became shorter. Shannon was also a cheerleader during the football season, president of her class for student council and sports editor of the school newspaper. She was popular, friendly and cute. She had it all.

That morning, as she entered school, everyone asked how she was feeling. The only one who knew about where she had been was her best friend Carrie. As she filled Carrie in during homeroom, the principal came over the PA announcing an assembly in the auditorium at 8:30, before first period. This was strange, Shannon thought. Her school was so strict and rigid that something must be really wrong for them to call an assembly.

After homeroom, the entire class made their way to the auditorium. Her school was relatively small, about 100 kids in each class. Once the 400 students got settled, Mr. Jones got behind the microphone and began to speak.

“Ladies and gentlemen, we are sorry that we had to call this assembly but something terrible has been brought to our attention and it concerns one of you. As you know, our school adopted some strict rules regarding certain areas of discipline and today the first student to be punished under those rules will begin her punishment.”

Gasps went up around the whole student body and the boys started to whistle.

They heard that it would be a girl punished and knew what that would mean.

St. Mark’s had some trouble in recent years with discipline. Now, rather than suspend a student or kick her/him out of school, they were going to use humiliation and public displays as punishments. Each student and her/his parents had signed off on the new punishment, with most of the students thinking it would never happen. Here was proof that it would.

“Would Shannon Malone please come up to the stage?”

All eyes turned towards her and she turned a bright red. Oh no, it was her! Oh God, please no.

“Miss Malone, the punishment only gets worse if you do not obey orders. Let’s move.”

Somehow, her legs got steady enough for her to make her way to the front of the auditorium and on stage. She had been in front of people before at games and stuff but never like this.

She got up and stood next to Mr. Jones. This was her first chance to look out over the gathered crowd. Every eye in the place was on her, wondering what was going to happen.

“Now, Shannon Malone has broken one of the major rules of our school. She skipped classes yesterday and phoned in a false sick call. Each of those offenses calls for complete nudity for two weeks and servitude. Since they are combined, I have been authorized to call for your punishment to last six weeks as an extra punishment.”

The entire school gasped and Shannon erupted into tears. She shook her head, no, no, please no.

“Here are the rules of the punishment. You are not permitted clothes during any school functions, including dances, basketball games, liturgical events, etc. You will be naked from the time you leave your house on the way here in the morning until you get home. How your father chooses to punish you is up to him but I would suggest that this punishment be kept up at home as well.”

Shannon could not believe it. No, this couldn’t happen to her, not to her. This could not be happening. She was a good girl at school, someone who always did what was asked of her. One slipup and here she was.

“We want to see some skin,” she heard someone yell.

“Now, now, that is inappropriate behavior and if it keeps up you all will be punished.”

That got the crowd quiet. “However, that young man was right about one thing...it is time to begin your punishment. Your clothes will be handed over to me and kept in my office. Six weeks from today you may come and pick them up.”

“Now, your shoes please Miss Malone.”

Shannon knelt down on one knee and started to untie her left shoe, hoping that this could somehow be stopped. She took off that shoe and then switched knees and began on the other. She stood up, holding her shoes in one hand. Mr. Jones held his hand out and took the shoes, placing them in a bag.

“Come on please Miss Malone, I would like classes to begin at a reasonable hour.”

She didn’t know what to take off next. She reached under her skirt and pulled at her tights. She was afraid that the boys in the front could see up her skirt and then laughed to herself. Boys looking up her skirt were going to be the least of her problems for the next six weeks.

She pulled the tights down and off her long legs and handed them to Mr. Jones. She saw that he did not place them in the bag but in his coat pocket and wondered why. But that was not something that overwhelmed her...after all, her current frame of mind was not good.

Weighing the evils, she decided to take off her skirt. Her blouse was long enough to cover her knickers and would delay the inevitable ridicule of people seeing her small breasts. She unzipped the skirt at the side and slid it down her legs and it piled at her feet. She bent over to pick it up as she heard the murmurs of her schoolmates.

What a sight she was from their point of view. Shannon Malone was hands down the cutest girl in the school...and she never put out, or so the stories went. She would go so far and stop, leaving boys with a bad case of blue balls. Now here she was, in just her blouse and knickers, her long legs on display. The few boys that had not jerked off to her image were certainly going to start tonight.

“Come on please Shannon,” Mr. Jones said, putting the skirt in the bag. “We have to start the class day. Delaying it is not going to help matters Miss.”

She struggled to remove her white blouse, her hands were shaking so much. It wasn’t much, but it was her last piece of covering in her mind. Soon of course, even knickers and a bra would feel covered. She managed to get the buttons undone one at a time until her blouse was parted and her little bra-covered tits were on display along with her white cotton knickers. She took the blouse off one arm at a time and handed it to Mr. Jones. This made it into the bag as well.

“Wait Shannon. We will take a vote of your classmates. Would you rather see her remove her bra first or knickers. Raise your hands for the bra?”

This was so humiliating...it was like she was a piece of meat at the auction. They would decide what they see of her first. Her tears started to fall once again, her little breasts heaved, making the 200 hardons in the room grow even harder.

“OK, how about her knickers.” Shannon saw that this won hands down and was a bit surprised. She guessed that hardly any of the boys had ever seen a naked pussy but may have seen tits before. And the girls would know how awful it was to show that most intimate area and wanted to see her suffer. Some friends.

“Knickers it is. Shannon?”

She hooked her thumbs into the waist of the dainty little knickers and lowered them down her legs. She heard the gasps again as her almost hairless pussy was now on display to her 400 classmates and the teachers. She realized that the lack of hair down there made it even worse, more on display and vulgar.

“Very nice,” Mr. Jones said, slipping the knickers into his coat with the tights. Being principal at a high school with young girls in short skirts can take a toll on a man. These would come in handy when he remembered this event in his office later. His fetish was smelling the crotches of used knickers, especially teen knickers. Often he would sneak through the girls locker room during gym or games and sniff their knickers.

“Now the bra please,” he said. “Finish the job and we can get on with our day.”

Shannon again struggled to get the clasp of her bra undone but finally succeeded and removed the garment, handing it to Mr. Jones. This went into the bag (not a tit man, Mr. Jones thought), which was given to Mrs. Phillips, his secretary.

“You may rejoin your classmates Shannon and get on with your day. However, remember that any attempt to cover yourself or to avoid being seen will result in severe punishments. Do you understand?”

She nodded. “I need words Miss Malone.”

“Yes sir,” she said quietly.

With that he gestured for her to leave by the side steps. This was even worse, being on display in front of the audience had been horrible. Walking among them might be even worse. They were close enough to touch and many of them would, she knew. She got to where her class was sitting and saw them file out of the auditorium. Carrie came to her and gave her a hug and tried to shield her nudity from everyone but it was impossible.

They got to the classroom after what seemed like an hour trip up the stairs. She knew that the stairs was a place where her whole body would be on display. The boys behind her got an excellent view right up into her slit and the boys above would see right down her tits.

It felt weird being barefoot and naked in school. The air was cold and her nipples were hard as rocks. She felt the draft blow right up against her pussy and felt so vulnerable.

Finally they arrived at her classroom. She picked up her bookbag and put it on. This just covered her back and nothing else so it was allowed. She walked to the next class, Carrie right beside her, trying to talk to her and make her feel better. But Carrie’s class was down the hall and Shannon had to hustle all the way to the third floor. It was art class, normally her favorite but she was just not in the mood.

When she got there, she noticed that there would be a model and cringed. Usually it was someone from the outside that her school paid to model for the students. They weren’t nude like they were at her sister’s college but it was good practice.

She sat down at an easel and took her art supplies out of her bag. She saw every pair of eyes in the room on her and the awful display she was making.

“Class, let’s get started.” It was Miss Winters, one of the meanest teachers in the school. She was normally a Spanish teacher. What was she doing here?

“Miss Ryan is out sick today and I am subbing for her this period. It is figure drawing. Today, we will do the female anatomy. Shannon, you are going to be our model. I was going to use a slide for people but a real girl with breasts and vagina are perfect. Please come up here.”

She was even more humiliated than before. She stepped up onto the raised stage area and saw that Miss Winters had arranged stools on either side. She was led to sit on the middle one and put her bare feet up on the ones on either side.

“Now, class, concentrate on this area,” Miss Winters said, placing the pointer around Shannon’s pussy. “I want a good detailed drawing of this, notice the texture, the lips, the sparse hair. Get those areas right and then we can move on to the breasts.”

Shannon didn’t know why, but she felt her pussy start to water. Was she turned on by this? No way, but her body was betraying her. She noticed a couple of the girls in the front start to whisper and point and giggle. They passed the information onto the few boys in the class who stared wide eyed and mouth open. Tears formed in her eyes as she realized they had seen her arousal. How humiliating!

**PART TWO**

“Oh dear, young lady, you are enjoying this...let me clean this area up a bit,” Miss Winters said. “Oh God, how humiliating,” she thought. The teacher grabbed a handful of tissues and dabbed at Shannon’s pussy, then spreading the lips and scooping out the moisture that had accumulated inside of her lips.

Shannon gasped at the touch on her pussy and inside of her most private area. She cried out when Miss Winters’ finger touched her clit and almost moaned. “No, not here...” despite her humiliation, she knew an orgasm wasn’t far away. She had to have this stopped, cumming with her classmates watching under the hand of mean old Miss Winters would be too much to bear.

Miss Winters noticed the flushed look on Shannon that stretched from her face down to her breasts and smiled. She stopped but Shannon’s breathing continued to be labored.

“You will notice class that Shannon is extremely aroused...the rest of her body gives you that indication but look at her vaginal lips...and the leakage of her arousal coming though her lips...see...these tissues are filled with her juices...I will pass it around so anyone that wishes can smell what female arousal can smell like.”

Tears started to flow out of Shannon’s eyes and down her cheeks. Was she not entitled to any privacy? Was one sin really worth all of this punishment? Not only had they removed her clothes but they were also removing all of her dignity. Now, this whole class not only saw her arousal but also could now smell it. How humiliating!

She couldn’t look at her classmates and their leering eyes anymore so she concentrated on the clock on the wall...9:30? Oh God, that means this class still had a half hour...she felt like this was going on forever.

After a while, Miss Winters told the class that their vagina portraits were excellent and to please turn them so that Shannon could see them. She cringed as she saw dozens of portrayals of her own private parts staring back at her. She had to admit that many were good and that her classmates were taking this seriously...except for that group of boys who took the class to meet girls. They had drawn dirty things, not taking much time at all.

“OK Class, title them Shannon’s Vagina and hand them to me with your names on the back. These will be displayed at our upcoming art show. Shannon, since you were unable to participate today, we will have you do some extra credit work with a mirror.”

OH GOD! Would her humiliation ever end? Was she really going to have to draw a

painting of her own vagina for a class? UGGHH

“Now her breasts...I wish Shannon had more to work with here but at least it’s something. We could have done as well with some of the boys with their shirts off.”

BITCH! Shannon thought. Bad enough that she has been humiliating me since class began...now she is comparing my little breasts to a boy’s.

“Sit up please Miss...and you may close your legs now...I know that must be hard for a girl like you.”

Her words cut through Shannon and tears flew out of her again. She wanted to say that she was a virgin and that this nudity was not her fault but she knew she would remain silent...those extra punishments were supposed to be awful...she didn’t want to find out.

Miss Winters went on about the female breasts, explaining the function for reproduction and also the sexual aspect of them. She also pointed out Shannon’s larger than average nipples and the roundness of her little breasts. Shannon heard the scribbling of the pencils and saw the leering of the boys and some of the snickering.

Finally, class was about over. “Class, please show Shannon your drawings of her breasts.”

Again, overwhelming humiliation as dozens of sets of breasts were displayed to her. She knew right away that these would also be on display at the art show.

The class wrote “Shannon’s Breasts” on their work and handed them in. Miss Winters told Shannon she could get down and she did, grabbing her backpack as the bell rang to signal the next class. For a second, she forgot where she needed to be but then remembered...Biology. Then she started crying again, remembering that they were studying the female anatomy.

In the hall, she was met by Carrie, who did her best to hide Shannon’s nudity from the class. “How was it?”

“It was awful,” Shannon said, recounting the events of the 60-minute class.

“Yeah Miss Winters can be tough.”

They entered the biology classroom and saw that the chalkboard said “Live demonstration today!” She cringed, figuring it was going to be her again.

She grabbed a seat in the back of the theater type classroom. She tried to blend in but knew that was impossible. She crossed her legs at the knee to keep her pussy out of sight and held a book against her chest like she was reading. She knew that she could be punished for covering her nudity but thought this was ok.

Father Magee walked into the room, holding his usual amount of textbooks. He was in his 50s and took no crap from any students. He lived to bring a student down a peg and Shannon instinctively knew that this was going to be hard...and she had bio every day. At least art was only twice a week.

“Good morning ladies and gentlemen, I see one of you is out of uniform...that’s a nice look for you Miss Malone.” The class laughed at her, enjoying her suffering. Inside she thought, “I’ll get all of you for this...sometime you will all be naked and I’ll get even.” But outside, she took it, her face scrunched up as she fought back the tears.

“And this is a perfect time for your little display Miss Malone, as we head into our unit on the female anatomy. Normally, we have to rely on textbooks and videos to show those sensitive areas of the female anatomy but luckily this time we have a willing model.”

She guessed that her blush extended from her forehead down to her bare toes as she imagined the humiliation she was about to undergo.

There was a knock on the door and she saw the maintenance man Carl walk in, pushing something and she groaned...a gynecologist chair from the nurse’s office.

“Father Magee, where do you want this chair?”

“Right here in front of the lectern Carl, where it will be in full view of the rest of the class.”

Carl moved the heavy table to the front of the classroom, and put it right on display for all.

As he went to leave, Father Magee stopped him.

“Hey Carl, I might need some help adjusting the chair...could you spare a few minutes to help me?”

Carl’s face broke into a huge smile and he looked at Shannon. “Sure Father, anything to help a priest and to assist in a scientific demonstration.”

Shannon started to shake from the humiliation. Carl was a dirty old man, she thought. She remembered the rumors on the basketball team about Carl in the girl’s locker room or drilling holes in the shower walls. Well, no need for all of that underhanded stuff, here he was being given a free view of the great Shannon Malone.

“Shannon, please come and hop onto the stage for our great demonstration.”

Wobbly, Shannon got out of her chair and walked down the stairs to the front area. She noticed that this room was carpeted and felt warm on her toes. Weird that her nudity brought this fact to her brain.

“Carl, can you please help Miss Malone onto the table please.”

She felt Carl’s hand on her arm as she went up onto the step and then turned to sit on the gyno chair. She squeezed her knees together to keep her pussy out of view. She did this even though she knew that soon that area of her and much more would be on display.

There was another knock on the door and Father Magee called for the knocker to come in. The door opened and there stood Charles Fisher, one of the geekiest guys in the school and the president of the AV Club, holding a tripod and a camera case.

“Oh Charles, thank you very much for coming on such short notice. Shannon, Charles here is going to do you a great service...he is going to tape all of our sessions so that other classes and you can see the demonstrations later. That saves you from having to do this five times a day in all of my classes and also gives you the opportunity to see the essential parts of the female anatomy that I point out. I know you can see these parts any time but you may need my assistance to see what they mean to the anatomy.”

Oh God, she thought, her humiliation would be on tape...every day she was going to be displayed in front of her class and then Charles was going to tape it. And she knew that a tape would make it around the school and she could only imagine the sick things boys would do to it.

“Charles, set up right in the front here, we’re going to need close-ups of her lower extremities today.”

“Her what Father?”

“Oh poor little Charles, I mean her vagina and anus. Put the camera so we can see that area.”

“Oh sorry,” Charles said blushing.

Through the blur of my tears, Shannon saw a shaking Charles fumbling with the equipment. She wanted to scream out, “Why are you nervous, I’m the one sitting here naked about to be exposed in front of everyone. You have it easy you creep.” Instead, she just sat there, tears still flowing out of her eyes and down her cheeks, landing on her breasts.

“Oh Carl, Miss Malone here is dripping on her breasts...could you clean that off for her.” Fr. Magee says handing a towel to the maintenance man.

“My pleasure Father,” Carl says, grabbing the towel and taking the opportunity to grope Shannon’s poor little tits. He is kneading them through the towel and there is no finesse.

“Good job Carl...now Charles, is the camera ready?”

“Yes Father...I can begin taping whenever you say,” Charles stammered.

“Good, now, Miss Malone, put your feet into those stirrups please,” Fr. Magee said.

But Shannon couldn’t do it...she froze, unable to expose herself so blatently...doing it in an art environment was horrible but so different than this.

“I thought she might have some stagefright...Carl, can you help Shannon place her feet into the stirrups please.”

“YES FATHER, I would LOVE to...”

Carl grabbed Shannon’s bare ankle and roughly pulled her leg apart. She cried out in surprise at the force of the yank. He placed her bare heel of her foot into the stirrup and then did the same with the other.

“Carl, did you make the modifications that I asked for,” Father Magee asked.

“Yes I did Father,” Carl replied, holding up an ankle cuff that was attached to the chair.

“Very well, connect them to Miss Malone’s ankles...I can’t have her moving too much once we start.”

Carl attached cuffs to both of Shannon’s ankles, causing her to cry out in shock and horror. She was now caught in a completely spread open pose, way more exposed than even in the art class.

“OK Class, take out your notebooks and turn your textbooks to the page where there is a illustration of the female anatomy. That will give you an idea of what is inside the organs that you see here on blatant display.”

Father Magee then set about pointing out the different parts of the female sexual reproductive organ...pointing out differences in Shannon’s vagina than the one in the book.

“See the puffiness of Miss Malone’s labia major (taking his pointer and indicating where they were on Shannon)...that is a sign of arousal...” Father Magee said. “Obviously, Miss Malone is much more aroused than the person that is modeling for the illustrator.”

“Carl, can you spread the stirrups a bit more...I would like there to be a more natural parting of her labia major to see if we can spot the labia minor and the clitoris.”

MORE SPREAD? Was he serious, Shannon thought...This was so bad...the worst thing she had ever experienced in her young life. But Carl turned a knob and she felt her legs spread even further than the already obscene split she was doing.

“Notice class, how flexible most women are...this is very helpful in sexual acts,” Father Magee said as the class chuckled.

“Class, we deal with mature matters in this class...if you cannot handle it let me know and maybe you can transfer...or better yet, I need other models besides Miss Malone,” Father Magee said, silencing the students.

The class continued under Father’s unique lecturing style. He made some points on Shannon’s body and interacted it with the textbook. Actually, it was a very informative lesson...one that few high school biology teachers ever has the chance to give...not many schools allow nude models for biology presentations.

“OK, as a final aspect of this project, I am going to show you what a female vagina looks like during arousal...you will see some interesting changes in the visual aspect of her organ.”

Shannon and the class were silent...what did he mean.

“Shannon, using your fingers, make yourself aroused so the class can see what an aroused female vagina looks like please.”

Shannon did not move as the class gasped. Was a Catholic priest really asking a student to masturbate in front of a room full of students? And on camera?

“Now, now class, I do not want Miss Malone to orgasm because that would be a sin according to the church...however, I see no other way to have her achieve arousal than her using her fingers...and I do not trust any of you grubby boys to lay your hands on her today.”

“Now Miss Malone, if you do not mind, I would like you to finger yourself until you have achieved arousal...but an orgasm would result in a punishment...if you do not do it, Carl here is standing by and ready.”

That was enough to push her over the top...no way would he get his grimy hands on her precious vagina. She moved her right hand down and began to rub her vaginal lips, gently rubbing the outside before pushing a finger inside to the warmth. She started to rub in and out and felt the unmistakable stirrings in her vagina, stretching up her spine...she shivered.

“Good, that’s it Shannon...class, notice how the female responds during the beginning stages of arousal...the shivers, the wetness, see the difference in her labia.”

Shannon had almost forgotten her classmates but now remembered the fact that she was masturbating in front of 30 classmates and a video camera. She was ashamed but could not deny the wonderful feeling she was having.

“Father,” she whispered.

“Yes Miss Malone...” “Father, I have to stop...I am close Sir.”

“Close to what Miss Malone.”

“Oh God, close to cumming Sir...Please let me stop.”

“No Miss Malone...sluts call it cumming...good Catholic girls like you might say they are near orgasm...is that what you are?”

“OH! YES Father, I am near orgasm Sir.”

The class was riveted at the scene in front of them...their classmate, the hottest girl in the school, begging their biology teacher to let her stop fingering herself before she orgasmed.

“Oh yes, very well, Miss. You may stop.”

“AHH!” Shannon pulled her hand away just in time, feeling the orgasm about to crest...her hips flailed in the air as she fucked the air, her body begging for release.

“Carl, hold her middle down please, put your hand on her stomach.”

She felt Carl’s hand pushing her down onto the chair and she could smell her arousal and hear her labored breathing.

“Class, look carefully at her labia major, swollen to almost twice the size and very sensitive... see.”

He touched her lips with his fingertip and she moaned.

“Also, notice how wet she is...you boys might be surprised to see how wet a female is during sex...that allows for full penetration of her vagina during intercourse...”

Father Magee put on surgical gloves and put his fingers between her lips...no one had touched her there ever...these were the first male hands to touch her most intimate place and it was her biology teacher...and a priest. She sobbed in humiliation and covered her face with her hands...no longer caring about what they saw.

“See here ladies and gentlemen, her clitoris...if I were to rub that, she would probably reach orgasm instantly...she is so close right now.”

RIIINNNNGGGG!!!

Mercifully the bell rang for the end of class.

“OK class, next time, we will examine the breasts and then some other areas of the female anatomy. Your homework is to go over the illustration in your book and relate your memories of this session in your journals.”

Shannon didn’t even look up to see her classmates pass by, all intimately examining her sopping wet and red vagina. She was beyond humiliated and knew this was only the beginning.

She felt Carl undo the ankle cuffs and she was finally able to close her legs...feeling her thighs cramp after the awful stretching for 45 minutes. Father Magee handed her a towel...

“Here Shannon, dry yourself...can’t have you dripping all over the halls,” Father Magee said.

Redfaced, she took the towel and patted her pussy and thighs dry. Luckily, or what passed for her luck today, her next class was gym and then she could shower.

“After school, go by the AV room and see Charles for a tape of today’s lesson. Tonight, you can watch it and then make some notes in your journal like the rest of the class will. You can also finish the homework assignment.”

While Shannon got her bookbag, Carl thanked Father Magee for letting him assist and he left. Shannon had noticed the bulge in his pants and figured out where he was going...probably that little office he has where he can spy on the girls changing...that and his memories of humiliating me would probably make him cum pretty quick, she thought.

Father Magee left right after, leaving her alone with Charles.

“You know Shannon, I feel really bad about this, you were always really nice to me,” Charles said.

“Thanks Charles, I know it’s not your fault.”

“Well, see you around,” he said.

“Hey, Charles, what are you going to do with these tapes, besides what Father Magee wants?”

“Well, a bunch of my friends have asked for copies, but I won’t let them. If it had been another girl, I would do it no problem, but you have always been so cool to me...most of the girls in the school don’t pay me any attention. But you always say hi and smile at me...and I appreciate it. So do my friends, who are in total love with you. If your friends desert you, come hang with us. I know we’re not the coolest kids in the school but we’ll accept you anyway.” For the first time all day, Shannon smiled.

“Thanks Charles, I might do that someday.”

“Cool, well, see ya.”

Charles took his camera equipment and tripod and exited the classroom, leaving Shannon alone for the first time since she was forced to be nude. She took a deep breath and pushed out the door and into the crowded hallway, heading for gym and more humiliation. At least the geeks still love me, she laughed to herself.

**PART THREE**

The walk to gym was even more humiliation for Shannon...some of the kids who had not seen her up close at the assembly or during the morning classes were now spotting her for the first time. Some of the younger guys...the freshmen especially, were bumping into her, touching her, making rude comments. She walked onto the girl’s locker room and her gym class.

Shannon had always loved gym, being a natural athlete who could perform well in any sport. She got to her locker and thought that she was going to get a rest from being naked. She opened her locker and saw nothing but a small towel and an envelope.

“Dear Miss Malone,

Please note that I have removed your gym uniform as a guard against the temptation to put it on... your socks and sneakers are also gone and I have sent all of your belongings to Mr. Jones to be delivered to your parents or to you in six weeks. I have provided you with a small towel to dry yourself after your shower but please make no attempt to cover yourself with it or it will be taken away. Part of your punishment means attending every school function and class in your present state and that includes gym and basketball.

In the future, please come to the my office to receive a small towel before every class.

Sincerely,

Miss Kelly”

Oh God, she had forgotten Mr. Jones’ words... that she would be naked at ALL school functions. She had thought gym would be ok...how could she be expected to perform in a sport nude?

She put her towel back in the locker and stuffed her bookbag in. She had to hurry to make it to class on time because Miss Kelly always punished those who were late with extra activities... most of them involving running or gymnastics.

She must have been running late because there were no other girls in the locker room. However, she had an excuse...until two minutes ago she had been tied naked to a gyno chair spread open for her bio class...cut her some slack, she thought.

She made it to the gym just as the bell rang. The rest of the girls in the class were stretching and many of them looked up and gasped. Like Shannon, they had thought that the punishment wouldn’t include gym class. “Shouldn’t she at least have sneaks?” one of them asked.

“Girls, enough of that whispering...let’s get this out in the open,” Miss Kelly said.

Miss Kelly was a young woman, just 24 years old...she had graduated just six years ago from St. Mark’s and looked like she could be a student. The girls loved her and, since she was very easy to talk to, many of them had confided in her with their problems.

“Shannon here broke a huge rule of the school and all of you signed the paper that allows for this punishment. Shannon just happens to be the first one affected by it.”

One girl, Kacy, raised her hand.

“Miss Kelly, isn’t it kind of unhygienic for her to be naked all of the time, especially during gym and stuff?”

Shannon cringed at the thought but Miss Kelly had an answer.

“Well Kacy, that is a good question but the answer is no. Shannon doesn’t have any diseases so that is not a problem...also, it is just a natural juices flowing out of her...like sweat. Yes, Juli.”

“Couldn’t she at least have sneaks?” Juli asked. “Her feet will kill after running during gym.” Shannon nodded, hoping that Miss Kelly would see the point.

“Another good question. Actually, a woman’s feet can withstand greater pain than a man’s... after all we do wear high heels, etc... most men would never be able to stand them. Plus, the human feet can withstand a lot of pressure...and she will soon get used to it and her feet will harden on the bottoms. I agree that they will hurt, a lot, at first, but after a while, she will get used to it.”

“Will she have to do everything that we do?”

“Yep, the school rules are very clear about that...the student being punished must fulfill the normal obligations of a St. Mark’s student...that includes gym and other school activities, field trips, sporting events, plays, etc.”

“Shannon, do you have any questions for me?”

Shannon looked down, ashamed then back at the kind, smiling Miss Kelly.

“Yes Miss Kelly,” she whispered. “Do you agree with this kind of punishment for me?”

Barb Kelly stopped for a minute, taking a deep breath...she knew this question was coming and wondered if she had the strength to pull the answer off. Because inside, she loved it, loved seeing the bare flesh of this extraordinary looking girl, one that she had admired for years. But, on the other hand, she really did like her, liked her whole family...had been best friends with Shannon’s older sister when they went to St. Mark’s together.

“Well, I stand by what the administration has decided...and I think it is a true deterent for all of you girls and the boys too. Imagine seeing those little peters sticking out for six weeks. Us girls have it easy!”

The class, Shannon included, laughed out loud.

“OK, today we are going to play dodgeball...”

Shannon cringed, knowing that the ball would sting.

“but the rules are a little different...Shannon is on one team...everyone else is on the other. This is part of the punishment Shannon, Mr. Jones decided it, Sorry.”

OK Girls, let’s begin.

The girls began running at Shannon, hurling the ball at her. Shannon ran for her life, trying to avoid getting hit with the ball. In her haste, she didn’t notice Charles up on the track, filming the whole thing, or Mr. Jones standing just outside the gym in the hallway watching the whole scene. And no one saw good old dirty Carl watching from beneath the bleachers.

After 45 minutes of this, with just one break, Shannon was exhausted. While the other girls went out when they were hit, Shannon had no one to take her spot. She was forced to play all 45 minutes, running. Sweat was all over her nude body and that made it hard for her to run. Several times she had fallen, getting whacked with the ball from close angles.

Every part of her body hurt, her butt, where most of the balls had hit, her legs and feet from running without shoes, her back (which was also a good target). But her breasts and pussy ached as well...apparently, some of the other girls had a bet that her tits and pussy would mean more points. Once she had fallen and her legs splayed out. A girl, Tina, took the ball and gunned it at her spread pussy, causing poor Shannon to see stars. At that point, Miss Kelly called a break and came over to help Shannon.

“Why, why is everyone out to get me...why does everyone hate me?” Shannon was crying to the teacher. “Please Barb, tell me why you hate me?”

“Shannon dear, I don’t hate you, this is a punishment for two very, very serious crimes.”

“Serious crimes? You mean you and Brighid never skipped school and lied about it?”

“That was before the new rules Shannon...and that is none of your business. For being so fresh, you can run until class is over. Jennie, come over here and count Shannon’s laps for me. Everyone else is free to go.”

Shannon moaned...she had gone too far with someone that wasn’t as much of her friend as she thought. Miss Kelly grabbed her arm and pulled her close...”don’t you ever bring up my past with your sister...do it again and this dodge ball game will be the least of your worries.”

With that, she walked off into her office that opened with a window so she could see the gym. That meant there would be no skimping on the laps.

“Come on Shannon, I’ll run with you,” Jennie said.

Although she didn’t know Jennie very well, she was happy for some kindness.

After all, Shannon hadn’t had the best day of her life.

“So, how bad is it?”

Shannon wondered what it was.

“The nudity I mean...is it awful being naked all of the time?”

Shannon nodded, trying to catch her breath.

“It’s terrible...everyone is staring, pointing, touching...I’ve been humiliated in every class it’s really, really bad.”

They ran in silence for a few minutes. Then Jennie spoke...”I’ve dreamed about it...wondered what it would be like being naked at school or in public...never imagined it would ever happen to me though.”

Shannon looked at Jennie and saw a very pretty girl. She had short dirty blonde hair with a slender build. Her breasts looked to be about the same (small) size as Shannon’s and her legs were nice and long.

“You know, all of the boys are hard over you all the time...especially this morning,” Jennie said after they ran in silence for a few more minutes.

“Uh, thanks, I guess.”

“No, I didn’t mean it like that...I just mean you should know that boys really love how you look and you should be proud to give them erections...it’s a great compliment to a girl...that’s what my boyfriend tells me.”

Shannon thought this was getting a little weird but had bigger problems...her entire body was racked with pain after all of the exertion.

“Please Jennie, can we stop, I’m going to die.”

“Wait, keep running and I’ll go ask Miss Kelly.”

Jennie ran fast to the office and Shannon prayed for mercy. She saw Miss Kelly nod her head and Jennie peeked her head out. “It’s ok Shannon, you can stop!”

Shannon stopped running and collapsed in a heap onto the gym floor. Her legs and feet were screaming in pain...she had never run so much in bare feet. Her chest hurt from the exertion.

Miss Kelly and Jennie ran over to her, concerned that they had pushed her too hard. They helped the poor naked girl up and helped carry her to Miss Kelly’s office.

“Shannon, I’m so sorry, I just wanted to be tough in front of Mr. Jones...I’m sorry I pushed you too hard.”

“That’s ok, Miss Kelly, I understand.”

“What class do you have next?”

“I have a free period then lunch.”

“Good, stay here and take a rest in the trainer’s room. I’ll wake you when it’s time for lunch.”

Miss Kelly and Jennie helped Shannon walk into the trainers’ room and helped her onto the leather exam table...not too much unlike the gyno table that Father Magee had used. Despite the bad memories, Shannon eased into a sleep.

**PART FOUR**

It was a dream like no other...she was naked in Madison Square Garden while the New York Rangers were playing...she was at center ice, tied and spread while the players attempted to play around her. Then she noticed that the puck was heading right for her splayed open pussy and went in.

SCORE! The horns blared, the lights were flashing, and the crowd went nuts. She was a bright red but was now sitting in a net, the puck lodged in her huge pussy. She had Rangers painted on one breast and Flyers painted on the other. As she watched, one of the players took a marker and put a one under the Rangers on her tit.

“Ladies and gentlemen, that is the first puck to go into Shannon’s pussy and gives the Rangers a 1-0 lead. Now ladies and gentlemen, the lucky seat holder who gets to reach in and get it is sitting in section...”

“Shannon, wake up, Shannon, wake up.”

She jerked awake, not knowing where she was. One minute she was a goal at the Rangers game, the next she was jarred awake by a woman’s voice. In a second she remembered she was in the trainer’s room and the voice belonged to Miss Kelly.

“Shannon, wake up honey, it’s time for your lunch period.”

Shannon finally came to her senses and her shoulders sagged as she remembered all that she had been through since she came to school this morning. At a surprise assembly, she had been forced to strip naked and would be kept this way for six weeks because she skipped school and lied about it. Since then she had been humiliated in art class, serving as a naked model, in biology class, showing the class where her “reproductive organs” were and being forced to masturbate nearly to orgasm, and gym class where she was the target of dodge ball for 45 minutes before collapsing while running punishment laps. She now laid here after Miss Kelly took pity on her and let her nap during her free period.

“Shannon, I wish I could let you stay in here all day but Mr. Jones would get suspicious and I’m afraid he would take it out on me. You have to run to the lunch room and eat ok. Plus, I think it will do you good to get some food in you...you must be starved after all of that running.”

Shannon nodded, realizing that she was really hungry. Then it hit her...the lunch room, naked...this might be worse than anything else...out in the open, people eating while she sat there bare ass on the chair, bare tits on display. And her nap had hidden her for an hour and now she would pay for the rest. She had lost her confidence and now it was all new again.

She grabbed her bookbag and went into the cafeteria. It was if everything stopped as soon as her bare feet hit that tile floor of the caf. She felt like everyone stopped to look at her as soon as she walked in and she was right...all eyes were on the naked girl.

She walked quickly to grab a tray and get a salad and a tuna sandwich. She would skip the chips, she thought...going naked meant no extra pounds could be gained. She felt weird being naked around the food, standing there at the salad bar, dishing out the lettuce, etc. Some of the dressing splattered up onto her belly. She quickly wiped it with her hand and looked around to see if anyone spotter her. Silly her, she thought, of course they spotted her, everyone is staring at her!

She got to the cash register and saw Jerry, the nice old man who worked there eyeing up her nudity. She shot him a dirty look. She was always so nice to the workers at the school, the janitors and cafeteria workers. Now she was being ogled by one.

She pulled her backpack around and pulled her wallet out and paid for the food and then began the daunting task of walking with her hands full through the crowd and finding a table. She spotted a group of girls from the basketball team had an open seat but when she got closer they slid over to fill the gaps.

“Sorry Shannon, no room for the naked girl...why don’t you find another place to sit,” one snickered at her.

She was mortified. Her best friends were deserting her, just like Charles said they would. Finally, she saw Carrie waving her hands motioning that she had a seat available and Shannon breathed a sigh of relief. At least here was one friend.

Shannon and Carrie had a very strange relationship. Best friends since they were five, they mostly hung with different crowds in school. Shannon was always the jock and hung out with the popular athletes. Carrie was more of a studious person who felt uncomfortable with those types of kids. So she had a separate group of friends. Although they hung out together they often ate lunch at different tables.

“Carrie, thank you so much,” Shannon said.

“No problem, I figured that Miss Goody Girls would turn you out. And we don’t mind.”

Shannon turned and saw a group of kids, mostly the smart ones, the first trackers. She hadn’t even noticed them at first she had been so relieved by Carrie’s kindness.

“Oh, ah, thank you all for letting me sit with you.”

“No problem,” said a boy in glasses, Shannon thought his name was Kevin. “You are always welcome...we don’t mind a naked girl here once in a while.”

The group laughed...Shannon did too but she wasn’t comfortable being the reason for the joke. She sat down and felt the cold folding chair against her bare skin.

“What happened Shannon, the cool girls kick you out,” one of the girls said.

“Now, now Sheila, Shannon’s my best friend...let’s not get on her...it’s not her fault she’s nude,” Carrie defended her.

Shannon was worried...she hoped Carrie wouldn’t get cast out by her friends for this. Carrie was always her best friend but had always liked hanging out with the smart kids instead of the girls that Shannon hung with. I guess she now knew why.

“Carrie, it’s ok...Sheila’s right...those girls told me that there was no room for a naked girl at their table.”

The table laughed at her again...this time she just blushed. That made Carrie angry.

“Look, Shannon has been my best friend since preschool. If you don’t make her feel welcome here, we will just go and find our own table. I thought you were all better than those other kids.”

Shannon was surprised at Carrie’s bold talk...she had always been so quiet. But here, it was obvious she was the leader of the group. The other kids were silent, some looking down at their food.

“Hey, we’re sorry,” Kevin said. “I know it must be really hard for you to have to go around naked all of the time...must be awful having everyone looking at you and your private parts. I heard about biology class this morning.”

Shannon groaned at the memory of being so exposed in front of the class as her biology professor, a priest, gave a lesson the female anatomy.

“Yeah, Kevin’s right,” Sheila said. “You are welcome to hang out with us anytime you want. Sorry Shannon, sorry Carrie.”

The rest of the kids, about four others, said their apologies and for the first time all day, Shannon felt better.

The kids spent the rest of the hour chatting about school, other students, and regular teen stuff. Shannon was almost able to forget her nudity, but not quite. The constant feel of the steel chair on her bare thighs and ass reminded her of the situation very quickly.

She looked up at the wall and saw there was 15 minutes before the next period.

Then she remembered that she hadn’t showered after gym and must be a mess.

“Oh thanks everyone for letting me hang with you,” she said.

Carrie responded...”it was our pleasure...you are welcome any time.”

Shannon saw the other kids smile and nod and felt like they truly meant it.

“Thanks! See you all tomorrow!”

She grabbed her bookbag and then her tray and went to dump it in the trash. As she did, a group of boys surrounded her and began touching her.

“Stop it, let go of me, let me out!”

She fought through the circle but they knocked her to the floor. Her bag went sliding across the floor as she felt the cold tile all over her body. She scrambled to her feet in tears, grabbed her bag and ran into the girl’s locker room.

She sat down on the bench in front of her locker. That was awful...these boys now think they have free reign to do anything to her body that they want now that she is nude. Oh God, she thought...and this is only the first day. She had six more weeks of this to suffer through.

After having a good cry, she realized that she should hurry if she wanted to shower. She still had the sweat smell on her from the gym class and her sex juices had coated her legs from the morning classes. She grabbed a towel and ran into the shower, getting totally refreshed and clean. She lathered up with some soap and enjoyed the freedom of being naked in a place where she was supposed to be naked.

She quickly washed her hair and then shut the water off. She grabbed the little towel that Miss Kelly had left for her and did her best at drying off. She realized that there was at least one benefit of being naked all of the time...getting dried off didn’t really matter.

She took some time to get her hair dry and then placed the towel in the bin near the shower. She went to her now empty locker and grabbed her bookbag, the only thing she was allowed to wear, and left the locker room, heading for math class. At least there, she couldn’t imagine any more humiliation there beyond just being naked.

And she was right. She sat in the back to stay out of people’s vision and she was barely bothered. Of course many of the other students snuck peeks at her but she was beginning to not notice that anymore. Things were going great until Mr. Cooney said, “Shannon, please come up here and demonstrate the problem at the board.”

“Um, Sir, I would rather stay here in my seat if that is ok with you,” Shannon said softly.

“Well, young lady, it not okay with me...part of your punishment is that you have to perform the same duties as any other St. Mark’s student...now come up here and demonstrate.”

She knew she had no choice and wondered what the big deal was. She had been naked and spread totally apart during biology class and art class and the entire cafeteria had seen her naked. Why the fuss now?

She got out of her seat and walked down the row towards the front of the class. She noticed Eric Gorbo, the class jerk, slid her bookbag in her way, making her step over it and exposing her pussy even more. She glared at him but he just smiled back.

Finally she made it to the board and did the problem. She heard the chuckles of her classmates as she struggled with the problem, her bare ass constantly on display. Finally Mr. Cooney helped her solve the problem and she headed back to her seat, her entire body flushed with embarrassment.

On her way back, this time Eric tripped her and she fell face first into him. His “helpful” hands grabbed her tits and crotch as he “broke” her fall. By the time she was able to get her balance his fingers were inside of her pussy and pumping. She gasped and moaned at the touch and everyone knew why. Her musky odor now filled the room as she made it back to her seat.

Oh God, she thought, how humiliating...moaning at being invaded by the fingers of the class jerk. She would never live that down...she would never live any of this down...she knew it.

Finally the bell rang and Eric came over to her... “I liked having my fingers in that nice warm hole...I have other parts that would like to try it too.”

“Fuck off Gorbo...they can make me be naked but they can’t make me let you fuck me!”

“Oh we’ll see, we’ll see. You do know that my dad is on the Board of Trustees don’t you?”

Shannon cringed...she forgot the power this boy’s family had. But she couldn’t be forced to have sex with someone could she? Wouldn’t that be illegal?

Eric laughed at how uncomfortable she had become and walked away. She now knew that he was going to make her life completely miserable.

She walked out and went on with the rest of her day. She had just two classes left, including computers, which she was heading to now. She didn’t think Computers or English would be terribly humiliating but who knows...she was beginning to realize that everything is humiliating when you are nude.

**Part Five**

She made it to the computer lab, barely hearing the smart comments as she passed, comments about her pussy and her tits and how nice her ass was. It was like she was wearing blinders. But inside, Shannon was dying...hearing every word, noticing every pair of eyes on her bare body and praying that this day would end.

She entered the lab, which was air conditioned because of the computers and went to the back row...her normal seat where she could log into the computer and get started on their next project. As she logged in, her eyes got wide when she saw the screen. It was a picture of her, completely spread wide and masturbating.

She tried to get the awful picture off the screen but couldn’t. Every command just brought more and more pictures of her fingering herself in the bio class. This looked horrible. Anyone who saw it would think that she was just a slut who didn’t mind masturbating in front of a room full of people. There was no sign of Father Magee, who had ordered her to do it so that the class could see what a woman’s “reproductive organs” looked like when she was aroused.

Finally, her files popped up but the wallpaper was still the photo of her, fingers in her pussy, the look of orgasm about to cross her face, her juices leaking out onto her thighs and fingers. She wanted to curl up and die.

Her classmates all gathered round and looked at the photo, making crude remarks about her obvious arousal. No one came to her defense, not even the teacher who smiled and said that some girls get what they deserved.

Finally, the class settled down and began to work. When she clicked on her homework project she saw the whole group of photos click up. As she read what her teacher, Mr. Blake, had assigned her, she gasped. Her job was to create a website for all of these pictures and present them to him by the end of class.

She couldn’t do it. Design a website where the whole purpose was to display her humiliating photos. No way. Then she read further...failure to complete this task will mean further public humiliation and an F in computers on the report card.

She was lucky to be very proficient with computers and creating web pages. Actually, this was easy...the pics were already scanned and the school used a simple program to update pages. It took her most of the period, putting the photos in the right locations and putting captions and interesting graphics where needed. She then titled it “Naughty Schoolgirl Shannon Wanks Off In Bio.” Exactly the title Mr. Blake had required.

Shannon looked at her finished product. The photos were from those scenes when Father Magee had ordered her to masturbate to show female arousal. It must have come from the video but she was shocked that it had happened so quickly. Then she saw Charles’ head in one of the photos and realized that someone must have used a digital camera without her knowing. The photos showed her on the table, feet in each stirrup, her right hand rubbing her pussy lips and then plunging in, pushing her fingers in deeper and deeper. She can see her hips moving in each photo as she got into the movements. And then her mouth opened, she knew she was begging to stop before she came. To anyone looking, it looked like orgasm or some other yell was about to come out.

She sent the file to Mr. Blake and got the auto response that he had received it as the class bell rang. Tears flowed anew as she realized that her embarrassing photos, with the graphic captions and titles, would soon be accessible to any pervert with a computer. She wondered where it would be linked but realized it didn’t matter. It would be out there and anyone would be able to find it and do something with it. And she had been the creator of it all.

**PART SIX**

The last class of the day was English. She loved Miss Edwards, her favorite teacher. Her male classmates loved Miss Edwards as well. She was young, just a few years older than them...and she was blonde, built and beautiful. Many boys had hard ons for the entire class and she was the reason for many self-orgasms among the boys at St. Marks.

Shannon entered the room, naked of course, as she had been since that awful assembly and as she will be for SIX weeks because of her crime of skipping school and phoning in a fake sick call. She was in deep trouble.

As she sat down at her assigned desk, first row, third seat against the wall. She wished she could be two seats back in the corner but this was better than most seats. Miss Edwards entered and Shannon looked longingly at her stylish clothes. As always she looked great and sexy...a black skirt above the knee that showed off her legs pretty well but not trampy...a white silk blouse with a camisole underneath...nude pantyhose and black heels, about four inches maybe, she figured. She was the very picture of class and sex appeal.

Miss Edwards’ appearance made Shannon feel even more naked than she was. It was humiliating that this woman could be so dressed and so impressive while she had to suffer naked and embarrassed.

Miss Edwards turned to Shannon with a sympathetic smile and said, “Shannon, can I talk to you in the hallway for a second before class starts?”

Shannon nodded and got to her feet and walked out the door to meet Miss Edwards. The teacher grabbed her and gave her a big hug. The soft silk felt so nice against the naked girl’s bare chest she wished she could borrow it for just a minute and remember what it was like to have clothes again.

“I’m sorry, I just had to do that, I feel so bad for what is happening to you today,” Miss Edwards said. “I know it has to be this way, but you have always been such a good student and so well behaved I am sorry you have to be the first to suffer this punishment.”

Shannon, blushing, replied, “Thank you Miss Edwards, that means a lot.”

“And I think Mr. Jones is being especially hard on you. After all, it was your first offense.”

Miss Edwards stopped talking and looked at Shannon’s bare body. For some reason, this look was not humiliating to the girl...it wasn’t done in a lustful way, just admiring.

“You really are a beautiful girl and I like you a lot. That’s why what is going to happen in class today is so hard for me...but it probably will be harder for you.”

Shannon started to shake. No, please, not again, she thought. Why can’t she just have a class that wasn’t completely humiliating? Why can’t she just be a regular girl again, in her regular uniform? If only she could go back in time to yesterday and not skip school.

“Shannon, in case you haven’t noticed, all of your teachers have been especially mean and made you do things that were terrible and humiliating. What you do not know is that Mr. Jones has been behind them all. He wants to make sure that this experience is the most awful thing you have ever done in your life and that you pay for your crime. Also, he wants everyone else to see how bad it is to earn this punishment and wants to stop them from acting as you have.”

The realization hit her hard...she was going to be the model...they had to be especially rough on her to help show other students what could happen. Tears flowed anew from her eyes...funny how many tears are in a girl...she thought the reserve must be low by now!

“In class today, I have to give a humiliating assignment that pains me to do...but Mr. Jones has warned those of us that teach you that we may not be lenient...even if we want to.”

Shannon nodded, realizing now why things have been so awful. And she cried some more at the knowledge that she had six more weeks of this.

“But, please know that I am here to support you. If you ever need a place to come and talk...or hide from prying eyes, my classroom is open to you and so is my office. Come over and we can talk and I’ll give you a shoulder to lean on, Ok?”

The tears stopped but she still had trouble seeing. “Ok, thanks Miss Edwards.”

“Good girl, here,” she said, grabbing a tissue from her pocket. Ahh, pockets, Shannon thought...what a luxury! When she got her clothes back she will cherish small things like pockets and socks and knickers!

Shannon dried her eyes with the tissue and she and Miss Edwards went inside.

“OK folks, sorry about the late start here. Get out your writing journals...we have a special assignment direct from the desk of our faithful principal Mr. Jones.”

The class pulled out their journals and waited patiently for Miss Edwards to write the assignment on the board as she always did. No one ever misbehaved in her class...the boys were too in love with her and the girls respected her look and the fact that she was so sweet and nice.

“Shannon, can you come up here and stand up on my desk please,” Miss Edwards said.

The class gasped. Shannon was thankful that Miss Edwards had warned her that this was coming. It didn’t make it easy but at least she wasn’t floored.

Shannon walked, her knees shaking again, her breasts heaving as she took deep breaths. She got to the desk and Miss Edwards offered her a hand to help her up onto the desk. She felt the smooth wood under her bare feet and felt completely on display, much like being on stage like she was at the assembly this morning.

“Now, class, you are to write down your thoughts of Shannon’s body and be as descriptive as you can. Then write a technical essay about her private parts, especially her vagina and breasts. You will have to whole class to work on it. Begin now.”

Shannon saw many of the students chuckle and begin writing. Miss Edwards didn’t feel comfortable sitting at her desk where her naked student was standing so she stayed at her podium. Shannon was very aware of the stares of her classmates and struggled to stand still and not cover any part of her. To do so would break a major rule during punishment and result in even more humiliation.

As she stood there, Shannon focused on the back wall, looking over the heads of her classmates. She could hardly believe what had happened to her today...she was a very modest girl...yes she sometimes wore short skirts but never revealed anything more than some leg. Even at the beach, her sisters had always teased her for her modest one-piece outfit.

At home, unlike her sisters, she never walked around in less than shorts and a tee. Her sisters sometimes wore their bras and knickers, or just a tee. No way. And she always brought her clothes into the bathroom with her, changing right after her shower...no walking around in towels for her.

And now, here she was, naked as she can be, displaying her nude body in front of all of her schoolmates and teachers. Mr. Jones was right about one thing...she would never do this again and hoped that other kids got the message.

She lost track of the time, forgot that other students were there. She was lost in her thoughts...oblivious of the 30 sets of eyes drinking in her every curve, her every pore...her most private spots and her most public spots. She wondered if many were looking at her face or arms? Unlikely. Of course, they would focus on her breasts and her vagina...that’s what she would do if she was sitting out there. Those areas that are kept hidden. But why, she wondered? Who thought of that...that a woman must keep her breasts covered and that all people should cover their sex parts?

She knew what her body looked like, but wondered what they saw when they looked at her. To her, her breasts were too small...just a 32A. But, she thought her legs were great (many had told her so). They were long and thin, but shapely. As one boy told her, she had legs that went to her neck. She only wished that were so, it wouldn’t be so embarrassing.

Lately, she had spent a lot of time noticing her vagina and pubic hair...she had come to love her pubes. They had taken some time to grow in and they were still sparse but to her they were a sign of womanhood. She remembered the first time she had seen them, wanting to tell the world. Of course, the only one she told was Carrie.

She had noticed her vaginal lips a lot lately, especially today in bio class. They were plump... she didn’t know if they were plumper than other girls but they were a nice pink color and parted slightly. She thought it was cute and knew that boys loved to try and catch glimpses. Over the years, she had flirted with boys, letting them peek up her skirt while sitting in class. But she had always been smooth and allowed just teasing looks. She guessed she was paying for that now...no teasing looks here...not only could they see it, they were being encouraged to take long, hard looks and describe it.

“Attention faculty, staff and students, this is Mr. Jones, the principal...would Shannon Malone please report to my office immediately after classes today. Thank you and hope everyone has enjoyed this historic day for our school.”

Shannon cringed...she didn’t know what Mr. Jones had in mind, but she didn’t think it could be good. And that part about the historic day in school history...she would always be the first student to be forced to be naked.

As she stood there, she saw Eric Gorbo...his beady brown eyes staring right at her vagina, mentally raping her. She hated him and knew he would cause her trouble. He had already promised that much earlier in the day. She wondered if he was going to be the boy that finally took her virginity.

Then she looked out and saw that most of the class had stopped writing and were just staring at her body. She didn’t know whether to die from shame or be proud that her body could cause all of these eyes to stare. She knew that none of these boys had probably ever gotten this much of a view of a naked girl before...Christ, she thought, most gynecologists don’t get to see this much of a naked girl. She smiled at that little joke to herself.

“Enough gawking folks, more writing...this is English class, not impure thoughts 101,” Miss Edwards said, flashing Shannon a smile. Shannon smiled back. It was so nice to know that someone was on her side here.

RINNNGGG! The bell rang and the class closed their journals and packed up. Miss Edwards told the class to finish their entries for homework and be prepared to present their thoughts the next day. Shannon cringed yet again...she would have to listen to their perverted thoughts on her body during oral presentations. The humiliations never stop, she thought.

Miss Edwards reached her hand up and helped Shannon down. As she came off the desk, Shannon’s breasts grazed Miss Edwards’ silk blouse and Shannon felt a chill down her body. It was so nice, she thought...what is that?

Miss Edwards just looked and smiled, packed up her bag and left the classroom. Shannon snapped out of her pleasant thoughts and remembered that she needed to see Mr. Jones at the end of school. He probably just wants to gawk at me some more, she thought.

Then it hit her...she was going to have to get home tonight and deal with her parents! And her horny little brother...this is the worst day of her life!

**PART 7**

Shannon ran down the mostly empty hallways to Mr. Jones’ office. Outside, Mrs. Phillips looked at her in disgust and told her to sit in the waiting area. She realized that the waiting area was totally glassed in and anyone walking by could see her.

She wanted to yell at Mrs. Phillips, “save your disgust for Mr. Jones. This wasn’t my idea. I don’t get off being naked in front of hundreds of people!” But of course she could not...she just sat there, her knees spread so that no part of her was covered, waiting for Mr. Jones to let her into his office.

She hated the man, ever since he began the assembly that morning that forced her nudity. One skipped day of school and one false sick call and now this. She was humiliated all day, groped and prodded. It was awful and she still had six weeks of this torture.

She saw many boys go past her, into the detention room located adjacent to Mr. Jones’ office. She knew that this little display was his idea of a joke, let all of the bad boys in the school see her in all her glory, add to her debasement. Well, she would show him. She sat there, chin up, breasts thrust out, knees spread as wide as she could go and showed that she was proud of her body.

“Miss Malone, Miss Malone,” Mrs. Phillips’ voice sprang her back to the present.

“Sorry to interrupt whatever little perverted dream you were just having but Mr.

Jones will see you now.”

Shannon flushed again. Mrs. Phillips knew...she had no privacy, not even her thoughts.

She entered Mr. Jones big wood paneled office. There was a large picture window overlooking the athletic fields.

“Shannon, I would ask you to take a seat but obviously wouldn’t want any of my nice leather seats ruined by your seepage.”

More red came out in her face at the comment. Why wasn’t there a limit to her embarrassment... that, if reached, would shut off all further embarrassment.

“I just wanted to give you some reminders. First, you are never to be on school grounds with clothes on...your punishment lasts until six weeks from now. At that time, Mrs. Phillips will call you down here and you will be allowed to dress, as long as you incur no other punishments. Understand?”

“Yes sir,” Shannon replied.

“Also, the rules state that students on enforced nudity punishment are not entitled to certain privileges. Therefore, I called your stepmother and she came and took your car back home with her. You are not entitled to park your car on school premises. Today, I suggest you make that last school bus home. It would be a long cold walk today, I assure you.”

This was the last straw. She had thought she would have some peace and quiet in her car. Even driving off campus nude wouldn’t be so bad. Now she realized she would have to take the bus completely naked and not dress until she got home. This was awful and she began to sob.

“Good, I can see our new punishments work well. Off you go and don’t forget to stop by the AV room...Charles has your video tape.”

She had forgotten all about the biology assignment. And the art assignment as well. And the English...all about her pussy! She cried as she walked out of Mr. Jones’ carpeted office and back onto the cold tile.

She raced to the AV room. There Charles was waiting with her videotape. She knew he watched her walk away, catching a great view of her ass but what did she care. This boy had already taped places that her gyn hadn’t seen.

Shannon ran to her locker and grabbed some books she needed for homework and then booked for the bus. It was her first time outside in the nude and the cold January air hit her hard. She felt the hard gravel from the street under her poor bare feet but ran on, not daring to miss the bus. It was just about to close the door when she yelled, “Wait, please!”

The door stopped shutting and opened again. She hopped up the step and onto the rubber flooring. “Thank you!” she said to the driver, who was eying up this new rider. “You are welcome maam, it is my pleasure!”

The driver was Vince, a 78-year old retiree, had been driving this route for 15 years, since he had stopped driving a city bus. The pay was awful but the bonus of seeing young girls and their bare legs was worth the energy. And at this Catholic school, most of the students weren’t discipline problems.

Now he had the privilege of driving home this naked girl. He had heard from some of the other drivers that the school’s first nude punishment was going on and each wondered who would be the driver. He would have to drop to his knees tonight and thank God that he was the lucky winner.

“Sorry miss, but the only seat open is that one,” Vince said, pointing at the front seat. It was completely open to his view and also to anyone their height who could look in through the front window.

Shannon thanked him and sat down. The bus had hooted and hollered as soon as she had stepped in. Many of her schoolmates were stunned that she was being forced to be nude at all, but especially out of school and out in the real world. They never thought the school would go through with it but were really happy it did.

Most of the bus’ riders were underclassmen...unable to drive themselves and not cool enough to know someone that could. Most of them Shannon did not know but they had become very intimately familiar with her.

“Hey Vince, why not share the wealth buddy,” one of the boys in the back shouted. Vince laughed and said, “You got it John,” and he turned the front mirror so that everyone on the bus could see Shannon’s bare, spread pussy from any seat on the bus.

Shannon began crying some more. She could not close her legs...that would result in a harsher punishment. She could do nothing but sit there and suffer.

Of course, her stop was last. Everybody that came by “mistakenly” bumped into the naked girl, some even groping her bare heaving tits.

Finally it was just her and another girl, Leeza, who came up and sat in the seat next to Shannon.

“Hey, do you remember me?” Leeza asked.

Shannon shook her head. “I’m Leeza, you gave me a campus tour last year and were the nicest person I had ever met,” Leeza said. “You are the reason I came to St. Mark’s.”

Leeza reached her hand out to shake Shannon’s hand. Shannon shook hands instinctively, knowing that it opened her up even more.

“I just wanted you to know that I think it sucks what is happening to you but you are holding up really well,” Leeza said. “I could have never gotten onto to this bus and done what you have done. And to sit with your knees spread and your pussy on display. I would have died.”

If this girl only knew how she felt inside...that she wanted to crawl into a ball and never leave her house again.

“Thanks Leeza, it’s nice to see you again.”

“Just so you know, there is a freshman here on your side. Most of the girls I know are so impressed with you. You have such a nice body and the boys are going nuts. I think a lot were hiding out in the bathroom jerking off to your image.”

That was the second time that a girl had told her that today. What was it about these girls... Shannon didn’t think it was that much of a compliment but these girls were impressed by it.

“Oh, here’s my stop...see you in the morning I guess. Save me a seat and I’ll sit with you if you want some company. Since you’re the first one on and all.”

“Ok, Leeza, that would be nice. Thanks!

Leeza got off, leaving Shannon alone on the bus with Vince.

“Excuse me Vince, sir, would you mind if I changed seats and closed my legs a bit. There’s no one else here.”

Vince didn’t want her to and could have been a hard ass but he had certainly seen a lot of this young girl’s pussy.

“OK, on one condition...you have to sit here every day. If you do not agree, I will call Mr. Jones and tell him that you were covering yourself and that will earn you some punishment right?”

“Yes Sir,” she said, more tears flowing. She would not even be allowed kindness on the bus from this old man.

She closed her legs for the first time in a half hour and felt like she was hidden from view. She hopped back into the second seat and put her bare back against the window and stretched her legs out. This brief respite gave her some time to prepare for the arrival home. Well, her stepmom knew...she wondered if her dad did as well.

She felt the bus stop and heard Vince say, “alright Miss, here’s your stop.” She looked out and saw that she was still three blocks from home on a very crowded intersection.

“No, please Sir, please drop me at my house...Mr. Jones said I would be taken home.”

“And I have taken you to your stop, last one on the route. Sorry, but rules are rules.”

She grabbed her bag and made her way to the door which had slid open. She was two steps away from having to make her way onto a crowded street, completely naked.

“Look Miss, if you do not get off this bus, I will have to take you back to school and Mr. Jones.”

That got her out and she heard Vince laughing as the door closed. She ran on the hard cement across the street. Horns blared. “Hey, look at that naked chick,” someone yelled. She ran on, her feet slapping the hard sidewalk...her breasts jiggling as she ran.

She made it to her street and turned off the main highway and went behind a bush and took some deep breaths. That was awful...she thought...so many eyes, even worse than school. At least there, most of the people knew it was against her will. Here, no one knew...for all they knew she was enjoying it, out to get a thrill.

She knew she couldn’t stay behind Mrs. McGeehan’s shrubs all day. She peeked to see if anyone else was out there and started down the sidewalk towards her house. She barely noticed the cold, being all worked up from her mad dash off the main street. Suddenly, it hit her...she would have to wait out on that corner tomorrow morning for the bus! UGGH!

She finally got to her house and walked up the path. She climbed the steps to the house as she had so many times in her life and stopped. Oh God, she had never been naked on these steps...and who knows what awaited her.

**PART 8**

Shannon grabbed her keys out of her backpack and unlocked the door. She pushed but the chain lock was on and would not budge. DAMN! This would be a pain at any time, but for the naked girl, it was awful...she was cold, she was exposed and she just wanted to be in her room curled up in bed and cry.

She had been naked at school all day, punished for skipping school yesterday and calling in a fake sick call. Shannon became the first student punished under the new school code that permitted complete nudity for certain serious infractions. Skipping school and calling in a lie were certainly serious and earned her six weeks of total nudity.

She had survived her first nude day but had suffered humiliation after humiliation. Each class and teacher had a new insult for her to suffer...serving as a nude model in art and bio, walking to the board and doing a problem in math, nude dodge ball, running laps barefoot, creating a web site of her naked pictures in computer class and then serving as “inspiration” for journal entries in her English class. She knew she had provided inspiration for other things for most of the boys in her school.

Now here she was, naked on her front porch, locked out. It was her jerky brother Jimmy. She banged on the door, knowing that the 12-year old would have beaten her home, especially since she had been forced to take the school bus home. Mr. Jones, the principal, had taken away her privilege of driving to school meaning that the bus was her only alternative. On it, Vince the driver had forced her to sit in the front row, the mirror focused on her naked pussy. Then she had to run home through busy traffic.

“Jimmy, you little brat, let me in,” she yelled, then realized that she should draw less attention to her naked form. “Jimmy,” she said in a loud whisper, “please!”

She saw her snotty little brother’s face looking through the door at his older sister. They had always argued like cats and dogs...to her, he was the annoying younger brother...to him, she was the perfect big sister who got away with everything. He was so glad she finally was getting what she deserved.

“Oh poor Shannon, I would love to let you in, trust me I would,” Jimmy said laughing. “But Colleen told me to lock all of the doors and leave you out on the porch until she got home. She went to get Brighid at work and should be back soon.”

OH God, she thought. Brighid was her older sister and would hound her the rest of her life. She knew that her family would know about this but to be seen stuck on the porch naked on the first day was bad.

Shannon was the third oldest of four kids. Brighid was 24 and working. Megan was 20 and in college. Then Shannon and finally Jimmy, the bratty baby of the family. He was in seventh grade at the local Catholic parish school, the one where Shannon and her sisters went.

“Well, Jimmy, can I at least have a blanket, it’s freezing out here,” Shannon said in as nice a voice as she had ever used with him.

“Jeez Shan, you know that I would really love to, but I have been told not to let you cover up at all...Colleen and Brighid will fill you in and of course Dad will have his say later,” Jimmy said.

She crossed her arms over her aching tits...her nipples stood straight out in the cold air and goosebumps were forming on her breasts. She sat down on the wooden ground of the porch to get out of the line of vision from the street and Jimmy and to cry. She sat there, her back against the house, her knees up against her chest and her head resting on her bare knees and cried again.

She was starting to shiver when she heard a car approach and enter the driveway. She prayed that it was her stepmom Colleen and her sister and for once her prayers were answered.

“Oh good, you’re home,” Colleen called. “Come here and help me with the groceries.”

No, please no, Shannon thought. But she did it by instinct, leaving the relative safety of her porch and went down the stairs to help carry the groceries. At least now something will be covering me. She saw, with annoyance, that it was the plastic kind that you can hold at your side rather than the paper ones that you have to hold to you.

She saw the huge grin on Brighid’s face and knew that she would never live this down. Colleen didn’t even seem to notice her nudity, handing her two bags to carry. She took one in each hand and walked with the heavy bags back up the stairs, her whole front and back on display...and she knew Jimmy would be watching.

Colleen went to the door and told Jimmy to unlatch the chain. He did it and Shannon finally was able to enjoy the warmth of her house.

“Shannon, bring the groceries into the kitchen and then go back out and get the last two bags,” Colleen said.

“Colleen, please, couldn’t Jimmy go or Brighid?”

“No Shannon, I would like you to do it. And then you are to help me put them away. No more lip from you...don’t you think you are in enough trouble?”

Shannon knew she wasn’t getting out of this and realized that Colleen was right. She put the bags down on the table and went back outside. She realized there were still six bags left and knew it would mean at least three more trips. The first one was uneventful as she made her way down the concrete driveway and up the steps. The second trip wasn’t as smooth. First, the plastic bag ripped and some oranges rolled down the drive to the street. She ran down to track it and was met face to face with Darryl, the paper boy, who was delivering the afternoon paper on his bike.

“Holy shit,” said Darryl, a 14-year old black boy with an athletic build. Shannon had noticed this boy before and wondered how much longer she should wait until asking him out...he was that cute.

“Oh God,” Shannon said, realizing that he first saw her as she had bent over to retrieve the oranges. “Please go away Darryl, this is so embarrassing.”

“Why are you naked?” Darryl was a freshman at a private boys school where Shannon and her sisters had always gone to mixers. “What the hell are you doing?”

“Oh God Darryl, I don’t want you to see me like this, please go away.”

“Are you kidding, go away after seeing a hot girl like you naked and waiting...no way. I’ll just stay here and watch you work.”

Oh Christ, what the hell did she ever see in him. She had no choice but to continue picking up the oranges that had rolled out into the street. Luckily for her no cars came by. She gathered the oranges and held them to her, covering her tits as best she could. Her pussy and ass were on display but she couldn’t figure out a way to stop that.

She carried the oranges back to the driveway and stuffed them into the other bag. As she bent over the trunk, she knew the sight that she was presenting to Darryl. He could probably see right up her gaping cunt and asshole. Oh God, would this ever end? And for six more weeks.

She carried the bags up to the house and then came back for the last one. She noticed that Darryl had been joined by two other boys from the neighborhood, slightly younger kids. She closed her eyes and stood tall, not wanting these little boys to know they were bothering her. She picked up the bag and slammed the trunk shut. As she walked to the steps she wasn’t watching where she was going and missed the bottom one, falling to the ground, splaying her feet in both directions. The boys hooted and laughed...nice split Shannon, one yelled. Her face was even more crimson as she bolted up the steps and into the relative safety of the house.

She felt Jimmy’s eyes on her every move as she put the groceries away. The most humiliating parts were reaching up to put things on the top shelves and the ice cold of the freezer as she put the frozen food away. This made her nipples, already rock hard (would they stay like that permanently?), stand up and ache even more.

Finally the food was away and the kitchen was neat. She went into the living room to tell Colleen.

“Excellent, now go and stand in the corner, feet spread and facing the room until your dad gets home and we can deal with your day.”

“Please Colleen, may I wait in my room? Please may I have some privacy?”

“Ah, those answers will come when your father gets home, trust me. For now, you are to wait as I commanded.”

That was it, there would be no mercy. She went over to the corner of the living room and stood, her feet spread wide so that her pussy lips would be spread and on display. She was humiliated yet again, naked and exposed in her own house, the place she had always felt so comfortable.

She watched as Colleen and Brighid sat together on the couch, talking about their days and catching up. She was jealous of their easy manner and especially of their clothes. Colleen was wearing jeans and a sweatshirt and she looked so warm and comfy and covered. Brighid had yet to change after work and was wearing a skirt that ended just above her knees, a blouse, and stockings. She looked so stylish and sexy and COVERED!

Of course, as she stood there watching the scene, Jimmy made frequent appearances, asking Colleen to check his homework, to help him with this thing or that. Of course, he always chose the seat that gave him the best view of her humiliated nudity.

One of the worst parts of her wait was when Harry, her beloved Basset Hound, came up to her and sniffed. She tried to shoo him away but knew she was not allowed to move. Harry pushed his snout right into her vagina and licked. “OH GOD, Harry nooo!” she moaned as the dog’s tongue slid between her open lips.

Colleen and Brighid turned and saw the scene. Both laughed and Colleen told Harry to get away from Shannon. “Well, I guess Harry’s not used to having something that exposed is he?” Brighid asked, smiling. “Being naked opens you up to a lot of humiliation, doesn’t it Shannon?”

Shannon just groaned at the humiliation. It just kept piling on her and she was unsure if she could handle it all.

She continued to stand there, her legs aching in the awkward pose. The daylight was gone and the only lights in the room came from the lamps around the room. Jimmy had sat down and watched television, using the phone to tell all of his friends exactly what he was seeing as he sat there.

“Mike, you wouldn’t believe it,” she heard him say. “Yeah, Shannon’s completely naked in the living room...no man, she’s not allowed to cover herself...our stepmom is making her stand naked in the corner of the living room. I’m not kidding...something about a school punishment. Oh man, I can see every part of her...her pussy is awesome...I have never seen one like this...yeah, I used to sneak peeks of her and my sisters but never saw it for this long and this close up. Yeah, she can’t do anything...she has to stand there...one time, Harry licked her pussy (laughing like crazy)...she wasn’t allowed to move. I think she came while standing there...Colleen had to push Harry away...I wonder if his tongue was stuck to her, I heard that can happen.”

Shannon had to stand there and hear his vulgar description of her private parts.

“Well, her pussy has two big puffy lips...hold on, let me get closer.”

Jimmy brought the cordless phone and sat right next to Shannon. She glared at him with a killer look that normally got to him. Today he laughed. I guess my being naked takes some of the punch of that away, Shannon thought.

“They’re not red...more like pink...I don’t know, Colleen told me I can’t touch but I can look all I want. Hey, I have an idea...COLLEEN!!”

“What Jimmy?”

“Can I ask Shannon to do things for me?”

“Sure hon, as long as she doesn’t leave her corner.”

Shannon shook her head, “no, no, no, not for this twerp. Please let this end.”

But there was no mercy.

“Yes, ok, Mike, let me find out...Shannon, touch your pussy lips and tell me what it feels like. Is it soft?”

Shannon reached her right hand down and felt her lips.

“Yes your little pervert, they’re soft.”

“No, sorry, that’s not enough...and call me Sir. I think I deserve some respect from the naked girl.”

“I will not call you sir you asshole.”

“COLLEEN, SHANNON WON’T DO WHAT I WANT HER TO DO!”

“Shannon, you are already in enough trouble...stop causing problems for your brother and do as he asks.”

I’m causing problems? Shannon thought. This little prick is asking her to touch her pussy and describe what it feels like and she’s causing problems.

“Sir, my pussy lips are very soft,” she said through gritted teeth.

“Hey Mike, she says they are very soft. What else...oh yeah...Shannon, keep your hand there and use your other hand to tell me how your tits feel.”

“UGGH,” she thought but with her right hand still touching her pussy lips, she massaged her left tit with her left hand.

“It’s firm Sir, and very soft as well,” she moaned, the touch and the situation turning her on.

“I think she likes this...holy shit,” Jimmy said. “Good one Mike...Shannon, reach inside of your pussy lips and tell me how hot you are inside.”

“NO, please Jimmy, don’t make me do this...please I’m your sister.”

“Do I have to tell Colleen again?”

She took a deep breath and reached her right hand inside of her pussy lips, feeling her hot juices leaking down.

“Sir, I am very hot inside, my juices are very hot.”

Just then they heard a car pull into the driveway. Jimmy knew it was their father and told Mike he had to go. Shannon went to pull her hands away but Jimmy said, “Who told you to move?” She glared at him but he laughed again.

She heard the door open and Jimmy said, “Okay, take your hands away.”

She just managed to return her hands to her side when she saw her father enter the room. He looked startled to see her there nude but quickly recovered.

“Miss, I am extremely angry at you for what you did and the situation you have created. You will be dealt with severely.”

She bowed her head. Shannon loved her father so much and always did whatever she could to please him. She had been six when her mom had died and had formed a very close relationship with her father...had always been teased as being Daddy’s favorite. Now he was seeing her in all her naked glory, leaking from the encounter with Jimmy.

“Come into the kitchen and sit for dinner. Then we will discuss your punishment.”

She entered the kitchen where Colleen and Brighid had been preparing dinner. She noticed that Brighid had changed into sweats. How she envied her big sister...to be able to change clothes was such a luxury.

They sat down in their regular spots but nothing was regular now. Shannon was very aware of her tits on display all through dinner. Luckily, she sat across from Jimmy and not next to him. Although he dropped his napkin a few times to get a better look at her bare pussy.

They ate in mostly uncomfortable silence. Her father rarely got angry but when he did the rest of the family knew to lay low. There was some small talk...that Brighid had talked to Megan today and that she was doing well in college...that Jimmy had basketball practice tomorrow night and would need a ride. Nothing had yet come up about Shannon’s punishment and condition but it was right there, just below the surface.

Except for her tits that is...they were the most obvious things that showed that something was less than right here. She also realized that she was sitting with her bare back to the window and that anyone looking in would see her. She wanted to change seats but realized that every seat had a view from the window. What had been her favorite part of the room, all of the windows, was now the source of her humiliation.

They finished their meal and Colleen announced it was time for dessert.

“Shannon, can you please go to the freezer and get the ice cream and take everyone’s order. Then dish it out and serve it to everyone.”

She pleaded with a look at Colleen but one look at her father settled it. She hopped out of her seat and went over to the freezer. She knew this would be embarrassing but she felt she could do it after all she had been through.

She reached into the cold freezer and felt her nipples push even harder out of her skin. They ached so much she was dying to dive under the covers and get warm. She pulled out some vanilla and chocolate and also some peach, her daddy’s favorite. Might as well try and brownnose a little, she thought.

“Daddy, would you like some peach ice cream?”

“Yes Shannon, two scoops please.”

Shannon grabbed the scooper and dished out two scoops of the peach ice cream and brought it to her father. To deliver it, she had to lean over Jimmy who gawked at her breasts and extended nipples.

“Colleen, what kind of ice cream would you like?”

“Two scoops of chocolate please Shannon, thank you.”

Shannon scooped out two scoops of the brown ice cream and put it in a bowl.

“Oh and Shannon, some whipped cream please.”

Shannon groaned but went to the frig and grabbed the Reddi-Whip and sprayed it onto the ice cream, getting some on her belly. She delivered it to Colleen and again had to lean over Jimmy. He saw the whipped cream and laughed at her. She ignored him and asked Brighid what she wanted.

“Actually, I’ll just have some fruit salad. Could you get some for me?”

Shannon glared at her older sister. “you should understand how awful this is,” she thought. “You should cut me some slack!” instead she just turned and reached into the frig, grabbing the fruit salad from the bottom shelf, giving everyone who could see (and she was sure everyone was watching) a view right up her pussy.

She took the big Tupperware out and spooned out a bowl full of fruit salad for Brighid. She delivered it and then asked Jimmy what he wanted.

“Chocolate and vanilla, two scoops of each.”

She went back to the counter and dished out the ice cream. As she came to deliver it, his hand “mistakenly” hit the bottom of the bowl and it fell onto her bare breasts. She screamed at the extreme cold on her soft breasts.

“Jimmy, you have made a mess and should be more careful. Please clean up your mess.”

Oh no...”That’s ok,” Shannon said to Colleen, “It was just an accident...I’ll take care of it.”

“Absolutely not Shannon, Jimmy has been clumsy and needs to learn a lesson.

Jimmy, grab some washcloths, wet them and clean your sister off.”

She stood there while Jimmy rushed to the drawer where the washcloths were kept and wet them. Shannon noticed that he used cold water and she groaned inside again.

Jimmy came over and began to maul her poor breasts with his ice cold towels. “AHHH!!! TOO COLDDD!!” The family laughed at her agony as Jimmy finished wiping her breasts clean of the ice cream. Finally her breasts were free and no longer sticky. Her nipples threatened to burst from the cold water and exposure to the night air, even in the house.

“Good boy Jimmy, try not to be so clumsy next time.”

“Yes maam,” he told Colleen, a glint in his eye.

“Now Shannon, please dish out some more ice cream for Jimmy.”

She glared at Colleen who returned the look. Shannon knew she had no choice and went back to the counter and dished out more ice cream for her bratty brother. This time the dish made it to the table and she went to get herself some.

“Where are you going Miss,” her father asked.

“To get myself some ice cream Sir,” she replied quietly.

“I don’t think so, dessert is a privilege that has to be earned...you have not earned it tonight. Come and sit down please.”

She went back to her seat and had to suffer watching her family eat their ice cream. “Shannon, can you pour us some coffee. Get some milk for Jimmy as well. And feel free to pour yourself some hot tea.”

She went to the kettle, glad to be doing something and not watch them all eat ice cream. She filled the kettle and poured instant coffee into three cups. She also put a tea bag in a mug for herself and poured some milk for Jimmy.

She wasn’t even listening to the conversation her family was having, she was lost in the blissful quiet of the other side of the kitchen, finally not the center of attention.

The kettle whistled and she poured the hot water into the four mugs. Some of the scalding water sprayed against her and she winced but kept the pour clean. She carried the cups of coffee to Dad and Colleen first, paying special attention to Jimmy and his hands. She then went and delivered Brighid’s coffee before grabbing her tea mug and Jimmy’s milk. She sat down and pushed Jimmy’s milk towards him.

The conversation between Dad and Brighid finished. Shannon was glad to see that Daddy’s mood had lightened a bit.

“Now, Shannon, it is time to deal with what you have been doing,” he said.

“Daddy, I am really sorry for skipping school and lying about it. I didn’t mean to hurt anyone.”

“Shannon, do you realize what could have happened to a young girl out there downtown by herself...Christ, you are 16 years old for crying out loud...you are too young to be out there alone...you could have been raped or robbed or worse...murdered. Do you get that? And nobody knew where you were!”

Shannon started to sob. Her daddy had never been this angry with her. And, worse, she knew that every word he said was absolutely correct.

“Dammit, I don’t want you buck naked and walking around this house but God Dammit, I don’t know what else to do.”

“Please Daddy, no, let me wear clothes at home. Please, I’ve learned my lesson. Being naked at school is so horrible...it’s the worst thing I’ve ever done...please let me have clothes.”

The kitchen was quiet except for Shannon’s sobbing. Even Jimmy was moved by the force of Shannon’s talk. They all couldn’t imagine being forced through what Shannon was going through.

The silence continued. Shannon’s father just sat there, looking his daughter directly in the eye. Shannon’s teary eyes met his and they locked.

“No, Shannon, I am going to continue your nude punishment here at home...at least for the beginning.”

NOOO! Shannon’s sobs got louder and turned into wails.

“Jack, come on honey, can’t we have some compassion for her,” Colleen asked.

“Col, don’t you see how much she hates this. What better punishment than this?”

They all agreed that this girl did truly hate being naked. “However, I am not going to have the punishment last for six weeks. Shannon, you can earn some clothing as the weeks go on. Go a week without an infraction of any kind and you can wear socks. Two weeks, shoes. Three, knickers. Four, a bra. Five a shirt and then the sixth week you can wear shorts.”

Colleen smiled at him. She knew he loved legs and she realized that he had made sure that Shannon’s legs would be bare the whole time.

Shannon wasn’t sure what this meant. Socks and shoes were ok but she couldn’t wait until the third week and some blessed covering. Even the flimsiest knickers would feel like a complete body wrap after three weeks of nudity.

While the news wasn’t all terrible, it still was not good. She was still going to be naked for two weeks until those knickers.

“You may go to your room and do your homework. You will see that Colleen and Brighid have made some adjustments to your accommodations.”

She got up and started to leave. Something made her turn around and run to her father. She wrapped her arms around him and gave him a huge hug, tears flowing out of her eyes.

“I am so sorry Daddy,” she said, conscious of her naked body against the rough fabric of his clothes. “I promise to do better and be a good girl.”

Jack could hardly contain his emotions. He had always loved Shannon, felt bad that she had to suffer through this humiliation. But inside, he knew that she would grow from the experience.

But, he also was keenly aware of the rising bulge in his pants. Having a naked teenager, even his own daughter, in his lap was a lot for a man to take.

“There, there honey, it’s ok,” he said, patting her bare back. “Apology accepted. Let’s move on from this and learn a lesson ok?”

She pulled away and nodded, pushing her long hair out of her tear streaked face.

She got off her Daddy’s lap and walked across the tile floor and up into her room.

**PART 9**

Shannon made it up the steps, still naked. Her father had just passed the punishment down...she would remain naked at home for at least two weeks. After that, it would be knickers one week, then a bra would be added and so on until after six weeks should be allowed to be fully clothed. That day couldn’t come soon enough for the 16 year old.

Her forced nudity came as a result of a school punishment. St. Mark’s, where Shannon was a junior, had passed a rule that allowed for humiliating punishments such as forced nudity for certain infractions. She had earned six weeks of complete nudity after skipping school and calling in a false sick call to the school.

Her father had handled her a bit lighter. She was still to be naked to and from school and in school for the entire six weeks. However at home and at family events, she would be allowed to gradually earn a piece of clothing each week. She would be the perfect daughter, she thought...she so badly wanted to earn the right to wear clothes again.

She was grateful that her father was giving her some time alone. She couldn’t wait to climb into bed and cover herself with her quilt and hide away from all eyes for just a few minutes. She remembered that she still had some humiliating homework...draw her pussy and tits for art class...watch the video of Fr.’s biology presentation on her body during which she was forced to masturbate almost to orgasm...the English homework where she had to look at her naked body in a mirror and write a descriptive essay on it and a technical report.

She got to her room and saw immediately the difference. Her door was gone, her quilt was gone...there were no clothes in her closet or drawers...there were no sheets on her bed and no pillow. Her room was cleared of pretty much anything that could cover her nudity.

Shannon dropped to her knees....this was the final straw of her bad day. She wasn’t even allowed the sanctuary of her own room. She sobbed, looking like a tortured girl that she was... her head bowed, her hair covering her face, her back heaving with sobs.

Downstairs, the family heard her scream and then the thud of her hitting the floor followed by her sobs. Her dad and stepmom exchanged worried glances at each other...had they gone too far?

Jimmy and Brighid had secret smiles...but for different reasons. Jimmy was just a horny 12 year old who was glad to see a naked girl...especially one as hot as Shannon, even if she was his sister. Brighid had always had a thing about humiliation, especially another girl’s. Plus, she was always jealous of the relationship that Shannon had with their father...her and Megan had often talked about Shannon being the favorite...it was nice to see her get hers.

“Colleen, we have to be strong,” her father said. “Mr. Jones suggested this for a reason. He’s an educator and knows what is best for raising a child.”

Colleen nodded but Brighid just smiled. She knew what a pervert Mr. Jones is, had caught him looking up her skirt once during cheerleading. She also thought she saw him sneaking out of the girls’ locker room one day after school, a pair of knickers in his hand. Yeah, he was a perv but it was going to benefit her this time.

Plus, what real harm would this do?

“I’ll go talk to her,” Colleen said, leaving the table and heading up the stairs.

She got to Shannon’s room and her heart broke for the poor naked girl. She saw Shannon’s bare back shaking from the sobs, her bare ass resting on the soles of her feet, her head bowed. She really was a thing of beauty, Colleen thought.

Colleen entered the room and knelt in front of the sobbing flesh. “Oh Shannon, I’m so sorry,” Colleen said, embracing her beautiful stepdaughter.

Shannon felt the soft sweatshirt of her stepmother and cried some more, enveloping her arms around Colleen. Although she was not her mother, Colleen had been around for years and she and Shannon had grown quite close. Not quite mother and daughter...more like big sister/little sister. Shannon needed the love of someone, anyone and was glad for the compassion.

“It’s so awful Colleen,” she said between sobs. “To be constantly on display, to know that everyone can see everything...and now this, I have no privacy. I hate it!”

Colleen rubbed the bare back to console the girl.

“I know sweetheart, and your father and I debated whether to do this or not, but Mr. Jones said it was the best thing for us to do,” she said.

Hearing her principal’s name made Shannon sit straight up. Oh God, I’m not even safe from that man at home. The sobs came even harder and louder.

Finally she calmed down. Colleen told her that she could come to her room at any time she wanted now. If there hadn’t made the alterations in her room, she would have had to be monitored. Now she could be in there alone. Colleen’s words made her feel a little better. Her stepmom helped her up onto her feet and Colleen made her way to her desk. There was her bookbag and her homework. Oh God, she had forgotten about her humiliating homework. She had to watch those videos of herself and do those assignments. And she knew her bratty, horny little brother would be right there with her.

She grabbed the humiliating videotapes and went downstairs. There her brother and father were watching a basketball game.

“Excuse me, Daddy, I have to watch a videotape for homework...do you think I could do it now?”

“Sure honey, your homework is more important than a basketball game,” her father said. “Pop it in and I’d like to watch it myself.”

No, no, no, tell him why he shouldn’t watch it. Be honest, she thought.

“Ah, Daddy, I don’t think you’ll want to watch it,” Shannon said. “Umm, it’s just boring science stuff.”

“Nonsense, I love science, pop it in and maybe Jimmy here will learn something!”

OH GOD, oh God.

With shaking legs, Shannon walked over to the VCR and popped the tape in. She sat down crosslegged on the floor with her notebook on her lap, her back to the couch where her dad and Jimmy were sitting. Jimmy got up and moved to a chair off to her side so he could see her better. She shot him a dirty look but he just smiled at her and returned his gaze to her bare tits. “I hate him,” she thought. At least sitting cross legged he couldn’t see much of her bare pussy.

What was she thinking, she wondered, Jimmy and her dad were about to see much more than a glimpse of pussy...they were about to see her intimately and then finish with masturbation. She cringed at the thought of her daddy seeing this display.

The screen was black now but soon it was filled with her naked body, completely spread open. She heard her father gasp and her brother laugh...this was so humiliating. The way the video was shot, the cuffs on her ankles were barely visible and she looked to be keeping this humiliating pose all by herself.

She tried to ignore the heavy breathing of her dad and the stunned eyes of her brother as she listened to her teacher’s explanations about her sexual organs. She was pleasantly surprised to learn that most of the lesson had not been about humiliating her. In fact, Father Magee’s lesson was very informative and she learned a lot about herself. Having a naked model was a huge help in explaining the sexual organs of a woman, better than any book. She just wished it wasn’t her sex organs being discussed.

She didn’t even realize it but the 45 minutes of the class went quickly. They were at the point of her ultimate humiliation...her masturbation. She thought that she would hear Father Magee’s commands but realized that the first sign it was coming was her hand reaching down and playing with her pussy.

Oh Christ, she thought, they are making it look like she couldn’t help herself. She saw her fingers moving with reckless abandon and knew that Father was egging her on. But on the tape, the audio had been cleared of every voice but her own. Her moans and then her begging.

She watched the tape, which was playing...:

“Father,” she whispered.

“Yes Miss Malone...”

“Father, I have to stop...I am close Sir.”

“Close to what Miss Malone.”

“Oh God, close to cumming Sir...Please let me stop.”

“No Miss Malone...sluts call it cumming...good Catholic girls like you might say they are near orgasm...is that what you are?”

“OH! YES Father, I am near orgasm Sir.”

“Oh yes, very well, Miss. You may stop.”

“AHH!”

The memories overwhelm her...her face is flushed at the sight of her near orgasm...the last thing she wanted or needed right then.

She saw her brother and noticed that his cock was tenting his shorts. She turned and saw her father gulp.

“Daddy, I’m sorry you had to see that, Father Magee made me do that to show the class what a woman’s organ looks like when she is aroused.”

“Um, it’s, um, it’s okay hun, I’m sure that was just for science...ah, Jimmy probably learned something from watching too, right Jim?”

Jimmy was still absorbed in the picture that ended freeze framed on the screen, a close up of her gaping pussy, still leaking her juices.

“Jim?”

“Ah, yeah Dad?”

“Did you learn something?”

Jimmy smirked right at Shannon, his eyes directly on hers and said, “Oh yeah Dad, I learned a whole lot.”

Shannon hopped to her feet and ran out of the room. Shannon’s father struggled to hide his erection as he rose from the couch to find Colleen to relieve his agony. Jimmy grabbed the tape out of the VCR and returned to his room to relieve the tension himself. This was going to be a great six weeks.

**PART 10**

Shannon had completed most of the rest of her homework in her room. Her snotty

brother had come in two or three times to bug her but Colleen, true to her word,

had gotten him out pretty quickly. It was actually relaxing and she almost

forgot about her nudity.

Well, not really. She felt the rough fabric of the mattress on her bare ass and tits...wishing she had a soft sheet on top. And her homework of course kept bringing the naked memories back to her.

She had written her journal entry inspired by her naked body for English class.

It read like this:

My Body

By Shannon Malone

My body, once meant only for me, is now being displayed to all.

They all can see my breasts and vagina, my parts once so private.

They all can see all of me, the parts that I wish were just mine and for my eyes.

They all can see those parts of me usually reserved for someone I love or someone I allow.

Now they all can see.

My body, which I once was so proud of, is now a source of pain.

They all can see every flaw, every wrinkle, every bump or curve.

They all can see my excitement, my arousal, my embarrassment.

They all can see my nudity, my body in all its glory.

I do not decide who can see, that right was taken from me.

For now, I am just an object...an object of nudity, of humiliation, of despair.

I wish for clothes again...to have my private parts kept just that way.

I wish to be hidden, I wish to go away.

The pages were splattered by her tears. The pain of the moment echoed in her words and now this visible reminder of her embarrassment.

The art project was a bit more difficult. Despite the videotape, which she was sure her grubby little brother had already pilfered, she didn’t have a good feel for what her pussy looked like. And the only full length mirror she had in her room had been on her door which was now God knows where.

So she took her art pad into the bathroom and sat up on the counter. She put her ass on the sink and put her feet on either side. She knew the position she was in was extremely vulnerable and would put her on display to anyone that walked by. Of course she had been warned not to close the door while in any room or else lose more privilege. She had been mortified to have to pee or poop while people watched but knew she had little choice in the matter.

She took her art pad and began to sketch the outlines of her pussy lips...trying to capture the plump lips, slightly gaping...and the redness peeking out from inside. She drew the wisps of hair growing on her pubes and the extended area where her lips came to a point over her clitoris. She noticed little leakage coming from the spread lips and now knew what it was the class was snickering about. Drew the little specks of her juice as it came out.

On top, she wrote, “Shannon’s Vagina,” as instructed and then moved on to her tits. In her concentrated state, she did not see her little perv brother out in the hallway, videotaping her work. To someone not familiar with her situation, she looked like a slut, spreading her pussy in a mirror and drawing the sight. He would have his friends come over and pay for the right to view her display in biology and this little work.

Without even realizing he was there, Shannon closed her legs and began to draw her little tits. They had always been smaller than other girls and she drew them that way. She made them round like they were with pointy nipples on top. She had seen them lots of times and felt no special shame at drawing them for some reason...they seemed much less intimate than her pussy. On top, she wrote “Shannon’s Breasts,” as instructed and closed her art pad.

She scampered down from the counter and felt the cold tile on her feet. She got out of the bathroom and headed back to her room. Jimmy taped the whole thing and then went to his room to view the tape. And of course to jerk off to the vision.

Shannon, oblivious to her brother for now, finished her homework and got up to shut out the light in her room. Before getting onto her mattress, she knelt beside her bed to pray to God for the strength to make it through six weeks and to be strong. She then climbed up onto the bare mattress, her naked body against the rough fabric and drifted off into a deep but troubled sleep.

**PART 11**

Shannon was watching the news...it was George Bush making a speech. Behind him was his wife Laura. And to her left were his twin daughters, Barbara and Jenna, completely naked on stage. They had been crying recently and Shannon heard the report talking about them skipping class and lying about it. Shannon could see that both had bigger breasts than her but her legs were nicer...

“SHANNON, wake up, come on it’s time to get up.”

It was her sister Brighid shaking her. Shannon’s eyes could barely see in the darkness as her mind was still on the very vivid dream.

“Brighid, what is it? Is something wrong,” she said, rubbing the sleep from her eyes.

“Come on, I need you to run with me. You know that I don’t like to go by myself.

Plus you promised you would run with me to help me get back into shape.”

“Brighid, I’m naked. No way am I running with you.”

“Yes you are. Come on, I already convinced Dad to let you wear sneaks and socks for this. Let’s go, you owe me!”

For some reason, Shannon bought this logic from her sister and swung her naked legs off the mattress and onto the floor. Shannon had been completely naked for about 24 hours now, ever since that awful morning assembly when she had been punished for skipping school and then lying about it.

“Brig, please have some mercy on me. It’s winter out, I’ll freeze my ass off.”

“Nonsense, I just checked the Weather Channel and it’s 40 degrees outside...way above freezing. By the time we’re done, we’ll be hot and sweaty and I’ll envy your nudity.”

Shannon knew her oldest sister was impossible to argue with so she gratefully took the socks and sneaks, her first covering in a day. Twenty-four hours ago, she would have felt totally naked. Now, not having her bare feet hitting the ground or on display was a huge blessing!

She followed Brighid out of the room and down the stairs. She figured she was lucky that it was barely light out yet. Maybe there wouldn’t be many people out there.

They went out the front door and the gust of cold air hit her naked body. She shivered and hoped that Brighid was right.

Of course Brighid would not hear of them starting to run right away, leading Shannon through a series of stretching exercises. She realized the positions she was in while stretching and wondered if any early birds were catching this show.

She couldn’t see Mr. Firgus, a neighbor across the street, taking in the view from his large picture window. He had been up all night working on a project for work and had just shut the lights off when he noticed the porch light come on across the street. Mr. Firgus was a widower, having lost his wife two years ago. They had a grown son who visited once in a while but he hadn’t had much female companionship since then. He had always admired the Malone girls from across the street and had often seen them out running and he loved seeing them in their sports bras and their short running shorts. Occasionally, he would catch glimpses of them changing...especially the youngest girl Shannon whose room faced the front of the house. To him, she was the best looking of the three girls and one of the best looking girls he had ever seen. He reminded himself to look towards her room more often.

When he saw the light go on, he had looked on the off chance that one of the girls was going out running or maybe even Colleen, she was pretty good looking herself. Although, on a cold day like today, there wouldn’t be much chance of seeing anything. Even so, those tight lycra running pants would be nice to see. Of course, it probably was just Jack heading off to work.

He had spotted Brighid come out first and had been disappointed to see the bulky sweatshirt and long pants. She was pretty but not as good as her sisters. Still, those short skirts she wore to work showed off some great legs.

He was about to head upstairs when he made out some bare white skin. Then he saw her...Shannon was running too and she was totally naked except for socks and sneaks. This must be a dream, he thought, the most wonderful dream ever. He rubbed his eyes but the lovely vision did not go away. In fact, she was treating him to some of the most erotic views he had ever seen live. Even those girls at the strip joint he stopped at once in a while never did this for him. She was stretching her muscles and her could see her gaping pussy on display.

He could not control the feeling in his cock as he pulled down his boxers and began to jerk off not taking his eyes off of the view in front of him. Right now she was bent over, her bare ass facing him, giving him a view of her cute little slit and her bare asshole. That was enough as he shut his cum all over the wall under his window.

Just then, the two girls ran off. He continued to spurt and jerk watching them go. Finally they were out of sight and he breathed again, the orgasm more powerful than any he had experienced since early in his marriage. It was then that he noticed the mess he had made and went to wet some washcloths and wipe the wall and his cock clean. When it was tidy again, he sat in his easy chair with a full view of the window and waited for them to arrive home. Finally, almost 40 minutes later (during which he wanked constantly), they came back and again she stretched in some cool down exercises. Again, he spurted, this time into the warm washcloth and she disappeared into the house. Sitting there, he fell into a deep, blissful sleep, dreaming of the naked runner.

**PART 12**

Of course, Brighid had planned the course for the morning jog. The main streets were no problem for her, being covered by the sweat suit. But for naked Shannon, the route was full of humiliation.

Shannon had been naked since early the day before, suffering a school punishment. She was to be naked like this every day for six weeks. If at that point she earned no additional punishments, she would be allowed clothes again like a regular girl.

When she got home, her father and stepmom had informed her that the nudity punishment would be in effect at home too. They had even cleared her room of its door, her clothes, her blankets and pillows. There wasn’t even a sheet on the bed to prevent her from “being tempted to cover herself.”

At least Brighid had convinced her dad to let her wear sneaks and socks during this run...her feet wouldn’t be in too much pain. Just her ego. She had been forced through a lot of humiliating experiences yesterday and today wasn’t starting too good.

First there was the stretching outside the house, at Brighid’s insistence. Then she had to run alongside her older sister as they went down their quiet secluded street and onto a main street. It was there that the first cars spotted her. Some honked...some swerved, taking their eyes off the road when seeing the naked girl. They had passed startled walkers going by, walking dogs or just out exercising. Some had been discreet when they saw her. Others were less so. One tripped over a raise in the sidewalk and fell onto his face.

For Shannon, the run had been just what Brighid had in mind...humiliating. Every pair of eyes that bore into her crushed her...she imagined what people were saying...”slut, tramp, whore, cunt.” They might think she enjoyed showing off...that she was out there naked by choice. She wanted to scream...”I DON’T LIKE THIS! I HAVE NO CHOICE!”

Finally, they made it back to the relative sanctuary of her house. Of course, she was not allowed to simply go inside. According to her sister, first she had to cool down, stretching again. This time it wasn’t quite as dark and she knew that some people on her street had to be awake. She was at least glad that she had not frozen to death...in fact, Brighid was right, she was sweating.

Finally, Brighid thought they were sufficiently cooled down and they were allowed inside. Just as she was about to enter the house, Brighid held her hand out and said, “Give me your shoes...you are not permitted to wear them in the house. I forgot to tell you.”

A small humiliation comparatively but a humiliation nonetheless for the naked girl. She knelt down and untied the sneaks and pulled them off with her socks and handed them to Brighid.

She felt her sweaty feet on the cold tile of the foyer and relaxed a bit when she hit the carpet. Funny that bare feet made her feel even more naked than with sneaks and socks on.

She smelled breakfast cooking and ran up the stairs to shower before eating. One good thing about being naked all the time was that she did not need to get undressed or find clothes to wear. She just went into the bathroom, turned the water on and hopped into the shower.

The warm water felt good on her muscles which had been aching from the run. She rubbed some shampoo on her hair and washed it, feeling alone and at peace for the first time in a day. At least here she was supposed to be naked.

She got out of the shower and dried off. She knew that she would have to fight her normal after-shower habit of wrapping the towel around her body while she did her hair, brushed her teeth and applied her makeup. Now she would have to do it all nude.

While she was drying her hair she felt the need to pee. She shut the hair dryer off and sat on the toilet. In seconds, the flow of pee was hitting the water. Just then, her brother Jimmy came into the room.

“Hey Jim, please leave for a minute. I’ll be done in a second ok?”

“Oh Shannon, don’t worry about me, I just want to brush my teeth.”

OH GOD...”please Jimmy, please have a little compassion for me...this is so humiliating...I’m your sister, can’t you let me pee in private.”

“Ah, Shannon, I don’t think you get it. You are not allowed any more privacy.

Sorry.”

So she sat there and peed while her brother stood, inches away, supposedly brushing his teeth. She hung her head in defeat, buried it in her hands as more tears flowed out of her eyes.

For Jimmy, it was a dream come true. He had spent a lot of time last night on line, telling all of his friends about his good fortune. He had taped hours of footage of his nude sister and would soon be showing his friends. And now, he was able to totally humiliate her by standing next to her while she peed. This was a 12-year old’s wet dream!

She waited for him to finish, not wanting to give him the satisfaction of seeing her wipe...a small stupid victory for her but she was willing to take anything she cold get at this point. But her brother was willing to wait her out...moving on to combing his hair and then gurgling with some mouthwash. Shannon realized that the bus would be there soon so she began to degrading task of ripping off the toilet paper and wiping her slit free of pee. Jimmy’s eyes went right to that part of her as she suspected and he grinned.

He quickly left and she finished her hair and makeup. She knew she had to hurry but not having to dress saved her time. She grabbed her book bag and ran down to eat. Colleen had left a plate of toast and eggs for her and she gratefully ate it. Just then Brighid passed her. Shannon hated her, seeing her in her miniskirt that showed off just enough of her leg, wearing clothes that covered the parts that were supposed to be covered but showing off the parts that she wanted shown. She would give anything to wear clothes again.

“I would give you a ride to school but I am running late,” she said grinning.

“Have a good day Shannon dear...don’t do anything I wouldn’t do.”

Shannon seethed as she watched her older sister walk out of the house, her heels clanging on the tile floor. The she looked at the clock and saw that the bus would be there in five minutes. She had timed it to avoid a long wait at the stop in broad daylight but didn’t want to risk missing it. She grabbed her bag and ran out the door towards her second naked school day.

**PART 13**

Shannon made her way out of the front door, on her way to school. She was like a normal school girl in every way, except she was completely naked and would be this way for six more weeks. Ever since yesterday’s assembly, where she had been forced to strip in front of the school as punishment for skipping school and then making a false sick call, she had been nude. Even at home, she was kept nude, an extension of her punishment.

She walked down the path...her bare feet being careful to avoid rocks and sharp edges. She thought how much she took for granted when she wore shoes...and prayed that the day would come again when she could slip her feet into those dreaded school shoes.

She didn’t want to run and get to the stop too early and have to wait but certainly did not want to miss the bus. That would mean either walking, a public bus or calling Dad or Colleen for a ride. Any of the solutions would make her late and earn her further humiliation and punishment.

She left the relative quiet of her side street and made it to the busy main street. She decided to run again, to avoid lingering glances at her. At least now she was moving. Again her naked dart caused commotion...cars honking and squealing, people gasping and laughing...rude and lewd comments made about her.

She finally made it to her corner and hid next to a newspaper stand. At least here only her tits were in sight and only from one direction.

“Well now, look at that set...” She turned and saw an older man, wrapped in a dirty blanket. She realized that he was a homeless man who had been making the alley behind the convenience store home for the last few weeks.

She closed her eyes and turned towards the wooden wall of the stand.

“Oh honey, don’t hide those beautiful things...come and let me see them...I just want to feel them a little, that’s all.”

She crossed her arms over her tits, praying that the man would leave her alone. But she soon felt his presence right behind her, his breath, which reeked of alcohol, on her bare back. His cold dirty hand touched her back and she squealed.

“Easy now George, leave the little girl alone...move along.”

They both wheeled and saw a police officer standing there, a friendly but firm look on his face.

“Oh come on officer, I just wanted to touch her...I mean she is standing here naked...she obviously wants it.”

“Just because she’s naked doesn’t give you any rights George...if you touch her again, I’ll run you in for indecent assault...that’s a hell of a lot worse than those public drunkenness charges.”

“OK, Christ, a guy can’t get any fun around this town,” he muttered, walking away from Shannon and back behind the alley.

“Tthh-ankk you officer.”

“My pleasure maam. You must be Shannon Malone. I was told to keep an eye out for you. Sorry about old George there...you have to admit, most people would think you wanted that kind of attention.”

“But, I hate all of this attention. You have to believe me.”

“Oh I know...Mr. Jones called the precinct to tell us that you would be naked and not to give you trouble. This town owes a lot to St. Mark’s and we would never let its students be hurt. We understand their rules and will help keep the peace. I’ll be here every morning to protect you and most afternoons. Don’t worry about being hurt. I can’t stop people from gawking or calling you names. That’s their right. But no one has the right to touch you.”

Just then Vince pulled up in the school bus. “Your chariot my naked friend...by the way, my name is Fred. Let me know if there is anything I can do.”

Fred held his hand out and helped her into the bus. She got on, sat in her assigned seat, spread her legs for Vince and the mirror and saw Officer Fred wave. He was cute, she thought...and he was her protector. She smiled, despite her embarrassing pose, and met the new day.

The first person on the bus was her new friend Leeza. She jumped into the seat next to Shannon and began to talk. She was glad at some friendliness, even if the girl was simply chattering on. Listening to her helped the ride go faster.

Of course everyone that got on “accidentially” bumped into the naked girl in the front seat on the aisle. Book bags, hands, arms hit her shoulders and tits while legs and shoes found her bare legs and feet. One brazen boy cupped her bare breast until Vince yelled at him to find a seat.

The ride was humiliating...she heard the students remarking at her naked pussy on display. Even the chattering of Leeza couldn’t block it out.

“So, what are you going to do about basketball?” Leeza asked.

“What? I’m sorry, I zoned out.”

“Basketball, how are you going to play naked?”

Shannon hadn’t thought of that. She was one of the team’s top players...had been hoping for a scholarship. A good year this season would bring the scouts next season. Now she would be forced to play barefoot and naked...if her coach let her play at all. And how could she perform in front of all of those fans and having to play against other girls, their bodies rubbing up against hers as she posted up or went for a rebound.

“I don’t know...maybe they’ll let me wear something.”

“Oh no, the rules are pretty clear Shannon. A student on naked punishment stays naked for all school activities. That includes basketball.”

Her new friend was right...Shannon vaguely remembered reading that in the rules she and her father had signed before the school year. Those new rules enacted by the Board of Trustees at the school. She had never thought it would effect her...had secretly waited for it to happen... especially to a hot boy. But she never dreamed she would be the first one tried under the new rule.

The bus was now full and she felt the eyes of almost everyone on the mirror that contained the image of her bare pussy. She wanted to shrivel up into a ball and disappear but instead she sat there, legs spread, tits and pussy on full view of all who cared.

Finally, the bus pulled up at school. She started to get up when she heard Vince say, “Shannon, you need to be the last one off.”

She sat back down, resigned to another grope fest. She was right too, most of the kids laid a hand of some body part on her naked body. One boy, the same one that had cupped her breasts, kissed her on the lips and ran his hand up her slit. She pushed him away but he just smiled, enjoying the revulsion on her face.

Finally the bus was empty and she was at least able to close her legs and get on her feet. She grabbed her bag and left the bus, entering the school building. She passed her clothed schoolmates, many of whom wondered if this show could last another day. They were pleasantly surprised that it had.

As she passed the principal’s office, Mrs. Phillips yelled out, “Miss Malone, Mr. Jones needs to see you.”

She groaned at the news...knowing that Mr. Jones would have something humiliating for her to do.

**PART 14**

She entered the principal’s office, her bare feet sinking into his plush carpeting. Mr. Jones had been the one to impose this nude punishment on her, making her strip yesterday in front of the school and then creating new ways to humiliate her during classes. He had even reached into her home, convincing her father and stepmom to enforce the nudity clause at home and then removing everything out of her room that would provide some privacy.

“Miss Malone, I trust your had a good night’s sleep,” he asked.

“Yes sir,” she replied softly. Being a young and naked girl in front of a fully-clothes authority figure made her feel tiny.

“Good, every day you have to report here when you enter the building. If I am not here, you will kneel on the floor and wait for me. Do you understand?”

“Why so you can gawk at me every day,” Shannon thought. But she just said, “Yes Sir.”

“Good...you may go.”

Shannon turned and walked out of the plush office and onto the cold tile again. Mrs. Phillips handed her a note for being late to class and the young girl hurried to her locker.

What she saw when she got there floored her. The entire row of lockers had a huge poster of her nudity on it...her body from head to toe. It was taken while she slept in the training room. Her posture had her completely spread, her lips slightly gaping yet again, her arms at her sides so her bare tits were shown. The only thing was, laying like she was, they were barely bumps on her chest with nipples.

In big block letters across the top were the words: Naked Shannon’s Sexy Dreams.

She could hardly believe it...there she was again...at the brink of a breakdown...she didn’t think anything could floor her but this had. She cried again, making it to her locker and dropping off some books. Wasn’t there anybody here who cared about her? Was she going to made to suffer every day for six weeks?

Carrie, her best friend, ran to meet her at her locker. “Oh God, poor Shannon.

This is awful...I wanted to warn you but somehow you slipped past me.”

“How could you miss me, I’m the only naked person here?”

Carrie laughed, thinking Shannon was joking. Then she saw the pain in Shannon’s eyes and got serious.

“Oh man, it must be so terrible. I feel so bad for you,” Carrie said, wrapping her arms around the girl. Shannon lingered in the hug, loving the warmth of her friend, knowing there were few friends like Carrie here anymore.

She thought of how popular she used to be...she had lots of friends and lots of people who admired and envied her. Now they all leered at her, made fun of her, groped her, humiliated her and teased her. She was lower than the lowest kid out there.

“Here, I brought you a treat,” Carrie said, handing Shannon a peanut butter brownie. “I thought you could use a pick me up.”

Shannon smiled at her friend’s kindness. Then she giggled and said...”if I eat this, there’ll be even more of me to be seen.”

Carrie enjoyed her friend’s joke, glad to see her mood lightening a bit. “Hey Shan, want to come over this weekend for a sleep over? I thought you could use some fun.”

“Sure,” Shannon said smiling. “I’ll ask my dad.”

The two friends walked off, one naked, the other in her uniform. How Shannon envied her friend’s clothes. She remembered how much she used to hate her uniform, dying to remove it as soon as the school day ended. If she had it now she would love it and never want to take it off.

Carrie could almost read her friend’s mind...well they had been friends since kindergarten. She felt her blouse and skirt and wished she could give it to Shannon. Carrie couldn’t even imagine being naked in front of the whole school but would do it for a while if it meant her friend could be covered.

Carrie didn’t have the body that Shannon did but she was growing into a beautiful woman. She was about 5’4, 100 pounds. Her breasts were bigger than Shannon’s (about a 34C) but she thought her legs were kind of dumpy. She didn’t turn the boys heads like her friend did but the two of them together were a sight.

Finally, they had to part, Shannon had to go to religion class and Carrie to French. They promised to meet again for lunch and hugged. Shannon felt better than she had in a long time, thanks to her best friend.

Nothing happened in religion class. Thankfully, Sister McCool was one of those nuns that didn’t agree with the punishment and didn’t care what Mr. Jones thought. She had pulled Shannon aside and told her so and told her not to worry in her class, which came as a relief to the naked girl.

The next class was again, Father Magee and biology. In the front of the room sat the dreaded gyno chair. She figured she should sit there but still made her way to a seat in the back of the room, hoping against hope that she cold stay there.

Father entered the room and looked at her with a grin. “Miss Malone, this is your seat for the next six weeks. Even when you are not a model, you will sit here. Understand?”

“Yes father,” she said, her voice barely above a whisper. She got out of her seat again and made her way down the platformed steps onto the gyno chair. Again Carl was there to lock her ankles into the seat. This time, they raised the back so she was sitting straight up, her face and tits in clear sight of all of her classmates. Also they tied her arms at her side so she was unable to move one inch from anyone’s vision or touch. Carl especially enjoyed tying her upper body, his face inches from hers.

They had to wait until Charles arrived with the dreaded video camera and set up. He apologized profusely to Father Magee who warned him not to be late and holdup class again. Once everything was ready, Father Magee launched into a dissertation on the female breast and its part in the human reproduction process. He pointed out her milk ducts, etc. for the class.

“OK, class, if you would come up a row at a time, I will allow you all to feel a female breasts...even you girls should feel another girl’s breast in the way that I am showing.”

WHAT? Shannon thought. He was giving them permission to grope me. Father Magee laughed at her shocked expression...”There, there, put those eyes back in your head...this is a science lesson...not a sex party. They need me to show them where the milk ducts are.”

First Father Magee showed the class where to put their hands...she felt the awful mauling of her tits and screamed inside...STOP TOUCHING ME! LEAVE ME ALONE! but she stayed quiet, the only sign that she was protesting was her tears.

The class came up, one by one to grab her tits and basically grope her. Most of the kids tried to keep a straight face but some of the nastier boys couldn’t help themselves, taking both hands and just squeezing her tits, not even bothering to “feel her ducts.”

Finally the class had their feel and Charles spoke up...”Father, may I feel her ducts?”

“Sure Charles and Carl too...no reason why the two of you shouldn’t have the chance to gain some insight on this lesson.”

She groaned at the further touching and humiliation. But she was helpless to resist as first Charles groped her poor aching tits and then Carl, who had a lingering, harsh grope. Her tits hurt so much from the rough grabbing...she looked down and saw how red they were and knew that this was another humiliation she would have to carry.

Finally, the bell rang. Carl took his time untying her upper body, leaving her lower half still split in two. His jeans covered crotch rubbed her slit “accidentially” and she felt his hardness almost go inside. She shivered at the grossness of that action and prayed that Father Magee saw it. Of course when she looked up he was looking away.

Finally she was untied and her body screamed when she finally closed her legs for the first time in an hour. Again she heard Fr. Magee laugh and thank Carl for his “help” as they both left the room. Charles was still putting his stuff away, but this time he stopped and grabbed Shannon’s bag.

“Here Shannon, let me help you,” he said, slipping the bag on her shoulders.

She didn’t know if this was another excuse to touch her naked body or not but appreciated the kindness. “Thanks Charles...see you later ok?”

“Yeah, see you later,” Charles said, his eyes drinking in her nudity as she exited the room and went out into the hallway.

**PART 15**

Shannon wandered through the halls towards gym class. She knew she was running late because there weren’t many kids in the halls. Surprisingly, most of those still out there ignored the naked girl for the most part. Oh they still looked and gawked but there were fewer comments.

She rushed through into the girls’ locker room. She put her bag in and closed it, missing the days when she could change out of her school uniform and into gym clothes. She ran down the room into the gym, hurrying to avoid being late.

She almost fell down when she saw what awaited her, another gyno table in front of the bleachers that had been pulled out. Her 40 classmates were sitting in the seats...apparently waiting for the guest of honor.

“Ah, Shannon, glad you could join us...a bit late there hon?” Miss Kelly said sarcastically.

“Pardon me please Miss Kelly but Father Magee has me modeling in class and doesn’t untie me until after the bell rings. By the time I get my stuff and get down here I’m late.”

Her gym teacher laughed. “I know sweetheart, it’s fine. I know Fr. Magee and his tricks. Don’t worry, I was just kidding.”

For a second, Shannon was relived. Miss Kelly’s punishments usually involved strenuous physical activity and, in her naked state, Shannon wanted none of that.

“Come on and sit up here Shannon,” Miss Kelly said, directing her to a chair that she was getting to know very well. She hopped up onto the chair but did not put her feet in the stirrups yet. Let her tell me that herself, Shannon thought.

“Class, today is hygiene day,” Miss Kelly said as the class groaned. “I know, it’s embarrassing for all of us but it’s part of the physical education requirement so we have to do it.”

“If you all remember correctly, last time, we learned how to properly apply deodorant to your armpits and we did it to each other to see.”

Shannon remembered...she had thought that was humiliating. Here they were, juniors in high school, most of them had been wearing deodorant for five or six years. Now, they were being taught how to do it and then had to “practice” on each other. Miss Kelly had them all strip to their bras (most had on sports bras but some had regular that day...poor Ginny Walsh had worn an undershirt and had to be topless for the practice).

“Today, we are going to learn about feminine protection...i.e the use of tampons, pads, etc.”

The girls groaned. Jeez, they thought, we’re juniors...most of us got our periods in elementary school.

Shannon remembered that day the she had gotten her first period. One night she felt something leaking out of her pussy and woke up to find blood all over her knickers, pajamas and sheets. She screamed and her father came running in.

“Daddy, am I going to die,” she said, then just 12 years old.

“No sweetheart, it’s ok, you are just having a period...all women have them...come on, let’s get you cleaned up.”

He led her to the bathroom and explained that every month a woman has a period to clean out the egg that had not been fertilized that month...her period meant that she wasn’t pregnant. Her body was just getting rid of the egg and cleaning out her system, which was a good thing.

“So honey, there’s nothing to be ashamed about having your period,” he said, leaving her in the bathroom to clean up her bloodied vagina. He must have gone and woken up her older sister Megan who was a junior in high school then. She came in, gave Shannon a quick hug, and helped the young girl get some of the blood off. She then showed her how to use a tampon and a pad.

It had been a bit of a shock to her system to know that something got put inside of her private part. But Megan assured her that it was okay and the best way to sop up the blood and keep it from dripping onto her knickers and pants. That sounded good to the young girl and she inserted the tampon for the first time in her life.

It certainly wasn’t the best night of her life but it was far from being awful, like some girls had told her about. She was about to find out that it would be awful today.

“Yes Kacy,” Miss Kelly said to the girl raising her hand.

“Uh, are we going to have to ‘practice’ on each other again?” the girl asked timidly.

“Oh no, not for something this intimate,” the girls, Shannon included, breathed a sigh of relief. “No, for this demonstration, you are all going to practice on Shannon.”

Everyone gasped. Shannon began to sob, closing her eyes to the humiliation.

One of the girls spoke up. “Uh, Miss Kelly, I think we all know how to insert a tampon...please don’t make Shannon go through this.”

All eyes went to the girl...Shannon saw Jenny, the girl that had run with her the day before.

“Well Jenny, I think it is very sweet that you want to support your friend. However, we are going to do this to a girl today...if it’s not Shannon, would you like to volunteer?”

The girl gulped. The class was shocked at Miss Kelly’s tone of voice. This was totally unlike her. She had always been cool to them but now this was just mean.

If they had looked carefully around, they would have noticed Mr. Jones standing on the raised track around the gym. He was watching Miss Kelly carefully after finding out about her letting Shannon sleep in the privacy of the training room. He had ordered the school photographer to find her for the poster that hung on the lockers and the boy was unable to find her. Finally they located her in the trainer’s room. That morning, just after Shannon had been in to see him, Mr. Jones had scolded the young gym teacher and forced her to be meaner and more demeaning to Shannon.

“No Miss Kelly,” Jenny said quietly. Shannon looked at the girl and mouthed the words “thank you.”

“Now Shannon, I know you know how this little chair works...put your ankles in each stirrup. Good girl...now do I need to tie them in or can you stay spread like a good little girl?”

“No maam, I’ll stay spread,” she said in a voice barely above a whisper. She was thankful to avoid the humiliation of being tied spread. Small victories, she thought to herself.

“Now class, this is a tampon,” Miss Kelly said, holding up the Tampax, still in the wrapper. “And this is the applicator,” she continued, holding up the plastic cylinder. She then showed the girls, using Shannon’s vagina, how to insert the tampon in the applicator and then into the vagina.

Shannon took a deep breath in as she felt the hard plastic enter past her lips and go into her canal. She never liked this part and she was going to have to do it 40 times! Finally she saw Miss Kelly push the applicator in and then felt the cottony tampon fill her vagina and pull the plastic out.

“You see how easy this can be ladies...the plastic applicator makes it a no brainer...and no, this is nothing like what sex feels like,” she added laughing. The girls giggled, except for Shannon who sat there mortified with tampon’s string hanging out of her pussy. She covered her head with her hands and tried to imagine she was anywhere but here.

“Now, now Shannon, eyes open hon, I wouldn’t want you to miss this valuable lesson.”

Somehow she got the strength to move her shaking hands away from her face and look out over her schoolmates. She was seeing them over her mound and saw all of their eyes on her stringed pussy.

“Ok girls, the next thing is removal of the tampon...we will practice that as well...as you can see, grab the string and gently pull it out.”

Shannon felt Miss Kelly’s fingers right at the bottom of her slit, near her asshole, where the string had settled. She saw Miss Kelly pull on the string and felt the cotton tampon pull past her lips and out of her pussy.

“See how swelled this got from Shannon’s vaginal juices,” Miss Kelly asked.

“Imagine that filled with the blood of a tampon.”

The girls giggled at the sight of the wet tampon, knowing what was soaking in that cotton.

“Now girls, come up one at a time to insert the tampon...I will make sure that you are doing it correctly,” Miss Kelly said.

The girls all came up, pulled on surgical glove (“for sanitary reasons girls”) and took their turns, inserting the tampon into the applicator and then into Shannon’s spread pussy. Some seemed actually not to know how to insert the devise and needed some guidance from Miss Kelly. They all then removed the tampon and soon the can next to the gyno table was filled with 40 wet, balled up tampons.

There was also the unmistakable smell of female arousal in the room. The constant hands near her pussy and the constant intrusion of objects inside of her had worked the inevitable arousal. Miss Kelly had made note of this and showed the girls the difference between the tampon she had removed and the ones that were coming out at the end. Shannon was to crawl into a hole and hide forever.

Finally the last girl sat down and Shannon thought she was done.

“Now, Shannon, please insert the tampon into your own vagina,” Miss Kelly said.

UGG! Shannon thought. This was so humiliating. This act, one normally done in the privacy of her own room or bathroom or even a stall, was now to be done in front of 40 other girls.

What was her problem, she thought. Those 40 girls had just inserted tampons into her pussy...could this be any worse than that? Somehow, it felt worse to the naked teen.

She took the applicator handed to her by the young gym teacher and unwrapped the tampon. She pushed the cotton into the applicator and then slowly spread her pussy lips far enough to get the plastic in. Her pussy was red from all of the intrusion and this latest one caused her to wince. But one look at Miss Kelly dismissed any thoughts of stopping and she pushed the applicator in as far as she could. With one push of her forefinger, she pushed the tampon into her pussy and she was filled for the 41st time.

“Excellent, Shannon, now girls I hope you all saw how easy it is to insert a tampon into your own pussy. Most of you will not have to maintain this silly pose while doing it and it will seem more natural. OK Shannon, remove it please.”

Shannon grabbed at the string, unable to see it due to the position of her head.

Slowly she withdrew the tampon, which had accumulated a lot of her sex juices.

She noticed, as did Miss Kelly and the class, that the tampon was covered in a thick coating. She was so humiliated.

Miss Kelly made a face before taking the slimy tampon in her gloved hand and depositing it into the trash can next to the table. Again Shannon thought she was done but Miss Kelly produced a razor.

“Now girls, if you will all follow me into the shower, we will discuss the best techniques for shaving underarms, legs and pubic hair. Shannon, please close your legs, have you no modesty? You follow too please.”

**PART 16**

Shannon hopped down from the gyno table, a practiced art for her now after three sessions on it in the last 24 hours. It felt good to have her legs closed after being spread for most of the hygiene class.

Shannon, a junior at St. Mark’s Catholic High School, was naked in school...and would be for the next six weeks because of a punishment. She had just served as a “practice” dummy for the girls in her hygiene class to insert tampons. Now she was headed for the showers for a lesson in shaving.

She had learned that all of these lessons were designed with one motive...to embarrass her and give a warning to other kids that crimes like hers were to be avoided. All she had done was skip school and phone in a false sick call but that was enough to keep her nude for the next six weeks. Her father had extended the punishment to include her home life too.

She thought these “hygiene” lessons were extra silly. What 16 year old girl didn’t know how to insert a tampon or shave her legs and underarms?

OH GOD, shaving? She had been extra careful shaving this morning...she wanted to be sure there was no hair anywhere there was not supposed to be hair. Having light-colored hair was helpful on her legs and underarms. Of course, it didn’t allow for much hiding in her bush but that hadn’t been a problem before yesterday...no one ever saw her bush!

They went down the steps, through the girl’s locker room and into the shower. There another gyno table sat, this one seemed to be waterproof. Without being asked, she hopped up onto it, sure that she would be the guinea pig yet again.

“Well now aren’t you the eager beaver, no pun intended,” Miss Kelly said laughing. “I was going to ask for volunteers but since you are already here and naked why not you?”

Shannon glared at the teacher, who was her older sister’s best friend in high school. She had thought Miss Kelly might be an ally here but was learning she was against her too. Now Miss Kelly made it seem that she wanted this abuse...yeah, real likely. Excuse me Miss Kelly, but would you use my pussy for tampon insertion practice...oh and please shave my legs, underarms and pubes in front of all of the girls in the class. Thanks!

“Ladies, I have noticed that most of you have mastered the art of shaving your legs and armpits. Of course I haven’t seen any of your pubic areas but I assume that many of you do not trim and would have no knowledge of how to do it. So, using our volunteer Shannon here, I will show you the art of trimming what is sometimes called a ‘bush,’” Miss Kelly said.

“First, I will show you the art of shaving the armpit...for this demonstration Shannon, I need you to hold onto the headrest.”

Mechanically, Shannon followed the order, raising her arms and exposing her armpits. This was nothing there but smooth skin...she had made sure of it this morning.

“Well now, Miss Malone here is an excellent example of a smooth shave on her pits and her legs. Girls come forward with the sanitary gloves on and feel how smooth it is for yourself.”

The girls recoiled at the suggestion...inserting a tampon into her pussy was bad enough...but touching her sweaty armpit? YUCK!

“Come on girls, no one seemed to shrink away during the tampon demonstration. Let’s go...or maybe you would all like to be stripped naked and put in Shannon’s place.”

That did it. All of the girls quickly got into two lines, one on each side, donning the plastic gloves to feel her “smooth” armpit and legs. A few of the girls nodded, realizing that it really was a smooth shave.

“Since Shannon is so good at shaving those areas, all I have left to demonstrate is the shaving of her pubic hair,” Miss Kelly said.

Shannon shook her head, looking at Miss Kelly with her big blue eyes. She mouthed the words, “Please Miss Kelly, no.” Miss Kelly looked at the girl sympathetically, looked out towards the locker area and then back at Shannon and mouthed the word “Sorry.”

She turned back to the class, her normal tough manner back. “Mandy, hand me that shaving kit please.” Shannon saw the tall, thin blonde pick up the bag from the table and bring it to Miss Kelly. As the teacher opened it up, Shannon saw a pink Bic razor (which she hated) and some pretty shaving cream with flowers on it. She used Noxema at home but this didn’t look horrible.

What was she saying? This whole thing was horrible! She was about to have her pubic hair shaved totally off! Her entire pussy, which had been mostly on display since yesterday’s assembly, would now be totally nude and waiting to be gawked at.

She heard the sound of the cream leaving the can and looked to see Miss Kelly letting a big blob of it go into her flattened hand. The gym teacher then stuck her hand out to Shannon and said, “Miss Malone, please lather your pubic area for me.”

Shannon hesitated. What would happen if she declined? She knew that her pussy would be shaved one way or the other, but why make it easy for them all the time? Then came the thought of adding time onto her punishment...or maybe something worse. What could be worse? She didn’t want to find out.

She took the cream out of Miss Kelly’s hand and lathered it onto her raised mound. She felt dirty and disgusting at the act but felt it was better than having the teacher do it for her.

Once her pubes were totally lathered, she saw Miss Kelly put on the sanitary gloves and pick up the razor. Shannon hated Bics, knowing that it chafed her skin and she certainly didn’t want this area chafed. But she grabbed onto the sides of her chair and closed her eyes.

“Shannon, you have to have your eyes open...otherwise, you will miss the lesson,” the teacher whispered. Shannon opened her eyes and saw the razor was poised over her beautiful downy covering. Within seconds, she saw the pink plastic razor hit her skin and she felt (and heard) the scrape. The girls watching winced but were unable to take their eyes off of the riveting sight of their classmate having her pussy hair removed by their gym teacher.

Miss Kelly explained that you should always shave up away from your vaginal lips to avoid hair getting in between them. She continued to scrape and give lessons as she went until Shannon’s pussy was as bare as a 10 year old.

Miss Kelly removed her gloves and sent one of the students to fetch a towel for Shannon. The girl came back with a white towel and handed it to the naked, now clean shaven, girl. As she stood there, her eyes were glued to the naked pussy.

“Well now Chrissie, I see that this is a new vision for you, obviously you don’t shave your pubes. Many of you will do this at some point in your lives, for a bathing suit, or tight jeans or a revealing dress. Now you have some idea of how to do it and what it will look like when it is done. Now come on up and take a closer look yourselves. I have to run to my office. When you are gone with your look, you may leave class for the day. Shannon, please wait here as you are until I return.”

Shannon sat there, her legs spread in the stirrups, her recently denuded pussy on vulgar display. She watched her classmates coming up, their eyes intent on her mound. She wanted to close her eyes but when she saw her classmates, there was no disgust or intent to humiliate. They truly seemed to be mesmerized by her bare pussy lips, something most of them haven’t seen in years since their own pussies were bare.

Most of the girls left without saying a word to her. The last one to leave was Jenny, the girl that had run with her yesterday, who touched her on the arm and said, “hang in there Shannon, you’re doing great,” before exiting the shower area and leaving her in peace and quiet.

Shannon leaned back and breathed a sign of relief. It was such a joy to be alone. Of course, she didn’t realize that Charles was there with his ever present video camera. He had been granted special dispensation to be in the girl’s locker room and was taping from just beyond Shannon’s view. He felt bad doing this because he really did like Shannon and felt bad for her. But Mr. Jones was a tough man and would not accept no from the best videographer in the school.

Thinking she was alone, Shannon’s hand wandered down to feel the softness of her bare pussy mound. Oh, what a new sensation, she thought. This was going to take some getting used to. Her fingers found the top of her slit, where her clit was. Unfettered by her hair, she now had an easy access to her pussy...despite the humiliation of the whole demonstration, she was aroused. Come on, she had her pussy manhandled by 40 girls and then she was shaven in front of them...shouldn’t she be somewhat aroused.

Her fingers found their way between her lips and inside, just inside, to the places that Shannon loved to touch in the old days of her privacy...under the covers before she slept. She dreamt of boys, making love and she fingered herself...within a minute she was stifling a moan, trying not to arouse the attention of Miss Kelly. Finally she couldn’t take it any more and moaned again and came, her body shaking.

At that moment, Miss Kelly entered the shower area. Shannon thought she had barely escaped but Miss Kelly was smiling. She had seen the whole thing, standing right next to Charles and the videocamera. Mr. Jones had wanted this, had predicted this. He would be pleased with her.

“OK Shannon, down you go...boy, what is that smell? Did you get excited by all of this?”

“Um, no maam, not at all. May I go please?”

“Sure, but shower first, pay special attention to getting all of the hair off of your pubes. Tell Brighid I said hello.”

Shannon scooted down off the table, feeling the breeze on her bare pussy, which was now also soaked with her juices. What was she thinking masturbating here of all places? JESUS, she was a slut!

She hustled over to the shower the furthest away from the entrance and turned the water on as Miss Kelly wheeled the chair out of the room. Shannon ran the water up and down her body, which was sweating from her ordeal. She then made sure the nozzle hit her pussy directly so the spray could get all of the loose hairs off and also remove all signs of her cum. Of course, all of this was caught on tape.

She finished the shower and went to her locker where a folded towel was placed on the bench in front of her stuff. She dried off, realizing what a difference in time it made to not have to wear clothes and headed off to the cafeteria and another naked lunch. Charles left the locker room after her, taking his valuable tape with him to show Mr. Jones. The principal liked to review all of the tapes for “Quality assurance.”

**PART 17**

Shannon made her way through the rest of her second naked day pretty well from then on. Of course there had been the obligatory computer project that she had to put more pictures on a web page of her nudity, this time she was mortified to find out the pics were from the tampon exhibition. She didn’t understand why she never saw the photographers.

She was in the second day of her punishment that forced her into complete nudity while at school. Her dad had extended the punishment at home but, unlike the school punishment, she would earn one piece of clothing a week at home. She couldn’t wait for that covering!

She completed the assignment as instructed, putting the photos into place and titling it “Shannon On the Rag,” and e-mailed it to him. She got the auto reply that it was received and she packed up her books. One of the perks of this class was the ability to leave as soon as the assignment was finished.

She left the air conditioned room, thankful to be out of there because she was freezing! The temp in the room was kept low for the computers and without clothes, the room was more than unpleasant. She glanced down and saw her nipples standing straight out at attention...an annoyance but nothing close to the worst thing that could happen to her. Shannon remembered the old days (was it just two days ago?) when stiff nipples poking through her bra and blouse would have made her mortified. Now they were just another bit of bad luck in a week full of it.

“Attention everyone, attention,” came the voice of Mr. Jones over the PA. “There will be another assembly this afternoon after seventh period. Please report to the auditorium. And will Shannon Malone please come and meet me in my office now. Thank you.”

She cringed...what more could this man do to her. She made her way to the first floor where Mr. Jones’ office was.

“You may go in Miss Malone, Mr. Jones is ready for you,” Mrs. Phillips, his secretary, said to her.

She pushed open the door and her feet again sunk into his plush carpeting. She was getting to know the feel of the floors around here, she thought. After six weeks, I will probably be able to know where I am even blindfolded.

Mr. Jones was finishing a phone conversation and waved her to kneel where he had showed her that morning. She blushed some more at the subservient pose she was being forced into by the man but did as commanded. The soft carpeting felt good on her bare knees as she knelt there.

She heard Mr. Jones tell his caller that he had another more pressing matter to attend to and would call her back.

“Hello Miss Malone, thank you for coming so promptly. I suppose you are wondering why I needed you here today.”

“Yes Sir, I was.”

“Well Shannon, we have three students who are earning nude punishments, well partly. One is totally nude, two others will lose some clothing. At the assembly next period, you will walk in with me and stand next to me on the stage. Then you will remove the other student’s clothing for them.”

She shook her head but no words came out. “Is this a problem Miss Malone?”

She wanted to scream out, “YES A MAJOR PROBLEM...” but the words would not come to her.

“OK then...” RINGGG! “Well now, time for the assembly...wait here until I am ready to go.” He then turned his chair around and began to work on the computer. Finally he stood up and walked towards his door, his suit grazing the naked girl. “OK, let’s go.”

Shannon got to her feet and followed behind Mr. Jones. The principal walked quickly and she struggled to keep up with him. Of course taking big stride with clothes and shoes on was different than when you are naked.

Mr. Jones opened the door to the auditorium and all of the students turned to stare. He motioned for her to enter first and here she was, naked in front of the whole school yet again. It brought back a flood of the awful memories from yesterday when she had been stripped in front of the whole school. Now she was in front of those hundreds of eyes, totally on display.

And this time she didn’t even have pubic hair to hide behind, having her pubes shaved as a demonstration in health class.

She walked up onto the stage and stood next to the podium, alone, waiting for Mr. Jones to make his way up there. She knew he was intentionally taking his time to get up there, letting her be the sole object on view. Finally the principal made it there and got behind the podium.

“Alright, ladies and gentlemen, we have another assembly for more punishments. This time, it is for three students caught smoking in the basement. Would Sarah Lyons, Juli Becker and Glen Barmore please come forward.”

The students made their way to the stage...Shannon thought they looked like they going to be executed. At least they knew in advance about it...she had been shocked at her assembly.

“Now, for Miss Lyons and Miss Becker, this is a first offense. For their trouble, they have earned partial nudity for the rest of today and tomorrow. For Mr. Barmore, this is offense number two so that means total nudity for the rest of the week.”

The crowd gasped, especially the girls. They were going to get a look a man’s penis, the first for many of them.

“First, Miss Lyons. You are required to remove the outer layers of clothing and your shoes. Miss Malone here has been good enough to volunteer to serve as the assistant and will remove your clothes for you.”

Shannon glared at Mr. Jones, at his lie, but it did no good. She walked over to Sarah, a pretty brunette, a freshman. She was thin but had a big chest for her age. Shannon guessed it was about a 34 or 36.

She began by getting on one knee and untying the girl’s saddle shoes. She took off the right and pulled the blue sock off as well, leaving the girl’s feet bare. She saw Sarah flex her toes and knew what she was feeling. She then did the same with the girl’s left foot until she was barefoot.

She got to her feet and began unbuttoning the blouse. Her eyes locked with Sarah’s who was sobbing. The blouse had actually gotten wet with the girl’s tears. “I’m so sorry about this,” Shannon whispered as she finished with the unbuttoning and pulled the blouse down the girl’s arms.

Sarah was wearing a very pretty lacy bra but Shannon realized why the girl was crying. Inside the lacy undergarment was a pad making her look bigger. Mr. Jones was startled to see it.

“Miss Lyons, I am shocked that a good Catholic girl would pad her bra.”

There was a chuckle going up from the crowd, especially the girls who knew that a lot of girls wore push up bras, wonder bras or pads. Just Sarah got caught in the worst way possible.

“Miss Malone, please remove those pads.”

Shannon whispered to Mr. Jones, “but sir, then her bra would be too big for her.”

“I don’t care Miss Malone...and while it is very nice that you are concerned for your schoolmate, please do as I order.”

Shannon turned back to the girl and reached into the bra, feeling her soft little breasts in the process, and pulled the foam pads out of the cups of the bra, which was now falling off of her.

“Please finish her off so we can move on here Miss Malone.”

Shannon squatted, knowing that the first few rows would get a nice view of her slit. Oh what the hell, she thought, every part of her was on display all of the time, who cares what they see know? She knew that she did and hated every second of it.

She undid the clasp and zipper on the side of Sarah’s skirt and let it fall to the floor. The girl stepped out of it and Shannon picked it up and handed it to Mr. Jones. Sarah now stood there with her bra mostly hanging off so that her tits were almost totally on display and a pair of lacy bikini knickers that barely concealed anything.

Sarah thought to herself that she was going to wear the biggest bra and knickers she could find tomorrow.

As if he could read her mind, Mr. Jones said, “And for Miss Lyons and Miss Becker, you are going to wear similar styles tomorrow...Sarah, you may wear a bra that actually fits you but the same kind and the same kind of knickers. It would defeat the purpose of this punishment if you were to wear big bloomers.”

“Now Miss Becker’s turn. Shannon, please do the honors.”

Shannon walked over to the next girl, who was much bigger than she or Sarah. She was slightly overweight but pretty. She was also a freshman.

Shannon started again with the shoes, knowing that the girls would probably want as much covering for as long as possible. She removed the girl’s shoes and socks and saw Juli’s uncomfortable stance change.

She got to her feet and started to unbutton the blouse. For some reason, Juli didn’t seem upset at all. Not as upset as she or Sarah. Shannon pulled the blouse out of the girl’s skirt and down her arms.

For now saw why there was not a lot of tears. The bra was big with big cups and thick straps...like one she had seen older women wear. She noticed that the girl needed the heavy support of a bigger bra. Most of the girls in the school chose to wear frilly bras with thin, stylish straps. Or sports bras. But that’s because most of them were still waiting for tits. This girl had them in great volume.

Shannon then dropped to her knees and removed the girl’s skirt. The knickers were white cotton bikini, nothing nearly as revealing as Sarah.

“Now Mr. Barmore.”

Shannon walked over to the boy. She had seen him before...he definitely stuck out in a crowd. Most of the girls swooned over him...he was built, a football player, backup quarterback. He was just a sophomore and would be the starter the next year. Every girl dreamt of him nude and would now get the chance to see.

Again Shannon dropped to her knees and removed his shoes and socks. She realized that she had rarely looked at boys’ feet but noticed that girls have much prettier feet than boys do.

She got to her feet and pulled his tie off and began to unbutton his shirt. She pulled it down his arms and he stood in his undershirt. Shannon pulled it up and over his head, feeling the hard muscles of his chest and stomach. She moaned involuntarily at the brief touch.

For his part, Glenn was fighting the demons inside. He was humiliated at being stripped in front of the whole school but some part of him was so turned on that the person stripping him was the beautiful Shannon Malone and she was completely naked herself. He had felt her firm tits brush his naked belly as she removed his shirt. Oh God, he couldn’t control his hard on which was sticking like a pole into his pants.

Shannon knelt down and her face was inches away from the place where Glenn’s cock had made a huge bulge. She wondered if any of the other kids could see it but heard the whispers and knew that they could.

Because of the huge erection, unbuttoning his pants was a challenge but Shannon was able to do so. Unzipping was another matter and she struggled to get it down. Glenn cried out as she pulled a little too hard.

“Sorry, I don’t know what to do,” Shannon blurted out nervously. “I’ve never done this before.”

The auditorium roared with laughter. Shannon was mortified and didn’t know why. Wasn’t she supposed to stay a virgin until marriage? Wasn’t she a good Catholic girl?

“While I find that hard to believe Miss Malone, perhaps Mr. Barmore can help you with that particular area.”

Shannon saw the boy’s hands go to his crotch and she watched him push his erection out of the way with one hand and pull the zipper down with the other. With that accomplished, Shannon pulled his pants down and off, leaving him in a pair of very stretched out tighty whiteys.

Shannon knelt there, her face inches away from a penis, the closest she had ever been. Oh she had petted once in a while but always through pants. This was the thinnest of covering. She reached up, put her hands between the waistband and his bare skin and pulled the jockey shorts down. She had to maneuver around his painfully erect penis and soon he was as naked as she was.

The crowd of students were quiet. Most of the girls had never seen a penis this big or erect before. And even a few of the teachers were surprised at how big this 15 year old boy was.

“Thank you Miss Malone, you may take your eyes off of Mr. Barmore’s endowment and come over here please.”

Shannon blushed an even deeper shade and made her way to the other side of Mr. Jones. Oh how she never wanted to take her eyes off of that magnificent cock!

But now she was out of view and only an obvious peek around the principal would give her the view she wanted.

“Everyone, I hope this is a reminder for all of you that this type of behavior will not be tolerated. As you can tell, this punishment will happen and it could happen to you.

“As for the three of you, your punishments continue until the end of school tomorrow. You can come to my office after classes tomorrow and pick your clothes up. You will ride the bus home as you are now and may change when you get off or home. School is dismissed.”

The students didn’t rush out of their seats like they normally did. Instead they sat there, transfixed as first the naked Shannon came off the stage, then the mostly naked Sarah and Juli followed by the very naked and very noticeably excited Glenn.

The girls in the seats just looked with mouths agape as they stared at the erect eight inches of the stud quarterback. But Glenn was humiliated and his cock was betraying him. He now knew how Shannon felt, naked and exposed. At least his was only one day, but at least she could HIDE her arousal for the most part.

Glenn realized how mean he had been to her. He was the one on her bus that had asked Vince to “share the wealth” and turn the mirrors towards her so that the whole bus could see. He had also been the one to cup her tits as he departed. Now here he was in her shoes (or her bare feet), forced to suffer the indignities.

Sarah could feel the cool air on her naked nipples, which weren’t adequately covered by her too-big bra. She had been stuffing her bra since she was 12 and didn’t know if she had one that really fit her. She couldn’t go through a day of school tomorrow like this, her entire chest on display.

For Juli, this wasn’t too bad. Sure it was humiliating being mostly naked, but she had worn less to the beach. And the fact that she had tits was better than Sarah who had to stuff. She had figured as much but had never been sure. Now the whole school was sure.

The naked girl, naked boy and mostly naked girls made their way out of the auditorium and to the buses. Shannon had to run to the AV Room for her videotape and then out to the bus for the dreaded ride home.

**PART 18**

From Glenn’s point of view. Don’t worry, I will get back to Shannon. If anyone wants to take Glenn’s story over, I would be happy for the help. If no one is interested, I may drop him in favor of more adventures of Shannon. It’s kind of hard for me to do two different story lines, I can be a bit of a ditzy girl sometimes. Plus, it’s easier for me to understand the humiliation of girls than boys...I hope this story rings true to the men among us.

This story has a bit more sex...not actual intercourse, but some sexual situations and some ejaculating. Reader beware!

Thanks!

Love,

Katie

Glenn got on the bus, the smooth seat cold on his naked butt. He had attempted to get to the back of the bus but Vince insisted that if Shannon had to ride in the front seat so did he.

How did he get involved in this? He wasn’t really much of a smoker, had been trying to impress Sarah and her friend Juli. Now he was completely naked and they were in bra and knickers for the rest of the day and into tomorrow. He counted down the hours until he got his clothes back.

Making matters worse was his constant rigid erection that showed no signs of letup. He almost wished he had stopped off in the boy’s bathroom and jerked off...maybe then his erection would go down and he and it could slink away. I guess this is better than not having a penis and being teased. At least now the teasing revolved around his “monster cock,” as one girl had put it.

His cock got harder, if that was possible, when the beautiful and equally naked Shannon Malone made her way onto the bus. She knew the routine by now and settled into the seat next to him, her bare thigh making contact with his. He closed his eyes to try and settle his imagination. He prayed that he wouldn’t spurt here on the bus.

He saw Shannon spread her knees wide apart as ordered and he saw a look from Vince before realizing that he was expected to do the same. Shannon had her arms at her side, not covering any area of her body and he took his cue from her.

Just then he felt it...a hand wrapping around his cock. Shannon saw it too and gasped. A girl behind them had stuck her hand in between the seat and side of the bus and began to slowly stroke the poor boy’s erection.

Glenn knew it wouldn’t take long before he would cum...his cock was so hard and he was so aroused. The hand would not relent, despite his head shaking no. He couldn’t move his head without making everyone notice and so he did not see who was jerking him off.

“No, please no” he said in a whisper and then he saw Vince readjust the mirror. The whole bus gasped as they saw the hand, a pretty little girl’s hand, nails painted a pastel pink, masturbating the big quarterback’s cock. That pushed the boy over the edge and he came, spurting his cum out and down his cock, onto his legs and crotch, his belly and thighs. Some of it even made its way over onto Shannon who moved out of the way a second too late and got a glob on her right thigh.

“Ewww, that’s gross...make him clean it up Vince.”

Shannon turned and saw her new “friend” Jenny with a tissue, wiping the cum off of her fingers and smiling. She knew that girl was a little weird.

Vince was forced to clean up the cum off of his body to the hoots and hollers of the entire bus. He did the same to the glob of it that was on Shannon and stopped but he was still coated with some of it and smelled like cum but at least most of it was gone.

Luckily for him, his stop was one of the first, unlike Shannon’s who was the last stop. He excused himself and eased past her, his cock much softer now but growing harder as he came into contact with her nudity. DAMN! He thought. Was he going to have a hard cock for the next 24 hours? He didn’t think he could take it.

His stop was on a pretty secluded spot, right next to the park. He thought he could hide his nudity from the street most of the way, just popping out at the last minute to run home. He cursed at himself as he stubbed his toe on the sidewalk. He hated being barefoot outside, preferring shoes even in the summer. Now here he was, barefoot and naked in January.

He went into the shrubs and seemed to be hidden and then he realized the bad part of his plan...his bare feet on the thorny sticks and twigs and the branches against his bare body. He tried to run but it hurt too much. Finally he couldn’t take it anymore and he pushed out onto the sidewalk. Just then, a busload of kids from a private girls school in town pulled up. The girls looking out the window gasped. He tried to run around the bus but the girls seemed to be coming from everywhere. The preppy girls in their fashionable outfits were having fun with this naked boy, surrounding him, touching his naked body, even grabbing at his naked cock, which had hardened yet again, despite his humiliation.

He managed to get away from the group of girls and ran down his side street. One of the girls stayed in hot pursuit but he was faster. He would have made it except his bare feet landed on a bottlecap, causing him to slow down. She caught up to him, pinching his ass.

“Hey, man, nice ass...I just wanted a closer look at your little guy. Oh my, he’s not little at all is he,” the girl said, taking hold of him at the base. Although Glenn was obviously stronger than the girl, he was unable to move, spellbound that his naked cock was being masturbated for a second time in less than an hour by a girl he did not know.

“Oh my, look at it, so nice and firm...I love it...I’ve never really held one before,” said the girl as she jerked the organ up and down, causing Glenn to moan. Here he was, lying naked in broad daylight on a public street in the middle of winter, his cock being jerked off again. Part of him loved it but another part wanted to get the hell out of there.

“Please let me go, Please, I can’t take it anymore...oh GOD!” he shouted as he spurted more cum out of his shaft and down the sides of his cock, covering the girl’s hand as she continued to jerk him off.

“No more, hurts, please no more,” he said, his voice barely above a whisper.

Finally the girl stopped, licking his cum off of her fingers.

“Well, that was nice. Thanks for the opportunity, you were my first,” she said, picking up her book bag and walking away.

Glenn just laid there, unable to move. He had never imagined having two girls jerk him off in the same day let alone two total strangers in the course of an hour. He was so humiliated that he had let it happen, a big tough boy letting two girls much smaller than him make him cum again and again.

He finally managed to gather the strength to get to his feet. Two orgasms can take a lot out of a guy, especially a guy who had only self-imposed orgasms except for one messy one that a girl had given him the night of the freshman dance last year.

He knew he had better hurry if he wanted to beat his mom and sister home. He wanted to change into some clothes before they spotted him...especially his sister. She was 18, a senior at the public school who always resented the little brother at the Catholic school who was Mr. Jock and Mr. Popular. She would have a field day with this.

He ran down the street, his cock, now shriveled and up in his sack, bouncing as he ran. He made it to his house and up the steps. He opened the door, certain he was home free, and ran up to his room. He was about to go in when he realized it was locked. What the heck. Then he saw his sister come out of her room, her eyes drinking in his nudity.

“Well, well, thought you were going to be able to hide this right? I guess you didn’t know that your principal called to talk to mom. I took the message but haven’t called mom YET.”

She took him harshly by the arm and pulled him into her room. It had been years since he had been in there...it was strictly off limits. “Lay down on my bed Glenn and tell me about your day unless you want me blabbing to Mom.”

There was no way she could ever MAKE him do anything. After all, he had seven inches and about 110 pounds on her. But she had him and he did as she commanded, telling her what had happened.

“Spread your legs and jerk off while talking ok, your big sister would like that.”

“Oh God, please Michelle, I can’t have another orgasm.”

Her eyebrows raised...”another?”

“Yeah, I’ve already had two. Please no more.”

“Well, I want to hear about that...and I’m sure Mom does too.”

“UGGHH” Glenn said but took his cock into his hand and began to do what has become a practiced thing, jerking off. He did almost every day after school before his mom and sister got home and before bed. Now he was doing it on his sister’s bed with her sitting a few feet away.

For Michelle, this was heaven. She was going to be able to humiliate him and blackmail him at the same time. She now had video of him jerking off on her bed but of course she had made sure that she wasn’t in the shot from where she sat. She would be able to edit it and give it to Mom at any time.

“And then..she chased meandoh GODDDD!!!” Again he erupted as cum flew out of his cock and down the shaft, coating his fingers. How much cum was inside of him, he thought.

“You perv, what a disgusting mess,” Michelle said. “OK Glenn, here’s the deal. You agree to do this every day and become my naked slave, I will never tell mom and she will never know about your little smoking incident and what you have just done here on my bed. Do we have a deal?”

Glenn rolled his eyes, his disgusting hands still wrapped around his cock. He nodded his head.

“Good, now go and wash your disgusting hands and meet me in the laundry room.

Today you are going to do my laundry.”

He got off of his sister’s frilly bed and went into the bathroom, dreading the next few weeks as his sister’s slave.

**PART 19**

Shannon’s second naked day went very much like the first...there was the humiliation of school, where she had her pubes shaved and had served as a model for biology class and health. Again she had to stand in front of the whole school naked, this time with the added burden of stripping three of her fellow students as part of their punishments.

Then, at home, there had been the constant eyes of her brother Jimmy, who could not get enough of her bare pussy. He was constantly staring at it. At one point, as she sat at her desk, he came in and bent over to look, his face barely inches away. Of course she was not allowed to shoo him away and had to withstand his prying eyes.

Jimmy was less brazen when their father came home. This time Shannon was allowed to eat without having to serve everyone’s meal and she was able to partake of dessert, unlike last night when she dished out the ice cream and had some of it “accidentially” spilled on her by Jimmy. No, this dinner was more back to normal except for her nudity.

At the end of dinner, Dad said,” Shannon, Mr. Firgus called, from across the street.”

Shannon nodded, wondering what the man had wanted. She had noticed him checking

her out over the years and had enjoyed teasing him a bit. Every so often, she would leave her window shades up while changing to give the old man a bit of a thrill. It was pretty harmless, she thought.

“He’s looking for someone to come over to his house once or twice a week to clean and cook for him. Said he would pay double the minimum wage.”

“Dad, you don’t mean that I should do it, do you? I mean, I’m naked...do you want me to go to a strange man’s house alone naked?”

“Shannon, you are being silly. Mr. Firgus is an old man and has been my neighbor for 25 years. I feel like he can be trusted and plus, you’re just across the street.”

“Please Daddy, I can’t. Don’t make me do it.”

“I’m not making you do anything Miss, but you can forget about gaining a piece of clothing every week. If you don’t want to cooperate with me then I don’t feel you deserve cooperation back.”

So this was it...they would hold out her precious clothing as a carrot to perform humiliating tasks for them. She looked at her father through teary puppy-dog eyes, trying to get some sympathy. There was none and she had no choice.

“Oh Daddy, I’m sorry, I think I’m just so confused by my constant nudity. I would be happy to help Mr. Firgus.”

“Great, that’s my girl. You start tomorrow night after basketball practice but before dinner. Say around 5? Just stay until 6:30, find out what he needs and you can start whenever it works for you.”

She cringed internally but shook her head yes outside. She could not believe that she would be exposing herself in the privacy of a stranger’s home. It was more of a violation than at school or here.

“I spoke to Mr. Jones and he says your behavior has been wonderful and that you even volunteered today for a class assembly. That is really nice to hear. Should be no trouble earning back socks this week!”

Shannon nodded, unbelieving that socks would be considered a reward! But to a naked girl, any covering would feel good. She wondered about poor Glenn, who had been forced to cum on the bus. She couldn’t believe how bold that girl had been to jerk him off. Seeing the penis cum from up close was amazing...something she had never seen. The poor guy had to wipe it off of himself and then her thigh when some of it splattered onto her. She had felt the hot liquid shoot onto her and was grossed out at first but then turned on. Luckily, as a girl, her arousal was a little more hidden, unlike Glenn who had been hard since she stripped him.

“...and Shannon will be here so it won’t be a problem, right hon?”

Shannon looked at her father with a blank stare. She had not heard the beginning of her father’s talk and was now wondering what she would be around for.

“Ah, I’m sorry Daddy but I didn’t hear the beginning there, could you please repeat it?”

“Sure, Jimmy is having five friends over tomorrow night but Colleen and I have to be at a family function and Brighid is going away. Unfortunately, that leaves you home to supervise the party.”

“What? Me, naked, supervising a party of six 12 year old boys? Daddy, are you crazy?”

“Watch your mouth young lady, show some respect for your father.”

Her father rarely got angry with her but when he did, she quaked. This was the second time in as many days that she had earned his anger.

“You are a member of this household and it is not too much to ask that you carry your own weight around here. It would not have been too much to ask if you had clothes on and it is not my fault that you are naked. Therefore, you will be here on Friday night.”

“B-b-butt Dadd, what if they try something on me. What will I do?”

“Jimmy, I want your guarantee that you and your friends will not rape your sister. Is that clear?”

“Sure Dad. But can we have some fun with her?”

“Sure...that is part of the punishment...in fact I expect it. Shannon you are in charge of some things but you are unable to say no to Jimmy in matter involving showing your nudity. Jim, none of your friends may touch Shannon, is that clear to both of you?”

Jimmy nodded vigorously. Shannon had to be prodded by a harsh look from her father before saying “yes Daddy.”

“Daddy, Carrie invited me to spend the night at her house. Can I go on Saturday?”

“Sure honey, as long as everything goes well on Friday and there are no problems.”

“Thanks Dad.”

“Now you and your brother clear the table please. I have some work to do and then I have to pick up Colleen and Brighid at the dinner.”

Their father left the room, leaving the two younger Malone’s to clean up the table. Shannon knew her brother would be brushing up against her and doing stuff to get better looks at her and she was right. He leaned over her, grazing her bare tit, touching her naked thigh. She wanted to strangle him but couldn’t get too angry...after all, what 12 year old boy didn’t want to see a naked girl, even if it was his sister.

Finally they cleared the table and Jimmy left her to clear the dishes off at the sink and put them in the dishwasher. She was glad for the quiet, even though standing at the sink made her top half exposed to the back window and any prying eyes. She didn’t think anyone could see in but never knew. What she didn’t know was that Jimmy had gotten his trusty videocamera out and was filming her erotic chore.

She scraped the excess food off of the dishes and silverware and cups and filled the dishwasher. Jimmy’s zoom lens got her pussy lips opening and closing as she bent in different directions. His friends would love this and especially love his party favor tomorrow night. They were going to have some fun with a naked girl and it was going to be the greatest party any of his friends could ever imagine.

**PART 20**

This time, Mr. Firgus had set the alarm. He did not want to miss a second of the show and he was ready this time, a wet towel in hand, he jerked off at the image of Shannon’s naked stretching body and came again as she walked out. It was almost like having sex with someone, he planned it so well.

He had some humiliating things in store for her, including cleaning his cum-covered articles from his masturbation. Let her take care of those items that she had dirtied.

This time, he hopped into the car and followed the girls on their run. He stayed far enough back not to attract notice as the naked runner made her way in just sneaks and socks through the main street of town. He wondered why she would choose to run in this public of a place but then remembered the punishment that her father had told him about. This was probably part of it.

He saw the girl’s leg muscles flex as she ran, the perfect body so graceful in her strides. She really was perfect in every way. It had been a long time since he had felt this way about a woman. His late wife had done this to him. They had met in high school and, much like Shannon, she had been perfect. Athletic, at least for that era, she had played field hockey and they started dating when he went to her games. A few years later, when they had married, he had asked her to put the uniform on for him one night and she had. They had made long, passionate love that night and had conceived their only son.

He had a tough time concentrating on the road, paying so much attention to the girl and to his memories. He saw her jogging in place while waiting for a stoplight to turn green. This was a perfect opportunity for everyone to see her. Her tits, small but round, bouncing a bit on her frame, her legs bulging in all of the right places, her little lips, completely bare, seemed to be compressing in and out. He was hard again, despite his cum earlier.

He turned away from the way she was running and drove home, wanting to beat her there to be able to fully enjoy her stretching. He had just settled into his easy chair with the great view of the house across the street when Shannon and Brighid arrived home. As had been the case yesterday, they stretched, putting on an erotic show without even realizing it. Again he came into a towel as the naked runner bounded up the steps, removed her sneakers and socks and went into the house naked as the day she was born.

Mr. Firgus got up to go and shower and get ready for work. He couldn’t wait until 5 o’clock when the very naked Shannon Malone would be his housekeeper.

Shannon ran into the house, another humiliating run behind her. She had seen Mr. Firgus checking her out while she stretched and felt so gross. Most girls know that boys masturbate over them...but few ever have it shoved in their face as much as Shannon has had in the last few days. She had received 75 e-mails last night from boys who saw her show on the internet. She hated her school and wondered how they could let a 16 year old be naked on their site. Then she realized that the only way onto the site was having an e-mail account and password with the school so only the students could access her nudity and they could see her any time they wanted anyhow.

She went up the steps, her bare feet flapping on the wood floor and went in to grab a shower. She was in the middle of washing her hair when she felt a cold breeze. She opened her eyes and saw that Jimmy had opened the shower curtain all the way.

“Jimmy, close the curtain for Christ sake, I’m going to freeze.”

“Sorry Shannon, but I want to watch.”

“Jim, please just give me a minute’s peace.”

“Nope...do I have to call Colleen and ruin your chance at some nice socks to wear?”

“You pain in the ass,” she whispered in a low, mean voice. But she continued to shower, getting the rest of the shampoo out of her hair. She then had to go through the task of shaving her legs, armpits and pubes. Most girls can go a day or two without it but for a naked girl, it was a daily necessity. She had never shaved her own pubic hair before but Miss Kelly had warned her to keep it clean or another demonstration might be in order.

As her younger brother watched leering, she lathered up her legs and went about the task of clearing her long, slender legs of any hair. Then she did her armpits until they were smooth and bare.

Now came the hard part, shaving her pubes in front of her brother. She had seen his face looking directly at her pussy as she had contorted her legs in the many different directions needed for a clean shave. He had stood there, wide eyed and mouthed, as she did so. But now, he would have a great view as her fingers moved her pussy lips this way and that to get all of the fresh stubble that was coming through. His eyes never left her pussy until she was finished and took a towel to wipe the remaining cream off. With that he took a step back and sat on the cover of the toilet.

She grabbed a towel and dried off, being extra careful not to cover herself any more than necessary. She knew that Jimmy would love to run to Colleen and Dad and tell them that he had been refused a healthy view of his older sister. Once she was dry, she stepped out of the tub and over to the sink to do her hair and makeup.

“Please Jim, haven’t you seen enough? I just want a second of peace and quiet.”

“Nope, sorry Shannon, I don’t want to miss a moment of this.”

She tried to hold back tears as she dried her hair and put on some makeup. Finally, she had to ask him to get off the toilet so that she could pee. The smirk on his face made her sick to her stomach as he got up and she sat down. She was mortified as her pee tinkled into the basin as her brother watched, sitting on the tub across from her. Finally she finished, wiped (he didn’t miss that at all) and left the bathroom and went into her room falling on her bed in a ball, her head in her hands sobbing. For once she was alone as Jimmy went down the hall into his own room to get ready for his day of school.

**PART 21**

Shannon had been there crying for a few minutes when her sister Brighid came by. As always, Brighid was dressed great, wearing a business suit that was a tailored jacket, a blouse and then a short skirt. Her legs were covered with stockings and she wore five-inch heels. The very picture of a sexy business woman.

Across the room, Shannon couldn’t have been more of a contrast. She looked like a tiny little girl, vulnerable as she laid there naked as the day she was born, as she had been for two whole days and was about to begin her third naked day. This was part of her school’s punishment that focused on humiliation and loss of clothing instead of suspensions, etc. She was the first one punished under the new rules after skipping school and calling in a false sick call.

Her father had extended the punishment to her home too and she was now naked 24/7. It seemed like she spent all of her time embarrassed and crying. She and Brighid had just returned from their now daily running routine. She ran in just her sneaks and socks through the streets of hew neighborhood, giving quite a show to anyone out there early enough to see it.

Brighid had been rough on her and had some more plans for humiliating her formerly “perfect” sister. But first, she had to gain her trust. She walked over to the bed where Shannon laid balled up in the fetal position, face red from crying. Brighid sat down next to her and rubbed the girl’s bare back and moved in for a hug. Shannon, surprised at this sudden affection from her sister, appreciated the warmth of someone.

“There, there, sorry about all of this?” Brighid said.

Shannon nodded her head, knowing deep down that her sister was loving her humiliation.

“Come on, I’ll give a ride to school...I can be a few minutes late for work today,” Brighid said.

Shannon raised her head and looked at Brighid with her teary eyes. Finally, some compassion, she thought.

“Oh thank you, thank you so much. You can’t know how awful it is on that bus, everybody staring and groping and I have nowhere to go. That would be so nice of you Brigie.”

The nude girl got to her feet, wiped her eyes with a tissue and grabbed her bookbag, ready to leave. She certainly did not want to make her sister late for work after she was being so generous.

Brighid smiled as she followed after her naked sister, admiring the girl’s long, bare legs and hard ass. She wasn’t a lesbian but certainly saw that her sister was built. She would enjoy the ride to the school.

Shannon didn’t even notice her sister’s appreciative stares, she was too happy that she would be shielded, at least for the short drive to school. While the trip on the bus took 45 minutes, the drive would be no more than 15 minutes. She figured this would save her so much humiliation, from the awful groping and exposure on the bus to sitting and waiting at the corner for it to come. It was a terrible experience from beginning to end.

When she got to the car, Shannon realized it was still locked. She felt vulnerable in the cold winter air, naked in the driveway. She crouched next to it, shielding her from all but those behind her. Finally, she heard the door shut and Brighid’s heels coming down the front steps. She heard the door lock spring up and she jumped to open the door and climb in. She climbed in, feeling the leather of the seats on her bare ass and thighs.

“Here,” said Brighid, tossing her a towel. “Sit on this please. I don’t want your wetness ruining my seat.”

Shannon blushed but obliged. As she settled into the sports car, she realized how low she would be next to other cars. Anyone passing by would be higher and would see all of her. She covered her pussy with one hand and crossed her arms over her breasts with the other as they drove off.

Brighid looked over at the nude girl, her little sister sure had grown up. Her breasts weren’t too big but she was sure a woman...you could see it in her hips and her pussy. Brighid felt some jealousy in seeing her beautiful sister. She had always felt like an ugly duckling next to Shannon and Megan. Sure she had boyfriends and was long beyond her virginal days and many men complimented her nice legs and figure. But she didn’t have the same look as her sisters, that drop-dead gorgeous look that makes men’s head turn. Shannon did and part of Brighid hated her for it.

For her part, Shannon never even saw her sister’s gazing eyes. For once she could relax on the drive to school, enjoying the safety of her sister’s car. She sat there, feeling the warm heat on her naked body, listening to the music, feeling good for the first time in days. She closed her eyes and could almost pretend that she wasn’t out in a car in broad daylight completely naked.

She didn’t notice when Brighid turned off the main road but opened her eyes when the car came to a stop.

“What’s going on Brig, I have to get to school,” Shannon said nervously when she saw that they had pulled into a Dunkin Donuts parking lot.

“I know, but we skipped breakfast this morning and I wanted to grab something,” Brighid said, swinging her nylon-covered legs out of the car. “Come on, my treat.”

“Brighid, are you crazy? Have you forgotten that I am completely naked? NO WAY AM I GOING IN THERE!”

Brighid slammed her door and Shannon breathed a sigh of relief. She had finally won a victory over those who wished to humiliate her. She didn’t even notice as Brighid opened her door and pulled her out by the nipple.

Shannon screamed at the disgusting act but, to avoid having her nipple ripped off, scampered to get to her feet out of the car.

“You little bitch,” Brighid said in a low menacing voice. “I am here to do you a nice thing. If you do not do everything I say, I am going to leave you here and let you manage your way home or to school, whichever you prefer. Do everything I say and I will finish the ride, understand?”

Shannon nodded, tears filling her eyes and rolling down her cheeks. She felt more naked than ever now, her sister exposing her to the whole world.

Brighid turned and walked towards the door. Of course the donut shop was all windows so that many had already observed the naked girl. She made her way to the door, her bare feet against the hard, cold concrete.

Brighid was holding the door open, motioning Shannon to go in ahead of her. This felt so wrong but the naked girl entered the cold store, every head there turned to her.

This Dunkin Donuts seemed to be all male...only two women were there, a worker in a Dunkin Donuts uniform and a woman sitting at the counter in an attractive business suit that showed off nice stocking covered legs. Shannon would have given anything to trade places with either girl.

“Well now,” one of the men behind the counter said. “We don’t normally let barefoot people in here. You know, no shoes, no shirt, no service. But for you, we can make an exception.”

“Thank you for that,” Brighid spoke up. “This is my little sister Shannon. She goes to St. Mark’s and is being punished.”

Everyone nodded. There had been a report that some of the students there were having forced nudity as punishment for doing something wrong. None of them could imagine it happening but here was the evidence.

“Well, I’m happy to serve you anytime Shannon,” said the man behind the counter in the dirty apron.

Shannon blushed and looked down. “Thank the man Shannon,” Brighid said, acting like a mother would with a little girl.

“Thank you Sir.”

Shannon could not believe that she would be forced to stand there, under the full gaze of everyone, while her sister examined the menu board. It’s a donut shop for Christsakes, why do you need a menu board, she wanted to scream at her sister. But she didn’t, instead standing there fully naked, her breasts being scrutinized by Carl, the store manager.

“I will have a chocolate chip muffin and a cup of decaf. My sister will have a powdered cream donut with a glass of milk.”

Shannon looked up at Brighid, wondering why that order. She didn’t like donuts and certainly never ate powdered cream. And what was with the milk?

The man went and got each thing one at a time. This gave him more time to ogle her little breasts. It also gave the customers an extended view of her naked legs and ass as. The only thing not on display was her bare pussy as she kept her legs tight together.

The naked girl looked around and saw about 10 customers. Five guys in what looked like construction outfits were straining to see all that they could see. There was the nicely dressed woman, who didn’t seem as interested in the business section of the newspaper as she had been before they entered, and four other men, mostly business men in shirts and ties.

Finally the order was filled. When Brighid went to pay the man said “no need, just bring her in again ok?” Brighid smiled and Shannon groaned, knowing that a trip to this Dunkin Donuts would be on the agenda again before her six weeks were up.

“Shannon, grab the tray, I’ll find us a seat.”

Shannon seethed but leaned over and grabbed the tray, putting her ass out and giving the man behind the counter a better view of it and her breasts. She pulled the tray off the counter and walked to where Brighid was sitting. She couldn’t really cover anything but held the tray low, figuring that everyone here had already seen her tits anyway.

She cringed when she saw that Brighid had chosen a high stool and the lack of a wall where her legs would go. She noticed that anyone walking into the store would have an unobstructed view of her bare pussy as she sat in the chair.

“I was going to get it to go before you pulled that little stunt back there,” Brighid said in a quiet, but mean tone. “Now, you’ll have to suffer a little.”

The older girl took her muffin and began to cut a small piece off, placing it in her mouth and taking a swig of the coffee. Shannon didn’t want to eat this disgusting donut but her hunger got the better of her and she picked it up and bit into it. As soon as she did it, she knew why Brighid had ordered it for her. Some of the powder shook off and blew all over her chest, breasts and chin. There were no napkins near her as Brighid had moved them all over to her side of the counter.

The bell attached to the door went off and she heard a gasp. She looked over the partition and saw there were three teenage boys standing there, mouths agape as they saw her pussy in all of its glory. She had been concentrating on eating her donut and forgot about her situation. When they had entered, her knees were spread wide, giving them an unobstructed view of her pussy lips, slightly agape.

Quickly she closed her legs and ducked down so that they would be unable to see her face. Just then she heard one of them say, “Look guys, if you come around here you can see her tits.”

She saw two heads hurry around the partition and their eyes went right to her powder covered tits. “Holy shit, look at her.”

Brighid was smiling at the awful situation she had put Shannon in. The boys didn’t even move until she spoke up...”Hey guys, why don’t you order and then come sit with us. I’m sure Shannon would like to get to know you better.”

That got the boys running to the counter. Brighid smiled. “And we are not leaving until all of your donut is eaten and your milk is finished.”

Shannon rolled her eyes. Brighid knew the difficulties she was having eating the donut and she hated milk...would struggle to finish the whole container.

She continued to bite pieces off the donut, trying to be careful but the powder was going everywhere. The onlookers all stopped and stared, enjoying the erotic site. The boys hurried back and sat next to the naked girl. They could not take their eyes off of her. Who would have thought that watching a girl eat would be such a turn on but for these boys, their erections were a sign that they were certainly turned on.

They started asking all kinds of questions, why she was naked, did she like being naked, did she know that she had powder all over her chest. She answered them all civilly (school punishment; no, she hated it; and yes she knew that she had powder all over her chest thank you). As she bit into the next to last piece, a wad of cream fell out and landed on her right nipple. She froze and the boys gasped. What an erotic site!

“Would one of you please help my sister with that, she’s always making such a mess,” Brighid said. The three boys almost feel over each other but one, the tallest one, took his finger and got the cream off of the nipple, taking a feel of her breast while he did.

“Thank you,” Shannon said, feeling a chill through her body that she couldn’t explain.

Brighid finished her muffin and coffee and put it on the tray. “Come on Shannon, finish your milk so that we can go. You’re going to be late for school.”

Shannon took the carton and began to chug the milk down. As she did, she felt something hit her elbow and the spout left her mouth and went down her chin and onto her bare breasts. The cold milk caused her to groan and her nipples hardened almost immediately.

“Jesus Shannon, what a mess you are. You can’t go to school like that.”

The sight of the naked girl dripping milk sent two of the boys over the edge. Their pants now showed what their moans from before had signaled...they had orgasmed at the vision.

“Shannon, look what you have done to those poor boys. My God, you are so bad. Go into the bathroom and get yourselves cleaned off and get those poor boys some wet paper towels or something. We can’t have them walking around all sticky now can we?”

Shannon looked at her sister, pleading for this to be over. Brighid stared right back, letting her naked sister know that this was far from over.

**PART 22**

Shannon got off the high stool and walked to the bathroom. The girl behind the counter started to laugh when she saw the naked girl covered with powder and milk. Shannon shot her a nasty look but that just made the girl laugh harder. After all, what threat was a naked girl.

Shannon pushed open the door to the ladies room and sat down on the toilet, holding her head in her hands and sobbing. She was a filthy mess and everyone could see every part of her. Despite being naked for two whole days now, she still wasn’t over the embarrassment of being seen in those most intimate places.

She heard a knock on the door and Brighid telling her to hurry. Quickly Shannon went to the sink and started to wet some paper towels. She saw the mess that was her body, the milk was drying and the powder that was left was clumped together. By the time she finally got everything cleaned off, the knocking began again but louder. She went to open the door and remembered that she had to get some wet towels for the boys. Shannon wet the towels and folded them up and finally left the bathroom.

Most of the store had cleared out of the people that had witnessed Shannon’s earlier humiliation and new people were there. They were shocked to see the naked girl exiting the bathroom, her bare feet slapping against the cold tile of the store floor.

Shannon walked through the gawking crowd, getting a little something extra with their morning coffee and donuts. She made her way through the line, grazing a man’s overcoat as she passed, feeling the rough material against her bare skin, tearing up in jealousy over the fact that he gets clothes but she must always be naked.

Finally she made it to where Brighid was sitting with the boys. They again gaped as she came over, her skin still moist from the washing.

“Shannon, these boys go to St. Andrew’s, you remember that private boys school.

Didn’t you go to a dance there last year?”

Shannon nodded, “Yes, the Winter Formal.”

She remembered it so well. She wore a long black dress, floor length. She had argued with her father to let her wear a strapless dress but it was worth it. She looked great and had been the attention of the party. She had gone with Joe, the love of her life before she broke up with him last fall. She had decided that she needed some space after dating him since 8th grade.

“Who did you go with? Was it Joe Davids?”

Again she nodded, knowing now that word would get back to Joe about her humiliation and current situation. He would love the predicament she had gotten herself into.

“Hey, I know Joe, we play baseball together. Wow, he was dating a piece like you? WOW, never would have thought it.”

She blushed at his words. She normally would have been flattered at his words, even though they were a little gross. Now it was just more humiliation.

“I wonder if Joe ever saw this much of Shannon?” one of the boys asked.

“Good question,” Brighid said. “Well Shannon, did he?”

“Did he what,” Shannon asked challenging her sister.

“Careful girl,” Brighid warned. “Did he see you naked like these boys have?”

Shannon shook her head.

“What? Not even your breasts?”

Shannon said, “No, he never saw me in less than a bathing suit.”

“What a shame,” one of the boys said. “You dated all of that time and he never got to see this? What a sucker!”

Shannon turned on the boy and advanced towards him. “HE IS NOT A SUCKER! He was a nice guy.”

“Yeah, so nice you broke up with him. Shows you what nice gets you.”

Shannon began to cry. The boy’s words hurt. She had been so shallow breaking up with Joe. Now she figured he would never want her again.

“Enough of this nonsense. Shannnon, help those boys get cleaned off. We’ll shield you so that no one is offended by their nudity.”

Sure, Shannon thought, their nudity gets shielded. No one ever shields my nudity. Then it hit her...Brighid wanted her clean off their penises.

“No, I can’t. I mean, I’ve never touched one before.”

The boys started to laugh. Brighid said, “Don’t make a big friggin production out of it. Just take the paper towels and clean their cocks off. You made them mess themselves...it’s the least you can do.”

On shaky legs, Shannon made her way to where the first boy was sitting. She saw the huge wet spot on his pants and wondered how he would get through the school day. The other kids formed a human wall in front of them so that the other customers couldn’t see what they were doing.

The naked girl’s hands were shaking as she undid the boy’s pants and pulled them down a bit. She then did the same with his underwear and let his penis spring free. Of course it was not he first penis she had ever seen. She had seen her brother naked in past years and just yesterday had ridden the bus home with that other boy who had forced nude. But she had never touched a penis before.

Shannon saw that his hair was matted down by a sticky substance. She knew this was sperm, she had even been hit by some yesterday when that girl had jerked off the boy on the bus. She grabbed the wet towel and began to rub the boys now erect penis, making sure the long organ was clean and that his hair was free of the sticky stuff. The boy was moaning and Shannon knew she had to stop touching him or do it all over again. She looked pleadingly at Brighid who nodded.

The naked girl moved her hands away from the boy’s crotch and stood up. The boy looked at her, his eyes glazed over and thanked her for a great morning, smiling.

“OK, hurry up and get the other boy clean. I have to get to work.”

Shannon moved to let the boy stand up and he was replaced by the other boy who had cum watching her. He sat down and allowed the gorgeous nude girl to undo his pants and pull his sticky cock out of his pants. What a feeling, this unbelievable looking girl was being forced to massage his cock and clean him off. Oh God, no one would ever believe him at school.

The naked girl used both of her hands to get his cock clean and then took a piece of towel to dry the wet cock. She looked at Brighid, who nodded, and Shannon got up.

The boy who hadn’t cum earlier was protesting. “Why do they get to have her touch their cocks and I don’t?”

Brighid said, “Alright, come out to the car. I don’t want her to do it in here, it might cause a riot.”

Shannon was shaking her head. “No Brigie, please no. Don’t make me do this, please. I’m your sister.”

But Brighid just walked out of the store and out to the car, the lucky boy right on her heels. Shannon knew she had no choice but to follow. As she made it to the door, she bumped into a man, her bare breasts making contact with his jacket.

“Excuse me...whoa. Shannon?”

Shannon looked up at his face and saw Mark...the older boy she had met that day that caused this forced nudity...the day she skipped school. She couldn’t believe that he was here and was seeing this.

“Oh, uh hi Mark.”

**PART 23**

“Man, I’ve been dying to see you again, but never thought I would see you like this,” Mark said, his eyes huge.

Shannon wanted to curl up and die. She had met Mark that day when she had skipped school and gone downtown with some friends of her sister. They had a ball and met Mark in a cafe when she had felt so grown up. He had taken her number and said he would call on Friday. Today was Friday and this was more than a call.

The next day at school, Shannon had been stripped of her uniform and forced to remain naked for six weeks. Her father had extended the punishment to her house as well so the 16 year old would be completely naked for six weeks at school and mostly naked during that time at home.

“Ah, Mark, this is a long story and I have to go. I’m late for school,” Shannon said, trying to cover as much of her nudity as she could. “Could I explain on the phone tonight?”

“I think that would be good but couldn’t we meet for dinner or something,” Mark said, his eyes taking every inch of her in.

Shannon looked into those gorgeous brown eyes and wanted to wrap her arms and legs around him and have him then and there. Funny but when he looked at her, she wasn’t as uncomfortable. Of course, he didn’t know she was 16.

“Um, I, uh, I can’t. I have to work tonight and then chaperone my brother’s birthday party. How about tomorrow?”

Please say yes, please say yes.

“Absolutely. Will you be wearing this,” he asked with a grin.

For the first time, she wasn’t embarrassed by her nudity and smiled back. “Oh yeah. I’ll tell you all about it.”

She pushed the glass doors open and walked out to the car. Her sister was seething but the boy was just excited in the backseat.

“Here, use this towel and finish him off. I would bet it won’t take long.”

Those words quickly brought Shannon down from her high of seeing Mark. She was repulsed at the depths her sister was sending her, jerking a boy off in the backseat of a car in the parking lot of the Dunkin Donuts during morning rush hour seemed a bit crazy.

Shannon realized she had no choice and hopped in the back. The boy was so ready...his cock was twitching and sticking straight out. He had already released it from his pants. Shannon took the towel, placed it under her cock with her right hand and began to jerk him off with her left hand. She grabbed him at the base and quickly moved her hand up and down the length of the boy.

Brighid was right. It only took about two strokes before he began to spurt. Shannon managed to catch it in the towel as he did so. The beige fabric now soaked by the white liquid that poured out of the boy. Shannon couldn’t take her eyes off of the boy’s jerking penis as he moaned and her hand became soaked by the goo as well.

“Here,” Brighid said, handing back a box of tissues. Shannon took it in her free hand and began to clean the boy off and then her own hand. By the time the boy left the car, Shannon had touched three cocks and jerked one off. How was that for a first time?

Shannon went to get into the front seat but Brighid stopped her. “After that disgusting display you just put on, I don’t think I want you sitting up here with me. Sit back there and spread your knees wide.”

“I’m disgusting, I’m disgusting,” she screamed at her sister. “You make me clean off two boys cocks, spill my milk all over myself and then jerk a guy off and I’m disgusting. You are nuts!”

Brighid pulled the car over with a screech to the side of the road. She threw Shannon’s book bag at the naked girl and screamed “GET OUT NOW! You can walk to school if you are going to be such a bitch!”

Shannon was shaking from the confrontation and the thought of having to walk to school now.

“Please Brighid, please no. I’ll die out there...it’s so cold...please, I’m sorry, I’ll sit like you want and keep quiet, I promise.”

Brighid sat there, eyes blazing in anger. Who did Shannon think she was? This was more proof of her high and mighty attitude.

“Fine you stupid bitch. But from now on, you will listen the first time.”

Shannon breathed a sigh of relief as Brighid pulled back out onto the road and into traffic. Remembering her orders, she spread her knees wide apart, feeling her pussy come into full view. She sat there, arms at her side, her tits and pussy completely on display as they drove through traffic.

The naked girl was mortified as they drove, seeing the eyes of people in vans, trucks, buses and minivans checking out every part of her. She tried closing her eyes but was quickly told that was a no-no so she sat there, eyes straight ahead on the road ahead.

Finally they pulled through the gates of her school and onto safe ground. She never thought she would be so happy to be naked at school but at least here everyone had seen her. While she was still mortified, it was better than being on the street.

“Thank me for your ride and for breakfast Shannon,” Brighid ordered.

“Thank you for breakfast and for driving me to school,” Shannon said meekly, eyes downcast.

“You are welcome little sister. It’s nice that we get to spend time together,” the older girl said laughing.

As Shannon climbed out of the car, she felt the cold road on her bare feet. She had barely touched the first step up into school when she heard the bell ring. Damn, she was late. She turned back and saw Brighid with a smirk on her face wave out the window.

The second she stepped inside the school building, Mr. Jones, the principal, was there. “Miss Malone, my office please.”

She groaned, knowing that this would mean more humiliation. She walked through the office of his secretary, a holier-than-thou woman who looked down her nose at the naked girl. When Shannon reached the plush carpeting of Mr. Jones’ office, she dropped to her knees and spread wide, her back straight. She knew that she was going to be in for a rough day.

**PART 24**

A very sweaty and dirty Shannon Malone knelt there, naked after a full day of humiliation at her school. Shannon, who is the midst of a six-week punishment at school, had survived so far but was now kneeling in the principal’s office, hands cuffed behind her, blindfold on, knees spread and sinking into the plush carpeting. She waited in anticipation for Mr. Jones to return and set her free.

Her morning had started with the humiliation at Dunkin Donuts with her sister. When she got to school, she was a minute late, earning her first visit of the day to Mr. Jones’ office. The principal had taken a very personal interest in her discipline.

As she knelt there that morning, Mr. Jones came around carrying a box that he had pulled out of his closet. He placed it on his desk, a big smirk on his face.

“Well Miss Malone, you just can’t seem to keep your nose clean can you?”

The naked girl looked down, eyes on the carpet. She was embarrassed enough about her morning activities but now felt that worse was going to happen.

“You will now have an additional punishment to the nudity,” Mr. Jones said. With that, he pulled out what looked like handcuffs. “Today, your hands will be cuffed behind your back. All of your teachers have a key and can release you if they desire.”

He came around his desk and grabbed Shannon’s slender wrists and cuffed them together behind her. She felt a strain on her shoulders as her arms were pulled into the unnatural position.

She felt Mr. Jones’ hands under her shoulders and she was pulled to a standing position, her feet being tickled by the soft carpet. She stood there as Mr. Jones returned to the box and pulled out a long rod with two cuffs on either ends.

“This is a spreader bar Miss Malone...can you guess what it is for,” he asked. Shannon groaned. She knew that it was going to be put on her. Quickly Mr. Jones fastened the cuffs onto her ankles. She was now unable to get her feet closer than three feet apart.

“Now, Miss Malone, I am the only one with a key to your spreader bar. You may come here after school before basketball practice to have it removed.”

Shannon’s mouth dropped open and eyes got wide.

“What is it Miss Malone, speak your peace now because you will not have another chance today.”

“Mr. Jones, you expect me to go around all day like this? Please Sir, I couldn’t do it.”

“Nonsense...you will be fine...an athletic girl like you should have no problem getting around the school. Steps might be hard but you will manage. Your teachers know of the arrangement and will be okay if you are a bit late. Nothing excessive though Miss...do not take advantage of this situation.”

What was he talking about? Take advantage of the situation? I’m naked, cuffed and spread, unable to cover any part of myself and he thinks I may take ADVANTAGE of the situation?

“Now for the last part.” Suddenly in her view was a red ball that flashed over her eyes and into her open mouth. She felt it clasp shut behind her. “This may be removed at lunch only but must be put back in. Ask that friend of yours, Carrie, to remove it at lunch. Now move along please.”

As a final insult, he slapped her butt, almost causing her to fall. “Careful Shannon, you might not be able to get back up,” he laughed.

The naked girl somehow managed to get out of the office and into the hallway. She was thankful that the halls were clear since she had been late. First class was art...she hoped that Miss Ryan was back and there would be no repeat of Miss Winters humiliation the first day she had been naked. She had been forced to model for all of the students who titled the work “Shannon’s Breasts and “Shannon’s Vagina.” All of the work was on display at the school gallery located in a prominent hallway.

Somehow Shannon negotiated her way down the hallways, going as fast as she could but knowing that it was painfully slow. She was only able to go a few inches at a time the way her feet were attached. She looked at her duck like walk and knew she would be mortified doing this in front of her fellow students for the rest of the day.

Slowly she went until she came to the first set of steps. Luckily her school was only three floors high and most of her classes were on the second floor. Unfortunately, she had to get there first. At the bottom she put her right foot up on the first step and then her left. It was tricky and once or twice she felt like she was going to fall backwards but managed to keep her balance. How would she do this when the stairs were filled with people, she wondered.

Finally, after what had to be 10 minutes, she made it to the top of the steps. She tried to hurry and made it down the hall to the art studio where her first class was. She breathed a sigh of relief when she saw Miss Ryan instead of Miss Winters. The young and pretty teacher looked up from where she was helping a student and gasped. Although she had been warned about Shannon’s appearance today, the sight of it was amazing. She had been out sick the last few days and this was her first experience with nudity at the school.

Even the kids who had seen her modeling and had been here every day were surprised at the spreader bar and cuffs and gag. This was intense.

Shannon tried to look away from their eyes. At least with her hands free she could cover when she could but this was just total immobility. All of her private parts, hidden for the first 16 years of her life, were now on blatant display to anyone and everyone.

She didn’t even see Miss Ryan approaching her, wrapping her arms around the naked girl. The soft fabric of the teacher’s sweater felt so good and Shannon yearned for some clothing even more.

“Shannon, this is awful. You know I can’t do too much to help you but I feel terrible for you. Let me take this gag off and uncuff you. You know there is nothing I can do about the bar.”

The naked girl nodded, grateful at the kindness of this teacher she had always admired. She felt relief as the handcuffs came off and she could straighten her arms...and it had only been about 15 minutes. She felt Miss Ryan’s hands in her hair and felt the gag come off. Thank God, she thought, my jaw hurts...I hope more teachers let me remove it. It’s painful!

“Shannon, come on over...you can borrow my brushes and paints...Mr. jones said that you will not have a book bag at all today.”

She tried to negotiate around the easels in the room but it was nearly impossible. Finally Miss Ryan took the easel and brought it to her with the paints and brushes. Shannon looked around for a chair but noticed a sympathetic look on Miss Ryan’s face as the teacher shook her head.

“Sorry Shannon, you are going to have to kneel...you are not allowed chairs today.”

“Please Miss Ryan, please let me sit in a chair, I’ll be good, I promise,” Shannon whispered.

“Sorry hon, Mr. Jones’ orders.”

“Now class, here is the photo we are going to paint.” She flipped on the overhead projector and the class gasped. It was a photo of Shannon jerking off that boy in Brighid’s car that morning. Oh God, they know everything she thought. Of course the boy’s face was blocked out but not his cock and not her hand wrapped around it and not one single inch of her body.

“Paint this the best you can and title it...Shannon Gets Her Breakfast. This will also go into the Gallery.”

Shannon couldn’t even see the picture anymore, her eyes so blurred by the tears. This teacher that she so admired and wanted to be like had betrayed her like the rest.

Miss Ryan came by, squeezing Shannon’s bare shoulder, and handed her a note.

Shannon opened it and read it.

“Shannon,

I am so sorry about this...Mr. Jones seems to have it out for you. I have to protect my job and go along. I am so sorry. Please understand. Miss Ryan.”

The teen looked at her favorite teacher, tears flowing down her cheeks. Instead of offering a reassuring look, Shannon looked away and began painting the awful scene ahead of her. While she painted, she tried to detach herself from the event. She focused on the bluish grey interior of Brighid’s car, the white shirt the boy wore but there was no way around it...she had to focus on that penis and draw it. She noticed that the entire class was silent and assumed that they were all as blown away by the photo as she was.

“Class, about five more minutes...finish up. Every student in the school is going to draw this picture and the best dozen will be displayed in the gallery.”

More humiliation...Shannon’s tears continued as she put the finishing touches on the painting. She thought it would be ironic if her painting was chosen among the best.

The bell rang and Miss Ryan came over, collecting the painting. She then recuffed Shannon’s hands behind her and put that awful ballgag back in her mouth. Shannon knew this wouldn’t come off next class with the sadist Fr. Magee. As she shuffled off to biology, Miss Ryan gave her a pat on the back and said quietly, “good luck.”

**PART 25**

Kneeling there on Mr. Jones’ floor, Shannon continued to recall her horrible day. There was the awful humiliation at Dunkin Donuts. Then when she got to school, Mr. Jones had put her in the terrible spreader bar and handcuffs behind her.

Miss Ryan’s art class had been bad, drawing the still photo taken while she had masturbated that boy off in the back of her sister’s car. She had been forced to do it but no one knew that of course. To them she looked like a slut, choosing to jerk off a boy on her way to school.

The next class that day had been Fr. Magee’s biology class. The priest had been the meanest teacher she had to deal with, forcing her to be a model during a class on the female anatomy and had allowed the class to grope her breasts as a lesson on feeling the “milk glands.” She wondered what he had in store for her.

She shuffled her way down the halls into the biology classroom. All of the students laughed at her, pointing at her predicament. She tried to ignore them but couldn’t hold in her humiliation and walked through the groups.

Finally she made it to biology and saw the dreaded gyno table that had been her seat for the class. She hopped up, doing the best she could with the spreader and her arms cuffed behind her.

Somehow she had beaten Fr. Magee into the class and her classmates had some fun at her expense. Some of the boys were throwing balled up paper at her spread pussy, with one hitting her directly on the spread organ. She glared at the boys who laughed back at her. No one came to her defense...not even the girls who she had thought were her friends.

Fr. Magee finally made it into the room and she breathed a sigh of relief, even though she knew this would be just as bad. At least she trusted that nothing horrible would happen to her...with her classmates, who knew?

“Good morning class and good morning Miss Malone. Glad to see you are ready...the bar is a bit much, even for our illustrious principal,” Fr. Magee said, attaching the spread feet to the chair.

The class kind of chuckled. Fr. Magee’s ingenius punishments were known around the school and it was funny for him to think another teacher had gone too far.

“OK, today we are going to observe and study the responsiveness of the female of the species. Now class, what is the spot of your body that is most responsive to a tickle...you Miss McMahon.”

“My feet Father.”

“Good Jennifer, now take this feather and tickle Miss Malone’s feet please.”

The young teen stood up and took the feather. Jen McMahon was a small girl, thin with blonde hair. She was one of the nicest girls in the school and Shannon could see this was uncomfortable for her.

She came towards her naked classmate and gently brushed the feather on Shannon’s toes. The naked girl cringed and tried to move but the stirrups held her tight and she started to moan behind her gag.

“Good Miss McMahon. Now, you Miss Evans, what is the part of your body that tickles the most?”

The girl blushed. “My armpits Father.”

“Good girl, now go up there Janet and tickle Miss Malone’s armpits.”

Janet Evans was on the school’s swim team, solidly built but cute. She was an all-state swimmer and had been a friend of Shannon’s before the events of this week but had turned on her like the rest of the athletes had.

“Yes Father, my pleasure.”

The girl took the feather and began to mercilessly tickle the girls armpits which were exposed because of the way Shannon’s arms were cuffed behind her. The naked girl tried to move away but it was nearly impossible...Janet continued her assault on the girl’s armpits, a teasing torture.

Finally Fr. Magee put an end to the torture as tears flowed out of Shannon’s eyes. She was laughing so hard behind her gag but it wasn’t laughter of joy...it was pain, frustration and humiliation.

“Thank you Miss Evans...you certainly put a lot of energy into that,” Fr. Magee said. He would remember that for the future...this girl would be helpful in other situations.

“Any boys...yes Mr. Gorbo.”

Shannon’s eyes flew to the boy who had threatened her earlier in the week. He had it in for her and she knew he would make life awful!

“Father, please pardon my bluntness, but I think her pubic area would be very sensitive sir.”

“Yes Mr. Gorbo, you are correct. Please come and take the feather and show us how she responds.”

Shannon groaned behind her gag and shook her head back and forth. Her eyes seemed to be begging the boy to please not do this. The boy nodded and took the feather and began to tickle the girl’s exposed pussy, trying to stick the feather between her lips. Shannon moaned and bucked and tried to get away from the awful tickling, which went on for what felt to her like hours. Actually, after five minutes, Fr. Magee stopped the boy, who handed Father the feather and smirked at Shannon. The girl was panting from the intense tickling and was trying to get beyond the good feelings that feather caused in her.

“Any others?” Fr. Magee asked.

There were no hands up and then one, then another and finally a third.

“OK, all three of you come on up and using your hands, tickle the area you think.”

Two boys and a girl came forward and moved towards Shannon. The girl started to tickle the naked student’s sides, causing Shannon to buck and lift her bottom from the chair. One boy began to tickle her inner thighs, just inches from her wet and very aroused pussy. The third boy began grabbing her breasts, tickling the underside.

This was more than she could take...the feelings were terrible but a part of her was so turned on.

“Hey, my fingers are getting wet...she’s dripping,” the boy tickling her thighs announced.

“Yeah and her nipples are sticking straight up,” the boy working on her breasts said.

“Very good you three, you may stop,” Fr. Magee said. “You have all achieved the desired result. Many women respond to teasing and tickling with a sexual response. Miss Malone here is exhibiting that behavior.”

Shannon laid there panting, trying to gain control of her body. Her face was flushed. Her classmates could see the results, her breasts heaving, her pussy slick with her juices and the red marks all over the spots where the boys and girl had groped her.

Finally the bell rang and the class walked past the naked girl, who was oblivious to the action and laid there with her eyes closed.

Father Magee came to her and she finally was free of the stirrups. She still had the awful bar on but could move. The priest was kind enough to grab her arm and pull her to a standing position so that she could shuffle off to gym class.

**PART 26**

Shannon’s attention snapped back to her present state. She was still kneeling there in the principal’s floor, waiting for him to return and uncuff her and allow her to go home. It had been an especially rough day and now she saw the daylight fade and nighttime coming quick.

She had suffered all kinds of humiliations, from waking up for a naked jog with her sister to an embarrassing episode in an area Dunkin Donuts. Then she arrived at school, was cuffed behind her back and a spreader bar put on her ankles. She was then had to paint a portrait of her forced masturbation of a boy that morning and then was tickle tortured for almost an hour in biology class.

Gym class had been next and that had gone fine. Miss Kelly had taken pity on her and allowed her to sit in the bleachers and watch. Yes she was still naked and her ankles were spread but Miss Kelly had removed the ballgag and the cuffs so that she was relatively free.

She sat watching the other girls as they sweated through a game of indoor soccer. That was obviously why she couldn’t play. Couldn’t very well play soccer with a spreader bar between your ankles, she thought.

As she sat there, the hard wood feeling cold on her bare bottom, she closed her eyes and relaxed for the first time. It was hard for her to believe that she could relax while sitting naked in bleachers of her school with her knees spread while a group of 30 girls went about their class.

She watched the girls playing soccer and thought that it must be weird for other girls to see her humiliation. She wondered what they thought as they saw her. Shannon had a pretty good idea what the boys thought...many of them had made their feelings pretty clear on the subject. But what about the girls?

She thought that she would feel empathy for her if she were wearing clothes and another girl was forced to be nude. She would be embarrassed for the girl and try to make life easier for her. Shannon had seen some kindnesses from other girls but not many. Carrie, her best friend, had done the best that she could to help but most of the girls had stayed away.

Maybe they were embarrassed seeing her so blatantly naked. Or maybe they were afraid that it might soon be them enduring the forced stripping. Shannon had overheard a conversation in the principal’s office that two faculty members thought that behavior had certainly improved thanks to the new discipline, especially among the girls.

The boys, well she hoped for some compassion and there had been some. Not much, but a little. Some boys, like Charles, told her they felt bad but of course never passed up the opportunity to stare at her, grope her, tease her, etc. She wanted to hate them but she couldn’t....knew that they were just being boys. She knew enough about them, living with a younger brother. She cringed thinking about his party that night...with 10 other horny 12 year olds and her as a chaperone.

A sharp whistle broke her from her daydream. Miss Kelly was pointing at her and telling her that class was dismissed. The girl pushed herself up, trying to steady herself on her spread feet and somehow made it down the bleachers. At the bottom, Miss Kelly reattached the cuffs and the ballgag and patted her ass, forcing the naked girl to squeal under the gag and stumble forward, pushing through the doors and out into the hallway. She had lunch next and wanted to get Carrie’s help with the gag so that she could eat. She guessed that she would also need help holding her tray since only teachers had a key.

As she made her way to the cafeteria, she noticed the hallway was completely empty and remembered that gym class ended earlier than most other classes to give the students a chance to shower and change before the next class. She was grateful for the extra time to get to lunch.

As she turned the corner where many of the students’ lockers were, Shannon was grabbed from behind, a hand roughly grabbed bound arms and the other arms roughly around her naked top.

“Now I get to finish what I started in Father Magee’s class,” the voice whispered in her ear. It was Eric, the boy who had promised to make her life hell.

She tried to scream but the gag made it impossible to hear, especially with loud music coming from the band room adjacent to the lockers. She tried to get away from the boy but had no success. Tears flowed out of her eyes as she sensed what was to come.

**PART 27**

Shannon shuttered as she remembered the feeling...no boy had ever touched her there. The only orgasms she had ever experienced had come from her own hands. But today, another’s fingers had slipped inside of her and made her cum. The naked girl closed her eyes at the memory of her degradation.

The girl was kneeling, naked and gagged, on the floor of the principal, Mr. Jones. She had been through a terrible day and just wanted it to end. She still had humiliations to suffer at home but at least she would be away from here.

Her mind flashed back to the memory of being assaulted in the hallway after leaving gym class. Shannon was in her third day of complete nudity after skipping school and calling in a false sick call. Her school had gone to this humiliating form of punishment and now she was the first student to suffer the fate and would be naked for six weeks. Her father had extended the punishment to home as well, although he was a little less strict about it, letting her earn a piece of clothing every week.

Today she had accepted an offer from her sister for a ride to school. On her way she had been humiliated at a Dunkin Donuts, been forced to wash the penises of two boys and masturbate a third in her sister’s car. All of that activity had made her late for school and now she was locked into a spreader bar on her ankles and had her wrists cuffed behind her. Also she was gagged. The teachers all had keys to the wrist cuffs and could remove the gag but only Mr. Jones had the key to the spreader bar and it had remained on all day.

She had suffered through humiliations in art class and biology, where several of her classmates had tortured her through tickling her body with a feather to gauge the reaction. One of those boys had been Eric Gorbo, who reveled in humiliating her. He had tickled her pussy to near orgasm but had been stopped by Father Magee.

Now she was in his clutches and there were no teachers or students around. Classes were in session and he had pulled her into a small area hidden from view. With the band room a few feet away and the gag on her nice and tight, no one would ever know.

He had grabbed her as she went to lunch room and was behind her, roughly mauling her left breast with his left hand. Meanwhile, his right hand was rubbing her semi-parted slit. He was rubbing her pussy, which was involuntarily watering.

She shook her head, “no, please no,” she whimpered, but the gag would allow nothing to slip through. She cried but couldn’t help the feelings coming from his fingers.

“This is good isn’t it Shannon,” the boy whispered, his hands knowing exactly where to touch her, slipping just inside of her opening, causing her to moan. The bound, naked girl shook her head violently but the moans didn’t stop.

“Remember earlier this week in math class? You said I would never have this chance...well, guess what, I am going to make you cum.”

And with that, he pushed two fingers inside of her and touched a part of her vagina that was her button...it was located about an inch up inside her front wall. It was where she touched when she wanted to cum. He touched it and she came, her body shivering and knees faltering. She cried out but the gag held her moans of pleasure mixed with humiliation in. She hadn’t wanted it but her body had betrayed her...she had cum by his hands and he was the first boy to make her cum.

The boy pulled his hand out of her and turned her around to face him. She saw his mean eyes taking her all in and she felt dirty and ashamed. He took his hand that was wet with her juices and wiped it under her nose and on her mouth and chin and cheeks. “So you can remember this moment all day,” he laughed and threw her to the ground and exited the area just as the bell rang and classes let out, filling the hallways.

She made it to her feet and shuffled off towards the cafeteria, her fellow students making room for the distraught naked girl. Shannon finally made it to the cafeteria and was met by Carrie, her best friend and one of the few people in the school to show her any pity. Carrie’s eyes grew wide when she saw her friend and even wider when she smelled her.

“Whoa, Shannon, what’s going on?”

The naked girl motioned for Carrie to remove the gag. The friend didn’t seem to comprehend but when Shannon lowered her head, Carrie got the message and undid the gag. Shannon sobbed at being free from the gag.

“What happened Shannon? You smell awful. I had heard about this punishment but you look ridiculous.”

“Carrie, I’ll fill you in during lunch but I need help finding someone to take off these cuffs. Let’s find a teacher.”

The two girls wandered over to the teacher’s lounge and found Miss Ryan, the art teacher, who gladly unlocked the girl’s cuffs. Turning to Carrie she said, “Make sure you recuff her after lunch okay?” Carrie nodded and turned to follow the shuffling naked Shannon back into the students’ area.

In line, Shannon was quiet and Carrie followed her lead. She felt awful for her best friend and wanted to say something perfect but knew that she should wait for Shannon to talk. She could tell that the naked girl was miles away from the cafeteria in her head.

Carrie’s hunch was right. Shannon was imaging herself far away from this madness. She was in a room, wearing jeans, a sweater, socks (oh socks, she loved socks!), boots, bra and knickers. Oh what a feeling as she sat in front of a fire without an inch of skin showing.

A clanging of a pan of food hitting the hot water in front of her brought her back to reality. She felt her bare feet on the cold tile, the drafts hitting her bare breasts and up into her now sticky pussy. She felt those ankle cuffs digging into her and spreading her legs apart so that everyone had a view of her pussy. She wanted to cry again.

The girls decided to split an order of French fries and each got a sandwich and soda. Carrie carried both trays for a grateful Shannon, who was struggling to carry hers and also shuffle along. The two girls found an empty table away from the crowd in a corner of the room.

Finally over lunch, the whole story spilled out. Carrie hadn’t known too much, just what she had seen. Shannon told her about Brighid and Jimmy at home, about Dunkin Donuts this morning and about Eric Gorbo. The girl just sat there open mouthed listening to her friend’s tale.

When Shannon finished, there wasn’t much to say. Carrie moved a little closer and gave the naked girl a big hug.

“I’m so sorry this is happening to you, you don’t deserve it at all,” Carrie said. Shannon was happy for the hug and the nice words.

“Thank you for being such a good friend. I’ve felt so alone, like nobody cared about me.”

Tears flowed anew as the naked girl realized how awful it had been. The two sat quietly, eating their lunch and enjoying the quiet of two good friends. Finally, Carrie had looked at her watch and signaled Shannon that it was time to go. Reluctantly, the girl recuffed Shannon’s wrists and put the gag in before the two walked (and shuffled) out of the caf and to their next class.

**PART 28**

Shannon remained kneeling there on the principal’s floor running through the events of the day in her mind. Of course she was naked, a fact she was being constantly reminded of as she went through her life.

Three days of constant nudity had made her crazy...constantly humiliated and embarrassed. She had overheard her father and stepmom talking, wondering if constant nudity would make her less likely to be embarrassed by it. Truth was, it made it even worse. She had no place to hide ever and she hated it.

After lunch, her afternoon had been okay. Only once was there humiliation, when Mr. Felix, her math teacher, had again made her walk to the board to demonstrate a hard problem. Of course, it took her forever and she was still unable to answer it, needing him to come over and help her. What a great opportunity for him to observe her nudity up close.

She was sitting in her English class, the last period of the day, when Mr. Jones, the principal, came over the PA. “Pardon me everyone, but Miss Shannon Malone please report to my office immediately following class. Thank You.”

All eyes went immediately back to her. Not that they were off her much but Mr. Jones’ announcement brought everybody back front and center onto her. Miss Edwards, her English teacher, looked at her sympathetically.

“Shannon, why don’t you get a start over to Mr. Jones’ office. Class is ending soon anyway.”

Shannon’s eyes betrayed her inner feelings and without her saying thank you Miss Edwards already said “You’re welcome.”

Shannon made her way towards the door. She hadn’t had a bag all day and hadn’t so much as opened a book. She hadn’t even bothered asking Miss Edwards to uncuff or ungag her, resigned to the humiliation of it all.

Somehow she made it to the front of the class around everyone’s bookbag. Of course class could not begin until the bound, naked girl made it out of class. Finally she pushed the door open with her bare shoulder and shuffled out into the cold tile of the empty hallway.

As she walked, she felt a tightness in her chest and in her throat. Then she remembered...this is too much like the walk before lunch...an empty hallway, no one around to hear the assault. Every sound made her jump...she went as fast as she could and finally made it down the hall, down a flight of steps and into Mr. Jones’ office.

She tried to catch her breath...saw a man in the office dressed in a suit with his eyes bugging out of his sockets. What a sight she was, her breasts heaving up and down as she regained her breath.

“Excuse me Miss Malone...if you are done making a spectacle of yourself for Mr. Dannel, our text book rep, please go inside Mr. Jones’ office and wait for him as you are supposed to.”

Blushing again, she negotiated her way into Mr. jones’ office, again needing her bare shoulder to open the door.

Once inside the big well furnished office, she shuffled to where she had been told to wait and dropped to her knees. She did not know how long she knelt there but heard the bell. Looking out the big picture window behind Mr. Jones’ desk, she saw the students filing out of school and the buses pulling in, getting ready for the trip home. School ended a little early on Fridays and most students left on time.

Shannon wanted this day to end so badly but it wasn’t over...not even close. She still had basketball practice, still had to chaperone her brother’s party (six junior high boys, awful at any time, horrendous in her current state) and even had to go and arrange for cleaning the man across the street’s house.

Finally she heard the door open behind her and turned to see Mr. Jones walking in.

“Ah Miss Malone...glad you could join me. I hope you had an interesting day.”

Shannon glared at the man who was taking such obvious joy in her humiliation.

She didn’t know how, but someday she would get this man!

“Oh, I see the gag is still in...no wonder you have been unable to answer me. No matter, it will stay in anyway.”

The naked girl groaned, hoping to have the gag out before basketball practice.

“Well, we can’t have you practice like this can we? No, a bound naked girl wouldn’t get a lot done on the court now would she?”

Shannon shook her head. Yes, finally some common sense and some compassion. She would at least have clothes to play basketball. YES!

“No indeed...let me make some changes here.”

He walked past her, his pant leg brushing her bare hip as he walked. The feel of his clothes made her yearn for her own.

Yes, he must be going for her clothes, the ones removed from her locker, her practice stuff. She couldn’t wait to get into those mesh shorts and her sports bra and her t-shirt. Oh and her socks and sneaks too! He might even let her have knickers...oh blessed knickers. She had forgotten how awesome they were!

“Let’s see here, yes, I found the box I was looking for.”

Her eyes were closed as he brushed past her again. She was imagining herself in those glorious clothes, being covered for the first time in days. She was imagining how good her feet would feel covered by the socks and sneaks instead of pounding bare on the ground.

When she opened her eyes, they widened at the sight. Mr. Jones was not holding her practice clothes in his hands...he had something that looked like metal clothes pins! What were they for, she wondered. Suddenly, she came to an awful realization...they were going on her nipples!

She started shaking her head...please no. But all Mr. Jones could do was smile. “Shannon, I see you have figured out the meaning behind these. After all, you are still under punishment. I will remove the spreader bar and the cuffs but you must have something on you to remember the punishment.”

He walked over to the girl and began to rub her nipples which, despite the situation, quickly became erect and hard. He then positioned the clamps over the right one and let go.

AHHHH!! The muffled scream came from the young girl as the pain shot through her whole body. The metal clamps were digging into her sensitive flesh around her breasts, causing major pain.

“Okay now, just one more.” He poised the clamp over the other one and let that one go as well, causing the pain to double.

She shook her upper body in an effort to get the clamps off but they held tight, causing her breasts to sway from side to side, stretching the skin as it went.

“Shannon, they aren’t going anywhere so you might as well stop. And they are to remain on until you come back here.”

She knelt there, tears streaming down her face and onto her aching bare breasts.

She wondered if things would ever get better.

She felt Mr. Jones fumbling around at her ankles and heard the sound of the cuffs coming undone. She began to move her knees closer together after so many hours apart but she felt Mr. Jones’ hand pushing on her inner thigh, telling her to stay apart.

Finally Mr. Jones uncuffed her wrists and she had her arms and legs free for the first time all day.

“Now, two more things. Even though you are uncuffed, those clamps stay on your nipples. If you are caught without them, the punishment will be worse than today by a lot. Understand?”

She nodded, unable to do more than that with the gag in.

“Same goes for the gag. Now you had better hurry on to practice. Coach McBride is waiting and you know he hates to be kept waiting.”

With that he waved his hand to say that she was dismissed and she got to her feet the clamps on her poor nipples and the gag still in her mouth. The tears continued to flow as she made her way out of the office to the girl’s gym.

**PART 29**

The naked Shannon Malone walked into the brightness of the girl’s gym. She saw that only Coach McBride was in the room. The other girls were probably still changing for practice.

Shannon was mortified that her coach would see her in this state. She had always respected him and thought of him as the big brother she never had. Now she was reduced to a humiliated nude girl in his presence.

Her bare feet slapped at the hard wood as she made her way to where he sat on the bleachers. His eyes looked up from his practice schedule and his eyes got big. The fact that he knew the naked girl was coming meant nothing when confronted with the person in the flesh. Coach McBride was having a hard time keeping his obvious arousal hidden from the beautiful naked girl.

“Oh, ah, Shannon. Glad you could finally join us,” he said, finally getting himself together.

Shannon was too embarrassed to look her coach in the eye, choosing to look at the wood floor beneath her. That was fine for the coach, a 25 year old guy who could not believe his luck. Here he was in the presence of unbelievable naked beauty. He had taken this job because he liked coaching...of course the presence of girls in shorts and tank tops didn’t hurt any. But this was beyond his wildest dreams.

“Well Shannon, this is an interesting situation you have put us in,” he continued, his eyes drinking in her entire nudity, seeing her little round breasts so firm and tight, her long shapely legs rising to meet narrow hips and of course, that oh-so-wonderful feminine mound in the middle, completely void of hair, compliments of his friend, Barbara Kelly. He would have to remember to thank her later.

“What are we going to do? It’s hard enough playing in our league without the added burden of having our best player completely naked. What’s going to happen when we go on the road?”

Shannon’s eyes closed tight. It was horrible enough to be here naked but to be exposed to all of those other eyes would be completely awful.

“Already tried to get him to make an exception,” he said. “Not very hard,” he thought, but let it pass. This was going to be fantastic. Attendance at girl’s games were always a problem and this should help that. Plus the distraction of a naked player would be an advantage. His team would be used to it by the time games came around. Other teams wouldn’t be.

“No, I’m afraid Mr. Jones is staunch in his defense of this punishment,” Coach continued. “The rules say that you must participate in every school function completely nude and that you must compete in all of the things you did before the punishment so you can’t quit. So, what we have here is a problem.”

Tears started flowing down her cheeks again, this time she had no idea why. She had always been a good girl...now everything was a problem.

She felt her coach’s fingers on her chin, pulling her face up so that her eyes met his.

“Hey, no tears...we’ll figure something out,” he said, his face bright with a smile. For the first time in days, the naked girl smiled too, silently thanking her coach for his cheer.

“But, before we get to that, there are the punishment drills,” he said, turning away from her.

She grimaced, forgetting that she had missed practice while skipping school on Tuesday and was now subject to the punishment drills. Every girl had to do them at some point but skipping practice was a huge no-no. She had expected the punishment drills when she returned to practice but had forgotten all about them since the nude punishment began. She kind of thought it had been removed.

“I know you think I should forget the punishment drills but this is a team rule...no excuses and you know that. I would lose all of the discipline on this team if people found out I let people go without a good reason.”

“How’s this for a good reason,” she thought, “I’m completely naked!” But she stood silent, afraid of earning more punishment.

“As you know, skipping practice without a good excuse is breaking a major rule of this team. So, you have to do punishment drill A. Coach Ryan will lead you through the punishment drills. When you have finished, you will join the team for practice.”

Another silent grimace from Shannon. Coach Ryan was always gawking at the girls, trying to touch them inappropriately. She didn’t want to be one-on-one with the man but knew that she had no choice. She climbed the bleachers to the raised jogging track where the man was standing. The lustful look in his eyes made her want to disappear, a feeling she was getting very familiar with recently.

“Okay Shannon, I guess it’s just me and you. Begin with laps...30 laps around the track...you have 10 minutes.”

Shannon stood there for a second with her eyes wide open. 30 laps in 10 minutes?

She would die!

“The clock has started Shannon...I’d get started if I were you...the punishment is even worse.”

Knowing he was right, Shannon began to run. As she started, she realized a huge problem...running made the clamps on her nipples swing back and forth, causing major shooting pain up and down her spine. As they pulled, her breasts moved back and forth, her skin stretching this way and that. Plus, she could only breathe through her nose with the gag solidly inside.

The pain in her breasts brought tears to her eyes yet again. Pretty quickly she had a sheen of sweat on her body. She tried to block out the pain in her nipples, breasts and bare feet, which were pounding on the surface, but she just couldn’t....it hurt so much.

She just ran, losing all track of how many laps and how long it had taken her.

She even blocked out Coach Ryan leering at her as she passed him after each lap.

Finally he called out “30” as she passed him. She wanted to stop then but he told her to walk a bit to cool down. Her breasts heaved up and down until she finally bent over to catch her breath.

Coach Ryan admired the new pose on the naked girl. He saw her cute little clit and lips poking out from behind...he always loved that view of a woman and his erection got even bigger. He luckily had worn roomy sweatpants to hide his arousal.

“Good job...nine minutes and 12 seconds. Didn’t think you were going to make it.

Okay, follow me to the next phase of the punishment.”

She delayed following him and when he turned, he read her mind.

“You didn’t think that was all did you? The laps were just part one, actually the easy part.”

**PART 30**

Shannon’s punishment was just beginning and the nude girl was already at her maximum hurt point. Her body ached from the running of almost three miles on the track, her bare breasts swinging with the clamps on them, her throat raw from having to breathe through her nose, her feet sore, her muscles cramping from the lack of shoes.

The girl was naked her in the gym of her high school and would be for the next six weeks, the victim of a new punishment regime in her school. She had skipped school and phoned in a false sick call, leading to this mess.

When she skipped school, she had also missed basketball practice and was now going through the dreaded punishment drills. They were horrible when she was clothed...even worse naked...and she had never gone through the worst punishment...had only heard about them.

The first round was over...she had run 30 laps around the track in less than 10 minutes. For her gym, 12 laps was a mile so she had been able to run almost three miles in that time.

Now, Coach Ryan, a leering older man, was leading her to her next punishment. He

stopped at the rope hanging from the ceiling.

“Now, you must climb up this rope and down three times in two minutes. Time starts now.”

Shannon was shocked...climb this rope naked? Three times? She didn’t know if she would make it once.

“Hurry Shannon, the clock is running.”

She grabbed the rope with her hands and pulled herself up a bit, her bare thighs wrapped around the rope, which now dug into her sensitive skin. She started up the rope, which was burning her bare skin. She knew she had to hurry and managed to get to the top of the rope. But, without thinking, she started down too fast and caused a major burn on her thighs, less than an inch from her pussy mound. She screamed beneath the gag but somehow hung onto the rope with her hands.

Finally she made it down. “One, now two more...you have one more minute.”

Christ, she thought, moving quickly up the rope again. This time, the rope was also digging into the little cleavage between her bare breasts, causing her to groan as she climbed and tears out of her eyes yet again. This time she was more careful getting down.

“30 seconds...hurry.”

Coach Ryan watched the young nude girl struggling to finish the task...she didn’t know that the three minutes was his addition. The head coach, Coach McBride, was too easy on these girls...Coach Ryan liked to watch them struggle a little, earn their way. He wouldn’t have added another punishment to her task...just wanted her to think so.

He watched her climb, seeing her bare arms pulling her up, her legs clamped together just above the knee...what an erotic site. When she was above the halfway point, he could see her slit and ass...a great view indeed. There were times when being an assistant girls’ basketball coach was a pain in the ass...today was not one of the them.

Shannon struggled to the top of the rope for the third time...the clamps pulling on her nipples, the rope digging into her flesh, her arms aching from pulling her up...everything hurt. Finally she made it back to the ground, wondering if she had made the time limit.

“Just made it...a second to spare...you’re a lucky girl. Follow me...”

She moaned beneath her gag...she was in awful pain and just wanted to rest. He motioned angrily for her to follow and she did, not really understanding why.

She could just leave. Remove the gag, rip off those awful clamps, steal clothes from the locker room and just go. So she was expelled...she could go to another school. But her father would kill her and she needed to make him happy.

She followed Coach Ryan to the center of the court. She noticed that some of the other girls had made their way out of the locker room and were starting to shoot. This was her first interaction with them since they snubbed her at lunch that first naked day. Since then they had ignored her and kept their distance...some friends.

Now they were intrigued that she was there. They probably thought what everyone did...that the nudity punishment would never extend to basketball. Some were giddy seeing it. Others were scared it might happen to them.

She felt their eyes boring into her and looked down. She wanted to scream at them...make them understand that this was awful and they weren’t helping the matter any. Maybe if they supported her, this could be better for her.

But she got no looks of compassion. They wanted blood.

“Okay Shannon, 100 squats in one minute and count them for us. Go.”

The girls started laughing and pointed as she did the squats quickly unintelligibly counting the squats from beneath her gag. The clamps on her tits swung up and down. She saw the girls’ eyes focusing on her pussy and she thought that must be truly obscene. As she squatted, she could feel her lips part. She wondered if they could all hear the squelching noise. From the laughter, she guessed they could.

“mmfff, mmfff, mmfff,” came the sound of her voice as she counted each squat. She was so humiliated by the exercise and by having to count...they couldn’t understand what she was saying anyway...it was just done to embarrass her.

She was groaning and grunting with each squat, trying to keep accurate count. The pain in her thighs and stomach was intense...especially with her breasts being pulled down and up as the weighted clamps moved up and down.

Finally, she finished 100 and stood up straight, relieved to be out of that humiliating position. Standing naked in front of her teammates wasn’t as bad when compared to what she had just done. Oh, it was mortifying and embarrassing but at least her pussy lips weren’t on as prominent display.

Her whole body ached. Her feet and legs hurt from the laps and the squats, her upper body, and arms hurt from the rope and her breasts ached from it all.

“Okay, last part...you need to run 20 suicides in five minutes.”

All of the girls gasped and Shannon almost dropped to the floor. Suicides were the way the team ended practice. Starting on the baseline, you run to the foul line, touch the line, then back to the baseline. Then you run to midcourt, touch the line and go back to the baseline. Then the far foul line and back and finally the other end line. Twenty was a lot...20 in five minutes after all she had been through would be murder.

One of the girls stepped forward, a senior named Juli who had been one of her best friends before the events of the past week.

“Coach Ryan, don’t you think that’s kind of harsh,” she asked. “That might injure her after all she has been through.”

“Well Juli, if you’d like to take her place, maybe I will allow it.”

Juli bit her bottom lip, a sign to Shannon that she was considering it.

“Okay, I’ll run them for her.”

Shannon let loose a sign of thanks. She looked at her former friend and thanked her with a wink. Juli winked back and smiled.

“Okay then, remove your clothes, give them to me and then runt he laps.”

Everyone gasped. No one had thought she would have to run the laps naked.

“I didn’t earn the punishment, she did,” stammered the girl. “Why should I be naked?”

“You said you would take her place. That means running as she would. Now strip...we have to start practice.”

Juli was in a bind now. She had spoken up in defense of her friend and had earned the nudity. But she desperately wanted a way out.

Shannon ran over towards her and stood between her, shaking her head.

“Mmmfff, mmfff, I’ll run,” she said. Of course no one understood the words but almost everyone made out the message.

“Isn’t that sweet. No, Juli has offered and I have accepted. Your punishment will be completed by her. Now Juli, strip.”

Everyone was shocked but the girl kicked off her sneakers and pulled her socks off with the other foot. Juli didn’t want to show it, but she was terrified. But it kept running through her head that if Shannon could it in front of the whole school, certainly she could do it in front of 15 girls and the two male coaches.

Juli was short, maybe 5’0. She was the team’s point guard, a hustler. Her and Shannon had been best friends at school since they met during Shannon’s freshman year.

Her body was nice but nothing like the girl already naked. She had always envied Shannon’s long legs and narrow waist. She always tried to keep her body hidden...now it would be on blatant display to everyone in the gym.

Juli pulled the t-shirt over her head, revealing a gray Nike sports bra. She then pulled off her mesh basketball shorts to show matching gray bikini knickers. The girl tried to decide between the two articles of clothing...finally chose her bra and pulled it over her head. The other girls were spellbound, seeing her big round breasts on her little body. They looked almost unnatural. She had always worn bras that hid her size...even the other girls had rarely seen her undressed.

The breasts were no surprise to Shannon, who had seen Juli naked a frequently over the last three years. She was so touched by the gesture that she wanted to hug her friend. Instead she could only stand there and watch.

The girl hooked her thumbs into the waistband of her knickers and pulled them down her legs, revealing her full blonde pubes that completely covered her slit. It was obvious that she had trimmed the hair there but there was still a lot of it.

Shannon looked with envy at the pubic hair, wishing she still had hers. Unfortunately they had been cut off as part of a health education lesson yesterday. Lost in her thoughts, she hadn’t realized that Juli had started running until she heard the other girls yelling encouragement.

Juli’s bare feet slapped along the court as she ran back and forth...her large breasts bouncing as she ran. The feeling was uncomfortable for the girl after years of running with sports bras and tank tops. She could feel her breasts slapping by her chin as she bent over to touch each line.

The girl running had a few advantages over Shannon. First, she hadn’t already run three miles, climbed a long rope three times and done 100 squats. Second, there were no clamps on her tits causing her even more pain. And third, she was faster than Shannon, one of the fastest girls on the team despite her large round breasts.

Finally she finished the suicides and worked to catch her breath. The other girls cheered as Coach Ryan announced that she had finished her goal. A bunch of girls gathered around her and slapped her on the back as she walked nude among them, a queen with her subject.

Coach McBride called the girls to gather at midcourt while Juli headed to where her clothes were piled. She was surprised to see that someone had taken her knickers but quickly donned her sports bra and shorts before sliding into her socks and shoes and throwing her t-shirt back on. Before she joined the team, she went over to Shannon, who was doing sit ups with Coach Ryan holding her ankles wide apart and touched her shoulder, mouthing the words “sorry.” Shannon gave a muffled thank you as she continued the humiliating exercise, with Coach Ryan’s hands on her bare ankles and his face a few inches away from her spread open pussy.

**PART 31**

Finally the punishment drills were over and she was able to join the team. They were mostly doing a run through of their offensive plays. Shannon, normally one of the guards outside, was inserted as a power forward and went into the lane. This would force her to have her naked body come into direct contact with another girl as the forward frequently had to post up in position right up against the defender. As a shooting guard, she could get away from the opposing player without much contact.

“This is how we are going to use Shannon as an advantage. Most other girls will want nothing to do with the naked girl and won’t want to guard her. This will get you open for some easy layups. Understand Shannon? Girls?”

Shannon turned a bright crimson, even more red than she already was from all of the exertion. Coach McBride was suggesting that her nudity would be such a disgusting thing to opponents that they could have an advantage.

They ran through some drills, allowing her to get the ball in the lane and turn and shoot. As she posted up, she felt the bare knee and thighs of Melissa making contact with her. She felt the sweat of the other girl and got a tingle. What the heck was going on?

The other girls seemed angry at Shannon though. Every time she went up for a shot, she felt a hard slap across her arms, legs, breasts. By the time this part of practice was over, she had black and blue marks all over and her tits were scratched. That, plus her annoyance of having to scream for the ball through her gag were driving her crazy.

“Boy, the big girls gave you a workout today Shannon,” Coach McBride observed.

“Not like playing on the wing is it?”

Shannon shook her head, hoping it was over.

“Alright girls, gather at midcourt.”

The team all assembled in the midcourt circle. This was Coach McBride and Coach Ryan’s favorite part, having all of that young girl flesh gather in close, their bodies glistening from sweat, their hair matted on their foreheads, their shirts sticking to their bodies. Even sweat smelled sweet when it came from young girls.

“Alright girls, good practice today. And Juli, I really liked how you came to the defense of another teammate. I would expect that from all of you. As for Shannon, we were hard on her today as punishment. But, she is still part of this team and we need to respect that. While we might all be a little put off by her nudity, we have to accept it as a part of life now. Is that clear?”

The girls all said yes, including Shannon, who’s yes came out as “yffmtthh.”

“Ok girls, to the showers, except for you Shannon. Mr. Jones wants to see you immediately after practice.”

Shannon groaned. She was a sweaty mess, her hair matted, her body covered with a sheen of sweat. She stank and wanted to get clean. But as always, she did as she was told and made her way out of the gym down to Mr. Jones’ office. The hallways were completely empty...the other team’s were playing away games.

She finally made it to Mr. Jones’ office. His secretary was gone (thank God!, Shannon thought of the judgemental woman) and his light was the only one on in the suite. She entered the room, noticed he was on the phone and dropped to her knees, spreading them wide apart.

“Yes, I know, but that is our rule. You will have to allow it. Okay, thanks Sister Mary. I look forward to seeing you at the wrestling meet tomorrow. Bye now.”

“Ah, Shannon, come in. How was practice?”

Shannon gave a muffled answer to which Mr. Jones laughed. “I keep forgetting about that darn thing. Sorry. That was Sister Mary from Mercy Catholic. As you know, our wrestling team has a meet there tomorrow. Of course, you will be there as well as part of the cheerleading squad.”

Shannon’s eyes got big. She shook her head no but Mr. Jones would have none of it.

“I know, you are part of the football cheerleading team, but two of the wrestling cheerleaders got hurt at practice today. Your coach, Lisa, recommended you to fill in since you are the captain of the football squad and know all of the cheers. Be here tomorrow morning at 9 a.m. sharp. The meet is at 11 at Mercy. Sister Mary was a bit upset when she heard you were coming but she has no choice in the matter...you are going in uniform and that is all there is to it, so stop crying.”

Mr. Jones came from behind the desk and stood in front of the kneeling naked girl. She felt so vulnerable in his presence, especially with him completely clothed and she naked. Plus he had a good five inches and 100 pounds on her.

“Now, let’s get these clamps off. I hope we will not have to use them on you again.”

As he spoke, his right hand went to the clamp on her left breasts and he yanked on it, causing her to scream out and then he undid it.

“AHHH!!! MMMMMNNNFFFFFF!”

“Oh yes, I should have warned you...many women who wear these express discomfort when the clamps are removed and the blood returns. It should go away in a few seconds.”

Shannon’s hand went to her poor nipple but Mr. Jones quickly pushed it behind her again... ”please Shannon, I’d rather not cuff you again.”

His other hand went to the remaining clamps...she bit into her gag to avoid screaming out again for his satisfaction but it was no use. The pain of the removal was so great she cried out again.

“Now, I have made arrangement of calling your stepmother and she is going to pick you up. You are to stay here as you are until she arrives. You may then remove the gag, place it in this box, put the box into the closet and you may leave. Please do not try anything silly as this office is videoed and monitored by security. They have had a lot of fun watching the tapes of you in here lately, I can assure you.”

Tears of pain and humiliation dripped down her cheeks as he packed his briefcase and then moved past her. He switched off the light, leaving her sobbing in darkness, a sweaty, disgusting mess.

**PART 32**

Shannon finally stopped crying and got her bearings. After a full day of torment and humiliation, she was finally alone. Although she was a bit uneasy about Mr. Jones’ words about the surveillance cameras and the thought of the men watching her, she still felt more comfortable than she had been in days.

This had all started on Wednesday, when she was punished for skipping school on Tuesday and lying about being sick. That day, she had been stripped at a surprise assembly and forced into six weeks of total nudity. Her father and stepmother had extended the punishment to home as well.

She knelt there, feeling her knees scratching against the plush carpet. Her body was feeling things it never had before, being relieved of clothes makes a girl realize how vulnerable she really is.

Her mind wandered to what still laid ahead tonight...she had to go to Mr. Firgus’ house to arrange for a cleaning schedule. Then she had to chaperone a party that her brother was throwing for eight of his little friends. Neither thing was going to be much fun for her...being nude alone in Mr. Firgus’ house made her uncomfortable and being nude in her own home with nine middle school boys was beyond her worst nightmare.

She kept looking out Mr. Jones’ large picture window, hoping to see Colleen’s car. She never thought she would be at the point where being naked in a car driving through town would be a relief but it was the best she could hope for.

The last few days, she had to take the bus home as Mr. Jones had taken away her car privilege. This morning, her sister had driven her, but she had been forced in several humiliating situation and been one minute late. That had forced her into extreme bondage for the day and many more humiliations.

Finally she saw Colleen’s blue Volvo wagon pull into the parking lot. She got off her knees, reached behind her to undo the gag, and dropped it into the bag of pain that had been put on her that day. She took the box and placed it in the closet, looking wistfully at the locked box with the label “Shannon Malone’s Clothes.”

She saw her book bag in the closet, dropped there that morning and exited the office, pulling the door shut behind her. The school was strangely quiet and dark. Only a few lights were on as she exited the school, pushing in the bar that had locked it. The door closed and locked behind her as she went into the cold night, her first experience outside in the cold night air. She felt a chill as she heard the door lock, knowing there was no way back if there was a problem.

Shannon felt the cold hard concrete under her bare feet as she hurried down the steps. Finally she saw her stepmom’s car stopped at the curb and ran towards it, trying to minimize her time out in the cold. She opened the door and what she saw made her heart sink...Colleen had laid a blanket down over the seat where Shannon would sit. Another humiliation.

“Shannon, I’m sorry, I don’t mean to embarrass you, but it’s a new car and I didn’t want to ruin the new seats. I’m sorry but after what Brighid told me about what happened to her car this morning, I didn’t want to take any chances.”

Oh God, does everyone know about her morning?

“Ah, what did Brighid tell you?”

“Only that, oh, how can I put this, your seepage spilled onto her seats and her car smelled like...uh, a female, for the rest of the day.”

Shannon didn’t think it possible, but she blushed again, an even deeper red. Having this conversation with your stepmother, no matter how well you got along or how cool she is, wasn’t supposed to happen. She sat onto the rough blanket, an old army blanket that her father insisted be kept in the car.

“So, how was your day?”

She wanted to say, “well, I was nude, of course you know all about that...oh and I had my ankles cuffed in a spreader bar, my wrists cuffed behind me and a gag in my mouth all day. I was humiliated in art class, biology class, math class and English class, I was groped and brought to orgasm by a boy against my will, I was forced to wash the penises of two boys I didn’t even know this morning at Dunkin’ Donuts and then jerk off a third until he came in Brighid’s car. And then there was basketball practice and the nipple clamps...”

Instead, she said, “fine, a lot like the last two days.”

The music was the only sound in the car for a few minutes. Colleen could tell that Shannon wasn’t really here and Shannon just wanted the quiet. Finally, Colleen had to say something.

“Shannon, I know this is hard. I can’t even imagine being in your situation. But you are a tough girl and we love you. Please understand that we think this is for your own good.”

Shannon’s eyes again filled with tears. She looked at Colleen, who felt the girl’s pain.

“Colleen, may I tell you something?”

“Sure honey, anything.”

“Well, I don’t feel real loved right now. I feel completely alone...all anyone wants to do is humiliate me and some me off in some way. Everyone gets their kicks from taking advantage of the naked girl. Even forcing me to do regular things around the house is awfully embarrassing for me. Do you understand?”

The older woman nodded...although she was the stepmom, she always felt closer than that to the girls...especially the older two, Brighid and Megan. Her and Shannon were further apart in age...Colleen was 25 years older than her and could actually be her mother. She wanted to say the perfect thing, but couldn’t.

“Sometimes, things don’t seem to be the right thing, but I can assure you that your father and I love you a lot and are always here for you. This may seem awful but you will get through this and be better for it. Okay?”

This time, Shannon nodded, wiping the tears from her eyes and sniffled. Colleen handed her a tissue.

They pulled into the driveway and Colleen leaned over and hugged the naked flesh of her stepdaughter before exiting the car. Shannon took a minute to collect herself before opening the car door and venturing out into the cold winter night. She headed up the porch steps and into the house.

She heard the shower running upstairs and assumed that Brighid was getting ready for her date. For some reason, Shannon wondered what she would wear. The naked girl was now obsessed with clothing...even the clothing of others. Any clothing occupied her mind.

She heard the phone ring and went to get it.

“Hello?”

“Yes, is this Shannon?”

“Yes it is.”

“Shannon, this is Mr. Firgus. I saw you and Colleen arrive home and wondered if you could come over now. I just ordered a pizza and you can eat here while we talk over the job.”

Shannon hesitated. She wanted to be at the man’s house as little as possible but the offer seemed reasonable. She desperately wanted to get some quiet time in her room to ease her mind but thought she should probably get it over with.

“Okay, I’ll come over now. I’ll just tell Colleen I’m going.” And grab my coat, she wanted to add, but knew that a coat was not in her immediate future.

“Great, see you then. Could you come in through the backdoor and grab a two-liter bottle of soda from the pantry as you enter? Would save me the trouble.”

“Sure,” Shannon said and hung up.

The naked girl padded up the steps, just in time to bump into Brighid, who was exiting the bathroom with a towel wrapped around her, covering the private parts. What a luxury, she thought, and remembered how she never liked to be so exposed as leaving the bathroom in just a towel. She always brought shorts and a t-shirt with her into the bathroom to change into as soon as she was ready to leave. Now, even the towel would be welcome.

Brighid eyed the naked girl and smirked. “How was your day? Did you get in trouble with Mr. Jones?”

Shannon glared at her sister. “You know that I did, don’t lie to me. Did you give him the picture from the car?”

The older girl looked surprised. “What picture? What are you talking about?”

“The car, remember when you had me get a little bit friendlier with that boy? Somehow, the school got a photo of it and it was plastered 10 feet high and 10 feet wide on the screen in my art class.”

Brighid gasped. She had no idea they were being filmed. Watched, yes, but not filmed.

“Shannon, I am so sorry. I didn’t realize. I just wanted to have some fun with you. I never thought they would stoop that low.”

Shannon turned away, not wanting anything more to do with this conversation.

Brighid watched her go, feeling bad for contributing to the humiliation.

The naked girl went down the hall and into the room her dad shared with Colleen. The stepmother was in just a bra and knickers, getting ready for a cocktail party she was going to with Shannon’s dad. Shannon had to admit that Colleen had a great body. She was tall, about 5’9, but thin, maybe 115. her breasts were a perfect shape, 34C, and stood out wonderfully with her shapely body. Shannon was jealous of the lacy bra and panty set that the woman wore, realizing that it would be six weeks before she could wear something so nice.

“Hey Shannon, what’s up?” Colleen’s words broke the girl’s concentration.

“Uh, oh, Mr. Firgus asked me over for pizza so that we could discuss the job. So I am going to head over, ok?”

“sure...don’t forget to be home by 7. That’s when Jimmy’s friends are coming over.”

Don’t remind me, the naked girl thought.

“Oh, don’t worry about them,” Colleen said, reading her stepdaughter’s facial expressions. “They’ll have some harmless fun. But remember, you are in charge.”

“Okay.”

“And they have to be out of here by 10. Your father and I will be home by 11 and expect them gone. Jimmy knows that it is his hide if they stay later. OK?”

“Got it. What are you wearing tonight?”

“Oh, just this black number. What do you think,” Colleen said, holding the dress against her. Shannon reached out and caressed the silk material, imaging it slinking over her shoulders.

“It’s nice. Maybe I can borrow it...um, I mean someday,” Shannon said, embarrassed that both women knew she wouldn’t be wearing a dress for a long time.

“I think that could be arranged in a few weeks.”

Shannon hugged her stepmom and headed out of the bedroom. As she made it to the steps, she was stopped by Brighid, now wearing jeans and a tight sweater. Shannon could make out the faint lines of her sister’s bra, being conscious now of clothes.

The look on Brighid’s face made the nude girl pause. She wondered what was wrong.

“Shannon, I can’t tell you how sorry I am for going too far this morning. I was trying to have some harmless fun with you. I didn’t mean to have all of that happen. Please know that I love you.”

She reached out and pulled her naked sister to her in a tight hug that made Shannon know she meant it. The bare-skinned girl felt the warmth of her sister’s sweater and basked in the feel against her, no matter how brief.

“Thanks Brig, I forgive you.”

“I promise you, no more games. If I give you a ride, it will be for real, ok?”

Shannon nodded. “Thanks!”

“Well, have a good time tonight...oh, you have Jimmy’s party, that sucks. I would take your spot but I have this date with Tom and just can’t break it. I promise I’ll be a better sister from now on ok?”

“Ok, thanks. Have fun,” Shannon said, and actually meant it, getting another quick hug from her sister before Brighid broke it and headed back to her room to put on makeup.

Shannon continued down the steps, hearing her brother in the living room. She was going to say hi but didn’t want toe good feelings from Brighid and Colleen to be ruined by his lustful stares. Better to confront that when she got back and dealt with him and his friends.

She opened the door, yelled a goodbye to everyone, and headed out into the cold night.

**PART 33**

The cold concrete hurt her feet as she scampered down her driveway to the street. She ducked between the shrubs as she saw a car drive down her quiet street, her heart in her throat. She wasn’t sure why, so many people had seen her nude in the past three days, but the need to hide was still great.

The car passed and she checked to see if the coast was clear. She scampered out onto the sidewalk and was about to cross when another car came out of nowhere and approached her. She had no place to go without attracting attention so she just stood there. She breathed a little sigh of relief when she saw her father’s car pull up and into the driveway, stopping at the sidewalk. She wished he would have just pulled in but he rolled down his window and she felt obliged to duck her head in.

Jack Malone was trying to contain his arousal. This was his youngest daughter, a girl he loved more dearly than any other person in the world. But now, seeing her like this the last few days, he could not deny what he felt in his pants...even now, especially now, seeing her naked on the side of the road had forced his penis to bulge...he would never act on these impulses but sure enjoyed the view. Maybe he and Colleen could sneak a quickie in before leaving.

The nude girl leaned into the car window, her breasts pressing against the door frame.

“Hi Dad, I’m heading over to Mr. Firgus’ house,” Shannon said, feeling the heat from the car on her upper body.

“Great hon, I’m happy to hear that. He’s a nice old man and we should help him as much as we can,” her father said, trying to keep his eyes on her face and not on the more obvious naked breasts.

“Well, see ya. Have a good time with Colleen.”

“Oh, I will,” he laughed, thinking that if only Shannon knew the half of it.

She straightened up as her father rolled the window back up and continued across the street. As instructed, she went around to the back door of Mr. Firgus’ house and went inside. She grabbed a two-liter bottle of Dr. Pepper and entered the kitchen.

“Hello, Mr. Firgus?”

“Yes, sweet Shannon, come in, come in. I’m in the living room. Grab a glass and some ice out there for me and you and come on in.”

Shannon carried the bottle and the glasses in, filled with ice, into the other room. She gasped when she saw Mr. Firgus there, completely naked chewing on a piece of pizza.

“Mr. Firgus, what are you doing?”

“Oh Shannon, I’m sorry I startled you. I just thought you would be more comfortable if we were both naked. That way you wouldn’t think I was trying to force a power trip or anything.”

Shannon’s eyes went directly to Mr. Firgus’ penis. She noticed the gray hair around his organ, which was sticking out hard as a rock. Her mouth was wide open as she stared at it, slick with some kind of white, gooey liquid.

What she didn’t know was that Mr. Firgus had watched her naked run across the street, masturbating to the image. In fact, he had cum all over two of the slices of pizza, which he made sure to put on a plate for her to eat. It actually blended in well with the white cheese he had ordered special.

He had asked her to come around back to give himself more time to masturbate and finish....not that he normally needed it when he jerked off to her nude image. But her father stopping her in the driveway worked out perfectly for the old man, who came before she even started across and then was able to get hard again while watching her walk towards his house. Knowing she was coming to see him made him cum even faster.

“Please sit down. Sorry about these plastic covers, they are left over from when my wife was here.”

Shannon sat down and quickly folded her legs over her thighs, allowing her pussy to be hidden a bit. Not that much of her was out of view. Mr. Firgus sat there, his ankles apart, his penis swaying anytime he moved.

“Please, here, I have put some pizza on your plate. You may have more but I thought you would eat at least two slices.”

“Thank you,” she said. “What is this white stuff?”

“Oh,” he said, stammering a bit. “Thth-at’s ricotta cheese. A specialty of the place I order. Please tell me if you like it.”

He almost came again as the girl took a bite, getting a mouthful of his spunk at the same time. A 16-year-old girl was eating his cum...even if she didn’t know it.

“It’s good Mr. Firgus...I’ve never had cheese like this.”

He bet she would have a lot more of this “cheese” if the boys have anything to say about it. He looked at her lips and thought...perfect for that...wrapped around a penis is the perfect place for them.

He shook his head when he heard her voice. “...most days.”

“Ah, I’m sorry Shannon, what did you say?”

“I said that I can be here from 5-7 most days. Is that okay?”

“Oh, yes, that’s perfect. I want you to be completely comfortable being here. Bring your homework and there will be times you can just sit and do that or watch tv. Sometimes there will be a lot, sometimes, it will just be laundry. Although, it seems a little mean to have you doing laundry when you never wear clothes,” he said laughing.

She blushed, embarrassed at the verbal reminder of her constant nudity. She dug her teeth into another bite of the pizza, enjoying this new taste she had discovered.

“I will pay you $10/hour to be here. Can you come four days a week for two hours a night? Maybe Mondays, Tuesday, Thursdays and Fridays? Possibly a Saturday or Sunday if you can spare it?”

She nodded, starting on the second piece of pizza. She had rarely enjoyed pizza this much but the taste was so appealing to her.

Mr. Firgus smiled...yes, you are a natural cum eater Shannon, he thought.

Enjoying the taste I see.

“Good then. When you are finished here, there is a load of laundry in the hamper in my room. Please start it and then straighten out the living room. Once the clothes are washed and dried and folded, bring them up to my room and I will show you where everything goes.”

“Okay, Mr. Firgus, but I have to be home tonight by 7. I am chaperoning my brother’s party. I could come back another night and finish,” she said, finishing the crust of the second piece of pizza, noticing that some of the “cheese” had dripped onto the crust as well.

“That’s fine Shannon, just fine. Finish what you can and we can go from there.”

She grabbed the plates and glassed and placed them into the sink in the kitchen. She then grabbed the pizza box but he stopped her...”no leave it there, I might have another slice.” She then went upstairs to grab the laundry and get started.

She made her way into the only bedroom that looked used and saw the pile of laundry, mostly whites, underwear and stuff. As she moved the laundry, she saw a pile of magazines next to his bed. As she investigated closer she was horrified...they featured pictures of naked girls...mostly young girls like her, doing all kinds of sick things, sucking penises, playing with their vaginas, getting things stuck into them. What appalled her the most was the one where the girl was being tortured, hanging completely naked, whip marks all over her body. She thumbed through it quickly, gasping as she saw the terrible things that could be done to a girl.

She shook her head, wondering why he had them all. She was getting more and more uncomfortable being alone with this man, especially with the two of them naked. Quickly, she gathered up the laundry and came down the steps.

While she was gone, Mr. Frigus had managed to crank out another orgasm from the old penis, his third of the night. Again he came all over the remaining three slices of pizza. Once done, his cock shriveled to normal size and he stood to go and wrap the pizza. He would leave it here and warm it up for her as a “special treat.”

He saw her come downstairs, carrying the load of laundry. Against all odds, his cock sprang to life yet again at the sight of her.

She went into the laundry room and began to do a load of whites. She noticed that all of his underpants had big yellowish stains at the crotch and wondered why. Then she realized...they were his spunk! Eww, she thought. She had seen them before in Jimmy’s underpants, but he’s 12. This guy has to be in his 70s! Oh man, gross.

She put the load in, washing the pants with bleach. She then took the stuff that was in the dryer already, folded them and put them in the basket.

“good girl,” Mr. Firgus said. Had he been there the whole time, watching as she bent over to get the laundry or reached over the washer to stuff the clothes in or to get supplies? The old man would have gotten a real eyeful, she was sure of that.

Of course he had been watching her the whole time and yes he did get an eyeful. He watched her little pussy open and close as she moved...sometimes he could see it from behind, other times it hid, like the minx that girls can be. He loved them so much and this one in particular.

“Thank you. Uh, Mr. Firgus, I found some magazines upstairs that are a little disturbing.”

“Oh, my research,” he said matter-of-factly.

“Your research Sir?”

“Yes, I am a psychotherapist and I am treating a patient with an attraction to nude young girls. Those magazines you saw are the type of things that turn him on,” he said, not adding that they turned him on too.

“Oh,” she said, relaxing her body. “I didn’t know you were a therapist.”

To her, that explained why he was nude...just trying to make her comfortable. And the way he looked at her wasn’t lust, she thought...just a professional stare, trying to gain insight into her.

Of course, though he was a therapist, his stare had nothing to do with his job or the fact that pornos were stacked in his bedroom. His rock hard penis was a sure sign that his interest was more than professional. While she had been doing the laundry, he had been jerking off again, trying to get a third cum out of himself in the few minutes she was in sight. What was it about this beautiful young woman that turned him on so much? Sure, part of it was her total nudity and proximity...but she was truly a gorgeous girl...one who would have been way out of his league as a young man.

She went to straighten out the rest of the house, dusting the living room and dining room, cleaning the dishes that were in the sink. She noticed that the place wasn’t quite as dirty as she thought it would be...that Mr. Firgus had done some work. She guessed that he was too old now.

The old man was having the time of his life. He would watch the young girl as she moved nude from place to place. What an amazing thing to happen to him at his age...having a young naked teen as a maid? Oh Lord, thank you for being so kind!

Finally, Shannon looked at the clock and saw it was almost 7. She went to the laundry room and folded the underwear she had just cleaned, put them in the pile with the other folded laundry and brought the basket upstairs, where she found the still naked Mr. Firgus on his bed, reading the porno magazines...the bondage one that she had thumbed through. Even if it was research, it still made her feel a little gross that he was looking at girls being tied and hung and tortured while she stood in the room naked.

“Oh Shannon, I forgot you were here,” yeah right, he thought. “Could you put the clothes into the drawers for me. You are a doll.”

The man watched her bend over to retrieve the clothes from the basket and put them away. Finally everything was put back and she stood at the door.

“Mr. Firgus, I have to leave to go and chaperone Jimmy’s party. I’ll be back on Monday okay?”

“That’s wonderful sweetheart, thank you. You have done a great service for an old man and I want you to know how much I appreciate you.”

She blushed at his words, not reading his double meaning.

“Thank you Mr. Firgus. It is my pleasure. Oh, please, I can let myself out.”

“Oh nonsense, I can walk a fine young girl like you to the door.”

He motioned for her to lead down the stairs as he put a robe on and followed along behind her, another chance to gawk at her perfectly formed, smooth body. She had the wonderful ass of a young athlete.

He led her to the front door, turning the porch light on. She cringed inside, wishing to leave by the more secluded back door and make her own way. Now, anyone driving by cold see her in all of her glory.

“Oh, almost forgot,” he said, reaching for the wallet he kept by the door. “Here you go, $20. Take care of that, though I’m not sure where you will put it.”

“Thanks,” she said, blushing again. “See you on Monday.”

“OK,” he said, not adding that he saw her in his dreams and out the window.

The naked girl bounded quickly down the wood steps of the porch and onto the street, heading home for three more hours of humiliation and degradation at the hands of eight junior high boys.

As she left, Mr. Firgus watched her out of the peep hole, masturbating yet again, cumming all over the door as she made her way up the porch of her own house. He might have her clean that off on Monday.

**PART 34**

Jimmy Malone watched his naked sister cross the street after leaving Mr. Firgus’ house. His plan was just a few minutes from starting.

The 12 year old had watched from the very same window when his sister made her way over to Mr. Firgus’ house two hours ago. He had been watching her naked body out in the cold, her butt barely jiggling it was so tight. He saw her father’s car pull in and watched him have a brief conversation with Shannon before pulling into the driveway and letting Shannon on her way.

Jimmy had been living in heaven for the last three days. His gorgeous sister Shannon had been forced to be completely naked at school and at home for six weeks. Not only that, but she was forced to sleep without a blanket, shower without the curtain pulled shut and even had to pee with the door open. He had been treated to several great views and even had the pleasure of groping her tits with a towel when he “accidentally” spilled his ice cream on her.

Unbeknownst to her, Jimmy had been videotaping much of her movements. He had then uploaded the video to a nude teens website, getting several thousand hits. Last night, he had gotten an e-mail from the web master offering a free hosting on the website for a Shannon page, filled with nude photos and downloadable videos. He accepted and the two arranged for a live Web cast of Shannon scheduled for tonight.

Of course, Jimmy had already been planning a party for tonight to allow his friends the chance to see and humiliate Shannon too. They had all accepted and his father had even forced Shannon to act as a chaperone for the night. It was all coming together perfectly for him...not only a chance to show off for his friends and see a naked girl, but also a chance to be a hero on the Internet. It really was perfect.

From his window he had watched his older sister Brighid leave for her date. She looked sexy too, wearing a miniskirt and a tight top. She was hot but not as hot as his other two sisters, Megan and Shannon, and Shannon moved to the top of the list because she was here and she was naked.

It wasn’t that he didn’t like Shannon. In fact, he was closer to her than his the other two. Maybe it was their close ages. More than likely, it was the fact that Shannon was a very sweet girl, giving him rides whenever he wanted one, helping him with problems. But, a naked girl is a naked girl and the chance to see one and do things to her was too good to pass up.

He had to wait for his dad and stepmom to leave. He got the lecture about showing respect to Shannon and not be too hard on her. He listened and nodded but knew that wasn’t possible...how could he respect a girl, let alone a gorgeous one who was completely naked.

Finally he watched them pull away and he sprang into action. He had set it up so that the video camera linked directly into the computer. His friends started arriving at 6 to help him finish the preparations. He manned the computer and got the hookup completed. The Web Master told him that already 5,000 people had signed up for the Web cast and who knows how many more would look at the archive.

The clock now read 6:55. Almost time. He stood at the window, ignoring his friends chattering and the music playing. He was so psyched...today was his chance to show off and be the envy of all of the men watching.

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The very naked Shannon Malone made her way across the street, feeling even more naked than she had before. She was going into her own house where she would be subjected to hours of degradation and humiliation at the hands of her brother and his friends. But her father seemed to want it this way...saying it was part of her punishment.

Shannon was in her third day of a six-week nude punishment. It had started at school because she skipped a day of classes and phoned in a false sick call. Her father and stepmother had extended the punishment to home as well so the 16 year-old girl was left completely naked for six weeks.

She bounded up the steps, eager to get out of the cold January night. As soon as she hit the door, she heard the noise of the boys. She took a deep breath before turning the knob and pushing open the door.

All of the noise stopped except for the loud music playing on the CD player. She could feel the heat as her face began to burn with humiliation. All 16 eyes were on her, almost burning a hole in her naked flesh. She wished the heat were enough to make her collapse into a puddle.

“Hey Shannon, it’s about time. We thought you had forgotten.”

“No Jim, how could I forget this fun activity?”

Alright, she was going to be a bitch, Jimmy thought. That will make it easier.

“We just ordered a pizza, can you do us a favor and grab it at the door. Here’s the money,” he said, sticking a wet $10 bill on each tit.

“You may not use your hands to give the pizza man the money. Make him peel it off for you and use this as a tip,” he said, sticking a wet $5 bill over her bare slit.

Shannon closed her eyes to halfway and glared at her brother. She saw the dreaded video camera filming her every move and wondered what Jimmy would do with it. She was sure that all of these boys had seen it...she just didn’t know that 1,000s had viewed it on the Internet.

Just then, the doorbell rang and Shannon made her way to answer it. When she opened the door, she was surprised to see Mrs. Donnelly, their next door neighbor.

“Oh my, Shannon, what is going on here? What are you doing?”

Shannon was surprised that Mrs. Donnelly, who was Colleen’s best friend, didn’t know about her punishment. “Ah, you don’t know about me Mrs. Donnelly?”

“Oh yes, the nudity thing I know about, but what is this money thing? Are you trying to be a whore?”

Shannon was humiliated by the woman’s word. No, she was so far from a whore.

But, how could she explain this? She had to think fast.

“No maam, this was a dare by Jimmy...he dared me to answer the door this way.”

“Oh, harmless fun then? OK, I guess it’s alright. Your father said it wouldn’t be any trouble if I dropped my nephews off for the night as well. They won’t be too much trouble.”

Shannon saw three 14 year-old boys, their eyes popping out of their sockets at the sight of the beautiful nude girl. To make matters worse, they were adorable...boys that Shannon would definitely want to date under other conditions.

“Oh ah, sure Mrs. Donnelly. They are most welcome.”

The three boys came around their aunt and into the house, making contact with the naked girl as much as possible. For all of the boys in the house, except for Jimmy, this was the first time they had seen a naked girl. They were getting an extended view as well, something few men ever get, let alone young boys.

“I’ll be home by 10 and will come pick them up. Be good boys for Shannon, okay guys?”

“Yes Aunt Ruth,” they replied in unison, smirks on their faces.

Shannon closed the door and got more gawking stares. Without the neighbor here, the boys felt more free to look at the naked girl and, even with the money covering her nipples and slit, she felt even more naked...like she was a thing instead of a girl. She hated her brother right now.

DING DONG!

“Jeez, I hope that’s the pizza guy,” Jimmy laughed with the rest of the boys.

Shannon opened the door and saw a dirty man, a bit pot bellied, holding two pizza boxes and a bag that looked like it contained French fries or something like it.

“Holy shit, what is this?” he asked, his eyes wide at the sight.

“Umm, sir, how much?”

“You answer the door like that and want to pretend that nothing is wrong. Miss, what is going on here?”

Again she thought fast.

“Sir, this is a bet that I lost and my friends here are making me pay up. I ask that you please take the money off of my breasts and vagina and please leave.”

By now tears were flowing out of the naked girl. Of course, Jimmy’s friend Bill was catching it all on videotape.

The man laughed, wiped her cheek with his dirty hand and pulled the bills off of each tits slowly, enjoying the feel of her breast that came along with it. For a guy like Angelo, married 22 years, feeling a teen tit wasn’t something that happened every day and he was willing to go along with whatever game they wanted to play.

“What about my tip...this just covers the food?” he asked with a grin.

“Sir, that is on my vagina...,” she said, blushing a deeper shade of red.

“Oh, your cunt is my tip?” he laughed, peeling the five slowly and roughly from the young girls bare lips. “Thank you Miss, order from me anytime.”

The naked girl made her way with the pizzas into the living room and onto the table.

“Please Slave Shannon, feed all of your masters,” Jimmy said, causing the whole room to roar in laughter. Shannon groaned but took a slice of pizza to every one of the boys, who all shared the thought that what could be better than a naked girl giving you pizza?

“What about the drinks?” one of the Mrs. Donnelly’s nephews chimed in.

“Yes Shannon, please go get us some soda...I think I left them in the cooler out on the back deck. Please take each boy’s order and go and get him a soda.”

Shannon again glared at her little brother but he laughed at her. So she went and took orders. Each boy asked her to kneel as she asked what he wanted. She then had to crawl on all fours to the sliding glass door, open the door, crawl out onto the cold wood deck and then back inside, clutching the cold soda against her bare tits. Her nipples, already stiff as erasers, threatened to poke through each can.

“Okay guys, I hope you enjoyed dinner...it’s now time for Shannon’s dinner.

Shannon, please come over here and sit in the easy chair.”

Shannon did not like the sound of this or the sight of bright lights on the chair. One of the boy’s father is a photographer and these were studio lights.

The naked girl made her way over to the easy chair. Two boys came to her, grabbed an ankle and pulled them up and over the sides of the chair, putting her naked vagina on display.

“Shannon, before you eat these egg rolls and French fries that we so generously ordered for you, you have to provide some sauce.”

She looked at her brother with a dumb look...sauce...what kind of sauce. She hated the pose she was in, her naked pussy on blatant display to all of the boys and that awful video camera. She could just imagine the sight she posed.

While the rest of the boys were focused on the naked girl, Chuck, Jimmy’s computer whiz friend, was making sure the web cast was still going strong. It was and he saw that the counter now registered more than 10,000 hits on the web site, making the show the all-time live web cast on the site’s history.

“Sauce Shannon, girl sauce. Dip the rolls and the fries in your pussy before each and every bite. I know it might get messy but you can clean it up later.”

Shannon was aghast at the disgusting person that her little brother was becoming. Stuff mozzarella sticks and French fries inside herself and then eat them. No way, she thought.

“If you don’t, I will tell Dad that you were nasty to us and all of these boys will agree. Then you will never get those socks and shoes and clothes back. You will be completely naked for the full six weeks. Oh well, do what you want.”

She knew that she wanted those socks and clothes more than anything.

“Alright, I’ll do it.”

Jimmy handed her an egg roll. The boys at her ankles pulled her even further apart, causing her to moan in pain. But she took the egg roll and pushed it down to her pussy, just inside. She felt her pussy water involuntarily and knew that the roll was no moist.

She pulled it out and moved it to her mouth. She desperately wanted this to end but realized there was nothing she could do and popped the egg roll in her mouth, taking a bite, tasting and smelling her girl juices mixing with the taste and smell of the egg roll.

The boys were loving it. All of them had huge erections, threatening to poke through their jeans. Chuck knew that the sight was awesome on the web and wondered how many hard ons were out there.

She kept dunking the disgusting egg roll into her pussy, feeling the innards of the roll rubbing against her sensitive pussy lips, some of it smearing down there. She felt so gross but continued to eat it and finally finished it.

“Now boys, time for you to enjoy some French fries with special sauce. Anyone interested, please come up and dunk.”

The boys hurried over to the pile and grabbed the thick steak fries, lining up to stuff them into Shannon and grab her “sauce.” This was horrible, she thought as the boys groped her tits “as leverage” on their way to stuffing the awful fries into her pussy. The salt made her raw down there and each touch was torture.

Every one was so preoccupied with the fry dunking that they missed the arrival home of Mr. and Mrs. Malone. They were shocked at the behavior of their son and his friends.

“What is the meaning of this?” Jack Malone yelled. He ran over and pushed the boys away from his naked daughter, pulling her out of the chair and pushing her towards the doorway where Colleen stood.

“Dad, we were just having fun with her,” Jimmy said. Just then, the door slammed and Brighid walked in. She stopped and wondered what she had walked in on.

“I said you could humiliate her, but grope her and stuff things inside of her?

Jimmy, she is your sister!”

“But Dad...”

“But nothing son, the party is over.”

While her father was reaming out Jimmy, Brighid wandered into the room and went to the computer. She raised her hand to her mouth, shocked at what she saw!

“Daddy, look at this...Jimmy has taped everything and put it on the computer live.”

Everything stopped. The video camera, which Billy had dropped when Mr. Malone walked in, was now aimed at Shannon’s naked legs.

“Everybody out of here but Jimmy!” Mr. Malone said menacingly and the boys all scrambled.

“James Andrew Malone, you have some explaining to do young man.”

**PART 35**

It took an hour but the constant questioning by his father and stepmother got him to confess everything...the Web site, the live Web cam, the humiliations of the party that night and everything he had forced her to do for the last three days. It all came out in a few excited sentences and then there was silence.

Jimmy felt totally outnumbered in the room with his father, stepmom and sisters. The fact that one was completely naked and the victim of all of this abuse meant little now.

Shannon sat there, tears continuing to flow down her cheeks, like her eyes were now just faucets. She was humiliated at hearing about the total amount of degradation.

“How many people have looked at the pictures Jim,” asked his father Jack.

“I don’t know,” Jimmy mumbled.

“You do know you freak, tell Dad,” Brighid yelled hostily.

“A few thousand watched the video and about 50,000 looked at the pictures,” he said softly.

Shannon wailed at the knowledge that so many people had seen her naked photos.

This was so much worse than walking naked in public...at least she was moving.

No, here, people were in their homes or offices, some probably jerking off to her picture. She cried and was instantly consoled by Colleen and Brighid.

Jack Malone’s face was redder than anyone had ever seen it. Not only was his little girl’s picture being used for masturbation fodder on the Internet but it was his young son that had done the damage.

“Jim, you have done some awful things. I am going to write an e-mail to this Web master and demand that Shannon’s page be deleted. You are going to help me connect with him, understand?”

“Yes Sir,” Jimmy said.

“Let’s go,” Jack said.

“Daddy, is that all,” Brighid asked incredulously. “That’s all he gets, helping you write a nasty e-mail.”

The girls stared at their father, unbelieving the unfairness of the act.

“Relax ladies...I have a special punishment in mind that will help young James here understand what he put Shannon through. Shannon, go and get washed up and then come down for the real punishment.”

Shannon stood up and headed for the bathroom, forgetting how awful she felt with the remains of the egg rolls and French fries still left on her pussy. The salt was still irritating her sensitive mound and the innards of the egg roll were still inside of her.

As she headed up the stairs, she was joined by Brighid and Colleen, both of whom seemed genuinely sorry for what was happening and wanted to console her.

“Do you mind if we help you,” Colleen asked her beautiful step daughter.

Shannon shook her head, happy for the compassion. Shannon went to enter the hall bathroom where the kids had always bathed but Colleen steered her towards the master bathroom.

The nude girl waited by the edge of the tub as her step mother and sister filled the tub with warm water and some scented soap. This was going to be a bubble bath, a wonderful bubble bath. But even here she was not alone...even after the humiliations of the last three days, she could not bathe alone. Now she wished she had not said they could help...she wanted to be alone in her torment.

But, she did have to admit that the bath was starting smell wonderful...Brighid knew how she felt about lilac and had used that as the bath soap. She felt the steam coming off the tub and knew it was going to be glorious.

“Step in Shannon,” Colleen said and the naked girl reacted as she had been told, stepping her left foot into the warm water and then the other. She was about to slip in when she felt Brighid stop her.

“Here,” she said handing Shannon a wet sponge, “wash yourself down there first.”

Instinctively, the naked girl took the wet sponge and began to rub her pussy, getting the salt off. Without thinking, she pulled the lips aside and spread them, allowing the wetness of the sponge to rinse the food out of her. She closed her eyes and began to moan, forgetting about the presence of her step mother and sister.

“Um, okay, Brighid, let’s give your sister some peace,” Colleen said, pulling the girl out of the room. Brighid could not take her eyes off of the sight of her beautiful sister almost masturbating in the shower.

Shannon heard the door close and realized what she had been doing. Her face turned a deep red as she slunk into the warm, scented bath. She hadn’t known how tired she was, but the three days of humiliation and degradation had taken a lot out of her and she feel into a deep sleep while nestled in the warm bath.

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Jack Malone was sitting at the computer, working on getting the offensive photos of Shannon off of the web site. He sent along a nasty e-mail to the web master, threatening police action if the photos were not removed by noon tomorrow. In his e-mail, he said, “not only was the model a 16 year old, but the pictures were submitted by a 12 year old. I am sure the police will find those facts very interesting.”

But in reality, he didn’t want to involve police in the matter. That would raise questions...why was she nude? Isn’t this really your fault? After all, why allow a young boy to have access to a naked girl? You know how boys are.

He sat there, kicking himself as well. He hadn’t been supportive of this punishment, really had it forced on him by Mr. Jones, the school principal. He had just wanted to ground the girl for the six weeks but Mr. Jones thought it was important to keep the punishment going at home. Now this happened.

Oh well, he thought, there is no turning back now. That would look weak. He had to stay strong. The punishment stays for Shannon. But now, how to handle Jimmy.

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Shannon heard a soft knock at the door, which was blessedly closed. It was her first bit of privacy in days and it was most welcome.

“Yes?”

“Sweetheart, it’s Colleen. Your father is ready to dish out Jimmy’s punishment and he would like you to be there. Are you ready to get out?”

“Um, okay,” Shannon replied. Truth was, she wanted to stay in that tub forever, never leaving the blanket of lilac bubbles that had formed in the tub, never leaving this warm place far away from everyone’s eyes. But she knew that was impossible so she lifted her body out of the tub and stood up.

She heard the door open and saw Colleen enter, invading the quiet moment that the girl had cherished.

“Here sweetie, use this towel...you deserve some comfort,” the step mother said, handing Shannon a lush white towel. The naked girl was appreciative as she dried her body, which was now red from the warm water.

“I wish I could let you cover yourself with this for the rest of the night but you know that I can’t,” Colleen said, sounding a bit sad.

“I know, I trying to get used to it but it’s so hard always being on display,” Shannon said softly.

Colleen gave the girl a big hug, letting the terry cloth towel wrap around the girl for a few glorious moments of cover.

“SHANNON, COLLEEN, ARE YOU GUYS READY,” Jack yelled from downstairs.

“We’re coming dear,” Colleen yelled, letting the hug go but leaving the towel momentarily wrapped around Shannon.

“Let’s go, I think you’re going to like what happens tonight,” Colleen said.

The two women headed out of the master bathroom and into the hallway, heading down to hear Jimmy’s punishment.

**PART 36**

Colleen and the naked Shannon entered the living room where Brighid and Jimmy were already sitting with their father. Shannon guessed it must have been around midnight by now but the house was far from sleepy.

The two women too their seats and Jack, the kids’ father and Colleen’s husband, began to speak.

“What has happened here is a complete invasion of the rights of family members. Yes we have been punishing Shannon in a different way but there is no way that one member of the family should gain from another’s pain and humiliation as Jimmy has.”

All eyes in the room went to the boy, who was looking uncomfortable in his chair.

“Jimmy, you have removed any sense of safety that Shannon can feel in her own home,” Jack continued. “You have taken this place that was special and made it into a place where she has to always be on alert. I am sorry that this special punishment tempted you too much and for that, I take the blame. But you still had no right to betray your sister like this.”

Shannon was surprised at the power of her father’s speech. Wasn’t the whole point of this punishment to be that she had no privacy? She wondered if he knew what was going on at school.

“So, for your punishment, you will live like Shannon for a little while. You will be completely naked at home for the next two weeks?”

“NO, please Dad, no...don’t do that, I’m sorry I didn’t mean for this to happen.”

“What you mean is you didn’t mean to get caught. You did mean to humiliate your sister, right?”

Jimmy nodded.

“So, please stand up and strip completely. Brighid and Colleen have already taken care of your room so that it is exactly like Shannon’s. No door, no sheets, no clothes.”

The obviously uncomfortable boy stood up, wanting to prolong the nudity and try to figure a way out. Shannon thought he was getting off easy...thousands of people saw her naked body thanks to him...here only four other people would see him.

Since his shoes were already off, Jimmy pulled his socks off first. He then pulled his shirt up over his head, thinking that wasn’t a big deal...he often went shirtless. Now came the difficult part...his pants. He unzipped his jeans and pulled them down his legs, the obvious erection showing through his briefs.

He hesitated, looking up at Colleen and his father, trying to avoid the eyes of his sisters who were staring intently at the bulge.

“Finish Jimmy, you have no shyness when you were humiliating your sister.”

Jimmy closed his eyes, unwilling to see his sisters’ eyes as he pulled the white cloth from his penis and let his pants fall, revealing a very erect cock.

“Good, now, you will strip the moment on the porch the minute you get home from school. There will be a box to put your clothes in. Me or Colleen will retrieve them when we get home. Every morning, there will be more clothes for school on the porch and you may put them on out there.

“Unfortunately, because this is just a home punishment, you cannot go out in public or to school naked like Shannon does. But, in this house, you have exactly the same parameters as she does. Understand young man?”

Jimmy nodded, his eyes down at the floor, giving him an unintended view of his rock hard penis.

“OK. Shannon, here is the video camera. You are going to video tape your brother while he cleans this mess up from the party. Let him see how it feels to be watched every step he takes.”

“Please no Dad,” Jimmy whined, not wanting his humiliation to be recorded. He had thought he would become a hero tonight. Instead, he was facing his worst night ever.

“You sure thought it was a good idea to film Shannon. No...this is the punishment. Then Shannon can do whatever she wants with the tape.”

Shannon took the camera and turned the button to camera and started filming her naked brother. It felt so good to have someone else be the ridiculed nude...she relished being the watcher instead of the watched.

She zoomed in on Jimmy’s naked cock...she was becoming quite the expert on them in the last few days. After not seeing one for the first 16 ½ years of her life, she was not looking at the third one this week. She thought it was cute how the little ball sac bounced up and down while Jimmy bent over to pick something up, or ran the vacuum. His cock looked painfully hard, she thought, wondering how boys survived with those things on them. She much referred being a girl.

Finally the room was clean. Jimmy had worked up a sweat as he went. He spent a lot of time cleaning the salt and gunk from the chair where Shannon’s debasement had happened.

The pizza boxes, cans and plates were in a pile near the back door. Dad came into the area to examine Jimmy’s work.

“Well son, excellent work. Just put this trash out in the cans out back and we can wrap this all up.”

“Please Dad, don’t make me go out there like this. Please I can’t.”

“Young man, you notice that your sister has survived three days of this type of punishment, outside for much longer stretches than you, exposed to countless people. I think you can survive a walk to the side of the house to put away some garbage!”

Jimmy knew he was beat and went to grab the garbage. There was too much to take in one load, unfortunately, so he grabbed the pizza boxes and one bag and went out the sliding glass door, leaving the light off.

His Dad flipped the light switch, causing Jimmy to drop the pizza boxes in surprise. He scurried to the row of trash cans and dumped the bag in and then went to get the dropped pizza boxes. He was trying to keep his naked genitals out of view of anyone who might wander by but had to use two hands to grab the boxes.

He deposited them in the can and went back for the rest of the trash. He grabbed the bags and brought them out, the cold concrete and grass feeling odd on his bare feet, the cold night air nipping at his naked body. It was a feeling he didn’t like at all.

Of course, Shannon caught the whole thing on video, even the part when his father made him bend over to clean the frost off of his feet before entering. Shannon zoomed in on her brother’s naked butt as he bent over to clean the soles of his feet off with a rag.

The whole family then gathered again in the living room where the worst of the degradation happened that night. The clock on the mantle read 1:15 a.m.

“Jim, I hope you learn your lesson from all of this,” Dad said.

“Yes Dad, I have,” Jimmy said.

Shannon popped the tape out of the camera and walked over to Jimmy. She had placed a hammer on one of the chairs while Jimmy was cleaning. She placed the tape on the table and said to Jimmy, “No one should be humiliated like I was, not even you,” and she took the hammer and slammed down on the tape of Jimmy’s nude clean up, destroying it.

The naked girl then turned and left the room, heading to bed feeling better than she had in a week. She missed the tears easing out of her brother’s eyes as he realized what he had done.

**PART 37**

Shannon slept well that night, exhausted from the events of the day and feeling good that someone had actually stood up for her. She heard her alarm go off at 7 a.m. and she felt refreshed, even after just five hours of sleep. She was glad for that with a full day ahead of her, starting with the humiliation of cheerleading at the away wrestling match followed by basketball practice.

She got up and ran in for a quick shower and shave. She noticed that she was the only one awake and she cherished the quiet and aloneness. She hadn’t showered alone in four days and realized how wonderful it was.

Shannon finished shaving her legs, pubes and underarms and got out of the shower. She then sat on the toilet and took the opportunity to poop, something she was too embarrassed to do with her brother watching these last few days. She felt glad that she only went once every few days!

The nude girl stood up, wiped and saw blood. No, not this today, she thought...her period. She put the paper into the water and flushed. She grabbed the box of tampons out from beneath the sink and took the plastic applicator which was filled with the cottony tampon. With a practiced motion she reached between her legs and inserted the applicator, plunging the tampon into her bleeding pussy.

The worst part about it was the nasty string, calling everyone’s attention to the nude girl’s pussy and the fact that she was on the rag. This was not a good start to a day she had known would be awful.

She finished getting ready, which wasn’t much for a naked girl. She brushed her teeth, put her hair into a ponytail and did her makeup as she would for any game that she was a cheerleader for. She wished that she cold put on that uniform today, even the tight top and short skirt with the knickers, clothes that seemed almost indecent to her in the fall, would be better than nothing.

Shannon went down the steps and found a note on the kitchen table with car keys.

“Shannon, Just thought you would like to know that your photos are no longer on the web site and have been destroyed. Also, take my car and don’t worry about messing up the seats. Love, Brighid.”

Shannon smiled, silently thanking her sister for some comfort. It was good to finally have an ally. The naked girl grabbed some breakfast, a bowl of cereal and some toast. She knew she had to gain some energy for this day.

She packed a small bag with a towel, water and some tampons, grabbed the keys and exited the house to begin another humiliating day in the life of a naked girl.

It felt good to be driving again but weird doing it nude. Out of respect for Brighid, she did place a towel under her butt as she drove, not wanting blood or girl juice to get on the new seat. Driving naked took some extra work to concentrate on the road and forget her nudity. Luckily it was early on a Saturday morning. She had given some joy to a delivery man, who blew his horn at her as he passed her on the road. She gave an embarrassed wave as he passed her.

Finally she made it to school and parked the car in the student lot. She got out and weaved through the buses waiting to take the team and the cheerleaders to the match. She hurried into Mr. Jones’ office and knelt where she had been told and waited for the man.

She heard a commotion at the door and saw Mr. Jones bustling through the door into his office. It was weird to see him out of his suit. Today he wore khackis and a long sleeve golf shirt and almost looked human, she thought.

“Good morning Miss Malone, I am glad to see you here, ready for the day in uniform. What is that bag for?”

“Ah, Mr. Jones, it has a towel to wipe my sweat, some water and some tampons.”

He bent over and examined her pussy. How humiliating, she thought.

“Yes, I see the string. Well, that is fine...leave them here for now, I need your help.”

Mr. Jones walked out of the office, barely giving the naked girl a chance to get off of her knees and follow him. She almost had to run to keep up with his long paces but finally caught him as he went down some dark steps that led to storage.

“Miss Malone, the JV cheerleaders are going to this meet as well and have no uniforms. I need you to go up and get them for me. Bring back 10 of the old uniforms for them, bring them down one at a time.”

Shannon saw where he meant, a ladder that went up into a dark storage area, almost like an attic.

“Here,” he said, thrusting a flashlight into her hands. “There are no lights up there...rarely used in fact. I don’t want to get my clothes dirty climbing up there but that will not be a problem for you.”

The girl took the flashlight, silently cursing the man. He hated her, that much was obvious, and he was taking much joy out of abusing her. She made her way to the old wooden ladder and put her bare foot on it, testing it. It seemed sturdy and she started to climb, flicking on the flashlight. When she got to the top, she poked her head through and the flashlight.

Eww, she thought. There was dust and cobwebs everywhere. She could not believe she had to walk on this stuff barefoot and naked. She climbed up and hopped onto the floor, feeling the dust and dirt on her naked ass.

Mr. Jones could not believe the view he had right now. He could see right inside her slightly spread open pussy, seeing the wadded up cotton tampon and the string. An amazing sight, he thought, not one many men get...a naked teen’s spread pussy with a tampon sticking out. Sometimes, he loved his job.

Shannon shined the light around, oblivious to the man below her. She got to her feet and flashed the light on the boxes, finally finding the ones marked “Cheerleader Uniforms, 1993-99.” These were the ones she wore freshman year, she thought, remembering how wonderful it was to be covered with clothes. With some effort, she pulled the box down and opened it. She saw the white tops with the green and yellow trim neatly folded on one side and the pleated skirts on the other. She pulled out 10 tops and 10 skirts and then found 10 pairs of the green knickers underneath. She put them into sets by sizes and then put the box back onto the shelf.

She made her way to the ladder and began the descent, one uniform at a time. She made her way up and down the ladder 10 times before she was finally finished. The grime that she had accumulated in the storage attic was now oozing from her sweat.

“Thank you Miss Malone. Now, you have 10 minutes. Go and shower. I will make sure your bag is on the bus to the meet. Meet the team in the gym that.”

The naked girl was glad to have a chance to wash. It was bad enough to be naked like this without being disgustingly dirty. She ran to the locker room, determined to make it in the 10 minutes allotted. She ran into the shower room and got under the stream. She was surprised that the other girls weren’t in the locker room, getting make up on, putting their uniform together. She put it out of her head and finished washing. She grabbed a towel from the pile in the equipment room and stopped at her locker for deodorant and a hair brush and then ran to meet the team in the gym.

When she opened the door, she was shocked at what she saw...there were no girls in the room, just the 30 wrestlers there waiting. There stared at her leeringly, enjoying the view of the freshly cleaned body.

“Ok, you must be Shannon,” the man who was obviously the coach said. “Now we can go.”

“Um, Coach, I’m supposed to go with the cheerleaders.”

“Oh, they left 10 minutes ago. The JV girls got their uniforms and were going to change in the bus. We were waiting for you. Let’s go, can’t be late.”

Shannon could not believe that she would be forced to ride to Mercy with the boys but followed along, not wanting to earn more punishment. The boys maneuvered her so that she was in the middle of a large group of them and out of sight of the coach. Here they began to fondle her, grabbing her tits and ass. She tried to escape their touching but found she was unable to move.

Into the bus they went, the 30 wrestlers, their three males coaches and the very naked and embarrassed cheerleader. The boys convinced their coach to let her sit in the back with them, so they could take care of her and make her feel welcome. Coach smirked at their words but allowed it and she was almost carried to the back of the bus, feeling like the sacrificial virgin.

The boys had been told they could not touch the naked girl sexually but forced her to adopt many humiliating positions, including putting both her feet spread on the seat in front of her so that they cold see right down into her pussy. They laughed at her string, wondering what would happen if they pulled it. No one touched her, but she felt so violated.

Finally the bus pulled into Mercy’s parking lot. She had been dreading the match but thought even that was a better alternative to being alone with those boys any longer.

She followed the team out of the bus and headed for the gym. She noticed that the stands were a bit more full today...obviously word of her arrival had preceded her. She ran over and met up with the rest of the cheerleaders. Some of them she knew from football but most were just wrestling cheerleaders. Nowadays, most girls also played a sport in a season so anyone who cheered did it out of season. Since she was a basketball player, she cheered in the fall. Many of these girls played soccer in the fall, allowing them to cheer in the winter.

Most of them looked at her with disdain. Those that knew her felt bad but those that didn’t felt threatened. How could they get anyone to look at them with this nude floozy around.

The cheerleader coach was the same all year and she gave Shannon a warm hello. She saw there were two boys with her, both of them on the gymnastics team who also doubled as spotters and throwers for the cheerleaders in the fall.

“OK ladies and gents, time to stretch...make sure you are nice and limber...today we are going to do some stunts.”

Shannon groaned, knowing that she was always the one thrown around. She was the most athletic girl on the squad and could withstand the pounding the body takes during the stunts. But, being naked would make them even more difficult and humiliating.

The girls stretched and she noticed people videoing them and taking some pictures. The crowd had gathered over on the side of the bleachers where the cheerleaders were warming up.

She tried to block them out, but the attention was enormous. Finally she was finished and headed out to join her teammates.

She was handed pom poms but realized they were much smaller than the other girls and would not cover much. She saw why...couldn’t have pompoms covering her precious titties now could they, she thought.

She pasted the cheerleader smile on her face and pretended not to notice the gawking and the stares. The other team came out and almost tripped over the matt. She saw them pointing and wondered how they would wrestle with their mouths wide open.

Finally her team came out and she cheered with the rest of the girls. She did the kick cheer without thinking, throwing her right leg into the air as high as possible, up and over her shoulder. That caused the entire bleachers across from her to gasp at the sight.

The match began and she sat cross legged with the other girls. Right away she noticed that her appearance was having an effect on the home team...the St. Mark’s wrestler had seen her for three days and in the bus and was somewhat used to her. The Mercy guy kept looking over at her and getting distracted. He was pinned easily.

St. Mark’s won the first five rounds before the break.

“Now, let’s do the famous Shannon Malone pyramid split. I brought John and Tim along here to spot and throw you in the air. The other girls have been practicing all night last night to get this right.”

The St. Mark’s cheerleaders headed out onto the mat. Shannon felt the rubbery surface under her bare feet and it felt weird. She didn’t have much experience with wrestling and had never been on the mat before.

She watched as two girls climbed on the backs of other girls and sat on their shoulders. Each couple stood about five feet apart from each other, with Shannon right between them. She closed her eyes and tried to pretend that she had clothes on...that the worst people would see is her green cheerleader knickers. She felt John’s hands go on either side of her naked belly and instinctively she bent her knees and allowed him to throw her up in the air.

They had done this cheer hundreds of times in the fall...it was one of the squad’s trademarks and Shannon was the only member of the team who could perform this difficult maneuver. She had to do a split in midair so that each ankle would land on one of the girl’s shoulder. She then had to hold the split there, exposing her naked and gaping pussy to everyone beneath her for the seconds she had to stay up there. Normally it was a revealing stunt and had almost been outlawed by her school. She laughed thinking that they thought it was revealing before.

This time she landed it perfectly and pasted the cheerleader smile on her face. The girls who had her ankles on their shoulders cringed and made faces at the near contact to her bare pussy, the string still hanging there for the world to see.

Finally, she did a roll and came out of the split, into the waiting arms of John, who grabbed her extra tightly, enjoying the feel of the naked girl in his arms.

The girls cheered and realized that everyone in the place had stopped to watch the stunt, even the wrestlers, coaches and referees. Shannon turned a bright red, knowing what they all had seen.

The rest of the meet passed with St. Mark’s taking every match. They all shook hands as the cheerleaders did their final cheer, a rousing stunt which ended with Shannon doing a split on the rubber mat. Again all eyes were on her as she completed it. She felt the spongy rubber extremely close to her bare pussy and hel her split only as long as necessary.

Finally it was over and she made her way to where the bags were. She desperately needed to go and change her tampon and started towards the girls’ locker room. Before she got there, she was stopped by a nun.

“No Miss, sorry, we don’t need your kind in our facilities. If you want to flaunt your body like that, that’s your business. But in my school, a floozy like you doesn’t use the ladies’ room.”

Shannon teared up, upset at the awful treatment of her by this person. She headed back into the gym, looking for somewhere to go. Finally, she decided to go under the bleachers. There she did the awful task of taking out the bloody tampon and inserting a new one. With nowhere to put the used one, she wrapped it in the towel she had brought and exited from under the bleachers.

When she did, she saw that only the team remained. Again, the cheerleaders had left her.

“Let’s go sweetheart,” the coach said, “Time to go and celebrate.”

The bus ride home was again awful. The boys were in a rowdy mood after the shutout victory and wanted to enjoy some rewards. Again they were told not to touch but some did anyway, crushing her poor tits and naked flesh.

Finally they made it back to school and exited the bus. She hurried along, hearing cheers of “great job” and “don’t leave so soon.” She ran into the locker room and was shocked by what she saw...the entire girls basketball team was completely naked, standing in a circle.

**PART 38**

“Um, what’s going on,” Shannon asked the naked girls.

Juli, her best friend on the team who had taken her place running naked suicides the day before, stepped forward.

“Well, we heard about the awful cheerleading thing and decided that Coach McBride was right and we should stick together as a team. So we thought that we would practice naked today, just for you.”

Shannon was so touched that her eyes again filled up with tears as she looked at the 14 naked girls, all standing in just socks and sneakers. Even Melissa, the freshman player who none of them had ever seen naked, even in the locker room, was completely nude. Shannon noticed that she barely had bumps there and was almost completely hairless.

“Oh thank you all so much. This is so nice of you. But you don’t have to suffer humiliation because of me. I can’t let you do this.”

It was Melissa, the quiet newcomer on the team, who spoke up.

“Shannon, we all think this thing sucks. So, if it helps you for us to be naked, then we’ll do it. Just don’t ask us to do it in games!”

All of the girls shared a laugh at that. Shannon, giddy for the first time in days, threw her bag in her locker and joined her naked teammates as they headed out onto the practice floor. For the first time, her nudity didn’t make her stand out. The only difference between her and these other girls was the fact that she was barefoot.

Coach McBride’s eyes nearly flew out of his face when he saw the large mass of naked flesh coming towards him. Yes indeed, he definitely loved his job! When he gave them that speech about team unity, he never thought it would come to this!

“Ah, ladies,” he said, trying to hide his obvious erection. “What’s up here?”

The girls, most redfaced, just stared blankly at the floor. Juli, being unusually brazen, stepped forward, thrust her amble breasts out and said, “Team unity Coach, just like you said. We’re standing with Shannon today! Is that a problem?”

The Coach laughed, “No problem at all. I love it. Great idea girls. Okay, let’s start practice. Juli and Shannon, lead the team in stretching exercises.”

The naked girls looked at each other in surprise. They hadn’t thought this all the way through. No one expected to have to stretch and do those awful exercises. It was hard enough being naked.

But they followed the two team captains to the center of the floor. They were joined there by Coach Ryan. Coach McBride was no where to be seen. Actually, he retired briefly to his office to relive his growing erection and get the video camera. No one would believe this.

The girls arranged themselves in a circle, with Juli and Shannon in the middle. They started out touching their toes, keeping their hands on them for counts of 10. The girls realized what a display this made, as their asses and little pussy lips were peeking out from behind. Coach Ryan could not believe his good fortune and wished he had found a place to relive himself.

Coach McBride meanwhile was video taping the entire show, not letting the girls know they were being taped. Many of their practices were taped for them to go over later. They forgot that it was even there.

The girls did the toe touches 10 times and moved to do 10 sets of squats. Each one was a lewd display as 15 naked pelvises and thighs squatted up and down. The moans of the girls made it sound much dirtier that it would have had they been clothed.

Next, all 15 naked girls sat on the floor, their bare bottoms against the cold hard surface. They spread their feet wide apart and then grabbed their toes, stretching. One of the girls, Connie, closed her eyes as she realized the sight she was. She was a tall redhead, thin with nice round boobs, a 34c. She had pale skin and green eyes and was lusted after by many guys. She had always loved her body and showing off but this was too much even for her.

The girl having the toughest time with the nudity was Heather, a tall muscular girl. She was the team’s center, standing 6’0 and weighing 160 pounds. She never liked her body, had been ashamed at being bigger than most girls. She normally liked to hidde in baggy sweaters and jeans. Rarely wore skirts (except at school) or dresses. Even in uniform, she hid her body as best she could.

But now she could not hide. She was on the verge of tears and wondered why she had gone along with it. She saw her tits, 36Ds, and thought they were ugly. They sagged, unlike most of the girls, who had perky, hard breasts. Hers were too big and awful. She felt fat, having some extra flab in her belly and she noticed that her thighs met just under her pussy while the other girls all had gaps there.

She didn’t want to be nude but felt no way around it. She didn’t want to go against the team, had felt awful about Shannon and wanted to help. But she never wanted this.

While the team stood up and began doing layup drills, Shannon was still touched by her friends’ show of support. She wondered what she would have done in their place. She knew now how awful total nudity was and wondered if they had realized how it would feel.

The team was struggling to complete their drills. Many were missing the easy shots, shots they normally made without a problem. Only Shannon and Juli seemed to be concentrating on the basketball...Shannon because she was so used to being naked now, had practiced that way yesterday and Juli because of yesterday’s running and her new found boldness.

Finally Coach McBride called them to huddle in the center court. Beside the team, Coach McBride and Coach Ryan, there was Amy, the trainer, and Kim, the student manager. Kim had gotten the nudity message late but had dutifully stripped when she got to the court and stood there naked. The only clothes being worn were on the coaches and Amy, a shapely young brunette, in her first year out of school.

Kim was hot, had always been unbelievably sexy. The other girls had always envied her, the way she even made their dumpy Catholic School uniform seem sexy. Her skirts were always short but not slutty, her blouses were unbuttoned just enough to look like there was something to see but not showing really anything. Her makeup was always perfect and her jewelry was dainty and just right for her.

Coach McBride had been so happy when the blossoming Kim stuck with being the team manager. A player on the school’s volleyball team, she had tried out for basketball her freshman year but got cut. However, since she was friends with many of the players, she stayed with it and was now a senior.

He noticed her now, standing out even in this group of nude women. Her breasts were completely perfect...not too big but not small, perfectly round with long nipples. Her body was shaped well too, a perfect hourglass shape on a 17 year old. Her pussy, which he had never seen before, was one of the best he had ever seen, even in porno mags...he lips were puffy and slightly gaping, the hair trimmed in a strip so as not to hide a thing. Her legs were long and thin and just plain perfect. He realized that perfect was the only way to describe her, even her face...a total girl next door!

His attention snapped back to the girls who had gathered around him. He smelled the sweet smell of teen girls perspiring and wanted to bottle it. Definitely one of the perks of the job, he thought.

“Okay ladies, while I appreciate the effort it took for all of you, including Kim here, to be naked today, I want to make sure you concentrate. You know that we have a big game tomorrow afternoon against Central Catholic and we need to be ready. Do you think we can concentrate on our game plan like this or do you all need to go put on clothes, Shannon excepted of course?”

The girls looked at each other. Heather became hopeful...maybe there was a way out of this. She groaned when the other girls shook their heads and Melissa spoke up. “We’ll stay like this Coach but concentrate better. We want to show our support for Shannon.”

The other girls, including a reluctant Heather, nodded and stated their agreement. Coach McBride smile, happy with the decision, and led them through a hard practice to prepare them for the big game the following day. The players and even the coaches seemed to forget about the nudity and worked hard to get ready for the game against the first-place team in the league.

Finally, the panting, sweaty girls all gathered in the center circle for the final words from the coaches. They were gathered in tight like always, but today it felt so different, their nude bodies grazing each other.

“Girls, this was one of the best practices we have ever had. You focused and concentrated and it was great. I think we are ready for Central Catholic tomorrow! Bring it in!”

He raised his fist in air as always, expecting the girls to put theirs in his. As they did, many of their bare breasts grazed his arm as they clamored for a spot. “St. Mark’s on three, one, two, three!” “ST. MARK’S!!,” the 15 nude girls cheered together and broke the circle, most of them wanting to run back to the locker room and slip into some form of normalcy.

As expected, Shannon and Juli were the last two, walking together.

“Jules, thanks for arranging this, I feel so much better knowing you guys support me.”

“Hey Shan, it’s cool. I’m sorry that we were so rotten to you last week. We felt weird to have you around but then I realized it was out of your control and we should support you! Just don’t expect this every practice and especially not on Monday in school!”

The girls laughed and Juli put her arm around Shannon’s sweaty shoulder as they walked down the steps and into the girls locker room. All of the girls showered and all but Shannon got dressed, most putting on sweats. Shannon’s was momentarily envious but then remembered all they had done for her and felt better.

They all said goodbye and Shannon headed for the car, wondering what else could happen to her.

**PART 39**

Shannon hopped into Brighid’s car and drove home through the afternoon traffic. There were many more cars on the road now and she knew many could see her tits but she tried to block it out. She played the music louder, even dancing to the music. The music was so loud she almost didn’t hear the police siren behind her.

SHIT! What did she do wrong? She pulled over to the side.

“GET OUT OF THE CAR AND PUT YOUR HANDS UP! DO IT NOW!”

Shannon opened the door in a panic, not believing her awful luck. How could this have happened?

She got out of the car and put her hands in the air, her breath making smoke in the cold afternoon, her bare feet on the cold, hard gravel of the shoulder of the road, her nudity now on blatant display. She saw a cop coming at her, his gun pointing at her and he hurried up behind her, grabbed her right wrist out of the air and pulled it harshly behind her back and then did the same with her left arm and cuffed her. He then threw her on the ground face down, her knees under her so that her naked ass was thrust up in the air. Shannon had never been more scared in her life.

“ENJOY ROBBING BANKS CUNT! ENJOY KILLING SECURITY GUARDS AND BANK TELLERS CUNT!

WELL, I SEE THAT BEING NAKED DIDN’T HINDER YOUR ESCAPE!”

Shannon wanted to scream that she didn’t know what he was talking about. He had his knee pressed harshly against her naked cheek and his body over her back to pin her down.

“Wait, Shannon is that you?” she heard a voice say from a few feet away.

“Yes, OH GOD YES!”

“JESUS BOB, LET HER UP! THAT’s NOT THE BANK ROBBER YOU IDIOT! That’s the girl from St. Mark’s I was telling you about!”

Officer Bob quickly removed his knee from her face and got off of her. She stodd up, scratches all over her body from the scuffle, a red blotch on her cheek from his knee.

“Oh Christ, Miss, I am so sorry. We were alerted that a bank robber was coming up from the city. She stripped all of her clothes at the bank, where she killed four people, and was driving the getaway car totally naked. The model of the car and her description matched you. I’m terribly sorry. Did I hurt you?”

Shannon had just barely made it to her knees and took the hand of Officer Bob. She saw that her savior had been Officer Fred, the same guy who had come to her rescue when she was being molested by the homeless guy while waiting for the school bus.

“Ah, no, just a few scratches.”

“Miss, I am so sorry, I feel terrible. Please know how bad I feel. Let me help you,” he said, grabbing her by the arm. Violently, she shook her arm free of him, not wanting him to touch her any more than he had.

“I’m fine thank you,” she said flatly, opening the door and getting into Brighid’s car. As she did, she realized that her face was totally flushed and her heart was racing. She was almost dizzy from the encounter.

Just then, Officer Fred was by her side.

“Shannon, this was totally a case of mistaken identity. Weird coincidence but I’m glad I was here. Let us give you an escort home so that it doesn’t happen again.”

Shannon shook her head as Officer Fred closed the door and smiled at his partner. As soon as they had seen her riding naked and Bob heard the story, they decided they wanted a little feel for themselves. Fred never thought Bob would be so rough but it had been fun for a bit anyway. Making up the part about the killing was strange but at least the girl seemed no worse for wear.

The naked girl eased the car into drive and with the help of the police car behind her, merged into traffic. She knew she had to drive carefully to avoid a ticket. Her vision was clouded by the tears again filling her eyes. Jesus how could she have tears left, she thought. I’ve been crying for four days!

Finally she pulled onto her street and into the driveway. The police car stopped at the end of the drive and waited while she got out of the car and started up the steps. Both officers enjoyed the view of the naked girl as she climbed the steps onto the porch. She turned and waved a thank you to the men and entered the house.

“Wow,” Bob said to Fred, “you were right. She is a real piece. I need to keep my eyes out for her.”

Shannon went into the house and was surprised to see her brother naked in the living room watching television. She had forgotten all about his punishment and wondered how he was doing, feeling a bit bad and knowing what he was going through..

“Hey,” she said.

“Hey,” he replied, barely lifting his eyes away from the TV. For three days she couldn’t get him away from her. Now he wouldn’t even look at her.

“How’s it going,” she asked.

“It sucks, that’s how it’s going. I’m naked and I can’t leave this house. All because of you!”

Shannon saw red.

“ME! BECAUSE OF ME! DO YOU THINK I WANT THIS? DO YOU THINK I WANT TO BE NAKED! YOU ARE NAKED AND PUNISHED BECAUSE YOU ARE A FILTHY PERVERT AND WANTED TO HUMILIATE ME SO YOU COULD BE MR. POPULAR!”

She stormed out of the living room, not believing that she had actually felt bad for him and wanted to help him out. Screw him, she thought.

She went into the kitchen where Brighid was sitting reading a magazine. Shannon’s heart dropped when she noticed it was an L.L. Bean catalog and it was filled with wonderful clothes.

She sat down and told her sister all about her lousy day, ending with the blowup with Jimmy. Brighid sat quietly and listened, feeling bad for her sister.

“Well, I know something that will cheer you up. Here,” she said, passing a note to the naked girl.

Shannon took the paper and read it. It read: “Mark called...555-5555!”

The naked girl blushed and looked at her sister. She had to tell someone.

“Brig, can you keep a secret?”

“Sure,” the older girl said, leaning forward to hear the news.

“OK, Mark is a boy I met while I was skipping school. We ran into each other while you were humiliating me at Dunkin Donuts. He wanted to talk but I told him to call me. What should I do?”

“Call him back. He obviously wants to see you again.”

“And what would we do? I’m naked remember. Hard to find a nice place to go with a naked girl! Plus, he thinks I’m a college girl.”

“Well, you have to be honest. He knows you were naked at Dunkin Donuts and called you anyway. Obviously doesn’t bother him too much.”

Shannon knew Brighid was right. She took the message, thanked her sister for the advice and headed to her room. When she got there, she noticed that her comforter had been put back on the bed and the door was back on the hinges. She saw a note on her pillow.

“We thought you deserved something nice. The comforter can only be used during the night to sleep and the door must be open at all times you are awake. When you go to bed, you may close it. Sorry about all of this...hope this helps a little. Love, Daddy.”

She smiled, knowing that tonight at least she could be wrapped in wonderful comfort...she wanted to run and thank her father but knew she had to make this phone call.

The naked girl went to her phone, which she happily found left in the room even when everything else was stripped. She picked it up and dialed Mark’s number.

“Hello,” said a voice that she found to be so sweet and sexy.

“Hi Mark?”

“Yeah, Shannon?”

Oh God, he knows it’s me.

“Yeah, hi, I was just calling you back.”

“Great...well, are you still naked?”

How’s that for an opening line?

“Um, yes. But I can explain.”

“Don’t bother, your sister explained everything.”

Oh God. Oh God! “Everything?” Even the high school part.

“Yeah and I was so glad.”

“Glad? Glad that I’m naked all the time?”

“Yeah that, but also that you are in high school. You see, when we met, I lied too. I am in high school too...I’m a senior at the Academy...those boys that you jerked off were classmates of mine.”

Her face flushed. Oh God, everyone in his ENTIRE SCHOOL knows!

“That wasn’t my idea,” she sputtered.

“Relax, relax, I know...Brighid told me the whole thing, how she was hassling you and you couldn’t say no. Don’t worry about it, I understand.”

She relaxed, noticing her breasts heaving as she took a deep breath.

“So, how old are you,” she asked.

“I’m 17 and I know that you are 16. So, can I see you tonight?”

“Um, well, I’m not sure.”

“What’s wrong?”

“Well, for starters, I’m naked! Not much to do with a naked girl is there?”

Then she had an idea. Maybe they could hang out at her house. “Um, Mark, can you hold on for a second?”

“Sure.”

Shannon placed the phone down and raced out of her room. “DAAADDDDD!!”

“Down here Shannon!”

Shannon raced down the stairs and came face to face with her father who must have just walked in because he had his coat in and smelled like the cold.

“Um, well, first, thanks for the comforter and the door. You are so sweet.”

“Oh you’re welcome sweetheart...I felt you had suffered enough after what Jimmy did to you. It was at least something.”

“Well, thanks! And, do you mind if I have a boy over tonight?”

There it was, Jack thought, the question. Could his completely nude daughter have a boy over to the house and hang out? He knew it might come up but had hoped that she would be so completely mortified by her nudity that she would not want boys over.

“I don’t know Shannon, in your condition.”

Tears again welled up in her eyes. She had always cried easily but this was ridiculous.

“Daddy, I didn’t choose my condition, you did and Mr. Jones did. Am I not allowed to have some fun while you do these horrible things to me?”

“Shannon, you don’t understand...boys are different than girls. Look at what Jimmy did to you and he’s your brother. I’m just afraid that a boy would take advantage of your nudity and want to avoid that.”

“So let me put on clothes tonight.”

“You know I can’t do that. Your punishment is for six weeks and that’s it.

Period!”

“So I am stuck with no friends and no social life because my father and principal are perverts and want to keep me naked. This sucks. You’re just as bad as Jimmy!”

She turned on the steps and ran up the steps. She had almost forgotten about Mark on the phone but saw the receiver sitting there.

“Uh Mark, can I call you back? I don’t know if I’m allowed to do anything tonight, still being punished for skipping school and all.”

“Oh, I understand. Ok, well call if you want to do something.”

“I will, Bye,” she said sadly.

She laid down on her comforter covered bed and bawled into the pillow, afraid she had gone too far with her dad and sad about the turn her life had taken.

Minutes later she heard, “Shannon, may I speak with you?”

It was her father and he was in her room. She wanted to cover up, to not be so naked here with him, to hide her private parts from the man. She felt like such a little girl.

“Shannon, I’m sorry about what happened downstairs. Your behavior was wrong and you should apologize to me as well, but I was wrong too. You should be allowed to have a social life, even during the naked punishment. There is nothing that says you are grounded, like Jimmy...the nudity for you was the punishment. So, have the boy over and enjoy your night.”

Shannon tear-stained cheeks lit up and her eyes sparkled. “Really Daddy? Oh thank you!” She wrapped her arms around him and pressed her naked body against him in a bear hug.

“I’m sorry I yelled and called you a pervert. It really wasn’t you I was yelling at. It’s men in general...everyone seems to want to humiliate me for their pleasure.”

Jack shook his head. Yes, I know how men are, he thought. That’s what scares me about this date. He remembered being a teenager and what he would have done with a naked girl next to him.

“Well, don’t blame them too much. Seeing a beautiful girl like you naked drives men crazy, even your own brother. Be patient, I know it’s hard, but you are a better person than them. Let them think they’re humiliating you but don’t humiliate yourself.”

Shannon hugged him tighter and said, “thank you so much Daddy!” He left the room, not believing that he had just gotten a bear hug from his very naked daughter. He went in search of Colleen, hoping to get a little bit lucky.

Not realizing the impact she had made on her father, Shannon rolled over and dialed Mark’s number. She invited him over to watch a movie and maybe some food (no French fries or egg rolls, she laughed to herself) and he accepted. He would be there at 6. She looked at her watch and saw it was 4...two hours to get ready. Ready? What did she need to get ready. She would put on some makeup and perfume maybe, but she would be unable to dazzle him with a sexy outfit. Just her, in all of her naked glory.

She ran in and showered, shaving yet again (can’t be too careful when you’re naked) and quickly put on some makeup and sprayed some daisy perfume on her.

Oh God, I’m supposed to go over to Carrie’s tonight for a sleep over. She called her best friend who completely understood but then demanded a call immediately after with all of the details.

Shannon then went down into the living room to wait. There she remembered...Jimmy was naked too! Oh God, she couldn’t have Mark see her brother naked too. That would be too weird. Her being naked was bad enough but what would mark think of her and her brother naked together in the same house.

“Dad, can I ask a favor,” she said when she located her dad exiting his bedroom, looking a bit sweaty.

“Sure, Shannon anything...you smell nice and your face looks great.”

“Um, thanks Dad, but could you ask Jimmy to not be visible when Mark gets here?

It’s hard enough to explain my nudity without having to describe his as well.”

“I see your point. Okay, but just tonight. If this boy comes over again when Jimmy is naked, you will have to explain it somehow. I think Jimmy can do you a favor tonight. I’ll go and tell him.”

“Thanks Dad, you are the best,” she said and ran down into the living room. Her dad came down and told Jimmy that, as part of his punishment, he was going to have to be in his room immediately following dinner and must stay on that floor of the house. As he did it, he winked at his naked daughter who grinned.

Shannon sat in on dinner but did not eat. Even if she wasn’t waiting for Mark to have dinner, she would not have been able to eat...she was too nervous. Going on a first date is hard at any time, but especially in her current “condition,” as her father called it.

The conversation was lively and she joined in, feeling like a part of the family for the first time since her nudity punishment began. She told them all the story of the basketball practice and both her father and Colleen said they were planning to attend the game tomorrow. Dinner was just finishing up and Jimmy finishing the clean up when the doorbell rang.

Shannon looked worriedly at her father who mouthed, “calm.”

“Jim, that’s enough...time for you to go to your room. You may watch TV up there.”

The naked boy was thrilled to be able to leave this kitchen where all eyes were on him and he ran out and up into his room, where he settled in for the night.

“Go ahead Shannon.”

The naked girl ran out of the kitchen, her bare feet slapping the tile and then the wood of the hallway and foyer. She swung open the door and there he was. He looked gorgeous and she felt so naked...

**PART 40**

“Hi,” she said, blushing.

“Hello,” he said, his eyes drinking in her nudity. She remembered her father’s warning not to get too angry, boys will be boys. If she were wearing a miniskirt and cool blouse he would still check her out.

“These are for you,” he said, handing her a bouquet of fresh flowers.

“Oh God, they’re wonderful You’re sweet, thanks. Come on in.”

Wow, flowers, she thought...he is a sweetheart.

“I’ll go and put these in water, you can come with me.”

“Sure,” he said, following her into the kitchen.

“Mark, this is my dad, my stepmom and my sister Brighid, who you spoke to.

Everyone, this is Mark and he brought me flowers!”

The three older people were happy for Shannon, especially the women who eyed the cute young man with appreciation. Brighid noticed them looking and knew what they were thinking. He’s so cute, warm eyes, broad shoulders, flat belly and great butt. She was in love with him!

“Here’s a vase Shannon,” her father said. “Ah, Mark, can I have a word with you in private?”

Shannon cast a worried look at her father and then at Mark. For his part, Mark handled it well.

“Sure Mr. Malone, whatever you want.”

The boy could not believe what was happening. Here he was, standing beside a naked girl in her house with her father and step mom sitting right there. Amazing.

Mark had liked Shannon the minute he met her. He had even doubted she was a college girl, as she claimed. But having her naked was beyond his wildest dreams...usually a guy like him would be lucky to grab a feel here and there of a bare tit or pussy. Here he had a view of it all and he liked what he saw!

He followed the tall older man into what looked to be a study. Here was a computer on a desk and book shelves.

“Please Mark, sit down,” Jack said pointing to a chair across from him. The boy dutifully sat down.

“Mark, I don’t know you, but I want you to know, I love my daughter more than anything. I know her punishment is a bit odd and that her being naked is going to be a temptation, but she’s a good girl and deserves your respect. Will you have a problem with that in her current condition?”

Mark looked the man in the eye and shook his head. “No sir, I greatly respect your daughter and liked her before I knew she was naked, had even planned to see her tonight. I can’t lie and say that I don’t like the fact that she is naked...she’s a beautiful girl, but I will treat her with respect Sir, you do not need to worry.”

The boy saw Mr. Malone exhale at the statement.

“Good then. Enjoy your time here. If there is anything you need, help yourself.”

“Thank you sir,” Mark said, taking the outreached hand to shake it. The two men exited the study and rejoined the group, where the very nervous Shannon waited.

“You two have a nice time,” her father said to her with a smile.

She grinned back...”thanks Dad, we will. Mark, let’s go downstairs to the family room.”

The two teens headed down the steps into the finished basement that also doubled as a family room. Here was a big screen TV with a VCR and a DVD player and a stereo.

“Whoa, cool room,” Mark said.

“Thanks, here, I got you a soda,” Shannon said, handing the boy a can of Coke. As he reached for it, his hand unintentionally grazed her bare breast and they both stopped.

“Wait a second here, this is silly,” Mark said. “Are you embarrassed by me seeing you like this?”

Shannon thought and answered, “not really. Not as much as I thought I would be. All of the other times I’ve been on display have been awful. With you, it doesn’t feel so bad.”

Mark smiled, happy she was comfortable. “I have to admit, you look great naked.

You are an impressive looking girl Shannon.”

The naked girl blushed but not in the way she had been for the last four days.

This was a happy blush.

“So, we are going to be together for a little while here tonight and sometimes I am going to touch you in a normal way, not sexually. We can’t keep worrying about it each time. If you are uncomfortable, then tell me and I will split. Deal?”

She nodded, reaching her hand out for a shake. “Deal!”

The two placed a food order (two hoagies and chips, no fries!) and picked a movie. Shannon thought it was sweet that he picked “Save the Last Dance” after she told him it was her favorite. They both knew it was a bit of a “chick flick” but she thought it was sweet that he would want to watch it.

They settled on the couch, near each other but not touching. Shannon curled her legs up under her in her favorite position and Mark sat cross legged as the movie began. They heard the door bell and Shannon cringed, thinking that she might have to go and answer it nude.

“I’ll get it,” Mark said, “stay here and relax.”

Shannon watched him go up the steps to pay for the food and bring it back. Right then she knew he was a keeper...he had the chance to humiliate her and force her to go and get the food. Instead, he jumped in and did it himself, saving her the indignity.

He brought the bags down and she noticed that paper plates and napkins were on top. “Your step mom grabbed them for us.” The two continued watching the movie as they ate, Shannon managing to finish only half while the bigger boy consumed the whole thing quickly.

“Man, you eat like a girl,” he said laughing. “Come on, eat up!”

“Well, you must be blind Mark...in case you haven’t noticed, I am a girl...can’t be hiding any little things here can I?”

She was shocked she had said it, not believing that she cold be so brazen about her nudity. But his loud gaffaw eased her mind and she took a big bite of the hoagie to show off.

Finally they pushed the food and drinks away as the movie went on. Somehow, during the viewing, the two had gotten closer and closer to each other on the couch. When Shannon realized that he was inches from her, she leaned over and rested her naked upper body on his side, resting her head on his shoulder. Oh he feels so strong and smells so nice, she thought. Thank you God for something good in this mess.

Mark had stopped concentrating on the movie, instead trying to control his hormones as he felt her naked flesh lean against him. She felt so warm and smooth and he loved her perfume, closing his eyes to let the smell come in. How do girls smell so nice, he wondered as her hair brushed his nose.

The two sat like that until the movie ended. Shannon was a bit disappointed as she was enjoying the closeness. But still she got up and stopped the tape.

“Well, what do you want to do now,” she asked.

“Why don’t we talk,” he responded. By the smile that crossed her face, he knew he had asked the right question. A part of her brain had thought that he was too good to be true...that once the movie ended he would try and ravage her. But this was nice, a chance to talk to a boy.

The two spent the next two hours talking about life, school, dreams, college plans, sports, etc. Even though she had dated a boy for three years, Shannon had never felt so close to a male.

Finally, he looked at the clock...”I gotta go,” he said.

She pretended to groan and then smiled. “I had a really nice time tonight Mark.”

“Me too. Can we do this again,” he asked.

She nodded, more tears coming to her eyes, this time tears of joy. “I would like that.”

“Cool...by the way, do you mind if I come to your game tomorrow? Would that distract you?”

“Um Mark, I am playing my first naked game...I don’t think you being there will be too much of an added distraction.”

“Well then, good night,” he said, closing in for a hug. She so much wanted this and she sighed when her naked body brushed his clothed one. She placed her head on his chest as he pulled her closer, also relishing the warmth and the feel of a naked girl held tight against him.

“Good night Mark. Thanks for coming over.” With that the two held hands as they climbed the steps. There Dad and Colleen were sitting in the living room, watching TV.

“Good night Mr. Malone, Mrs. Malone. Thanks for letting me come over.”

“Good night Mark,” they both said and Jack added, “you are welcome any time.”

The two parted at the door and Shannon ran upstairs to her room. She quickly dialed the phone.

“Carrie, oh my God, he’s adorable...I think I love him!”

**PART 41**

Shannon slept very well that night, enjoying the luxury of a warm bedspread, sheets and even a blanket. It had been almost a week since the last time she had been covered while she slept.

She had been dreaming. She was sitting in school and almost all of the students who had tormented her were naked. She of course had all of her clothes on...her skirt, blouse, tights, bra, knickers, socks and shoes...blessed shoes. Right now, in her dream, she was watching the very naked Eric Gorbo, having his cock tickled with a feather, his breasts groped (to show the difference between men and women) and was being masturbated by a girl to show what the male response to sexual stimulation was. She heard him moaning and she knew he was just about to cum...she watched in great interest...

“Shannon, honey, wake up,” she felt the soft hand of her step mother on her shoulder, gently shaking her.

She awoke, almost forgetting her nudity. Of course, as she felt her bare nipples rubbing against the soft comforter, she remembered her fate and closed her eyes yet again.

“Shannon, come on, your father is cooking breakfast for everyone and it’s almost ready.”

The nude teen sat up in bed and was tempted to pull the covers up to her neck to hide her nudity but didn’t want these few luxuries graciously given back to her to be taken away. So as she rose, she left her comforter in place, revealing her bare breasts.

“Dad’s cooking breakfast? What a treat! Ok, I’ll be down...just let me take a fast shower and brush my teeth okay?”

“Alright but hurry, I smell the pancakes cooking.”

Colleen left the room and pushed the door wide open. Normally that would annoy the girl but she remembered her place. The door had been put back on the hinges yesterday as her father relented a bit on the punishment.

She was in the midst of a six-week torture at school where she was to be totally naked because she cut school and phoned in a false sick call. Her father had carried the punishment over to the house but had relented after seeing the damaging effects it was having on her psyche. He replaced the door that had been removed and put the comforter back on the bed. She was glad for that...after all a girl needs some privacy, even when she’s always nude.

Shannon swung her bare feet onto the floor and padded down the hall to the bathroom. She pushed the door open and was surprised to see her brother standing at the toilet, pee pouring out of his penis and into the bowl. Shannon had never seen a boy pee before and was fascinated.

“Can you please leave,” her brother asked in a nasty voice. He was totally naked as well, part of a punishment for sending nude pictures of her to the Internet. His two weeks were limited to the house though...he would be clothed outside.

“Yeah right, like you were so ready to let me have my privacy,” she laughed, remembering the times when he had sat there while she shaved or dried off and even pissed and shit. “I’m just showering, no need to worry about me.”

The naked girl reached in and turned the shower on, never taking her eyes off of her very naked brother peeing three feet from her. He closed his eyes to avoid the humiliation. Finally he finished and shook his penis and flushed before washing his hands and pushing past her to leave the room. She laughed to herself as she eased into the shower and quickly washed and shaved. She knew there would be quite an audience today at the game and she wanted to make sure she was smooth.

Once she finished, she rinsed her long hair of shampoo and got out of the tub, drying off without wrapping her towel around her and then moving to the sink. There she brushed her teeth, put on some makeup and brushed her hair.

She looked at herself and smiled...she was still the same old Shannon...she just had to forget her nudity and live her life!

The girl, still nude, dropped her towel in the hamper and left the bathroom, heading to the stairs and down to breakfast. Her naked brother was there along with her father, step mother and sister Brighid, still in her pajama shirt.

“Good morning Shannon, how about some pancakes,” her father asked cheerfully.

“Sure, smells good Dad, what the occasion?”

“Oh don’t pretend you don’t remember,” he said and then got quiet. “Oh God, you don’t remember. Today is your first solo with the choir at church. Did you forget?”

Her body, a flushed red before from the shower and her cheerfulness turned white. OH God, she was going to have to get up in front of the entire church and sing a solo. She had always wanted this but not today!

The naked girl shook her head, her still damp hair shaking as she did.

“Please Daddy, I can’t go to church like this. Please, Colleen, Brighid, help me. I can’t, not to church. Please Daddy, this would be a sin.”

The whole group looked at Jack Malone who stood there in an apron over his church suit, a spatula and a pan in hand.

“Excuse me Miss, but are you saying I am committing a sin by punishing you in this way?”

Shannon noticed the hard edge in his voice and knew she had gone too far. She tried to get out of it.

“No sir, I would be sinning. I brought this nudity on myself and I would be committing the sin by going to church naked.”

Jack Malone’s face softened a bit. Normally very easy going, he was strictly religious, sending all of his children through Catholic school. He had enough guilt about this punishment without being told it was a sin.

“Well, don’t worry about it. I spoke to Father Jim and he understands the punishment. In fact, he said it was kind of a nice thing to have a naked angel singing, showing the perfect form in its natural state.”

Brighid groaned for Shannon, knowing that she was stuck. Their father glared at his oldest daughter who clammed up quickly, knowing the way punishments were going around here.

“Now, eat your pancakes. We have to go.”

The five members of the Malone family ate in silence, not enjoying the pancake breakfast nearly as much as had been intended. Finally, Shannon asked if she could be excused.

“Honey, you barely ate,” Colleen said.

“I’m too nervous about my performance” she said, wanting to add “in the nude!”

“Well, maybe we should load up. Jimmy, your clothes are laid out on the porch. Go and put them on and meet us in the car. Brighid, go get dressed and meet us there. Remember, 9:30 sharp.”

Jimmy scampered out of the kitchen, his bare feet slapping on the tile floor as he rushed towards the blessed relief of clothing and covering. Shannon envied him so much.

She followed her father and step mother out of the kitchen and down the steps. Jimmy was trying to hurry on with his khacki pants and long sleeve shirt that he had been given. Shannon didn’t spend too much time watching because she was too caught up in her own misery.

She got to her father’s car and saw that a towel had been laid out and guessed that was her spot. It was the third time this had happened but each time was a humiliation nonetheless. She opened the door and hopped in wanting to be inside the car for the small level of cover it provided. She was happy to note that her dad had tinted windows. At least, she thought, the weather was nice today and she wouldn’t freeze.

Her little brother scooted in beside her, wearing clothes for the first time in two days. She couldn’t wait for that feeling herself as Colleen and Dad opened the doors.

She saw her father push a button as he said, “it’s such a beautiful day, let’s give this new convertible top a try.”

“No Daaad!!!”

The top flipped open and revealed the normal American family...a man, a woman, a boy and a very naked and humiliated girl. The sun shone brightly as the group pulled out of the driveway. Shannon wondered if this little extra humiliation was the result of her talking back in the kitchen.

She crossed her arms over her tits in an effort to shield them from view but also to keep warm. The air was warm for January but it was still winter and it was very cold for the naked girl, who shivered in the back. Her hair was also becoming a mess, flying every which way. She didn’t even bring a handbag with a hairbrush in it before her big solo. This was turning awful.

They stopped at a light about three blocks from the church. So far, no other cars had passed them this early on a Sunday morning. She thought that maybe for once God was looking out for her when it happened. An SUV filled with about eight young boys heading to a soccer game. They looked to be about 12 years old and were all pressed against the window, pointing at the naked girl shivering in the back of a convertible. Then, on the other side of them, a pickup truck pulled up, with two very drunk men riding in the cab.

She wanted to cry. There was no where to turn. Her father and stepmother seemed oblivious to her plight but her younger brother sure wasn’t. He was laughing and egging the boys on.

Finally the light turned green, just as the pickup truck window opened and she heard “nice tits!” yelled out the window. Her father said, “what was that,” but kept on driving, unaware of the scene he had just created for his daughter.

After what seemed to the naked girl to be hours, they pulled into the church parking lot. They were early and, luckily for Shannon, they got a close parking spot. She hopped out of the car and started into the church but her father stopped her.

“Wait for the family, young lady. We go into church together.”

She groaned but stopped, standing there with her bare feet on the cold concrete while her father worked to get the top back on. It took much longer than she thought necessary and she was viewed by several cars passing by on the street and some others as they pulled into the lot. Finally, he was satisfied with the job and they headed into the large church.

Shannon felt so dirty and sinful walking into this old church nude. Here she had been baptized, received first Holy Communion (oh she had been so pretty in her little white dress) and her confirmation. She planned to be married in this church and wondered if she could ever feel the same way in here again.

As they entered, the priest was standing in the back and gave a long look up and down the naked teen. She felt even more naked in this church in front of a priest but stood there as the two men conversed. Finally, they entered the pews and Shannon made her way up the stairs to the choir loft. Here she didn’t feel so bad but soon she would be completely naked on the altar.

When she got there, Miss O’Brien, the church’s organist and choir leader, gasped. “Oh dear, what is going on here? You march back down there at once Miss and put some clothes on.”

“No, Miss O’Brien, it’s alright, I have to be naked. Didn’t Father Jim tell you?”

Shannon then had to explain the mess that she was in and her nude punishment. She couldn’t believe that she was defending this torture but felt obligated to back it up to this woman.

“You mean you are going to go onto the altar naked and sing that solo,” the woman asked, her eyes wide.

Shannon nodded, unable to finish the words. “Alright then, go and gather over on the platform and wait for the other girls. This should be interesting.”

The naked girl sat there on the cold, metal platform while the rest of the choir filtered in. There were 15 girls in the choir and three boys who played musical instruments. She tried to remember if the boys were involved today and hoped they weren’t.

The rest of the choir filtered in, all gasping when they saw her. Even those who went to her school were shocked to see her naked in church. There were whispers and pointing but no one spoke to her, either too embarrassed to be in conversation with a nude girl or they felt they were better than her.

“Shannon, psst, over here.”

Shannon had been ignoring the arriving girls, trying to get over their pointing and giggling but turned at hearing someone speaking to her. She saw Brighid standing there on the stairs and felt grateful to have a friend.

She got off of the cold metal and walked over to where her sister stood.

“Colleen told me about the convertible. That was mean of Daddy but I think he was trying to get you back for speaking back to him.”

Shannon nodded, figuring as much herself.

“Here, I brought up my makeup and hair brush and mirror. This way you can freshen up a little before the performance. Just because you’re naked doesn’t mean the rest of you can’t look normal.”

Tears streamed out of her eyes at her sister’s kindness. What a change from three days ago when her sister had orchestrated her humiliation.

Shannon took the makeup kit, mirror and hair brush and tried to get everything together. Her eye makeup was running from the tears, which she dried with a tissue provided by Brighid and then reapplied some around her now puffy eyes. She put on some more lipstick and then got working on her long hair which was now way wild from the ride.

“Christ, I can’t get it,” she whispered. “It’s too far gone.”

“Here,” Brighid said, taking the brush and running it harshly through the nude girl’s hair. The two didn’t even realize how turned on the few boys who could see this image were...a girl playing with the hair of a naked girl.

“You’re right, without gel, we’re screwed. Here,” Brighid said, handing Shannon a scrunchie. “Put it in a ponytail.”

Shannon didn’t want a ponytail, had hoped the hair would cover at least a little of her nudity. But she didn’t want her hair to be messy. This is so weird, she thought, I’m worried about my hair being a mess but most of the people wouldn’t even notice that she has hair. They will notice the lack of hair on her pussy though, that much she was sure of!

Brighid pulled her hair back and tied the naked girl’s beautiful mane behind her. Shannon glanced down and saw that now nothing was hidden, not even her bare shoulders. She remembered begging her father to let her wear a strapless gown to the prom last year, how proud she was to show off those bare shoulders. Now, they were another humiliation.

She heard Miss O’Brien call the choir to order. Shannon was glad that the three boys weren’t here. She thought the one that played the guitar was kind of cute and didn’t want him to see her like this. Of course, he was probably in church anyway and would see all of her on the altar.

The girls all stood on the platform in their spots. Shannon felt so exposed in this mass of choir robes. All of the other girls wore long white robes with green trim at the arms, neck and hem. She had nothing, just her music book to hide her. Her nudity definitely stood out in the uniform rows of robes. At least they were up in the loft and hopefully no one would be looking at her anyway!

Miss O’Brien began playing the first hymn and Shannon saw the congregation stand. She tried to concentrate on the singing but kept looking out for someone in the crowd to notice her. She was relieved to see the backs of everyone’s heads, knowing that anyone who might spot her would be turning around. She sang along with the choir, hoping to take her mind off of what she still had to do.

Finally the hymn was over and the priest began the mass. The choir just stood there, waiting for their next time to sing. The mass went on to the reading and finally the homily. The priest made mention of a “very special treat” awaiting the crowd in a few minutes, saying a “beautiful natural angel would be singing her song.”

Finally, the time had come for her to move. Normally, a singer going from the loft to the altar drew little to no attention. After all, there was other movement at the time. However, today she knew would be different.

From her spot in the third row, Shannon had to go through two lines of girls, their long robes brushing against her naked body. She felt it and longed for their touch on her skin, totally covering her. Then she noticed it...she was wet! Her pussy was betraying her and she was starting to feel so turned on. Why, oh why, she thought. Please no!

She hoped to God, prayed to Him that her moisture stayed inside of her and didn’t leak down her thighs, which she knew would be the focus of many eyes.

She felt each step on her bare feet as she went down from the loft into the back of church. She closed her eyes and took a deep breath as the congregation sat down. She then walked with her head up and eyes forward down the center aisle.

The nude teen heard the gasps and whispers as she made her way down the aisle, trying hard not to look at the eyes now turning to see what the commotion was about. Please don’t cry, and don’t leak, she thought. She tried to block out the crowd but couldn’t help but hear them and see them pointing and smirking or just looking plain disgusted at her. Towards the front, she saw her family, trying to be supportive while making it plain they were embarrassed, especially her father who was well respected in the church community.

She finally made it to the plush carpeting on the altar and stood in the center, where the music podium was. She now had to perform a solo, singing the offertory hymn. Oh God, please help me through this.

She nodded and Miss O’Brien took the cue to begin playing. Somehow, Shannon’s first note was right on and she began singing a beautiful hymn that she had practiced for weeks. She blocked out the gawking eyes and focused on the stain glass window in the back and sang her little naked heart out. Unbelievably, the hymn was completed and many had never heard it sound prettier.

The applause filled the church, an unorthodox move in her rigid parish. Some even stood. This brought her attention from the window to the congregation who looked truly moved. Her eyes again filled up with tears, this time of genuine appreciation. She saw her father beaming and her step mom next to him, with even her sister and brother standing.

Finally, the priest, who was also cheering, stood and said, “Brothers and sisters, I know this is highly unorthodox, but Shannon here is under punishment at St. Mark’s our illustrious high school. Most of you know about the new punishment code and Shannon is the first girl to be punished because of it. However, I think we all can agree that it takes an amazing amount of strength to perform in the nude like she just did and finish the song so beautifully...I think this is a wonderful tribute to the beauty of God.”

Shannon was blushing from her face down to her bare breasts. She was completely on display but now in a different way...she was being compared to a vision from God!

She moved off to the side but had to stay there to lead the congregation through the rest of the hymns. If felt weird being in front of everyone naked and she knew that some still gawked, but most moved along to the celebration of mass. Finally, it was time for the last hymn. The priest was walking down the aisle, leaving her alone on the altar to finish the hymn...she saw some teens walk up and one pulled out a camera and snapped a bunch of pictures of her. She cringed, wondering what they would do with that but kept on singing.

As the hymn finished, most of the church had cleared out. Her family rushed up to meet her as they she walked off the altar and gave her big hugs, even Jimmy, who had enjoyed the show immensely.

As they were walking out, an elderly woman stopped them. “I think it’s shameful for you to be flaunting your little body around in church. You are going straight to hell.” Jack Malone looked ready to say something to the old woman, but thought better of it and pushed the family past her. But Colleen pulled away from him and stood face to face with her.

“Excuse me maam, but you have some nerve judging my step daughter like that in a house of God. You heard the priest say that God was with her as she sang today. If you have a problem with her nudity, take it up with me and her father and the Catholic school she attends. This young lady, who I assure you is a fine person and Catholic, had nothing to do with it and I wish you would just keep your mouth shut!”

The old woman sat down, acting as if she had been shot. Jack grabbed his wife by the arm and pulled her out of the confrontation and out of the church.

No one said a word until they got to the car. This time, the top stayed on.

Brighid followed close behind in her car.

“Thanks for defending me back there,” Shannon finally said, breaking the silence.

“No honey, don’t thank me. It had to be said. You are such a sweet girl and if they don’t know it, it’s on them. I just thought it needed to be said.”

There was more silence before Jimmy spoke up... “man, did you see the look on her face. You really beat her up! Man, remind me never to get you mad!”

That broke the tension in the car and everyone started laughing, even Shannon who hadn’t laughed like this in a week. They all headed home for lunch before Shannon’s next test, the game.

**PART 42**

Shannon was shaking as she sat in the locker room before pregame warm-ups. She heard the buzz from the gym upstairs, a noise that always gave her little butterflies in her stomach but now was causing her to feel like throwing up.

She had overheard Coach saying how big the crowd was and whether it was because it was the two top teams in the league or the presence of a naked player. She blushed at his talk as he didn’t know she was there. Finally he came around the locker and blushed himself at seeing her.

“Sorry Shannon, I didn’t know you were there,” said the coach, looking different in his shirt and tie than he normally did at practice.

He walked past her and she followed him into the gathering area where the other girls now were, completely clothed in uniform. All except Juli, who was in her sports bra, still waiting to put on her jersey.

“Ah, ladies, we have just one problem before the game and that’s Shannon.”

All eyes turned towards the naked girl who wondered what else could go wrong.

“Well, it seems that the league is okay with you playing naked as your uniform but rules state you must have a number.”

She sat up, hoping that this was a way out...maybe she didn’t have to humiliate herself in front of all of these people.

“I though about letting you use a pinnie,” Coach said, referring to the mesh practice shirts that they wore over their regular shirts, “but I was told that was unacceptable. The compromise is to paint a number on your back and breasts.”

The girls all gasped at once and they all secretly thanked God that they weren’t in her place.

“Please Coach, there has to be another way,” she begged.

“Sorry Shannon, but this was the compromise of the league. And Mr. Jones says you have to play or face expulsion.”

Shannon knew she was beat. She walked over to where Coach McBride was standing with a dry erase marker. She knew it would be awful trying to get it off. “We have to use the permanent marker so that it doesn’t run when you sweat. It will take some scrubbing but it will come off...eventually.”

She turned and allowed Coach McBride to write the number 12 in big bold strokes on her back. She felt the disgusting wetness on her skin and smelled the awful odor of the marker.

She felt Coach turn her around and he bent over, taking her right breast in his left hand and making a big number one on it. He then did the same with her right breast, writing a two on that one. It was the first time that he had touched her and for some reason, a shock went off up and down her body. She felt odd and wondered why.

“OK girls, time for pregame drills, go get them.”

The team ran out, Shannon trailing behind. She had wanted to see what the numbers looked like but only got a glance as they ran past the windows in the lobby.

She closed her eyes and prayed for strength as the team pushed through the door of the gym and onto the court. They were all surprised to see the bleachers filled, even with the boys team playing in the other gym next door. They all knew why when they saw the video and still cameras in the hands of the many men, most of whom had never been to a female athletics event in their lives.

When they got in the door, the crowd started to hoot and holler for the naked girl. The whole team stopped and stood in awe until Juli started yelling, “gather in a circle, come on.”

The team instinctively gathered in a circle, their hands together in the air as their captain spoke.

“Now, these perverts are here to embarrass Shannon. Let’s help her out. Be as cool as possible and show them that we’re not embarrassed by her and she’s not embarrassed either. Let’s be a team and kick Central Catholic’s ass!”

“YEAH! GO ST. MARK’S!”

The team then ran onto the floor and got into two lay up lines. The other girls slapping hands with the naked Shannon, pretending that nothing was wrong. This gave her strength, even as the 100s of male eyes preyed on her naked flesh. She cringed when she saw a newspaper reporter there with a photographer and two TV cameras...at a girls’ basketball game? Yeah right!

The girls from Central Catholic were stunned. They had been warned that one of the girls on the other team was going to be naked but didn’t really believe. But there she was, completely nude, even barefoot, with a number painted on her back and tits. This was great...the boys back at school would be sorry they missed this trip.

Shannon felt like it was the first day again. Very few of these folks had seen her naked and now the entire city would see her on the news. She wondered what her life would be like for the next five weeks.

Finally the buzzer went off and the teams went to their benches for the introductions and the beginning of the game. All eyes in the place were boring into her bare back. At least the girls’ gym only had bleachers on one side. The boys’ gym had them on both.

The announcer, one of her classmates, began reading the starting lineups. There were few cheers as Central Catholic was introduced. Finally, she got to the starters for St. Mark’s.

“First, at center, Heather McConnell.”

The big girl slapped hands with her teammates and coaches and then ran over to the Central Catholic bench to shake hands with their head coach before running to her team’s side.

“Next, the forwards, first team co-captain, Juli McNamara!”

Juli ran out, followed by the gorgeous Connie Azentin, who received her share of cheers and whistles.

“At point guard, freshman Melissa Koller.”

The young girl, not used to playing in front of such a big crowd, tentatively slapped hands and ran to the CC bench.

“And now, the girl of the hour, co-captain and star of the team, our naked Shannon Malone!!!”

The roar of the crowd was deafening. All of the men in the bleachers, which was everyone but a few schoolmates and families, stood in unison and barked and whistled. Shannon was humiliated, her body red in shame as she reluctantly slapped hands with her teammates and then shook hands with Central’s coaches, a very tough looking woman who gave her an appreciative stare, and a young man, who was obviously enjoying her plight. As she turned, she felt the two television cameras right on her, filming as she ran towards her teammates and they formed a huddle.

“IGNORE THEM, IGNORE THEM,” Juli yelled. “We can handle this because we’re closer than they are. WE’RE A TEAM! LET’S HEAR IT!”

“BEAT CENTRAL!”

The girls broke the huddle and ran back to the bench where they received last minute instructions from the coaches, who finally seemed more interested in coaching than seeing Shannon’s nude body.

The 10 girls gathered at the center circle and were about to start the game when the female referee came into the circle and whispered something to the male. They both stopped and turned to look at Shannon, who already felt totally on display, nude ont eh court in front of hundreds of people.

Both officials nodded and woman came over to Shannon while the man went to Coach McBride.

“Honey, you are out of uniform and cannot play like this,” the referee said kindly.

The naked girl looked at the ref’s face and wanted to thank her...hoping that this was a way out. Maybe now she could slink off to the locker room and sit alone until the game was over.

“Here,” the male referee said, handing the female ref that awful marker.

In full view of the crowd and the other players, the woman grabbed Shannon’s breast as leverage and began writing “ST. MARK’S” in big letter just above her breasts. Shannon closed her eyes but felt the soft tip of the marker and smelled the odor of the ink.

“OK ladies, now we can play.”

Shannon was even more humiliated after hearing the laughter of the crowd and seeing the red faces of her teammates.

“Ignore it Shannon and play ball.”

She looked to see her father, who was yelling encouragement to her. When she looked, she saw Colleen, Brighid and Jimmy. And with them was Mark who smiled at her and pumped his fist to give her strength. Then she saw Juli wink and the naked girl felt more confident. She bent her knees to get into position for the jump ball and the game began.

The game progressed as Coach McBride said it would in the first half. The Central Catholic girls didn’t want any parts of their naked opponent and she had easy jumpers and lay ups as St. Mark’s led 31-16 at halftime.

The St. Mark’s girls ran into their locker room full of energy, even Shannon, who had 17 points despite (or possibly because of) her nudity. Coach McBride was more excited than any of the girls had ever seen him.

“Great job ladies, fantastic...and Shannon, the best you have ever played on offense. We have Central Catholic right where we want them. Go and get ready for the second half and I’ll be back in five minutes.”

That was Coach’s signal to go and use the bathroom if necessary or change. The coaches and trainers left the room, leaving the team alone with Kim the manager.

Some of the girls did go towards the bathroom, either to use the toilet or to wash their faces and cool off. They only had three minutes or so until Coach would come in.

Shannon sat there, her naked ass on the cold wooden bench, her bare feet on the cold concrete floor and her back pushed against the freezing metal locker. They all felt good on her warm body.

“How are you making out,” Juli asked her.

Shannon shrugged. While the beginning had been awful, by the midway point of the first half, she had forgotten all about her nudity and was just into playing. Now, as her sweaty body had time to relax for a moment, her humiliations were coming back.

“Ok, I guess, I’m surprised that the plan is working.”

“Yeah, but be ready in the second half...I don’t think things are going to go so easy on us.”

Coach McBride came walking in and it took every ounce of Shannon’s self control to not cover up...normally being naked when your male coach walked into the room meant a squeal and a dash to the stalls or lockers. For her though, she was forced to just sit there exposed.

“Ok girls, same thing this half...get the ball into Shannon and Shannon, keep making those shots. This is the greatest game you have ever played. Gather in girls.”

All of the players, coaches and Kim moved into the circle. Shannon’s naked tits, covered in the ink numbers, brushed against Coach McBride’s shirt and she moaned at the touch. Why was she so horny, she wondered. Was this turning her on somehow?

“ST. MARK’S!”

The team ran out of the locker room and onto the floor. The crowd hadn’t let up...in fact, more people were there. With everyone owning a cell phone, anyone in the crowd could have alerted their horny friends to the fact that there was a gorgeous naked girl playing basketball for St. Mark’s. Shannon also noticed that there was another photographer and a TV camera added to the mix.

St. Mark’s inbounded the ball to begin the half. Shannon knew right away that things were different. As soon as she got into position, she felt a knee digging into her thigh as she bent her legs to get into position. When she got the ball and turned, her defender’s knee came up into her bare pussy and slammed into her, forcing her to the floor in agony.

TWEETT!!! “Foul, blue 22. Two shots,” the referee called. But Shannon was still seeing stars, her naked form balled up as she tried to stop the pain.

Of course the end of the court she got hit and was lying on was also the end where the TV cameras are. She didn’t even realize it but the camera men (all men) all noticed the sight that she was, her little pussy lips poking out from between her legs as she laid on the floor, her bare back and butt facing them.

Finally she stood up and went to the foul line to shoot the shots. She made them both but knew that points would be a lot harder to come by. As the half went on, the girls from Central Catholic pounded her, giving her black and blue marks up and down her body, stamping on her bare feet, grabbing and scratching at her bare tits. She was a ball of sore muscles and pain but when the buzzer sounded, St. Mark’s had won, 59-48.

Most of her teammates were whooping it up but Shannon had enough of this. The TV cameras ran over to her and enveloped her as she walked to the locker room. They stuck their microphones in her face, asking how she felt being naked, winning the game, any comment at all. But the sweat hid the tears flowing out of her eyes as she pushed through the girls’ locker room door and into the sanctity of the empty room. When her teammates came rushing in minutes later, they found her sobbing in the corner, in physical and emotional pain. They all sobered up quickly, showered, dressed and left her there alone.

**PART 43**

Shannon lost track of time...she had barely noticed her teammates entering the locker room, followed by her coaches. No one came over to the girl that had won the biggest game of the year...no one knew what to say.

The coaches left quickly, followed by the players. Only Juli and Melissa made their way over to Shannon, Melissa with a loving pat on the shoulder and Juli with a long hug that made Shannon feel a little better.

But they all quickly left and the sobs kept coming...the exposure today was awful and she saw the contempt in the other team’s faces...they hated her and her nudity. She wanted to scream from the rooftops that this wasn’t her idea and for everyone to stop blaming her for the stupid new rules!

She heard the door open and for a second wondered if it was the janitor. She waited and heard some footsteps and then she saw him...it was Mark. He was just what she needed.

The naked girl jumped to her feet and ran to greet him...they had only dated once but he already felt so right, so much like her boyfriend. She wrapped her arms around him and buried her head in his chest...it felt so good having her naked body so close to his warm clothes...like this she didn’t feel so exposed...like this she felt protected and less vulnerable.

Mark just hugged her, pulling her nude body close to him. This was a dream come true for the boy, not only was he now dating a gorgeous girl but she was naked and right there next to him. He thanked God for the answers to his prayers. Within a few minutes of hugging, the girl calmed down and she pulled away from Mark. “I’m so sorry Mark, I just needed a hug.”

“Hey don’t worry about it, I’m the one who got a naked hug from my girl. I hope you don’t mind that I came back. Your friend Juli said she thought you needed someone.”

HIS GIRL, she thought, smiling, thanks Jules, I owe you.

“It was so awful Mark, all of those eyes and those girls wanted to kill me. Oh God, and we have seven more games and then the playoffs.”

“But you were fantastic...I was so proud of you. You were the star and you handled yourself better than any of those girls, naked or not.”

Shannon looked at the boy, tears in eyes but these were different...they were of love.

“You were really proud of me,” she asked disbelieving.

“Yep. You showed those girls how tough you are. I bet none of them would have the strength to do what you did.”

The girl ran towards Mark again and wrapped her arms around him, this time standing on her bare toes so that her lips met his and they kissed for the first time. Not just a peck on the cheek like last night but a real honest-to-goodness kiss. Tingles ran up and down her body, her nipples hardened even more, she could feel the telltale signs of moisture in her vagina.

It took all of her power to break off the kiss before it got too far. In her condition, she wanted nothing more than to pull him closer, unzip his pants and let him inside of her, taking her virginity. She was so vulnerable though, it would not be right.

“Thanks Mark for helping me get through this. I better shower.”

“Ok, I’ll wait outside.”

It was a normal response for a boy when his girlfriend said she was going to shower but this seemed silly. Could there be any more of her for Mark to see? But like the dutiful boyfriend, he left her with a kiss and went outside to wait.

Shannon grabbed a towel and went into the shower area. She gasped when she saw herself... what the hell was Mark thinking, she wondered. I’m a mess. Her hair was soaked with sweat and she smelled. Her body had cuts and bruises from the assault of the girls and the awful letters and numbers were on her tits and back. She turned and saw the numbers on her back and wanted to cry. That would never come off.

She turned the nozzle on in the far corner of the shower room and stepped under it. She turned the knobs so that it was just right, a mix of cold to refresh but warm to keep her always nude body comfortable. She grabbed the soap and scrubbed at her tits, trying to get the letters and numbers off. She was happy to see that they were fading very quickly and after 15 minutes of scrubbing were now totally off. You had to look really close to see the remnants. Her back would be a bigger problem since she could not see and could not reach it. She tried to scrub it but had no idea of her success rate. Finally, after being in the shower for over 30 minutes, she turned the water off. She laughed when she saw her skin pruned...take a picture of me now, she thought.

She got out of the shower and dried off, rubbing the towel across her back over and over, hoping that the ink rubbed off. She turned around and faced the mirror and saw that much of it had come off. “I’ll just ask Brighid or Colleen to help with the rest,” she thought. She did her hair, threw on some makeup and left the shower area.

She was just a few steps away from Charles, who was hiding in the locker room the whole time, filming the naked girl after the game. What a sight! The fact that he had gotten some views of the other girls while they showered and changed was a bonus, but he had been told he could not film them...against the rules. Shannon was fair game but not the other girls. It seemed unfair and mean spirited but he wasn’t in a position to argue, even if he wanted to. The scenes with her boyfriend were awesome and seeing the girl scrub her tits and back was worth the price of admission alone. While he felt bad in some ways at this invasion of privacy, he knew he had no choice. Mr. Jones was becoming quite addicted to Shannon.

The naked girl didn’t see him and dumped the towel into the basket. She pushed out of the door and into the now empty hallway, where just Mark waited.

“Your dad said it was okay if I drove you home. Do you mind?”

“Not at all. Why don’t you come over for dinner?”

“Sounds great...I’ll call home from your house and let my parents know.”

The two teens, one naked girl and her very clothed boyfriend, walked hand-in-hand down the empty corridors of the high school and out to his car. For once, Shannon didn’t feel so naked and on display. She felt just right being naked with him.

They drove with some upbeat music going and happy conversation. She barely noticed the passing motorists all taking their peeks at the very naked girl engaged in an animated conversation with a boy.

Shannon’s head hurt from laughing...no one ever made her laugh like Mark. And Mark felt like he had died and gone to heaven. This was the girl of his dreams and she was also naked. They both felt warm, even Shannon who was naked in a car in the dead of winter.

The boy pulled into the driveway behind Brighid’s car and the two got out. Shannon ran out of the cold air into the house, followed quickly on her heels by Mark, who didn’t want to be TOO far behind the naked girl.

When Shannon opened the door, she was shocked by a crowd of people yelling “SURPRISE!” She saw a number of her teammates with her family. Even her sister Meg, who was living at college, was there. Jimmy was no where to be found and Shannon figured he was naked up in his room.

“To celebrate your performance today,” her father said. The rest of the room cheered and Shannon was bright red from the attention.

“Oh my God, I don’t believe it! Thank you all so much!”

She looked around and saw Connie, Melissa and Juli standing with Carrie. Juli and Carrie had absolutely nothing in common with each other but Shannon yet they somehow became friends. Also there was Meg, Brighid, Colleen and Dad!

Meg came running over and threw her arms around the naked girl. “Oh my God, Brig told me all about your nudity but I can’t believe it now that I see it. You are one brave girl Shan!”

Shannon hugged her sister back, happy to see her and, truthfully, enjoying the heavy sweatshirt and jeans against her naked body.

“Meg, you came back for me? You are so awesome!”

“Yes you...well and my laundry!”

That caused some laughter and the party continued. Shannon almost forgot her nudity, feeling comfortable among friends. She chatted with the other girls and introduced them all to Mark. Meg especially eyed the boy up and down, enjoying the view. She pulled Shannon aside and said, “Wow, good for you...he’s adorable!”

“I know,” Shannon whispered and the two giggled like they used to as little girls.

The group all started to feast on the lunch meat and chips that Colleen had put out. When they had finished and dessert was being served, Mark pulled Shannon aside.

“Shannon, I have to go home...I have to finish a paper for tomorrow.”

Shannon nodded. “Okay, thanks for everything today,” she said with a smile.

“My pleasure...can I call you tonight?”

Again, the nude girl nodded. The two hugged and exchanged a small kiss on the lips which drew a “WHOOOO!” from the girls watching intently. Both blushed as Mark said his goodbyes and left.

All at once, her four friends and two sisters ran over to her.

“OH MY GOD, he’s so hot and sweet,” Connie said.

“He’s everything you said he was and more,” Carrie added.

“I know, can you believe it...it just feels so right,” Shannon said.

The party started wrapping up and the seven girls, including the naked (but comfortable) Shannon, made their way to the family room in the basement.

They all gathered around on the couches...Shannon felt the smooth pleather under her naked ass and legs.

The girls all were asking Meg about college, specifically college boys. She told them about some of her wild fraternity parties and this crazy thing that one girl let a boy do to her. The younger girls gasped, not realizing that was possible.

“So, how about you girls...how far have you gone with a boy,” Meg asked.

The girls all blushed...Meg and Brighid exchanged knowing looks...they had been here.

Finally Connie spoke up. “I gave oral sex to Bobby last night.”

“What?!?” the other girls shrieked and all attention turned to the beautiful girl, who was bright red from embarrassment.

“We have seen you all day and this is the first time you are telling us this?”

Juli shouted.

“Yeah Jules, I was going to say it during the basketball game...pass the ball Juli and by the way I sucked a cock last night!”

The other girls laughed at the use of the word cock. This was so unlike Connie, who wore sexy clothes but was otherwise pretty straitlaced. No one had ever heard her talk like this.

“So, what was it like,” Shannon shouted.

“I thought it would be disgusting but it was actually nice. It was smooth and he didn’t have much hair. I was worried that I would get his hair in my mouth and gag and stuff. But it was nice.”

“Nice, uggh. That’s disgusting,” Melissa, the freshman said.

“What, you wouldn’t suck on your boyfriend’s thing if he asked you to,” Brighid asked the younger girl.

All eyes turned to her and now it was her turn to blush. “Well, no...I think it’s gross...who wants that thing in my mouth. Bad enough it goes in down there.”

Everyone laughed. “Oh Melissa, so much to learn dear,” Brighid said.

“Well Connie, what did it taste like,” Carrie asked. The laughter had died down for the younger girls...this was now serious business.

“I can’t explain it...it tasted like a boy...it was nice. And I swallowed all of the stuff that came out.”

“EWWWWW!” the younger girls said in unison while Megan said, “WOW, good girl...welcome to the club!”

“Club, what club,” Connie asked.

“Well, men love women that swallow their stuff but a lot of women don’t like it. They pull the penis out when it’s close to spurting or spit it out. Women that swallow are very valuable to men.”

“Tell us, what was it like...”

“Well, it was kind of syrupy but bland...had almost no taste. But it wasn’t gross or anything. I was kind of surprised when it happened but he was enjoying it so much that I just went along with what was happening.”

The other girls sat in admiration...meanwhile Carrie dropped a bombshell.

“I let a boy fuck me.”

“What, you never told me,” Shannon said, her head swiveling around to look at her best friend.

“Well, it was the day you skipped school...I didn’t think you were in any shape to hear about the loss of my virginity!”

“Oh God Care, I’m so sorry,” Shannon said hugging the girl.

“So, how was it,” Juli asked.

“Well, it hurt and it was over quick. We were in his car and he had just pulled over in the woods. I wasn’t really wet down there and he was kind of clumsy...he finally pushed it in and I screamed...it hurt a lot because he was bigger than I expected...it felt like something ripped out. I started bleeding of course, but that at least made it bearable. He pushed and pushed and finally I heard him groan and fall on top of me. He was done.”

“Oh God, please tell me he wore a condom,” Brighid asked, her face ashen.

“Yeah, yeah, I’m not that dumb. As soon as he finished though he pulled out and ripped the condom off. Then he said, alright, let’s get you home. No thank you, no you were great, nothing...he just got his rocks off and left me there legs spread, my skirt up around my waist, my shirt open and bra twisted. Meanwhile he’s all dressed again. I was so humiliated as I sat up, pulling my bra up over my breasts, rebuttoning my blouse and smoothing out my skirt. I was too humiliated to look for my knickers which he pulled off and threw somewhere.”

By this time, Carrie was crying. The other girls felt so bad for her. “Who was it Carrie,” Shannon asked softly.

“It was Eric Gorbo, do you know him?”

Shannon’s face went white. That slime had gotten his best friend too...what a fucking pig!

“Ah, yeah, I know him well,” Shannon said and she told her story for the first time.

“That’s awful...you should tell Dad,” Megan said. “This kid sounds like a real threat to women.”

“NO. No one says anything to Dad or Mr. Jones or anybody. I do not want this out, understand?” Shannon said strongly.

The other girls saw the look of emotional pain on both Shannon and Carrie’s faces and nodded their heads.

The party atmosphere had turned cold. “Well, maybe we should wrap this party up and head out,” Juli said. She stood up and was joined quickly by Melissa and Connie.

They hugged the naked Shannon who walked them to the door. “Guys wait up, I’ll walk out with you,” Carrie called. She brushed past Shannon and pecked her on the cheek. “Don’t be upset...we’re better than Eric Gorbo.”

Shannon stood at the door and waved to her friends as they walked out. She then quickly regrouped and joined her sisters as they all helped Colleen and Dad clean up.

**PART 44**

“BZZZZZZ!!!!! Why do you build me up...buttercup baby just to let me down...”

Shannon sat up in bed and looked at her alarm clock...5:45 it blared to her in big red numbers. Uggh, she thought as she swung her legs out from under the warm blankets and let her bare feet hit the floor. She needed more sleep as she and Meg had stayed up until late in the night catching up. But she was determined to run today, despite her nudity.

She gingerly got to her feet and felt the chill in her room. Uh-oh, it must be cold out today. Not good for a naked girl, she thought.

She resisted the urge to climb back under the covers and instead padded out into the hallway and down to Brighid’s room. Every day last week, Brighid had to come in and wake her for a run. Today, Shannon was primed to go and wake up her older sister.

She entered Brighid’s room and saw Brighid’s eyes get big. The girl was naked from the waist down, her hands were between her legs and she had two fingers stuffed inside of her.

“Oh shit,” the older girl hissed in a whisper. “What the hell are you doing in my room?”

“I-I-, um I was going to wake you for running this morning, I thought you would appreciate that,” Shannon said, feeling mortified.

“Oh Christ, don’t worry about it...that’s okay,” Brighid said, pulling her fingers out of her wet pussy. “I was just so close. Well, let me go and wash up and we can run.”

“Why don’t you run like that,” Shannon asked tentatively.

“What?”

“Run like that, bottomless or nude.”

“I could never do that, outside?”

“Oh, you couldn’t do it but I can?”

Brighid sighed...she must have been thinking the same thing previously. “Okay, I’ll do it.”

Shannon smiled. Her sister was going to run naked with her.

“Should I get Meg?”

“NO ABSOLUTLEY NOT!” Brighid said in semi-hysteria.

The older girl lifted her pajama shirt off to reveal small but perky breasts. They did not have the shape that Shannon’s had but were nothing to be ashamed of. She now stood naked in her room, the light from the outside just barely filtering in as dawn had yet to come. Shannon saw her black pubic hair and noticed that her sister must trim because it was not too bushy. Brighid’s thighs were a bit thicker than Shannon’s but still nice. Her skin looked flawless.

“Done gawking Shannon,” Brighid asked sarcastically.

“Oh please, don’t even tell me about gawking,” Shannon replied. The two grabbed their socks and sneaks from Brighid’s closet (since Shannon’s closet was to be kept empty), slipped them on and started down the steps.

For Shannon, this was beginning to feel routine, not that it ever got easy. But Brighid hesitated at the door before stepping out.

“Come on Brig,” Shannon said, her words forming a cloud of steam in the cold morning air. “Like you said, once you start moving you’ll be fine. I survived it twice.”

Slowly, Brighid moved from behind the door and joined her younger, equally naked sister who was stretching in the driveway. Brighid was never good about being naked...even at the gym she would wear her clothes until the very last minute, leaving her blouse on while changing her pants or skirt into shorts and then quickly removing her blouse to put the T-shirt on. She was never naked, choosing to shower in the privacy of her own home.

She stretched and kept looking around, wanting to see if anyone was looking. They sure would be soon enough when she was running down the street naked...Oh God, why am I doing this, she thought. But she knew why...she had felt so jealous of Shannon and wondered what it felt like to be naked all of the time. In fact, that was the fantasy that Shannon had walked in on...Brighid naked at work, having a penis filling her from behind as she continued typing out a report. In her dreams she was moaning as the faceless penis pounded her but she kept on typing, like it was a normal occurance to be fucked silly at work.

“Ready Brig,” Shannon asked.

The older girl nodded and the two started running. “Thanks for doing this for me,” Shannon said and Brighid smiled at her, unable to form words she was so terrified.

As they ran in the relative comfort and security of their quiet side street, Brighid wondered why she was so prudish about her body. She thought it had something to do with being the third best looking girl in her family. Megan was always the free and easy one that the boys like so much and Shannon was just plain adorable, the kind of body that makes women crazy with jealousy. She was just plain Brighid, cute enough but not as much as her sisters. As they ran towards the first turn where traffic picked up, Brighid closed her eyes and prayed for strength. I mean, she wasn’t without her share of male attention...she may be the ugly duckling among her sisters but she was still above average compared to most women. She had nice legs and often wore skirts and dresses that showed them off. Her breasts were small and without any personality...how she wished she had tits like Shannon, perky and nice and round...hers were just there. She looked done and saw them now, blah compared to her sister, whose tits giggled as she ran.

HOOONKKK!!! “WHOOO HOOO LADIES...KEEP THOSE TITS BOUNCING!” A man leaning out of a pickup truck screamed to get their attention, Shannon pulled Brighid’s arm and led her down a pedestrian path next to the street to avoid the man.

They veered back onto the street and thankfully the pick up was gone. They ran in relative peace until they saw red and blue lights coming from behind and heard a siren.

“Oh no, not again,” Shannon said. They stopped and turned around. Once again, there was Officer Fred getting out of his cruiser.

“Hey Shannon, good morning. Nice to see you out for a jog. Who is your friend?”

Shannon saw the traffic slow down and almost stop all around them. If naked girls was enough to make you stop your car, naked girls in front of a police car with its lights on is even better.

“This is my sister Brighid.”

Shannon looked at her sister who stood with her left arm trying to cover her breasts and her right hand cupping her vagina.

“Oh, I didn’t hear there was another naked punishment at St. Mark’s. You look a little old to be in high school Brighid.”

“Um, I ah am ah not in high school. I’m 24 and Shannon’s sister.”

“So you are naked out on the street and it has nothing to do with St. Mark’s?”

The naked woman shook her head.

Fred walked towards Brighid and grabbed her wrists and pulled them behind her, cuffing her behind her back.

“Fred, what are you doing,” Shannon screamed.

“Your sister is under arrest for indecent exposure.”

“Oh God, Oh God, Oh God, Shannon HELP ME!”

“Fred, you’ve never arrested me and I’m naked outside a heck of a lot more than she is.”

The commotion had cause many people to stop and stare, even more than before. Now, being unable to run, the audience had an unimpeded view of the two naked girls. Brighid wanted to crawl into a ball and die.

“Shannon, you know why I don’t arrest you...you’re from St. Mark’s. But your sister is just causing a commotion.”

“No she’s not, she was trying to be supportive of me. Please let her go...I’ll do anything.”

“Will you take her place?”

Shannon thought for a second, wondering how awful that would be. But she had to do it...this mess was because of her.

“Yes,” she said after taking a big breath.

“NO Shannon, don’t,” Brighid yelled, but the cuffs were already coming off and Fred was moving towards the nude teen. Within seconds, she was cuffed with her hands behind her.

“You run on home...Shannon will be taken care of. We’ll call you if she is being released.”

Brighid ran away tentatively, not wanting to leave her little sister but having little choice. Both girls heard him say IF she is being released. Brighid never felt more vulnerable and alone, running naked by herself back to her house.

The cruiser pulled away, the young girl cuffed in the back. “Spread your legs Shannon, I have to make sure you aren’t hiding anything.” Reluctantly the girl spread her knees apart, giving the young police officer a perfect view of her bare pussy.

The car drove around for a good 15 minutes until they pulled into the police station, giving many passing motorists a good view into the police car. “I want to make sure the community sees that we are taking this seriously,” Fred said with a smirk.

Finally they pulled up to the old city police station and he came around and opened her door and pulled her out by the naked arm. She winced at his force, wondering if it was necessary...she wasn’t a real criminal and he knew that.

He pushed her ahead of him, his arm gripping hers. She was completely nude with her arms pulled tight behind her, giving everyone they passed a complete view of her.

All of the police officers on duty seemed to be men. He took her past the long line of officers and led her to a cold metal chair next to his desk. “Sit down Shannon,” he said gruffly.

“Fred, why are you doing this? I thought you were a nice guy.”

“Well Shannon, we have gotten a lot of complaints from some of the prudes in the neighborhood about you running around town naked. We had all assumed that you would stay in the house but no, you jog every morning, go out and play basketball, clean the house across the street, people are upset.”

Shannon gasped. “How did you know all of that? Have you been watching me?”

“You haven’t seen the papers yet have you? Here,” he said, throwing a copy of the local daily news on the desk. There she was, a huge color photo of her in all of her glory there on the front page. A long black bar covered her tits and the way she was running, her pussy was blocked but there was no doubt she was completely naked. The headline “NAKED BALLER LEADS ST. MARK’S TO VICTORY: More pics in Sports.” She turned the paper to the sports section and was shocked to see five more naked pictures of her, including one where she was lying all balled up on the floor.

The look on her face as she saw the photos was priceless, Fred thought. He always liked girls that were a little helpless. This was why...they were so vulnerable.

“So the police chief calls me this morning and says did I know that there was a naked girl running around town. I of course said yes and that St. Mark’s was involved and he said that was fine but if I caught anyone else trying to make a mockery of our laws, I should arrest them. Then I came across you and Brighid running naked in clear violation of the law so I moved in.”

Shannon started crying. She was going to be arrested. She never thought it would get to this.

“I’m going to lock you in the cell for a little while. I can’t offer you a blanket or anything that might interfere with your rule. I have to call the chief and find out what he wants.”

Fred got up, pulled the naked girl out of her seat roughly by the arm and led her back through the room full of leering men. She felt the cold drafts on her body and shivered. They entered a closet sized room that locked from both sides and he recuffed her in the front...he got out, leaving her there alone. In seconds, she heard his voice through a speaker.

“This is where we make prisoners strip out of their clothes and put on the jail smocks...but since you are already naked, all you have to do is remove your sneaks and socks and put them in that case. Once you do, a guard will lead you to your cell.”

She leaned over and untied her sneakers and pulled off her socks. Now she was really naked...not that they covered much. She took the few items she wore and stuffed them into the box and heard a click. She stepped out and was met by a guard.

“WHOO WHEE, you are the finest looking piece we’ve had here in a while,” the guard said leering at her. “And usually the girls are in smocks, not nude. Yes, this is quite a treat.”

She realized she was in general population and they passed several cells full of men who were now wide awake after hearing about the naked prisoner. They eyed her, trying to reach through the bars to grope her. The guard would have nothing to do with it and pushed their groping hands back, threatening them with a stiffer sentence...”you can look but no touch!”

Finally they came to the center of all of the cells to an area that had bars on all four sides and was completely on view of everyone in the block. “This is our suicide watch cell but it’s the only empty one we have right now...since there are no other women to bunk you with, this is the only option.”

She cringed, knowing she would be on complete display in all directions. As an added insult, the guard uncuffed her arms from the front, where at least she could cover her tits or pull her knees up to block her body and then wrap her arms around them, and recuffed them behind her. “In you go girlie. Enjoy your time with some of our town’s finest.”

The sound of the cell door closing was intense for the young girl, who had never seen a jail cell before. She was shivering from the cold and from fear. There were no chairs of beds in the cell and she remembered it was for suicide watch...nothing to kill yourself with. She sat on the floor, her back to the bars and pulled her knees against her.

“THAT’S IT BABY!!! SHOW US THAT PRETTY LITTLE SLIT! I love it when girls try and hide it but the slit won’t let them and it peeks out. Come on honey, show it.”

Shannon started to cry yet again and let her legs down in front of her.

“OH YEAH HONEY! YES THOSE FIRM LITTLE TITTIES!!! SHOW THEM TO US!! YEAAAHHHH!!!

THAT’S IT BABY! I WOULD LOVE TO SUCK ON THOSE TITTIES!”

The verbal abuse came from all angles...some asking her to do disgusting and vile things, others just commenting on her body parts and what they would do to her, where they would stuff their penises into her, etc. She cried the entire time, unable to cover any part of her or even her ears from their taunts. All she could do was sit there and take it. She wanted to run away but was locked in by the cell bars so she withstood their taunts and their verbal assaults. She did the only thing that she could still do...she closed her eyes.

She heard the sound of boots coming down the block and opened her eyes. The verbal stuff had stopped after more than an hour of abuse. She looked up and saw Officer Fred at her cell door, a smile on his face.

“Well Shannon, looks like this is your lucky day...the chief talked to some folks at the school and there is no arrest necessary. But please tell your sister to keep her clothes on in public.”

He turned the key in the cell door and she scampered to her feet, thankful that the ordeal was almost over. As they made their way down the walk between the cells one of the men thanked her for his orgasm. She shuddered as they got to the locked door where she had removed her sneaks and socks. Fred undid her cuffs completely and again she was locked in and her sneaks and socks were given back to her. She put them on, even though they covered nothing, and the other door opened and she was back in the desk area where all of the cops were different from the ones that had seen her before. Must have been a shift change, she thought. Their eyes bore into her...they all knew she had been there and had been alerted to her discharge by Fred.

Fred again walked her through the gauntlet of desks, taking a diagonal route, making sure everyone in the room got to see his nude charge. Finally they made it to his cluttered desk and the cold metal chair and again he pushed her towards it. She wanted nothing more than to just leave this place but she couldn’t quite walk away from the police could she?

She sat gently on the cold metal chair and felt the coolness shoot up her ass and up her spine. Jesus, did her keep his chair in a refrigerator?

“Alright Shannon, sign this paper and you are free to go.”

“What is this paper?”

“Just that you were held for the time specified and that no physical abuse of damage was done to you during your incarceration.”

“Does all of that sex talk from the other prisoners count?”

“No, just physical abuse.”

Shannon briefly read the paper and signed her name under the term “Person Detained.”

“Okay, your dad and sister are waiting for you our in the waiting area. You are free to go.”

He looked down at the paperwork on his desk. Obviously he was not going to walk her out. She stood up, puzzled by his suddenness, and turned to walk out. She again felt the eyes of all of the officers and others in the room as she passed.

Finally she made it out of that area and saw her dad and Brighid. They ran up to her and gave her a huge hug. The three were oblivious to the stunned murmuring in the room as they saw a naked girl leaving the police station.

“Are you alright sweetheart, did they hurt you?”

Shannon shook her head, not physically anyway, she wanted to say.

“WHOA BaBY!” one of the men said to her...”let me guess what you were in for.”

Jack Malone put his arm around his daughter and led her out of the police station to the car where finally Shannon had some peace. She looked at the clock on the dashboard and saw she had been a prisoner for three hours.

**PART 45**

Shannon told Brighid and her father all about the jail trip as they drove towards, Shannon assumed, home. Suddenly, she saw her father pull into the driveway of her school.

“No Daddy, please not today...the jail thing was so awful, please I just can’t go to school now...I’m already late.”

“I know you have had a tough morning, but missing school is what got you into this mess in the first place. I already contacted Mr. Jones and he knows about your morning and is expecting you. Don’t worry, we’ll unwind tonight at home okay?”

“But my book bag, I left it at home.”

“Um, well Shannon, Dad asked me to throw it into the trunk before we left,” Brighid said, mouthing the word sorry.

Shannon opened the door and started to get out. “Um, honey, you need to remove your sneaks and socks and leave them here. That would get you into trouble in school today.”

Disgusted Shannon kicked off her sneaks and socks and threw them into the front seat and slammed the door shut. Normally that would have got me reamed out by Dad but I think he was going to let things slide a bit today.

The nude girl felt the bitter cold as she went to the trunk that her father had automatically opened from inside the car. She grabbed her backpack and slammed it shut, again earning nothing more than a glare from her father.

The bounded up the steps and went right into Mr. Jones’ office where his secretary again disdainly looked at her. After the morning she had, Shannon wasn’t in the mood for her looks today.

“Mrs. Phillips, you know I have no choice about being naked...why are you so annoyed by me?”

“Because you broke the rules and now flaunt your body around the school. I don’t think the punishment rules are right...why should everyone else be punished by seeing your vulgar display?”

Just then Mr. Jones popped his head out. “Thank you Mrs. Phillips, come in Miss Malone. Glad to see you could join us today.”

She glared at him and he replied...”watch it young lady...I am prepared to cut you some slack today but don’t go overboard. Please take your spot.”

She knelt as she was instructed, her knees slightly apart, arms at her side, back straight.

“I hear you had an interesting morning.”

“Yes Sir,” she said automatically.

“Tell me about it.”

This was exactly what she didn’t want to do...relive her awful morning with the man who seemed to take the most pleasure with her dilemma. But you know what, he wants gory details, he’ll get gory details.

“Well, Brighid and I were running nude...you know it’s hard to have your tits bouncing all over the place without a bra...”

The look on his face was priceless as he heard her say tits. What was she doing, he wondered.

“Then this police office came up to us and cuffed Brighid’s hands behind her back. I mean everyone could see her tits and pussy because now she couldn’t block anything. I agree to take her place in the squad car, after all it was my punishment that led to this, and then I was in the car and I had to spread my legs, much like I do in here, so Officer Fred, that’s his name, could see my pussy to make sure that I wasn’t hiding anything...”

Shannon went on and on in graphic language...the principal’s face became redder and redder and she saw him squirm as he became more and more uncomfortable. She talked about what the prisoners said about her “slit” and her “tits” and she saw him shiver.

“That’s enough Miss Malone. Go and ask Mrs. Phillips for a late pass.”

“Thank you Mr. Jones,” the naked girl said cheerily as she got up and left the office.

“Close the door please Miss,” he called after her.

“Hold my calls Mrs. Phillips, I need a moment of peace please,” he said on the intercom. He stood up and saw the huge wet spot in the front of his pants. Thank God I keep an extra suit in my closet, he thought, pulling his pants off and walking over towards the closet.

As he pulled off his underwear and stood nude from the waist down to his socks, he wondered what had gotten into the shy young Shannon Malone. Ah, but it was so good to hear her talk like that.

Shannon got her late pass and headed out of the principal’s office smiling. She had finally gotten to old Mr. Jones, the bastard. He was getting so much pleasure from her nudity at least now he could know what it was like a little.

By this time, third period was ending and she made it to the end of the gym class. She was granted permission to sit it out and she sat talking to Zoe, a pretty blonde who was not participating because of menstrual cramps.

Zoe started talking about the game and the pictures. “Don’t remind me,” Shannon said.

“Yeah, you were big on the news last night...the lead story. You were also the topic of the Morning Crew this morning.”

Oh great, she thought.

“What did you think of the hallways?”

Zoe’s words brought her back to reality. “What hallways?”

“Oh God, you haven’t seen the halls? Mr. Jones and some of the boys did a tribute to you, showing all kinds of pictures from the game and other things.”

OH GOD! More reminders of her nudity...like they didn’t see enough, now she was on display even when she wasn’t there!

“CLASS OVER!” Miss Kelly announced as the girls ran out of the gym. Zoe and Shannon walked together out towards the hall and there she saw it...except these photos didn’t have bars over her tits and her pussy was very much on display.

She was mortified, putting her hand against her mouth in shock. These pictures were vulgar and graphic...she saw her slit staring at her about a foot long...her tits were huge balls in the posters which hung everywhere.

“CONGRATULATIONS TO THE GIRLS’ BASKETBALL TEAM AND THEIR WIN OVER CENTRAL

CATHOLIC! GO ST. MARK’S!!!” read the signs all over!

She cringed, knowing that this blatant display would be up for a long time. Now she was going to be looked at and humiliated in the hallways even when she wasn’t there! Even those boys who were a bit shy when she was around and hesitated to look at her private parts (not that there were many of those boys around anymore) would take as long as they wanted in looking at these obscene pictures.

“WOULD SHANNON MALONE, CARRIE BARTLETT AND JAY WALLACE PLEASE REPORT TO THE OFFICE. THANK YOU!”

Shannon’s mind whirled...why could she be wanted at the principal’s office? She hadn’t done anything wrong, had just gotten to school. And why Carrie? Or Jay, a real cutie who had gone to elementary school with her and Carrie.

Shannon padded her way down the hallway towards the principal’s office, her bare feet pounding the tile floor, making a splat sound. She cringed, realizing that even her walking drew attention to the fact that she was different and would draw attention to herself. All heads turned as she came down the hall, all wanting a view of their naked schoolmate.

She arrived at Mr. Jones’ office at the same time as Carrie who raised her eyebrows as if to ask what was going on. Shannon shrugged, had no idea. Mr. Jones’ secretary waved them into Mr. Jones’ office without taking the phone off her ear.

The two best friends, one nude the other in uniform, entered the principal’s warm carpeted office. Carrie slipped into a chair but Shannon remained standing.

“Ah, please hold Bob...Miss Malone, if you will take your proper place and wait until Mr. Wallace arrives.”

Oh God no, Shannon thought, shaking her head. “Please Mr. Jones,” she started before he cut her off with a sharp look and a “NOW MISS MALONE!”

Quickly Shannon dropped to her knees and spread them apart so that she was completely subservient to the principal in the presence of her best friend. Shannon couldn’t even look at Carrie, instead she bowed her head and looked straight at the carpet. Even though her friend had seen her naked, tied, gagged and spread, this humiliation seemed the worst...this was her own doing, kneeling in front of this man.

She felt the cold breeze of a door opening before she heard it but the gasp was still there...”Oh my God, what is going on?” It was Jay.

“Hello Mr. Wallace, please have a seat. You know Miss Malone and Miss Bartlett I assume.”

The three teens nodded and Carrie and Jay smiled at each other. Shannon didn’t look up, too embarrassed to be seen this way by the two other teens.

“OK, the three of you have been selected to the Franklin Mall for an educational awareness day with Father Haglin.”

Carrie and Jay smiled, happy for the day out. But Shannon wanted no parts of it, shaking her head no, pleading with her eyes for Mr. Jones to please spare her.

“OK, Father Haglin is waiting in the hallway for the three of you. Have a great day!”

Mr. Jones looked directly at Shannon as he said that and she bowed her head in defeat. She knew she was going to have to go through the humiliation back at the mall.

**PART 46**

The two clothed teens got out of their chair and left the office. Shannon began to get off of her knees and follow when she was stopped by the principal.

“Shannon, let me make this clear. You WILL be the smiling representative of this school today, extolling our virtues and telling everyone that you are SO HAPPY here, even naked. Do you understand?”

“And if I don’t,” she asked.

“I personally guarantee that if Father Haglin gives you a bad report today, your chances of EVER wearing a uniform in this school again are none, do you understand that Miss Malone?”

The girl started tearing again, knowing that he had her.

“And please do not test me Miss. You may go and be a good girl.”

Shannon got to her feet and made her way out of the office. She noticed that Father Haglin was already speaking to Carrie and Jay.

“Oh good Shannon, you are ready. Let’s go, you may leave your bookbags here.”

Shannon didn’t want to lose her bag, the only form of cover she had on this trip but reluctantly relinquished it to Mrs. Phillips, the secretary who now hated her. The three students trudged out of the office.

“Wait, I need my coat, I’ll freeze out there without it,” Carrie said. Then she stopped and looked at Shannon. “Oh God, Shannon, I’m sorry, I forgot, I mean, I, uh...”

“No, don’t worry about it Carrie,” Father Haglin said, “Just because young Shannon here cannot wear a coat doesn’t mean that you two can’t. I am certainly planning to wear one. Shannon and I will wait here while you two run to your lockers and grab your coats.”

Shannon was uncomfortable with this reminder of her nudity. She stood there, her bare feet on the smooth tile of the hallway, as Father Haglin made small talk with her about the basketball game, etc. She saw his eyes devour her nude body and she cringed...wasn’t he a priest? Shouldn’t she be safe with him?

Finally Carrie and Jay came back, coats on ready to brave the winter’s day.

Shannon longed for her coat for any covering.

The foursome, a priest, two students in uniform and one naked girl, exited the school. Instead of heading for the parking lot, Father Haglin led them towards the street corner. Shannon was shocked, had expected to be driven in Father’s car. The other two students didn’t seem surprised.

“Excuse me Father, where are we going?”

“To the bus stop Shannon, remember? Oh Gosh, I forgot you were still in with Mr. Jones. I take public transportation to each of these shows to exhibit to the public that we understand how difficult it can be to get here.”

Shannon groaned at the thought of being naked on a public bus. Carrie eased over towards her and the two hung back a few steps while Father and Jay discussed the school’s football team.

“This is awful Shan, I feel so bad for you.”

“Thanks Carrie. I don’t know how I will get through it.”

“Maybe it won’t be so bad in the middle of the day.”

Shannon knew it would be awful, even in the middle of the day...that was the way her luck was holding lately.

They crossed the nearly deserted street and caught up with the two men and the four waited for the bus. What an odd sight they must have made, thought Shannon, two students, a pries (in his black outfit and collar) and a nude girl.

A number of cars drove by, a few horns blared at the sight of the naked Shannon. She wanted to die but Carrie did her best to shield her from the prying eyes but she was just a small girl and the area left unblocked was large. Jay and Father Haglin made no attempt to shield her and Shannon thought that Jay was enjoying this an awful lot as he cast smirking looks over at her. God, she had thought he was so cute and sweet and nice. She guessed that being naked shows the real side of people.

Finally the bus pulled up to their stop and the door opened.

“Holy crap, oh God, excuse me Father, it’s just she’s gorgeous and she’s naked.

What’s going on?”

“Don’t worry about it...I know it’s a bit of a shock. This is Shannon Malone, one of our students. She’s under a special punishment.”

Great, Shannon thought, this total stranger now knows my name. Just another humiliation for her.

Father motioned for her to lead the way onto the bus. She climbed up, feeling the ridged floor against her bare feet. As she got on, she heard the gasps...there was a full bus load of people, most of them senior citizens but a few young mothers and their children. The mothers were trying to shield their children from this offensive sight.

Father Haglin paid their fares. Shannon desperately wanted to sit right up front and get out of the way but there were no seats. She started towards the back, feeling every eye on her. Many were whispering and pointing at her, some (especially the women) were glaring at her, treating her as if she were the lowest form of life.

There were no seats and no one offered to move for her to sit. So she stood there, holding a pole, trying to press up against Carrie for shelter and support. She felt a hand touch her bare ass and she spun to see a little boy touching her. The boy’s mother quickly pulled him back away from the nude girl.

Poor Shannon lerched with each movement of the bus. Many of the men appreciated how her tits bounced when the bus hit potholes. The bus stopped at the next stop and some of the seats opened up. Unfortunately, not before many exiting brushed up against the naked girl and one even groped her, giving her a smirk. As Shannon went to sit Fahter Haglin grabbed both seats instead, one for himself and the other for his briefcase. Another seat opened but Jay sat there and his feet up on the other, smiling broadly at Shannon.

“Jay, may I please sit,” she asked sweetly, begging with her eyes. Please have some compassion, she wanted to add.

“No, sorry Shannon, but I need to seat for my feet. I’m too tall for these seats. Maybe another seat will open up.”

Now both Carrie and Shannon glared at the boy who was having fun with Shannon’s predicament. Finally, at the next stop, two seats together opened up and Shannon scurried after it, pushing up against the window, thanking God that it was tinted. Carrie sat in the aisle seat, protecting Shannon from view that way.

No one new got on the bus and eventually the other riders lost outward interest.

Oh some still gawked at the girl’s bobbing tits but most of the hubbub was gone.

Finally Shannon noticed that their stop was coming up but was surprised that Father pulled the string so soon. “I hope you don’t mind getting off one stop early...I like to walk on nice brisk days like this.”

Yes, Shannon wanted to scream, I DO MIND! I AM NAKED! Instead she nodded meekly and followed the other three down the aisle towards the front. The bus stopped suddenly and she fell into Jay, who enjoyed the impact of her naked tits into his back.

“Sorry,” she blurted out without thinking.

“Oh it was my pleasure,” he laughed. Why did she apologize to that monster, she wondered.

“Have a nice day and feel free to ride with me anytime, especially you young lady. I’ve got a good ride for you if you know what I mean,” the driver joked. Shannon wanted to shrivel up and die.

“You pervert,” Carrie said.

“EXCUSE ME MISS BARTLETT BUT WE WILL NOT HAVE ANY OF THAT VULGARITY FROM OUR STUDENTS,” Father Haglin yelled harshly at the girl.

“But...” Carrie stammered.

“BUT NOTHING! YOU WILL APOLOGIZE TO THIS YOUNG MAN FOR YOUR INSULTING REMARK.”

Carrie’s face was bright red in embarrassment and anger but she knew better than to continue arguing with the priest.

“Please sir, accept my apologies.”

“Sure Miss. Maybe next time you can be dressed like your friend here,” the driver said laughing. He was joined by Jay and Father Haglin in his laughter.

The group got off the bus. Shannon immediately felt the cold air hit her and the hard sidewalk under her bare feet. She wanted to run towards the school but knew that Father would not allow it. The priest was still angry from his encounter with Carrie and she knew better than to push her luck.

“Sorry you got into trouble Carrie,” Shannon whispered.

“THAT IS ENOUGH OUT OF THE TWO OF YOU! I DEMAND SILENCE FROM BOTH OF YOU UNTIL WE GET TO THE MALL! WHY CAN’T THE TWO OF YOU REPRESENT OUR FINE INSTITUTION AS WELL AS YOUNG JAY HERE!”

The priest then motioned for the mortified girls to walk ahead while he and Jay, deep in conversation, walked behind. Shannon and Carrie tried to stifle their tears at this turn of events...they had always heard nice things about Father Haglin...why was he being so mean to them.

The forced silence left Shannon alone in her thoughts as they headed towards the school. This was an embarrassment on par with any she had experienced in the last week. To be nude and headed to that place where she had always felt so comfortable and enjoyed hanging out with her friends. Now she was an example of what would happen to a student when she does wrong.

Finally they turned the corner and could see the mall. The parking lots weren’t too crowded with it being the middle of the day.

They walked up the blacktopped parking lot towards the mall entrance. Her church, the scene of her humiliation yesterday, was attached. She cringed, remembering the scene from mass. They made their way up to the front door and went in.

Shannon was shocked as she was met by the clamor of the inside of the mall. There were hundreds of people inside, many of whom were from other schools. The sight of the naked Shannon Malone caused an audible gasp from the gathered. Shannon lowered her head and followed after Father Haglin, trying to blend in with her two schoolmates and priest, an impossible task in her nude state.

“Oh dear God,” a sharply dressed woman said. “Father, what is the meaning of this?”

“Ah, Miss Tarelton, this is Shannon Malone, one of our top athletes and students. She is a fine representative of our school.”

“Oh cut the crap Father, you know what I am talking about,” the woman yelled, her anger rising sharply. “She’s naked in the middle of a mall. Not exactly normal behavior from a high school girl is it? This is unacceptable.”

The woman’s voice caused many to gather around. Shannon wanted nothing more than to run into a store and throw on some clothes. Instead she stood there, bare naked on display for those watching. She saw the angry woman looking at her in disgust and wanted to switch places. Oh what I wouldn’t give to be wearing that nice skirt and blouse and jacket. Even her painful-looking four-inch heels and pantyhose were source of envy for the naked girl.

“Miss Tarelton, Miss Malone here is an example of our new discipline regiment at St. Mark’s. I would think you would know all about it since you are an alumna.” “Father, no one was ever naked when I went to St. Mark’s.”

The attractive woman stood silent for a moment.

“Why don’t I go and get her a robe from one of our stores. That way she could still stand out but still be decent. She could then explain why she was not in uniform but wearing a robe. It could be a skimpy robe even.”

Shannon’s face brightened...a glimmer of hope. The group from St. Mark’s and the PR person from Franklin Mall were now the objects of everyone’s attention. Shannon began praying for Father Haglin to accept this offer...after all, it would still be skimpy and she would still be mostly on display. Just those offensive parts of her would be covered. She looked at Father, trying to read his mind.

“That will not be necessary. Shannon broke a very important rule and is now being punished. She is an excellent example of our discipline and one of the reasons she is here. Also, she is one of our finest students and our best female athlete, all things your students should be interested in.”

Monica Tarelton looked at the nude girl, not even noticing Jay and Carrie standing off to the side.

“Oh I don’t know. I’m not sure I can, in good conscience, allow our mall to be a part of this.”

Shannon wanted to wrap her arms around the woman and thank her. “I could stay here in your office miss so that no one sees me,” Shannon said hopefully.

“That is unacceptable...she is part of this presentation. The rules state she must fulfill all requirements that would be asked of her if she were not naked. She still would have been a part of this demonstration even if she was in uniform. The fact that she isn’t makes no difference to me.”

Monica looked at the priest and nodded her head. “I suppose you are right Father, as always. OK, it’s your show. But you have to explain it to the patrons and to the police or any media that show up, not me.”

The breath went out of Shannon again. Another failure...another loss.

“Wonderful. Now Monica, if you will please direct us to the location of this demonstration of our fine school, we can set up.”

**PART 47**

The pretty mall employee led the priest and his three students, including the very naked and humiliated Shannon Malone, to one of the many tables in the center court of the mall. Here Shannon saw several other tables, belonging to many of the local schools in the area.

Shannon stood there, next to Jay and Carrie, trying to blend in. She heard some comments from boys from another school, located right behind them.

“We always called it St. Pussy, now it’s really true” the one boy said loud enough for the three St. Mark’s students to hear. The boy and his friends laughed loudly.

“Want to transfer to honey, I can be your mentor,” another voice said.

“This is all your fault,” Jay hissed at Shannon in a whisper. “Because of you I have to stand here humiliated in front of all of these people. What a bitch!”

Shannon glared at him and started to say something back when Father said, “Shannon, come and help me with this stuff please. I need another pair of hands.”

Shannon wanted to ask why it had to be her but went along. She helped Father lay out the table cover that said St. Mark’s Catholic School on it.

“Miss Malone, grab all of the pamphlets in that box on the floor and lay them out please.”

She groaned knowing the show she was going to be putting on for the boys nearby but knew she had no choice but to comply. She began the process, bending over at the waist to pick up the bundles of pamphlets in the box and laying them out on the table where the tablecloth had been put down. Out of the corner of her eyes she saw that every head was directed at her and she felt the view of dozens of boys and even some girls on her private parts. Jay was getting an up close view, sitting just inches from where her ass and pussy were on display.

“I’ll help you,” Carrie said, earning a look of thanks from the naked girl. Father gave a disapproving look but said nothing. Finally all of the brochures and pamphlets were on display and the box was empty. There were three metal folding chairs set up behind the table. Carrie sat in the one next to Jay and Shannon went to sit next to her.

“Excuse me Shannon, but that chair is for me,” Father Haglin said.

“But, Father, were will I sit,” the nude teen asked.

“You have no need to sit. You will stand in front of the tables and hand out our pamphlets and answer any questions. We will sit here and direct people to you and answer any questions from back here.”

Oh God, she thought...this was even worse. Instead of sitting with her friend behind a table, she was going to be wandering out among the people. This naked teenage girl mixing with clothed men, women and children. And she was going to have to hold conversations and ask questions.

“Please Father, please let me stay back here with you. I’ll answer questions but I’m not comfortable being out in front of the table.”

“I’m sorry to hear that Shannon but that is your job here today. It’s a shame that your current condition makes your feel uncomfortable but that is your problem not mine. If you refuse, then the punishment will be worse, I can guarantee it.”

Shannon hung her head in defeat. When she looked up, she noticed a crowd had gathered near their table. Father Haglin handed her a pile of pamphlets and nodded his head towards the crowd.

Tentatively, she took steps towards the growing crowd, which was made up of 90 percent males. Never had she felt her nudity more...she felt the cold tile floor beneath her feet...she felt the draft from the mall hitting her bare slit and tits, causing her nipples to threaten to burst...she felt the eyes on her naked body, drinking in her entire being...as if they could see every part of her inside and out.

Within a few seconds they had moved forward until there was no space between them. She began handing the pamphlets out but more than a few hands swiped at her bare tits and belly. She felt the hands touching her from the front, under the guise of getting information. She looked back, hoping that Father Haglin would save her from this but she saw his amused grin and knew she was on her own.

Finally Father said, “Please feel free to ask Shannon some questions about our school.”

The group began to throw questions at the girl, who somehow had to answer them while getting groped.

“Yes there are a lot of activities to get involved in...(oh God, she thought as a finger slipped dangerously close to her bare slit)...there are tracks, I’m in the honors track...(Jesus, doesn’t anyone see where they’re putting their hands)...well, there are several plays and musicals (this one kid’s hand is going places my gyn hasn’t been)...yes, I play basketball and I’m a cheerleader...(oh God, that felt good)...I don’t think I could give a display of my cheerleading...there’s no place to go...(oh God, why am I getting wet down there).”

The boys all smiled, especially those who had felt her pussy. They knew what was going on...her body was betraying her.

“Excuse me Shannon, I think you could a few routines right here...boys give her some room.”

She gasped in relief and some frustration...the anonymous hands had touched some nice spots and while she desperately wanted them to stop, a small part of her had enjoyed their touch.

But then she realized it...Father Haglin wanted her to draw even more attention to herself (if that were possible). She looked at him, pleading with her eyes to get out of this, but the priest looked at her with a stern face and she knew no mercy was coming.

“Um, I uh don’t have pom poms or anything.”

“That’s okay Shannon, just pretend.”

She looked and saw Jay’s face perked up in interest. And she saw Carrie’s pained look as she watched her best friend’s humiliation.

“Ok, ah...let’s go St. Mark’s...”

She started into a cheer, doing the routine that goes with it. The boys watching achieved instant arousal...her tits were bouncing, her bare legs and arms moving all around. She was a blur of nude movement, cheering.

Lost in the midst of the cheer, concentrating on her movements and the words being shouted from her mouth, Shannon had almost forgotten her situation. She was going on instinct as she moved.

The routine ended with a high kick of her right leg, which came up past over her head and then down. Shannon ended by raising her hand in the air and screaming, “Whoo, St. Mark’s number one!”

Shannon was on her tiptoes, forgetting her state. All of a sudden, it came flooding back to her. Her nudity, forgotten moments ago, was now front and center. Her body gleaned with sweat, her chest heaved as she caught her breath. She wanted to curl up into a ball.

“Wonderful Shannon. Gentlemen, take our card...they have Shannon’s school e-mail address on them. If you have any questions, please ask her. She’s happy to correspond with all of you.”

Father had the cards at the table and the 25 or so boys pushed past her towards the table, taking the cards from Father Haglin, Jay and even Carrie, who had been prodded into action by the priest.

The boys gave a final look at Shannon and thank her for her time. She blushed and looked at the ground, trying to ignore the eyes that were pouring into her. Finally she saw no more feet around her and looked up, surprised to find herself alone in front of the tables.

“Wonderful job Shannon, wonderful. A great commercial for our school. I am sure those gentlemen will be sending a lot of questions and comments your way. Please reply to all of them and encourage their frequent replies. And also, please copy them to my e-mail address and Mr. Jones so that we can be sure you are completing the task.”

She closed her eyes and grimaced. Now she would be forced to remain in contact with the perverts who had seen her in all of her naked glory.

Shannon now had a more pressing problem...she had to pee. She hadn’t gone all day, after the incident at the jail and then going to school. She was also hungry but more pressing now was the bathroom.

“Excuse me Father Haglin, but I need to use the ladies room. May I go?”

The priest looked up from some paperwork.

“That is the problem with women...you can’t hold it in?”

The naked girl shook her head, now afraid of leaking her urine all over the floor. With no knickers blocking it, she couldn’t even lose a drip without it being noticed.

“Very well, come with me. Carrie and Jay, man the booth here.”

The priest came around the table, took Shannon by the arm and led her towards the hallway marked restrooms. The naked girl was surprised by the motion but couldn’t worry about it. She was working too hard to try and keep up.

Father led her past the ladies room entrance.

“Father, stop, the ladies room is here...”

“You are not using the ladies’ room Shannon. You will pee in the men’s room.”

**PART 48**

Shannon was shocked as the priest pushed open the men’s room door and led her into the bathroom where the walls were lined with urinals. She had never been in a men’s bathroom but knew what a urinal was and felt disgusted at being there.

“Mr. Jones said I was to look out for you and after the display you put on out there with those boys I worried about your safety. Therefore, since I cannot go into the girls’ room, you have to go in here.”

Shannon felt dirty in the room. The ladies room seemed so much nicer...with stalls for privacy. She noticed that there were few stalls here and they were towards the back.

“Please Father, I’ll take responsibility for my own safety. Just please let me go to the ladies room.”

“Shannon, your choices are clear. Do your business here in the men’s room or hold it in. Maybe there’s a bush outside the mall that needs watering on our way out.”

Oh God, not outside, she thought. This was much better than that. She started walking towards the back where the stalls were, thanking God the bathroom was empty.

“Where are you going Miss?”

“To use the stall Father.”

“Oh no, I’m afraid that is not possible. After all, I can’t see you if you go into the stall and would make this whole thing pointless. You may use the urinal...after all there’s no danger of splashing onto your clothes.”

Fresh tears came to her eyes and streamed down her cheeks. She had thought she was becoming immune to the humiliations...that nothing could drag her down further. But here she was, faced with the task of peeing in a men’s bathroom into a urinal with a priest watching.

She went over to the wall of urinals and was happy to see that they reached to the floor. She put her bare feet on the grimy tile floor on either side of the porcelain urinal, pushed her pelvis out and reached her fingers down to push her pussy lips apart to let her pee flow. She closed her eyes but heard the stream of pee hit the urinal in a flurry. She had to pee badly and was surprised at the force of it. Of course she had always peed into a toilet and never realized what this was like.

With her eyes closed she tried to block out the fact that Father Haglin was there at her side. But her eyes flew open when she heard the door open.

“Holy shit,” the voice said, “it’s the girl from St. Mark’s and she’s pissing in the men’s room. CHECK THIS OUT!”

Shannon looked over at the door and saw about five guys enter the bathroom. She wanted to stop and cover up but she couldn’t stop the stream of piss flowing out of her. The boys got real close, watching the spread open girl as she peed. She saw the boys, just a few inches from her hand was spreading her pussy. She thought the whole act was gross beyond belief but the boys seemed turned on. Men are so weird she thought and disgusting.

Finally all of the pee was out and her bladder was empty. Red faced she pulled her hand away and pulled her feet together.

“Father, I need to wipe.”

“By all means...would one of you gentlemen mind going into the stalls and getting Shannon here some toilet paper so that she can wipe her wet vagina?”

There was a fight as the five boys all scurried towards the stalls and ripped toilet paper off and quickly returned it to her. “Now Shannon, use all of the toilet paper and thank the boys for doing you such a big favor.”

Shannon reached for the paper closest to her. “Thank you for doing me such a big favor,” she whispered to the boy. She took the paper, rolled it into a ball and wiped her slit of the excess pee.

She then went around the circle and did it four more times, wiping herself completely dry and raw.

She now had the dirty paper in her left hand. “Shannon, go and flush that paper down the toilet. Hurry.”

The girl padded over to the stall with her bare feet and dropped the balled up paper into the toilet and flushed. The six males in the room never took their eyes off the nude girl. Shannon tried to ignore their gawking and hurried over to wash her hands. She had to bend at the waist a bit to get at the soap, giving the onlookers a great view of her bare ass and her slit poking out from behind. Finally she dried her hands and stood there waiting for a sign from Father.

“Thank you for your help gentlemen, I am sure Shannon agrees with me that your help was most welcome. Right Shannon?”

Shannon did not agree but nodded anyway, mumbling, “yeah, thank you.” She followed the priest out the door but not fast enough as one of the boys pinched her bare assm, causing her to yelp.

“DEAR GOD MISS MALONE, you are such a poorly behaved young woman. Can’t you please stop calling attention to yourself. Just behave instead of making these noises.”

Shannon started crying again. This was not her fault. She followed along behind the priest as they made their way back to the St. Mark’s table. Carrie immediately knew that something had happened and hugged the naked girl, causing some of the other kids to smirk and make cat calls. “Yeah ladies...we like girl girl action.”

Father Haglin begant he process of packing up, calling on Shannon to do almost all of the work and certainly anything that required lifting, bending or exposing herself to the largest amount of people. Finally his briefcase was packed and they made their way out of the mall. All of the shoppers they passed gasped and stared at the young woman. They stopped at the mall office and said goodbye to Monica, who looked happy.

“Any complaints from the customers,” Father asked.

“Not one, but I did get a few asking when we were doing this again and would the naked girl be here. I hope we can work something out Father,” Monica said, eying up the naked beauty.

“I’ll speak to Mr. Jones but I think he will be in favor of arranging something.

I will be in touch. Come along students. Back to St. Mark’s.”

The foursome, two students in uniform, the priest in black and the very naked Shannon Malone, headed back out into the crisp winter day and back to school.

**PART 49**

When the foursome got back to school, Shannon was again debriefed by Mr. Jones. She was in no mood for the game she had played that morning, turning him on. She generally glossed over the report, telling of the bus ride, the encounter with the driver, the argument with the mall employee, the cheerleader exhibit and then the men’s room experience. She saw his eye get wide as she related the way she had been forced to pee in front of the boys in the urinal and thought she saw him shiver.

She was kneeling there in front of the principal’s desk as she was commanded. In the big window behind Mr. Jones, she saw students racing towards their cars or the bus. She wanted to catch that bus...had no desire to have to take public transportation or walk home.

“Well, I think you acted satisfactory on your trip today. Unfortunately, according to Father Haglin, your friend Carrie wasn’t so well behaved and has earned punishment.”

Shannon’s heart started racing. She knew that Carrie had been fine but also knew that her friend would never be able to handle the punishment that she had been facing.

“Please Mr. Jones, Carrie’s behavior was fine...and if Father Haglin had any problem with it, it must have been my fault. Please Sir, let me take any punishment that you want to give Carrie.”

The principal smiled...not that he was going to be any easier on the other girl but this might be a way to get more out of Shannon.

“You know Shannon, that is very admirable of you...to take the blame for your friend. What would you do to take this punishment from your friend?”

Shannon tried to think fast. “Um, I could stay after school and work with the janitorial staff a few days a week.”

“Well, that’s a nice idea. Anything else?”

“Well, I could offer myself to give tours of the school on the weekends and stuff.”

The man smiled as he came around his desk and faced the nude kneeling girl.

“Those were two excellent suggestions and I will take them under advisement, but let me ask you another question. Would you stay naked for the rest of your time here at St. Mark’s?”

The girl gasped and stared at Mr. Jones with her big blue eyes. Surely he couldn’t expect her to not wear clothes again for the next year and a half! She shook her head but no words came out.

“Just as I suspected...some friend you are. I guess you have sealed Carrie’s fate. Tomorrow, we strip some of her uniform off and she will have no one to blame but you.”

Shannon stood up...”please no, I’ll do anything for Carrie, but not this. Please anything but this.”

“KNEEL DOWN THIS INSTANT!” he bellowed and the girl obediently hit her knees in fear. “Who do you think you are? I have had it with the young women today who think they can do what they want. Just show some leg, flash a smile and get everything. Well guess what Miss Malone, you are flashing more than some leg but you are not getting what you want. Tomorrow, Carrie Bartlett will be stripped at an assembly and you will be responsible. Sleep on that Miss Malone. You may leave.”

Shannon wanted to scream at the principal who went around behind his desk and picked up the phone. The nude girl turned and walked out, tears blurring her vision. She had no idea what to do to save Carrie from her fate.

She almost tripped over her book bag left near the door. Attached was a note from Carrie... “Dear Shannon, Sorry you had such a awful day. I wish there was a way I could help you but I don’t know how. I know that I would never be able to walk around naked like you are...you are so strong...keep it up! I love you! Carrie.”

Oh God Carrie, please don’t make me do this, Shannon thought. One week has been nearly impossible. To be this way until graduation and probably at graduation would be too much.

The crying girl looked up at the clock and knew she had to hurry to make her bus. Luckily Mr. Jones had already called Vince the bus driver and gave him the heads up to wait a few minutes. Vince was rewarded by the site of the naked girl running out to catch the bus...her breasts bobbing, her bare legs flexing as she ran. Her long hair, tied in a ponytail, flapped behind her. She was a wet dream come alive, Vince thought as he pushed open the lever to open the bus door.

Shannon was grateful that she made the bus but then remembered the humiliation she would suffer on it. She saw her seat open in the front and watched Vince fiddle with the mirror. She groaned, knowing the full display she was now on for the entire busload of students. She tried to block them out but heard the catcalls and hoots and hollers.

“Where’ve you been pussy girl...hiding from us,” one of the boys yelled.

“Yeah, like a naked girl could hide from anyone,” a girl yelled back.

She closed her eyes to try and ignore the insults but felt someone tap her. She looked up and saw the boy who had been stripped last week, Glenn. He looked at her with sympathetic eyes.

“Hey Shannon, I just wanted you to know how bad I feel about what’s happening to you. And I’m really sorry about the things I yelled on the bus last week.”

Shannon was so relieved to finally be getting some compassion. “Thanks Glenn, that means a lot.”

“May I come up and sit with you?”

She nodded, surprised that anyone would want to sit with her. She would probably be ashamed to be seen with her as well.

The boy came around from the seat behind her and brushed her bare leg as he passed her to sit against the window. She longed for the feel of clothes against her bare legs and ass and pussy, wondering if she could make it the long year and a half naked.

As the boy passed, his crotch was at the her eye level and she saw his hard on pressing against his pants and she closed her eyes. He wasn’t being nice at all, she thought...he was just trying to get closer to her.

“Please don’t do this,” she whispered, tears streaming down her face.

“Do what,” Glenn asked.

“Humiliate me more. Embarrass me. Play with me. Grope me, gawk me, all of the things that everyone else is doing. I’ve had a really bad day and just want to be left alone.”

The two teens sat there silent...Shannon crying Glenn at a loss for words.

“Shannon, I don’t know what you are expecting of me, but it isn’t what you think.”

“Yeah, well what is it you want?”

Glenn sat silent for a minute, unsure if he wanted to share what he was thinking. He looked around and realized that the bus seemed more interested in their own conversations than what they were doing. Sure some were still looking towards the mirror but no one seemed to care what the girl that belonged to the naked pussy was saying.

“I wanted to let you know that I feel awful, especially now that I experience what you have to go through.”

“What do you mean, you experience it? I don’t see your penis flying all over school,” Shannon hissed at the boy. “How could you possibly know what it’s like to be me? Just because you spent one day naked at school and had some little sophomore girl jerk you off you know what constant nudity is all about? I don’t think so buddy.”

The venom that had been rising in the naked girl for the last week was unleashed on Glenn, who sat there taking the abuse.

“I know because I am being forced to be my sister’s naked slave every day after school and any time my mom’s not around.”

Shannon mouth fell open. She forgot about her nudity for once and focused on this other boy.

“Oh God, I’m so sorry. It must be awful. What does she make you do?”

Glenn turned and looked the naked girl in the eye, ignoring her nudity and focusing on her face.

“well, it’s not too bad. She makes me do her laundry, make dinner, clean her room, normal stuff that we used to share the duties. Now I do them all and I’m always nude.”

Shannon felt bad for the boy, knowing how awful the humiliation must be. Without thinking, she leaned over and hugged him, feeling her erect nipples brushing against his coat.

“WHOOO!!! Go GLENN!!! GET YOURSELF A PIECE OF THAT!”

The hoots and sexist remarks filled the yellow school bus. Shannon pulled away from the hug, her face a bright red from embarrassment. Again she realized that an act that was so innocent when wearing clothes was now anything but.

“Shut up, shut up all of you,” came a loud voice from next to her. She turned and saw Glenn on his feet facing the back of the bus. “Why are you adding to her humiliation. You have no idea how awful it is! This isn’t her fault! Next time it could be any of you!”

“Sit down all of you,” yelled Vince the driver. “If you all don’t settle down, I’ll write you up and report you all to Mr. Jones. Got that?”

The kids mumbled a reply and everyone, including Glenn sat down.

“Thanks Glenn. You’re the first person to stand up for me.”

“Don’t worry about it,” he said, patting her hand. “You can count on another friend in school.”

With that, the boy stood up, grabbed his bag and got off the bus, leaving a smiling Shannon.

**PART 50**

Shannon’s naked bus ride continued. She was happy for the kindness that Glenn had shown her but now the memory of poor Carrie was coming back to her. What was she going to do? She couldn’t let Carrie down.

She was so lost in her thoughts that she failed to realize that the bus was now empty and her stop was coming up. She blushed again as she realized that all of the kids had walked past her, drinking in her nudity. At least she had been oblivious to the stares.

Finally Vince pulled up at her corner. “Your stop. By the way, I should turn in your little boyfriend for his little display of anger but I’m not. It’s about time someone stuck up for you Miss.”

“Thanks Vince.”

And the naked girl headed down the rubber steps and made contact with cold breeze and the concrete. She shivered and began her trek home. Why was she still so embarrassed when people saw her nudity? She had been naked in school, the mall, a police station, at a high school basketball game and in church. But the honks, whistles and catcalls still made her want to crawl inside of herself and die.

She raced towards her street and down the sidewalk to her house. She ran up the porch steps and into the house. The heat inside covered her like a warm blanket. She fell backwards against the door and slid down to the tile floor. She pulled her knees up against her chest and hugged herself into a ball, sobbing.

Her very naked brother Jimmy walked past her on his way from the kitchen up to his room to do his homework in relative peace. He was in his fourth day of total nudity at home as a punishment for being awful to Shannon. Now he felt bad for her, understanding how awful it was to be on display all of the time.

“Hey Shannon, are you alright,” he said, sliding to his bare knees on the cold tile floor.

“Jimmy, please leave me alone,” she said softly between sobs. “I’m in trouble that I don’t know how to get out of.”

Jimmy sat there, unsure what to do. He was already uncomfortable being this close to his sister while they were both naked. The easy solution was to get up and go to his room away from everyone. But something about the way she was crying touched a nerve inside of him.

“Shannon, no one better understands what you’re going through than me. Maybe I can help.”

Shannon raised her blood shot eyes to see her brother looking at her with some concern in his face. All of the good memories came flooding back to her...the younger brother who used to tag along with her. She took him to her friend’s houses and they talked for hours. It was only recently when they had grown apart, with the events of last week the breaking point.

“Do you really want to help,” she asked.

“I asked didn’t I,” he replied.

Jimmy reached out his hand and helped his naked sister up off the floor and into the kitchen. He grabbed them some glasses of iced tea while listening to the whole story.

“So, you see, either I stay naked the rest of the my time in high school or force Carrie to be naked. I don’t know what to do!”

Neither Jimmy nor Shannon paid any attention to their respective nudity, focusing instead on the problem. Jimmy, chewing on a cookie, thought for a moment and then spoke.

“What does Carrie want to do?”

“She doesn’t know Jim. I can’t bear it if she knew it was my fault she was forced to be naked at school. She’s one of the few friends I have left and she would never forgive me.”

“Shannon, it doesn’t make any sense for you to be naked for 18 months to spare Carrie’s for one day. Just ask her and tell her you are willing to do whatever she wants. She’s your best friend and she doesn’t want to do anything to hurt you. Being naked for one day seems like nothing compared to your punishment.”

“But her note about not thinking she could ever do what I am doing. She couldn’t take it, I know her.”

“Did you think you would ever be able to go around naked in front of the whole school, your family, friends and anyone else that wants to look? No way, but you’re doing it. Give Carrie some credit. At least tell her what’s going on.”

The naked teen thought about it and smiled. “You’re right. Thanks so much Jim. I owe you one,” she said, wrapping her arms around her brother. As soon as their naked flesh touched, Shannon realized her mistake and she saw her brother’s penis get hard.

“Oh God, Jimmy, I’m sorry. I forgot about our nudity.”

“That’s alright Shannon, really.”

“but, um, your thing...it’s all hard and stuff. Is that okay?”

“Well, it’ll go down. It’s alright it happens a lot, just no one ever knows about it but me.”

Shannon looked at her brother’s sad face. “I’m sorry you have to suffer like this. I know you couldn’t help the other stuff but it was pretty bad stuff you did to me.”

“I know, and I’m sorry. This is a good punishment...now I realize how awful it is for you.”

“Yeah, well, thanks again. And I meant that, I owe you one, okay.”

Jimmy nodded and Shannon left the kitchen to go up to her room and think. She heard Jimmy come up a few minutes after her and go into his room.

The naked girl tried to concentrate on her homework but was unable to see the words. She needed to talk to Carrie so she grabbed the phone on her end table and dialed her best friend’s number.

“Hello?”

“Yes, Mrs. Bartlett, it’s Shannon.”

“Hi Shannon dear. How are you holding up?”

“Things have been better Mrs. Bartlett, but I guess as well as could be expected. Is Carrie there?”

“No dear, I’m sorry. She’s at her dad’s for the night. Normally you could call her there but they were going to a basketball game and staying out late.”

“Oh, ok. Well, thanks.”

“Shannon, Carrie told me about what happened today. I think it’s terrible what they are doing to you.”

“Thank you Mrs. Bartlett.”

“Stay strong sweetie. Talk to you later.”

“Ok, you too Mrs. Bartlett.”

Shannon hung the phone up and buried her face into the pillow, wondering when her life got so complicated.

**PART 51**

Shannon heard the alarm go off and pulled her covers up over her head. She had barely slept, worried about what she was going to do at school. What decision would she make, save her best friend a day’s worth of embarrassment by adding months of humiliation to her own life or allow her friend to be as naked as her for a day.

When she did sleep, all that came her way were nightmares. She dreamt that she was visiting Yale in the nude with all of the people there laughing at her. She dreamt that she was forced to stand in the middle of the football field so that everyone could critique her body. “Her tits are tiny...can you ask her to spread her pussy lips a bit so that we can see inside...oh, her vulva is so plump and red...what a whore.”

Another dream had her in a glass case at a museum, unable to move a fraction of an inch.

“You will notice the example of the nude teen female...this is a fine example, though most teen girls have bigger breasts than this model. Notice her fine vagina however, one of the best looking examples we have seen in this museum.”

Each time she woke up with a start, sweat pouring off of her naked body. Her sheets were soaked from the sweat and she knew from another reason...she was as turned on as she had ever been. How could that be, she hated being nude.

“Shannon, you’re going to be late and I don’t think you want that,” yelled her sister Brighid. Shannon knew her older sister was right, the last time she had been late she had been bound, gagged and forced to wear a spreader bar. She did not want a repeat.

She threw her comforter off onto the floor and took the sheets off, balled them up and threw them into the hallway to take down to the laundry room. Quickly the naked girl grabbed a towel and ran into the bathroom. She pushed through the door and saw Jimmy standing there peeing.

“Oh Jimmy, I’m so sorry. I didn’t know you were in here.”

She heard a stream hit the floor and knew she had thrown off his rhythm.

“It’s alright, come in.”

“No, you deserve your privacy. It’s just that I’m late so can you hurry?”

“Shannon, really, I’m done. It’s not like you haven’t seen it all anyway. Take your shower.”

The naked teen continued into the bathroom, felling the tile on her bare feet.

“Thanks Jim, I’m so glad we’re getting along again.”

“Yeah, me too,” said the naked boy as he washed his hands and left the bathroom.

Shannon turned the water on and eased into the shower. Being the fifth person to use the hot water didn’t leave her much time to get ready. Plus she had to shave. Uggh, being naked did not make it easy.

Finally she was hairless below the neck, with her underarms, pubic mound and legs all shaved totally smooth. She turned off the water, which had turned cold midway through, and grabbed a towel to dry herself.

Once dry, she put on some makeup and threw her hair into a ponytail...no time to dry it today. She rushed out of the bathroom and into her room where she gathered her books and stuffed everything into her bookbag. The naked teen, with her bag on her back, raced out of her room and down the stairs, her bare feet barely registering a noise on the stairs.

She ran into the kitchen and grabbed a piece of toast.

“You have to eat something,” Colleen yelled after her but the girl was gone in a nude flash, heading out to catch her bus.

The naked girl ran out of the house into the cold winter morning, gazing for a second at Mr. Firgus’ house. She had felt oddly at ease there last night, cleaning the house while the nude man busied himself around the house. She had two more slices of that tasty pizza with the special cheese and had washed it down with a milkshake that Mr. Firgus had made with “natural ingredients.” She didn’t know what was in it but it was good.

She had vaccummed the house and washed down some stains that were on the floor. There were a lot of them and they were mainly around the windows and doors. Very odd. Maybe he left them open one day and it rained or something, she thought. There was also an easy chair and she had to scrub it down with fabric cleaner to get a white stain off of it.

All in all, not a bad way of earning $40.

Her feet felt the cold hard concrete as she headed down her block towards the unsafe streets. Funny but on her street she felt invincible, even naked. She felt anything but beyond it. She heard the traffic as she neared the corner and steeled herself for the attention.

HONK! HONK! She steeled herself as the first glimpses of her were happening. Every time it was the same...someone would see her and start honking which would attract the attention of everyone else. It was so humiliating but she ignored the honks and the yells out the window and headed for the bus stop a block away.

She was late and began to jog, forgetting for a minute the show she was putting on for those watching. She heard the splat of her feet as she ran but ignored it, not wanting to miss the bus. As she neared the stop, she saw the bus pull up. The naked girl wildly waved her hands, “Stopppp Viiinnccee I’mm here!!!!!!”

The bus stopped momentarily and then eased right along.

“NOOOO!!!!!”

“You need a ride honey, bring those tits and cunt over here...I’ll give you a ride,” a man in a sports car yelled at her.

Oh God, this was awful. She was going to miss school if she had to walk. It was almost 10 miles and to do it nude would be even worse. Plus, today was the day she had to help Carrie.

Shannon ran back towards her house. Again she was just a second too late. As she turned the corner onto her street, she saw Colleen’s car pulling away to take Jimmy to school. Again she waved her arms but was not seen. She ran quickly to her driveway, hoping that maybe Brighid hadn’t left yet but the driveway was empty.

She was panicking...maybe she could reach Colleen on the cell phone but knew it would still be too late.

The naked girl didn’t know what to do. Just then, she noticed the lights on in Mr. Firgus’ house. Maybe he could drive her to school.

She bounded up his front steps and rang the doorbell, hoping that he was awake.

He had said he was an early riser.

The old man was shocked to see his naked neighbor on his front porch. He was still naked, recovering from the orgasms that he had after she left last night. He had cum three times while thinking of her moving around his house.

“Ah, yes Shannon, what’s wrong sweetie?”

The naked girl was surprised to see that her neighbor was still naked. She was used to his nudity while she cleaned his house. It was done to make her feel more comfortable, he had told her. “Um, Mr. Firgus, Sir. Could I ask a huge favor?”

“Sure honey, anything. Come on in.”

“Actually Sir, I’m really late for school, I missed my bus and Dad, Colleen and Brighid have all left. Would you mind giving me a ride to school?”

The old man could not believe his ears...or his luck. Thank You God for giving me this gift...this naked girl.

“Oh sure honey...let me put some clothes on. Oh gosh, you’re late. I’ll just throw on my robe and some shoes and be right out. Wait for me by the car.”

With that the old man closed the door and took a deep breath. This might be his chance, he thought. He moved as quickly as he could towards his bedroom and pulled a robe down. He pulled it on and slid his feet into a pair of loafer. Certainly not a fashion statement but he wasn’t worried about that.

He grabbed his keys and went out into the cold morning. He saw Shannon’s nude form shivering next to his car and his penis got rock hard again. Unbelievable, he thought...how can it be hard again.

“Oh Shannon sweetie, I should have brought you inside. You’re freezing.”

“I’m okay Mr. Firgus, I just appreciate you driving me.”

“Not a problem dear. You’ve done such a good job helping me around the house.

Hop in, it’s unlocked.”

Shannon dropped her bag into the feet area of the car and settled in, feeling the leather seats smooth against her bare ass, legs and back.

“Um, Mr. Firgus, should I sit on something so I don’t, um, uh, get, ah, anything on your seat?”

“Come on Shannon, you should know me better than that. I could think of nothing better than to have a piece of a wonderful girl like you in my car to remind me of you. Please relax...we’ll be at school in no time.”

While his words struck Shannon as a bit weird, she leaned back and relaxed...she felt so comfortable with this man for some reason. She felt the smooth leather against her, so nice and soft. She felt the heat bursting from the vents which Mr. Firgus had thoughtfully directed towards her. She heard the strains of classical music that filled the car. Ahh...finally an oasis.

The two in the car made a strange pair. One beautiful teenage girl nude and one senior citizen clothed only in a robe. They rode in silence for a few minutes until Mr. Firgus broke it.

“Um, Shannon, can I ask you a personal question?”

Shannon opened her eyes, her sense of security about to be shattered.

“okay, Mr. Firgus, sure.”

“Well, it involves a very private area...well, not so private on you but on most women.”

Oh God, oh God, please not him too.

“I was just wondering how a naked vagina felt. Could you describe it to me?”

Silence in the car. The old man wondered if he had gone too far. He thought he had better try and smooth things out and not ruin a good thing.

“I’m sorry, I’ve asked a bad question haven’t I? It’s just that, well, my wife died many years ago and even so, women didn’t do this when I was young. I’ve never felt a bald pus, I mean vagina. I was just curious.”

There was some more silence as the naked girl looked out the window.

The old man was silently cursing himself, worried he had blown any chance he had with keeping a friendship with this young girl.

“It’s smooth, like these seats. It makes me feel so naked.”

The old man smiled and looked over at the naked girl, who was still looking out the window.

“Oh, I see. Smooth huh...yeah I can imagine that. When did you first grow hair there?”

Shannon looked at the kind old man. There was nothing perverted here, she thought. Just a curious old man.

“Well, I think I was about 13 or 14. I was in eighth grade. I remember that it made me feel like such a woman, I ran and told Carrie, my best friend.”

The mention of Carrie brought back the memory of what was going to happen at school.

“Had you had your period by then?”

Shannon didn’t answer right away. What was she doing answering this man’s questions so easily. But, she had gone this far, she might as well keep going.

“Yeah...I was 12 when I got it. In seventh grade.”

The old man was beyond excited. Shannon saw his penis poking through his robe and gasped, quickly averting her eyes out the window.

“Oh dear, Shannon, I’m sorry. You must realize what the sight of a naked girl can do to a man. Please forgive me.”

Shannon turned towards the old man. “I do forgive you and I’m sorry too. I am tempting you too much by asking for a ride and coming over to clean your house.”

“Shannon, I am glad to have you over and it’s not too much of a temptation. Please, I enjoy our time together. You wouldn’t want to hurt an old man’s feelings would you?”

Both of the car’s occupants smiled. “No, I would never want that Mr. Firgus.”

Shannon turned and saw the car pull into the lot. “Thanks Mr. Firgus, I owe you big time.”

“Any time, Shannon...maybe one night you can do me a favor.”

“Sure,” said the naked teen as she opened the door, grabbed her bag and ran out into the cold morning and up the steps of school. As he watched her go, Mr. Firgus felt an ache in his groin as he cock hardened even more.

**PART 52**

Shannon entered the school, actually welcoming the public area of school. Anything to warm her up. Today had to be the coldest day of the year. She headed down the hall and actually made it to her locker for the first time in a while. Yesterday she hadn’t made it that far and last week had been a blur. She grabbed some books and threw them in, wishing she could have dropped a coat into her locker but there wasn’t one, of course.

As she closed her locker, she was approached by Carrie.

“Shannon, what’s going on? Mr. Jones’ secretary stopped me on the way in and told me to get you before first period. That you would decide what whether there was a first period assembly or not.”

“Oh God, he’s such a prick.”

“What?”

“Oh nothing, let’s go and get this over with.”

The naked girl led her clothed friend out of the locker area and down the hall to Mr. Jones’ office. Shannon, used to this intrusion into her day, pushed her way into the principal’s office and knelt in her assigned spot. Carrie, shocked at her friend’s boldness, took a seat, being careful to fold her legs at the knee so as not to reveal a peek up her skirt.

Mr. Jones was reading a letter as his secretary came to the door. “Mr. Jones, I’m sorry but I was on the phone and these girls just barged in. Should I make them wait out here?”

“No Mrs. Phillips, that is okay. I think Shannon spends so much time in here she feels she doesn’t have to wait. Miss Malone, that is not true but I will let you slide. That will be all Mrs. Phillips, please shut the door.”

The principal, dressed in a dark grey three-piece suit with a blue shirt and a striped tie, came around his desk and leaned against it, just inches from the naked teen kneeling on his carpet.

“Well, Shannon, what will it be?”

Shannon raised her face and made eye contact with the man, her bright blue eyes looking for some sympathy from the heartless principal. She saw none.

“Sir, is there some other way?”

Mr. Jones drew a big sigh. “Miss Malone, we have been over this. There is one way to do this. What will it be?”

Tears started streaming out of the naked girls’ eyes and down her cheeks. She turned and saw a look of wonder on Carrie’s face as her friend tried to figure out what was happening. She saw her best friend sitting there, her legs crossed demurely at her knee, her arms folded over her chest, an obvious attempt to keep her breasts and hard nipples (it was cold) from the view of the man in the room.

“Okay, I’ll do it,” Shannon said softly, her body racked with sobs by what she had just done.

“Do what? Shannon, what’s going on?”

“Well, Miss Bartlett, your friend here has just agreed to be naked for the rest of her time here at St. Mark’s completely naked in exchange for you not having to be stripped today. She’s a good friend isn’t she?”

Sobs escaped from Shannon’s throat as she knelt there in tremendous emotional pain. Carrie stared at her friend’s naked back, realizing the tremendous sacrifice Shannon had just completed.

“Shannon, just sign this document and your new uniform regulation will go into effect. Since there is not an infraction to punish you for, you must sign this agreement.”

He slid a piece of paper over to the edge of his desk and motioned Shannon to crawl over towards it, holding a pen out to her. She took it in her trembling hand and was about to sign when...

“Wait, stop. You can’t do this!”

“Miss Bartlett, this is between me and Miss Malone. Please keep quiet.”

“NO! I will not allow her to take this for me. She’s done this for me her whole life and I owe her. I will take my own punishment.”

Shannon shook her head. “No Carrie, you don’t know how awful it is. Please let me do this.”

“NO! I have to do this. Please Shannon, I can’t be the reason for you being naked the rest of your high school career. Mr. Jones, I’ll take my own punishment please.”

The principal and Shannon looked shocked at the strong words from Carrie Bartlett. She was always so quiet but now was standing up for her friend.

“Carrie, are you sure? I can take it, I’ve already done it for a week. Can you do it?”

“Oh God, I don’t know, but I’m going to try.”

“well, Miss Bartlett, you have more of a spine than I thought. Excuse me for a second. Shannon, you may rip up that agreement since we will not be needing it.”

The man brushed past the naked girl and out into the secretary’s office. Shannon ripped up the agreement and rushed over to where her friend was sitting to give her a big hug.

“Oh Carrie, thank you for saving me.”

“Thank me? Jesus Shannon, you were willing to go naked for the next year and a half for me. Christ, you’re the best friend ever!”

They heard the noise of the loudspeaker come on...

“Please pardon the interruption teachers and boys and girls. There has been a slight change in our schedule. There will be another punishment assembly prior to first period. Miss Carrie Bartlett will be stripped naked in the auditorium.”

The two girls squeezed harder...”Oh God, what have I done,” Carrie whispered.

**PART 53**

Mr. Jones entered his office again and saw the two girls embracing. Of course his penis jumped a bit inside of his pants as he saw the erotic sight of a naked girl hugging her friend.

“Back to your position please Miss Malone,” he said briskly as he went behind his desk. He saw the two girls release each other and watched the naked teen drop to her knees in front of him again, a very erotic sight.

“Now, Miss Bartlett, you can wait here for a few minutes and think about your fate. We’re heading to the assembly in three minutes.”

The two girls waited there in agony...Shannon for her friend and Carrie awaiting her fate. The nude girl knelt there knowing the humiliation and shame that her best friend was about to suffer. In fact, she not only knew it but was living it every day. She just hoped that Carrie would make it ok.

“Alright girls,” Mr. Jones said, looking at his watch. “Let’s go. Shannon, of course, you will help with the disrobing.”

Shannon groaned but was met with a smile by the man. He grabbed her by the arm and helped her up and then told the girls to follow him.

They did, the naked girl right behind him and her soon-to-be-naked friend at her heels worried about the next few minutes. She hadn’t even begun to process the next few days. She wondered what the duration of the punishment would be.

Carrie’s stomach lurched when Mr. Jones opened the auditorium door and she heard the wall of noise fill the hallway. Oh God, she thought, nude at school. She never thought it could happen to her!

Shannon’s nerves were equally shot. No matter how many times she had done this, no matter how many people had seen her nude body, this was always terrible. When the fact that Carrie was with her and about to experience her own torment was added in, Shannon’s legs started to quiver.

As soon as the two girls entered behind Mr. Jones, the jeers and cheers started. The teachers tried mightily to stop the misbehavior but the sight of a nude girl and the thought of her clothed friend soon be naked was more than even the teachers could handle.

Both girls were ashen as they headed down the side aisle towards the steps leading to the stage. Shannon felt every step with her bare feet and the draft coming around the large room. Carrie felt it too, noticing her skirt blowing in the breeze. She blushed even more of a red in her face when she realized that all people’s views were soon going to be on those places where only the breeze was going on.

They climbed onto the stage and stood to the left of Mr. Jones. Shannon, though used to the exposure, was still unsettled in front of the whole school. Carrie had never been this front and center. Sure, she had been on stage for the plays at school but that was a little theater. This was the auditorium with hundreds of people and they were about to see something that only a handful of people had ever seen...her naked body!

Besides her face, the only parts of Carrie’s skin being seen currently were her hands, knees and about a half of an inch of thigh. She had her blue socks pulled up to just below her knees and, unlike most of the girls in the school, her skirt was a modest length, cut just above her knee. She wore a long-sleeve white blouse and a plaid tartan skirt, along with her school saddle shoes. Right now, she was the perfect picture of a nice Catholic School girl...the poster child for the uniform regulations. Soon, she would be like her best friend Shannon, a poster child for St. Mark’s new punishment regiment.

“Ladies and gentlemen, I am sorry to have had to call you all together yet again,” Mr. Jones said from the podium. “I had hoped that this new punishment would be a deterrent. Obviously it has for many of you since there is only one student currently naked.”

Those few in the audience who were not staring at Shannon now looked her way, causing her to blush again. Damn that blushing, she thought. It’s bad enough to be humiliated every hour of every day. Does everyone have to know about it?

“But, I can tell that some others think it won’t happen to them. I am sure Miss Bartlett here was in that category. Well, she is about to find out that it not only can happen to her, but it is going to today.”

Some hoots and hollers went up from the crowd. Carrie wanted to run away and hide forever but knew that was no use. Her parents had accepted this punishment for her and would never accept her leaving school. She had to accept the punishment and try and do as well with it as Shannon seemed to.

“For insolence to a faculty member and behavior off campus that caused embarrassment to our fine institution, Carrie Bartlett is sentenced to one full week of total nudity.”

A gasp rose up from the crowd and an anguished groan from Carrie. Shannon could not believe it.

“Now, now, that may sound like a lot, but this punishment is fitting because her actions brought negative feelings towards St. Mark’s off-campus. Even though Miss Bartlett has been a model student for her first two and a half years here, that is no reason to not punish her as severely as I should.”

The crowd was still surprised...at least with Shannon the six weeks seemed justified. She had skipped school and lied about it so her punishment made sense. This was out of control...the kids that had been caught smoking at school had gotten one day for the two first timers and two days for the second time offender.

“Now, Miss Malone, would you please begin stripping Miss Bartlett.”

**PART 54**

Shannon hesitated.

“Miss Malone, you had the chance to stop this and did not do it. Please begin stripping her.”

The naked girl walked in front of her best friend, tears flowing down both faces. She mouthed words “sorry” and Carrie nodded. Shannon crouched down at her knees and began to untie Carrie’s shoes, slipping them off one at a time and handing each one to Mr. Jones, who put them into a bag.

Shannon then pulled down Carrie’s knee socks, hearing the hoots from the crowd as more and more of Carrie’s legs came into view. She has nice legs, Shannon thought, though she was always so shy she never showed them off.

“What next,” she whispered to the girl after handing the socks to Mr. Jones.

“Oh God, do the blouse,” Carrie whispered back. Shannon thought it was a strange choice since the blouse provided more covering than the little skirt. But this was Carrie’s decision so she went along with it.

The sight of the naked girl unbuttoning the blouse of her best friend was a lot for the boys (and some girls) in the room to handle. Instead of the hoots and hollers from before, there was now more reverent silence, as they admired what was coming into view.

Shannon’s shaking hands struggled with the buttons. She got down to the waistband of Carrie’s skirt and pulled the rest of the blouse out to finish unbuttoning. She saw that Carrie was wearing a conservative white cotton bra that was filled quite well with blooming breasts. Shannon pulled the blouse off of the girl’s arms and revealed the bra-covered breasts to the entire room.

Well now, Mr. Jones thought, that Carrie’s been holding out. What a nice pair of breasts. Her outfits never even hinted at that...she must be a 34B or C. Not being a breast man, he was only guessing but would be sure to check her bra tag.

Shannon bent over to unzip Carrie’s skirt but felt the girl’s hand stop her. “My bra next,” she whispered. This puzzled the naked girl...why would Carrie intentionally choose to show her tits off earlier than she had to. Shannon had wanted to delay the inevitable as long as possible. “Are you sure,” she asked and Carrie nodded. Shannon started to walk around behind the girl but Mr. Jones stopped her.

“Undo it from in front of her please,” he said. Shannon grimaced and shot a dirty look at the principal who smirked.

She came back around in front of Carrie and got close to her. By the time she could reach the bra clasp in back, her bare breasts were pressed against her best friend’s smooth skin. This felt nice, Carrie’s skin was so soft. What was she thinking? Stop it! IT’S CARRIE AND WE’RE BEING HUMILIATED. But there was no stopping the moisture accumulating at her bare pussy.

Carrie felt it too and closed her eyes, too mortified to look out. But that practice was cut short by Mr. Jones, who coughed a warning to the two friends. Finally the clasp came undone and Shannon started pulling the bra down Carrie’s arms and off. Neither of them could look each other in the eye as Carrie now stood topless with just her skirt and knickers on.

The crowd oohed and uhhed at the sight of the girl’s breasts. They were spectacular...round and perfectly shaped. They stood firm, not an inch of sag on her pale body. Her nipples were pointy and the size of a dime. Almost all of the boys would have agreed...they were the nicest breasts they had ever seen and they never would have suspected that they belonged to this girl who wore baggy sweaters. From the waist up, this girl was definitely quality, possessing breasts like those seen only in magazines.

Shannon was equally impressed by her friend’s endowments. She hadn’t seen them in a while and hadn’t realized what was there. Why was Carrie so reluctant to show them off?

For Carrie, this whole experience was a nightmare. She wanted to grab Mr. Jones’ coat, wrap it around herself and run for her car and home, if her car was even still out there. After all, Shannon’s car had been sent home after her punishment.

Carrie knew her breasts were very pretty, after all boys had been looking at them for a while. Not all of the boys, because she was a nice Catholic girl who rarely showed them off, but at the beach or the pool, in her bathing suit, they looked. And the boys in the play, who had seen her in different forms of disrobing for shows had looked and appreciated them as well.

But she had always been self conscious about them and how they make her feel. Her family was a strict Catholic one, her father had been in the seminary, her mother had spent five years in a convent before they both had left. In her house, there was no cable TV, no fashion magazines, no smutty novels. She and her four sisters were under very strict rules...no make up, no miniskirts, no pants at church, no two-piece bathing suits, no skimpy underwear. Her two brothers had it a little bit easier but not much. She had been taught that displaying her body was sinful and she should remain clothed at all times.

She had looked longingly at other girls as they wore short skirts to show off their legs. She could never do it...even when friends like Shannon offered to lend her clothes, she just felt funny showing off. Her only concession was one pair of knickers that she had bought...a naughty pair of red lacy thongs. She wasn’t sure why she bought them but they had been such a turnon. She had seen them in Victoria’s Secret one time with Shannon but hadn’t bought them then. She went back alone and made the purchase, enjoying the feel and look only in her most private moments. She had only worn them in the privacy of her own room...until today.

She didn’t know what had come over her this morning, but she felt a little horny. Even a strict Catholic girl was entitled to her fantasy life. She had woken up with wet knickers and a wet nightshirt...she had dreamt of one of the boys in the play, Craig. He was so cute and sweet...she had imagined him in one of his tight t-shirts, sweating as he helped construct the set, his tight butt in his jeans, his muscular legs and adorable crooked smile. He was the total male package and he seemed to like her. She imagined them having sex on the catwalks above the stage, him gentle, nothing like the insensitive pig Eric Gorbo.

The alarm had ended that dream but the tingling in her sex had remained. She was so hot and wanting to be fucked that she decided to slide her fingers down there. She rubbed her lips and was about to cum when he door flew open and her mother poked her head in.

“Rise and shine sleepy head...you’re going to be late for school.”

Carrie had quickly pulled her hand away as her mother came into her room and opened the curtains to let the sunshine in. As Mrs. Bartlett walked into the room, she sniffed the air.

“Wow, what is that odor. Maybe while you are at school, we’ll air this room out.

Something stinks.”

Carrie blushed at the knowledge that the smell was her and her sexual frustration. She wanted to stay buried under her covers but her mother would not allow it and pulled them off, forcing the young girl to get out of bed. Carrie got her feet on the floor quickly and raced to the bathroom, grateful that it was empty. She turned the water on, undressed and quickly showered, temporarily forgetting about her arousal. But once she got back to her room and removed her towel, it came back. She felt the tingling and decided to be a bot naughty. She grabbed the wadded up lace from between her mattress and boxspring and pulled them on quickly, not wanting her mother to see. She then hurriedly pulled on her skirt to cover up and was just in the nick of time. Her mother came through the door, again without knocking, seeing her daughter half naked.

“Come on Carrie Elizabeth, we do not have all day here. You will be late. Put some clothes on, what if I had been your father or brother.”

Carrie didn’t even begin to say that her mother should have knocked. She had come to accept the disregard for privacy in her house. She was just thankful that she had the time to put on her skirt so her mother did not see the sexy lacy knickers. They felt so nice against her wet sex, brushing the sparse pubic hair and her puffy lips, engorged a bit her fingers earlier.

She quickly grabbed her boring cotton bra and buttoned up her blouse. Because of the lateness, she grabbed socks instead of tights and put on her shoes. Turns it, it had been a huge mistake.

One of the rules that the school had imposed was dress code and, even though it was nearly unenforceable, there was even a guideline for underwear. Boys were to wear white briefs or single colored boxers and white undershirt in regular sleeved or tank variety. Girls were allowed cotton knickers and bra and no thongs. Lace and silk were illegal and punishable. Most of the students laughed at the rules, figuring that no teacher or administrator would ever know what kind of knickers or underpants a student wore. But now, Carrie was going to pay the price.

“Interesting choice, Miss Bartlett,” Mr. Jones said into the microphone. “I would think most women would rather have her breasts covered until the last moment, but you must like showing them around. Most girls do, even our nice girls. You are no different...look at how quickly your nipples sprang out like little erasers. Obviously you are glad for the opportunity to show your breasts off to the entire school.”

The topless girl shook her head no, but the laughter of the audience came over her. She was mortified.

“Now, let us see that part that Miss Bartlett was so reluctant to show us. What is that skirt hiding? Miss Malone, if you please.”

**PART 55**

The moment of truth for the mostly naked girl had come...Carrie Bartlett, who hadn’t been naked in front of anyone but her sisters and mother in years, was about to be completely bare in front of the entire school. And she was about to have punishment heaped on because of her panty choice.

Her naked friend, Shannon, crouched over at the knees and unzipped the skirt and dropped it around Carrie’s feet as the entire crowd gasped. Everyone saw the blatant disregard for the underwear rule...her red lace knickers pulled tight over her dripping, swollen lips and her wispy pubes. She started to cry, knowing that her humiliation was going to be extended. She never intended for anyone to see them.

“Well, Miss Bartlett, you are a very naughty girl, aren’t you? Seems like you have broken yet another rule. Can anyone tell me what Miss Bartlett has done wrong this time? Yes, you young lady.”

“Um, she’s wearing sexy knickers.”

The crowd laughed and the girl answering blushed, not expecting the reaction.

“Well, yes, you are right. But more pointedly, she is wearing knickers that are against the regulations of the school. Some people think the white cotton knickers are sexy too...just being sexy is not the crime here. It’s the fact that red lacy knickers are not cotton knickers.”

The crowd nodded, better understanding the rule.

“Now, Miss Malone, if you would please remove the offending garment and then I will explain the additional punishment.”

Shannon knelt down in front of her almost equally naked friend and hooked her fingers in the waistband of Carrie’s flimsy knickers and pulled them down her smooth legs. She saw that the sparse hair above Carrie’s pussy covered nothing and that the pussy lips were full, plump and slightly gaping.

Carrie lifted each of her feet and stood there completely naked in front of everyone. She felt the unfamiliar breeze on her bare pussy and started to dry sob.

“Now, Miss Bartlett, you will be naked for the next week. If you had been wearing appropriate knickers today, you would have received all of your clothes back next Tuesday. Instead, you will receive your bra and blouse back, along with your socks and shoes. You will remain bottomless for another full week and your blouse may not cover your vagina or anus. Is that clear miss?”

Carrie nodded through her mess of tears.

“Then, the third week, you will receive your skirt back but no knickers. During that week, anyone who cares to inspect to see whether you are wearing knickers may do so and you will comply and show them everything. Understood?”

More tears and a groan from Carrie but again she nodded.

“Finally, you and Miss Lynch will be excused from your first class to help in a demonstration. Please report to the theater when this assembly is over.”

Both naked girls shivered, knowing that whatever waited for them in the theater was not going to be good.

“And speaking of the theater, this is a good time to remind all of you that the drama club is performing three shows of “Grease” starring young Carrie Bartlett as Sandy this weekend. And I can assure you, she will be acting as you see her currently.”

“OH GOD NO! Please!”

Carrie was shaking and fell to her knees. Shannon knelt next to her and grabbed her tight and gave her a huge hug. The crowd, especially the boys were extra turned on by the display.

“Okay, everyone, the assembly is over. Miss Malone and Miss Bartlett, if you will please make your way to the theater.”

Shannon got to her feet first and took Carrie’s hand. The newly naked girl was shaking violently, her legs were like jelly.

“Oh God, Shannon, I have to act in the play nude. I can’t, I won’t!”

“Carrie, you know you have no choice. Just relax, you’ll get used to it.”

The two girls scampered down the steps, trailing behind the last group of students to exit the room. Mr. Jones watched them go, loving the sight of two bare butts and naked flesh going. He still had the offending knickers in his hand and held them up to his nose to smell the young girl’s excitement. He took a long breath, inhaling the odor of the Gods and then stuffed them into his pocket. These would be hung on the bulletin board outside of his office as an example of inappropriate underwear...well, they would be hung after he used them for something else. He made his way to his private bathroom to take care of some business.

**PART 56**

The crowd was emptying out of the auditorium after the assembly and it was followed by the two naked girls. Although they were nearly alone and walking slowly, to Carrie, it felt like every person in the world was looking at her and laughing. She felt every air current on her body, she noticed the odd feeling under her toes and bare feet as she walked naked in her school for the first time.

Shannon grabbed her friend’s hand, knowing exactly what she was feeling. Though she had been naked now for a week, it still felt fresh to her and scary! She grabbed her friend’s hand tightly and walked with her towards the theater.

This was a place that Carrie knew very well. She had been involved in the drama club since entering high school three years ago. Already she had performed in five shows and was scheduled to be one of the leads in the school’s performance of “Grease” this weekend. Tears started to leak from her eyes as she remembered how her first big starring role was turning quickly into a disaster!

The girls got to the door and saw a sign on an easel...”Special Welcome to the St. Mark’s Women’s Club.” Shannon breathed a sigh of relief. This might not be so bad, she thought. Carrie was still frightened at being seen but relaxed a little when she realized it was woman. She was still mortified at being naked, but being naked in front of women seemed a better thing.

Shannon opened the door of the theater and they were immediately met by the warmth of the room and an overwhelming smell of perfume. The saw the first three rows of the room were filled with mostly older women, in their late 50s, early 60s. One of the women was standing on stage, at a podium.

“Oh, you must be our volunteers,” the gray haired woman speaker said as they walked in. The 40 or so women in the audience all turned and they heard some gasps. “Well, um, we didn’t expect you to be naked already but appreciate your enthusiasm. Mr. Jones said he thought you would be perfect for the job today. Please have a seat in the back and we will call you when you are ready.”

Carrie and Shannon scampered into the relative security of a seat, huddling down low and hiding as well as they could. The meeting continued, giving the nude girls a chance to catch their breaths and get some bearing.

Shannon was surprised at the tameness of the event...this was unlike most of the humiliations that Mr. Jones had planned for her during the last week. It couldn’t be pity, maybe he was just running out of ideas. Maybe these last five weeks would be easier than she thought. And with Carrie naked with her for one week and bottomless for another, she would at least have company. Although she didn’t know what she and Carrie had “volunteered for,” she didn’t think it could horrible.

She heard the door open and felt the breeze. Both naked girls turned and were shocked to see about a dozen handsome young men enter the theater, all dressed in lab coats. Carrie’s eyes were wide and she attempted to cover her breasts and pussy with her hands but Shannon grabbed her arms when she saw Mr. Jones peering out at them from backstage, smiling.

“OKAY, ladies, come on up. Again, we appreciate your help and for volunteering.”

Shannon stood up shaking, but she was in much better shape than her friend, who was unable to stand.

“Ladies of the St. Mark’s Women’s Club, as you know, breast cancer is a very dangerous thing for women our age. Today, we are thankful that the medical students at University Hospital are here. These men, and they are all men today, are studying to be general practioners and they will demonstrate how to check breasts for lumps. Miss Carrie Bartlett and Miss Shannon Malone, our naked friends here, have volunteered to be the models.”

Both girls cringed, knowing their fate. There were two metal chairs set up on the front of the stage, just in front of the podium. Also on stage were about 12 male medical students, no older than mid 20s. Most of them were so cute and that fact mortified the young girls, who felt the cold hard metal on their bare butts, legs and back.

“Ladies, this is Dr. Bob Neumann, director of clinical studies at University Hospital and an alumnus of this fine school. Dr. Neumann, the floor is yours.”

The distinguished doctor moved towards the podium, never taking his eyes off of the naked young beauties sitting on the stage.

“Well, ladies, thank you. It’s rare that we are able to find such willing volunteers, especially at such a young age but that is certainly something wonderful about this school. Mr. Jones invited us to do this today and I thank him. I also want to thank the young volunteers for allowing us to use them as demonstrations today, but also allowing us to videotape the demonstrations to show our classes in the future. This will be a great benefit to women everywhere as we work to help detect breast cancer earlier and earlier and save lives.”

He motioned for the students to gather around the young naked girls.

“While a mammography is the best test to detect breast cancer, women can do something on a regular basis to help prevent breast cancer. Self-exams are an excellent way of finding lumps or abnormalities in the breast. Now, would the two volunteers please stand.”

The nude girls stood, now on total display for all in the room. They could see the lumps growing in the pants of the young male medical students and tried to ignore them.

“First, we will examine the right breast. Ladies, please raise your right hand and use your left hand to feel your breasts for any lumps or abnormalities.”

The girls were mortified to be feeling their breasts, such private things, in such a public place. But they complied, with the men just inches away and the group of 40 women watching intently.

“That’s good, young Shannon, I believe, is doing an excellent job. Feel underneath as well and the sides...not just the area around the nipples Carrie.”

Carrie blushed even more at the thought that she was not groping herself properly. Finally, Dr. Neumann was satisfied and asked the girls to do their other breast. This time, he praised Carrie, telling her she was much improved.

The newly naked Carrie Bartlett was stunned by the turn of events in the last two hours. When she awoke, she was a regular clothed girl, ready to face the day. Now she was bare naked, feeling her tits in the name of science in front of dozens of eyes.

“Ok, now that the young ladies have shown how it is done, I am going to ask each of the students to please examine their breasts to make sure that there are no lumps.”

Carrie closed her eyes but heard a cough from the wings and looked to see Mr. Jones standing there and shaking his head. So she was forced to keep her eyes open as half of the male students examined her breasts and the other half examined Shannon’s. There was no gentle touches like she had experienced with boys. This was rough touches, as they tried to feel through her skin and see if there were lumps. Despite the awfulness of the moment, she was shocked to feel her pussy start to water and she smelled the same smell that had filled her bedroom that morning.

She could barely hear Dr. Neumann droning on.

“It’s important to remember that each woman’s breasts are different, and that changes can occur because of aging, the menstrual cycle, pregnancy, menopause, or taking birth control pills or other hormones, etc., he said. “And it’s normal for the breasts to feel a little lumpy and uneven and common for a woman’s breasts to be swollen and tender right before or during her menstrual period. But, as you can plainly tell, neither of these young ladies is having her period, though Miss Bartlett does seem to be discharging some liquid. I do not think it is blood.”

OH GOD, he can see it, she thought! EVERYONE CAN SEE AND SMELL IT. She looked up and saw a smirk on the boy examining her as he nodded as if to say, yep, I know what it is.

Finally, all 12 medical students had verified that Shannon and Carrie had correctly completed the self-exam properly. Both girls breathed a sigh of relief, sure that their humiliation was over.

“Now, ladies, you can come up here, two at a time, and feel what a smooth, cancer free breast is supposed to feel like. This will give you a baseline for when you do your own self exams.”

Both girls moaned and Carrie shook her head no, but to no avail. The women formed a line and came up two at a time. Each time, the naked girls would be forced to raise an arm straight up over their heads while the women felt that breast and then switch arms. Tears flowed out as they were groped by the women, each time with the doctor within inches of their naked flesh giving last second instructions. The med student filming the action was also right in the mix, getting very close looks at the action and also showing other areas of the body.

Finally, all 40 women came up and had completed the humiliating exam. The girls’ breasts were red and sore from all of the groping, a sight that produced knowing smiles from the med students.

“Well ladies, again, thank you for the opportunity to speak on this and for allowing the demonstration. I hope it was enlightening and I am glad that two students now have this expertise themselves and I hope they will be useless in conveying this information to other students.”

The doctor left the podium to great applause and he went right over to Shannon and Carrie and held his hand out to shake theirs. Both girls noticed that his eyes were not on their faces and cringed. He was examining their red bruised breasts and smiling. He then walked out, leaving the med students to follow along. Just then, the bell rang, signaling the end of the period.

“Oh good heavens, how time flies. Ladies, I think we give a round of applause to these young girls who have volunteered for this great service. It means a great deal to us old folks that young people like you are willing to be involved with us. Thank you again girls.”

The women applauded the naked students who blushed even further and left the stage. Shannon was ready to head back to the classes...Carrie was anything but, going out there among her friends naked for the first time.

“I’ll see you at lunch. Be strong, you can do this,” Shannon whispered to the girl, giving her a hug as the two parted ways just outside the theater doors.

**PART 57**

Carrie’s heart dropped to the floor as she felt Shannon’s presence leave her side. With Shannon, it had just been awful. Now, it was horrendous, definitely the worst thing ever. She had two classes before Shannon would be with her again and those two hours would be unbelievably bad.

She tentatively made her way down the hallways, which were parting in the middle to let her pass. She heard the comments from her schoolmates, calling her a slut and pointing out how much they liked her tits and cunt. She wanted to crawl into one of the lockers and hide for the rest of the day, only being let out by Shannon after everyone had gone home. But she knew those thoughts were useless now.

She stopped at her locker and deposited her book bag and grabbed her camera. She was supposed to be at photo class for third and fourth period before lunch. In the first half of class, they take the pictures then they develop them in the second half of the period.

Carrie looped the carry case around her shoulder and made her way to the photo classroom in the basement of the school. There were only 10 kids in her class, surprisingly eight of them boys. They probably thought it was a blowoff class but it wasn’t. They actually worked hard and had to complete a ton of assignments. Carrie was really good at photography and thought about making it into a career.

She passed the throngs of people heading up the stairs, some brushing against her. The feel of their clothes made her yearn for cover but she walked on silently, trying to hold her head up high in dignity as she had seen Shannon do all week. But inside, she was a quivering mess, not sure she could make it an hour let alone a week. Plus an additional week bottomless thanks to her own stupidity.

Finally she made it into the catacombs of the school. She and Emily, the other girl in the class, had often remarked that the location of the photo classroom was a good indication of the importance the school placed on it. The official reason was that the chemicals involved, etc., were better placed in the basement.

She got to the class and was about to open the door when she was grabbed by Darryl, one of the boys in her class, who took a handful of her breasts and squeezed, causing her to cry out. He smiled as he went past her, into the classroom.

She tried to regroup and bent over to pick up her camera bag, which had fallen in the exchange, giving the entire classroom a great view of her slit and asshole as she bent at the knees.

“Miss Bartlett, a lady bends at the knees, especially a naked one,” joked Mrs. French, her photography teacher, a cool hippie type of woman who wore long skirts and had curly hair.

The nude girl blushed, “Yes Mrs. French, sorry.”

“Don’t be sorry honey, the view was very nice. There are worse views that a naked one of a healthy young girl.”

The words were not intended to be sexual. Mrs. French was extremely heterosexual, married with four children, but she did admire the female form, as most artists do. But the hormone crazy boys in the class laughed hysterically at the comment.

“Gentlemen, and I use that term extremely loosely, settle down, or maybe you would like to join Carrie in the buff this week?”

That quieted the horny boys for the moment.

“Well, Carrie, no sense in you grabbing a regular chair. You are the model for us today.”

“SWEET!” said Darryl in his distinctive voice.

“Settle down Darryl. You are one comment away from being the male model for the rest of the semester!”

“Please Mrs. French, I can’t do this, I’m begging you please don’t make me,” Carrie cried.

“Sweetheart, there is nothing I can do. This comes from Mr. Jones. I think you can expect a lot of this in your classes today.”

Carrie started to sob but hopped onto the raised platform, which had been thoughtfully covered with a soft brown cover that felt warm to her skin. She wished she could use it to cover herself but just stood there.

“Now, today we are going to do some tasteful nude photos. It’s the type of photo usually done in magazines.”

Oh God! This was horrible, Carrie thought.

“Each of you, one at a time, will come forward and photograph the model in whatever way you choose,” the teacher continued. “The photos will then be put into an album and used as a project score. Each album will of course be on display at our upcoming open house as well.”

Carrie’s sobbing got harder and her whole body was flushed.

“Please open the windows to allow for more natural light.”

A few of the taller boys reached up for the windows that were across the top of the room, the only part of the basement accessible to the outside. Carrie noticed now that anyone walking by outside or looking from the first floor across the way would have a great view of her humiliation.

“May I go first, Mrs. French,” Emily said shyly.

The class all looked in surprise at the girl, who barely said words to anyone in the room but Carrie. They had all thought she would be embarrassed to take part in this assignment.

“Sure Emily. Go ahead.”

The girl took her camera and walked towards the raised area. Carrie looked hopefully into her eyes, praying for some compassion. Emily smiled an evil grin at her.

“Put your hands up over your head in surprise...yes, expose that body for me.”

Everyone was shocked at the girl...what had gotten into her. Carrie had no choice but to comply as her former friend forced her into humiliatingly exposing positions.

The boys were just as bad. They had her perform exercises for “motion” shots, stretching exercises for “muscle tone” shots and then just humiliating poses. She had been forced to sit with her knees spread and holding her tits up to the camera.

The last one had been posed by Emily. Carrie sat on a chair, her knees together and pulled up against her body, effectively covering her breasts. But, that was not what the group was looking at, settling their eyes on her little slit, poking out from between her legs. The group all took that photo and hoped it would turn out. They thought a poster of that would be appropriate.

Finally, everyone in the class was finished and headed for the dark room. Carrie breathed another sigh of relief, but she should have known better.

“Carrie, stay like that.”

FLASH! FLASH! FLASH!

Carrie saw Mrs. French taking photos, five, six at a time. “Oh God, this is fantastic. The images are amazing. A young girl exposed...your passion, your humiliation, fantastic! Just a few more.”

The nude girl prayed for the strength to hold on and finally the teacher was finished.

“Wow, I’m sorry about that Carrie, but the way you looked was amazing. Thank you so much.”

Carrie murmured a “you’re welcome.”

“Now, go and help the rest of the students with their developing and then help Darryl organize his into an album. He needs some extra help...you know he’s a football player and everything. Plus, I think he likes you.”

Carrie groaned, remembering the encounter in the hallway and wishing to stay far away from that boy. Reluctantly, she headed for the darkroom. Before she reached the door, Mrs. French called to her.

“By the way, Carrie, you will have to finish this assignment as well. You may use your imagination to figure out how to do it. Maybe Shannon will help you.”

She rolled her eyes, not wanting to put her best friend through that turmoil and headed into the darkroom.

“Alright, now I can see the cunt in person and in the pictures,” Darryl said laughing.

“Shut up Darryl,” David, one of the other boys in the class, said jokingly. “This is the only way you would get to see her cunt. She wouldn’t give you the time of day before. You stupid jock!”

The entire class laughed, except Carrie, who was mortified. They were openly discussing her most private area and she could do nothing about it but stand there and let them see it.

Mrs. French entered the darkroom, her film in hand.

“Class, Carrie is here to do whatever you need to help finish the developing.

Nothing is beneath her.”

“I have to pee, can she take care of that,” Darryl asked laughing.

“Well, no Darryl, that’s biologically impossible. But maybe she can help develop your pictures while you go.”

“I have another idea. Maybe I can pee in a can in the closet and have her take it to the bathroom for me. That way, I won’t miss as much lab time.”

“Ew, gross Darryl,” Emily said, but then she smiled and added, “how degrading. I think it’s a great idea Mrs. French.”

Carrie shook her head no, begging by her actions for Mrs. French to dismiss the idea. But the longer it went without the teacher’s refusal, the more the sinking feeling inside of her grew. She knew she was going to be forced to do it.

“Well, Mr. Jones was very clear that Carrie had to do whatever the students wanted for help. Okay, anyone that needs to pee can do it in a jar in the closet. Then Carrie can dispose of it.”

“OH GOD, no, please Mrs. French, that’s so disgusting. Please, anything.”

“Now Carrie, stop this nonsense. It’s not like I’m asking you to go into the closet with them, though you’re tempting me. Now stop this foolishness and get back to work.”

Through blurry eyes, she got back to helping Sam with his photos. She heard the laughter as Darryl went into the closet and closed the door. She heard the sound of his stream hitting the glass jar and started to sob. To make matters worse, the images of the photos taken by Sam started to take focus. She saw her naked body in way too many intimate and disgusting poses. She knew that nothing was going to be left to the imagination of anyone who saw these photos...her intimate parts were spread open and on display. She wanted to pour extra chemicals into each batch and destroy them but knew it was no use...she would be forced to pose again anyway.

Finally she heard a sigh and the door opened. Darryl was carrying jar full of his dark yellow urine. Oh God, she thought, I have to handle that!

“Here Carrie, sorry it’s so much but I didn’t get a chance to go this morning.

Here you go!”

Carrie took the jar, which felt warm, and held it at an arm’s length away from her bare body.

“Ok, Carrie, please go and deposit that in the bathroom.”

The naked girl started towards the door when she heard, “oh and Miss Bartlett, since that is urine from a male, please dump it into the boys bathroom. Thank you.”

The class heard a sob from the naked girl as she walked out of the room, her shoulders heaving. Carrie could not believe how awful everyone was being. She had thought of Mrs. French as a mentor, someone who cold help her get into a good art school for photography. And the teacher had always been so nice. And Emily, what the hell had gotten into her? She and Carrie had always been friends but the girl was heaping on top of everything the boys were doing to the naked girl. What was her problem?

Carrie now was going up the steps towards the nearest bathroom. It took her a second to remember where the boys bathrooms were but she remembered there was one on the first floor. She hurried up the steps too quickly and some of the urine plopped out onto her belly and pubic hair. She smelled the boy’s stentch and wanted to hurl.

She held the jar more carefully as she made it up the steps and into the main area of the school. She turned the corner and was shocked. In the hall were about 100 of her schoolmates in the area for a college fair. There were about a dozen schools gathered with many of the seniors there getting literature and other information about colleges.

As soon as her bare feet were heard slapping into the room, almost everything stopped and all eyes turned towards her. Many of the kids stood with their mouths wide open. It was really the first chance that many of them had to see the naked junior in all of her glory and they were soaking in her beauty. Then one of the girls noticed the jar.

“Oh God, she’s carrying a jar of piss.”

That caused a huge laughter from everyone as she gathered her body together and moved through the mocking crowd.

“Oh man, what a slut, carrying someone’s piss. Man, what a girl she is...bring her home to mama.”

“I wonder if she had to hold his cock for him too. Do you believe her?”

She was mortified but could not turn back as she headed for the boys’ bathroom and tears flowing down her face. Out of the corner of her eye, she saw the college recruiters standing there shocked at the naked girl carrying piss in a jar. She was shocked too and she was living the nightmare. Finally she made it to the boys bathroom and pulled the door open.

“HOLY SHIT, she’s going into the boys room,” one of the girls called out. She wanted to scream that she was being forced to do it but couldn’t form the words. She went into one of the few stalls towards the back of the room and poured the disgusting liquid into the toilet. When she was finished she flushed the toilet and sat down.

She heard footsteps around her but needed to rest before going out there again. The boys were all around, waiting for her to get out. She wasn’t worried about being raped, though she wasn’t sure why. She was mortified that they would grope her or worse though. She felt an itch in her pussy and began to scratch it. She was shocked to find her slit was soaked completely...oh God, what is this. She scratched and rubbed her lips and a moan escaped her lips...it felt so good.

“Fuck, she’s doing herself.” She wanted to stop but it felt so good...her fingers slid inside...she was still horny, despite the embarrassment of the last few hours...she wanted to cum. She rubbed faster and faster, desperate for an orgasm when it came and hit her hard.

“UNNGG!!!” she moaned, breathlessly moaning out an orgasm. “OHH GOD!”

The boys were clamoring for a view of the masturbating girl. Some were trying to peek through the slats of the door, others were on the floor looking up. Two went into the next stall and stood on the toilet to look from above and got the best view.

Carrie looked up and saw them staring and froze, her hand still between her legs. Oh Christ, what have I done?

**PART 58**

Carrie’s whole body was shaking as she stood up off the toilet and picked up the jar. Although it was chilly on the cold tile of the bathroom, her body was hot after her orgasm and the humiliation suffered as she realized what she had done. Had she just fingered herself to orgasm while completely nude in a boys’ bathroom stall while her schoolmates watched? After the humiliation of carrying a boy’s pee through the halls of the school in front of hundreds of people? What the hell had happened to her? She had never masturbated anywhere but in the secrecy of her bedroom, buried under her covers. Now she had done it in a very public and humiliating place.

She gathered the strength to pull open the door of the stall and out into the regular bathroom area. The boys were staring at her open mouthed as she silently walked past them, bypassing the sink and heading back out into her humiliation. She moved through the crowd, many of them whispering and pointing as the boys who had seen her spread the word among those who hadn’t. The other boys looked at her with lust while the girls looked at her in disdain. She wanted to scream, yeah right, like you’ve never felt the urge to do that in school before, but she remained silent, humiliated that it had happened to her and she had given into it. It was this damn nudity...in uniform she never would have given in to the temptation, to that feeling. Oh God, what was happening?

She finally made it through the pointing crowd and went back down the stairs. Here she took a deep breath for calm and smelled it...her belly and pubic hair had been doused with pee...now that was mixing with her arousal to create quite an odor. Maybe she could sneak into the girl’s bathroom and wash herself...she turned left towards the bathroom instead of right towards the photo lab when she heard a cough behind her.

“Miss Bartlett, the classroom is this way,” said the voice. She recognized Mrs. French’s sarcastic tone and turned back around.

“Oh, Mrs. French, I got some of, um, uh, Darryl’s pee on me and was going to clean it off.”

“Why didn’t you do it when you dumped his urine in the bathroom?”

Well, I was too busy fingering myself to orgasm maam.

“Um, I forgot about it until I was coming down the steps.”

“Carrie, come closer please.”

The nude girl walked towards her photography teacher, who sniffed the air as the student got closer. “Is that urine or female arousal I smell,” she asked.

Carrie blushed a deeper shade of red than normal. “Um, both maam.”

“Ah-ha, so the rumor is true...you masturbated in the boys’ bathroom.

Unbelievable.”

The naked girl was humiliated in front of this teacher who she thought of as a mentor. “Please Mrs. French, I couldn’t help it...it just happened.”

“Come now Carrie, orgasms don’t just happen. Your hand did not just wander down there without your head consciously pushing it there did it?”

Carrie shook her head, humiliated at the truth to Mrs. French’s words.

“Truth is, you are slightly turned on by humiliation and being naked in school and don’t even realize it. This punishment might be good for you, might awaken the real Carrie inside of you. Go back inside like you are. I think a few other students have biological needs to be taken care of. You are not permitted to wash up until class is over, do you understand?”

The nude girl nodded, ashamed at having to spend the next half hour stinking up the lab with her obvious smells. She followed the teacher back into the room and watched Sam smirk at her before heading into the closet. She completed the work on his prints while the class giggled at the sound of Sam peeing into the glass jar. Finally, he finished and was still zipping up when he left the closet.

“Thanks Carrie, much better than having to walk all the way to the bathroom.”

Their laughter burned Carrie’s ears and cheeks as she went into the closet and grabbed the warm jar. She felt moisture on the outside and wondered what the substance was. She didn’t want to know.

Again, she trekked out of the lab and up the stairs. There were still the seniors at the tables for the College Fair. They were shocked to see her a second time but Carrie was determined not to give them any more fodder to laugh at her. She walked through them, against clutching that container of hot piss. She pushed into the boys’ bathroom and dumped the contents into the toilet and flushed. This time, there would be no show and she pushed out of the room, ignoring the disappointed jibes from the boys who had gathered for part two of her self-gratification show.

She hurried back to the classroom and was rewarded by the other six boys in her class peeing into the jar. As she was heading back on her eighth trip, she was stopped by one of the suited men recruiting for a college.

“Carrie? Carrie Bartlett,” the man asked incredulously.

Oh GOD! It was Jim O’Neill, her father’s best friend from college. Oh GOD, she had forgotten that her father had mentioned that he might be her recruiting for State College.

“Yes, hello Mr. O’Neill,” she replied, hanging her head in shame.

“Jesus, what the heck happened to you? Why are you naked? Are you alright?”

“Yes Sir, it’s a punishment Sir. New school policy.”

“Oh man, you mean, they’re really doing it huh? WOW, never thought they would have the guts. Where are the other naked people? Are you the only one?”

Carrie shook her head. “No Sir, there is another girl. She’s in class right now.”

She looked up and saw the man’s eyes roaming up and down her body, drinking her in totally. She knew the boys in the school were doing it but for this man who was a friend of her father’s to be doing it felt so wrong and dirty.

“Well, I see I really have a reason to stop by and see your old man tonight. I was planning on it anyway since I was in town. This seals the deal. Will you be in this state tonight?”

The nude girl, wishing this conversation to be over, shrugged her shoulders. “I don’t know, mom and dad will decide that tonight. The punishment says I have to be naked to and from school and at school but the parents make the decision for home.”

“Well, I must say, it would be a shame for this work of art to be covered. I hope to see all of you tonight.”

“Yes Sir, see you tonight.”

As she walked, Jim O’Neil watched her firm ass wiggle as only a girl can do. He felt his cock twitch as he watched her go, knowing that his good friend Jed Bartlett would be sure to keep her naked. Yes, dinner tonight would be very nice indeed.

Carrie felt his eyes boring into her bare bottom and her mound that peeked out from behind. She wanted to run but somehow thought that would earn her a punishment. She knew there weren’t more than five minutes left until the end of class. At least her piss runs were over. All of the boys had gone.

She made it down the steps and back into the lab. She saw the photos of her nude form were now hanging to dry and she was disgusted at them. Her vagina and breasts were prominently displayed in all of them, way more than her face. She wasn’t shocked to see that many of the photos had her face out of focus but her lewd body parts in perfect focus.

“Mrs. French, what should I do with the jar now that everyone has finished?”

“Um, excuse me Mrs. French, but everyone is not finished,” Emily said. “I have not yet gone and would like to.”

Carrie groaned, hoping she was done humiliating herself in this way.

“Ok, Emily, into the closet and go. Carrie will dispose of it.”

“But, Mrs. French, it’s much harder for a girl to go into a jar than a boy. Do you think Carrie could come in and help me while I go, hold the jar at the right angle or something.”

Carrie shook her head, silently begging Mrs. French to end the torture. But the teacher smiled at the nude girl and back at her other student.

“I think that is only fair. Carrie, please accompany Emily into the closet and help her urinate into the jar. You can then dispose of it.”

Emily smiled an innocent smile and headed into the closet. She stopped after opening the door and cocked her index finger towards Carrie and said, “follow me.” The boys whooped and hollered at the brazenness of their formerly quiet classmate and the thoughts of one girl helping another pee in such a near-public way.

Carrie entered the dark closet as Emily was pulling the light string on. She saw Emily’s eyes all over her and whispered, “why? Why are you doing this to me?”

“Because it’s fun humiliating people...especially cute girls like you.”

Emily motioned for Carrie to squat in front of her and the nude girl followed the order without thinking. The girl reached under her uniform skirt and pulled down her knickers, letting them fall to the floor. She then lifted her skirt to reveal an almost totally smooth slit..

“Here it comes Carrie, hold still.”

Carrie could not believe her eyes...she had never seen a girl pee up close and was fascinated as Emily placed her two fingers to spread her pussy lips and let the piss flow out finding the jar. Carrie was able to judge the stream and placed the jar in front of it to catch it. Some of it was spraying off of the jar and splattering on the nude girl, who finally had enough. With her free arm, she reached over and opened the closet door, revealing the nude from the waist down Emily, peeing into the jar.

“What the hell, Carrie, what have you done, close the door,” the mortified girl screamed as the boys laughed now at the other girl.

“How does it feel Emily,” Carrie asked as she continued to hold the jar, this time not feeling so bad.

Finally the stream stopped and Emily let her skirt drop to cover her pussy. The boys cheered at the show but the red faced girl stormed out of the closet and went back to her seat, leaving her knickers on the floor. Carrie, now on her knees, grabbed them with her hand and held them up for all to see.

“Oh Emily, you forgot these. Can one of you boys give these to Emily?”

Darryl came over, smiled and winked at the nude Carrie and took the balled up wad of cotton. “Sure Carrie, anything to help my female classmates.” He walked the knickers over towards a humiliated Emily, placed them at his nose for a sniff and dropped them onto the girl’s desk. She took the tiny garment and stuffed them into her pocket.

“Well now, that was an interesting class,” Mrs. French said as the bell rang. “Carrie, I believe you have lunch next. Dump Emily’s urine in the girls’ bathroom and then bring the jar back before cleaning up. And don’t forget to finish the assignment you missed today.”

Carrie carried the warm jar of piss out of the classroom again, this time right down the hall to the girls’ bathroom. She dumped the jar out and returned it, smiling a little inside. She had finally gotten some revenge, even though it wasn’t much considering all that she had been through and the fact that she was still covered in piss and her own sex juices. She then went back to the bathroom and cleaned up, taking wet paper towels and getting the urine off. Finally, she was as clean as could be and walked out of the bathroom. She walked down the hall when she stopped short. There was a boys’ bathroom, steps away from the girls on the same floor as her classroom. She could have avoided the crowded foyer and the humiliation of the College Fair. Her stomach dropped a bit.

**PART 59**

Carrie felt better the second she walked into the cafeteria and saw her equally naked friend Shannon standing there waiting for her. Shannon was staring at her with big eyes.

“Carrie, is it true,” the one nude girl asked the other.

Carrie’s stomach felt like it had a pit about 40 pounds in it. Shannon knew...everyone knew.

The naked girl nodded and Shannon’s mouth opened. It had crossed her mind to push her hand down there but she had always resisted...unbelievably, Carrie had succumbed the first day she was naked.

“It’s okay, honey,” Shannon said, trying to reassure her friend. “Let’s get some food and then we can talk about it.”

The two nude girls had all eyes in the room on them but they tried to ignore the stares as they walked together towards the lunch area. When they were about to go to the salad bar, Mr. Jenkins, the food manager, stopped them.

“Sorry girls, it’s a health hazard, you can’t be near open food. If you want something from the salad bar, ask one of the workers to get it for you. Otherwise, you can eat some sandwiches already prepared or something from the grill.”

The people around the conversation started laughing and pointing at the girls as they filled in their friends. Both nude girls couldn’t believe it, but the school had found another way to mortify them.

“Is that clear girls,” Mr. Jenkins asked. “I’m sorry to do this to you both, you’re such sweet girls, but it’s a law. We could get fined if we let you near the fresh food.”

“yes sir,” Shannon said softly, directing Carrie over to the section where the prepared sandwiches were. Shannon grabbed a ham and cheese on a roll for herself and a turkey on wheat sandwich for Carrie, two bags of chips and two bottles of soda, throwing them onto her tray. Carrie seemed completely listless, unable to make the choices for herself. Shannon led to the register and pulled some money from her backpack to pay for the meals and then almost had to pull her best friend along towards the tables.

Kevin and Shiela, two of Carrie’s best school friends, were eating alone. Shannon headed towards them but Carrie shook her head, pointing instead towards a table in the corner, far away from her two friends. “I just don’t them to see me like this, at least not today,” Carrie said to a completely understanding Shannon.

The two nude girls eased onto the cold metal seats and Shannon divided up the lunch. Carrie was shivering, crossing her arms over her chest, trying to warm up. She felt the hardness of her erect nipples.

“So, tell me what happened,” Shannon said. And Carrie proceeded to tell the entire, sordid story, from Darryl’s grope in the hallway that knocked her down to the photo modeling to the developing to her humiliating exercise of carrying full jars of piss to deposit into the boys bathroom and how she never realized there was a boys bathroom in the basement.

The girl went on for a full 20 minutes before finally stopping and looking embarrassed. Shannon knew what she was thinking...she had no explanation for what happened in the boys bathroom.

“Carrie, when did you have your orgasm,” Shannon asked softly.

Tears started to well up in Carrie’s eyes. “After the first time with Darryl. I don’t know what happened...I was just so wet and it was itchy and I just did it. Oh God, what must you think of me?”

Shannon looked sad for her best friend but understood, better than any girl in the school. All girls have feelings like that, not quite as obvious as the boys with their erections, but it was there. Most girls just ignore their urges down there, sometimes completely. Many (alright, most) girls masturbate but never display their public feelings. But, except for these two best friends, most girls are not naked.

Ever since that horrible day one week ago, Shannon had been having the craving more and more. She felt the tingling in her body, most of it centered between her legs, and she would want to rub it...just get a quickie off and get on with the rest of her day. But she had resisted and stayed away from herself. She was shocked that Carrie had given in so quickly.

“Care, look, I’ve had those feelings too, all girls have. And, trust me, I know it’s harder when you are naked, I’m right there. Stop killing yourself over it.”

“Shannon, people are going to make fun of me forever now,” she said quietly, her voice shaking.

“I hate to break it to you, but that was probably going to happen anyway. You’re naked and everyone can see you. For three weeks, your pussy is going to be on full display to anyone who wants to see it. This is just something else on top of it. Let it go.”

The words that her friend was speaking sunk in to Carrie, who started to sob. Her life as she had known it was gone...she was now the girl that would be snickered about and laughed at! People were always going to point and stare, even when she got her clothes back. They would look through her clothes and remember what her breasts looked like, what her vagina looked like, her bare belly, shoulders, toes, thighs, everything. She would forever be naked in their eyes, nothing more than tits and pussy.

“Oh Shannon, this is so awful. Why us? What have we done to deserve this?”

“Well, I skipped school and lied about it. You, you’re my friend and Mr. Jones seems bent on making our lives miserable.”

The tears flowed more from Carrie, who thought everything was hopeless.

“But, the point is, we have each other Carrie. We’re best friends and we’re in the same boat. We can help each other and take care of each other. Do you see?”

Carrie looked vacantly at her friend.

“Care, we can stick together and get through this!”

The tears stopped momentarily from the girl, who started to register what was being said.

“It does seem a little less horrible when you’re around,” she said to Shannon, who nodded in agreement.

“So, we stick together...let Mr. Jones send his best at us. We can handle anything together.”

The two girls shook hands and began to eat their lunch. Both had just taken bites of their sandwich when Mr. Kelly came to their table.

“Ladies, hurry up, you’ll never be finished in time.”

The two naked girls looked up at the teacher who was the faculty monitor for lunch. Finally Shannon spoke.

“Finished in time for what Mr. Kelly,” she asked.

“Cleanup duty. You’ll never have time to finish all of these tables before the period is over if you don’t hurry.”

The two girls looked at each other questioningly. What was the man talking about?

“Mr. Jones told me that for the remainder of your naked punishment time, you are also supposed to be on lunch cleanup duty. Wiping the tables, making sure the trays are put away, that kind of thing. Didn’t he tell you?”

The girls shook their heads.

“Well, that’s not an excuse, your names are posted at the doorway where cleanup duty is listed. You should have checked. You know the punishment for failing cleanup duty is corporal.”

The girls did not know that. Each had been assigned cleanup duty in the past...every student takes turns. Usually you got it every 12 weeks or so after it rotated through all of the students. But it was usually four people per lunch period and it was hard work. The two naked girls could never finish it and still have time for lunch. No one had ever been punished for not fulfilling the duty.

“Sir, can you let us slide today. We can start tomorrow,” Shannon asked hopefully.

“Nope, sorry. If I were you, I would get started now. You have an outside shot of making it.”

The two girls each took another big bite of sandwich and Shannon threw the chips into her book bag (Carrie’s was in the locker). They scooped up their trash and hurriedly dumped it into the trash can. Shannon ran over to get the bucket and rag while Carrie took over trash detail. She went around and began to dump the trash left on some of the tables. Although everyone was supposed to dispose of their own trash, many students left wrappers and napkins lying around after leaving. Shannon was carrying the full bucket of water to each table and, using the rag, washing off each one, getting rid of soda and juice stains that might be left.

The girls didn’t even realize the reactions they were causing among the students left in the room and the faculty and staff who had been warned of the show. The sight of naked girls leaning over tables to clean them was amazing. The nudes were in such a hurry to get the job done in time that they left nothing hidden. Their young firm breasts were on total display and their bare asses and pussy slits were on show from behind. The girls, forgetting their nudity for once, gave all gathered some show.

RIIIIINNNNNGGGGG! As the bell rang to signal the end of the lunch period, the two naked girls stopped working and looked at each other with sad expressions. They then looked at Mr. Kelly, who was smiling.

“Finish up girls, your punishment will come later.”

The two nude girls took more time finishing the job, realizing that they were going to be punished anyway and noticing the crowd that had gathered. Finally, the last four tables were clear and clean as another group of lunch eaters came in, surprised to see the naked girls.

“Ladies, report to my office after seventh period. Your punishment will happen during eighth.”

Shannon grabbed her book bag and walked out of the cafeteria with Carrie by her side. The two naked girls were dreading the punishment, knowing that humiliation would be involved. They separated in the hallway to go to different classes, each squeezing the other’s hand for strength.

**PART 60**

The next class seemed to be lightening fast for the two girls, who wished it could drag on. For both, in these classes, they blended in, at least as well as two naked girls could blend in among a sea of school uniforms. Shannon in her math class was sitting towards the back and the material was too difficult for people to insult her. Carrie was in an English class where the teacher was a tough nun who allowed no nonsense.

The next class for both was worse. For Shannon, it was another humiliating computer assignment, designing a web site around her pictures from the mall. She noticed that many of the shots came from a video camera and cringed, knowing that the video would show an awful lot of her, including her kicking cheerleading routine.

Carrie’s class was even worse. It was geometry and she wasn’t very good at it. To make matters worse, the teacher was Mr. Baines, an older man who all of the girls hated. He was always trying to look up their skirts or touching their shoulders or getting too close. Dirty Old Baines was his nickname among the girls in the school.

Carrie was intimated by him in the best of conditions, meaning when she was clothed. Now, he frightened her to near death. She knew he would degrade and humiliate her and she loathed going into his classroom. She pushed through the door and saw him sitting at his desk, leering at her.

“Miss Bartlett, it’s about time I got to see what you’ve been hiding all these weeks. Come in, you are our lesson for today.”

The nude girl walked towards her desk and found it missing, just a bare area of carpet where her desk should have fallen in line. Dirty Old Baines was one of the few teachers in the school that had assigned seats.

“No seat for you, unless you want to sit on my lap, sweetheart. No, come on up here and stand in front of the desk as the other students walk in.”

She walked up towards the front of the room and noticed the chalkboard read:

“Today’s lesson, Volume of a Cylinder.” She shrugged her shoulders, not knowing

what that meant.

The rest of the class came in, many gasping when they saw her. Unlike Shannon, who had many classes with the same people, Carrie was in many different classes as her ability levels were in many different tracks. This class was almost remedial geometry, with many sophomores in her class.

The class filed in, some getting closer to her than she would have liked, even brushing up against her, making her uncomfortable. She felt their uniforms up against her bare body and shivered, wishing for the cover.

“Good afternoon class. And a special good afternoon to the very helpful Carrie Bartlett. I had been looking for a way to demonstrate the way to determine the volume of a cylinder. Carrie’s new uniform here has given me that opportunity.”

The class looked puzzled as Dirty Old Baines displayed a tape measure.

“Class, each of you will come up and measure the space around the perimeter of Carrie’s breasts and then, again using the tape measure, try and measure its’ length from the base of her body. That way, we can then work on the volume.”

Carrie looked with anger and disgust at the teacher. She begged him with her big brown eyes to please spare her this humiliation but knew it was to no avail. She felt her face become flush as tears of anger sprang again to her eyes.

She became aware of the students lining up in front of her. Dirty Old Baines had been thoughtful enough to provide two tape measures for the job so that the students could utilize both of her breasts for their measurements. Everything quickly became a blur as each student measures the circumference of her breasts and then the length that it stuck out from her body. She wanted to die as each student grabbed her poor breasts roughly and wrapped the tape around it. Surprisingly to her, the girls were rougher with her than the boys, as if it were her fault that she was nude and they were forced to do this. Actually, some of the boys were reverent with her body, touching her softly. On the other hand, the girls were crude, wrapping the tape tightly around her breasts, sometimes too tightly, causing her to moan in pain.

“Mr. Baines,” Harold, one of the goody-goody boys in the class, said. “Should we measure to the edge of her nipples? That would add another inch or so.”

Without meaning to, Harold had just added another indignity to the girl. It was bad enough that her nipples were so hard they would have poked holes through a shirt had she been wearing one. Now, it was articulated and she was humiliated. And her nipples, if it were possible, grew even bigger.

“Good question Harold. Yes, Carrie’s nipples are longer than average women, but it is part of the cylinder. Why don’t we get both measurements for safe keeping!”

Carrie tried to look Harold in the eye but Harold was not looking at her face...he was concentrating on that part of her that everyone seemed to these days....her tits. That’s all that existed...oh, and her pussy...oh and her ass! Nothing else seemed to matter anymore.

Finally everyone had finished taking the measurements and she looked at Old Man Baines for guidance. She desperately wanted to sit down but he just smiled at her, his eyes feasting on her nudity. So she was forced to stand there and watch her classmates smirking as they figured out the volume of her breasts to see “how much milk” she could produce.

“Class, if you get stuck, check the board and also take a look at her breasts to make sure that you understand what you are working on. I’ll put some hints on the board every once in a while to help you along.”

She heard Baines walk behind her and start writing on the board. That signaled the class to look up and they feasted on her body much like the teacher had. She closed her eyes and prayed for class to end quickly. Finally the bell rang and she was done. She was forced to stand there a little longer as the class handed their work into Mr. Baines, piling the papers on his desk and brushing past Carrie as they passed.

Carrie breathed a sigh of relief as the classroom was empty except for her and Dirty Old Baines. He was smiling at her with a leering look.

“Miss Bartlett, thank you for all of your help today. You will need to finish this project for homework tonight and turn it in tomorrow. Have a great day!”

The girl gathered her things and made her way into the hallway, dreading the punishment of eighth period.

**PART 61**

The two girls made it to Mr. Kelly’s office at the same time. He escorted them into the main foyer where two exercise machines that resembled the Nordic Trac were stationed.

“OK girls, pick your machines,” Mr. Kelly said. The students who were passing through the foyer stopped to see what promised to be an interesting event.

“Excuse me Mr. Kelly,” Shannon said.

“Each of you will ride these machines for a little while. Please pick the one you want. I thought I was pretty clear.”

Shannon looked at Carrie and shrugged, but got up onto the machine on the right, closer to the main walkway. Carrie then mounted the one on the left, closer to the wall.

“Make sure your feet are in the stirrups and begin operating the machine. You will be on there for the first 20 minutes of the period.”

The assembled students (and some teachers Shannon noticed) giggled at the order. There was nothing particularly taxing for the young girls, 20 minutes on the exercise machine was nothing. But being on this machine, holding the handles and exerting force left them completely open to anyone’s view, unable to close. Of course, as they exercised, their breasts and asses would bounce and create an erotic sight. And the sight of sweaty nude young girls in the halls would raise most of the boys’ blood pressures (among other things).

The girls started moving the machines, pulling their arms in the opposite direction of their feet. It was long before sweat started to form on their nude bodies as they exerted energy. Shannon was definitely in better shape than her friend, who started to feel the burn in her thighs and shoulders, The gathered crowd watched Carrie’s amble breasts sway from the exertion but also from the heavy breathing. Shannon’s little breasts did not jiggle the way Carrie’s did, but her taut, firm body was still a sight to behold.

Finally, Mr. Kelly told the crowd to move onto their next class. Shannon and Carrie had hoped their workout was done but he set the timer and showed them the video camera and told them not to stop until the timer went off and he came back to get them down. Any stoppage before the alarm going off would signal another punishment.

The girls groaned at the knowledge that their punishment was not yet over but continued moving on the exercise machine. Carrie closed her eyes in exhaustion, trying to forget the heaviness in her chest and the pain in her legs and shoulders. Shannon wanted to close her eyes but something caught them. It was Mr. Jones, standing off in the shadows, watching their every move. She thought he was almost nude but remembered he was wearing a tan suit that day. His hand seemed to be moving quickly but when he saw her looking at him, he vanished into a door and was gone.

Finally the alarm sounded and Mr. Kelly came out of his office. “Okay, girls, part one is over. You may get off the machines.”

The girls stopped moving their arms and feet and brought the machines to a complete stop. Carrie’s body felt like it was on fire every time she moved and was a bit woozy as her bare feet came out of the holders and onto the floor. Shannon was a bit better off but she was still a bit unsteady after 20 minutes of full movement.

“Ladies, over here for part two.”

The girls both moaned at hearing his instruction. They had hoped that part two wasn’t going to happen. They moved tentatively towards the disciplinarian who was holding a long silver cylinder.

“OK, stand here, back to back, about a few inches apart...good girls,” he said.

“Now, each of you bend over and grab your ankles.”

The girls looked at him questioningly. This seemed weird, even for the recent events. This would put them in a very vulnerable position in the middle of very well-trafficked place.

“Come on ladies, please do not make me ask you again,” the disciplinarian said sternly.

Shannon moved first, grabbing her ankles, causing her ass to stick out and become very prominent. From her vantage point, she saw several male students standing behind her, pointing at her asshole, now on display, and slit which was very prominent. She then saw Carrie’s head and their eyes locked as Carrie assumed the position, her eyes wide open and scared. Shannon smiled and mouthed the words, “relax.”

“Girls, I am going to put my hands on your upper backs to put you into position.

Please do not be alarmed, I am a gentleman.”

Both girls winced a little as his cold hands touched their sweaty backs and pulled them backwards a bit until their butts and slits met and they were leaning on each other. He then pulled Shannon an inch away from Carrie and slit the metal cylinder in between and wedged it between each set of pussy lips, producing gasps from each of the girls.

“Ladies, part two of your punishment is to stay in this position until I come and get you, roughly 15 minutes after the bell. That means you will stay like this for the next 40 minutes.”

Moans of anguish from the girls, who did not think they could stay in such an uncomfortable spot for so long, especially with the cold metal wedged inside their moist sexes.

“If either of you moves and this cylinder falls, the punishment will be double your current nudity. Is that clear?”

Both girls shivered but said yes in unison. The assembled crowd laughed at the funny way the girls were standing and forced to stay.

“Oh and one other thing,” Mr. Kelly said before reaching over and switching a button that made the cylinder vibrate. “Enjoy ladies.”

The groans turned to moans as the vibrations felt good inside of them. Shannon knew the feeling and hated what was happening to her body. She was going to cum and hoped to God that no one knew. Also, the wetter she got, the more slippery the cylinder became and the possibility of a slip became greater.

Out of the corner of her eye, she saw Mr. Kelly put a sign up that said, “Please do not touch Carrie Bartlett and Shannon Malone, our nude students, with your hands. Punishment is one day of nudity.”

One day of nudity, she thought. Carrie got three weeks for less than that. She tried to take her mind off of the terrible buzzing between her legs but it was getting more intense. She felt Carrie’s body swaying and whispered...”please Carrie, stay tough...we have to keep it there. Think of something else.”

Both girls tried to take their minds off of the intense pleasure building in their loins. Carrie thought about the terrible trouble she was going to be in at home and what her father would do to her. Shannon tried to think about basketball or something gross, but it was no use. The orgasm was coming and coming fast.

“Caaarrieeee...ii can’t sstop itt. I’mm going to cumm...heelppp mee! AHHHH!!!” The girl’s body shook as she grabbed her ankles tighter and tighter to try and keep from moving. Her vibrations sent Carrie over the edge who cried out in anguish from her second public orgasm of the day. Both girls were exhausted from their impressive climaxes but somehow they managed to stay pressed tightly together avoid having the vibrating cylinder slip away.

“Great job,” they heard a girl’s voice say and heard applause from the gathered crowd. Carrie cringed when she heard the voice...it was Emily, the girl that she had humiliated in photo lab.

“Wow Carrie, I always knew that you and Shannon were close, but never this close...cumming together, how sweet. Must feel nice to know that your pussies are so close together that you can feel the same vibrator. Cool huh.”

Both nude girls wanted to say something back but knew they were not exactly in a position of power. Carrie also knew that she deserved some of this after the trick she pulled on Emily earlier.

“Emily,” Carrie said, her voice muffled and strange from being bent over. “I’m really sorry for what happened in photo lab. I was angry and you were being mean.”

“You think that was mean, wait until you see this.”

She heard the girl take the lid off of something and smelled it...it was a marker.

“Emily, don’t, please. You’ll get a punishment, read the sign.”

“I’m not going to touch you, the marker is. I just want people to know the kind of person they are dealing with.”

Carrie saw the girl approach and felt the marker on her ass cheeks. She stayed totally still, even as the marker made letters on her ass. Whatever was written must have been humiliating because the gathered students pointed and laughed.

“Now the front,” Emily said as she wedged herself in to write something on the girl’s breasts and then on her thighs. Carrie and Shannon could both plainly read what had been written on the thighs...”I like it here” with an arrow pointing up towards her slit. Shannon saw that the writing on her breasts said, “Moo Moo” on the left one and “Squeeze for good luck” on the other.

Carrie closed her eyes, knowing that the marker would be hard to scrub off.

“Now, to earn three extra weeks for you and six more for your lesbo friend, try and stay still now.”

Carrie felt it at her side, a slight tickle. Then it got more intimate. She looked up and saw that Emily was using a feather to tickle her sides and her breasts. She was trying not to squirm but, like most girls, her breasts were very ticklish. Then she felt it tickle her asshole and she jumped. Somehow, her ass maintained some sort of contact with Shannon’s and the vibrator stayed in but it dropped a little and any more would be the end.

“Oh God, please no, Emily, please stop...I’ll do anything if you stop,” Carrie said.

“I’ll stop...right after this feather touches your little puss...try and stand still now.”

Just as the feather was about to touch her slit, Mr. Kelly came out.

“What is the meaning of this,” he asked Emily. “Did you not read the sign that said don not touch? That meant no touching.”

“But sir, I did not touch them, the marker did and the feather did. Not me,” Emily answered in a sweet voice.

Mr. Kelly looked at the girl and grimaced. He was afraid that she was right but this was to stop.

“Alright, you got me, but now I want to be made clear. No one is to touch these girls at all, not with an object or their hands. Got it Emily?”

The girl nodded, giving a hateful smile towards Carrie, who could barely see and was lightheaded after the tickling attacks and the fact that her head was upside down.

“Alright, girls, 10 more minutes. Everyone can watch these girls but no more touching. Let me readjust this vibrator for you so it doesn’t fall.”

Mr. Kelly reached between the asses of the two tortured girls and pulled the vibrator up higher, causing the girls to breathe a small sigh of relief. The crowd started to disperse but when the bell rang, the hallway filled again. Everyone came by to have a look and many got a laugh from seeing the writing on Carrie’s ass. By now the girls were almost too lightheaded to care but they continued to see the feet and legs of their schoolmates, the girls in their saddle shoes and blue socks or tights and the boys in regular brown shoes, socks and pants.

The time was almost up when Shannon felt that familiar tingle again. “OHH God, no,” she said as quietly as she could.

“What Shannon,” Carrie whispered.

“It’s happening again,” she said, squeezing her eyes shut.

“No, Shannon, no. I’m too weak to handle it. We’re almost there. Hold off please.”

“OHHH GODD! I can’ttt!! UHHHHH!”

The noises came out like little squeaks as the girl did her best to hold off the orgasm. Her whole body tensed but her ass remained tight against Carrie.

“Shannon, hang on, I know it’s awful.”

“Alright girls, time’s up. You can let go.”

Shannon let out a loud screaming orgasm and fell to the floor, curling up in the fetal position. She then screamed as her muscles burned from being in the same position for so long. Carrie could barely stand erect and needed help from Mr. Kelly to get into a full standing position, groaning as her back straightened. The vibrator fell to the ground with a clang and everyone gasped when they saw what was there. They had wondered what the buzzing was and what had sent poor Shannon over the edge.

“Oh jeez, girls, I’m sorry about the writing. I thought the sign was clear. Honey, go to the showers and try to get it off. Maybe Shannon can help you when she comes back to Earth.”

Carrie walked gingerly over towards where best friend laid curled up in a ball of exhaustion and humiliation. Two forced orgasms in plain view of everyone, but the second one had been the most powerful one she had ever had. She was so embarrassed by the fact that everyone knew it too.

“It’s alright Shannon, you were right. We did it together...we made it!”

Shannon looked dazed as she looked up at her friend. She heard the words but was not comprehending.

“Come on, come with me to the locker room and help me get this marker off.”

Carrie grabbed Shannon’s shaking hand and helped her to her feet. Shannon winced as her legs straightened but soon had her wits about her and followed Carrie down the hall. When her eyes got lower she saw what Emily had written.

“Oh God, Carrie, this is awful.”

“What?”

“The writing,” she said, pointing to Carrie’s asscheeks.

“What does it say, Oh God, I hope it comes off.”

“It says, I like it back here, push it in hard.”

Carrie turned white as a ghost. “Please walk close so no one can see it. Oh God, I hope it comes off.”

**PART 62**

The girls separated after spending about 20 minutes scrubbing the marker off...almost all of it came off...luckily Carrie’s glean of sweat made it nearly a bit easier...her skin had been wet when Emily had written. Still, the areas which had been written on were raw and red, obvious to the naked (no pun intended) eye. And the words on her ass, which falsely told the world that she liked being butt fucked, were still there, faded but there.

The halls had mostly emptied by now. The only ones left were those involved with sports or activities. Shannon was late for basketball and had scurried to the gym. Carrie was due in the theater for rehearsal of Grease. She wondered if there was any way out of this but knew there wasn’t. Mr. Jones had already forced Shannon to play a basketball game naked. Why not a naked actress?

She entered the theater and saw the rest of the cast gathered on stage. At least she didn’t have to worry about costumes, she thought. The gang, her best friends, stared as she came in through the stage door and went up the steps. She was so humiliated to be here naked with these people she so admired.

The all stood in silence as she entered the group. The guys were eying her hungrily...the other girls were sneaking peeks to size her up. Then, Jennifer, who was playing Rizzo, the bad girl, the play, walked up to her and stared her in the eye.

“Couldn’t let me steal all of the glory could you Bartlett,” she said menacingly. Carrie was scared for a second until the girl broke into a big smile and the rest of the group joined in. “Gotcha ya!”

Carrie sighed and joined in the laughter...this didn’t feel like it was directed at her as much, though she knew it was in some ways. It felt good to be among her friends.

“Cheer up kid,” Jennifer said. “At least now we’re going to be sure to have a sellout.”

The cast all laughed, including Carrie, and they headed off to the side of the stage. The director, Mr. Sanders, came on stage at that point. He didn’t seemed fazed at all by the young beauty’s nudity.

“Well hello Carrie, thanks for joining us. Tough to have a rehearsal without Sandy.”

“Sorry Mr. Sanders, it’s just that...”

“Don’t worry hon, it’s fine. Mr. Kelly told me where you were. Anyway, let’s get on with it. Tomorrow is our last dress rehearsal before Friday’s show. We have a lot to get through today.”

Hearing the word “dress” made her sad, but Carrie quickly forgot her nudity for a while as she absorbed herself into the discussions about each scene. Mr. Sanders had been an actor off-Broadway before coming to run the theater program at St. Mark’s and he had taught her a lot. She wondered if she would be able to do this professionally. But first, she knew she had to get through the next two weekends of the show.

Finally the discussions were over and she had to act out a scene. It was the scene involving Danny, her love interest. They were reenacting the movie rather than the play and this scene took place in the diner.

Carrie was fine as she entered the scene, but then she saw Craig, the boy that had made her pussy wet that morning, the one that she had dreamt about. He was playing Danny and this is the first she had seen him since she became nude.

He entered the scene, wearing jeans and a buttoned-up oxford. He looked adorable, Carrie thought, and I look horrible. What must he think of me?

Somehow she got the power to make it through the scene without screwing up too badly. Surprisingly, Craig, a very strong actor who planned to major in theater in college, kept messing up his lines, fumbling through things.

“Craig, what’s the matter man,” Mr. Sanders asked. “This is not like you.”

“Mr. Sanders, she’s naked. How do you expect me to perform normally when there’s a naked girl so close to me? It’s impossible.”

Carrie felt her stomach tighten, like she might throw up. This boy, whom she lusted after, was unable to be near her because of her nudity. She was going to ruin this whole show that they had worked so hard on for weeks.

With tears flowing down her face, Carrie said softly, “I would quit the play if they would let me, so that things could go on as planned. But they won’t. I’m so sorry.”

She dropped her script to the floor and ran backstage, past the other actors and actresses not used to outbursts from this girl. She ran into the one of the unused makeup rooms and hid her head in her hands sobbing.

After a few minutes, there was a knock on the door.

“Go away,” she said.

“Can I please come in,” said the voice that she recognized as Craig’s.

The door opened slightly and he eased into the room that was lit by one a dim lamp on the counter.

“Please don’t. I feel awful enough about ruining the play. I don’t need to feel any worse.”

“Well, that’s why I’m here. I wanted to say I’m sorry about all of that. Your nudity wasn’t a problem, it was how it makes me feel.”

She looked up at him through teary eyes, the cute boy a blurry image.

“I really like you Carrie and have wanted to tell you for a long time. I just never knew how. Now, with you naked, I can’t concentrate. I followed you everywhere between classes, just watching you. You are so pretty and have such a great personality and a great body, I just can’t help it.”

Carrie wasn’t sure what to do. The boy wasn’t even looking at her, choosing instead to concentrate on his own sneakers.

“Um, that’s sweet Craig...please, look at me.”

The boy raised his face and made eye contact with the naked girl. Carrie was surprised to see his eyes on hers instead of on her breasts or pussy or bare legs.

“Craig, it’s still me, still Carrie. I’m so glad you feel this way about me, because I feel this way about you. You were the reason I wore those sexy knickers this morning.”

The boy’s mouth dropped open. “Me? How?”

“Well, I had a dream about you last night and I was feeling naughty, so I wore them.”

Craig’s mouth closed and turned into a smile.

“Hey, would you like to grab some dinner after rehearsal tonight?”

“Oh Craig, I can’t tonight. My father is having a dinner party. Can it be tomorrow night, after the dress rehearsal? Though I won’t be getting dressed too much.”

The boy laughed and moved closer to Carrie.

“Tomorrow would be great. I’ll wear something nice, though I don’t think I can say the same of you. Thanks.”

He closed in and pulled her to him, giving her a long, soft hug. Carrie closed her eyes, relishing the warmth of the boy next to her, the feel of his clothes against her naked body. For his part, Craig could not believe that he was feeling a nude body pressed against him, the first naked girl he had ever touched. This was exactly what he wanted.

The two disengaged from the hug and moved out of the room. Some of the other cast members saw the two blushing and that Craig was sporting a major hard on. Jennifer gave a knowing smile to Carrie who grinned and then looked away as the cast continued on with the rehearsal, Carrie feeling as comfortable as any naked girl could on stage.

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When rehearsal was over, Carrie headed out of the theater and was met by Shannon, who was sporting wet hair after showering post practice.

“How was it? Was it awful?” Shannon asked her friend.

“Actually, not at all, though I don’t know if I’ll make it through the shows this weekend. But rehearsal was good and Craig asked me out.”

Shannon was playfully shocked but then said, “I knew he would. I saw him following you everywhere and then he was there the whole time we were working out.”

Now it was Carrie’s turn to play shocked but she couldn’t contain her smile. “I know, I was embarrassed then but now I know why he was there. He likes me.”

The naked girl started to blush.

“Well, we’d better head out. Colleen is coming to pick me up and she said she would drive you home too.”

“Oh that’s great, let’s go.”

The two nude girls were almost out the front door when Mr. Jones stopped them.

“Ah, Miss Bartlett, I was hoping to catch you. Can you come back in here for a second?”

The puzzled girls came back into the warmth of the school.

“Well, although I did not call for you too Miss Malone, I suppose it is okay for you to come as well. Miss Bartlett, I think my original punishment was a bit harsh. Your crime was certainly not as bad as Miss Malone’s. Therefore, your punishment is limited to school property only. You may wear your uniform to and from school but must strip completely nude in the atrium before entering school and bring your clothes to my office before going on to the rest of your day. If I find you disobeying this rule, the punishment changes to match Miss Malone’s completely in length and severity. Am I being clear Miss?”

Carrie nodded, afraid to breathe wrong and lose the chance at her precious clothes.

“Here is your uniform, put it on. You will notice there are no knickers...they were illegal and as such, you are not allowed to wear them again. Tomorrow, I expect an acceptable pair of knickers on you young lady. Understand?”

“Yes Mr. Jones,” she said quietly, accepting the bag offered to her. She reached in and pulled her uniform out, pulling it close against her. She quickly pulled her skirt on to cover her pussy and ass. As she pulled on her bra, she looked at her Shannon, her best friend, who looked happy for her despite the fact that she was still naked and would be for five more weeks.

“Oh God, Shannon, I’m a horrible friend. I’m so sorry, it’s just that...” her voice trailed off.

“Come on Carrie, please. I’m happy for you...no sense both of us walking around the streets totally naked.”

Though her words were brave, the nude girl was a bit sad. She watched as Carrie soon became totally covered, pulling her blouse together and button it shut. She wished Mr. Jones would have a change of heart with her too, but she knew she was destined to be this way for a while and, if Mr. Jones had his way, possibly forever.

“By the way Miss Bartlett,” Mr. Jones said, popping his head back out of the office. “You are still entitled to driving privileges. Your keys are in your pocket.”

“Yes,” Carrie said. “Um, thank you sir.”

She grabbed her book bag and uniform bag and started out the door, taking Shannon by the hand and pulling her out into the cold winter night. Carrie felt so warm, despite having no knickers...that was nothing compared to what she had been through all day. Shannon felt the cold cement under her bare feet and the nasty wind hitting her bare body and wanted to run back into the school but she saw Colleen’s car mercifully pull into the parking lot.

“Shannon, thanks for everything today, I don’t think I would have made it without you,” Carrie said, pulling her best friend towards her in a hug.

“No problem, that’s what friends are for. Good luck with your parents tonight.”

“Thanks, I’ll need it. At least I don’t have to face them naked...that would be awful.”

The two friends got to Colleen’s car and parted, with Carrie giving a wave to Shannon’s stepmother. Shannon eased into the car and sat down on the towel covered seat. It almost didn’t bother her anymore. At least the heat was on and pumping.

“Thank you for the ride Col, taking the bus home this late by myself in my condition would have been rough.”

The older woman laughed. “I imagine so, though I have never been...um, in your condition.”

Colleen pulled away from the school and headed the car home. Being back at the same high school she had graduated from 25 years ago brought back memories. She thought she still had an outstanding body, though not the same one she had back in 1976. In some ways, she liked her body better now. She had been rail thin in high school with no breasts. After years of maturing, her legs were still awesome (she worked out five times a week) but her breasts had grown a bit. They were much more round than they had been as a teen.

She had thought a lot about poor Shannon and her plight. Colleen could not imagine being 16 and naked all the time. Teen girls always have problems with their bodies (breasts too big, not big enough, etc.) and sometimes want to hide it. But for Shannon, there was no hiding an inch of her body. She wondered if she could have taken this treatment when she was a young girl.

“I guess you’re excited about tonight,” Colleen said.

“Tonight,” Shannon asked, not even bothering to open her eyes. She was enjoying the dark, the heat and the light music playing.

“Yeah, you get your socks tonight. You didn’t forget did you?”

Shannon sat bolt upright, her eyes wide open. “Oh God, I did, I forgot all about it. I mean, it’s always been there in the back of my head, I couldn’t wait for this day but with everything going on, I forgot it was today.”

Colleen was surprised, figuring that the girl would have been counting the minutes. Maybe Shannon was getting used to the nudity thing a little.

They pulled into the driveway and Shannon saw all of the lights were burning. She caught a glimpse of Jimmy’s nude bottom as he darted past the window in the living room. Then it hit her...she wasn’t even safe from prying eyes when she was home.

She followed her stepmother out of the car and up the porch steps and into the house. She felt the welcome warmth again and slipped inside just as Jimmy was heading upstairs. She watched his cute little white butt flash as he went up the stairs and she smiled. She would actually have more clothes than him in the house after tonight.

Although she would still go completely naked to and from school, per her punishment, her father had lightened her sentence a bit at home. Each week she would earn cover, starting tonight with her socks. They were just to wear at home but they would be so welcome.

She entered the kitchen where her father was preparing something Italian.

“Spaghetti and meatballs,” she asked her father just before kissing him hello.

“Yep, my specialty for our big night. I think every Tuesday is going to be special around here for the next few weeks.”

Shannon wasn’t sure what she thought about her father making a big deal about her getting a piece of clothing. While she was glad to get them, making a production out of it only drew more attention to her nudity.

Shannon walked over to the table and saw the table was set with six places.

“Is Megan coming home for dinner,” she asked, hoping it was her sister home from college who was coming instead of another guest.

“Nope. I invited Mr. Firgus over for dinner. You two have become so close and he’s all alone I didn’t think you would mind.”

Uggh, thought Shannon. She shouldn’t mind Mr. Firgus being there. After all, he had seen her in all of her naked glory many times and had come through for her that morning. She just wanted to put on socks and forget it. Her father had other plans.

“Shannon, could you put out some glasses and put ice in it,” her father asked.

As she began to do as he asked, the doorbell rang.

“JIMMMYYYY, CANN YOUUU GETTT THATTT!”

Shannon looked at her father. “Daddy, he’s naked, remember.”

“That’s alright, it’s probably Mr. Firgus. You answer the door naked around here, why shouldn’t he?”

They heard Jimmy’s tentative footsteps on the stairs and heard the door creak open.

“Oh my, hello James,” they heard Mr. Firgus say. “Don’t be embarrassed boy, I have one of those too.”

“Yes sir,” Jimmy replied as the door closed.

The man and the naked boy entered the kitchen. Mr. Firgus kissed Colleen on the cheek and shook Jack’s hand. “Hello Shannon, nice to see you again.”

“Hi Mr. Firgus,” Shannon said, leaning in to kiss him on the cheek. The old man felt his cock flutter in his pants. “Thanks again for giving me a ride this morning.”

“Think nothing of it,” he said. Colleen and Jack hadn’t known that Mr. Firgus had been called on to drive their daughter and Shannon told the story. Jack thanked the old man himself and called everyone in for dinner.

Brighid came in and was surprised to see their neighbor there with her two naked siblings. She looked at her father, who smiled and asked her to grab a seat. Mr. Firgus and Jimmy had already sat down (at opposite ends of the table, Brighid noticed) and she eased in next to the old man, giving her sister a break. Shannon breathed a sigh of relief and sat next to Jimmy in the corner. While she liked Mr. Firgus, she was a little uncomfortable being naked and sitting right next to him while eating. She could tell that Jimmy was equally uneasy about the man’s presence at dinner.

Jack carried the bowl of pasta over to the table and Colleen brought over the garlic bread. “Dig in everyone,” Jack said as the gang began to reach for the food. Mr. Firgus was in heaven, watching Shannon’s naked body move with grace. She was so unassuming, not even realizing the reaction her basic movements caused in him. Just watching her reach for the pasta or the salad caused his cock to get rock hard. Then watching her spread dressing on her salad or shaking the cheese on her pasta was almost too much.

“-isn’t that right Mr. Firgus?”

“Um, excuse me,” he said, looking at Brighid who had caught him staring at her sister.

“I said, it’s a shame about the new rules at St. Mark’s isn’t it?”

“Oh, well, I think there are some benefits to it.”

“Such as?”

The old man squirmed a bit, obviously uncomfortable at the line of questioning.

Shannon looked up from her meal filled with curiosity. What was Brighid doing?

“Well, I think it is an outstanding deterrent. After all, what teenager likes having to display themselves in public. Not only in school but on the street, etc. I know I would be more careful.”

The man’s words stopped Brighid’s line of questioning and Colleen asked Shannon about Carrie. Shannon had forgotten about her poor friend, who was now probably having to endure her parents’ abuse.

The rest of the family listened to Shannon’s story about Carrie’s nudity punishment and the unfair acts that she and Carrie had to do during eighth period. While Jack and Colleen were both a bit annoyed that Shannon had been unfairly duped into punishment, a part of them was aroused by the thought of the two naked girls working out and then having their pussies pressed together.

A look over at Mr. Firgus confirmed that he was having the same thoughts.

Brighid was a bit repulsed by the whole idea.

Finally dinner was over and Shannon and Jimmy cleared the table. Mr. Firgus enjoyed the sight of the naked girl reaching over him to get the plates of Colleen and her father. Her bare thighs grazed his pants leg and he almost came right there.

Once the table was clear, Brighid said she would get dessert.

“Wait a second Brig, I think we should allow Shannon the honors of getting her clothes for the week. I think you are going to like the special surprise that Colleen has in store for you Shannon. This was her idea.”

Shannon stood as her stepmother handed her a wrapped box. She opened it, expecting a pair of regular knee socks and was surprised to find...

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...a pair of sheer thigh high stockings. Her mouth fell open in surprise as she had never worn anything like this before.

“Do you like it,” Colleen asked, her face filled with pride.

“Um, yeah, I like it a lot. I’ve just never worn these kinds of stockings before.”

“They’re elastic tops. I figured they would keep you warmer than socks. They go all the way up past your knee. Since you were only allowed socks, I figured why not cover as much as possible.”

Shannon took the stockings out of the box and held them up. They didn’t look like they covered much nor would they keep her warm. She smiled at Colleen’s thoughtfulness but yearned for her old socks.

“Great, can I put these on now,” she said. “I guess I’ll wear my regular socks tomorrow night.”

“Oh don’t worry,” her father said. “We bought you five pairs of these, one for almost every day. That way you can always have a pair.”

Shannon started shaking, feeling so depressed that she was not going to be allowed to wear her regular socks.

“Look how happy she is, she’s shaking,” Mr. Firgus said smiling. The three older people smiled at the scene.

But Brighid knew better. She knew that Shannon’s reaction was negative and not positive. These stockings not only weren’t going to cover her, they would do worse...place more of an emphasis on her bare legs. These stockings were like a spotlight on her.

The girl’s hands were shaking so much that she struggled to put on the first stocking. Brighid got out of her chair and knelt next to her sister, rolling the material and easing it onto the bare foot and up the leg. The elastic took hold about two inches above her knee, leaving the upper thigh and pussy on display. Quickly she did the same with the other leg until they were both on the trembling girl.

Shannon grabbed Brighid’s hand and mouthed the words “thank you.”

“Stand up sweetie, let’s see you in those stockings,” Colleen said. Shannon looked at her, silently wishing that she were still nude. She stood up, feeling the nylon against the floor. It felt so odd to no longer be bare foot after a solid week without shoes or socks.

“Wow, those stockings are unbelievable,” Colleen said. “They make your legs look five feet tall.”

The men in the room nodded, unable to form words. The girl had great legs anyway...adding thigh-high stockings was more than anyone could have asked for.

Shannon slid back into her chair as Brighid began to serve dessert, a homemade cherry pie. She felt the silky nylon under her thighs and thought how odd it was to be more embarrassed about being in thigh highs than she was about being naked.

As she ate her pie and ice cream, she suddenly thought of Carrie and how her best friend was making out.

But Shannon was not on the mind of Carrie, who was suffering terribly. Her father had always believed in corporal punishment, continuing to spank the boys. He hadn’t spanked her or her sisters once they got their periods, thinking it improper for a father to lay a hand on his daughter once she became a woman. That rule went out the window that day.

Right now, Carrie was kneeling on a hard piece of wood, completely naked. Her ass was raw from the spanking she had received as were the front and back of her thighs. She was sobbing from the beating, the first she had received in four years. Even back then, it was a few smacks with a belt on the bottom or the bare hand. But this was beyond all of that.

She had arrived home, happy to be wearing clothes. Her happiness stopped the minute she arrived in the house. Her father and mother were sitting silently on the couch in the living room. She could see the anger in her father’s face and knew she was in deep trouble.

“Well, look who is home. Well, if it isn’t the naked student from St. Mark’s?

Funny, you don’t look naked. Why are you dressed?”

“Um, Daddy, um, Mr. Jones allowed me to wear clothes. He thought his punishment was a bit too harsh.”

“Too harsh...well, that’s nothing compared to the punishment you will receive in this house after you humiliated this family. You are a slut!”

Carrie’s mouth opened in shock, as if her father had slapped her across the face. She took a step back in horror at his words.

“Jed, please, she’s our daughter. Maybe she can explain.”

“Explain why she has brought shame and disgrace to our family? Explain why she’s now flitting around that school, showing everyone her naked body, probably loving the attention? Where did we go wrong?”

“Daddy, that’s not right at all. I hate being nake...”

“SHUT YOUR MOUTH. You have done enough. I guess wearing “fuck me” knickers under your uniform was something the school forced on you. Yes, you may have appeared to be a nice little daughter, but deep inside, you are a slut who needs to be punished.”

Both women in the room were stunned. Carrie had never heard her father talk like that and Maureen hadn’t heard it from her husband in years. When they first dated, Jed Bartlett had been a real son-of-a-bitch but in college he had found religion and had begun to treat her well. He was so handsome and athletic that Maureen had stuck with him when he was a jerk and had reaped the benefits of the changed man. But this was the old Jed rearing his ugly head.

“Jed, please, this is Carrie. She’s a good girl. She made a mistake.”

“Damn right she did, and it humiliates this family. We’re a God fearing, religious family who are pillars of this community. It just does not do to have our daughter flaunting her tits and pussy for the world to see.”

Tears were streaming down her face as she saw her father in a whole, new light. This was not the loving, caring man she had known throughout her life. She wanted to run but her legs would not allow it, they were numb.

“Jed, we signed the paper allowing the school to follow through with their new rules. You knew this was a possibility.”

“No, not with Carrie. She was always the good girl. She was the baby. I never thought this would happen in a million years. And to be wearing those knickers...there’s no excuse! Where did you get them slut? Some guy give them to you as payment for getting into your pussy?”

“Daddy, no, please stop. I would never do that.”

“Enough crying. You’ll be crying soon enough. Maureen, please gather the family.

It’s time for a session.”

Both women gasped. A session hadn’t happened since Carrie’s older brother Will had been caught smoking dope one day in the woods. Carrie was young but remembered her brother being stripped naked (like Jesus, her father had said) and spanked until he almost passed out. Each member of the family took turns spanking him until their father had said the time was up. That was almost 10 years ago but she remembered it like it was yesterday.

“Get them Maureen. Punishment time is in 10 minutes.”

Carrie’s mother looked at her daughter with sympathy but left the room, leaving her daughter alone with her angry husband. Carrie just stood there as her father seethed.

“Daddy, I’m really sorry. I never meant to hurt you. I love you.”

Jed’s face softened. His daughter had always gotten away with murder. She was his favorite among the seven children. She had a cute little face and loved to cuddle with him.

“And I love you too Carrie, that’s why I am so disappointed. I hate to do this but it’s for your own good.”

The other four members of the Bartlett family gathered. Carrie had an older brother and sister who were married and no longer living at home. This left Phil, her brother who was a year older than her, Tracey (14), Lil (12) and Rose (11).

“Okay everyone, I know this is a bit unusual but we are going to have a punishment session, the first one in years. But this involves the entire family since our good name was dragged through the mud. That is why you are all being asked to take part in it.”

The other kids looked at each other with questioning stares, except for Phil, who remembered Jason’s punishment very well. It was so effective that he and his siblings that had been there had never thought about behaving badly.

“Carrie, please explain what happened in school today.”

All eyes turned towards her and she flushed. She didn’t want to be the center of attention, had been that enough today. But her father was insistent and she had no way out.

“I had my uniform taken from me because I misbehaved at school and I walked around naked. I’m going to be totally naked at school for a week.”

The other kids gasped. They had all heard about St. Mark’s punishment but never thought Carrie would be caught up in it. She was always the good girl, a goody too shoes, according to her brother, who was a student at the boy’s prep school. Tracey was scheduled to enter St. Mark’s next year as a freshmen and the stories she was told about Shannon had convinced her to keep herself clean of trouble.

“And what else Carrie,” her father prodded.

“And I was wearing non regulation knickers so I will be bottomless for an extra week and pantiless for a third week.”

The girls gasped and Phil tried to hide his growing arousal. Even though it was his sister, just the sound of the word knickers made him crazy.

“Truth is, you were wearing knickers that would be considered slutty, right? Red, silk, thong? In fact, aren’t you knickerless now Carrie,” her father asked, knowing the correct answer after receiving the call from Mr. Jones.

“Yes Daddy,” Carrie said meekly.

The other kids looked at her in shock. Wearing a skirt without knickers was a no-no in their house. Even when they came from the shower, they were supposed to be in knickers and a bra if necessary under their robes. To be in public naked was the worst thing they could imagine and knew that Carrie was in trouble.

“I’m not sure your brother and sisters believe you. In fact, I don’t think your mother and I are too sure about it either. Please lift your skirt and show us.”

All eyes in the room looked at Jed Bartlett in shock. Was he really asking her to display her pussy in the living room in front of the whole family?

“You weren’t too good to show off in front of the whole school. I think you can swallow what’s left of your pride and show your family.”

Just then the doorbell rang and Carrie breathed a sigh of relief, hoping for a reprieve. Her mother left the room and warmly greeted a man at the door.

“Jim, what a wonderful treat to see you.”

“Mo, it’s my pleasure. Always great to see you, Jed and the kids.”

Carrie saw Jim O’Neill as soon as he entered the room and remembered the last time she had seen him. She was naked, carrying the jar of piss down the crowded school hallway. She blushed some more but was actually glad he was here. Surely Daddy would calm down and not humiliate her with his old friend in the house.

“Jimmy, it is great to see you. How are you old man?”

“I’m well, well,” the other man replied, embracing her father.

“Carrie, it’s great to see you. I see things have improved for you since the last time I saw you.”

“Yes sir,” she said, not even making eye contact with the man.

“The last time? When was the last time you saw her?”

“Today at St. Mark’s. She was carrying something, I think it was a jar of piss into the boys’ bathroom. She was completely naked. I’m glad to see you’re wearing something now. That must have been terribly embarrassing for you, not that I minded seeing you that way. You have blossomed into a real beautiful young woman.”

Carrie lowered her head in shame. He had seen her at her worst hour in her worst state.

“She was what?”

“Carrying pee into the boys’ bathroom. Some sort of prank I guess.”

Carrie looked up and saw her father’face turn bright red.

“That does it young lady. I am no longer even going to entertain the thought of being lenient on you. Jim, I’m glad you are here to watch this. Tonight, you are a member of the family in all senses and you will participate in our punishment session.”

“Daddy, no, ple...”

“That’s enough from you. I think your actions have said enough. Phil, slide over and let Mr. O’Neill sit next to you on the couch. Girls, grab a spot on the floor. Jim, Carrie was just about to show us that she was pantiless.”

**PART 65**

Carrie looked around the room, hesitating to follow her father’s order to reveal her pussy to her siblings, parents and her father’s best friend. She waited and looked at her father for some sort of mercy but saw none was coming. So she reached down and grabbed the hem of her skirt and lifted it.

Phil leaned over to get a better view. She saw her thighs come into view and then he saw it...her mound prominently on display. Carrie kept pulling her skirt up until the hem reached her belly button.

Gasps of appreciation filled the room. Phil’s eyes almost bugged out of his head at the first clear view he had ever had of a live pussy. Jim took a bit longer time admiring this young pussy, it was perfection. Even the girls on the floor was admiring her mound, not having the chance to study another girl’s pussy very much.

For Jed and Maureen Bartlett, it was the realization that their little girl was a woman now. Her pussy was in full flower and she was no longer a little girl. Jed was a bit disturbed when his cock twitched a little in his pants and he had to remind himself that this was Carrie he was looking at.

“Okay, Carrie, that’s enough.”

The girl breathed an audible sigh of relief as she let her skirt fall down and cover her pussy again.

“Now, strip completely naked for us and we can start the punishment.”

Carrie’s eyes started to fill with tears, which flowed down her cheeks. She had hoped that her pussy exposure would be enough.

“Jed, is this necessary,” her mother said.

“Maureen, I have given you too much control over raising these girls and look what happened. I think you need to stop questioning my methods and allow me to discipline this girl.”

Maureen Bartlett stopped speaking and closed her eyes, resigned to the moment. Carrie knew she was out of option. She bent her knees and began to untie and remove her shoes and socks. She then fumbled with her buttons and undid her blouse, leaving her in bra and skirt.

Slowly, hesitatingly, she unclasped her bra and pulled the straps down her arms and off, revealing her full 34C breasts to everyone in the room. The men looked at her hungrily...the girls were a bit jealous, especially the younger girls who wished for breasts. Tracey especially was small up top, barely needing the training bra her father insisted she wear.

“Well, you must have really wanted us to see your breasts. After all, you could have just removed your skirt first. We had already seen your vagina,” her father said.

Carrie blushed an even darker shade of red. She didn’t know why she had removed her bra, it seemed better than revealing her pussy again.

“Finish please so we can get on with the punishment.”

She had thought this was the punishment. She realized she was in for a rough time. She unzipped her skirt and let it fall to the floor in a heap. She kicked the garment over on top of the pile of her other clothes and stood naked in front of everyone, the way she had spent her entire day. Her time wearing clothes hadn’t even reached an hour.

“Ok, time for the remainder of the punishment. Carrie, for your crime against our family honor, we will each get 20 spanks of your body. I will give the spanker free reign to spank wherever they see fit. That totals 140 spanks.”

Carrie groaned, thinking there was no way her body would be able to take that kind of abuse.

Carrie started to sob from the humiliation from having her parents and siblings touching her bare ass.

“Carrie, you will stand in any position that the spanker wishes. I will begin and then your mother and Jim will take their turns. I have put the four children’s names in a hat to choose the spanker at random.”

“Carrie, please bend over and hold your ankles while I spank.”

She did so, humiliated at the vulnerability of the position. She felt the 20 smacks from her father and then her mother. Mr. O’Neill rearranged her so that he could spank the insides of her thighs and she was forced to sit on her bare ass on the chair while he alternated smacking her left thigh and then right 10 times each. She was so mortified as she laid there, her ankles out wide on either side and her bare pussy on blatant display.

Finally, she was allowed to close her legs but she did it too fast and her thighs rubbed, causing her to groan.

“Now, the kids. First is Tracey.”

Tracey walked over and mouthed sorry to her sister. She had Carrie bend over and grab her ankles, causing her to moan. Both girls knew there was no alternative. Tracey gave Carrie’s ass 20 half hearted whacks and walked back to her seat. Her father looked at her sternly but knew he couldn’t do anything about it.

The next two to go were the youngest two sisters. Both of them did what Tracey did, barely hitting Carrie but the girl’s ass was so raw even their light hits caused her pain.

Finally, it was Phil’s turn. He smiled and said, “Carrie, come and lay across my lap.”

The girl rolled her eyes and somehow made it to where her brother was sitting. She hesitated but then laid over her knees, feeling the rough fabric of his jeans against her soft, battered thighs. She also felt something poking her and got sick in her stomach when she realized it was her brother’s penis.

WHACK! WHACK! Her brother started in on her bruised, painful ass. She felt terribly vulnerable in this position over Phil’s lap and the pain and burning in her ass and thighs. Finally he was done and her head slumped beside his leg, her face mashed against the side of his jeans. She was exhausted and mentally beaten up. The pain in her ass and thighs would subside but the feeling in her psyche was really damaged.

She felt a hand pulling her up and saw her mother and sister showing concern for her. Her father looked worried as well. He came over and pulled him to her, giving her a huge bear hug.

“Carrie, this was for your own good. I’m sorry it had to be this way.”

Carrie began sobbing, burying her face in his sweatered shoulder. Despite his meanness earlier, the familiar smell of him soothed her. “Please Daddy, I never meant to embarrass the family. I’m so sorry.”

“I know sweetie, I know. Now, this whole event is over, except for a few new rules.”

Carrie pulled away, hoping that there was no more.

“First, you will strip your clothes off at this time every night and remain naked you leave for school in the morning. If you have plans out of this house, we can discuss it but mostly, you will be naked after 6 every night until your punishment is over three weeks from today. Is that understood?”

Carrie nodded. “Yes Daddy.”

“Good. I don’t want you to ever forget the humiliation of stripping naked. You going to be disrobing in front of people a lot in the next three weeks and I want each time to be humiliating. Now, for the rest of the night, you will serve the meal and do the chores. You will not have dinner. Instead, I will show you where you will stay throughout this meal. Everyone, dinner is ready.”

The entire family headed into the kitchen. Carrie saw the piece of wood in the entryway.

“This is the new punishment spot. You will kneel here whenever I tell you. Tonight, you will serve the meal and then come and kneel here until you are needed for something. You will come to dread this wood and hopefully there will be no repeat of today.”

She had then served the meal, feeling the hot and cold of the food as she carried the bowls next to her body. After each serving, she would go and kneel on the wood, her knees pressed hard against the unyielding surface. Her knees hurt almost immediately and joined her ass and thighs as problem areas. She would get short reprieves when someone requested something (usually Mr. O’Neill or Phil) but then had to go and kneel again.

Finally dinner was done. She cleared the table. She started washing dishes when she heard Tracey ask if she could help. Carrie was grateful to her sister for her concern and slid over to allow room at the sink. The clothed teen dried as her naked sister washed in silence. Finally, Tracey got up the courage to speak.

“I think what Daddy did was awful. You don’t deserve this humiliation.”

“Thanks Trace, but I did bring shame to the family. I probably deserve some kind of punishment.”

The two continued washing the dishes in silence.

“So, how is it?”

“How is what,” Carrie asked.

“Being naked all the time. Oh God, I don’t think I could even imagine it, everyone seeing my things, having nothing to cover me. Oh man, that must be awful.”

“It is terrible...at school and here. You know, you wouldn’t think it would be so bad here. I mean, it’s our home. But it’s just as bad...it just feels so wrong.”

Carrie looked and saw her sister staring directly at her tits. “Um, excuse me Tracey. Do you like them?”

“Oh yes, you have beautiful breasts. Oh God, what am I saying. I don’t mean, um, it’s not that I’m a lesb--, um, it’s, uh, they’re so nice and perfect. Mine haven’t grown at all.”

“Relax Tracey, admiring another girl’s breasts doesn’t make you a lesbian. Now if you were looking at my other place, that might make you one.”

The two girls laughed. Then Tracey’s smile turned serious.

“What’s the worst part?”

Carrie’s smile went away as well. She looked around to make sure they were alone.

“Well, two things. There’s the obvious thing about everyone having total access to your private parts. I hate the fact that everyone now knows what my pussy looks like or my breasts. It’s awful.”

“Man, that sounds bad. I can’t even imagine. What’s the other thing?”

Again, Carrie looked around the room, making sure they were alone. “I’m constantly aroused.”

“WHAT?!?”

Carrie put her finger to her mouth. “Shush Tracey, Dad will kill me if he finds out.”

“This is arousing to you? Being completely naked in public turns you on,” Tracey whispered.

“I know, I don’t believe it either. I have no idea why it happens, but I was so wet and aroused that I, oh God, I masturbated in the boys bathroom after I dumped the piss.”

“No way,” Tracey gasped, shocked at her sister’s revelation.

“Tracey, this has to be a secret among sisters. Promise me no one will ever know about this but us.”

“I promise. Man, I don’t believe it. I wonder if I would react the same way.”

The two girls finished the dishes, oblivious to the fact that Phil was sitting quietly in the next room, smirking and hearing everything.

**PART 66**

The next day was one that Shannon was greatly regretting. Last month, she and Carrie had decided to attend as many college visits as possible. They hoped to go to school together, dreaming of life as roommates in the great college world. Though their dreams were a bit different, both thought they could find a school they liked together.

Shannon had always wanted to attend Brown University in Rhode Island, an Ivy League school where her oldest sister had gone. She wanted to go into law, hoping to work as an advocate for abused women and children. She laughed now, thinking that she was an abused child herself.

Carrie thought New York University was the place to go. It had an outstanding theater program and she wanted to be an actress or a photographer. The attraction of the city was awesome to her, the hub of everything. They were going to apply to both places and see what happens. They had both signed up for Brown’s junior visit day, held every year in February. This year, it was today and the two were ready to go. Jack and Colleen Lynch were accompanying the girls on this trip while Carrie’s parents were taking them to NYU.

Normally Shannon would have been excited to be traveling to Brown again...Brighid had loved her time there so much and Shannon had visited her many times, loving the feel of the campus. She couldn’t wait to get back there, but that was before.

She didn’t want to go to Brown like this, naked and completely bare. She wanted to curl up in her room and never leave but that was impossible. Her father had insisted that she keep her commitment to Brown and the arrangements were made.

The trip there took roughly three hours. They would pick up Carrie at 7 and then head north. Shannon could barely eat anything at breakfast. Her father said nothing to her as the three of them headed for the car. She was glad that her dad had thoughtfully warmed the car up as the morning was the coldest thus far. She was thankful that she didn’t have to worry about the bus today.

They went to Carrie’s house and Jack asked Shannon to please run up and get her friend. Shannon was a bit unhappy about having to expose herself but got out of the car and ran up the cold hard steps. Mr. Bartlett opened the door and his eyes got wide.

“Shannon, you’re a sight this morning. I hadn’t realized you’d be naked today as well. What a pity.”

“Good morning Mr. Bartlett,” Shannon said softly. “Is Carrie ready yet?”

“Not quite. She’s in the family room.”

Shannon ducked her head into the other room and saw her friend pulling up a tight mini skirt. She was already wearing a tight tank top and it was obvious that there was no bra involved.

“Carrie, what are you wearing?”

“It’s Dad’s idea. Since I couldn’t be naked at Brown, he made me wear a revealing outfit. This skirt is Tracey’s, a size too small for me. The top is mine from last year, before my, well, you know.”

Shannon knew that she meant before her breasts developed. Carrie had been pretty flat until last summer and had blossomed to her new fuller size.

She pulled on a pair of thigh highs and heels and looked like a sexy young thing. Shannon’s eyes were wide...her friend never wore clothes like this.

“Does it look awful,” Carrie asked.

“No, you look great. Amazing. You could pass for a college girl.”

Carrie smiled. “Really?”

Shannon nodded, meaning every word. It was true, her friend was gorgeous in that outfit. Her father had been trying to embarrass her but she was looking better than normal.

“I had been hoping to blend in on the campus. Guess not now,” Carrie said.

“Well, having a naked friend with you might make it difficult.”

Carrie went and grabbed her bag and kissed her mother and father goodbye. Both looked shocked at her appearance but there was nothing to say...the outfit had been selected by her dad.

The two girls ran out to the Lynch’s car and jumped into the back seat. Jack Lynch’s eyes almost bugged out of his eyes when he saw his daughter’s best friend.

“Good morning Carrie. Don’t you look nice.”

“Thank you Mr. Lynch, but I would rather be wearing my regular clothes. I think Dad has gotten rid of all of jeans and sweats.”

The weird foursome, with the clothed adults with one naked teen and one dressed in a scantily clad outfit in the back seat, headed out to the highway. The two adults tried to get the girls involved in the conversation but were unsuccessful so they talked amongst themselves. Shannon looked out the window, sure that everyone was looking at her. Actually, very few had noticed her and those that did could only see her shoulders and maybe the tops of her breasts. But she felt completely on display.

Carrie felt just as bad. Her short skirt was constantly riding up her thighs and her nipples threatened to poke a hole in her top. She wanted to curl up in the back seat and sleep until they arrived home.

Finally, after about 90 minutes on the road, Jack Lynch pulled over into a rest stop. “Hungry girls,” he asked. Colleen said she was famished but neither of the teens wanted to get out. The two sat in the car, which was parked in a pretty remote section of the rest stop, with no other car in sight while the two adults went inside to get food. They then ate in silence while Jack Lynch drove the remainder of the way to Brown.

Shannon felt a knot in the pit of her stomach as she saw a sign: “2 miles from Brown University.” They were already in Providence, heading past the apartment house where Brighid had lived her last two years. It was a clear shot to Brown from there, a two-miles stretch on a major highway. Shannon saw her dreams of attending Brown die right then. She could never go to a school where she had been forced to be naked...it was bad enough that everyone back at St. Mark’s only saw her tits and pussy. It would be worse if her new schoolmates got that as their first impression of her.

Instead of continuing down the road, Jack pulled off onto a small residential street.

“Colleen, why don’t you get the surprise for the girls out of the back.?”

“Good idea Jack,” said the woman, as she eased the door open and got out of the SUV. She returned with a large suitcase and sat in the back with the girls.

“Now, this is a surprise. Carrie, you must never tell your parents that we allowed this. Is that clear?”

The girl nodded, wondering what was inside.

“Ok then, ladies, this is for today,” Colleen said, opening up a suitcase filled with clothes.

“OH MY GOD, are you kidding,” Shannon asked, tears flowing from her eyes.

“Not kidding at all,” Jack said from the front seat. “We’re not easing up on you, that’s why we held out so that you would think we were going to make you be at Brown naked. But, it’s not fair to your future to have you at a disadvantage. As for you Carrie, I thought your dad might do something like this and, frankly, I disagree with him. So, Colleen came up with this plan.”

“Thank you, thank you,” Shannon said, hugging her stepmom. She then rummaged through the clothes. She found a pair of her jeans and a blouse. There was even a bra and knickers.

“Oh God, clothes. I can’t wait.”

She pulled on the bra, forgetting for a moment how to put it on. She wrapped it around beneath her breasts and clipped it in the front before sliding in on correctly and pulling her arms through. She was covered, she was wearing clothes for the first time in a week. She loved the feeling as she pulled on the knickers, feeling the cloth against her vagina. Oh it was so sweet.

Shannon luxuriated in the feel of each garment as it went on. Jack and Colleen watched her like proud parents did on Christmas morning as she pulled on each piece. She loved the feel of the blouse and then the jeans. They felt like velvet against her bare skin. She then rolled on a pair of ankle socks and then the sneaks. For the first time in eight days, Shannon Malone was fully clothed.

She looked over and saw Carrie was just clutching her clothes to her. She had grabbed a pair of jeans and a blouse as well but had not yet put them on.

“Care, what’s the matter.”

She looked up, tears in her eyes. The clothes were so close but yet...

“Your dad’s here,” she whispered.

“So, come on, put the clothes on. You’ll feel so much better.”

“I can’t...your dad will see me.”

“Carrie, you’ve been naked in front of the whole school and your whole family.

My dad is just another guy. Plus he’s seen me naked for the last week.”

It was so tempting to the young girl. She so wanted to put these warm, regular clothes on. They were so much better than the revealing outfit she was currently wearing. But somehow, she couldn’t let her guard down.

“Ok Carrie, I’ll get out of the car for two minutes. But hurry or we will be late.”

Jack Lynch got out of the car and Carrie quickly disrobed, removing the tight tank and the skirt. She would have frozen walking outside at Brown in that outfit anyway. She pulled the blouse on, knowing that no bra that Shannon owned would fit her. She noticed her hard nipples showed, but not nearly as much as before. She quickly pulled on knickers then the jeans, thankful that she and Shannon were roughly the same size. She then pulled on socks but then gasped.

“I only have the shoes my dad made me wear. I can’t wear them with this.”

“Relax Carrie, I packed sneaks for you too. These are mine,” Colleen said, pulling a pair of Nikes out of the bag and handing them to the young girl. Carrie smiled and slid them on, loving the feel compared to the heels her father had selected.

“Okay Mr. Lynch, I’m done,” Carrie said through the window. Jack smiled and came back in. He hadn’t needed the notice, he had been watching, unable to take his eyes off of the naked girl who had grown up so much in the last year.

“Thanks Carrie, you look different.”

The girl laughed, so much more comfortable in jeans and a blouse, even though her nipples were still prominent. It was so much better than that miniskirt and tank top. Every part of her was covered except her face and hands.

Jack Lynch got back into the SUV and noticed the mood change right away. The girls were chatting away now, their voices excited at the prospect of visiting Brown, his alma mater. He realized how much the nudity, or in Carrie’s case the revealing outfit, had weighed on their minds.

The visit to Brown was better than expected. The girls had seen the dorm where most of the freshmen lived. They separately imagined their room, how it would be decorated. Shannon had a meeting with the women’s basketball coach who was excited to meet her and asked for a tape. That worried Shannon, but the girl smiled and said sure. At the same time, Carrie met with the director of the theater program, who encouraged her to apply and audition for a spot in the program.

Both girls thoroughly enjoyed seeing the men’s track team and football teams as they worked out in the athletic department’s fitness room. They looked at each other and giggled at the same time, both thinking that it would be fun to work out next to these men.

The four sat in the student dining hall and ate the free meal provided by the admissions office. Though not fine dining, both girls enjoyed the atmosphere. Jack and Colleen were so proud to see how natural Shannon looked at college, like this was definitely the right place for her.

After lunch, both girls had their final interviews with an admissions officer and were strongly encouraged to apply early admission. This was a source of pride to both girls and they excitedly chattered about it all the way back to the car.

They made their way to the parking lot, currently crowded with cars but not many people.

“Okay, girls, off with the clothes,” Jack said.

The two teens stopped suddenly, their chatter ceased.

“Ah Daddy, can we do it in the car, please,” Shannon asked.

“Honey, I’ve already given in more than I should have. Your punishment was total nudity for six weeks. I gave you clothes for a whole day after only a week. But the time is up and you need to strip now. You may not get back into the car wearing clothes. Carrie, same with you, strip outside the car, put your clothes in the bag and then get in. You can put your other clothes on. Shannon, once you have both sets of clothes, put them in the back of the car and then hop in so we can get home.”

The excitement seeped out of the girls. Shannon began first, kicking off her sneakers and using her toes to remove her socks. It had felt so good to her feet to be covered, now that was gone. She glanced around quickly, hoping no one was around, unbuttoned her jeans and pulled them down. Her blouse was long enough to cover her ass and pussy.

Carrie hadn’t moved, was too nervous to move. She didn’t want to strip in this public place but realized she had no choice.

“Carrie, come on,” Shannon said in a whisper. “I can’t finish until you are naked and in the car. I’m half naked already so hurry up.”

Carrie snapped out of her funk and kicked off her shoes. She knew that her friend was right. She then reached down and pulled off her socks. She quickly disposed of the sneaks and shoes and threw them in the bag.

She looked around anxiously, hoping that no one was near. She was in luck but figured that wouldn’t last long. She undid her jeans and pulled them and the knickers down in one movement, trying to save time. She was now nude except for her blouse, on Brown’s campus.

Her trembling fingers undid her blouse. She had noticed the boys looking at her braless tits inside of her blouse. If they could see her now...that was nothing. She undid all of the buttons and let it slide off of her. She quickly stuffed it in the bag and ducked into the car, leaving Shannon out there in just her blouse and bra.

To save exposure time, the girl pulled her arms into her blouse and undid the bra and removed it, pulling it out her sleeve. She was now in just her blouse and unbuttoned the garment, removing it and standing naked again. Her time in clothes was over.

She stuffed the blouse in the bag and zipped it. Shannon picked the heavy bag up and opened the back of the SUV, threw the clothes bag in and scurried around the car and into the backseat, pulling the door shut. She sat back, the smooth feel of the leather seats against her bare butt, thighs and back. The clothes had been wonderful things, but they were just a tease. This was her life now, at least for the next six weeks.

The girls sat in silence. Jack Malone grimaced, sad that the girls were so upset.

“So, it could have been worse right,” he said hopefully. “Those cross country boys could have seen you like this.”

There was no reaction at first. Then a hint of a smile came across Shannon’s face.

“They were cute weren’t they,” she said softly. She looked at Carrie and grinned. Soon the two of them were chatting away, forgetting about their nudity. Jack turned up the radio in the front while Colleen dozed. The man was enjoying listening the happy sounds of his daughter and her best friend, chatting about their day while nude in the back seat.

**PART 67**

Carrie arrived home and waited by the front door. The new rule was that she must be naked in the house but she couldn’t just strip, she had to do it in front of someone. She had hoped that it would always be her mom or sisters.

“Mom, I’m home,” she shouted.

“Hi dear, I’m in the kitchen.”

“Ah, Mom, could you come in here so I can do my clothes thing.”

“Oh sweetie, I can’t, I’m finishing a recipe for dinner. Call Phil, he’s upstairs.”

No way, she thought.

“TRACEY! LIL! Anyone here?”

“Carrie, the only person home besides me is your brother. Please ask him to do this.”

Carrie wanted anything but that. She and her brother had never been close. He was older than her and thought he was way too mature to hang out with his younger sister. But last night, she had felt uncomfortable in his presence, like he was leering at her. She supposed she couldn’t blame him for keeping his eyes on her pussy and breasts the whole time. If he was naked, she would probably fixate on his penis.

“Um, Phil? Phil, could you come down here for a second please.”

She heard a thump as her brother’s feet hit the floor. “WHAT?”

“Phil, I need a favor.”

She heard his footsteps and then he was at the top of the steps. His eyes got big when he saw her outfit. He had already been at school when she got dressed this morning. Even though he had seen her nude all last night, this was a great view.

“What do you want?”

“Phil, I need to undress in front of someone and Mom is busy,” she said, swallowing hard. “Can I do it in front of you?”

The boy’s face broke into an evil grin. “Sure, just one second.” He turned and went back towards his room. When he emerged a minute later, he came straight down the steps, sitting on the next to last one.

“Go ahead sis, I’m all eyes.”

The girl groaned under her breath but kicked off her heels before moving to unzip her skirt. She let it fall to the ground, unveiling her vagina, barely covered with her soft pubes. She heard her brother let out what sounded like a whistle and cringed, knowing the view he was getting. The half naked girl finished the job by pulling the halter top over her head and standing totally naked in the foyer.

“Alright, the show’s over sicko,” Carrie said sarcastically. “Thanks for your help.”

Her brother just sat there smiling. “You’re welcome. Oh, by the way, I want you hear this first.”

Carrie saw her brother pull a mini tape recorded out of his pocket. He pressed play and she heard her voice:

“Well, two things. There’s the obvious thing about everyone having total access to your private parts. I hate the fact that everyone now knows what my pussy looks like or my breasts. It’s awful.”

“Man, that sounds bad. I can’t even imagine. What’s the other thing?”

“I’m constantly aroused.”

“WHAT?!?”

“Shush Tracey, Dad will kill me if he finds out.”

“This is arousing to you? Being completely naked in public turns you on.”

“I know, I don’t believe it either. I have no idea why it happens, but I was so wet and aroused that I, oh God, I masturbated in the boys bathroom after I dumped the piss.”

“No way.”

“Tracey, this has to be a secret among sisters. Promise me no one will ever know about this but us.”

“I promise. Man, I don’t believe it. I wonder if I would react the same way.”

Carrie’s face was completely pale, all of the blood drained from it. No one was supposed to hear her conversation with her sister over dishes last night. Where had he been?

“Oh God, Phil, please give me that tape.”

Phil laughed. “Um, I don’t think so.”

“Where did you get it?”

“Well, on a lark, I grabbed it when I saw you and Tracey washing the dishes. I figured you would talk about girl stuff. I sat in the dark in the pantry and started taping. Imagine my surprise when I got something that would really embarrass you.”

Carrie looked in her brother’s eyes, hoping to get some sympathy. After all, they were blood.

“Phil, what are you going to do with it?”

“Well, Care, that’s up to you. I could play it for mom and dad. I’m sure they’ll love to hear about how their baby girl fingered herself in the boys bathroom at school and how she loves to be naked in front of strangers.”

Carrie started to cry. She was screwed.

“Or, I could just keep it for myself, just listen to it in the comfort of my own room and no one ever hears it.”

“Oh please do that Phil. Please don’t play it for anyone.”

“Again, that’s up to you. Are you willing to do whatever it takes to keep this tape from circulating?”

Carrie again knew she had no choice and nodded her head, no words coming to her.

“Good. Now, you will do my chores for the rest of the week, including taking out the trash and walking the dog. And, you will remain naked while doing them all. Understand?”

“Please don’t make me stay naked. Phil, please, I’ll do the chores, but let me wear something.”

“No, completely naked at all times. If Dad asks, say you are paying me back for something but don’t want to break his nudity rule.”

Oh God, Carrie thought, but she said, “Okay.”

“Good. Oh, last thing. You must convince Tracey to get completely naked in my presence one time in the next week and she must remain naked until I tell her she can dress.”

Carrie’s mouth opened wide and she shook her head no.

“No, please don’t drag her into this. It’s me you want.”

“Yes it is, but I want to see her naked too. She’s got quite the killer body.”

“Christ Phil, we’re your sisters. Have you no shame?”

“Carrie, I don’t want to fuck you. I only want to admire beautiful female bodies. I am a young man with sexual urges.”

Eww, gross, Carrie thought. I don’t want to know your sexual urges.

“Okay, I’ll do my best, but you can’t let anyone know about that tape.”

“No, that’s not the deal. I won’t tell Mom and Dad. Others might know about it.”

Carrie cringed, knowing that Phil and his sick friends would be listening to her tape, saying how turned on she got out of being naked. She would never live it down.

Just then Mrs. Bartlett walked in.

“Phil, thank you for doing that for your sister. I’ll handle it from here.”

The boy nodded and smirked at his naked sister before heading back upstairs into his room. Carrie breathed a sigh of relief when she heard the music blare from his room and the sound of the door closing.

“So, how was Brown,” her mother asked and the two women moved into the living room and chatted. Carrie then went into the kitchen and helped her mother fix dinner and set the table. It all felt so normal for the girl but it was far from it. In fact, she had really never been naked anywhere but in her room and the bathroom in the house. Her parents were real sticklers for being fully dressed most of the time.

They were so busy talking that the women didn’t even notice when Mr. Bartlett arrived home with the younger three kids. Carrie stiffened when she saw her father enter the kitchen. Her loving, caring father had turned wicked yesterday and this morning and Carrie wanted nothing to do with him.

The feeling was apparently mutual as the man entered the kitchen and looked at her nude form with contempt. He brushed past her, not even acknowledging her presence and gave his wife a kiss.

“Carrie was just telling me about her trip to Brown. Aren’t you interested in hearing about it?”

“Maybe some other time,” her father said gruffly as he quickly left the kitchen and went up to his room to shower and change before dinner.

Carrie’s cheeks became wet as the tears came out of her. Her mother saw the sadness in her daughter’s face, as did Tracey.

“Now Carrie, give him time. He’s very angry.”

“He doesn’t love me anymore, he hates me,” Carrie said, her tears turning to sobs. Her mother rushed over and put her arms around her, pulling her into a huge bearhug.

“I know it seems that way honey, but he loves you so much. He’s just disappointed, that’s all.”

“Oh God, what can I do to make it up to him,” the naked girl asked.

“Shh, let him deal with it in his own time.”

Meanwhile, Jed Bartlett stood on the steps, crushed by his daughter’s words. Did she really think he hated her? He was taking it so hard because he loved her so much. Slowly, he continued up the steps and into his room to get out of his work clothes and cleaned for dinner.

Finally, the seven Bartlett’s gathered in the kitchen for dinner. They all had regular seats, with Tracey and Carrie on the end by their mother while the younger girls and Phil nearer to their father. The family joined hands for prayers.

“Dear God, please pray for this family and thank you for bringing Carrie back from her trip safely,” said Mr. Bartlett, who opened his eyes briefly to see a smile come to his daughter. He still loved her, she thought.

“So, now, tell me, how was Brown,” Jed asked his daughter, who was so happy and began talking about her trip through the rest of dinner. The other siblings, Phil included, were happy to see their sister in such a good mood.

When dinner ended, Tracey and Carrie helped to clean off the table which was their chore for the week and the trash can quickly filled.

“Phil, can you take out the trash please,” Mr. Bartlett said.

“Oh Daddy, I’ll get it,” Carrie said, rushing over to where the trash was.

“But it’s Phil’s chore this week Carrie, he can do it,” Mrs. Bartlett said.

“No, that’s okay. Phil did me a favor so I told him I would do his chores for him.”

Both parents looked at their two children, shocked that they would be helping each other. They had talked frequently about the fact that the two did not get along and it was a worry. This was unprecedented.

“Is this true Philip,” Mr. Bartlett asked.”

The boy nodded, a big smile on his face.

“Yeah Dad, I helped Carrie with some school work last week. She’s doing my chores this week in return.”

The boy then watched his sister wrestle with the bag, trying to wretch it from the can. He saw the muscles in her ass and thighs twitch as she pulled. Finally she got it free and pulled the sliding glass door open, running with the bag to the side of the house where the trash cans were. Phil was loving the sight of his naked sister in the backyard, trying to avoid getting seen and he flicked the light on.

“So you don’t trip,” he yelled out. She glared at him, knowing the real reason he had done it. She felt her nipples harden from the cold air hitting her as she deposited the trash bag into the bigger can and rushed back into the house. She went to open the door but it was locked. The naked girl began banging on the door, looking around desperately hoping that no one was there to see.

Finally Phil came to the door and slid it open. “Gosh, must have locked when I closed it. Sorry Carrie.” The smirk on his face said that this was no accident. “That’s okay,” she said, trying to sound sincere.

Phil’s eyes followed her all the way as she got a new trash bag and placed it into the empty can. To do so, she had to bend over, her little slit peeking out from behind.

Once the trash can was finished, Carrie began washing the dishes with Tracey. Usually, the two did their chores together, making them go faster. For example, this week, Carrie was to clear the table and Tracey was to wash the dishes and put them away. The two helped each other finish both chores, giving them some company and also making the job get done faster.

Tracey started asking Carrie questions about her outfit at Brown but Carrie held her finger to her lips, asking for quiet. Instead, Carrie peppered Tracey with questions about school, etc.

When the two finished the dishes, they went into the family room where the younger siblings were watching TV as mom and dad sat on the couch talking. Just then, Phil came in.

“Um, Carrie, Maxie needs to be walked. That’s my job, but since you are doing my chores, I thought I would let you know.”

Carrie rolled her eyes but began to move out of the living room.

“Jed, we cannot allow this. Let’s allow her to wear something outside. It’s freezing. Even the dog has more covering than she does.”

Carrie looked at her father, begging to be allowed some cover. Then she remembered Phil’s rule.

“No, Mom, it’s my fault. I agreed to do Phil’s chores and I earned the punishment from Dad. It’s not fair for me to be begging to be allowed clothes after what I did. I’ll do it nude.”

The entire family, save Phil, looked at her in shock. They assumed that she would do anything to be covered. Jed was actually planning on giving in to his wife’s request before Carrie’s speech.

“You are absolutely right,” her father said. “I am glad to hear that you are taking responsibility for your actions. Now, go and walk Maxie, I’m sure the poor old boy needs it.”

The nude girl walked over to where the dog’s leash was kept and went looking for the pet. It had been a gift to the family about 13 years ago but he was on his last legs. Carrie would miss Maxie, but wanted out of this chore. She found the dog curled up in Dad’s study, warm on a rug.

“Come on Maxie, time for your walk.”

Carrie interpreted the look from the dog as one of bewilderment. Was she going to walk me outside like that, she thought he must be thinking. Well, the answer was yes and she didn’t like it any more than he did.

She leaned over and clipped the leash on his collar. As she leaned in, she lost her balance and felt his fur rub against her bare breasts. She shivered at the nice sensation. What the hell am I doing, she thought. This is Maxie for Christsakes. She quickly stood up and led Maxie out of the house and out in the cold night air.

Oh God, it’s freezing out here. Please Maxie, pee fast boy, she thought. They made it down the steps and out onto the sidewalk. Luckily most of the people were already home and had dinner. There was nobody out on the street but to be safe, she stayed close to the houses, hoping to be able to dive behind some bushes if any cars came by.

She watched as Maxie sniffed at this tree or that, begin to lift his leg then move on.

“Please Maxie, please go soon boy,” she said to her dog, who looked at her as if to say not to rush him.

She was so busy egging Maxie on that she didn’t hear the footsteps until it was too late.

“Holy shit, Carrie Bartlett, is that you?”

She swung around and saw John McBride, a boy she had grown up with from two doors away. John was a year older than her and had gone away to college this year but he had always hung out with her when they were young. John was walking his family’s dog, Terri.

“Um, yeah, hi John.”

“What the hell are you doing out here like that,” he asked, his eyes roaming up and down her naked body.

“Well, um, it’s part of this new thing at St. Mark’s and...”

“Crap, you got a naked punishment? You, Carrie Bartlett, the nicest most well-behaved person in the entire school, got a naked punishment?”

She looked down embarrassed, but doing that only reminded her of her nudity. The first thing she saw was her erect nipples and then her bare feet. She felt even more naked standing out here in the cold while John was in a heavy winter coat, pants and sneaks.

“Hey, don’t get all shy with me, it’s me John remember? You showed me your little puss five years ago.”

Carrie smiled, remembering the dare game they had played that summer. She had asked to see his penis and he had answered that he wanted to see her pussy. They had decided to do it at the same time, him lowering his shorts and her pulling her knickers off and dress up. She had been mesmerized by his penis, which went from a soft little thing to something longer and straighter as he took a close look at her bare slit, then totally devoid of hair.

“Yeah, I remember.”

“What did you do?”

Carrie started to tell him about what happened but then felt something touching her pussy. She looked down and saw the snout of Terry at her pussy. The naked girl cried out in surprise and jumped away from the dog. Maxie growled to protect his owner.

“Come on Terry, it’s Carrie, dump dog.”

“Ah, John, do you think we could continue this inside. I’m freezing out here, as you can imagine.”

John started to laugh. “Yeah, I guess so. How about we grab some coffee tomorrow morning. I’m home on break. Maybe before you leave for school, you can come over to my house and we can chat. Will you be wearing this?”

Carrie shook her head. “If I’m on my way to school, no, I’ll be wearing my uniform. I have to wear it to and from school but strip when I get there and when I get home. Weird huh?”

“Yeah. Oh well, that’s too bad. I like you this way,” John said, his eyes twinking.

Carrie caught the flirting nature of the conversation and felt a tingle in her pussy. Was it watering, she wondered, then laughingly thought I hope not, icicles would form out here.

“Well, see you tomorrow morning then,” she said.

As she passed him, he reached out and pecked her on the cheek. “It’s great seeing you again, all of you.”

She grinned back at him and walked back towards her house, Maxie in tow.

**PART 68**

Shannon wasn’t having nearly the good time that Carrie was and she was even more public.

First, after dropping Carrie off, her father had recommended a trip to McDonald’s. Shannon loved their French fries and readily agreed. They pulled into a Mickey D’s that they had never been before and drove around looking for a drive thru.

“I don’t see a drive thru, we’ll have to go in.”

Both women in the car gasped.

“Jack, Shannon’s naked. We can’t go in there.”

“Nonsense, she’s always naked. This isn’t any different than at school. She was willing to be nude at Brown. I’m hungry and you guys both said you were hungry. So let’s go in and eat.”

Both females knew there was to be no more argument as Jack Lynch opened the door, got out and slammed it shut. Colleen looked back at her step daughter with sympathetic eyes and then turned and eased out of the car.

Shannon looked around, wondering if she could stay in the car. There were three other cars in the parking lot so she knew there were others in the restaurant...could she really go in there?

Then she saw her father standing at the door, continuing to hold it open even though Colleen was in. This was a less-than-subtle hint that he expected her in there now.

She took a quick glance in either direction and opened the door. The nude girl was like a blur to anyone driving by as she sprinted towards the door being held by her father.

She happily felt the heat of the restaurant as she entered by unhappily heard the surprised cries and whispers when she appeared. She looked around and saw about a dozen people eating their meals and maybe 10 people behind the counter, all but two were teenage boys.

She didn’t know what to do as she stood there with her father as he read the menu board. Was he kidding? This was McDonald’s, what was there to read. Either you wanted a hamburger or not. Colleen was looking at her husband with the same look of disgust. Both knew what he was doing.

Shannon folded her arms over her breasts and stood tight against the counter. The only thing on total display was her ass and that she could live with. At least her breasts and pussy was hidden from the prying eyes.

She looked up and saw the boys inches from her, staring at her body. Not one of the six boys in front of her was looking her in the eye, choosing to look at the tops of her breasts which jutted out over her folded arms.

“Okay, I’m ready,” Jack Lynch said. “I’ll take the number 3 meal with a coke.

Ladies.”

Colleen ordered a grilled chicken sandwich and a coke. All eyes turned towards the naked girl, although several of the boys behind the counter had never taken their eyes off of her.

“Um, I’ll take a small fries please,” she said, her voice barely rising above a whisper.

“Would you like a burger or drink with your tits, I mean fries,” the boy said, obviously embarrassed at his mistake.

Shannon’s face turned an even deeper shade of red as she looked down at the counter, shaking her head no. Jack Lynch was angry at the boy and about to say something when the manager came over.

“What is the meaning of this,” said the older man. “You,” he said, pointing at Shannon, “cannot be in here. See the sign, no shoes, no shirt, no service. This some kind of prank?”

“Mr. Evans, this is Shannon Malone, the girl from school I was talking about,” the boy at the counter said. This doubly embarrassed Shannon, not only did he know her but she had been their topic of conversation.

“Oh this is the girl you wanted to fuc, I mean sleep with.”

Shannon gasped, feeling like someone had hit her in the stomach.

“Hey now,” her father said. “That’s my daughter. Watch your mouth Sir.”

The manager backed up, knowing he had gone too far.

“Sorry Mr. Malone, but we just had that conversation and Harold here said that about your daughter. And, judging by what I see here, I don’t blame him one bit.”

There was silence as the men stared at each other.

“Well, I can see that this has all been a misunderstanding,” the manager finally said. “Harold, please give the Malone’s here their food, on the house. I apologize for any offense you may have taken from our conversation Sir. It will now happen again.”

The boy, thankful at no longer being involved in the uncomfortable situation, started getting the food that they had ordered. He was clearly out of sorts, keeping something covering his crotch at all times. Finally all of the food was there and Jack Malone grabbed the tray and quickly pulled away.

Shannon turned away, glad to not have to look at those gawking boys anymore. She followed her father to a booth and she groaned internally when she noticed it was next to a window. At least there was no play park here...she was saved the indignity of having little kids point and laugh. Now it was just the teens and grownups she had to worry about.

Her father sat with his back to the window and Colleen sat next to him, leaving Shannon with to face the window, her bare breasts on display to anyone walking by.

“I figured we could shield you a little if we sat like this,” Colleen said. Jack looked at her as if the thought had never crossed his mind.

The threesome sat in silence, eating their food. Shannon nibbled on a fry at a time, savoring the taste of her favorite food of all time and tried to forget where she was. That was all but impossible though as the tables surrounding them were cleaner than they had ever been before.

Just as she had finished her fries and she was waiting for Colleen to finish, a group of roughly 15 teenage boys came through the door. Shannon desperately wanted to dive under the table but knew that was impossible. They went to the counter and spoke to Harold, who pointed towards where she was sitting. They all turned and Shannon knew that the boy must have called all of his nerd friends to come and have a gawk. Her father and stepmother had not yet seen them but Colleen turned when she saw the horrified look on Shannon’s face.

“Jack, we’ve got to go,” the woman said when she saw the menacing group of teen boys moving towards them.

“What, you haven’t finished eat--,” Jack said before interrupting himself when he saw the gawking gang of boys. “Ok, let’s roll. Shannon, stay with me.”

Shannon had never been afraid of a group of boys before but this time, something felt wrong. She wanted to hold her father by the neck and have him carry her out but settled for staying right by his side.

The two adults and the naked girl slowly headed for the door, hoping to get out without an incident.

“hey Shannon, I heard you enjoy eating fries...do you like long things to eat? I have something long for you,” one of the boys said. Shannon closed her eyes but the taunts continued.

They were almost through the crowd when Shannon felt a hand pushing against her pussy, a finger pushing inside.

“AAHHH!!!” she said, jumping away, putting her father between herself and the offender. The threesome ran out of the restaurant and into the car while the boys stood at the door and laughed.

Shannon erupted in tears in the back seat, her whole body racked with sobs as she let out all of her humiliation, anger and frustration. Colleen glared at her husband, knowing that he had pushed too far.

“Shannon, for what it’s worth, I am so sorry about that. I never meant for all of that to happen. If I had known, we never would have gone in there.”

Shannon kept crying, not bothering to respond to her father, who put the car in reverse and drove home.

**PART 69**

Carrie dressed in her school uniform with her father and brother at the table watching. This was so humiliating, having them sit there, her father buttering his toast, barely looking up from his newspaper while her brother slurped up cereal, his eyes never leaving her bare body.

The order of her dressing had been spelled out by her father. Socks first, then shoes. She could then put on her skirt and finally her blouse. Of course, there was no bra and no knickers. She was completely bare underneath, not that it mattered. She was going to have to strip at school anyway and the lack of undergarments would make that easier. She just wished she could have something to ward against the cold wind that blew up her skirt as she went outside. At least she didn’t have to worry about the bus like Shannon did. She was still allowed to drive to school, thankfully, though she wondered why her father hadn’t taken away that privilege.

She dressed as quickly as she could, relishing the first covering she had been allowed since coming home from the trip to Brown. Had it only been 12 hours ago, she wondered?

She grabbed her bag, kissed her mother and father goodbye and went out into the winter day without a coat, which was one more cover she was not permitted. She threw her school bag and purse into her trunk and headed over to John’s house for breakfast.

The path to his house was familiar. Although it had been over a year since she had been there, she remembered making this trip quite frequently as a kid. She remembered chasing John into the house, the two of them making a racket and being playfully yelled at by his mom. That had been years ago, before puberty. Even after she had sprouted tits and pussy hair, they had remained friends, though the friendship had changed a bit. Now they talked more and no longer wrestled.

She rang the doorbell and smiled when John opened the door.

“Hi Carrie. Please leave your uniform on the porch and come on in.”

Carrie smile flew from her face.

“What,” she said in a snarl.

John was nonplussed.

“I said, please leave your uniform on the porch and come on in. I know I spoke pretty plainly.”

“Fuck you John McBride, who the fuck do you think you are. Just because you saw me naked...”

She watched as he pushed play on a small cassette recorder, one that looked a lot like Phil’s.

“Well, two things. There’s the obvious thing about everyone having total access to your private parts. I hate the fact that everyone now knows what my pussy looks like or my breasts. It’s awful.”

“Man, that sounds bad. I can’t even imagine. What’s the other thing?”

“I’m constantly aroused.”

CLICK! He stopped the tape.

“Yeah, Phil must have seen us talking last night so he stopped over and gave me this little piece of tape,” John said. “It sounds wonderfully clear, like I’m there with you and Tracey in that kitchen, washing the dishes. I can almost see your bare ass jiggle as you wash. What a sight that must have been.”

Carrie stood, frozen solid in shock and fear, on the front porch. This was not the John she remembered. What was it about a naked girl that made men so mean and disgusting, she wondered.

“Please John, don’t do this. We’re friends, aren’t we?”

“Sure we’re friends, but if you want this tape to stay secret from your mom and dad, then you will do what I say now. So, please remove your clothes, leave them hanging on the porch rail and then you may enter. If you leave, this tape gets played for your mom and dad.”

With that, John closed the door, leaving the girl alone with her thoughts on the porch.

Oh God, what am I going to do, she thought. I have no choice, I have to strip right here and go into this boy’s house nude. Tears streamed down her face as she kicked off the saddle shoes and took off her socks with her toes. She draped the socks over the porch rail as instructed. With trembling fingers, she unzipped her skirt and then unbuttoned her blouse and stood naked on his porch. She laid these garments over the porch rail, like she was hanging them out to dry. How cold they would be when (or if) she ever was able to put them on again.

She then rang the doorbell, hopping from one foot to the other to stay warm. The damp morning was worse than the temperature of the night before and her dog walk.

“Who is it,” came the voice from behind the door.

Mother fucker, she thought. “It’s Carrie.”

“Oh, just a moment.”

Oh God, he was torturing her. She desperately wanted to be let in, before anyone saw her and before she froze to death.

After what felt like an hour, but was probably only three minutes, Carrie heard the click of the deadbolt and saw the door open.

“Why Carrie, so nice to see you...and your naked. Oh my God, that’s weird. Oh well, it’s so nice of you to agree to make me breakfast.”

The naked girl entered warily, wondering why the man was speaking so loudly and seemed to be talking to an audience. She peered in but saw no one.

“I’ll have eggs and bacon, please and I’m sorry but my mom has all of her aprons in the wash so you’ll have to cook like that.”

The look in John’s eyes said that this was not a request. He was ordering her to make him eggs and bacon, with the hot grease flying all over her naked body. She cringed at the thought but moved into the kitchen and began to fix the meal. She poured the oil into the pan for the bacon and began to fry it as her mother had taught her. She then began scrambling the eggs and poured them into another pan.

“Um, Carrie, I really don’t like scrambled eggs. Could you throw them away and fry me up two eggs please. Over easy would be good.”

The girl turned and glared at her tormentor but knowing that he had her right where he wanted her, she dumped the eggs out and washed the pan. Then she cracked two eggs into a pan and began to fry the egg.

John admired the little dance that she was doing, both to avoid the splattering grease but also the one of pain when a drop hit her. He hoped that the camera was getting it all.

He and Phil had made this arrangement...Phil would hide in the pantry, filming his sister’s humiliation. Then, the two boys would make dubs and share it with their friends. John knew dozens of guys at his college who would love a peek at this naked girl. Phil of course just wanted to add to her torment and would show the video to everyone, knowing that would kill his sister if every boy that looked at her had seen her naked.

Finally, Carrie finished cooking the meal and put the eggs and bacon on a plate for John. She hadn’t even thought to cook for herself and John had made no mention of preparing something for herself. Plus, her stomach didn’t feel so well after the humiliation of the morning.

“This looks great Carrie, but do you really want to kneel next to me during the meal? I mean, this is carrying things a bit too far but that’s okay by me.”

She looked at him, her eyes begging for mercy, but all she saw was him smirking. The nude girl, her breasts and belly showing signs of the splatter burns, dropped to her knees in the kitchen, in perfect view of her brother’s video camera.

As she knelt there, tears streamed down her face again. This was so humiliating, to be treated like a dog by this boy that she was once friends with. She wanted to be swallowed whole by the floor, to disappear and never come back.

She watched as he ate his meal, sprinkling salt and pepper onto the eggs.

“This isn’t too bad, I’m surprised that a girl with your body and sex habits learned to cook so well. When did you find the time?”

Carrie’s face turned red in shame and anger. She was virtually a virgin. The one time she had been fucked had been short, just under a minute. John was painting her to be a major slut.

Finally, the boy finished his meal and pushed the plate over to the edge.

“Thanks for agreeing to wash up after breakfast. I’m going to read the paper here. Where is it? Oh man, I left it outside, could you go down the front walk and grab it for me?”

Carrie groaned but started to get to her feet.

“No, no need for that. Crawl to the door and then you can get on your feet.

After all, you agreed to be my pet and pets do walk on all fours.”

Shamefully, the girl did as ordered, praying for some release from this humiliation. At least it was just for this one man. Even though this was awful, it would have been worse if others could see it. She did not know that her brother was sitting gleefully in the closet in perfect view of her upturned ass and her pussy mound as she crawled to the door.

The naked girl opened the door from her position on all fours and then stood. She looked quickly in both directions before darting to the sidewalk where the paper was rolled up and banded. She turned around and started back, but not before a group of high school boys walking across the street saw her and gave her some approving comments.

She got back to the front porch but was surprised to see the door closed. She went to open it but found it locked. Fuck, she thought. She saw the boys from across the street, staring at her as she stood there ringing the doorbell.

“Who is it?”

“Come on John, let me in,” she hissed.

“How can I let you in when I don’t know who you are.”

“Christ, it’s me Carrie with your paper. Please John, there are boys watching me.”

“Oh Carrie and my paper. Just a minute please, I’m not decent.”

You’re not decent, she thought, I’m naked on your goddamn porch with about a dozen high school boys, probably from my school, gawking at me.

The boys started moving across the street towards, disbelieving that a beautiful girl like that would willingly stand naked in broad daylight. She thought about putting on her uniform and leaving, but was deathly afraid of what would happen if John played that tape for her father.

The naked girl started banging on the door. “Please John, I’m begging you, let me in.”

John was watching the boys too, reveling in the situation that he had put Carrie through. While they had once been best friends, the chance to torture and humiliate a gorgeous naked teenager didn’t come along often.

He heard the banging get harder as the boys reached his sidewalk. He would save her in just a minute. The boys were standing at the foot of his walk, about 15 feet from the naked girl, who was turned so just her bottom was on display to them. If they looked carefully, they could see her mound peeking out.

“OH GOD JOHNNY, PLEASE LET ME IN,” she screamed. The boy at the foot of the walk laughed while one started up it towards the frightened naked girl. As John saw that, he unlocked the door and a very grateful Carrie pushed her way in.

“Thank you John, I thought you were going to leave me—“

“Why are you standing? Shouldn’t you be on all fours?”

The naked girl looked up at her former friend, wondering what had happened to this boy she had once loved so much. She dropped to the floor, on her hands and knees.

“hand me the paper please,” John commanded, and the naked girl got onto her knees and handed the boy the paper.

“Good girl,” he said, patting her head. Humiliation and shame mixed with anger inside the girl.

“Now, you can finish cleaning the dishes.”

Ashamed of herself, she crawled over to the sink, feeling the wetness escaping between her pussy lips. Oh God, she hated this but somehow she was aroused. When she got to the sink, she pulled herself up to a standing position and began to wash the dishes and the pans. She was just about finished when she felt John up against her. He was completely naked, his hard cock poking at her bare ass.

“John, no, what are you doing?”

“You think you can tease me here all morning and not have it affect me? Now, I’m going to get some relief.”

The boy roughly grabbed her by the shoulders and pulled her around. She cried out in surprise and fear as the boys pushed her bare ass onto the counter and moved between her legs, forcing them far apart. His cock was inches from her pussy.

“NO,NONONNO, pleasssssee NOOOO,” she cried, fighting him off the best she could, but she was no match for the bigger, stronger boy, her fists had no effect on him.

She was sobbing, resigned to the rape that was about to happen. Suddenly, over his shoulder, she saw a blur run towards her attacker and grab him by the neck, pulling the boy away from her. She hopped down from the counter and grabbed a chair for protection as this unknown person attacked John.

“PHILL, LEETTT THE FUCK GO OF MEE!”

“FUCK YOU, this was never supposed to happen this way,” said the other boy, who Carrie could now see was her older brother. Phil had the smaller man in a headlock and for once, Carrie was glad to see her athletic brother.

“Are you calm asshole,” Phil asked the naked John, who answered in the affirmative. Although he didn’t release him totally, Carrie could see that her brother had relaxed his hold on the boy’s neck.

“You went over the edge John, way over the edge. I wasn’t going to sit there and watch my sister get raped you animal. What the fuck were you thinking?”

“I thought it was okay. You wanted me to humiliate her and I did. I thought this was okay.”

“No man, that’s rape you idiot. The other stuff was just teasing, putting her in her place. But rape is fucking brutal and no woman should ever have that happen to her.”

Phil let go of the other boy’s neck, pushing him to the floor. Carrie was stunned to see her brother.

“Ww-hheere did you come from,” she asked, her voice barely above a whisper.

“In the pantry,” Phil said meekly. “I was videotaping this whole thing as a joke, something to hold over you. I’m sorry this happened.”

Carrie started to dry heave. Her brother had been behind this whole debacle, humiliating her beyond words. She was sick to her bones...having her former best friend act like a pig was bad enough, but to find out that her brother arranged the whole thing was beyond the girl’s understanding.

Phil moved towards her, feeling horrible. He and Carrie had never gotten along all that well, but this was beyond anything that could have happened. He moved in and tried to console her, pulling her into a hug. She resisted for a moment but then started sobbing into his shoulder.

“I’m so sorry Care, it was never supposed to happen like this. I was just trying to rub it in a little, have a little fun. I never meant for you to get hurt.”

“Phil, it’s awful, you don’t understand what it’s like being naked all of the time, men think they can do anything they want to you. It’s awful and the worst part is, my body responds. I hate it but I get wet, you wouldn’t understand.”

Phil pulled her tighter. “Trust me, I understand. Who better than a boy would understand what it’s like to have sexual arousal at inopportune times. Trust me, it sucks.”

The naked girl let out a tentative laugh. She guessed her brother was right...most girls can hide their excitement under their skirts or pants. Her arousal was out in the open, kind of like a boy.

“Come on, time to leave.”

The siblings walked towards the door, John McBride still naked and sitting on the floor, taking in the whole scene.

“Carrie, I’m really sorry. I got carried away.”

“John McBride, please don’t ever speak to me again. I’m never going to tell anyone about this but I will never forget.”

The naked girl walked towards the door while Phil gathered up the audio tape and the video camera. Insult was added to injury when Carrie found her clothes missing on John’s step, the victim of theft by that group of boys. Phil offered to go into the house and get her new ones but both knew they had to hurry to get to school on time. Carrie was about to drive naked when Phil removed his sweater and handed it to her.

“Here, it’s better than nothing.”

Carrie took the sweater and put it on. Even though it was big enough to fit two of her, she was glad for some cover and for his kindness.

“Thanks, and, ah, thanks for saving me back there. Even if it was your fault I was there to begin with.”

The boy nodded and slid into his car, taking off for school. Carrie knew she had no time to dawdle and rushed out of the driveway and went to school. She thought it was better to leave the sweater in the car instead of answering why she was wearing it and walked into school naked for her third punishment day. Today was also the day of dress rehearsal for the play, something she was dreading. This was not going to be easy, she thought.

**PART 70**

Normally, Shannon would have been there waiting as her best friend arrived that morning, but not today. Instead, she was in the workout area, sweating away on the cardio machines. During the offseason, her coach instituted a fitness program and she had procrastinated and now needed to finish it that day or be forced into more punishment drills. She had gotten a taste of the punishment drills last week and wanted nothing to do with it.

The cardio training wasn’t bad, and really unnecessary for the girl...she was in great shape. The machines were no problem normally, but nothing was normal these days for Shannon Malone. She had been relegated to six weeks of total nudity at school for skipping one day and calling in a false sick call. Things at home weren’t any better as she was allowed just one more piece of clothing a week. This week, she got thigh high stockings to wear. Joy...they covered nothing.

She enjoyed working out and wasn’t sure why she had put it off. She was in awesome shape, as everyone who had seen her in all of her naked glory could attest. She was currently on the machine where she could work her shoulders, legs, thighs and upper body. After 20 minutes on this, she would be done.

She started with her shoulders, holding her arms above her and pulling them forward along with the weights connected to them. She was grunting softly from her exertion, the soft pleather bench sticking to her bare ass as pushed.

Just as she was finishing this exercise, she heard the door of the workout room open and saw Eric Gorbo walk in, followed by a television crew.

The television reporter, a shapely blonde in a miniskirt and jacket, gasped when she saw the girl naked on the exercise equipment. The cameraman grunted but smiled, pleasantly surprised to be able to see more than this cocky boy working out.

“What the hell is this,” the reporter, whom Shannon recognized as the local sportscaster Lori Wilson, said.

“Oh Christ, what are you doing here now,” Eric asked the naked girl.

“I was finishing my team workout,” Shannon said, her face lowered towards the floor.

“Why are you naked hon,” the camera man asked.

“I can answer that for you,” said a voice, which Shannon knew belonged to Mr. Jones who entered the room. “Miss Wilson, it is a real pleasure to meet you, I have enjoyed your work for many years now.”

The sports reporter smiled on the outside and gave a pleasant greeting to the man. But inside, she knew what he really meant...”I’ve jerked off to your appearances on the news now for a number of years. I have seen you naked in my dreams thousands of times.”

“So, can you explain what is going on here Mr. Jones?”

“Yes, this is Shannon Malone and she is a student here. Last week she broke a major rule of the school so she was sentenced to six weeks of total nudity at the school.”

Lori and Mac, the camera man, looked at the naked girl for confirmation.The humiliated Shannon just nodded her head.

“Oh my, I hadn’t even heard,” the visibly shaken reporter said. Shannon noticed the woman’s face was now flushed.

“That’s fine, Shannon is embarrassed by it but she has to get used to it. Shannon will continue her workout while you do your story on our fine young quarterback, right Miss Malone.”

“Yes Sir,” she said softly.

“Alright, if you need anything, I’ll be in my office,” said Mr. Jones, who could have added that he would be watching the surveillance camera’s feed of the naked girl’s workout.

After the fights that had broken out there among members of the football team last year, the school had secretly paid to install a camera in the room to cover the school in case of a fight or injury. Now it was being used simply for the pleasure of the principal.

“Well, if it’s okay with you Shannon, we’ll begin filming Eric here working out.

We’re doing a story on him since he signed with Miami.”

Shannon rolled her eyes, knowing that Eric had been impossible to live with after his signing in December. The team had won the state championship and Eric was the best player. He had walked around like God’s gift to women ever since.

“That’s fine,” she said, trying to be brave for the sports reporter. But something about the woman’s reaction to her was unsettling. Most women treated her with disdain or ignored her. Not this one who seemed to watch her every move. And the naked girl noticed that the woman wasn’t making eye contact...she was looking the same place that men do...at her tits and pussy. For some reason, this unsettled her more than when the men did it...at least she expected them to be pigs.

Shannon tried to continue on with her workout, wanting it over with in the worst way. She laid back and began to bench press, pushing her arms up and down. She was doing it quickly to try and get it over with but her force was causing her to grunt with each thrust.

That caught the attention of threesome who were roughly 10 feet from her. Shannon didn’t even realize the show she was putting on. Her legs were spread to either side of the bench, causing her slit to be very prominent. Mac tapped Lori and pointed at the girl’s pussy lips which were gaping with each thrust. The girl smiled and nodded. Mac put the camera on his shoulder and began filming the show.

Shannon was still pressing, not even looking up. When she finished, she was mortified to see the three leering sets of eyes and the rolling camera focused on her.

“What are you doing?”

“Just testing to make sure the equipment is okay...and it is definitely okay from my end, Lori,” Mac said.

The reporter laughed and set her eyes down towards his bulging crotch. “Yeah, I can see that.” She didn’t add that her own knickers were soaked from the show.

Shannon wanted to run away but had to finish her legs exercises. She spread her legs to get her feet into straps and began doing scissor kicks with them, pulling the weight up as she closed her legs and then releasing the weights as she spread again. The strain on her legs caused her thigh muscles to twitch. The force was causing her to grunt with each motion...much as she tried not to give her observers the satisfaction of hearing her.

Meanwhile, the sports reporter was conducting an interview with Eric...Shannon noticed that they set up right in front of the machine she was on. She was sure that everyone would get quite a view of her in the background as the interview happened. Her grunts mixed with Eric’s egotistical answers. Shannon closed her eyes and prayed that her attire would be too risque for television and she would be cut out. Then she remembered it was a cable station and all bets might be off.

Finally she finished and she grabbed a towel to wipe her sweat and then dry off the machine, which was wet with her sweat and other juices. She moved over to the running machine and, because this was a school activity, she had to run barefoot on the machine, unlike her morning jogs with Brighid when she had sneaks on. How she wished for just that little bit of coverage now!

She started running and wasn’t shocked to see Eric and the reporter turning around so that she was again in the shot. She was mortified to think that her bare breasts would be bouncing all over the television as she ran. At least her lower half was blocked by the treadmill.

To her relief, the interview ended and they turned the camera off. She saw them gathered together talking and she assumed they were discussing the next shot. Finally her 15 minutes on the machine were up and she got off, heading over to the water fountain to get some liquid. She was about to leave the room when she heard Eric.

“Hey, Shannon, can you help us over here?”

The naked girl turned around and walked back in, using every ounce of her being to listen to this boy.

“What do you need Eric?”

“Well, I need someone to spot me on this weight bench. Lori here will be conducting the interview and Mac is running the camera. I think you should be able to spot me, though I’m not sure how much help you’ll be if the weight falls on me but I guess you’ll have to do.”

What a jerk, Shannon thought. He wants my help while insulting me. But she knew that Mr. Jones would have a problem with her non-cooperation and probably extend her punishment with trumped up charges.

“Sure Eric,” she said, her voice sugary sweet. “Anything for our football star.”

“Great, thank hon,” the reporter said. “Stand right there behind Eric while we shoot him lifting.”

Thank, I know how to spot for a weightlifter lady, I am an athlete. Instead of lashing out, Shannon smiled and moved into position. Eric laid back and put his hands on the bar.

“A little closer Shannon, I need you to be right there in case something happens.”

Shannon took a step towards Eric and realized the position she would soon be in. His face would be inches from her naked pussy. She wanted to move back but knew she had no choice.

The boy began lifting the bar...as he did, Shannon saw the camera angle and knew that her pussy would be front and center in every shot. That would make up for it being covered while she ran on the treadmill.

Finally he was done and Shannon helped him place the bar back on the stand. With her hands occupied, Eric moved his hand and slipped a finger into her vagina, which was inexplicably wet. She yelled out and jumped backwards while the boy moved his finger to his nose.

“Ah yes, I remember that smell well.”

Shannon was mortified as Eric made it sound to the reporter and cameraman that he had pushed his fingers into her vagina often. It was just that one time when he had digitally raped her but now she sounded like a slut.

“Can I go now,” she asked sullenly.

“Sure sweetie, watch the news tonight,” Lori said. “You will be a star.”

The naked girl walked out of the exercise room and ran to the shower, wanting to get ready for her next class. That night, a million people were treated to her body, with parental discretion advised of course. The early news had her breasts and pussy blocked but the late night version showed her in all of her glory. Of course, the station publicized the midnight show heavily, drawing the VCRs of thousands of horny men who enjoyed a free show of beautiful naked teen.

**PART 71**

Carrie heard the gasps when she walked on stage...then the laughter. They were pointing and laughing so loudly that she could not hear the music and knew that she could not keep up. She saw the glares from the other actors and then from backstage. She wanted to run but her bare feet seemed planted on the stage floor.

“TITS! PUSSY! TITS! PUSSY!” The crowd was chanting at her, in rhythm. “TITS!

PUSSY! TITS! PUSSY!”

She tried to sing... “You’re the one that I want, ew, ew, ew, oh,” but her voice was drowned out by the hundreds of people in the audience laughing. She looked out and saw her friends and family, laughing and pointing. Only poor Shannon, who was chained nude and was hanging by her wrist on the back wall by Mr. Jones wasn’t laughing. She was too busy sobbing in humiliation and pain...

RRRRRIIIINNNGGGGG!!!

Carrie sat bolt upright, her bare back hitting the cold desk she had been sitting in.

“Feel asleep did ya girl,” the boy next to her said, touching her shoulder softly. “Well, you didn’t miss anything trust me.”

Carrie shook her head, shocked that she had fallen asleep in class. She looked up at the boy, Greg, who had always been so quiet.

“Thanks Greg, I don’t know what happened.”

“I do, this class sucks,” the boy said laughing. “Boring as hell.”

Carrie smiled. Not many kids had been nice to her today. She knew why and guessed she didn’t really blame them. No one wanted to be nice to the naked girl and open themselves up to ridicule. Now all she had was Shannon and she wouldn’t see her until lunch.

She walked out of class, still not quite used to being nude in school, the feel of the cold tile on her bare feet still foreign to her despite her nude state for three days. She wandered towards the theater and the dreaded dress rehearsal. She was about to open the door when she saw Mr. Jones, the principal.

“Miss Bartlett, please come with me,” he said, motioning for her to follow him to his office. She dreaded what was to come in there. She had only experienced the office once and she had been fully clothed but she had seen Mr. Jones’ meanness towards Shannon and heard the stories from her friend. She knew enough to know that this was going to be less than pleasant.

She passed Mrs. Phillips, who glared at her, blaming the girl for her nudity.

Carrie felt tiny now, being nude and judged by this woman.

The principal entered his office and went behind his desk. Carrie went to sit down but was stopped by the older man.

“Please, not on the chair young lady. They cost too much to have you dripping on them.”

Carrie turned red as she became completely humiliated...as if being naked constantly in front of people and now alone in this office weren’t enough, he was not insulting her verbally.

“Please kneel there on the floor, where Miss Malone kneels. I believe you’ve seen her do that.”

The girl took a step closer to the desk and dropped to her knees, sinking into the plush carpeting which irritated her bare skin.

Mr. Jones came around and leaned on the edge of his desk and directed the naked girl’s gaze towards the security cameras.

“There Miss Bartlett is you arriving at school today. Here, let me pause the tape and zoom in on your car.”

Carrie knelt there in shock, her mouth hanging open. She had no idea the students were watched to this extent or that Mr. Jones had the ability to watch most of the every move. She didn’t even know the half of it but was shocked nonetheless.

“Yes, it seems as if you are removing a sweater of some sort. And then you are naked beneath it. Did I not give you permission to wear your uniform to school and then strip here?”

“Yes Sir, you did,” Carrie said softly.

“Yes I did. I thought it was odd that you came in naked. Then when I saw these tapes I was even more surprised. Why did you not wear your uniform?”

“Um, well,” Carrie’s eyes were filled with tears. She didn’t trust this man enough to tell him about her morning. “I, uh, didn’t think I had to.”

She saw that this was not the right answer. Mr. Jones’ face turned beet red.

“You did not think you had to. What a stupid girl you are Miss Bartlett!”

He pushed the remote control and the picture froze with Carrie’s naked body in motion, running towards school on time.

“Miss Bartlett, I am shocked at your behavior. For this infraction, you will add another bottomless week to the one you have already earned, though I am not sure why I am being so lenient. Also, you will come in on Saturday morning to help me with a project. I expect you here at 8 a.m. Is that understood?”

The nude girl nodded, tears flowing down her cheeks at a third week having her pussy on display. At this rate, Shannon would have her clothes back on sooner than she would.

“You may leave Miss Bartlett,” the principal said, obstensibly returning to his work. In actuality, he was admiring the beautiful nude in front of him as she raised to her feet. Her breasts jiggled slightly and then her mound came into view. He watched as she walked away, her tight ass not shaking a bit, her pussy peeking from between her legs. Just as she was at the door, he said, “Oh, by the way, enjoy your date with Mr. McDonnell tonight. He seems like a nice boy. For your sake, he’d better be with what you are wearing.”

Carrie froze. How did this man know that? Were there spies everywhere? Was there any privacy from his leering eyes? She pushed through the door, not noticing the smirk on the face of Mr. Jones who had planted the seed that he wanted. He wanted her to feel that he was always watching because, in actuality, he was. There were few places on school grounds that she could go that he did not have video access to. The only places were the bathrooms and the locker rooms and he had backup plans for those.

“Mrs. Phillips, please hold my calls,” he said into the speaker as he drew the blinds and moved his hands down below his desk. Carrie’s humiliation had the desired effect on him.

Meanwhile, Carrie moved out of the principal’s office and began hurrying to the theater. The day of the dreaded dress rehearsal was upon her. Just 24 hours from now, she would be naked on stage in front of the hundreds of people. Maybe her bad dream from before wasn’t just a dream.

She had actually temporarily forgotten about the date with Craig that night. With everything that had happened, she wanted nothing more than to drive straight home and curl up under the covers and come out in three weeks, fully clothed. She thought she might even bathe clothed then!

She pushed open the door of the theater and stopped short. There was Darla Drama, a theater critic from one of the local news stations. With her was a cameraman and a man holding other equipment.

“Ah, our star. Carrie, hurry down here,” Mr. Sanders, the theater moderator and director of the show, said. “Miss Drama is here to publicize our show. She’s going to film our dress rehearsal and show it on the news tonight and tomorrow and review the play. Isn’t that great?”

Carrie thought it was way far from great but walked towards the stage anyway.

The two men stood mouth agape. They had heard about the two naked girls at St.

Mark’s and had even heard from one of their counterparts at the sports station that one of the girls was going to be on camera that night. But, neither one of them could believe it when the very naked and exposed Carrie Bartlett entered the theater.

Darla Drama was a woman in her 450s. Still very stylish and attractive...cosmetic surgery had seen to that. She was still a blone (bottled) but wore the latest fashions. Today she was dressed hip, a slinky sweater with a strappy cotton top and a thigh-length skirt. Normally the guys on the crew would not be able to take her eyes off of her. Today, their eyes were elsewhere, a fact that made Darla very angry. She would get even with this tramp and when she did, hundreds of thousands of people would see it.

“Miss Bartlett, a pleasure. I am truly excited to see what you have done with this role. I guess you must be the greatest actress in the world to make people believe you are in character. Not much in the way of costuming I hear.”

Carrie blushed a deep red and looked down towards the floor. She saw Darla stylish strappy sandals and yearned for them. She had not worn nice shoes in a few days...in fact, she had barely worn shoes and currently had no idea where her school shoes were after they were stolen by the boys this morning.

“Well, Miss Drama, Carrie here is one of the top actresses at St. Mark’s. She has shown great promise, even before her nude turn here. Carrie, hop onto the stage and get ready for the rehearsal.”

Carrie turned and started to where the steps normally were but saw there was just a step stool.

“Um, Carrie, we had to remove the steps because of the performance. Just hop up using the stool.”

Carrie stepped up on the stool and then put her right foot up, totally spreading her legs. She would have been humiliated by this position at any time...any girl would...but doing it while totally naked was more shame than ever. Amazingly, the cameraman was right there filming the entire process. The naked girl got on stage and ran towards the wings where the cast was waiting.

She could tell that the rest of the cast was nervous. Jennifer was especially so. Though the girl was tough on the exterior, Carrie knew that this was her first play. It showed her level talent though that Mr. Sanders had cast her in such a prominent role.

“Come on guys, why are you so nervous?”

“Carrie, did you see Darla Drama? This is going to be on tv.”

“Yeah, I saw her. And she saw me...all of me. Look, who’s on the most display here? Me right? Well, if I’m not nervous, why should any of you be?”

Carrie hoped that the other students would be fooled by her tough talk. Only Matt, the stage manager, seemed to know what she was doing and smiled at her. The other students just nodded and tried to gather themselves.

Carrie took a deep breath herself and dropped her bag onto the floor in the corner. She didn’t have a lot of time but the makeup girl helped dab some blush and eyeshadow on her face. The girl handed Carrie the lipstick and moved on. Carrie looked in the mirror as she put her lipstick on. In that glass she saw her complete nudity and almost fell apart. It took every ounce of strength she had not to break down and cry as she thought about what was to come...the television news show, the performances in front of everyone, the date with Craig. It was all so humiliating.

Out of the corner of the mirror, she saw Craig standing there and she wondered how long he had been looking at her. He was already in costume and looked adorable in his black leather jacket, tee and jeans. His black hair was slicked back with gel into the pompadour that his character would wear.

“Hey Craig,” she said innocently.

“Oh uh hi Carrie. I just wanted to, uh, wish you luck out there. You’ll be great.”

The naked girl smiled a real smile for the first time all day. Maybe that date wouldn’t be so bad after all.

“Thanks Craig...good luck to you. You’ll be a great Danny.”

She saw the boy blushing at her compliment.

“As long as you’re Sandy,” Craig said and then he turned and walked back to the stage area.

Carrie looked at the mirror and smiled. I can do this, she thought.

She turned and ran towards the stage. She wasn’t in the first scene so it gave her a chance to get a lay of the land. Darla’s film crew was standing in the front row, shooting up. She cringed, knowing the view they would have of her as they filmed but she stopped herself. You can do this Carrie, she thought.

Finally her scene came and she entered the stage. The cast and crew was used to her presence by now and, to Darla’s surprise, no one flinched except for her and her crew. The sight of this beautiful teen acting on her high school stage while completely naked threw them all for a loop. The camera kept rolling and they knew they had a story that might make national news.

For Carrie, the rehearsal was a blur. She moved around the stage, giving her lines and singing her songs. She was very worried about the end, when she had to act like a slut and turn Danny on. In the play, were she clothed, she would be wearing a tight body stocking with a leather jacket over it...quite a difference from the long skirts and conservative blouses she was supposed to wear the rest of the time. But now, naked, she had nothing to show the transformation except for her acting.

She went out and did the scene, dancing her heart out. She was glad that she could not see her breasts bouncing as she danced, or how, when she thrust out her hips at “Danny” during the end scene, she gave him a view of her pussy lips that only her doctor had ever gotten before.

Finally the dress rehearsal finally finished. Carrie was drenched with sweat, which was made more obvious by her nudity. The other actors, especially the girls, had plenty of clothes to absorb their exertions but not her. There was nothing to hide.

She desperately wanted to run to the girls’ locker room and shower before her dinner with Craig but Mr. Sanders called her over.

“Carrie, Miss Drama would like to interview you and Craig.”

She groaned. Jennifer, who was standing next to her, gave the naked girl a squeeze on the shoulder.

“Go ahead Carrie. She’s a twit. You’re a much better woman than her...you can do it.”

The naked girl threw an exhausted smile at her friend and walked to the where Darla Drama was standing with Craig and Mr. Sanders.

The woman was flirting with Craig, telling him how handsome he looked and that John Travolta never looked that good. When Carrie got there, the pretty reviewer sneered at her.

“OK Darla, we’re ready.”

“Hello, this is Darla Drama, here at good old St. Mark’s, where the drama club has certainly attained a level of respect in the theater community thanks mostly to innovative shows directed by John Sanders, the local actor who had spent some time off-Broadway before coming back here to this little Catholic school and putting its acting shows on the map. Tell me John, what is unique about the current play here at St. Mark’s?”

“well, instead of doing the stage version, we have adapted the film vers...”

“Oh come on Mr. Sanders,” the reporter interrupter. “That may be all well and good, but you know that me and the thousands of people who are going to come to this show are not coming to see your newly adapted film version, am I right?”

The teacher stammered...”ii-‘mm not sure what you mean Darla.”

“I mean this,” Darla said, turning directly to Carrie. “This naked little girl playing the lead. Isn’t that the most unique thing about this show?”

The two students and teacher gasped. This was not what they wanted the interview to contain.

“Well, Miss Drama...”

“Come on John. You have managed to get a little T and A and put it into a high school performance. And you Miss Carrie Bartlett, how can you allow yourself to be put on such blatant display at your age. Shame on you.”

The girl tensed up, wanting to defend herself against the accusations but unable to form the words. She was so humiliated and soon everyone would see it all.

“As you can see from this footage, good young actors like Craig McDonnell here, superbly playing Danny, have to contend with Miss Bartlett’s hip-swaying, breast shaking performance.”

Carrie was appalled as she saw the small television show the final dance number, where she plays the flirty, dangerous Sandy. She had to agree with the reporter...she looked like a complete tramp.

“Tell me Mr. McDonnell, how do you act so well with this girl flaunting her vagina and breasts at you the whole time?”

Craig stepped to the microphone... “well, it wasn’t the whole time, just at the end.”

“Well, I saw the show and Craig McDonnell is just being polite. If you want a T and A show from this young girl trying to overshadow her fellow students, then come catch Grease this weekend at St. Mark’s. Tickets, which cost $5, are available at the door. This is Darla Drama with your weekend theater review.”

“CUT,” yelled the sound guy. “Another excellent segment Darla.”

The three people from St. Mark’s were stunned by the turn of events. John Sanders, the teacher, was outraged but unable to form a coherent argument. “She was already cast in the part,” he kept saying over and over to nobody in particular as he wandered back onto the stage and into his office.

Craig was lost in a fog, but the disappointment at the treatment of this girl that he liked was tempered by the fact that Darla Drama had used the words good and actor to describe him.

But one look at the hurt, humiliated expression on Carrie’s face changed all of that. She turned and looked at him, her eyes filled with tears, her body shaking in anger and embarrassment.

“Carrie, it’s okay, that woman had it in for you,” he said, pulling the naked girl into his arms. She went pliantly into the boy, needing his warmth and strength. Every ounce of her felt violated by the woman and the video taken.

“Everyone has it in for me Craig,” the nude teen said through her tears. “It’s so awful.”

Craig wrapped his arms around her and began to rub her bare back in compassion. Although he was tremendously turned on by having a naked girl in his arms, he knew that the moment was all wrong. “Come on, let’s go get that dinner.”

“Oh God, no, I couldn’t not now. I feel so horrible.”

“Well, that’s the best time to be with a friend. Who else would understand?”

The girl digested what was being said and agreed. “Okay, you’re right, but let me pretty up a little bit at least. Can you give me 15 minutes to shower?”

“Sure, let’s meet by the front door okay?”

The girl broke from the hug and nodded. “Thanks Craig, you’re great.”

With that, she turned and ran out of the theatre, heading to the girls’ locker room to remove some of the sweat and do the best she could at looking nice. A naked girl doesn’t have much to work with.

**PART 72**

Carrie entered the locker room and heard sobs coming from the other side. She went around and saw Emily, the girl that had abused her during the first day of her nudity. The girl was sitting completely naked on the bench, her towel having fallen from her body.

“Emily?”

The naked girl looked up, her face red from crying.

“Oh God, go away Carrie. I didn’t think anyone else was here.”

“Emily, what’s the matter,” Carrie asked, moving closer to the naked sobbing girl.

“Oh nothing, just got dumped by Eric Gorbo, the fucking pig.”

Carrie gasped. The boy had been the one to take her virginity and dump her the next day. She had also heard about what he had done in the hallway to Shannon.

“I’m so sorry Em. He’s such a jerk.”

The sobbing nude girl turned and looked the equally naked Carrie in the eye with a look of disgust.

“What the hell do you know, like a god like Eric Gorbo would ever date you. He hates you. He’s the reason I was so mean to you that day, he made me do it.”

Carrie’s blood boiled. Not only was this girl awful, but she had done those mean things to her because of a dick like Gorbo.

“Well, let me guess. You and Eric were so close...he never wanted to be with anybody but you. He was charming, held the door for you, brought you flowers, said he wanted you to be his girlfriend forever, right?”

Emily looked at Carrie and nodded, sniffling to clear her nose.

“Then, one night, instead of your regular dinner and a movie at the mall, he drove you to nice romantic place in the woods. There, he convinced you to touch his cock and you did, driving him wild. Then he asked for the ultimate gift...could he put it inside of you. You were so into his loving manner that you let him put it in your pussy...you gave him your virginity.”

The crying stopped as the girl looked at Carrie with disbelief.

“He wasn’t inside long, just long enough to pump once or twice. Then he groaned and you felt his hot juice fill you inside. He fell on top of you and then rolled off. He then pulled his pants up, grunted something to you like, ‘you can put your clothes on now,’ and then drove you home. You came in today, found a note in your locker asking if he could see you after baseball practice and he broke up you, causing you to sob in the girl’s locker room right now.”

Emily’s eyes met Carrie’s...both had a pained look in them. Emily was feeling the pain now and Carrie was feeling the painful memory.

“Holy shit, he did it to you too.”

Carrie nodded. “Three weeks ago. But you were lucky...he broke up with me in front of his friends. It was so humiliating. I’m sorry that you feel bad but not sorry that he’s out of your life. You’re better off without him.”

With that, Carrie headed off to her locker, grabbing a towel and going into the shower room. She turned the water on and tried to get the sweat off of her body. She felt dirty, not so much from her exertion on the stage but from what she had been forced to do up there and by the terrible interview. She realized that every word that Darla had uttered had been correct...she was a slut and a tramp.

She felt the soap rinse off of her and she finished washing her hair. Finally she was as clean as possible, though she did take extra effort to get her pussy clean, why she had no idea. She had no plans to let Craig anywhere near the area but since it would probably be on display, she wanted it looking nice.

She dried herself, careful not to let the towel cover her for longer than necessary. She was reasonably sure that Mr. Jones could not possibly have a camera in the girls locker room but she wanted to take no chances of getting into more trouble.

She quickly ran over to the mirrors and fixed her hair, using the brush she left in her locker. She then thought she should put some makeup on but realized she had none. She padded her way over to Shannon’s locker and, using her best friend’s combination, used her blush and lipstick and quickly replaced it.

She knew she was well past her 15 minutes and didn’t want to keep Craig waiting any longer. She rushed to her locker to throw the brush in. When she opened the door, a note popped out.

“Dear Carrie,

I’m sorry for the awful things I did to you in class this week. You have always been so nice to me but it’s just that, no boy was ever as nice to me as Eric was. I wanted it so bad I forgot to be nice to the people who like me. I hope you can forgive me.

Emily.”

Even though she was late, Carrie knew she had to respond. Grabbing a pen from her bag, she scrawled a quick note back. “Em, no prob...I completely understand...remember, I fell for it too. Apology accepted. Friends? Carrie.” The nude girl, her bare feet slapping on the hard, cold tile, ran to where the girl’s locker was and slid it in and then ran to the front door when a very cute and clean Craig waited.

“You look so adorable,” she said, blushing as the words came out.

“Why thank you...you look amazing,” he said, his eyes devouring her nude body.

For some reason, she didn’t mind it coming from him.

“Well thank you kind Sir, I hope you like the outfit, it took me forever to pick it out.”

He laughed and bent his arm at the elbow so she could loop hers inside. That was so sweet, she thought. “Can we hurry though, I’ll freeze out here like this,” she said. They picked up the pace. As she headed to his car, she remembered.

“Wait, let me run to my car,” she said, breaking free of his arm and rushing to her car, pulling her keys out of her backpack. She threw her bag into her car and grabbed her brother’s sweater, which barely came below her pussy and was so big that anytime she moved her breasts would be displayed. Still it was better than being naked in her mind.

“Now, I’m ready,” she said, taking Craig’s arm. The boy was slightly disappointed but the smile on her face was worth it and he led her to his car.

**PART 73**

Carrie didn’t know why, but she was taking great care to make sure everything was covered while she sat in the car. She pulled the sweater down to cover her pussy and folded her arms over her breasts to cover whatever was showing there. Even though this boy had seen her in all of her naked glory, she was still shy and wanted to hide her most private parts.

They sat in comfortable silence, listening to a CD mix that Craig had made. It was cool, music that Carrie liked. What she didn’t know was that Craig had quickly polled her friends and stayed up all night last night downloading her favorite music from the Internet.

“So, do you like pizza,” the boy asked. Carrie smiled, figuring that’s where they were headed. “Sure, who doesn’t?”

Craig pulled his car into the parking lot at Pizza Planet, one of the cool hangouts for teens. She secretly prayed that the restaurant would be mostly empty on a Thursday night. Even with the sweater on, there was no doubt she was nude underneath it.

“I called ahead to make sure there was no problem with your, um, outfit.”

Carrie looked at Craig with a smile...he really was a sweet boy. “Thanks for being so thoughtful Craig,” she said, moving a little closer and moving her bare leg an inch to her left so it was closer to him. He took the bait and touched her thigh, causing her to shiver in anticipation.

After a few seconds, his hand moved from her thigh and he put the car in park. “Let’s roll,” he said, getting out of the car. She pulled the sun visor down to check her makeup. By the time she was done, he was around to her side and had opened the door for her, a trick her mother had taught her to test a boy. Craig had passed with flying colors.

She felt the cold asphalt on her bare feet and it quickly wiped away any feelings of comfort her sweater may have provided. She took Craig’s arm as he led her into the restaurant.

Although Pizza Planet was a teen place, it was a better than average teen place.

Cool music played and the lights were low...not like a typical pizza place.

Still, anyone with vision of the door was surprised to see the nearly naked girl

standing barefoot in the doorway.

Carrie’s blush intensified but Craig stood straight, not embarrassed by his date’s attire in the least.

“Yes, table for two please, McDonnell.”

“Yes Sir, Mr. McDonnell, I see your special guest is also here, though in more appropriate attire than I anticipated. Please follow me.”

Craig motioned with his hands for Carrie to follow the host. She saw eyes get big as she walked past booths and wondered what the reaction would have been had she been nude. Why had she agreed to this when she knew that she would probably be nude? Then she remembered that she could have been wearing her uniform had it not been stolen.

She saw people’s heads whip around once they were alerted by their dinner companion across from them who had a better view of her coming. She tried to walk proudly, knowing that Craig was behind her and supporting her, but she was red from her forehead to her breasts in shame. She was so happy for the sweater but knew it covered next to nothing.

“Here you go Miss,” the host said, motioning towards the booth. The girl sat, feeling her sweater ride up, knowing that anyone behind her would have gotten a view of her bare butt and maybe her mound as she slid into the booth. “Thank you,” she said, pretending nothing was wrong as she took the menu. Craig sat down across from her.

“Miss, I want you to know that normally attire such as yours would not be permitted here at the Pizza Planet...we have rules. But your friend here called us and explained your plight and we are understanding. I had three children go through St. Mark’s and I support that school 100 percent.”

Carrie smiled shyly at the man, “thank you Sir. It’s definitely not the way I would choose to go out to dinner but I appreciate your understanding.”

The man bowed and moved away from the table.

“Man, I’m starved after that rehearsal,” Craig said. “It took a lot out of me. Though the view was good!” He looked up at her and gave, what she thought, was the cutest grin ever.

“For you maybe...all I got was sore doing all of that shaking.”

The two laughed and feel into a nice conversation. Carrie found out that Craig had three older sisters (that explains his manners) and lived with his single mother. They talked about life, school and activities. Finally, the waitress came to take their order.

“May I,” Craig asked Carrie, who nodded, impressed by his manner.

“We’ll have a large pizza, half plain and half white with broccoli, I believe that is your favorite kind, correct,” he said. Carrie, dumbfounded by that information, nodded yet again.

“And we’ll have some breadsticks, two cokes and two waters. Oh, and a salad please for the young lady and why not bring us an order of French fries too, with the pizza.”

Carrie was taken aback by his command. She liked the feeling of having a man who could take care of her...most boys, especially that jerk Eric Gorbo, were such babies. But Craig knew how to treat a girl.

“Wow, that was impressive,” she said as the waitress left.

“Thank you, a trick my sister taught me. She said she always liked it when a man ordered for her.”

“Remind me to thank her someday.”

She smiled and grabbed one of the breadsticks that had just been dropped off at the table.

“So, Carrie, what’s the deal with the sweater?”

The girl blushed and looked down. Although her breasts were still covered, she noticed that the bottom had ridden up her thighs and her slit was slightly visible by looking straight down.

“Oh jeez, I’m sorry, I guess I’m showing more than I thought,” she said blushing.

Now it was Craig’s turn to blush. “No, I don’t mean that. Actually, I can’t see anything. I mean, why wear it at all? Everyone knows that you are naked under it and I’ve already seen you naked. Why bother?”

Carrie sat quietly for a moment, rolling the breadstick in her fingers. It was a question she had never really thought about...why was she worried about being nude...many people had already seen her in all of her naked glory. Why cover herself now?

“Because, I’m a girl and I would like to keep some things private, you know? You have no idea what it’s like to have everyone gawk at your breasts or your vagina. It’s really terrible to be the center of attention.”

Craig leaned in, his voice near a whisper.

“Carrie, tell me the truth, this turns you on just a little bit doesn’t it?”

Carrie gulped. No, please, not this again. Please don’t let this be her brother at work again.

“What do you mean?”

“I mean, I think it’s kind of exciting to be naked. A thrill. Not that it has ever happened to me, but I would think it would be a turn-on. Plus, I heard about what happened in the bathroom earlier.”

Carrie’s face burned with shame.

“Come on Carrie, you didn’t think people didn’t hear about that did you? Man, it’s not every day that a girl fingers herself off in a boys bathroom at school.”

“Please Craig, stop this. You’re ruining everything,” she said, tears streaming down her face yet again.

The boy’s face turned from a smile to a frown. That was not his intention.

“Carrie, I’m sorry, I was just kidding. I don’t think any less of you.”

The girl’s face was pure torture as her eyes met his. “Well, I think less of me. I hate the fact that I get aroused like this. It’s not intentional...I try to fight it but I just get an itch down there. I can’t help it.”

Craig wanted to reach out and help this girl, but had no idea how. Then it hit him. He slid his foot out of his shoes and lifted it towards her bare crotch.

Carrie was surprised when she felt the cotton-covered foot at her bare pussy and gasped.

“Craig, what are you doing,” she whispered.

“Carrie, let me do this. You know you need to cum...enjoy it and stop being ashamed by it. You’re a normal girl with a normal sex drive who is constantly naked...I can’t see how being aroused by that is wrong.”

Somehow what the boy was saying made sense and Carrie unconsciously spread her thighs a bit, letting the boys’ foot begin to rub her slit. He could tell she was soaked as his sock became wet but he didn’t care. He rubbed his foot up and down her slit, moving his foot as fast as he could.

He looked over and saw the girl close her eyes and part her lips. He could tell that she was suppressing a moan. He watched as she wrestled with her emotions, trying hard to not to enjoy the boy’s movements but unable to ignore what it was doing to her inside.

He moved faster and he saw her grab the table to grimace. Just then the waitress came and her eyes flew open...Carrie wondered if the woman could see what was happening under the table.

“Your drinks...” the girl says, placing the glasses on the table. Craig says thanks but Carrie is unable to form the words, grunting in pleasure and embarrassment.

“Do you want me to stop,” Craig asked the girl. Carrie nodded her head yes and the boy pulled his foot away, causing her to moan in despair.

Carrie was filled with conflicting emotions. Part of her was ashamed that her body would betray her like this and wanted it over. But another part of her needed to cum after all of the teasing. And she wanted this boy to make it happen.

“Please Craig, don’t stop. Please keep going,” she said, her voice a gravelly whisper from her exertion. “Oh God, please finish me off.”

The boy smiled, knowing what this was doing to the girl. “Should I remove my sock?” Unable to talk, Carrie nods her head, her hair hanging down, now sticking to her forehead which is beginning to perspire. Craig pulls his foot up and removes his sock and replaces it onto her bare pussy. The feel of his bare skin against her soaking slit was such a turn on for him...his cock was rock hard. But this wasn’t about him right now, he thought, it was about her enjoying her situation for once.

For her part, Carrie lifted her butt off the seat and was grinding her pussy into Craig’s bare foot. When his big toe pushed past her lips and into her pussy, her eyes shut, mouth opened and her hands grabbed the edge of the table as the orgasm swept over her again and again. Just when it had subsided and her body slumped in relief, the waitress appeared with the pizza. The girl slid the big silver platter onto the table and sniffed the air.

“What’s that smell,” she asked. “Smells fishy.”

“Maybe someone got a pizza with anchovies,” he said smiling. But he and Carrie knew what the smell was...it was the smell of a good cum and they grinned at each other. The girl walked away, wondering what was up.

“You looked so beautiful just then, when you came,” Craig said softly, sliding a slice of pizza on a plate and putting it in front of her.

Carrie smiled shyly, unsure what emotion to feel. She had just been told she was beautiful, a definite compliment. But she had been told she was beautiful while in the throes of a massive orgasm, the first she had ever experienced from someone else.

“Thanks, I think,” she said, taking a small bite of the slice.

“No, I mean, you’re always beautiful, but the look on your face was awesome! You were so into the moment that, for a second, you forgot about being nearly naked in the room. You were just being you enjoying your body.”

The girl continued eating. Then she looked up with a smile. “It did feel so good. Thanks Craig, I really needed it.”

“Don’t mention. It really was my pleasure, though my socks is kind of wet now!”

The two teens laughed and the conversation picked up like before. And, when the two got up to leave (after splitting an ice cream sundae for dessert), she walked proudly next to her new boyfriend, unfazed by the stares at her barely naked body and bare feet.

At the car, she allows Craig to open her door for her and she slides in, reaching over to unlock his door for him. He slides in, starts the car (more importantly puts on the heat) and they drive back to school so that she can get her car. It has been a wonderful evening for both, especially Carrie who didn’t realize that boys could be so sweet.

When they get to her car, Craig takes her keys from her. “Let me go and warm it up for you...I’ll come back and get you.”

She watches the boy hop out and luxuriates in the warmth of his, enjoying the awesome music. Finally she hears a knock on her window and sees Craig motioning for her to get out.

“Your car is warmed up and ready to go...and I left you a little surprise in the CD player. I hope you like it.”

The girl got out, feeling the cold concrete on her bare feet. She raced to her car, Craig at her side. She started to slide in but then stopped and got out, pulling herself into a bearhug with the boy.

“Thank you so much. You don’t know what tonight meant to me.” Then she kissed him on the cheek and settled into the now warm interior of the car. She looked in her rear view mirror and saw Craig smile as he put his car into gear and start to move out. Carrie pushed play on her CD player and got this message...

“I hope you are listening to this...that meant we had a great time. You are such a special girl Carrie Bartlett and I want you to know that I really like you. Enjoy this music...it took me some research to find all of your favorite songs.

Craig.”

The first song to play was Carrie’s all-time favorite, “These are the Days,” by the 10,000 Maniacs, one that Shannon had turned her on to after she had heard it from her older sister. Tears streamed down her cheeks at the thoughtfulness of the gift.

She listened to the beginning of each song. He had downloaded 20 songs onto the CD, each one a favorite of hers. How had he known, she thought. Had to be Shannon. She would have to remember to thank her for that one.

Finally she pulled into her driveway and took the CD out...she wanted to listen in her room. As she got up to the porch she remembered her sweater. Shit, she was going to have to tell her parents that her uniform had been stolen. She was about to open the door when she saw a bag with her name on it and a note.

“Carrie, Here is your uniform back. I was able to catch up with the guys who stole it and made them give it back. Sorry again about this morning. Phil.”

This day finished much better than it started, she thought. She pulled the uniform out of the bag and quickly put her skirt and blouse on, then her socks and shoes. It was kind of silly though...she had to strip it off as soon as she walked in but at least she had something for tomorrow and didn’t have to explain to her parents what happened to her clothes. She threw her brother’s sweater on over her uniform and walked in the house.

**PART 74**

As Carrie pushed the door open, Tracey ran right to the door.

“Go ahead and strip for me, that way creepy Phil won’t be here to see it.”

“Oh, Phil’s not so bad,” Carrie said in a way that surprised her sister. They had always hated their brother. Carrie didn’t elaborate as she removed the uniform that she had just put on a few minutes ago.

Once she was naked, Tracey started asking about the date and the two girls stood there giggling and gossiping like normal teens, with the only difference being one was completely nude.

Meanwhile poor Shannon was enduring another embarrassing night. After school and basketball practice, she had raced home so that she could make it to Mr. Firgus’ house by 6. She skipped dinner, eager for some more of the pizza with the “special” cheese.

She made her way across the street and gobbled down the two slices that Mr. Firgus had readied for her. She then met him upstairs where she was surprised to find the man dressed.

“Mr. Firgus, are you going somewhere,” she asked the man, who had been naked every other time she had come over to ‘make her feel better.’ Actually, he was so turned on by her and the thought that he could be naked in such proximity to a gorgeous naked girl. Just the anticipation allowed him to leave that special “cheese” on her pizza before she came over.

“No, just need to do some laundry,” he said, his eyes devouring the unbelievable nude in front of him. Every night, he thanked God for sending this blessing to him.

“It’s okay Mr. Firgus, I can do it for you,” Shannon said. She had done plenty of laundry on her first two trips to his house.

“Are you sure you don’t mind?”

“Not at all, that’s what I am here for.”

“Great. The dirty clothes are in a pile in my closet. Can you throw them in that laundry bag for me. Oh, and there is a bag of change down in the kitchen. We can use that.”

The naked girl was already bent over grabbing the pile when she heard the last sentence and stopped cold. The old man was transfixed by the view she was providing, her asshole and prominent pussy mound on complete display.

“Um, use that for what?”

“For the Laundromat. Did I not tell you that my washer is broken? Oh God, I didn’t.”

The man saw the look of pain on the young girl’s face as she realized the humiliation she was soon to face.

“I really appreciate you doing this for me. You can feel free to take my car. We’ll use a few different machines and then bring them home. We can dry them here, the drier still works.”

That didn’t seem to change the girl’s sad demeanor. After seeing that there was no changing the man’s mind, she finished the task of gathering the dirty clothes, including the soiled underwear (ewww, she thought) and straightened up.

She put the bag over her shoulder and started down the steps, her bare feet slapping against the hard wood floor.

Mr. Firgus was standing at the door, his coat on, scarf around his neck and gloves on his hands. “It’s a chilly one, especially for an old man like me. I’m sorry honey, I wish I could offer you something to put on but I know that you cannot accept.” His face really looked sad though inside he was ecstatic about her misfortune.

The girl held the bag of laundry close to her front, trying for some cover as she walked out of the house, following the old man to his car. She was surprised that he got into the passenger seat but he said, “I have trouble seeing at night. I hope you don’t mind driving.”

She shook her head and slid into the driver’s side. It had been more than a week since she had driven a car and she had never done it naked. Her driving privileges had been revoked by her father after she had been given the naked punishment. That had been nine long days ago.

The leather felt smooth against her bare ass and thighs. She took the key from the old man and pushed it into the ignition and started the big car. This was much larger than her car or any car that she had driven before. She would have to be careful maneuvering this monster.

She turned her body to look out the back window to pull out of the driveway. As she did, she felt her right breast graze something and looked down to see Mr. Firgus’ hand there. She shivered and looked up shockingly at the old man who was absently looking out the window. She sighed in relief, appreciating the fact that it was a mistake...he’s just sitting there...his hand’s in a normal position...if she were wearing clothes, she would have thought nothing of a hand grazing her but in the nude every movement was exaggerated.

Out of the corner of his eye, Firgus saw the girl’s face change from appall to calm and he smiled. It was the first time he had touched her and it felt good, even just a brush. This would fuel his fantasies tonight as he laid in bed thinking of her, enjoying another orgasm. Since she had come into his life, he was cumming more than five or six times a day...unheard of for a man his age. Several times he had nothing but his underpants to catch his excitement, explaining the high number in the laundry.

He snuck peeks at the nude girl beside him at times when he knew that she would be concentrating on the road. She was gorgeous...nice perky breasts and nipples, long, smooth legs and that bare little mound covering two adorable little lips. She was a perfect girl.

Truth be told, there was nothing wrong with his washing machine. He had just unplugged it to provide some humiliation for the girl and give himself some more ammunition for his masturbation.

Shannon drove along, the radio off, afraid to upset the older man next to her. She had an innate desire to please men and adults, unable to assert herself, even when she desperately wanted something. She wished she had found a way to say no to the man, to not allow this to happen. Nowhere in that paper she signed, did it say she had to go to a Laundromat in the nude during regular business hours. Why didn’t she just stay in her room, away from the prying eyes of all but her family?

She followed the directions of Mr. Firgus to a Laundromat that she had never been to before. She turned a corner and saw the bright lights of the shopping center and cringed, knowing that she would be on total display. She was heartened to see just a few cars in the parking lot as she pulled into a spot right in front of the storefront.

She put the car into park and sat still for a moment.

“Come on Shannon, let’s get this over with. I want to get home as quickly as we can,” Mr. Firgus said. Shannon could not have agreed more and quickly slid out of the car, feeling the ice cold concrete under her bare feet, which were still not accustomed to the cold despite a week without shoes, and the biting wind stinging her bare body.

She went around to the trunk of the car and pulled the bag out. She was unaware of the view she gave to the couple in the car parked behind her. They had been sitting there talking but the sight of her nudity had made them look. They were treated to an awesome display of a bare ass and pussy slit and then her long legs twitching as she pulled the heavy bag out and threw it over her shoulder, the heavy canvas smooth against her bare back and shoulders and the top of her butt.

She closed the trunk and followed after the old man into the store. She hesitated when she saw the Laundromat...it was dirty and filled with people, mostly men, who suddenly looked very interested in the newest customer.

“Mr. Firgus, please don’t make me do this. We can take the laundry to my house and do it there.”

“Nonsense Shannon, we’re already here and it will take much less time. Come on.”

He led Shannon through the room to the far corner past every set of staring eyes. She felt them poring into her, into her tits and pussy. She felt the discarded soap and lint on the floor, disgusting on her bare feet. This was a place she would never want to walk in with her feet protected by shoes and socks, let alone nude and barefoot.

She put the bag on a table in the corner and turned away. She felt some men getting closer to where she stood. Then it hit her...she was naked in this place far from home with only poor old Mr. Firgus to protect her. She could be in serious trouble.

“What is the meaning of this young lady,” said a voice that belonged to an older Italian women who emerged from a room behind the counter.

Shannon started shaking even more, afraid of this woman.

“um, well,” she stammered.

“Now, now Carmella, easy on the girl...she’s my guest,” Mr. Firgus said.

“Oliver? Oliver Firgus? Well, hello there my friend. It’s been too long.” The woman pushed past the naked teen and gave the old man a huge bear hug. “What have you been up to?”

“Well, just my research with the teens, etc. This is Shannon Malone, my neighbor who has been gracious enough to help an old man with his laundry.”

The woman turned to face the bare girl. Her expression had changed from anger to a smile.

“Hello Miss, a pleasure to meet you. I did not know that you were a patient of Dr. Firgus. Well, that explains her attire now doesn’t it. Shannon, if you are with Dr. Firgus, you are welcome here. This man saved my daughter from her sex addiction. I hope he does the same for you.”

Shannon shook her head. “No, it’s not like that...” but the woman interrupted. “I know dear, I know. It’s okay with me. I understand that Dr. Firgus’ methods can seem a bit odd but the results are phenomenal. I remember what you made Holly do that one time in the home improvement store. Changed her whole attitude. Now she is just a regular woman with regular sexual desire instead of that slut who dressed like a pig and performed for any man that asked. It was a miracle what this man did, an absolute miracle.”

The nude girl was almost purple in shame. The woman’s words were loud enough so that everyone could hear her and now they all thought she was a sex addict.

“Please, this is on the house,” Carmella said, going behind the counter and returning with a handful of quarters and a framed set of photos. When Shannon saw them, she was completely repulsed.

“I keep these photos here to remind me of what Maria was before and what she is now. Helps me to understand her better.”

The photo on the left was disgusting to the young girl. It showed a girl roughly her age, naked on all fours, a large penis buried in her mouth and a man behind her. From the look of it, Shannon could tell he was fucking her. She gasped. The girl looked crazed, her eyes wide open, her mouth almost distended by the huge cock in her mouth. Her hair was matted to her forehead, her breasts hung there in her awkward position.

The photo on the right showed another girl...Shannon was shocked to hear it was the same person. This girl was fully clothed...a turtleneck sweater completely covering her skin...a long, flowing skirt that went down to her knees...glasses and an innocent smile.

“”Dr. Firgus here made my daughter do all kinds of disgusting sex acts. She wanted to act like a slut so he turned her into a slut. And he took thousands of photos and videos to remind her of her disgusting behavior. I mean, sex with all kinds of men, many at the same time, animals, objects, you name, sex every place imaginable, in public, private, total nudity and sexually explicit clothing. After a year and a half of this vulgar behavior, she realized that she hated that part of her. Now she is a wonderful wife and mother of three daughters who has a great job and is totally well-adjusted...all because of Dr. Firgus.”

The woman smiled at the old man standing next to Shannon, who was repulsed by the photo and the words she was hearing. She felt the woman grab her arm and pull her close... “Don’t worry dear, he’ll fix you just like he fixed my little girl.”

Shannon wanted to protest...wanted to tell this woman that she was nothing like that crazed girl in the photo...that she had barely ever had sex and would never allow herself to become like her. But she had to admit, there was one resemblance between her and Maria...they were both nude.

“Thank you Carmella. Your generosity is always so wonderful. Now, young Shannon here can get to work while we chat.”

Mr. Firgus nodded towards her, a signal she knew to start taking the clothes out of the bag and into the washer. She pulled the drawstring open and began taking the clothes out. This was awful for her...she was being forced to wash clothes when she herself wasn’t allowed the luxury of having clothes. It made her miss clothes all the more and really feel her nudity and she hated it.

She pulled the clothes out and began to sort them...lights, darks and separates. She put the soiled underpants, undershirts and socks into a separate pile...she noticed the yellowing stains at the crotch of each pair of pants and cringed, guessing what the liquid was. Even if she was wrong, the other thing (urine) was almost as bad.

She gather some of the darks into her arms and turned to open a washing machine and load it up. She then did the same with the whites and then loaded some things that she felt should be washed separately, his dress shirts and dress pants for example. All told, she had filled six machines with his dirty laundry.

She looked around and remembered they had failed to bring the soap.

“Excuse me, Mr. Firgus,” Shannon interrupted the man, who was now engaged in conversation with the owner. “We forgot the soap.”

The man looked at the girl and sighed. “Shannon, I forgot you have probably never been to a Laundromat before. Take some quarters and you can buy some soap in the vending machine.”

Shannon whirled around and tried to find the vending machine. It was at the front of the store...the opposite end from where they were. She now noticed that the dozen or so people in the room were all staring at her and she blushed, knowing the view they must have had as she lugged the laundry from the table into the machines and bent over to load them in. Each pair of eyes must now know her ass and pussy very well, she thought.

She went to the bag of quarters that the man had brought along and grabbed $3 worth, hoping it was enough to buy the amount of soap to keep five washers going. She felt every step of her journey on the scummy tile floor...she felt every draft on her private parts...she felt every eye raping her, degrading her, making her feel like less than them. Finally she got to the vending machine and slid the quarters in and got the soap. She quickly rushed back to her corner but before she could, two large men blocked her way. She stopped in fear.

“Excuse me please,” she said, trying to sound brave but failing.

“I like your outfit miss,” one of the men said. “Is that why you are here...no clean clothes?”

The other guy and some of the gather people laughed. The nude girl blushed again. Carmella saw no reason to interrupt...after all this was the medical procedure that turned her daughter from a whore to a nice girl...she was willing to look the other way for now. If they started touching the girl in the Laundromat, then she would do something. She couldn’t have that in her place, but a little humiliation would do the cunt some good she thought.

For his part, this was going exactly the way Firgus wanted. He wanted the girl to be emotionally hurt, not physically. He loved seeing girls humiliated...it got his old organ pumping.

“Please, I’m not bothering anyone. Please let me through.”

The naked girl tried to push past the men, but they refused to budge. Shannon looked around and saw that every eye was on the interaction and that no help was forthcoming. She started shaking in both fear and anger.

“No miss, you are wrong. You are bothering me. Seeing a pretty young thing like you butt naked running around this place is bothering me...especially down here,” the man said, grabbing his crotch. “Now, if you please, answer my question. Did you not have any clean clothes to wear or are you a sex addict like this lady says?”

“Please, please let me through. I’m not a sex addict, I’m just trying to help this man out,” she said through tears. “Please let me through.”

She began to push through the two men when she felt hands cupping her asscheeks. She swerved and their hands landed instead on her two breasts. Finally she made it past them and ran to hide behind Mr. Firgus.

“Please Mr. Firgus, please don’t let them hurt me.”

The old man smiled as he felt the hard balls of her bare breasts press into his back as she pulled close to him. He turned his top half around and pulled her around him and hugged the poor girl. He felt her bare back with his hand and rubbed her silky hair.

“There, there now sweetie, it’s okay. The man was just curious. I’m sure he will let you be now. You have to admit, a naked teen is a bit different to most people. I’m used to it but these folks don’t normally see it do they?”

She nodded, her head buried in his chest, the entire Laundromat getting a full view of her bare ass and her pussy mound sticking out from behind. Many a man in the room had an aching erection from the scene and, truth be told, some women were getting a bit excited as well.

“Well now Shannon, go ahead and start the washers and then I’ll tell you what to do next.”

On autopilot, the girl broke free from his grasp and poured the soap into each washer and began the wash process. The machines began to shake as the washer began its cycle. The naked girl padded in her bare feet over to where Mr. Firgus, who she now thought of as her protector, was sitting.

The old man stroked her bare back as the girl stood next to him, her head bowed.

“Shannon dear, I think these people all deserve an explanation of your nudity.

Please, go and sit on top of that washing machine and give them your story.”

The girl looks up at the old man, feeling betrayed that this man she had always trusted would turn on her. She shook her head, “Please no, Mr. Firgus, please don’t make me.”

“Girl, it will be fine. These people are entitled to know why you are nude and walking around here giving everyone total access to your body. Wouldn’t you be the least bit curious if you were them?”

The girl realized that the old man was right and she moved the two steps until she was next to the washing machine. She turned so her back was against the machine and her nude front was facing the people and she slid her body on top of the shaking machine. She quickly crossed her legs at the knee, trying for some cover.

“No Shannon, uncross your legs. I don’t think that is appropriate after the show you have put on today.”

She looked at the man...what did he mean? She was being forced to show her body to all of these people. If she had her way, she would be in the comfort of her own room doing homework, getting ready for bed. She might even have on her thigh highs, which was better than complete nudity. If she was lucky, she could have stepped into her cotton socks and felt covered at least on her feet.

For some reason, she did not resist, instead just uncrossing her legs and sitting with her knees spread. That gave everyone a better view of her hairless sex. As she sat there, she felt the machine shaking, and cringed. As soon as she felt the first tinge going through her body, she knew. She was going to orgasm right here, on this machine, in front of all of these people.

She shook her head from side to side to try and forget the wonderful feeling between her legs, but Mr. Firgus brought her back to the real world.

“Shannon, call everyone over please.”

The naked girl was hardly able to get her voice to be heard over the machines. “Please, can I have everyone’s attention,” she said softly, adding an even softer “...oh god.”

“Did you say something little lady,” one of the mean men that had hassles her before asked.

“OH GOD,” she said louder this time... “CAN I HAVE EVERYONE’S ATTENTION PLEASE...ah, ah, ah, eeee.”

The feelings inside of her sex were devastating...she was fighting the inevitable orgasm with all of her might...but she was weakening quickly. She had been prodded and displayed for 10 days now and it was having an effect on her. She had orgasmed just once during that time, a shameful display in the girl’s shower after being shaved for the benefit of her health class.

She looked up wither glassy eyes and saw the crowd gather closer to where she sat, quivering on top of the shaking washing machine.

“Well now honey, we’re waiting,” the man said.

“Oh God, oh God...okay...I wwantted too teelll all of yyyou why I”mm nnakkeedd. OH GOD!!!” her words were coming in short bursts as she tried to fight off the orgasm, which was wanted physically but despised mentally. She wanted to cum but not here in front of everyone.

“I’mm a sttuddent at SSt. Marrk”sss, ohhh! Anddd, ii earned a nnnnude----OHHHHHH!”

It was too much. She felt the crest begin in her pussy but soon rise through her entire body. Her face froze in midsentence, her mouth open in a wide O and her eyes bugging out. Her hair was sticking to her forehead and her body was tensed, her small, pert breasts sticking straight out.

Finally the unbelievable feeling from her pussy dulled to a throb but it was still there...the machine still rocked. Oh God, she thought, it was going to happen again. It was already building.

“Please continue Shannon,” Mr. Firgus said from behind the crowd.

“Oh God...oh I was given a nude punishment...oh God...no more...and I am staying totally nude at hoooommeee tooo!!! My fattthreerr’s rrullesss!! OHHH GODD!!!”

The crowd saw the girl press her sex down towards the machine, almost fucking the machine.

“Christ, she’s using the machine like a vibrator,” one of the women in the crowd, who may have been from the local college, said.

“What did you do to earn this nude punishment,” one of the nasty men asked.

“OHHH, wwhhattt?” the nude teen was barely there mentally.

The man walked right up to her and barked in her face. “WHAT DID YOU DO TO DESERVE THIS NUDE PUNISHMENT?”

That perked the girl up... “Oh...I uh, I uh...ohhh I skipped schoolll and lied about ittttt!!! OHHH GODDDD!! EEEEEEE!!!” She tried to hide the orgasm this time but couldn’t...she came for the second time.

The questions continued...she tried to answer as best she could but the orgasms would not stop. She lost track of them as she sat on that terrible machine. The first orgasms were wonderful and, had she not been in a room full of people, she would have loved them tremendously. But the last were just torture, her body beyond the breaking point. For some reason, she never thought of disobeying Mr. Firgus and hopping off that dreaded machine.

Finally, the last wash cycle was done and the machine stopped. Shannon collapsed in a heap...although the machine had stopped, her body had been shaking for so long that she still felt it...even her pussy lips still felt like they were quivering.

“Okay everyone, thank you for showing so much interest in young Shannon here. I hope you all have a better understanding of her situation now,” said Mr. Firgus, who had inserted himself between the crowd and the naked, quivering girl.

The group dispersed, shocked at their fortune of seeing this action on what would be a normally boring night at the Laundromat.

“Ok Shannon dear, let’s gather up the wet clothes and head home to dry them.”

The girl acted on autopilot, somehow gathering the energy to get off the washer and hop onto her feet, though she wobbled some and needed Mr. Firgus to steady her. She gingerly walked over to where the bag was, her body barely making the trip, her pussy lips aching from all of the pleasure. She finally gather up the wet clothes and threw the bag over her shoulder.

“Good night, Carmella and thanks for a wonderful conversation.”

“Thank you Dr. Firgus...it was a pleasure. Nice to have met you Shannon and good luck.”

The naked girl nodded, unable to form words as she followed the old man out to the car, barely feeling the cold air on her naked body despite the sheen of sweat over her body. She threw the clothes in the trunk and drove home, her humiliation still washing over her.

**PART 75**

The reviews were in...Carrie was sensational and the St. Mark’s production of Grease was a great success. The Saturday morning papers were filled with stories by reviewers...more than had ever come to a high school production! Of course each paper had sent a photographer to get a picture of the naked star. Carrie was plastered in each of the local newspapers with black bars over her breasts and vagina.

But the pics weren’t the issue...each article was filled with praise for the young actress.

“Young Carrie Bartlett was sensational as Sandy and she had to overcome a great handicap in her role...Miss Bartlett played the role in the nude after violating one of St. Mark’s rules and earning a nude punishment. But that did not stop Bartlett, who danced and sang and acted as she was dressed...letting it all hang out and not hiding an ounce from the audience of very appreciate people.”

The papers were equally praising of the rest of the cast, including Craig, and one paper even noticed the boy’s “ease with his co-star, and he seemed to be very fond of her.”

As Carrie read the paper in her kitchen early the next morning, she felt warm, despite her complete nudity. She had gotten up extra early that day, wanting to bask in the glow of the good reviews before going to her Saturday punishment.

She knew that Shannon was also going to be there, which made her feel a little better.

She sat there, her bare bottom on the hard wooden seat, remembering the day before. Shannon and Mark had arrived, but they got there just as the lights had darkened. Shannon, though used to her nudity a little more, wanted to wait until the very last second before going into that large crowd nude. Carrie’s sister had very thoughtfully saved two seats in the last row for Shannon so the couple could arrive and sit right down without being noticed. Of course, the nude girl had to survive intermission, but having Mark there made it a little easier.

Carrie’s mom and dad had been there, as had Phil...he was very sweet to her, even sending flowers to her backstage...wishing her luck. It was an amazing turnaround for a boy who had arranged for her humiliation just a day ago.

As she sat there in her kitchen on that quiet Saturday morning, she remembered getting dressed there just yesterday. Her brother hadn’t even bothered showing up to view it as he had the previous few times, but her father was there having his customary toast and coffee while reading the paper. He scarcely looked up as she pulled her uniform on, dispensing with the formality of a bra and knickers...they were not allowed anymore and she figured it was useless anyway...she was going to end up naked in time as it was.

Stripping at school had been much tougher yesterday. A crowd of boys had gathered when they saw her get out of her car and followed her into the school building. There, in the cold foyer, she was forced to strip in front of roughly 15 boys at the beginning. By the time her blouse was off, the crowd had soared to maybe 30, with all but four being male. She knelt down and untied her shoes and pulled them off and then her socks, delaying the inevitable removal of her skirt and exposing of her pussy. Finally it was the only piece of clothing left and she let it drop to the floor and stood naked in the foyer, her clothes in a heap next to her.

She gathered up her clothes and stuffed them into a bag thoughtfully provided by Mr. Jones and dropped them off in the principal’s office. She felt the cold draft hitting her bare body even in the school building and wondered how poor Shannon managed being naked at all times, even outside in the winter elements.

As if on cue, Shannon came running in, barely making it before the first warning bell. Carrie saw the goose bumps all over her bare, hairless body and her erect nipples that looked so hard that she thought they would crack if touched. The girl was constantly in awe of how her friend managed to make it through life being constantly nude at all times.

“Oh man, it’s freaking freezing outside,” Shannon said. “The wind was blowing right through me and of course no one sat in the seat next to me and I was right up front with my legs spread...man, my pussy is freezing.”

Other girls standing together next to the naked girls were shocked to hear the conversation... most girls would never understand the things that Shannon and Carrie were forced to face daily. To them, discussing the cold on their pussy lips was becoming very natural.

The rest of the day had actually gone okay...despite being nude all day. Carrie didn’t realize it but Mr. Jones had sent a message out to all of the teachers to make sure the took it easy on her that day so that she could give a good performance that night.

Shannon had been forced through many of the same humiliations, including cleaning the lunch room by herself because Carrie was able to eat her lunch in the theater as the cast prepared for the show that evening. When poor Shannon didn’t finish in the prescribed time, she was forced to return to the cafeteria after classes and clean the floors by hand, her nude form on her hands and knees on the ground, trying desperately to scrub it clean as quickly as she could to avoid an extra punishment from Mr. Jones. She had finished all but three square feet of the huge room when the principal entered to tell her that she had failed in her mission and would have to come in on Saturday for extra punishment. The nude girl began crying at this injustice but said nothing, knowing what complaining had gotten her in the past.

Carrie knew none of that until after the performance last night. She had noticed how beat up Shannon looked but until the party after opening night, she knew none of this. She had gladly volunteered to drive Shannon to their joint punishment that next day and would leave to pick her up shortly. For now, she wanted to bask in the glow of a great opening.

She poured some cereal into a bowl and sloshed the milk in...some squirted up and landed on her breast. She took her finger and gathered the stray milk and, without thinking, put it into her mouth. She felt a chill go up her body by the action and wondered why.

She ate her cereal, enjoying rare peace and quiet in her house. Her father came in just as she finished...she was still embarrassed by her nudity in his presence and blushed but did not try and cover herself up, knowing that would earn his displeasure.

“Good morning sweetheart, still glowing after all of the praise last night,” her father asked with a smile.

Despite her discomfort, the girl could not resist her dad’s smile and grinned back at him. “A little...you should read these reviews,” she said, pushing the morning newspapers in front of him.

Her father poured a cup of coffee and sat down reading the reviews, a big smile across his face. Of course he was a little troubled by the nude pictures running alongside the reviews but their words made him proud. He leaned over and gave his daughter a peck on the cheek.

“Wonderful job Carrie, I’m very proud of you.”

The girl blushed at his praise, which she always craved. “Thanks Daddy, that means a lot. And thanks for coming to the show...I know it couldn’t have been easy seeing me up there like this.”

Now it was her father’s turn to blush. “It wasn’t easy at all. But, I am here to support you and I needed to be there last night. Your mother and I are planning to go again tonight and I have a feeling your sister might come too.”

“Oh Daddy,” she said, tears starting to flow down her cheeks, “Thank you so much.”

The feel of her nudity against his soft sweatshirt made her yearn for clothes again. She looked up at the clock and realized that she had to hurry to wash and get dressed to go to school and strip naked for this bizarre day of punishment. Weird that she would shower and dress before going to school to get naked and dirty.

She quickly showered, paying careful attention to grooming, wanting to be smooth on her legs and armpits. This was possibly going to be the last time she would be able to wash before the show and wanted to be as clean as possible, especially with all of those lights on her on stage. Just in case she needed them later, she packed a razor and some shaving cream in a small bag with shampoo and soap and threw them all into her book bag. Knowing Mr. Jones and his creative punishments, she might need all of these items.

Feeling a bit frisky, she grabbed a pair of jeans and a sweatshirt with socks and sneaks out of her room. She took a skirt and blouse with heels as well and left them on the step and brought her bulky old clothes into the kitchen where her father say. Why not give it a try, she thought.

“Daddy, is this outfit okay,” she said, holding up the sweatshirt and the jeans.

She looked at him with her innocent eyes.

Her father started to look, knowing that she was defying his orders but her big smile let him know that she was kidding.

“Good one Carrie,” he said, his attention returning to the newspapers. She returned with the skirt and blouse and heels that were part of her new clothing regiment, at least for a while. Her father knew that this would only last through the end of the nude school punishment but she did not. For all she knew, she would never wear jeans or sweats again.

She quickly dressed, just pulling on her skirt as Phil entered the kitchen.

“Carrie, can I talk to you for a second?”

“Ah, Phil, can it wait? I’m running late to pick up Shannon. We have to get to school.”

“No, I need to talk to you now ok?”

The tone in his voice worried Carrie. She grabbed her shoes and followed her brother into the family room.

“Phil, what’s..”

“I’ve screwed up big time here Carrie and it effects you.”

“What do you mean?”

“On your first night nude, I took some digital photos and sent them to a friend who created a web page and is ready at a moment’s notice to send them off to the internet for all to see.”

Carrie’s mouth opened and she gasped but no words came out.

“It was before Thursday morning, when I was still playing around. I never had any intention of having him post it, I just wanted to scare you with it. Now, he won’t delete the page unless I give him naked pictures of Tracey.”

“What? Are you kidding me? What are you pulling here Phil?” Carrie’s words were coming in harsh whispers.

“I know, it sounds like I am up to my old tricks and trust me, I won’t mind seeing the girl naked, but this is the truth. I had put away the idea of seeing Tracey naked after what happened with you, but now I don’t know what to do. I’m really sorry.”

The look on his face either made Phil the world’s best liar or he was really sorry.

“Alright, we’ll have to figure something out. What is this pervert going to do with the photos once he has them?”

“The original deal was, he just wanted to see Tracey nude. He has been in love with her since they met last summer at the pool...remember her white one-piece bathing suit?” Carrie nodded. “Well, he does too. Apparently she has been the subject of some of his romantic dreams lately.”

Eww, Carrie thought, what disgusting creatures boys are. But there was no time for her to worry about that now. “How much time do we have?”

“Until Monday. Carrie, what are we going to do?”

the girl didn’t know but assured her brother that they would figure it out. She looked at the clock on the wall and saw that she was now really late. She grabbed her bag and dashed off to her car and sped over to Shannon’s house. The naked girl was waiting at the door and rushed out, trying to avoid the cold weather. The sun would warm the day up to about 45 degrees that day, but this early it was still around freezing.

“Thank God you have the heat running. It’s so cold out!”

The two girls drove on to school, both dreading the coming events. Shannon knew from personal experience how awful Mr. Jones could be. After a few minutes, Carrie popped the CD in that Craig had given her after their date and the two girls became normal again, talking about their new boyfriends and jamming to the music. There was little traffic so Shannon didn’t have to cover herself nearly as much as normal.

They arrived at school and Carrie pulled up to the curb to let Shannon out.

“No thank you, I’m not going in there without you.”

“But it’s freezing, this saves you exposure time.”

“That’s alright, I’m getting more used to it. It’s not like there’s a lot of people here today.”

Shannon was right...there were a few cars, probably maintenance workers and some of the teachers and coaches here getting extra work done. Carrie found the closest spot she could to the door and the two cars eased out and ran for the front door. Even though she wasn’t completely naked, Carrie’s skirt was pretty short so her legs were bare...and her pussy was too under the skirt since she was no longer allowed knickers. She felt the wind blow up her skirt and hit her bare lips and wondered again how Shannon did it.

They ran up the front steps and tried the first set of doors but they were locked. They moved along to the rest and found them all locked. “SHIT,” screamed the shivering and naked Shannon. Carrie saw the piece of paper flapping in the wind.

“Ladies, please use the service entrance around back and meet me in my office.

Mr. Jones.”

“BASTARD,” Shannon yelled as she took off in a sprint to run around the building, the cold wind stinging her bare body. Carrie was right behind her, her shoes making a lot of noise compared to the muteness of Shannon’s bare feet. They finally reached the service entrance but this too was locked. The entrance was located in an open area around the back of the school building and was accessible to all of the worst winds. There was nothing around to block them since the athletic fields were out this way.

Shannon started to cry and banging on the door. Carrie stopped her and pointed to the sign. “PLEASE RING BELL FOR SERVICE.” Carrie used her finger to push the button and they heard a bell ring. “Oh God, OH God, OH GOD,” Shannon said, her body shaking from the cold. She didn’t dare cross her arms in front of her breasts for fear that Mr. Jones was watching...she was sure he was and that would just further her punishment.

Finally, they heard the inside bar of the door being pushed and the metal swung open. There was Joe, the maintenance manager, at the door.

“Ah, our punishment girls. Come in girls, don’t want you freezing your, um, anything off.” Too late, Shannon thought, as she pushed in past the large man into a grimy boiler room.

“Mr. Jones said that I should supervise something with you young lady,” Joe said, looking at Carrie.

“Right here,” she said, her voice barely above a whisper.

“Why not here? Too good to be naked in the boiler room? Trust me honey, I’ve seen better, including your friend here. If it’s good enough for her, it’s good enough for you.”

Carrie realized that he was right and began unbuttoning her blouse. Her shaking hands made it difficult. How could she be nervous after all of this time being naked, she wondered. Finally she finished all of the buttons and pulled the blouse out of her skirt and completely off. She then unzipped the skirt and pulled it off, being careful not to let it touch the grimy floor. Now it was just her shoes and Carrie slipped out of them and felt the slime of the floor under her bare feet. Shannon looked on with a knowing nod as Joe took the now folded clothes and stuffed them in a bag.

“I’ll leave them here. When you are done today, you can come and get them here.”

The girls nodded and began to make their way out of the grimy room and into a hallway. At the door was a mat and the girl wiped their feet off as well as they could, not wanting to fall on the tile floor. They both wondered what their punishment was going to be. Finally they made it to the principal’s office and knocked on the door.

“Come in,” Mr. Jones said pleasantly and they were both shocked at what they saw when they entered. There, in front of Mr. Jones’ big oak desk was a huge poster that read, “NUDE CAR WASH TO BENEFIT ST. MARK’S FOOTBALL!” On both ends of the poster were nude pictures, one taken while Shannon was nude an spread in biology, the other from the art photo shoot that Carrie had posed for.

“Ladies, welcome to punishment Saturday!”

**PART 76**

The girls were shocked. A nude car wash in the middle of winter.

“Girls, this is part of your community service which is an integral part of your punishment. This will not only benefit the fine boys of our football program which brings tremendous attention to our school, but also the men, mostly, and women of our community who are usually unable to get their car washed at this time of year.”

“But Mr. Jones, it’s so cold outside.”

The man glared at Shannon in disgust.

“I am going to ignore that indiscretion of speaking out of turn Miss Malone because I know that you are under a lot of strain and I am a Christian man. Do not try it again however.”

The naked girl bowed her head, her face flushed in anger but she said nothing else.

“I am not stupid enough to endanger your lives by making this happen outside, though the alternative is not exactly a Hawaiian Island. We will have the car wash in the bus port. Also, the day is expected to get up to high 40s today so we should be okay. Before we go out and get this started, you girls need to sign this paper. This is the generic paper signed before all community service projects, about liability, etc. Just sign it and we can be on our way.”

The girl naively signed the paper without reading it, causing Mr. Jones to smirk. You think these girls especially would know better than just sign something without reading it.

“Okay, follow me please. Miss Bartlett, please leave your bag here. You may come get it in a few hours when you are done.”

A few hours! Both girls’ shoulders sagged when they heard that. This punishment was going to seem like forever.

The girls followed the principal, who was dressed in khackis and a long-sleeve fleece. The halls were freezing as the heat was not on with no classes in session. The naked girls knew it very well...their bare feet felt the ice-cold tile floor...their bare breasts felt the cold, heavy drafts swinging through the deserted halls...and their bare pussies were exposed to the elements, Shannon’s not even given the luxury of being covered by pubic hair.

They walked down past all of the lockers. Carrie felt even worse, knowing that many of them probably contained clothes...girls’ sweaters, boys’ jackets, anything that could cover her nudity...cover her shame...give her warmth.

Finally, they made it to the busport. The girls were surprised to see all 50 of the football players, from freshmen to seniors. Shannon was especially humiliated...this was the crowd she had hung out with...fellow jocks...the team she had cheered for as the head cheerleader. Was it really just two months ago that she been in uniform, on the sidelines for the big state championship? She felt like she had been nude for way longer than that. Her mind now recalled how that uniform felt on her...she remembered being a bit unhappy that it was as revealing as it was. The skirts were ultrashort and the tops had a bare midriff. They all wore ankle socks so more was bare than covered but man, how she wished for that much cover now, when she wasn’t even allowed to wrap a towel around herself after a shower.

Mr. Jones led them right into the area where the football players stood. “Gentlemen, I think you know these ladies. Shannon and Carrie are on punishment and part of that is to help you with this activity. Please do not pity them...they deserve this duty today. Is that clear?”

The boys nodded. Judging by the looks on their faces, there wasn’t any thoughts of pitying these girls. They were out for blood and wanted to humiliate these girls, especially their former friend Shannon, the beautiful girl who had rebuffed many of their advances. She was not quite such the uppity bitch that she had been before.

The truth was, Shannon was far from an uppity bitch. She had rebuffed many of them but not in a mean way. She was a strong, independent woman who was not about to give herself to any boy that wanted it. Now, she was far from that image. She was a naked, scared, overwhelmed little girl.

Coach Lapey walked over to where the principal stood with the girls.

“Shannon, it’s VERY nice to see you again. I’m sorry, I don’t believe I know you,” the man said to Carrie, holding his hand out to shake hers. “I am Coach Lapey and you are Carrie Bartlett. Well, it certainly a pleasure, a real pleasure.”

The girl noticed that he was certainly taking great pleasure in staring at her bare body, a fact that he concealed even less than his players had. She was afraid of what the next few hours would hold.

“Coach Lapey, would you be so kind as to send two of your players to my office to grab the large posters please? Just look for the nude photos of these two girls and they will know they have the right one.”

“Absolutely, Jim and Bill, go and grab those posters out of the Mr. Jones’ office.”

The two freshmen jumped to attention at their coach’s words and hustled back into the school building. The girls shivered as they got a good look at what was known as the bus barn. This is where the school kept the 15 buses that transported the students back and forth from school. There were some big ones and a few small ones and two that were for students with disabilities. All of these were currently being moved out onto parking lot by Joe to leave plenty of space for the car wash.

“Girls, follow me and I’ll give you an idea of the setup for this event,” Coach Lapey said. The girls followed the man, happy to be away from the leering boys, at least for the moment.

They followed Coach Lapey towards the open door. Both girls cringed, knowing that this would put them into view of anyone outside of the school building but also from the cold air blowing in.

“The cars will come in this way, be washed by the two of you and then exit this door. The guys will take the money, provide you with soap and supplies and then direct the cars out of the bus barn. Do you understand the process?”

“You mean, we’re the only ones washing the cars,” Shannon asked and the coach nodded.

“Yep, this is your community service and we really appreciate it.”

The girls looked at each other, knowing that this day was about to turn even more awful. Out of the corner of her eye, Shannon saw the boys running back with the posters and cringed when she saw her nude photo, her legs spread, every eye drawn to that part of her body that was supposed to be private, was supposed to be just hers. Now, everyone driving by would see it.

It was strange to her, but the photos taken along the way had been almost as bad as the constant nudity. At least with the nudity, her exposure was limited in some ways...by the way she moved, how quickly she was there, could she be behind something, what angle were you looking at her, etc. In a photo, there was no hiding anything and the people could stop and stare as long as they pleased and there was nothing to stop them.

“Shannon and Carrie, please go and put these signs on opposite sides of the street so that we get people from both directions,” Mr. Jones said. Both girls groaned, knowing that meant more public exposure.

“Jim and Billy, you guys go and help the girls and then take the first shift on the street, directing traffic. Don’t worry, we’ll replace you in an hour so that you don’t miss too much time with our female volunteers.”

Shannon laughed inside...volunteers, yeah right!

The girls grabbed the signs and carried them out into the cold day, happy for the minimal coverage they provided and for the fact that the sun was beginning to peek out and warm things up a bit. Shannon volunteered to carry the one across the street, followed close behind by the very happy freshman named Bill. His classmate, Jim, looked just as happy behind Carrie, watching her tight butt as she walked.

“Shannon, I really think you are cute,” Bill said. The naked girl turned towards him and smiled.

“Thanks Bill, that’s sweet.”

“Yeah, I always wondered what you would look like naked and now I know. And you are every bit as hot as I imagined.”

No longer sweet, now just sick, Shannon thought, but continued to smile, hoping that maybe this boy could be an ally.

She glanced in both directions in the street, saw no cars coming and put her bare foot onto the blacktop of the road and started to cross, holding the big sign in front of her to provide as much coverage as she could. Obviously someone coming the other way would have a pristine view of her ass and bare back, but at least her breasts and pussy were covered for the time being...at least until she put the sign in.

She got across the street and then heard the cars approaching. She heard the familiar yells and cheers and lewd comments. The cold wind was hitting her body, feeling like sharp needles. Her nipples were so hard they looked like they would break with one touch. She looked up and saw Carrie struggling to place her sign into the hard ground...obviously the wooden legs of the sign were not sharp enough to break through the winterized ground. Finally, Jim, conveniently coming up from behind Carrie and groping her at the same time, assisted her and the sign was finally in place, after more than a half dozen cars had stopped to see the naked girl and read her sign.

Shannon was a bit stronger than her friend but still struggled mightily to break the ground. Finally Bill helped her, grazing her bare breast in the process. Shannon looked up and saw that four or five cars were pulled over on her side as well, getting a full view of her exertions and then reading the sign. The two teens scampered across the street to meet up with the other two. The boys stayed outside and began to form the cars into lines. The girls saw nine cars already lined up.

They felt the air was a bit warmer inside the bus barn but not much.

“Girls, this is Carrie’s team and this is Shannon’s team,” Coach Lapey said, pointing to the two groups of roughly 15 guys each. “Their job is to make sure the water is in the bucket and the soap is going and that you have fresh dry towels. You will do all of the scrubbing and hosing down of the cars.”

“BRING IN THE FIRST TWO CARS,” he said loudly to four boys who stood at the door.

Two large black SUVs rolled in. The girls saw that two twenty-something men were behind the wheels, gawking at the nude girls. Shannon closed her eyes to brace herself for the day’s events.

“I’d get moving sweetie,” Coach said, “or you will never make your goal.”

Goal, what goal, Shannon thought as she opened her eyes, seeing Carrie on her tip toes already soaping up the hood of the first SUV. Shannon bent over, imagining the view that the man in the SUV was getting as she leaned over the bucket, wringing out the sponge. She takes the sopping wet sponge, now dripping over her bare legs and feet, and begins soaping up the hood of the man’s car. She is also on tiptoes to try and reach the middle of the hood, her breasts occasionally scraping the cold and now wet metal. She looks up and sees the man’s eyes not on her face, but right on those breasts, watching her hard nipples achingly rub against his hood.

Some of the soap had wiped onto her breasts but finally the entire hood was soapy and wiped. Now she sprayed the hose, but the nozzle was loose and she ended up as wet as the car. She began to shiver in the cold bus barn. Finally, after almost 15 minutes of scrubbing and rinsing, the car was finished and she was soaked, from her hair to her feet, which were walking in a film of cold water.

She looked over and saw Carrie struggling to finish her SUV and began to feel lucky that she was athletic and used to strain. Washing a car while nude was very hard work. The nude girl wondered if she should go and help her equally nude friend out.

“Shannon, over here please,” said Coach Lapey. She looked over and saw five guys standing there with thin washcloths and walked towards them.

“Stand with your legs spread and arms extended out to your sides,” the coach said softly. Without thinking, the naturally obedient girl did as commanded, now completely exposing her bare breasts and pussy for display.

“OK, stand completely still while the boys dry you off so that we can avoid you getting sick,” the coach said. “Gentlemen, go to it.”

Before Shannon could even comprehend what the coach was saying, the boys began their assault, taking their thin towels and mauling her. Two shared her breasts, one dried her pussy, another dried her face, back and arms and a fifth was the lucky boy responsible for her pussy, legs and feet.

She felt their uncomfortable groping through the rough fabric, their inexperience readily showing. There was no finesse, no thought of being gentle...just grabbing and squeezing at her breasts. However, the boy at her pussy was using the towel in a more gentle fashion, dabbing at her puffy lips, lightly drying her inner thighs.

“Every time I think I’ve dried her thing down here, it gets wet again Coach, what should I do,” the boy, who Shannon thought was named Trevor, asked with a shy, mocking tone.

The coach smiled. “Yes, girls have that problem, I guess you’re doing it right.”

Shannon didn’t believe it, but these comments humiliated her even more than her nudity did. She knew they were correct, she was getting sexually excited by his touches and could not control her body’s reactions.

He moved on down her smooth, bare legs, while his friends continued to concentrate on her tits. She followed Trevor’s commands and lifted her left foot and the boy dried the soles of her bare feet and then her right. This was so humiliating, her body was a bright red.

The drying was finally over and Shannon went back to work on the next car, this one a smaller car, a Toyota. Wouldn’t take nearly as long. In the meantime, Carrie was over getting dried off, a different group of five boys taking their turns drying her entire body. Shannon heard a moan of what seemed to be a mixture of pleasure and frustration from where Carrie, followed by laughter as the boys knew what was happening.

“This one really like it. Christ, her friend got soaked from our touch and this one is moaning...two real sluts,” one of the boys said. Shannon tried to control her tears at the mean words but continued washing the car, ignoring the college-aged man behind the wheel, getting a close-up view of her bare body.

Out of the corner of her eye, she saw Carrie get back to work as she finished the Toyota. She was forced back to her drying area, where five new boys were waiting. Again, they were rough with her, except for the boy drying her vagina, who was doing it tenderly. She saw it was Trevor again and wondered why. Her eyes must have given her away and he whispered, “Coach likes the way I do it...he thinks you are going to cum.”

She was mortified...her wanton sexual desire was obviously full evident to the men in the area, who watched her with fascination, wanting her to humiliate herself further by cumming in this terrible situation. She closed her eyes and willed her self not to enjoy this so much but her body gave her away...she felt her pussy soaken and heard Trevor sniff the air and say, “Ahhh,” drawing the laughter of those watching, which seemed to include everyone in the bus barn except Carrie, who was struggling to finish the new SUV brought in.

“Lift your left foot Shannon,” Trevor said softly and the girl blindly obeyed, not even giving a thought to not following this boy’s orders. Why not, she thought, every other male is ordering me to do things, why not this one? The drying of her soles seemed like the last straw of humiliation, the last place that had been mostly hidden. It was as if lifting her leg in the air so that he could dry the bottoms of her feet was the last piece of submission.

Trevor finished and she was glad to get away from him without moaning out loud like Carrie had. Shannon moved back to the washing area and began on the minivan that had pulled in, filled with about seven teenage boys, using mom’s car on a Saturday.

As she washed, she heard moaning from Carrie and without looking knew that the girl was having an orgasm. She heard the boys laughing and making rude comments but she didn’t want to add to her friend’s humiliation by looking up, concentrating on her own car in front of her instead.

“OH GOD,” she heard Carrie exclaim, followed by a grunt through clenched lips. Shannon knew why...the exposure was terrible but it was hard to not think about sex and your sex parts when they were constantly on display and all anyone ever looked at. She had been so aroused lately, much more so than when she wore clothes...the constant nudity saw to that. She imagined that Carrie was simply giving into that and hoped that she could control it better but she knew it was a losing battle.

She heard applause and was surprised to see roughly 20 men and boys in the barn not affiliated with the football team standing there gawking. She was mortified even more now... this day kept getting worse.

Carrie could not stop cumming...this was so much worse than the other night with Craig...there she was being loved, made to cum by someone who cared for her, who wanted her to feel pleasure. Yes it was in public, but not to humiliate her...to make her feel like a woman. But now, with this boy pushing his towel-covered finger into her pussy and rubbing up and down her lips, her body took over...despite her brain’s strenuous objection, her body responded.

Now her body shook but not from the cold this time...she was hot, starting in her pussy and working through her whole body. The boy removed his hand from her vagina and dried her legs. She tried to block it out but all of her energy and all of her thoughts were focused between her legs. Meekly, she raised each leg as ordered so that the boy (Christ, she didn’t even know his name) could dry the soles of her feet, a humiliating exercise in and of itself.

The rest of the day went that way. Carrie came three more times, Shannon twice...neither girl could help it. They were being constantly prodded, poked and mocked by the football players and the onlookers. The coach protected them most of the time, but occasionally he would drift away, leaving his charges alone in command of the girls.

In five hours, the girls managed to wash 35 cars at $20 a piece. When 2 p.m. hit, the scheduled end of the car wash, just two cars remained. The girls had raised $700 and where given permission to finish the last two cars, bringing their total up to $740, the most ever raised for a charity car wash at the high school, especially with only two people washing.

Coach Lapey counted the cash collected. “Whoa, what a great day. $740 is a record. Thank you ladies so much. It’s a shame that you didn’t reach your goal but you gave a heck of an effort.”

Both girls looked at the man questioningly.

“Mr. Jones didn’t tell you girls that your goal was to raise $1,000 did he? What a bastard he is! HA! Well, you signed the paper so you are stuck with it.”

The girls stood there, not knowing what to do. They hurt terribly, arms and legs in great pain from all of the washing. The girls had washed nearly two dozen cars apiece and still had failed to reach this goal.

“Why are you girls standing there. Mr. Jones wants you in his office immediately. Thanks again.”

Oh God, Shannon thought, what more could happen. But at least they could leave this cold barn and get away, for however brief a time, from all of these eyes. It was 2:30 and both girls were complete messes and Carrie had to be at the theater by 3 and Shannon had a game at 4:30.

The two nudes walked silently towards Mr. Jones’ office...before they made the final turn down the hallway, Shannon turned and grabbed her friend in a huge bearhug and both girls started sobbing.

Finally, they gained composure... “it was awful, wasn’t it,” Carrie asked. They continued on their journey to the principal’s office. Mr. Jones waved them in and commanded Shannon to kneel in her normal position while Carrie stood there.

“Miss Bartlett, are you better than your friend? Do you think you deserve to stand while she kneels?” The girl shook her head no and dropped to her knees, implying his order.

The man was holding a piece of paper. “well, I heard that you two raised $740...not bad for five hours of work. However, it fell well short of the $1,000 mark that we set here in the contract that both of you signed. Doesn’t it say that Miss Malone. The man held the paper out so that Shannon could see it. The nude girl nodded.

“Words Miss!”

“Yes Mr. Jones, it says $1,000.”

“Good girl...see you can follow orders, even though you failed to reach your goal. Do either of you know the consequences? I assume you do since you read it in the paper you signed.”

Both girls frowned as neither had read the contract.

“Neither of you read this piece of paper. Pity. Well, first, you will be punished during all three lunch periods, 4th though 6th periods, Monday, Tuesday and Wednesday. I don’t think you will enjoy it. Plus, you will be here the next four Saturdays to help in other fund raising activities. I hope you do better then. Dismissed.”

The girls got up and stumbled out of the office, both desperately afraid of wht was in store for them at school.

“Want to grab some lunch,” Carrie asked. “I could go and throw on my clothes and run to McDonald’s or something.”

The nude friend nodded and the duo set off to find Carrie’s clothes. They found the bag in the boiler room and Carrie threw on her stuff and went to the fast food restaurant. While she waited, Shannon went to a side bathroom, needing to pee. She squatted over the toilet, not wanting her private parts to touch the grimy seat.

As she finished, she felt the horny feeling come back...she never came as hard as she wanted in that bus barn...she held back, not wanting to put on too much of a show. Now, with her fingers spreading her pussy lips, she started to rub her raised clit...she rubbed and within seconds, the feelings started shooting up and down her body. She rubbed her harder, using her other fingers to rub up and down and then inside her pussy lips...she imagined it was Trevor doing it, right here, then shook her head and it was Mark, her sweet boyfriend who had yet to pressure her for sex...and she came again, right there in the boiler room bathroom.

CLAP! CLAP! “Bravo Miss Malone, what a horny little thing you are,” said joe, the large custodian. “I was surprised when I heard the sound of something tinkling in my toilet but imagine my shock when I saw a beautiful little girl squatting over it, peeing. And then to watch her cum right here, well all of my years working here have been worth it now.”

BANG! BANG! BANG! “That would be Miss Bartlett...I’ll slink away and pretend this never happened. But we will know, won’t we Shannon. Oh and don’t forget to remind her to strip in here and leave her clothes. Mr. Jones would not be very happy if she walked in dressed would he?”

The girl was now sobbing, not even allowed to enjoy one private moment in this awful day. She pulled her fingers out of her pussy and flushed the toilet. The pounding got more insistent and she rushed over to open the door, letting her friend in. The smell of the fries thankfully overpowered the smell of her sex juices and she took the bag from her friend’s hands.

“Um, don’t forget to strip again. Mr. Jones would kill you if you didn’t.”

“Oh Christ, I almost forgot, thanks.”

And she got nude again, leaving the bag in the boiler room and the two naked girls headed for the relative quiet of the girls’ locker room and ate their lunch, chatting about life, trying to remember a time before they were naked. After a while some of Shannon’s basketball friends arrived and Carrie left to meet the rest of the theater crew. Both cringed when they thought of Monday and Carrie remembered that there was the issue of Tracey’s nudity to deal with. But first, there was a game to play and a show to put on. Somehow, both girls made it work, with the basketball team winning again and the play getting a standing ovation, but both were exhausted as Carrie drove Shannon home that night.

“Thanks for the ride, I’ll talk to you tomorrow,” a very naked Shannon Malone said to her now dressed friend.

“Yeah...and Shannon, I hate what’s happening, but I’m sure glad we going through it together.”

For the first time that day, Shannon smiled, even though it was a weak one. “I know, me too. Bye.”

The nude girl sprinted up the steps and into the warmth of her house, glad that this day was almost over. Carrie drove off, feeling weird in clothes after going without for more than 14 hours. Her non-driving hand wandered down beneath her skirt as she went, playing absentmindedly with her bare puss. She thought about the day and the orgasms and then the play...and she thought about Tracey. Her orgasm luckily came at a stoplight and she was able to get home without a crash, stripping when she entered the front door, with only Tracey home to see her. She was thinking about telling her younger sister about the nudity thing, but the girl was off and talking about a boy she had met at the play who thought she was a senior and Carrie thought better of it, preferring to wait a day.

**PART 77**

Carrie wanted to get away but couldn’t...how did she end up in this deli...all she could see was her bare legs spread in front of her and she smelled pickles. She wanted to shout out for help but nothing came out of her mouth.

“Boy this new pickle warmer is awesome...so realistic...almost like a real pussy,” the man suddenly standing in front of her said to another.

“You’re right...let’s try it out.”

The girl struggled mightily but could not move...then saw the man lift a large pickle and move it towards her spread pussy lips.

“NOOO!!!” she cried, knowing that the object was way too wide to fit inside of her. But the men heard nothing and began to part her pussy lips and stuff the pickle in...the pain was intense but she felt the betrayal of her body and she came while the huge invader went into her hole. She felt her thighs quiver and her pussy spasm around the cold, soft pickle.

“Christ, it came just like a real girl too, look at those pussy lips. Man this is a great invention.”

Their reaction caught the store like wildfire and soon everyone was coming over to stuff pickles into her vulnerable, wide-open pussy...she tried to cry out for help because it was awful while being awesome at the same time. She kept cumming and could not stop...

“Let’s try two pickles...” NOOOOO!!!

“Carrie! CARRIE!!! WAKE UP!”

The girl shook her head and came to, realizing that she was not really in that grimy deli but in her bed...completely open, her covers long ago thrown to the floor, her hand buried in her snatch and her legs spread. She looked up and saw her brother shaking her, touching her bare shoulder. She sat up quickly, a little lost in a fog, closed her legs and brought her knees up against her body, trying to shield herself from the boy’s line of sight.

“Carrie, Christ, snap out of it, it’s me Phil.”

The girl’s eyes started to focus on the boy in front of her and he could see her whole expression change.

“Jesus, Phil, what a dream I just had.”

“I bet, I saw your hand moving pretty good down there. Almost didn’t want to wake you but thought I had to.”

The nude girl blushed...even though her brother had seen all of her body, this was the first time she had ever been so wantonly displayed in his presence.

“Shake it off, it didn’t bother me none,” the boy said, smiling. “I wanted to wake you because I had an idea about how to get Tracey nude today.”

The boy began whispering a plan in his naked sister’s ear. Carrie kept nodding, not liking the idea but thinking the plan could work.

“Okay, so we’ll do it during breakfast, right,” Phil asked softly.

“Yeah,” Carrie said. “This whole thing sucks but I believe you when you say that you will take care of things Phil. I’m trusting you.”

The boy nodded and left the room, leaving Carrie alone with her thoughts. She thought about how weird her dream was and was bothered that she had zero privacy...now even her dreams were apparent to the world...her brother knew what she was doing and the basic gist of her erotic dream.

She crawled out of bed, noticing some pain in her vagina, wondering how rough she had been on herself during the night. Obviously, judging by the smell in her room, she had been very busy with her fingers. She looked down and saw her juices caked on and nearly gagged. Maybe she really was a slut, she thought.

She heard the music playing in Tracey’s room and realized that she must be awake and getting ready for church. Carrie remembered that her mom and dad were going to be away all day, leaving her, Phil and Tracey alone until late that night. Phil was right, today was the day to trap Tracey.

Part of her wanted to just tell Tracey and ask her for help...maybe the girl would go along with it. But, another part of her knew that Phil’s plan was probably the way to go.

She slid into the bathroom, realizing for the millionth time how naked she was and how that made her different. There was nothing to take off while she waited for the water to warm so she stood in front of the mirror, giving her body the long once over. Why not, she thought, everyone else was seeing her body, why not her?

When Carrie looked into the mirror, she was surprised to see roughly the same body that had been there before her naked punishment. She felt so different on the inside, she was a bit taken aback to see that the outside was almost the same. Her nipples, which always felt so hard to the point of being a bit painful, looked the same as they always did. The only slight difference was her pussy lips, which seemed puffier and redder than they used to be.

She felt the steam start to filter out beyond the shower curtain and stepped in, luxuriating in the warm water splashing over her. She washed her hair and shaved all of the key areas, her legs, underarms and trimmed her pubic hair so that it looked neat (why she did this she had no idea!). She then took the shower head massager off of the hook and placed it between her legs, letting the water squirt up against her puffy, aching pussy lips. She gasped and then moaned...realizing that she was much more sensitive than she had ever imagined. Her legs began to shake and she fell back against the slick tile wall as the orgasm washed over her.

“Carrie, are you alright,” she heard Tracey say.

“I’m fine,” Carrie said in a shaky reply. Christ, am I never allowed to orgasm alone again, she wondered. She finished washing up and turned off the water, wringing her hair out in the tub. She grabbed the towel and dried herself, being careful not to wrap it around her and break the rule, even though there was no one around to see her. It was now so ingrained into the girl’s psyche that she didn’t even think about wrapping that warm, fluffy towel around her for cover.

She took a few minutes putting on the minimal amount of makeup that she wore and pulled her hair back into a ponytail. Although letting her hair fall naturally would have covered more of her, she hated how she looked like that. The ponytail was more her style.

She left the bathroom and hurried downstairs. She knew that the plan called for her and Tracey to leave the house and go to mass at 9:30. They would then return home and have breakfast where she and Phil would lay their trap for their unsuspecting sister.

“I started the car so it would warm up,” Tracey said, reappearing in the foyer with a heavy ski jacket on. “I wasn’t sure what you would be wearing so I figured I would help out.”

Carrie thanked her sister and saw a pile of clothes on the bottom step with a note.

“Carrie, wear this today. I won’t tell and I think you deserve a break. Phil.”

She saw a heavy sweater and jeans folded with a bra and knickers lying on top. Next to the pile was a pair of socks and sneakers. She silently thanked her brother and grabbed the soft, cotton bra. She used to hate bras, feeling confined in them. Now, as she pulled it on, snapped it shut and shifted it around so that the cups were over her breasts, she was beyond happy.

Tracey came in and gasped. “What are you doing in that?”

“Phil left it for me...said he wouldn’t tell and I didn’t think you would mind right?”

Though she seemed surprised that their brother would be so nice Tracey just nodded. She sat there while her formerly naked sister put on the other clothes, luxuriating in the feel of her bra and knickers, something so simple to other girls but a real treat to her after being without them for nearly a week. Then the jeans and finally the sweater and she was covered from neck to ankle. She sat down and slipped her socks and sneaks on and was covered except for her face and hands for the first time since last Monday morning.

“Carrie, I don’t feel right about this. Daddy said you weren’t allowed to wear a bra or knickers for three weeks and no pants...you might get in trouble.”

“You have no idea what it’s like being naked all the time and being on display at all times. It sucks Trace, absolutely sucks. Give me one freaking hour to be dressed like a normal girl will you for chrissakes.”

Carrie’s words were almost spat out at her younger sister, who stood in shock, having never heard her sister speak like that to anyone, especially not her. They had always been best friends.

“Carrie, I’m sorry,” Tracey said in a very low voice. “I didn’t realize...”

Carrie grunted, threw on her coat and was out the door, into the waiting warmth of her car. Tracey followed closely behind, her mind whirling. She knew that Carrie’s nudity must be bad but she had no idea of the depths of it. In fact, it looked kind of fun at times and she fantasized about it being her nude at school.

The two drove to church in silence, the music playing providing the only sound in the car. Every so often Tracey would look at her big sister, looking so odd in the comfy clothes, her legs out of sight for the first time in nearly a week. Each time, she saw anger in Carrie’s eyes as the girl looked straight ahead, her eyes on the road.

Finally they pulled into the church parking lot and Carrie pulled into a parking space. She put the car into park and was about to leave when she was stopped by Tracey.

“Carrie, please, let’s get past this. I am really sorry about what I said. I didn’t realize how awful it must be for you. I wasn’t trying to make you feel worse.”

Carrie stopped and calmed herself.

“I think you have been enjoying me being naked,” she said softly. “You can feel superior to me when I am that way, the first time you have been able to feel that way with me. You want me naked all the time don’t you?”

The girls stared at each other, Carrie’s face filled with anger and Tracey’s registering shock.

“I do not-,” Tracey stammered.

“Stop it, you do...you love it. You try and pretend you are there for me, but you’re not. You love it.”

Tracey was stunned, but not at the allegations. The fact was, she was secretly happy to have her sister be humiliated. It certainly made her look better. She had always wanted to be superior to her sister but she was shocked that Carrie had seen through her.

Carrie opened the car door and got out of the car before her sister could answer. Tracey quietly got out herself, following her sister into church. They sat towards the back on the left side of the large building. Carrie was so happy to be dressed normally that much of her anger towards Tracey was gone. She sat and tried to pray quietly in the church that she had gone to her whole life.

She heard it before she saw it but experience told her that Shannon was nearby. She turned and saw her very naked friend slide into the pew next to her, followed closely by Brighid, Jim and their parents. Shannon grabbed Carrie’s hand tight and Carrie looked at her with a smile. However, a part of Carrie was unhappy at Shannon’s presence. She was enjoying just blending in with the rest of the congregants and now everyone was looking her way, though she had to admit no one was looking at her.

Shannon looked over at her best friend and was surprised at the lukewarm reception she had gotten. After all they had been through, she was hoping for some support. She was shocked to see Carrie wearing jeans and a sweater, her legs hidden from view for the first time in a week.

The nude girl had a lot of problems this morning...in addition to being the only naked person in this house of God, she was also extremely horny. The day before she had experienced orgasms but only superficial ones...they had teased her body and she had been on display, but not one of the orgasms was fulfilling. She felt an uncomfortable itch in her pussy and had tried to scratch it herself but she just couldn’t satisfy herself...she needed someone to do it for her. Mark was away for the weekend and she would probably not see her until the next week...she could never last that long in this condition.

“Can you come with me to the bathroom,” Shannon whispered to Carrie. The last thing Carrie wanted was to walk around with her naked friend but she nodded. They stood up together and Carrie felt every eye in the church on them and she cringed. She desperately wanted to blend in today, to enjoy being dressed like a normal girl.

They went out of the church and down into the auditorium where all of their dances had been held when they were young girls. Both had fond memories of the room, of being with their friends, of dancing with boys, of the flirting and the fun. Neither could now believe that one of them was naked here.

They went into one of the bathrooms hidden back behind a stage. Shannon felt there was less of a chance of them being seen.

“Carrie, I have an unbelievably huge favor to ask,” she said after the two had entered the bathroom.

Carrie saw Shannon’s swollen nipples and looked down to see her puffy pussy lips. Shannon’s face was red and looked strained.

“Sure Shannon anything,” she said, trying to help her friend.

“Um, well, this is beyond anything we have ever done before, are you sure you are up to anything?”

Carrie swallowed hard. What could it be? How bad could this favor get?

“Uh, yeah Shannon, though you are starting to scare me.”

Shannon looked down in humiliation at what she was about to ask. “Carrie, I need you to help me cum.”

Carrie’s face registered the shock that Shannon expected, though the naked girl did not dare look up at her friend. Instead, her vision focused on her bare feet on the tiled floor. There was no noise in the room, just complete and uncomfortable silence.

Finally, Shannon felt the need to speak. “It wouldn’t mean anything, like no lezzie stuff. It’s just a physical need after all that happened yesterday with the boys in the car wash and then the game, I just can’t get there alone and I have no one else to ask.”

Carrie came out of her thoughts and looked at Shannon. She saw the great humiliation coming from her best friend and knew the feeling. She saw the need in her as well, the need to past this awful thing...Carrie had been able to cum with her own hands but had known that yearning feeling.

“OK, I’ll do it,” she said softly. Shannon’s face shined...she wasn’t going to be ridiculed, especially not from her best friend. Instead, she was going to get help.

Carrie walked up to Shannon and softly guided her into a bathroom stall and closed the door. She dropped to her knees and gently began to play with her friend’s lips...Shannon moaned and gasped. Carrie pushed her finger inside and began to touch the front inside wall of Shannon’s vagina. Though it felt weird having her finger up another girl’s pussy, Carrie knew the place where Shannon needed to be touched...she knew the exact spot on her...about an inch above the opening on the front wall.

Carrie moved her finger up and then felt Shannon stiffen. She looked up and saw the girl looking straight ahead, her eyes glassy, her mouth open but no noise coming out. She felt the girl’s pussy spasm over and over and her body shake. She kept touching that spot, massaging it with her finger and finally release happened for Shannon who stuffed her fingers into her own mouth to keep from yelling out in passion.

It ended with the naked girl slumped over in relief but her face registered with a smile. Carrie pulled her now soaked finger out of her friend’s soaking hot sex.

“Carrie, thank you so much...I needed that so bad.”

“You’re welcome, but let’s not do this again okay,” she answered, smiling.

“No, I owe you one.”

“Seriously Shannon, I’ll let Craig handle this area for me, though I might take you up on it if I ever really need it.”

The girls washed up, Carrie her finger and Shannon her now sticky sex, and went back up to the church with mass having started.

**PART 78**

Carrie and Tracey were driving home in uncomfortable silence...Tracey was dying to ask what had happened when Carrie and Shannon had left. Both had come back looking strange and Tracey thought she noticed a smell.

Trying to pray at mass with a very naked girl standing two spots over from her had been hard for Tracey...she didn’t go to school with Carrie and Shannon so she hadn’t had much experience with nudity, just what she had seen from Carrie. For now realized how bad it could be...she had seen the looks from all of the people, especially the boys. The leering, the absolute staring...and few were staring at the girl’s face, she had noticed. She saw them looking at poor Shannon’s bare breasts as she stood there and then at her bare slit and ass when she was leaving church. It must have been awful for the girl, especially running to the family car as the temperature was below freezing this morning.

Carrie pulled the car into the driveway and got out, heading up into the house, Tracey close behind. The older girl removed her coat and started up the stairs still dressed when she stopped and remembered her punishment. She came back down and asked Tracey for permission to strip, as had been dictated by her father.

The younger girl nodded and Carrie shed her wonderful normal clothes. She pulled her socks off one at a time and then unbuttoned her jeans, sliding them down her long, white legs. She hesitated at what to remove next and finally decided on her blouse, being unused to having knickers on at all. She decided to keep her pussy covered for at least a little longer and unbuttoned her blouse and slid it down her arms.

Carrie reached behind her and unclasped her bra and removed it, tears flowing down her face...the hour she had worn the garments had made it worse and she yearned for clothes even more now. Finally all that remained were her knickers and she slid them down. She was once again a very naked girl.

She left her clothes in a pile and went into the kitchen where Phil was cooking breakfast.

“Ready for our plan,” he whispered. Carrie nodded, “Very ready,” she said.

“TRACEYYY!!! BREAKFAST,” Phil yelled to his sister. Carrie sat down, feeling the cold, hard wood of the chair against her newly bare butt.

She looked up when she heard her sister’s footsteps in the kitchen and gasped...the younger girl was completely naked, her bare feet barely making a sound on the tiled kitchen floor.

Phil was speechless, staring at this girl who he always thought of as a little girl but was certainly much more than that. It was almost comical, from a movie Tracey thought, the way he stood there with his mouth open and his hands slack, almost dropping the food he was carrying.

Tracey had sat in the foyer, trying to figure out how to make this right with her big sister. She wanted to give her a hug and apologize for wanting to feel superior and tell her how bad she felt. She wanted to make it all go away.

Then it hit her...the only way to make it right was to take away that thing that caused her to have any superiority...she would spend the rest of the day naked.

Quietly, she kicked off her clogs and, using her toes, removed her socks. She unbuttoned her jeans and slid them off, revealing a pair of long, toned legs that rivaled any other girl her age. Her shirt was short so her pastel blue cotton knickers were on display and they were pulled up tight, with her lips pressing up against them.

Although she was showing more than she ever had, barring a bathing suit, she still was more covered than most girls her age frequently are. She had never been outside of her room or the bathroom in this state of undress but she was still covered. Knowing that she had to go all the way, she pulled her top up over her head, putting her full teen breasts, covered in a sports bra, on display.

She pulled that off over her head as well, knowing that she needed to go all the way. Her 34C breasts, bigger than even her sister and among the biggest for any girl her age, popped free and her nipples hardened almost immediately, both from the cold and the arousal...she had never felt like this before.

The bent over and slid off her knickers and stood naked in a very public area of her house, her clothes now piled next to her sister’s signaling to anyone that walked in that two teenage girls were now nude.

She walked over to Carrie, who was drinking the scene in herself.

“Carrie, I did this for you...I will stay naked for you for the rest of the day.

I just want you to forgive me.”

Carrie stood up and wrapped her arms around her sister, tears streaming down her face.

“Oh God, I forgive you. I can’t believe you did this just for me. You are amazing.”

“I’m so glad,” Tracey said, now crying herself. “I am so sorry about what’s been happening, I just want you to love me again.”

The sight of the two nude girls embracing caused Phil to get instantly aroused, a fact plainly obvious by looking at his crotch where his now erect penis was pressing painfully against his pants.

“Well, this is an unexpected treat,” he said aloud. “Man, am I glad I’m home today.”

“You know Phil, you could join us,” Carrie said playfully. “Might make that little thing, I mean, big thing, feel better.”

Both girls giggled but Phil was shaking his head. “Oh no, that’s okay. I’ll just be a spectator this time.”

The three siblings sat down to a nice breakfast, the nudity of the two teen girls the only thing setting this apart from so many other meals around the area.

As they ate, Phil observed his sisters...this was better than he had ever expected. He would never act on these thoughts...they were his sisters after all, but what normal boy his age would not drink in their nudity and love every second of it?

Breakfast was over and Phil left his sisters to clean up. He went and got the camera and took pictures of his sister, focusing on Tracey of course, since they probably already had enough of Carrie. Through his lens he saw the incredible beauty of his younger sister, her shapely curved ass, her pert and full breasts and an almost hairless pussy with two large puffy lips.

As the girls finished drying the plates, Phil went to his room to download the photos and send them to Don, hoping that this would end this little episode. What had started as a fun way of humiliating his sisters had turned bad and he felt awful about it. He hoped he could trust Don and the other guys to keep their word but he was afraid that the pics would soon be all over the Internet.

Tracey was unaware that this was happening and was just trying to get used to being naked in her house. She was so glad that it was just Carrie with her now. Phil was a problem and she wished he were gone, but having their younger sisters with Mom and Dad made it easier. Carrie of course had been nude in front of everyone, including their older siblings who had moved out but had come running home the minute they heard about her punishment...their brother Jason for obvious reasons and sister Mindy to be of some support. Both had experienced their fathers “unique” punishments over the years, including Mindy who was not allowed to wear tampons one period because she had left the wrapper on the bathroom floor after inserting one. She had bled all over her knickers and uniform, causing teasing that survived through her graduation.

Now Carrie was trying to survive her father’s imagination and Tracey was living a little of it. Carrie knew what her sister must be going through, the new sensations, the feeling of the breeze drifting through the house and touching every part of her body, the feeling of the cold wood on her bare body, the feeling of the fabric of the couch or the bed or the rug on bare flesh that had rarely if ever felt that fabric. And a bit of the humiliation of being naked at all times.

Both girls knew that it was different for Carrie than Tracey. The younger girl’s nudity was self-imposed and would not be long lasting. Carrie’s was put on her by her father and she did not have a say in when it ended. But at least Tracey would have an inkling of how it felt to be on display all the time.

Just before dinner, Phil announced that they needed some things at the store and he was going to go. Tracey agreed to go with him and went to her pile of clothes.

“What are you doing,” he asked.

“Putting my clothes on so I could go with you.”

“No, that’s not the deal, you agreed to be naked the whole day didn’t you?”

“Yeah, but not outside. That wasn’t part of the deal.”

“Oh yes it was,” Phil replied. “You said, I am going to be naked for you all day, didn’t you?”

Tracey started to cry, knowing that she was trapped. “Fine then I’m not going.”

“But now you have to. Carrie will tell you that she is not allowed to not do something simply because of her nudity. Remember the play.”

Tracey looked at her sister who had her head bowed. “He’s right Tracey, I couldn’t stop doing the play simply because I was nude.”

Tears flowed out of the girl’s eyes and down her cheeks as she realized she was beat. She could stop this now but knew that she would lose the respect of Carrie if she did...she had agreed to spend the day like Carrie and she was now about to experience public nudity like her sister never had.

**PART 79**

Tracey walked towards the front door and felt the cold air hit her bare body for the first time...she was completely nude and about to go to the food store with her leering older brother.

“Tracey, go out to the car, I need to talk to Phil for a second,” she heard her older sister say.

While the newly public nude scampered out into the cold day and to the car, Carrie was admonishing her brother.

“I thought you were done with all of this crap Phil, you tricked her into doing this,” she said.

“Wait a second, she agreed to do it. It’s only fair Carrie, she wants to know what it is like to be you. This is part of it.”

Carrie weighed that for a moment. A part of her was glad to see her sister get a taste for the public humiliation that she had endured, but another part of her was scared for her sister.

“But I never have to be naked in public like this,” she said, her argument waning.

“No, but you do at school and you were nearly nude at that restaurant, so this is close. She doesn’t have to be nude at school...actually she’s getting off easy.”

“That’s not true and you know it. Just take care of her. A little humiliation but nothing more, please.”

He raised his hand and said, “I swear to God, I will not let it get crazy and no one will touch her.”

He turned and walked out of the house and down to the car. This was just too perfect, he thought. He got into his small Pontiac and saw his sister sitting in the passenger seat, her knees clamped together, her arms folded over her forming breasts. She was down as low in the seat as she could go.

“Trace, relax...this won’t be too bad.”

“Right Phil, so you’ll be stripping too and walking around so everyone can see your thing. No, I didn’t think so, so let’s skip the lecture on it not being that bad and try and get it over with.”

That steeled the boy’s resolve...he was going to make her go through every second of this humiliation. He had thought that he might just let her stay in the car, but now she was going in and shopping totally.

He drove slowly, pulling up to cars higher than them and giving a short honk. That turned all eyes towards them and that brought the attention that Tracey so desperately wanted to avoid. She closed her eyes but heard the yells coming, even through her closed window. What was it about the sight of a naked girl that brought out the disgusting animal in men, she thought. She had seen it at church with Shannon, she had seen it at home with Carrie. Even when her sister was wearing just the sexy clothes, she felt the way men stared at her.

And what a sight she was. Her smooth, pale skin almost glowed in the twilight and her pert nipples stood straight out from her body. She was a gorgeous girl just starting to bloom into a woman. No one would have imagined that she was still a virgin, not with that body.

Of course Phil parked the car as far away from the store as he could in the parking lot. He put the car in park and said, “let’s go” and Tracey felt the cold winter air hit her bare body. She didn’t want to go but was afraid to be left out here by herself. She looked out the window and saw Phil already halfway to the store. In fear she threw the door open and rushed out of the car.

Her bare feet hurt on the cold asphalt as she ran to catch up with her older brother. She finally made it and hooked her arm in his.

“Please Phil, don’t leave me.”

The boy felt the naked girl press against his side and smiled. He felt a little bit bad for her but remembered that she had been a jerk a few seconds ago.

“Just close to me and I won’t let anyone hurt you,” he said.

They got to the store without anyone seeing, at least they didn’t think so. Shortly they were under the canopy of the store, it’s bright lights shining down on the very naked girl and her brother.

“Go grab a cart, I’ll meet you in there,” Phil said.

Tracey did not want to separate but saw no chance of winning an argument...Phil was obviously in control here. She ran down the row, her bare feet now slapping against the pavement, grabbed a cart and pushed it towards the door. She felt the cold plastic of the handle rub against her bare breasts and winced. It was cold out here...how did Shannon do it all the time?

She felt the cold of the sidewalk against her bare feet and then the whoosh of hot air as she entered the supermarket. She shivered, not from the cold outside but from what awaited her inside.

The tile in the supermarket felt so strange...she figured that hardly anyone would have ever been barefoot in a supermarket. She entered into the produce section and cringed when she saw her naked breasts on display in the mirrors over the fruit. Oh God, she was completely naked in a supermarket!

She saw Phil talking to a man in an apron and he motioned her over. She tried to walk with her head up, proud of her body, but she was so scared her legs shook. She was so happy to have the cart to hold on to.

“Tracey, this is KT, my friend from school,” Phil said.

“My friends call me KT. It is very nice to meet you.” She nodded at the boy was staring directly at her breasts with their erect nipples pointing right at him. He hadn’t even looked at her face and she knew he was going to make her life miserable.

“Your sister’s kind of quiet, almost rude I would say,” the boy said to Phil.

“Tracey, KT’s a friend. Please be nice,” Phil said to his sister.

“Sorry, very nice to meet you too K.T.”

“No, I said my friends call me K.T. You can call me Taylor,” he spat out at her.

“A little naked girl like you is not my friend.”

Tears started to fill her eyes at his hateful words. It wasn’t so much what he said but the way he said it, degrading her, making her feel like a slut, like a lesser being than him.

“Hey KT, wait a second, that’s my sister.”

“I know Phil, but she’s walking in here naked and then she’s rude to me.”

“I see your point, but she’s still my sister.”

“Alright, I’m sorry little Tracey for making you cry.” The two boys started to laugh at her and that forced more tears. Normally she would have stood up to these boys, but she felt so vulnerable standing here nude in public with them standing there fully clothed.

“Tracey, here’s the list. Go and get the stuff while I chat with KT here.”

“Phil, please no...”

“Trace, I’ll be there in a second. I just wanted to talk to KT for a second.”

“Yeah honey, don’t be such a baby...those tits certainly don’t look like they belong to a baby. Your body looks like a woman but you are crying like a little girl,” Taylor said, provoking laughter from the two boys.

Tracey pushed her cart away, torn between wanting to be away from that awful man and from needing to be close to her brother, who was also her protector. She could barely make out the list through her teary eyes but she could make out the outlines of several people stopping to look at her and her nudity.

“What a fucking slut,” she heard a woman say.

“Fuck, look at that body...what I would do to fuck that,” a man said. She went on autopilot, grabbing the vegetables and the fruit needed in the produce aisle. She tried not to, but she saw her nudity reflected in the mirrors again. She saw her nipples, threatening to explode they were so hard...she saw her flushed cheeks and the fact that the redness seeped down to her breasts. In some areas, she saw her pussy, trimmed for swimming season to just a stripe over pink, puffy lips.

And she saw the crowd gathering. She saw there were roughly 30 people now in the produce section and she seemed to be the only one shopping. The rest were watching her, pointing at her, laughing at her. She needed to get out. As she reached for some carrots, the spray over the veggies went on and she got soaked. The spray bounced off the carrots and soaked her entire body. She tried to pull away but the surprise left her standing there getting soaked. Finally, she felt hands grab her around her waist and pull her away from the water.

“Are you alright,” she heard a voice say. She felt the hands turn her around and she came face to face with a gorgeous boy. “Tracey, are you okay?”

She now made out the face of a boy in her class. It was Andrew Drummond. She had the biggest crush on him but she never thought he paid her any attention. Now she had all of his attention and she didn’t want any of it.

“Tracey, please, snap out of it.”

She blinked her eyes and focused on him. Andrew’s face showed signs of concern.

She looked behind him and most of the crowd seemed equally worried.

“Yeah, yeah, I’m okay. I don’t know what happened.”

She saw the boy breathe a sigh of relief.

“Jesus, I knew there had to be some reason you were naked. You must have zoned out, here take my apron and my sweatshirt,” Andrew said, removing his top clothes and trying to wrap them around the nude girl.

“No, Andrew, I can’t. I have to stay naked.”

The crowd watching gasped. Andrew turned and waved everyone off, blocking their view of Tracey with his body and pulling her and her cart into a storeroom, away from people’s views. The crowd began to disperse now that the show seemed over.

“Tracey, what the hell is going on here,” he said, trying to keep his voice low. This area was reserved for employees only and he could only imagine the uproar if anyone found out he had brought a naked teenager into the back.

Tracey began to cry again as she related the whole story to this boy, who was now her savior besides hardly ever speaking to her in school. She felt her hair matted against her forehead from the spray...she felt the water forming little drops on her breasts and shoulders and arms, causing her flesh to crawl with goosebumps.

“Here,” Andrew said softly, handing her a clean, dry towel.

“Thank you for saving me Andrew,” she said softly while she dried the spray off her body and rubbed the towel through her hair. “I didn’t think you knew I existed.”

The boy smiled. “I knew...more than you probably know. I watch you when you come in here with your sister or your mom. And at school. You are so cool and pretty, I just didn’t have the guts to talk to you. And then, when you came in nude, I couldn’t believe it. I mean, I had imagined it, but, Oh God, sorry. I think I said too much.”

Now it was Tracey’s turn to smile. “No, you didn’t say too much. I think you said just the right amount.”

The two teens looked at each other, the naked girl and her clothed savior.

“well, I guess I’d better finish shopping and get out of this mess. Thanks again for saving me Andrew. I owe you big time. Hope you don’t get in any trouble.”

“Nah, it was really nice to see you. Well, you know what I mean.”

They both laughed and the girl began to push her cart back out into the very public store.

“Hey Tracey, can I call you sometime?”

The girl gave her sexiest grin and nodded. He watched her bare bottom as she pushed out through the double doors and exit onto the main area of the store. No one was ever going to believe this, he thought. He was going to date Tracey Bartlett! And he saw her naked. He really liked this job!

Meanwhile, Tracey continued her naked journey through the now crowded supermarket. The word of mouth had been passed and she now had a gauntlet of gawkers in every aisle. Her encounter with Andrew had steeled her resolve...even though she wanted to curl up and hide from their perverted stares she continued to fill the cart with the groceries needed.

The worst had been the frozen foods. Her already aching nipples threatened to burst out of her breasts as she opened several cases to get the meals, ice cream and frozen veggies for her family. At one point, the door had closed on her naked butt, sending shivers up and down her body.

She was amazed that no one had touched her or harassed her. There had still been some things said to her, praising her private (not so private) parts, calling her a cunt or a slut, but mostly people just gawked. It was awful and she hated it but she made it to the cash registers where Phil waited.

“Ladies and gentlemen, thank you for shopping McKenzie’s Grocery Store...our nude shopped Tracey Bartlett is ready to check out. Anyone interested in helping her bag should please come to the register. Thank you and have a pleasant shopping day.”

She turned towards the front area of the supermarket and saw the boy Taylor, her brother’s friend smirking at her. She had been right, he was trying to make life difficult for her.

Roughly 35 or 40 people now gathered around the cash registers as she and Phil worked to check out. Phil gave her the task of reaching into the cart and loading everything onto the belt, a job that would give interesting views to all who wished to see. The people in front of her got an obstructed view of her pussy as she bent over and they liked what they saw.

Tracey was out of breath after loading the food on the belt and then into the bags. She put the bags into the cart and waited for Phil to pay.

“Oh jeez, I left my wallet in the car. Let me run and get it.”

“Oh no, Sir, you will have to stay here,” the register girl said. “You are responsible for these groceries. Send your sister out please.”

The nude girl shook her head. “Please Phil, no. Don’t make me go all the way out there alone. I could get raped or kidnapped or something. Please don’t make me do this.”

“Tracey, it’s fine. The lot’s well lit and we’ll be able to see you from here.

If something happens, we’ll be right there.”

“I’ll go with her,” Taylor said, smiling,” to keep her safe.”

“Thanks KT...that would mean a lot,” Phil said. Their plan was working perfectly. His new girlfriend, Amy at the cash register, was going to get a nice long massage on their next date...maybe a foot rub too...after helping him and KT pull this off.

Tracey took the keys from her brother and started out, KT putting his arm around her, looking like he was protecting her. Really he was just getting off on touching the nude girl’s flesh. He got off on humiliating girls and making them do public things...this was way beyond anything he had ever imagined.

They went out into the cold night, which hit the naked teen like a fist. She wanted to run away from this boy but felt a pull towards him that she could not break. Once they were away from the store, he tightened his grip on her.

“This is fun Tracey...I’m so glad to meet you.”

He put his arms all the way around her body and cupped her right breast with his right hand. He then pushed his left hand down to her slit and pushed his fingers inside, causing her to moan in pain, humiliation and a little pleasure.

“Man, you are soaked Tracey....you like this.”

She shook her head no but her body was betraying her. As rubbed faster and faster and she felt her body tingling, starting at her crotch. She desperately did not want this orgasm but her body did.

“Oh God...no, please no.”

“Should I stop,” he asked calmly, his fingers still working their magic as they walked closer and closer to Phil’s car.

She shook her head again, “no, please don’t stop.”

And then it happened. Tracey’s body stiffened...her legs felt a bit wobbly and she came right there in the cold parking lot in view of several people watching from the store. When she was through, the boy withdrew his fingers and wiped the juice off on her bare thighs and breasts.

“Grab the wallet. I’ll meet you back there.”

He turned and went back to the store while the nude girl tried to get her bearings. What the hell was happening here, she thought. Then she began to get frightened by being out alone and naked in this parking lot. She opened the door and searched all over for Phil’s wallet. She looked everywhere, under the seats, in the glove compartment, on the dash, in the back but it was no where.

She turned and took off in a full sprint to the store. She saw Phil paying the girl for the groceries.

“Sorry Tracey, KT found my wallet in the produce department. I must have dropped it when I came in.”

She seethed but was happy to be warm again, at least for the few seconds it took to pay. She then pushed the cart out of the store to the wild applause of all assembled. Little did she know that the store closed circuit security cam had caught her humiliating orgasm on tape, bright and clear. KT, being a store employee, knew exactly the right spot to stop and have her orgasm. Now, it would be the masturbatory fantasies of all in the store for many nights to come.

Oblivious, Tracey put the groceries in the trunk while Phil warmed the car up. Finally they were on their way home, Tracey glad for the dusk to cover herself with.

**PART 80**

Tracey ran in the house and was met by a visibly worried Carrie.

“Quick Tracey, get dressed.”

“What, no, I promised.”

“Forget it...Mom and Dad will be home in a minutes. They just called from the gas station.”

Tracey ran to grab her clothes from the pile. She pulled on her shirt and then her jeans...she had just finished buttoning them when her parents, sisters and Phil walked in the front door, each with a bag in their hand.

“You know, one of you could have helped your brother with groceries instead of leaving him out there by himself.”

Tracey and Carrie leveled their brother with a dirty look but they had nothing to add. What was Tracey going to say, “I went with Phil to the store Mom, but I had to come in and put my clothes on first before you got home.” Instead they just apologized and grabbed the bags from the hands of their mother and father and began putting the food away.

“Tracey, may I speak to you please Miss,” Mrs. Bartlett said. Tracey’s eyes met Carrie’s and both began to panic.

“Sure Mom,” said the girl, her firm breasts pressing against her tight tee. She went out into the hallway, out of earshot of the rest of the family in the kitchen.

“Tracey, what is the meaning of what you are wearing? I mean, a girl like you that is so well-endowed needs to wear a bra, even in the house. We live in a family of mixed genders...it is not fair to your father and brother to have to see you like this. Do you understand?”

The girl’s face got a bright red in embarrassment at being chastised for this by her mother. She looked down and saw what a display she was making.

“Sorry Mom...I wasn’t thinking. I will go and change.”

“Here, just put this on, it was sitting here on the floor. I am assuming it is yours since Carrie isn’t wearing bras and the younger girls don’t wear them yet either. And these knickers are here. Are you not wearing any knickers either.”

The red intensified in the 16 year old who shook her head. “Oh Tracey, please dress appropriately. We do not want a repeat of Carrie’s punishment now do we?”

If you only knew Mom, Tracey thought as she shook her head.

“Good, now run into the bathroom, put this on and no one ever has to know. I’m glad I saw it before your father and Phil did.”

Tracey took the undergarments and thanked her mother, again saying to herself that if her mother had only seen her at the grocery store or walking naked at home a few minutes ago she would have flipped!

She went into the powder room and stripped again and quickly pulled her bra and knickers on before dressing again. For the first time in hours, she was completely clothed. Now she knew how bad it could be and how bad it was for Shannon and Carrie. She would be more sympathetic to her sister and her sister’s best friend from now on.

Monday Morning

The alarm rang and rang for Shannon on Monday. The girl was exhausted for reasons unknown to her. Sunday had not been good, starting with her humiliation at having to ask Carrie for help to have an orgasm to having to finish a humiliating assignment for Fr. Magee on her reproductive system.

Monday wasn’t starting out any better. Her parents had left the house for work early, Jimmy had slept over a friend’s house and Brighid was away on business. That left her alone in the house and she was sleeping right through her alarm.

And her dream was so peaceful...of course it involved clothes. She was wearing a bra, knickers and thigh high stockings and was trying to select a dress from her closet...a closet full of beautiful clothes. She was obviously going to a prom or a wedding and wanted to look her best.

Finally the alarm went off and she stayed asleep. The telephone ringing at 8:30 woke her up.

“Hello,” she said, her head still in a sleepy fog.

“Holy shit, Shannon, are you sick?”

“No Carrie, why are you calling me so early?”

“Early, Shannon, school starts in two minutes. It’s 8:30!”

“Oh no!” she slammed down the phone and threw off her sheets. There was no time to shower, though she knew she should. She had worked out last night and gone to bed before washing up. She imagined the smell of her but there was no time. Maybe she could grab a second to run to her locker and wash up but for now she had to move. She knew she was going to be in trouble anyway but wanted to try and avoid more.

But now, how to get to school? The bus was gone, her parents and sister were not an option. She looked across the street and saw Mr. Firgus car gone as well. The only option the poor girl had was the city bus. She rushed out the door and stopped. There was her car in the driveway, untouched since her punishment began just two weeks ago. The temptation got the best of her and she went back inside, grabbed her keys and went out to the car.

The weather was warmed today, but the car was cold. She let it run for a few minutes, luxuriating in the privacy of having her own car.

Privacy was something she had precious little of lately. The door to her room was still missing, though having her covers and pillow back was nice. She was not supposed to close doors when she showered, peed, shaved, nothing was her own. Things had gotten better last week than the first week, but she still was not used to the total nudity, the feeling that everything she did was on complete and full display. She had no physical reaction that was left out of vision. She was a healthy 17 year-old girl who was unable to hide her vagina and breasts from the world.

She took the gear shift, put the car in reverse and headed towards school. She had still not finished her plan about what to do when she made it there...she couldn’t park in the student lot, not after the video display she had heard Mr. Jones keeps on school grounds.

She pulled down the street that ran in front of school and turned right just past the grounds onto a residential side street. At night, this street would be filled with cars but it was mostly empty during the day as people went to work. Occasionally there might be young mothers home with their children or senior citizens but for the most part this area was pretty sparse during the day. For her needs, it seemed perfect.

She pulled in front of a house that looked dark and parked her car. She screwed up her courage, took a deep breath and exited the car, grabbing her bookbag as she went. She started the walk to school briskly, trying to get away from any potential prying eyes. She felt the hard sidewalk rub against her bare feet...even though she had been completely nude for nearly two weeks she was still unused to the feeling of her bare feet always touching the ground.

She rounded the corner and bumped into two older men, just returning from the coffee shop. They both smiled and nodded at the nude girl...they knew all about her and were happy to have such an up close view of her. She took off at a sprint, wanting to be as far away from those men. She knew she was not supposed to cover herself from anyone’s view, but her left arm was across her breasts and her right hand covered her mound as she ran past the men.

“Have a nice day young lady,” the one man laughed, patting his friend on the back. The rest of the boys at the coffee shop would get a kick out of this story.

As she ran towards the school, her breasts, though little, bounced up and down, quite a sight to the boys in classrooms on that side of the building. It was also a sight for Mr. Jones, the principal who saw an opportunity to inflict more humiliation on the young girl.

“Mrs. Phillips, please get me Eric Gorbo. Thank You.”

“Right away Mr. Jones,” came the voice through the intercom. The principal smiled as he thought of his newest plan to torture the nude student.

Shannon tried to enter the front door but it was locked. She tried all eight of the door but nothing budge. She banged on the door but finally saw the sign on the door.

“Please ring bell for entry after 9 a.m.”

Her body shivered from the cold and exposure as she pressed the button, causing a buzzing. So much for sneaking in and out. Of course, there was no way for a naked girl to sneak around a clothed world but she still wanted to blend in in the worst way.

She heard a buzz followed by a click, like the door was unlocking. She pulled on it and was able to open the door. She rushed inside, eager for the relative warmth of the school. She never noticed that the school was that much warmer, especially in public areas. She had always been one of those girls who was always cold and liked to wear sweaters and long sleeves. She used to complain to friends about how cold it was in the lobby, foyer and hallways and here she was savoring the warmth of those same areas.

She thought about skipping the principal’s office but knew that would be breaking another rule. She figured she should just take her medicine now and headed towards Mr. Jones’ office. She was surprised to see Eric Gorbo waiting in the anteroom, talking in a friendly way with Mrs. Phillips. When the older woman saw the nude girl, she sneered.

“Have a seat there Miss Malone, Mr. Jones will be right with you.”

She buzzed the principal to tell him that Shannon was there and went back to chatting with Eric. The boy pretended to be deep in conversation with the woman but was watching the nude girl sit with her knees spread, as taught by Mr. Jones. Part of her nude punishment was never covering any private part and always giving plenty of visual access.

The view that Eric Gorbo had was spectacular. The girl was gorgeous, definitely one of the top five looking girls in the school. Her pussy was completely bare, shaved as an “illustration” during a hygiene class. She had not shaven over the weekend nor this morning so there was a trace of stubble but her puffy red lips were prominent.

Her breasts, though small, were beautiful...with her nipples pointing out straight. The word to describe her tits was “perky,” Eric thought...a perfect word for the girl as well.

Two weeks of complete and total nudity, humiliation and exposure had done wonders for her attitude as well, Eric thought. She was less proud than before and her body had become even more lusted over. She was the epitome of a perfect girl.

The principal opened the door and happily greeted Eric.

“How are you today, son? You are looking good.”

“Thank You Sir, how can I help you today?”

“Well, why don’t you come in and we can discuss it. Come on in my office and make yourself comfortable.”

The two men started into the office but Mr. Jones stopped. “What are you waiting for Miss Malone? Keep yourself in here.”

The girl look startled...no one had spoken to her but yet it was assumed that she was doing something wrong. She stood quickly and followed the two clothed men into the office. Eric sat in one of the plush chairs while she sank to her knees, humiliated to be forced into a level beneath the boy.

“Miss Malone, I’m glad to see you made it today. I thought maybe we were having a repeat of your escapades of two weeks ago...when you decided that a day of fun with your friends was more important that a day at school. I thought maybe you would in this current state of undress until you were married.”

The men laughed at the joke. Shannon cringed at the power this man had over her.

“Yes Sir, I am sorry but I overslept.”

“Yes, your appearance certainly gives us that impression. No shower I see, and no shaving...maybe for three days now, I would guess. Yes...but I am surprised you made it here so quickly...after all, Miss Bartlett did not call you until 8:30. Is there anything you want to tell me?”

Shannon gulped but shook her head.

“Excellent. Now, for your punishment.”

The man came around the desk, his suit brushing the bare skin of the nude girl. She shivered at the touch of clothing on her body, a concept becoming more and more foreign to her.

She followed him with her eyes as he moved to the closet in his office. She needed a place to look and didn’t want to see Eric Garbo. She saw the principal reach up and grab the dreaded box of cuffs that she remembered from last time. She also saw a box containing her uniform and a box for Carrie. She also saw three more boxes, with the names of two girls and a boy on it.

“Shannon, you missed quite a morning...you will notice that the ranks of nude students has more than doubled. Rose McDonald, Juli McKenzie and Brad Davis are all naked as well...will be for a week. There was some cheating on a test among the three. In fact, they will be joining you and Carrie on Saturday for punishment as well.”

Shannon rolled her eyes, trying not to think about her past Saturday and the sexual frustration it caused.

“I think those three are also juniors so you should know them.”

He placed the box behind her and she heard him pulling things out. She looked up briefly and saw Eric’s eyes widen and then he looked at her and grinned.

She felt Mr. Jones’ hands on her wrist as first her right and then her left was pulled back together behind her. She felt the course rope begin to be wrapped around her thin wrists tightly, causing her to wince.

Though she could not see it, Eric could...the way her breasts were now thrust out in front of her with her arms pulled back was amazing. The boy shifted uncomfortably in his seat as his growing erection strained against his pants.

Shannon did not want to have to deal with the spreader bar...it had been so uncomfortable and gross but she was sure it was coming. Instead, she felt a band of leather around her neck. She looked down and saw a large ring attached to it and wondered what it was for. In seconds she found out as a leash was attached to it.

“Eric, I am giving you the task of taking control of this girl. You must always be in control of her leash or it must be attached to something like a desk or a bar of some sort. Think of it like a dog...you can’t let the leash go or the dog will run free. Same principle here with Miss Malone.”

“Yes Sir, it is my pleasure,” the boy said, smirking at the nude girl who groaned.

“Miss Malone, you will accompany Eric everywhere he goes today, including his classes. Mr. Gorbo, I believe that your class is just beginning gym now.”

The boy nodded. “Good, take her there and be sure that she participates fully in the class. Come back here at the end of the day and I can relieve you of your duty.”

The principal sat behind his desk and began reading papers. Eric stood up and grabbed the leash that had fallen between the girl’s breasts.

“Let’s go Shannon, don’t want to miss gym now do we.”

**PART 81**

The girl struggled to her feet to keep up with the boy. He wasn’t being very sympathetic to her efforts to walk with her hands bound behind her. He kept walking quickly and the smaller girl was having trouble staying with him.

“Eric, please slow down...I can’t keep up.”

“Well, do you best because it will hurt if you fall,” the uncaring boy said laughing.

“Why do you hate me so much,” she asked him, trying not to give him the satisfaction of seeing her cry.

“I don’t hate you, I just enjoy humiliating girls, just ask your friend Carrie.”

The mention of Carrie drove a stake through her heart again as she remembered the awful way the boy had taken her friend’s virginity.

She ran to keep up with the bigger athletic boy as he pulled her leash happily down the hall. She was extremely grateful that there were no students out at this time since class had already begun.

He led her to the locker room area and stopped outside the boys locker. She tried to catch her breath as he waited. She assumed that he was looking for a place to secure the leash while he went inside and changed. Then, all of a sudden, he jerked her leash, causing her to stumble as he pushed her inside the boy’s locker room.

The first thing she noticed was the awful smell. The girl’s locker room smelled nice...fruity from the sprays the girls used and the perfume. This was just bad, the smell of years of sweat that had accumulated in the room and the fact that most boys never thought about it.

She wanted out of this disgusting room, where she saw underwear strown all over the floor and something that she knew was a jockstrap dangling off a bench. But instead she was pulled right to the middle of it as Eric went to his locker.

He opened his lock and pulled the door open, attaching her leash to a hook in it. She was now forced to stand on tiptoes as he wrapped the leash around the hook a few times.

“Wouldn’t want my little doggie to get away now would I,” he asked with a laugh. He grabbed his gym clothes and walked away, leaving her tied to his locker, naked and all alone in the boy’s locker room. She was scared that anyone could walk in but no one did and Eric reappeared completely dressed in his gym clothes. A part of her was disappointed...he could see her in all of her nakedness, why couldn’t she at least see him undress to underwear.

He threw his school uniform into the locker and pulled out his sneaks. The boy sat down so that his face was inches from her pussy...she tried to turn so that he could only see the outside of her leg but that put more pressure on her throat so she was forced to stand there on display while the boy bent over to put on and lace his sneakers. She felt his hot breath on her bare lower lips and groaned, humiliated once again at her total nudity.

Suddenly he stood up and undid her leash from the hook, allowing her to east the pressure on her calves from being on tiptoes. She was pulled by the leash throught he grimy bathroom area and into a back door that led to the boy’s gym.

She was humiliated when she realized that there were roughly 40 boys in the class. She was the only girl in the room and she was completely nude, a fact made very obvious by the startled gasps and the fact that all action stopped when she and Eric entered.

“Alright guys, let’s not make too big a deal here, we’ve all seen Shannon naked before,” Coach Torry said. “Hello Shannon, welcome to boys gym.”

She looked up and saw the man smiling but he wasn’t looking her in the eye...he was staring down, towards her little breasts or maybe her bare pussy.

“Today is the obstacle course. Everyone must compete and finish in less than five minutes. Eric, since you and Shannon just got here, you guys stretch and can go last.”

The boy nodded and led the nude girl over to an area to the side of the course and began stretching. He ran her through some paces, making her spread her legs and stretch time and again. She knew it was just an opportunity for him to see her pussy lips spread but she had no choice but to do it and she did. Many of the boys who had completed the course or were waiting to compete found their area and chose to do their cool-down or warm-up exercises there as well.

Finally, it was time for Eric to go on the obstacle course. He tied the leash to a piece of the bleachers by the starting gate, mortifying her with a “can’t let my pet get away.” He then got set and began the obstacle course, giving Shannon her first real look at it. The girls did nothing like this in their gym. First was a wall with a rope over it that had to be climbed. Then a row of tires, a low fence to crawl under, a plank and finally a leap over a low wall. None of the boys had needed more than four minutes to finish it and Eric completed it in just over three minutes.

“That’s high for today. Great job everyone, that’s the end of class.”

“Ah, Coach Torrey, Shannon hasn’t gone yet.”

The coach looked over at the naked girl.

“Come on Eric, don’t be ridiculous. She’s completely naked and her arms are tied behind her. Plus, she’s a girl, she could never complete this course.”

The girl started to seethe...yes she was naked with her hands tied behind her, but being a girl had nothing to do with being unable to complete the course.

“But Mr. Jones expects her to participate in all of my classes, including gym.

We don’t want to go against the principal do we Coach?”

The man knew he was licked.

“Ok, untie her until she goes over the wall, then retie her when she’s over. She’ll have to complete the rest of the course with her hands tied,” Coach said, then to an obviously distressed Shannon, “sorry hon, rules are rules.”

Coach did decide to give Shannon three extra minutes because of the retying of her hands and the fact that “she’s naked and all and a girl.” Finally the boys began to untie her and she felt a momentary relief that her arms were now not bound and pulled up behind her. She knew that it was a very temporary thing, as temporary as the time it took for her to climb the wall, but it was better than nothing.

She stood at the starting line and waited until the coach said “GO!” The boys started yelling at her as she ran towards the wall. She leaped up, her bare right foot hitting the wall as she grabbed hold of the rope. Her feet did not give her the traction that sneakers would have but she was able to muscle her way up the wall and over. On the other side, Eric pulled her arms up behind her again and tied them much tighter than the principal had, causing her to wince and grimace. “Too tough for you little girl doggie,” the boy whispered and pushed her off to the rest of the course.

Because of the shove, she was going too fast when she hit the row of tires and was unable to make it through, falling on her face halfway through. Because she was unable to use her arms, she struggled to get to her feet. Finally she finished the tires and rushed to the low bar that she had to crawl under. She felt her breasts crushing under her as she scurried under the bar and scampered to her feet.

She ran towards the small plank, feeling the effects of the course and her bondage. She made it the first few steps on the plank before losing her footing and falling, the plank coming up and hitting her square in the vagina. She moaned in agony and fell off the plank, much to the delight of the hooting boys who were enjoying her discomfort.

She gathered herself together and, despite the great pain, made it to her feet and jumped back on the plank, managing to complete the skill and then jumped over the low wall at the very end.

“Oh jeez, 8:02. Sorry, you have to run punishment drills. Eric, see that she does 25 laps, 50 situps and then 50 jumping jacks please.”

**PART 82**

The girl was exhausted after being led through the punishment drills...the laps were bad enough but jumping jacks with your hands tied behind you are really tough. She watched Eric as he looked at her firm body jump around, her breasts bouncing as she did it, sweat pouring off her body.

The sit-ups were especially degrading. The boy held her feet while the girl labored to do 50 sit-ups while her hands were tied behind her. She hated this close contact with the boy she despised, hated his hands on her ankles, his eyes getting an up close and personal view of her pussy and breasts as she brought her body up and down.

Finally, she completed the punishment drills and laid back. Despite the pain as she laid on her wrists, she felt some relief. To her horror, Eric clipped the leash back on and yanked her up, causing her to yell out.

“OWW! Eric, please give me a second to rest.”

“Look doggie, you may not be worried about being late for the next class, but I am.”

He yanked her along, seemingly very angry at the girl. She thought he was pushing the whole dog thing a little too far but he liked to humiliate her.

He went through the door and led her back into the shower area. He pushed her under a nozzle and turned the water on cold, letting the spray hit her directly. He used his hands to keep her under the water as she screamed and tried to get away from the awful sting of the cold water.

“Rob, grab me some shampoo,” she heard him say. Within seconds she felt a cold liquid on her head and then his hands roughly working the soap through her long hair. She wanted to cry in agony at this torture but she was unable to muster much energy.

The boy pushed her head under the stream of water and the shampoo started to rinse off, running down her face into her eyes, nose and mouth. She sobbed in humiliation and pain.

Finally, he let her head out of the water stream and then began to soap her body. It was the first time he had touched her (expect for her arms and wrists) since he had groped her to orgasm in the hallway last week. She hated him but his hands felt good as they slid the bubbles all over her dirty, sweaty body.

He was thorough, getting every nook and cranny of her body soaped and then rinsed. He even washed her feet, instructing her to lift her feet so that he could do the bottoms. That was an especially dirty part of the naked girl’s body since she was not allowed shoes.

Once he finished, he turned the water off. Shannon tried to catch her breath. But there was little time to rest. She felt him untie her hands and reattach them to the shower nozzle.

“Time to shave you,” he said matter-of-factly. She looked up and was appalled to see most of the class of boys still there, watching her shower and debasement.

He grabbed a some shaving cream, boys shaving cream she noticed, and began lathering up her long legs. She moaned at the cold cream on her skin, which was now racked with goose bumps from the frigid shower. She feared for the safety of her legs but the boy was gentle, shaving her left leg first, taking care to not nick her. Then he did the other leg, making it as smooth as possible.

He then stood up and did the same to her underarms, taking extra time around the curves of that area.

“Now, my favorite, the pussy!”

the boys all hooted and hollered at this and Shannon began to sob again. Eric took her chin and looked her right in the eyes as he lathered up her mound, sliding his soapy finger into her slit. She moaned in pleasure, surprised at her body’s response. The boy grinned evilly again and then he crouched down to start shaving her mound. Again, he surprised her with his gentleness, doing the mound first. Then he grabbed her labia, pulling one to straighten out the skin, and then the other so that her entire area was clear of hair and cream. He then made sure that the area between her slit and anus was clear as well before standing again.

“Smooth as can be. I like my girls to look nice.”

He unattached her wrists from the nozzle above her and turned the water on again, hitting her with the cold stream to rid her of any remaining hair and cream. Finally he turned it off, leaving her a shivering, freezing mess.

He retied her arms behind her and reclipped the leash and led her back to his locker, through the throngs of boys still gathered. He opened his locker and again attached her leash to the hook, causing her to strain on her tiptoes. He then grabbed a towel from his locker and she assumed he would dry her. Instead he left her there and headed back towards the shower. She was now left there among the 40 boys, all feasting their eyes on her. She feared for her safety, but except for a few gropes of her breasts here and there, the boys left her alone.

“Alright guys, scram. Go to class,” Eric said. She turned and saw him standing there in just a towel. Mentally she hated this boy for everything he was and everything he had done to her. Physically, this kid was gorgeous, with a body like nothing she had ever seen. He was built up top, that much she could see now as the towel was just wrapped around the waist. He held his clothes in his hands so she knew he was nude under it.

“I thought we could have some alone time, you know, away from the prying eyes,” he said.

He walked up next to her. She tried to look away but couldn’t...he was gorgeous, even better looking than she had thought before.

“You know, you could make this much easier on yourself, if you’re nice to me,” he said, moving his body closer to her. She smelled his freshness, his cleanliness.

“What do you mean,” she asked weakly.

“You know, if you are nice to me, do something special.” With that, he removed the towel and she gasped. His penis was perfect, she thought. It was long and thick and made her knees weak to look at.

“Something special,” she asked, licking her lips unconsciously.

“Yeah, you know, like maybe a blowjob,” he said, moving closer to her, putting his cock right near her face.

Yes, she thought, be nice to him. What was the harm, he was gorgeous. She had performed oral sex before, why not now when it could help her. Maybe it would make him be nicer to her for the rest of this day. She started to nod but stopped.

No way, this was Eric Gorbo. Nothing was worth giving herself so intimately to this monster.

“Fuck you Gorbo, but I only let nice things in my mouth. Not dicks like you!”

She clamped her mouth shut and moved as far away as the leash would let her.

“Fine, suit yourself, I’m not going to rape you. But you will pay for turning me down.”

He dried himself and threw his gym clothes in the locker. He quickly dressed and undid the leash and led her out.

Score one for the naked chick, she thought smugly, even though she knew that she had messed with the wrong guy.

She ran to keep up with him, her bare feet slapping at the tile floor. She stopped at his locker to get some books and she saw herself in the mirror. She looked like a drowned rat, her hair straight.

“Please Eric, pull my hair into a ponytail,” she asked.

“Sorry, no.”

To her surprise, the rest of the day went fine. Lunch was weird...she was not allowed to sit at the table with Eric and his friends. Instead she had to kneel on the floor next to his chair, eating the few scraps that he allowed her to eat. She was starving, having not eaten since last night, but all she got was two bites of a sandwich, three potato chips and three swigs of soda, which she almost never drank.

The other students at the table made cracks about her but she tried to ignore them, concentrating on the little bits of food she was given. All she really could see was their legs and feet beneath the table. By looking at their legs and feet, she could tell that there were two other girls there. She yearned for their shoes, their socks, their skirts. She wanted so badly to be sitting there fully dressed, having a normal conversation over lunch. She desperately wanted to be normal again.

The rest of the afternoon went smoothly. She was exposed to a whole new group of eyes in class though, mostly seniors in different tracks than her. They gawked but the faculty kept them under control. Every class went like lunch, she knelt next to Eric, in full view of everyone, in the aisle.

Just before seventh period, he led her into the boys bathroom and held her leash while he peed at the urinal. She felt gross just being in there (it’s sick that boys pee standing up, she thought, and right next to other boys. EEWWWW!!). Then it hit her. She had to pee.

“Excuse me Eric, but can you let me pee too. I haven’t gone all day.”

“Sure,” he said. “Go right into the urinal.”

She cringed...even though she had gone in a urinal at the mall with Father, this felt different. But she had no idea when the chance might come again so she spread her legs at the urinal next to Eric and let loose, the pee hitting the porcelain and heading down. She heard voices around her, calling other boys to see her piss. Now roughly a dozen boys were watching as the pee left her body. It was hard to do without spreading her lips and some ran down her leg, much to the delight of the boys.

Finally she finished and Eric flushed both toilets. They went to the sink and the boy washed his hands.

“Eric, I have some on my legs, could you wash it for me,” she asked sweetly.

“No,” he said flatly and led her out of the bathroom.

When the last class ended, Eric led her back to Mr. Jones’ office. Her leash was tied to the chair in the anteroom, opposite Mrs. Phillips, who muttered “I can’t believe I have to sit here and look at this today” under her breath.

Finally she was called in and Eric unclipped the leash from the chair and led her in. She knelt in her customary spot and he sat in the chair.

“Eric, you were an excellent pet owner today, thank you so very much for your help.”

“It really was my pleasure Sir,” he said.

“Shannon, thank Eric for being such a wonderful pet owner today.”

The girl shook her head. She would never thank the boy for the abuse he heaped on her.

“Shannon, are you defying me?”

She looked the principal in the eye and shook her head.

“SO thank Eric for being a wonderful pet owner today.”

She looked at the boy and said, “Thank You Eric for being a wonderful pet owner today.”

The boy smiled. “Any time. You were a pretty good doggie. Mr. Jones, I groomed her as you directed and exercised her.”

The two men laughed as they continued the charade that she was a dog. Finally Mr. Jones came around and untied the girl’s wrists, causing shooting pain through them as the blood returned. Her shoulders cried out as well from the agony of having been bound like that for so long.

“Ok, Eric, thank you very much. You may go.”

The boy left, grabbing her breasts as he passed. Mr. Jones pretended that he hadn’t seen it.

“Miss Malone, a car much like the one you normally drive was seen on the street next to school. Is it yours?”

The girl looked up, shocked that she had been caught.

“Yes Mr. Jones.”

“Well, didn’t I forbid you to drive to school? Another rule broken.”

“No sir, you forbade me to park at school. You never said I couldn’t drive.”

The man stopped. This was the first time the girl had stood up to him. And damn if she wasn’t right. Now he was stuck since he had no way of punishing her for it.

“You are right Miss Malone, but I wonder how your father and stepmother will feel about it. They should expect a call tonight. That is all Miss Malone. Get your book bag from Mrs. Phillips. She had put a binder full of homework for you to complete tonight, since you missed classes today. Have a good night.”

The girl stood and left the office, happy that she had won a small victory over this man. She got her bag from the disgusted secretary and took off for her car and the peace it provided.

This time, her walk to the car was much less crowded. Students were still walking home and there was a lot of activity. It was warm for the season and many people were out jogging and walking. The sight of the naked girl, though normal in school, was still a shock to some outside. She rushed past them and ran to the street where her car was parked.

“OH NO!” The car was not there where she had parked it. She walked down the street, thinking that she may have been mistaken, but it was gone.

“How am I going to get home,” she wondered. Then she thought she might make the bus. She ran back to school, passing many of the people that she had passed on her way out. Now they got a full frontal view. The girl was too frantic to notice or try and cover herself.

She ran to the bus area and saw Vince about to pull away.

“WAIT VINCE!” The bus stopped and the door opened. The naked girl gratefully hopped on and was about to take her now accustomed seat in the front when she gasped. There was a very naked girl named Rose, someone from her homeroom. A very happy Vince now had two naked girls to ogle and turned the mirror so that her now smooth again pussy was able to be seen from the back of the bus and they took off.

**PART 83**

Once the bus was rolling, Shannon turned to her naked schoolmate.

“Oh Rose, I’m sorry this is happening to you. I know exactly how you feel.”

Tears started to stream out of the newly nude girl. “Oh God, Shannon, it’s awful. I never knew how bad you’ve had it. Everyone looking and grabbing, nothing ever hidden. I can’t believe this has happened to me.”

The girl’s body racked with sobs. Shannon put her arm around her to comfort her, giving the rest of the boys a chance to hoot and holler.

“You’ll get through it. It’s only a week right. I’m about to finish my second.”

The two talked. As they did, Shannon got a chance to look at Rose’s body. She had always been a great looking girl, very tall and full. She had nice, full breasts, much bigger than Shannon’s or Carrie’s. Easily a 36C or D. Her legs weren’t as long as Shannon’s but they were nice. The girl had always worn clothes designed to show off her body, but never like this.

“This was all Brad’s fault,” Rose began. Rose and Juli had been studying on Friday morning for a chem. Quiz. Brad saw them and begged for help. His mother had been sick and he had been with her at the hospital. He hadn’t studied and had no chance of passing this quiz. The girls felt bad and decided to help him. They had gotten caught and told to report to Mr. Jones’ office first thing that morning. Although they knew it was a possibility, none of them thought they would get the nude punishment.

That Monday morning, the three had been stripped on stage in the auditorium by a very humiliated Carrie. Mr. Jones had also invoked a new rule in place for boys that they had to be erect at all times so Carrie had been forced to masturbate Brad to erection and then a ring was slid over the base of his penis to prevent it from becoming soft. The boy could only release the ring when he peed and at the end of the day. Of the three, only Brad was allowed clothes going home because of his extra punishment of the ring.

Shannon listened to the whole story, saddened. She agreed with the injustice that Brad could wear clothes to and from school, but understood the reasons. Finally, they were at Rose’s stop.

“Well, I’ll see you tomorrow,” the girl said as she stood to leave, with the hoots and hollers from the bus filling their ears.

“Good luck Rose,” Shannon said. She watched the girl dismount the bus and run down the streets, a naked blur.

She closed her eyes and tried to forget all that was happening. The boys had finally settled down and were now just talking amongst themselves. She kept her legs spread open so that everyone still had an uninterrupted view of her slit, but while her body was still being ogled, her spirit was far away.

She was in a dream world, where she was the only one wearing clothes among many naked men. Mr. Jones had his arms tied behind him, a spreader bar on his ankles, the ring around his cock and a gag in. He was begging the smartly dressed Shannon for mercy and was getting none.

There was Eric Garbo nude and being forcibly masturbated by a machine...he was screaming for mercy but she just smiled and walked by.

There was Mr. Firgus being forced to do the laundry in the nude on national television. Then he was forced to orgasm while telling the story of his life.

There was Vince his naked body tied to the front of the bus while she drove, in her very covering turtleneck sweater and jeans. She could hear him calling her name, “SHANNON, SHANNON...”

“Wake up kid or I’ll have to take you back to the bus barn.”

She shook her head awake, not realizing she had fallen asleep. Why was she so tired lately? The other kids had exited the bus without her knowledge...she wondered what fun they had at her expense.

She grabbed her book bag and got off the bus. She took off at a quick speed down the street, oblivious to the honking motorists and yelling. As she rounded the corner of her street she breathed a sigh of relief. Her car was in the driveway next to Colleen’s. Then she saw her father’s car too and knew she was in trouble. He was never home this early.

She walked up the steps and entered the house. A very angry voice belonging to her father called her into the kitchen.

She went in and saw her father’s face red as a beet, his hands folded on the table. Colleen looked nervous sitting next to him.

“Young lady, can you explain the reasons behind your actions today?”

“Dad, do you mean the car?”

“Do I mean the car? Of course I mean the car.”

“Well, I overslept and...”

“And you took the car despite being told not to, is that correct?”

She nodded.

“Well, imagine the surprise that Colleen received when she came home for lunch and the car was gone. No note in here either.”

“Oh Colleen, I’m sorry, I should have...”

“Wait a second Shannon. There’s more. And then Colleen called the police and told them what happened. They put out an all points bulletin for the car. Imagine our surprise when it was found a block from school.”

The naked girl blushed in shame. She had caused a lot of anguish for her stepmother and father today.

“Dad, Colleen, I’m really sorry. I never should have taken the car.”

“Damn right. That car is a privilege Shannon, not a right. You were late for school, that’s your fault. You had no right to take that car.”

She started to cry. “I’m sorry daddy, I never meant to upset anyone.”

“Well, too late. When you go upstairs, you will find your room exactly like it was before. No door, no sheets, no comforter. The stocking and socks are gone and your chance to earn shoes is also gone this week. Now go up to your room and think about your actions.”

The naked girl turned and walked out of the kitchen, her sobs echoing through the hallway. She went to her room and wailed when she saw her room bare again. The little privacy she had was gone again.

She laid down on her mattress, again as bare as she was, and buried her head in it, sobbing.

Dinner was brought to her, little though it was, by Jimmy, whom she was surprised to see wearing clothes. He told her his nude punishment had been lifted. She had not eaten a full meal that day and was feeling the effects. The small sandwich and juice was not enough to fill her growling stomach but that was all she was given. She made her way over to her desk to work on assignments from classes she had not attended.

Each assignment had a reference to her. Math class was to determine the capacity of her vagina given the following measurements. History class was to write an amendment to the Constitution allowing Shannon to go naked through the rest of her life. English class was to write a limerick based on her and her nudity. She started to cry, amazed at how quickly she had become the joke of the school.

No one came to say good night to her. She heard her father and Colleen go to bed early, around 9. They said good night to Jimmy and shut their door, uninterested in speaking to Shannon. They had no contact with the naked girl since she had been sent to her room.

Shannon went into the bathroom, careful not to close the door, and got ready for bed, using the toilet and brushing her teeth. She desperately wanted a hug from her daddy but knew that she was not welcome in there right now. Instead she turned her light out, curled up on her rough mattress and cried herself to sleep.

**PART 84**

Excerpts from the diary of the Shannon Malone, the very naked teenager:

Tuesday

Well, it’s back to no privacy for me. No blanket, no comforter, no pillow, no bedroom door. Dad and Colleen are being very anal about having me follow the rules. Colleen reprimanded me this morning when I closed the door slightly while going to the bathroom...she reminded me that the door must always be open. Then my dad made a comment about me wrapping the towel around myself when I got out of the shower. It seems like they are going out of their way to remind me that I am always on display and that I am not permitted privacy.

The bus was awful today. Rose and I sat naked again in the front...but today four large men sat behind us, making comments, touching our hair and reaching around the seats and pinching Rose’s breasts and my legs. Vince ignored them but I saw him smile. When did everyone get so mean? When did it become okay to harass a girl simply because she was naked.

Rose was openly sobbing and was being teased for it by the girls in the back of the bus. If they only knew how awful it was and that it could be them at any time. Then they might not laugh at us...then they might not be so mean. I promise that I will never act that way to another student when I get my clothes back...if I get my clothes back.

Speaking of that, Carrie got most of hers back today. It was strange, she was stripping everything off in the lobby when I walked in. She had just put everything in her box and was carrying it to Mr. Jones’ office so I went with her. Her stripping always draws a crowd...at least I don’t have to go through that. I suppose that is the one advantage of being totally naked all the time. She says that the boys go nuts when she strips off her blouse...more than when she takes off her skirt.

That seems weird to me. I mean, a guy can see breasts a lot more than the lower stuff. I mean, breasts are on display at the beach, the pool, in newspapers and on TV. How often do boys get to see pussys, except in their wet dreams.

I joined her to walk to the principal’s office. She was the only person who would understand the hell I was going through at home. She dropped the box off on Mrs. Phillips’ desk when she heard the principal call her.

“Miss Bartlett, what are you doing? Please come in here. Miss Malone, you may come as well.”

I followed her in and we both dropped to our bare knees like robots in front of his desk.

“Miss Bartlett, answer me,” he said. “Why are you naked today?”

Carrie looked completely shocked. “Um, because you told me to be naked Mr. Jones. For my nude punishment?”

“Which ended today,” he said, almost spitting it out. “Today, you are only supposed to be bottomless. Come on miss, you are not a stupid girl.”

I looked up and saw a look of shock and then total happiness come onto Carrie’s face. I didn’t blame her...I’ve been dying to have any covering at all for more than two weeks now. To have it given back when you didn’t expect it must be totally awesome!

“Go and retrieve your box and come back in here and put your clothes on. I will forgive the fact that you are out of uniform now but do not expect me to be too lenient.”

Carrie brushed past me as she jumped to her knees and bolted out of the office into the secretary’s area to grab her box. I watched Mr. Jones’ eyes follow her out of the office, his mouth arched in a leering smile. What a pig!

Carrie came running back in, her full breasts bouncing. She placed the box on one of Mr. Jones’ prized chairs and opened it. She grabbed her blouse first and pulled it on, letting out a moan of pleasure from feeling material against her rock hard nipples again. She then grabbed two socks out of the box and her saddle shoes and quickly knelt down to cover her feet. She was now dressed normally from the waist up and the thighs down.

She looked at me and smiled. I gave her one back, but it was forced. I guess I was happy for her but at the same time, I hated the fact that she was mostly covered. Even her pussy was more covered than mine...she still had hair there and I was bare.

“Thank you Mr. Jones. I promise I will never get into this kind of trouble again,” Carrie said.

“Yes Carrie, I hope you learned your lesson. You will come to school dressed like this for the next week. Put that skirt in your book bag and bring it home. You will drive to school in your uniform as it currently is. Next Tuesday you may put that skirt on but no bra or knickers for an extra week. And remember, any person in school that wishes may ask you to lift your skirt and show them that you are bare there. I will not be so lenient next time. Is that clear?”

Carrie nodded her head and we were dismissed. As I got to my feet, she shoved her skirt into her backpack and I followed her out of the office. When we reached the waiting area, she turned and gave me a huge bear hug. Oh God, the feel of her soft white blouse was too much...I loved it and wanted it so badly. I felt my eyes fill up with tears and was afraid I would blow my cover and Carrie would know what I was thinking. But when our hug broke, she turned and started out of the office, barely giving me a chance to follow.

I watched Carrie walk in front of me and noticed the change right away. Before her punishment and while she was naked, her walk had been much more timid and hunched. Now, she walked tall and seemed like a whole new woman. I can’t wait until the day that I am the one dressed and walking proud down these halls, unashamed of my nudity. But now I just follow along behind my best friend, hoping to blend in somehow. I know, it’s silly...how can a naked girl blend in anywhere?

Out of the corner of my eye I saw a very humiliated Brad Davis, his erection raging and pointing straight out in front of him. He looked like he was in agony and the girls all laughed and pointed. I hadn’t seen a dick this openly before and was shocked at how big it was.... it was bright red and looked like it might burst.

“Poor Brad,” one of the girls said laughing. “When he takes that ring off, he is going to cum so much he’s going to pass out.”

The boy looked up and saw me staring at him...actually staring at his penis...and he shuddered and moaned.

“Jesus, he really wants an orgasm, he’s dry cumming just seeing Shannon.”

That broke me from my daydream and I moved away, watching Brad’s bare ass walk in front of me. As bad as I have it, it must be so much worse to be a boy.

FRIDAY

Oh God, today was completely and totally awful...and school had nothing to do with it.

I mean, it still sucked and all...we had an away basketball game, which is always terrible. The other team’s fans were really getting on me, talking about my little tits and bare pussy...one boy yelled that I must be the whore of St. Mark’s. Like I said, real nice kids right?

But at least we won and I scored 15 points. The drive home on the bus was awesome...being with the team is one of the few places that I feel comfortable these days.

Home has been really rough lately. Dad and Colleen have been so strict with me...making sure I follow the letter of the law now about exposing myself. Dad gave me all of the chores that Jimmy and Brighid usually do, including taking the trash out, doing the dishes, straightening the family room, vacuuming, everything. Every day after school I do all of the chores, make dinner or help Colleen with the meals, serve the food, clean up, empty the trash cans and then go and do all of my homework. Of course, I am totally nude at all times and always on display.

Today I got home and noticed Megan’s car in the driveway. When I walked in the house, I saw Dad in a suit and Jimmy dressed up too.

“Why is everyone so dressed up,” I asked Dad.

He looked up at me with an exasperated look on his face. “Are you kidding?”

Dad must have seen my hurt and confused expression because he softened.

“Tonight’s Aunt Katie’s wedding to Tom. You didn’t really forget, did you?”

But I had. My favorite aunt, the one who really stepped in for me and my sisters when mom died...the one who had the talk about sex and periods and boys and everything...the one who bought us our communion dresses and our dresses for grade school graduation. She was getting married to a totally awesome guy and I had totally forgotten.

“Oh God, I did. I’d better go and find something to wear.”

I started running up the stairs but stopped midway up. Oh God...there was nothing to wear. I was going to go nude! I ran back down the steps and began to beg my father, dropping to my knees in front of him and grabbing him by the waist.

“Daddy, please let me wear something, please anything. I’m begging you, please let me wear a dress and stockings and shoes....please don’t make me go naked.”

I was going completely mental, sobbing and screaming. Dad tried to pull away but my grip on his pant legs was too good. I begged and pleaded for mercy but when I looked up, I saw a resolve in him that I have never seen before.

“Shannon Kathleen Malone. Let go of me this instant,” he said, his voice barely above a whisper but registering in my crazy haze nevertheless. I let go and fell back, resting my bare butt on the soles of my feet.

“Colleen and I have discussed this a lot. At first, we planned to let you dress for this occasion, Colleen even bought you a dress. But your actions of Monday proved that you did not learn a lesson since we were not strict in our enforcement of your punishment. So, we called Aunt Kate and she said it was okay with her, so you are going as you are.”

I began to wail in humiliation and sorrow but he held up a hand and silenced me.

“Enough of that. You made this bed, now you will lie in it. You should go and shower and get ready. Feel free to wear any makeup that you like but you must hurry. We are leaving in 20 minutes and you are coming in whatever state you are in.”

I saw him turn and move away. He had never been so firm with me...I had always gotten away with murder with him...had always been the favorite. I had seen him be this way with Brighid, to some extent and Jimmy. But Megan and I had always had a free ride.

I got to my feet, shaky from all of my hysteria. I saw Jimmy, who smiled sympathetically. I walked up the stairs and was met by my two sisters, both in different stages of dress. Brighid, as always, was completely dressed, ready to leave. Megan was in a bra and knickers, her thigh high stockings on. I noticed that her makeup was half on...my little scene must have gotten their attention.

“Shannon, I feel so bad sweetheart,” Megan said, hugging me. I was so happy she was there...I had missed her so much. We had always been best friends and having her away at college while I was going through this had made it so much worse.

“I can’t believe he’s making you go to Aunt Kate’s naked for christsakes,” she said. “What’s gotten into him?”

My sisters helped me into the bathroom. “Hurry up and get washed. I’ll try and get Dad to let you come with us. That’ll give you some extra time,” Brighid said.

It barely registered in my brain but I nodded and she left the bathroom. I watched Meg turn on the water and test the temperature. I then felt her hands push me towards the shower and I went, almost on autopilot.

**PART 85**

The hot water sprayed my back and snapped me out of my haze. Then it hit me...I was about to be forced to go naked to the wedding of my favorite aunt, naked in front of family, friends and strangers. For some people, their first impression of me would be this night and instead of dazzling them with a stylish dress, jewelry and shoes, I would be ridiculed for my naked breasts, hairless pussy and bare feet.

I still had not moved but I felt the cold air hit me as Brighid opened the bathroom door. “What did he say,” Megan asked.

“She can come with us, but he made it very clear she has to be naked the whole time. No tricks like letting her wear something of ours. Completely bare, he said.”

“Christ, he is being a real bastard this time. What is his deal?”

I put my head under the spray to get the sweat out washed and to block out my sister’s conversation. I am so tired of it all, so tired of being humiliated all the time, being naked and forced to do things against my will. I just want to be a normal girl...I just want to blend in.

I felt a hand on my body and then soap. I pulled my head out of the water and looked to see Megan reaching in to wash my body.

“Sorry Shan, we don’t have a ton of time here and you seem lost in another world so I figured I’d help. Is that alright?”

I nodded, reached for the shampoo bottle and began to lather up my hair. I felt Megan’s hands and the soap roaming up and down my back, over my ass and then up and down my legs. She then reached around and did my front, my shoulders, arms and then the front of my legs. While she did this, I shivered from the kind touch, something I received very little of these days.

“Alright Shannon, everything’s done but your boobs and your puss. I love you and all, but I’m not going there.”

She closed the curtain and I heard the door close, the first time I had been alone in the closed bathroom all week. I luxuriated in the warm water and the privacy. I knew it would be the last for a long while and wanted to enjoy it.

I took the soap that Megan had left and began to soap up my breasts. They had become so sensitive lately, since the nude punishment had begun. I wonder why. Now, as I swirled the soap around the edge of it and then closer and closer to the areole and the nipple, I began to moan softly. This felt so good. I had never been much on masturbation before, but I had trouble stopping lately...being nude all the time just gave me total access at any free moment...it brought my sexuality to the forefront of every moment.

I could fell the itch between my legs and slowly slid my soapy hand down my flat belly to my puffy lips. As soon as I touched my mound I felt the sharp jolt through my body. Yes, this is good. I slid my fingers in from above, rubbing my clit in the process. This was so good...almost too slippery, I thought...not enough friction...then I found the spot and my whole body shook. I know I cried out in pleasure and didn’t care...didn’t want to stifle the only thing I could control these days...I was giving myself this orgasm and damn if I was going to spoil it by trying to stay quiet and calm.

I felt my legs give way and I fell back against the cold tile. It didn’t matter...I just kept sliding my fingers back and forth inside of my pussy as orgasm after orgasm came over. I was shaking almost violently from the pleasure and sobbing from the release. Finally it was reaching the point of being too much and with great effort I stopped my hand. I didn’t pull it out, that would be too empty of a feeling, but I stopped the movement.

After a minute, I pulled my fingers out and ran them under the hot water. I then took the nozzle off the hook and sprayed it right at my pussy, trying to get my sloppy juices off my lips and upper thighs. I figured that tonight, they would be receiving some scrutiny.

I turned the water off and grabbed the towel. Next to it was a robe, hanging right there in the open. I looked closely and was shocked to see my robe hanging there, the robe that I had not worn in almost three weeks. I touched it and felt the soft, blue terrycloth. I rubbed it against my bare breasts and gasped at how nice it felt. Oh God, maybe I could wear it, maybe no one would notice.

I opened the door. “DAD? COLLEEN? JIMMY?” The spectacularly dressed Megan popped her head out of her room and smiled. “They’re gone Shannon. Put the robe on. We won’t tell.”

I pulled the robe off the hook and slowly put it on, pulling the front shut and tying the front shut. I felt tears fill up my eyes and stream down my cheeks...the soft terrycloth felt like satin or silk against my skin. It was my first covering of any kind since waking up Monday morning and just the second time in three weeks that I have worn anything even closely resembling clothes. Not since my visit to Brown last week have I not been naked.

I looked in the mirror and barely recognized this clothed version of myself. It had been so long that I had been naked that I just assumed every image of me from now on would come complete with my naked breasts and vagina. Seeing this image of myself almost made it worse...I liked the part of me that was seen when clothes were worn. I always thought I had a cute face and shoulders and all the boys always told me how much they loved my long legs.

I’m not sure how long I stood there, just looking at myself with clothes. It was like looking at an old picture, trying to remember where it was and what I was doing. I heard a knock on the door and then saw it open behind me.

“Shannon, Christ, we have to go.” It was Megan, looking spectacular in her little black dress, showing just a tad of her cleavage, but not too much. The hem was high, just an inch or two below her crotch. She wore black fishnet stockings and five-inch high heels. I must say, she looked awesome. Tears started coming to me again...this is how I wanted to look tonight...this is how beautiful I wanted to be. Instead, it was just me, no dress, no jewelry, no stockings, no shoes, just my skin...my breasts, my pussy, my legs, my belly, my back. Nothing but me to go out there in front of hundreds of strangers and, worse yet, family and friends.

“Oh sweetheart, come on, pull yourself together,” Meg said, pulling me into a tight hug. “You’ve been in worse situations these last few weeks than this and you’ve done great. Come on, sit down and let me do your makeup. Brighid, come in here and do Shannon’s nails.”

“What’s the use,” I said. “No one is going to be looking at my nails. They’re going to be looking at my tits and my pussy. You know that.”

Meg seemed surprised at how vulgar I was being.

“You’re right, but why not look as good as you can, even being nude? They’ll be looking anyway, why not feel a little pretty about it?”

I didn’t know how to answer so I let Meg kind of push me down onto the toilet. IT felt so good to be sitting on the plastic seat and not feel its cold, hard surface against my bare bottom. Just one of the many indignities sent upon a naked girl.

I heard Brighid enter the room while Megan told me to close my eyes and relax. I listened, partly because I always listened to her and partly because I wanted to enjoy being still for just a few minutes. Everything had been so crazy for the last half hour or so...now I just wanted to stop.

I felt Brighid’s hands on the soles of my feet and then the soft brush of the nail polish applicator on my toenails. I didn’t even look to see what color she was using...I trusted her and what did it matter really? I didn’t need to match anything. I have always been partial to pastels...pinks, purples, etc...but whatever she was using would be fine. Both of my sisters were always so fashionable, I wasn’t worried about what they were doing to me.

I felt something near my eyes and gathered that Megan was working on my eyelashes and eyelids. It made me wonder why we girls do all this for boys...the boys I’ve been dealing with haven’t exactly been wonderful to me. In fact, nearly all of them have been completely and totally awful...starting with Mr. Jones and my father and working down...Vince, Mr. Firgus, Eric Gorbo, Fr. Haglin, Carl the Maintenance Man, even her brother Jimmy in the beginning. Maybe we girls have this all wrong...maybe boys are worthless and we should find better places to spend our time than in front of the mirror worrying about looking good for them.

Then I started to think about Mark...how gentle he had been each time we had snuggled...what a gentleman he was on our first date, making me feel so comfortable despite my nudity...how gorgeous he is with broad shoulders, blue eyes, great strong legs and that beautiful face. Well, maybe some boys were worth it!

I heard the whirl of a hair dryer and a hard brush moving through my hair...then the soft, gentle brush on my finger nails. I was getting a spa treatment from my sisters and it felt wonderful.

Finally they were done. “Okay, let’s get going,” Megan said. I stood up and gasped...the girls had done wonders. I looked awesome...if I do say so myself. The makeup was more than I normally did for myself but it wasn’t too much...just the right flavor and colors for my complexion. I noticed my toes and fingers were painted a pastel pink...my favorite color.

“One more thing,” Megan said. She was holding a bottle of her perfume. She took a dab and put it on my wrists and neck and then shut the top.

I followed my sisters out of the bathroom and was about to go down the steps when Brighid said, “Shannon, sorry to do this, but I need the robe back. I have to return it to where the rest of the clothes are.”

“Come on Brig, let her wear the robe in the car. We can return it tonight when we get home.”

“Daddy was clear Meg...sorry Shannon. If anyone sees her outside in this robe, she’s going to get into huge trouble with Dad...more than she already is. I don’t care about me or you, we’re old enough to deal with it. But do you want Shannon in more trouble than she is now?”

Megan looked down towards the ground...she rarely would admit to being wrong but her silence spoke volumes.

“Look Meg, Brighid’s right,” I said, getting looks of shock from my sisters who probably thought I would do anything to be covered a little while longer. “I’m going to be naked anyway, why chance getting into trouble.”

I saw both of them looking at me sympathetically.

“Besides, it was so nice to wear this, even for a little while. And you guys made me feel like a princess...I don’t know how to thank you.”

I handed my robe to Brighid who disappeared with it down towards the basement. She reemerged and went out to the car to warm it up while I waited by the front door for their signal. I looked down at my body and silently prayed to God to get me through this night like he has gotten me through the other days.

I heard a horn blare and cringed, not needed to draw any more attention to the fact I was coming out. Meg came up from behind me. I had heard her on the phone but couldn’t make out who she was speaking to. She grabbed my hand and we darted to Brighid’s warm and toasty car. I slunk into the back, hoping no one saw the vulgar image I presented as I climbed into the two-seater. Finally I was settled, Megan hopped in and we were off.

**PART 86**

Nestled in the back of Brighid’s little car, the music from a CD mix blaring, the sounds of Megan singing the words way off-key all could have made Shannon forget about her predicament. But, anytime she looked down and saw her bare breasts and then her bare feet, it all came flooding back to her. She was on her way to her favorite aunt’s house bare naked.

Maybe if things had happened differently, she’d be dressed in a sexy dress like her sisters. Maybe, if she hadn’t taken her car without permission and driven to school last Monday, her father would have had some compassion and given her clothes for the night. He had done that last week when she visited Brown. In fact, Dad and Colleen had provided proper clothes for Carrie too. But there was no such kindness for her today...nope, tonight she was going to pay for her sins.

She guessed if she had never skipped school three weeks ago and earned the nude punishment in the first place, none of this would have ever happened. She could be one of the other girls, walking around school, laughing at the nude students, safe and content in her plaid kilt and blouse. And most of all, she would be wearing socks or tights and shoes. Perhaps she would even be able to slip into a bra and knickers.

Of course she could wear a bra and knickers, she admonished herself. Most normal girls are allowed to wear them every day in life. Only she, the nude and punished Shannon Malone had to go through life nude without the support of a bra or the covering of knickers. Only she was forced to live her life with nothing to protect her from the elements and from leering eyes. Only she had to put up with the unwanted groping, sexual comments and nastiness. Now she had even lost the protection of her loving father, who was throwing her to the wolves bare and alone.

You’re being totally dramatic here, she again chastised herself. She was going to be far from alone. Alone would have been better than what she was about to do. At least she had her sisters along with her.

“Why do you think Dad and Colleen are being such hard asses,” she yelled over the loud music. Brighid leaned over and turned the music down. “What,” the oldest sister asked.

“I said, why do you think Dad and Colleen are being such hard asses.”

“It’s pretty simple,” Brighid replied.

“It is,” Megan said puzzled.

“Yes, Shannon was the perfect daughter who has fallen from grace. He treated her better than anyone else and she let him down.”

“That’s bullshit,” Shannon said. “He treats me like he treats everyone else.”

“Yeah Brig, Shannon’s right,” Megan said. “He paid your way through college, bought you this car, lets you live rent free. Seems like he treats you pretty good.”

Brighid sighed. “That’s not what I meant. He’s a wonderful father who has done so many great things for all of us. It’s just that Shannon was special. She looks the most like Mom, she was the star athlete, top of her class and gorgeous. What father wouldn’t want to treat a girl like that special?”

Shannon and Megan had no answer for that.

“He’s being extra mean because he thinks he’s losing you forever. He’s trying to make sure you stay a good girl.”

“Let’s get this straight,” Megan said. “He’s keeping her naked, humiliating her in front of everyone she knows, making her live her life completely nude for six weeks so that she stays a good girl?”

“He’s just listening to that asshole Mr. Jones. We all know what a pervert he is, but Dad is following his advice. He said that this was something that girls especially hated so why not make it their punishment. He got the whole town to buy into it.”

The girls got quiet, the only sound coming from the radio being played at a low volume. Then Megan spoke.

“Well, hell with them. I say the Malone sisters kick some ass tonight! We’ll show them we’re stronger than them!”

“YEAH!” Shannonn yelled from the back, kicking her bare foot in the air between the seats. The girls all started laughing as Brighid turned the music back up and they sang at the top of their lungs as they sped towards the wedding.

The reception hall was a brightly lit union building with an attached ballroom.

Both Megan and Brighid had been to formal dances here...the local boy’s prep school often held proms here. Shannon wondered if Mark would be bringing her...and if so, would she still be naked? Oh God, that would be awful.

“Do you want me to drop you guys off here in front or should we all go and park,” Brighid asked.

Megan looked at Shannon, who answered, “Let’s all go and park. I want to stay with you guys the whole time.”

Brighid pulled the car into the driveway and pulled back to the parking lot located behind the building. “Are you ready Shannon,” Megan asked.

“Oh God, no but I guess I have no choice,” the nude answered. “Let’s go.”

The three girls got out of the girl. Shannon noticed that her two older sisters had pulled around her, almost shielding her from onlookers. They had arrived as close to the scheduled time as possible, figuring that most people would already be in and seated. Maybe they could squeeze in the back. It seemed a shame to sit way in the back when your favorite aunt was getting married but desperate times called for desperate measures.

They pushed through the door and were met by a gorgeous sight...Aunt Katie looked beautiful in her white wedding dress.

“Oh girls, I am so glad you are here, we’ve been waiting for you,” she said smiling.

Shannon forgot her nakedness and ran over to hug her aunt. “Oh Shannon, thank you for coming. You are showing such courage being here like this,” Katie said, rubbing her gloved satin hand over her niece’s bare back.

“I wouldn’t have missed this for anything Aunt Katie,” Shannon said. “Sorry we’re late.”

“Girls, I have a huge favor to ask, and it’s even bigger since your father is being such a pighead about Shannon,” Katie said.

“Anything Aunt Kate,” Brighid said.

“Would the three of you stand for me tonight? Be my bridesmaids?”

The three accepted right away. “There are flowers over there for each of you.”

The girls ran over and grabbed a bouquet and then it hit Shannon...she was going to be walking nude down the aisle and standing in front of the entire wedding party. “Oh God, I can’t do this...no, please no.” The nude girl fell to her knees in the little lobby, just inches from the door where they were about to march out of. She felt the cold hard tile as she crumpled into a ball...the self-assured girl from a few seconds ago had melted away and she was now a quivering mess.

Shannon felt several hands on her bare body and then she felt the soft gloved hand of her Aunt Katie, the woman who had become like a mother to her since her own had died, embrace her.

“Shannon, I am so sorry about this. I never should have asked you. I assumed you would be clothed and then, when I heard about the nudity, I figured you would be used to it by now.”

Shannon tried to compose herself. “I just don’t want to ruin your wedding by being naked.”

“Oh sweetheart, that wouldn’t ruin my wedding,” Aunt Katie said softly. “What would ruin my wedding is if you weren’t here and having a good time. I would be honored to have you stand next to me, wearing the fanciest dress or wearing nothing. Would you do me that honor?”

The young nude girl pulled back from her aunt and wiped her tears away. “Aunt Katie, do you mean it?”

The older woman gave her a kind smile and nodded.

“Oh God, I am so sorry. I would be honored to be in your wedding.”

“That’s my girl. Okay, line up oldest to youngest. Shannon, you get to walk in just in front of me. Then the three of you will stand up next to the minister with me. OK?”

The three women nodded. Katie whispered something to Shannon, who smiled. Just then the doors opened and in walked Kate’s father, Shannon’s grandfather.

Shannon’s resolve burst again. To be naked was awful...to be naked in the presence of her grandpop was truly the worst possible thing.

“Hello ladies. Well Shannon, this is an interesting getup,” he said when he got through kissing and hugging Brighid and Megan. “You poor thing.”

“Hi Grandpop, sorry you have to see me like this,” she said, her blush extending well beyond her face and down to her chest.

“Nonsense, there’s nothing there I haven’t seen before. Remember, I changed your diapers. I just feel bad for you is all. I’m going to give that son-in-law of mine a real talking to. I always admired how he was handling you girls after your mom died, but this seems a bit extreme.”

“Thank you Grandpop, but it’s my own fault,” she stammered.

“Well, either way, I don’t like it. But that’s for another time.”

With that, the older man locked arms with Aunt Katie. “Well, sweetheart, you look absolutely beautiful. I am so proud to walk you down the aisle. Are you ready?”

The beautiful bride smiled and, with tears in her eyes, nodded.

“OK, Brig, let’s get this wedding started,” Grandpop said and Brighid opened the door and started down the aisle. As soon as she took a step out in her high heeled shoes, the organist began the wedding march. Megan shortly followed out of the vestibule but Shannon did not step forward to take her place in the doorway.

“Shannon, go, it’s going to be okay,” Aunt Katie said. Slowly the nude girl put one bare foot out and then the other. She heard the gasps as people saw her in the doorway. There was no turning back now and she started down the aisle. She desperately tried to muster some of the old bravado, trying to remember the brave words of Aunt Katie, how she was honored to be here, how she looked beautiful nude and should be proud of that. Instead, all that popped into her head was the humiliating fact that she was again nude in a strange public place, nude in a room full of clothed people who were shocked and outraged by this naked girl.

She saw her father and Colleen looking at her, it was a look of pride mixed with apology for what she was going through. Finally she made it where her sisters were waiting next to Tom and the groomsmen and the minister.

Shannon couldn’t even look at Tom. She had always loved him...Tom and Aunt Kate had been dating for years. He always felt like the older brother she had never had. But now, he was seeing her in all of her naked glory and she felt about two inches tall.

She heard the music change and came out of her revelry to see her grandfather walking Aunt Kate up the aisle. She looked gorgeous and for just a moment, Shannon forgot about her nudity and instead felt joy for her aunt. She was indeed proud to stand for her.

When Aunt Kate met up with Tom, Shannon noticed that the focus of nearly everyone had shifted to the soon to be married couple. But the minister’s eyes never left her naked body and she felt uncomfortable.

“Kathleen, what is the meaning of your bridesmaids attire or lack there of,” he asked in a menacing hiss.

“Oh Reverend, that’s my niece. She’s being punished by St. Mark’s and has to stay nude for six weeks. It’s our bad luck that the wedding fell during this time.”

The man’s face got extremely red in anger. “I don’t care who agreed to this punishment, I will not allow this kind of filth in my ceremony. She must leave now or get dressed. I cannot have it.”

Shannon’s face turned ashen. She was ruining the wedding. She turned and ran back down the aisle, hearing the gasps of the assembled churchgoers who hadn’t been privy to the private conversation.

She ran outside and sat on the cold concrete steps. She prayed that she might die of hyperthermia...that being out in the cold would end her misery. The way her luck was going, she would just get a bad cold.

She heard the hall doors open behind her. She knew it was someone coming to track her down but she decided not to turn around. Her mind was made up. She was not going to ruin her aunt’s wedding...it was bad enough that she walked down the aisle naked, causing the scene that she already had.

“Shannon, come inside this instant,” she heard her father’s voice say. “This is ridiculous. Are you going to let one man’s words keep you down?”

As she turned to him, her father was taken aback when he saw the hurt and the anger in his daughter’s beautiful face. He had no idea the depths of the pain her prolonged public nudity had caused.

“I’m sorry Daddy, but you can’t make me go back in there,” she said, sobbing, shaking her head from side to side.

“But sweethe---,” he began.

“No Daddy, I am not going back in there. You can make me stay naked as long as you want, but you cannot force me to go in there and ruin Aunt Katie’s wedding. I won’t do it.”

With that, she turned her bare back on her dismayed father. She had never stood up to him before...had always been the picture of the perfect daughter. Now she had skipped school, taken the car without permission and was turning her back on him.

Silently he turned and went back into the hall to inform his sister-in-law that Shannon was not coming back. Shannon’s sobs became even harder now...though it felt good to finally say no, she was heartbroken at what she had done to her aunt’s wedding.

“Shouldn’t you be inside the hall and not outside,” a voice said. Shannon looked up and saw the shape of Mark, her boyfriend. She hadn’t even heard him walk up the path.

“Oh God Mark, I am so glad you are here,” she said, getting up off her seat and running to embrace the boy. He hugged her back, wondering what it was going to be like to hug her when she was clothed. Until then, this sure was nice though, he thought.

Shannon felt the smooth feel of the man’s suit...the warmth of being so close to her boyfriend...to feel safe in a way that she had not in nearly a week. Since Monday, she had no place to be herself. Her home was a mess with no covering and her father and stepmother being totally awful. School was terrible, with Mr. Jones’ reach extending everywhere. Here, in Mark’s arms, was the only place she could be taken care of and feel safe.

“So, why are you out here freezing instead of in there watching your aunt get married,” he asked.

She began to tell the story but he stopped her. He removed his coat and put it around her shoulders... “here, before you catch a cold.” It felt so good around her body, the smooth interior of his coat touched her bare skin and sent shivers down her spine.

“Mark, I can’t, Daddy wil--,” she said.

“No,” he interrupted, “forget what Daddy wants this time. He’s being unreasonable.”

Shannon nodded and continued on with her story. Mark listened and held her.

“Well, the minister said you had to be covered. You’re covered now. What do you think?”

“Like this,” she asked questioningly. “I might as well be naked.”

The boy stepped back. “Hate to tell you this Shan, but you are probably more covered than half of the women in there. My coat is longer than many dresses and there’s not much cleavage showing. There’s nothing I can do about the bare feet, but you’re used to that.”

The girl let his comments settle for a few seconds. Of course Mark was right. Was she kidding about this being like being naked. This was completely wonderful...she hadn’t been covered in public in so long.

“Alright, but only on one condition. You walk me in and never leave my side.”

“Of course, why do you think I’m here?”

The girl took his extended arm and they pulled the door open, stepping in. Shannon heard the minister beginning to recite the vows. Everyone in the church turned and saw the couple moving down the aisle.

“OH Shannon, I’m so happy you came in,” Aunt Katie said. “Come up here and stand with me.”

The naked girl turned to Mark who nodded and slid in next to Colleen who had slid over to clear a spot for the boy. Shannon locked eyes with her father who smiled and nodded his approval of her attire.

She still felt weird with her bare feet against the tile floor but remembered all of those times when she had kicked off her heels to dance. That had been with stockinged feet but not much different.

The girl, covered only in her boyfriend’s sport coat, walked up and stood between Megan and Aunt Katie, who whispered, “I am so glad you came back in.” The minister still looked angry but said nothing and continued on with the vows.

Shannon watched as Aunt Katie and soon to be Uncle Tom joined hands and recited wedding vows that they had written. Then the priest pronounced them husband and wife and the couple kissed, earning applause from everyone, including Shannon, who was totally caught up in the moment, forgetting her near nudity and relishing the joy of her aunt.

She walked down the aisle on the arm of one of Tom’s friends and ushers. He gave her a lecherous look and she immediately wanted out. She didn’t really blame him...after all she had displayed her entire body a few minutes ago.

She pulled away from the lech as soon as she could and joined up with her sisters and Mark, who was chatting with Jimmy. Her father and Colleen came up to join the crowd.

“Shannon, I’m sorry about all of that, I was wrong for making you come here naked. Let’s have a good time tonight and try and enjoy the night, ok?”

“Apology accepted,” she said, grabbing her father in a bear hug. It felt so good to be able to hug someone and not feel so conscious of your bare breasts sticking into someone’s body.

“Hello Mark, it’s nice to see you again,” her father said.

“Hi Mr. Malone, thanks for inviting me.”

Shannon looked at her father with amazement. After the last week, she had assumed that he hated her and wanted to torture her. Now he had done such a nice thing.

“You invited Mark?”

“Yeah, after your little meltdown in the hallway before we left, I figured you might need some friendly faces. And I guess Mark came just at the right time.”

“Mr. Malone, the sports coat was my idea. She was freezing out there and I

just—“

The man held up his hand to stop the boy. “Please, don’t even worry about it. It was just the right idea.”

With that, he extended his arm to Colleen. “Shall we go and enjoy the reception.”

Colleen smiled and took the arm and went escorted towards the dining area. Meg and Brighid followed with Jimmy and Shannon and Mark brought up the rear. The evening turned out to be perfect in Shannon’s eyes. She ate a wonderful meal, her first with covered breasts in nearly three weeks. Then she danced with her boyfriend, to fast and slow songs, not worried about whether a nude girl should be dancing to fast songs. Mark was right, his coat covered more of her than some of the other girl’s dresses, including Meg’s.

The only snag came when her cousin’s boyfriend, Tim, asked her to dance. He had been really nice all night, chatting with her in a friendly way. Mark told her that he didn’t mind so the two went out for a slow number.

Things were good, the two teens chatting, when Shannon felt the sports coat rise up her ass. She felt Tim’s hand pulling up the material.

“Tim, what are you doing?”

“Nothing, just trying to see more of what I saw at the ceremony.” With that, he ripped the front of the coat open, sending the button flying, and exposing her naked front. The girl’s hand came up and slapped the boy across the face and she ran off the dance floor, pulling the coat closed in front of her. “Oh sure, get all modest now.”

“Mark, please take me home,” she said, tears welling in her eyes.

“But the weddi--,” he began.

“Please take me home now Mark,” she begged. He read her eyes and stood up, not noticing his ripped button. Erin, her cousin, had seen everything and came up to apologize for Tim who was hammered, but the girl pushed her aside. She wanted nothing more than to be away from here.

The two slipped away and on the way home she told Mark the story. She finished with, “I promise you that I’ll sew a new button on your coat.”

“I don’t care about a silly coat. I’m just glad that you are okay.”

By this time, they had pulled up outside of her house. The rest of the family was still at the wedding and Shannon knew what she wanted. “Why don’t you come on in...”

As the two teens were about to enter the house, Shannon stopped and pulled the sports coat off of her body, leaving her naked again...this time by choice.

“Shannon, what are you doing,” Mark stammered.

“This,” she said, pulling him by the tie up against her and kissing his lips hard. She grinded her nude body against his hard, beautiful clothed one and moaned...she had never wanted to lose her virginity more. She pulled him inside the house and began stripping the boy of his suit right there in the foyer. His hard cock sprang out of his boxers as she laid him down, locked the door and slowly eased herself down on top of him.

“This is for my hero,” she said and gasped as he slowly filled her and the two teens made slow, passionate love. Mark took her virginity from her gently and lovingly and Shannon closed her eyes as she rode on top of her boyfriend with the two climaxing together. The nude girl collapsed on top of her lover in a sweaty, exhausted embrace.

Finally the couple got the energy back to get themselves together. Mark dressed while Shannon ran to the bathroom to clean up...for a girl who is always naked, there wasn’t the option of just throwing your knickers on...a romantic encounter and its remnants would definitely show up to anyone who looked...there was little to hide.

Shannon finished cleaning herself up and joined Mark on the couch, lying down with her head in his lap, just enjoying his company, while he watched a basketball game. Just then, the front door opened and Jimmy walked in, followed by her father and Colleen. All three smiled hellos to the two teens and went up to bed, though Colleen gave them an odd stare. The teens wondered if the woman knew for Shannon had seen how red her pussy was after the sex. Of course Colleen knew, the smell of sex permeated the hallway....luckily Jack Malone had been too tired to notice it and Colleen would never say anything. She went to bed, happy for her stepdaughter.

For the first time in a long time, Shannon didn’t feel uncomfortable about her nudity. She luxuriated in the warmth of Mark, who had his arm over her, idly rubbing her side and back. Occasionally he would get naughty and stray to her breast but for the most part he was just teasing her with soft touches.

She wasn’t sure how it happened, but she fell asleep...all of the emotions of the night were too much for her. She woke up in the middle of the night, all lights out and a throw blanket over her. In the moonlight, she saw a note on the table from Mark...

“Shannon, Thank you for one of the best nights of my life. You looked so peaceful I didn’t want to wake you. Call me tomorrow and we can do something! I love You! Mark.”

Happy tears welled up in her eyes as she read the note over and over again. She was so overjoyed to be in such an awesome relationship. She laid back and fell asleep again, Mark’s note pressed against her body.

**PART 87**

Saturday was a day of dread for Shannon, though she had almost forgotten about it. She woke up on the couch in the living room, more relaxed and refreshed than any morning in a while. Maybe it was the awesome sex, maybe it was falling asleep in her lover’s arms or maybe it was the feel of the blanket over her naked body. Whatever, she woke up with the sun pouring in through the living room windows on a gorgeous weekend day.

She stretched her arms above her in the quiet house. She saw the kitchen light on and knew her father was probably reading the New York Times and drinking a cup of coffee. This was his solace every Saturday and Sunday morning, getting up before the house became crazy and enjoying the quiet.

Reluctantly she pulled the blanket from her. When her bare feet hit the carpeted floor, the realization of her Saturday punishment hit her. Mr. Jones had told her and Carrie that they and the other nude students would be the “entertainment” at the carnival to benefit the field hockey and lacrosse teams. “No sense just letting the boys teams’ benefit from your, uh, predicament,” he had said laughing.

Shannon walked into the kitchen and was rewarded with a smile from her father.

“Well, you’re up early. Want some breakfast?”

“No thanks, maybe just some orange juice,” she said. She poured herself a glass and grabbed a seat next to her father, grabbing a section of the paper. This had always been something she loved...getting up before everyone and enjoying quiet time with her dad. None of the other kids had ever thought to do it, but Shannon had been his companion on these mornings for years. Lately she had begun to sleep in more often than not, but the occasional weekend she would rise early to join him.

As she sat across from him, reading the arts and entertainment section, Jack Malone was filled with pride. Shannon had turned into a wonderful woman. She had obviously grown into a gorgeous one physically, but he was proud of her spunk last night while dealing with the unfair situation he had thrown upon her.

“Shannon, can we talk for a minute,” he said finally. The girl looked up from a story on a dance company in Harlem and smiled. “Sure Dad, what’s up?”

“Um, I’m afraid I have been unfair to you lately and I’m sorry. This nudity thing has made me uncomfortable from the start but that’s what they recommended so I went with it. Then I went too far and I am sorry.”

Shannon’s heart began to pound hard in her chest. Was she about to get clothes back?

“I know Dad, it’s been awful,” she said, trying to suppress her excitement at getting clothes back.

“Sweetheart, I’m sorry, but I’ve set out the rules and have to follow them,” he said. Her body sagged, realizing that she wasn’t getting anything back. “But I promise to not be such a hardass. And hey, you’re halfway there.”

Tears streamed down her cheeks and onto the paper. She tried to smile and said, “yeah, halfway there. Thanks Dad.” She got up from the table and went upstairs to try and get ready for more humiliation.

She sat down the toilet to pee, door open as she had become accustomed. She saw a hand reach in and close the door completely, giving her some privacy. She was glad to see that things would be changing, even in such a small way.

She finished her business and turned the shower on. She wanted to get washed up again, not wanting any remnants of last night’s exploits with Mark to still be around while she was being displayed at school. Yes, she was sure that she would be on display big time at school.

She shaved her legs, pits and pubes and turned the water off...enjoying standing in the heat of the steam. “Shannon, phone,” she heard Colleen say. “It’s Carrie. Do you need a ride to school today?”

God bless Carrie, she thought. “Could you tell her I would love that?”

“Sure thing.”

She grabbed the towel and dried herself off completely. Then she saw her bathrobe hanging there again. She wondered why it was there but quickly put it on, enjoying the time covered. She didn’t wear any makeup and just pulled her hair back into a ponytail after brushing her teeth. Shannon turned to leave the bathroom but thought better of wearing the bathrobe, not knowing why it was there. Better to stay naked and ask first before assuming she could wear it out.

She left the warmth of the bathroom and entered the drafty hallway. She noticed that her bedroom door was back and her comforter and sheets were on the bed. Thanks Dad, she thought, maybe he was softening a bit. She wondered if her stockings were in there as well but didn’t want to push it.

Shannon heard the doorbell and went downstairs. She saw Carrie, dressed as normally as she had seen her lately. Carrie’s dad had reacted in a similar way to her own. Although Carrie wasn’t forced to be naked, she was made to wear ridiculously short skirts and tight tops with heels and nothing underneath. Mr. Bartlett thought the humiliation would guarantee that his daughter wouldn’t misbehave again and he was right.

Today she was wearing a sweatshirt, jeans, socks and sneaks.

“Carrie, you look so comfortable, what’s with the normal clothes?”

“Dad realized he was being too harsh on me. So, on the weekends, I get to wear whatever I want on top...but nothing underneath. Still skirts and blouses during the week and nude at home but only until the punishment is over.”

Shannon was really happy for her friend, who looked relieved. They had both feared that Mr. Bartlett would make Carrie wear nothing but the slutty clothes she had been forced to wear the last two weeks. Part of her was a bit sad of course...this gave Carrie even more covering than before and even then she was more covered than her own nudity.

“Bye Dad, I’m heading to school,” she yelled into the kitchen and the two girls, one clothed in normal teen clothes, the other totally nude, headed out into the cool morning air.

Shannon noticed that the weather wasn’t as cold as it had been. Oh it was still unbearable for a girl constantly without clothes, but it was getting better. Not much solace for her last three weeks of nudity but it was better than nothing.

Carrie had left the car running while she had gone inside so there was instant warmth for the nude girl. She smiled and thanked her best friend as they began their trek to the school and a day of more humiliation.

On the surface, helping with a carnival sounded innocent. Being nude might be a bit of an issue but otherwise, how tough could it be making sno-cones or taking tickets. But both girls had experienced Mr. Jones’ twisted mind first-hand and both knew things would not be easy on them.

Shannon filled her best friend in on the wedding and the wonderful sex she had shared with Mark. Carrie had lots of questions and was genuinely happy for her friend, who seemed happier than she had been in weeks.

All too quickly, they pulled up to school. This time, Carrie knew better than pull around front, instead going to the back where the maintenance entrance was. They parked in the first stop and Carrie got out. Shannon took a deep breath to steel her nerves and then opened the door, her bare feet against the cold concrete (a feeling she never got used to) and ran to catch up with her friend.

At the door was a sobbing naked girl, another student named Rose. She and her friends Juli and Brad were also involved in a naked punishment that was lasting a week. All would get their clothes back on Monday. She was banging hard on the door, her body covered with goosebumps and her nipples standing up totally erect. She was shivering and it looked as if she had been there a long time.

“Rose, calm down,” Shannon said, wrapping her arms around the girl, their naked bodies meeting. “What’s wrong?”

“I’ve been out here for 15 minutes. I came early to be sure I wouldn’t get more punishment for being late. I went to the front door and it said to come back here and knock. I’ve been banging on the door for so long...I just want to go inside and get warm and be away from everything.”

Shannon knew the feeling and was currently starting to feel the cold herself. Carrie, in her sweatshirt and jeans, didn’t feel it yet but knew she would before too long. She began knocking on the door and yelling for Carl, the maintenance man.

“What’s going on,” came a male voice behind them. The three girls turned and saw Brad, wearing a long-sleeve shirt and jeans. Unlike the girls, he was permitted clothes to go back and forth from school because, during the day, he was forced to wear a cock ring that meant he was always erect. The girl wondered why he was getting away from the public nudity so much but figured that Mr. Jones was just a sick man who preferred seeing his girls run around naked more than his boys.

“They’re not letting us in,” Shannon said, watching the boy’s eyes completely drink in the attached nudity of two girls. “And stop gawking at us, you should understand how awful that is.”

He quickly averted his eyes and looked sheepish. “I’m really sorry Shannon...you too Rose. I didn’t mean to, it’s just you girls are so beautiful and so naked...it was a natural reaction.”

Shannon realized the boy was right...not that she was going to let him off easy but she understood his dilemma.

“Can I ask why you two are hugging, not that I mind,” he said.

“We’re freezing and Rose has been out here for 15 minutes.”

Carrie continued banging on the door. “Why the hell won’t they let us in,” she wondered aloud. Her banging was interrupted by the distinct sound of slapping feet on the concrete. The very naked Juli came rushing around the corner and met up with them.

“Why are you guys waiting out here,” she asked, crossing her arms over her breasts and bending over at the waist to try and stay warm. Carrie explained that they had been knocking. Brad just stared at the assembled nudity in front of him, amazed at being in the midst of it.

Sizing them up, he thought Shannon’s body was definitely the best. She had awesome long legs and her body was tight and hard. Her little breasts just fit perfectly on her thin body...she was a wet dream come alive.

Rose was probably his next favorite. She was small too, shorter than Shannon, and her legs weren’t as great, but her petite body was just so feminine. The girl had hard, point tits with nipples the size of a penny and had the look of a timer in a turkey. Those little nips were a definite turn-on for him.

As for Juli, she was the heaviest of the three nudes but she was far from being overweight. She had nice curves but her legs were a bit thick, he thought. Her breasts were obviously the biggest, probably a 36 C or D. She was nice and many boys in the school had drooled over her large chest. Now they had gotten to see her full round boobs (without a trace of sag, he noticed) up and close and personal every day for the past week.

Finally the door opened and a smiling Carl was standing there, eying up the nude girl flesh standing there. “What’s with all the racket,” he asked smiling.

Carrie stepped aside as the three nude girls pushed their way into the dirty boiler room. They felt the grime of the floor on their bare feet but it was a better alternative to the cold concrete...at least it was warm in here.

Brad motioned for Carrie to go in first, a show of good manners. Actually he was very interested in seeing her ass in the tight jeans. He didn’t know Carrie and though he had seen her nude before, he rarely got up close to her. The last time was the day she stripped him on stage and then jerked him to erection before looping the ring around his penis. Oh that stupid ring...he hated that ring.

“What took you so long,” Shannon asked, her voice quivering from her shivers.

“Mr. Jones told me to wait until all five of you were here before letting you in,” he said smiling. “Don’t worry though, I was watching you with the surveillance cameras.”

The girls groaned at the knowledge that their every naked step is on film.

“OK you two, off with the clothes. You know the rules. And you,” Carl said, pointing to Brad, “put that thing on your cock. But you have to get one of the girls to do it for you, Mr. Jones’ rules, not mine. Personally I wish you had some pants on....no reason to see that thing flying all around.”

The girls giggled at how uncomfortable Carl was at the thought of the naked boy. Nice to see someone else getting a bit embarrassed for a change. Brad just nodded and began to strip off his clothes. He pulled his shirt and undershirt up over his head together, revealing a buff chest and a flat stomach. He kicked off his shoes and used his feet to remove his socks and then began to unbutton his jeans. The girls gasped as he pulled them down, his penis desperately trying to poke its way through the cotton of his underwear. He was obviously in major arousal after seeing the naked girls so close and hugging each other for warmth. He wondered if his cock would ever be flaccid again.

Shannon instantly felt herself flush, despite the cold she had felt a few minutes before. She had noticed this feeling when she saw Brad in the hall last week...she was turned on by his body, his strong shoulders, her tight, hard butt and, of course, his long hard penis that was sticking straight out away from his body.

Brad sheepishly looked down at his now bare feet on the cold, grimy floor. He knew the next part of this would be humiliating and painful.

“Would any of you girls mind putting this on,” he asked, holding up the penis ring. Awkward silence followed as the girls just stood there. Shannon desperately wanted to touch it, to feel that huge thing, but hesitated.

Finally, she stepped forward. “I’ll do it,” she said quietly. Brad mouthed “thanks” to the girl and thrust his crotch out to make it easier for the girl. Shannon reached out and started to slide the ring over the boy’s smooth penis. Brad moaned at the contact, at feeling the girl’s soft hand graze his achingly erect penis. She slid the harness to the base of the boy’s organ and tightened it as far as she could. She looked up and saw the humiliation and frustration at being touched by this beautiful naked girl but unable to respond.

Shannon moved away, feeling hot all over...her sex was soaked...she could feel the moisture poised at the entry. She fell back within the other nude girls. Meanwhile, Carrie was still dressed, mesmerized at the sight of Shannon putting the ring on the boy’s penis.

“Come on you,” said Carl. “Get those clothes off. And you, put your clothes in this bag. Hurry up.”

Carl moved to get his clothes together, his hard cock bouncing up and down as he went. The girls all winced, wondering if that was as painful as it looked.

Meanwhile, Carrie began to strip. First, she grabbed the bottom of her sweatshirt and pulled it up, revealing her round, full breasts. She then kicked off her sneaks and began to undo her jeans. She tried to ignore the gawking stares of Carl but was unable to avoid the looks from Brad. His penis was twitching and he was groaning as she pushed her tight jeans down her legs and off, revealing her vagina.

“Another dry cum, huh boy, poor thing,” Carl said laughing. And Brad did look like a poor thing as his body shook and his eyes glazed over. “You, put your clothes in this bag. I will make sure it is in a safe location. Now go and meet Mr. Jones in his office.”

The five nude teens started out of the grimy boiler room. As they reached the door, the janitor said, “by the way, use that rag to wipe off your feet. Otherwise, you’ll be working for me cleaning footprints off the hallway floor on Monday.”

For some reason, the comment cut right through the nude students, who dutifully wiped their feet on rags left by the door and headed into the school for an uncertain day of carnival fun.

**PART 88**

The five naked teens-four girls and a boy-walked uncomfortably through the cold hallways of their Catholic high school. They were part of a very special Saturday detention.

Shannon was just about to finish the third week of her six-week totally nude session for skipping school and then calling in a false sick call. She was given double the time. Plus, her father was extending the punishment to home so she was completely naked every minute of the day.

Carrie was just about to finish her second semi-nude week after “misbehaving” during a public school function. Truth was, her only crime was standing up to some perverts while walking with Shannon to a recruiting event at the local mall but her word was not enough against the priest whop leveled the charge against her. Her first week had been complete nudity and this second week, which ended on Tuesday, had just been bottomless. This Tuesday she would get her skirt back but no knickers or bra and she had to lift her skirt and reveal her pantiless pussy and ass to anyone who requested for a full week.

At home, her father had forced her to go without knickers or bra either and had done away with pants or any skirt that went below her knee. He had relented and allowed her to wear comfortable clothes on the weekend but the punishment still stood during the week. And no knickers or bra on the weekends either.

Juli, Rose and Brad were all about to finish their one week of total nudity after helping each other cheat on a test. Actually Juli and Rose were helping Brad pass a quiz and they had all gotten caught. Juli and Rose had a week of complete nudity to and from and at school while Brad was allowed clothes for his trip back and forth. In exchange for the clothes, the boy was forced to wear a ring around his penis to keep his organ hard for the entire day.

The five were walking from the boiler room, where they had entered, to the principal’s office, where they would receive their instructions. As they went, they all cringed when they saw posters advertising them and the carnival. Each one had a photo of one of the nude students, blown up to poster size. Most were of the girls but Brad had one or two hanging around as well, all showing how well-endowed he was.

The five walked silently down the hall to face their humiliation. They heard a buzz coming from the gym as they passed it and could only guess what was in store. The group entered the anteroom of Mr. Jones’ office and waited as the door to the principal’s office was closed.

Not that the man did not know they were there. He had rejoiced at the misery he had caused the nude girls waiting outside...he had seen every second of it through the video surveillance. Now he was just going to make them stew for a little bit outside.

The five teens stood miserably, trying to stay calm. Shannon and Carrie knew first hand about how awful these things could be...both had been forced into a naked car wash for the football team last Saturday. This might even be worse.

Finally, the door opened and a smiling Mr. Jones motioned for them to come in. Shannon and Carrie entered first and both dropped to their knees in their required positions. The other three teens stared, not knowing what they were doing, having never been summoned to the principal’s office.

“Yes, I see you three are confused. Miss Bartlett and Miss Malone are in their required position. You see, I prefer not getting my new chairs all wet with the juices that leak from naked girls. I hope you understand. Please, kneel next to the other two please.”

The girls were humiliated after the comment about “juices that leak from naked girls.” It was a natural thing, they all knew, but he made it sound so dirty, like they were at fault. Juli and Rose sank to their knees into the plush carpeting. It already hurt their knees as the carpet fibers poked up into their bare skin.

Brad was about to join them when Mr. Jones stopped him.

“Please, Mr. Davis, sit in the chair. Us men don’t have to worry about the juices like the girls do, especially with that little thing on you.”

The girls seethed as they watched the boy sit into the chair, spared the humiliation of being forced to kneel in front of this man. It was clearly a sexist attitude...Mr. Jones strongly believed in the superiority of men and was showing it here. The boy, while punished by nudity, was spared the indignation of kneeling on the floor and being nude on the trek back and forth from school. The nude boy was still one level above the nude girls.

“Now, thank you to all five of you for being on time for our little project,” he said, as if the students had a choice. “Today, you will be part of our carnival in support of the lacrosse and field hockey teams. Please take these papers and sign them before we continue.”

The papers contained statements that St. Mark’s High School was not responsible for any injury, physical or mental, suffered during the performance of their tasks today. It also stated that they had “volunteered” for duty today and that they were freely giving themselves for this community service activity. It also said that $1,000 had to be raised for the community service to be deemed a success.

Shannon and Carrie knew that they had no choice but to sign and did, placing their signed documents back on the principal’s desk. The other were reading intently and shaking their heads at parts. Rose was crying again.

“Please hurry up. The carnival is set to start in 30 minutes and you all need to get set up.”

“But, Mr. Jones, we didn’t volunteer for this, you made us come here today,” Rose said.

“Well, Rose, here is your choice. You can work on the carnival here today or spend the rest of your time here at St. Mark’s in your current state. Now do you volunteer for this activity or not?”

The girl nodded her head and signed on the dotted line. Mr. Jones smiled as he saw the other two nude students do the same thing. He knew that he held power over these students, especially the girls. They so much valued their modesty that they would go to any lengths to be clothed. He silently gave thanks to the school’s Board of Trustees for instituting the nudity rule.

He collected the five consent forms and put them into a drawer.

“Now, you five can make your way to the gym. Heather Johnson will be there to assign you to your jobs. Smile and make St. Mark’s proud!”

The four nude girls got off their knees and started walking towards the door. Brad stood up and followed the girls, but not before Mr. Jones said, “sorry for all of this son, but I have to punish you like the girls or I’ll get a sexual harassment suit thrown at me, you know.” The boy nodded and exited the room, following after the nude girls. He hated this ring around his penis but he liked being so close to nude females.

The five naked students wandered through the cold, drafty hallway towards the gym. Again the noise made them all cringe.

Finally they pushed through the door. Inside, roughly 30 or so girls were there, most wearing t-shirts representing the team they played for, either lacrosse or field hockey. Shannon felt another wave of humiliation as she was about to be humiliated by the girls that she used to hang out with.

Heather, a tall pretty girl, walked towards them. She went right over to Brad and pulled him by the penis, causing him to moan. “Good boy,” she said smiling. “You stay here with me. Her hand began to masturbate the boy, who was moaning despite the humiliation of the situation and the knowledge that her movements were only going to cause him frustration. Still, having a gorgeous senior jerking him off was quite a turn-on.

She continued to jerk him off while issuing orders to the nude girls. “Juli, you go with Pam and Tracey. Rose, you go with Anne and Grace. Carrie, walk over there and meet Jenny and Kyra and Shannon, you go over with John and Rick.”

The girls’ stomachs fluttered with the uncertainty of the next stage of their humiliation. Shannon was especially apprehensive, going over to the only boys in the room. Little did she know that girls can sometimes be meaner than boys!

The nude girls went off to meet up with their handlers while the shamed Brad had another dry orgasm, one of many he knew he would suffer in the next few hours. He was led away by Heather, who never relinquished her grip on his penis.

**PART 89**

The carnival was underway and already the nude students were suffering from the awful humiliation and exposure. Each one had a different degrading task to perform and each one was undergoing ingenuous torture.

JULI

Juli had gone over to her handlers, Pam and Tracey. In this case, they might as well have been handlers because as she walked over to meet the two athletes, she saw the sign: “Pony Rides, 25 cents.” She hoped that she was simply helping in the booth that contained a real pony but soon found out that she was indeed the pony.

The girls told her to get on her hands and knees. Quickly a bit gag was put into her mouth which was connected to leather restraints that would allow her to be ridden. They then inserted a small tube into her ass which was covered in horse hair for her tail. It wasn’t painful but she felt the hair brushing against her mound, causing her to water up from the arousal as it lightly brushed her bare pussy.

“Alright, she looks ready,” Tracey said. “Let’s give her a try.”

Juli tried to turn to see what was happening but felt some weight on her back. “Giddy up horsey,” she heard and felt a slap right against the side of her hanging breasts. She cried out but began crawling around the course laid out for her. Her knees ached terribly against the hard floor and her large breasts were being tortured by swaying from side to side as she crawled. She had to stay up high so that the legs of the rider were not on the floor...if not, she got a slap against the side of her now aching breasts.

Finally she arrived back at the starting point and Tracey got off. “Good horsey,” she said to her, laughing. Then it was Pam’s turn. This girl was a bit heavier and Juli groaned when she was carrying all of the girl’s weight. Again she felt the slap at the side of her breasts and she began the journey around the circle, a trip she would know well by the end of the carnival.

ROSE

Meanwhile, Rose walked over to where Annie and Grace stood. Both of these girls had always been pseudo friends of hers...they had gone to elementary school together and had played sports together. They looked at her with sympathy and smiles.

“Sorry about this Rose, but we have no choice,” Grace said, leading Rose by the arm. She was placed with her hands tied above her and her ankles tied at the base so that she was in an X shape. She then saw Annie remove paper from tape and stick it to the back of a target and then slap it on her bare right breast.

“Yeow, jeez, that hurts,” she whispered.

“I know Rose, but this is going to happen a lot today. You are going to be squirted with water guns from about 20 feet away. Boys pay 25 cents and get 30 seconds to spray you and get points if they get each target.”

With that she slapped one on the other breast and then had a third in her hand.

“What’s that for,” Rose asked, then she closed her eyes and started to sob. She had figured it out-her pussy.

“Sorry again Rosie,” Annie said and slapped the target onto her pubic mound. She knew this would hurt most of all because her hair would be pulled out along with it.

“After each one gets wet, we’ll have to replace them. They’ll probably get wet every time. We have about 3,000 of these so we should be good, but I don’t think you’ll have much pubic hair left.”

She closed her eyes and rolled her head back. She knew that she was going to be in for a rough day.

CARRIE

Carrie padded over on her bare feet towards Jenny and Kyra. They were standing at the dunk tank and she winced, knowing that she was going to be the clown in the tank.

“Here you go Carrie, hop up and give it a try,” Kyra said, almost kindly. The nude girl climbed the ladder and walked out on the plank. She sat down and realized that she had to put her legs down spread wide apart for leverage. With the clear plastic tank in front of her, she knew the image she was presenting.

“One last thing,” Jenny said, reaching over from the ladder. She took both of Carrie’s wrists and tied them together behind her. Now the girl had no way of covering herself and climbing back up would be an adventure.

“OK, I guess you have to wait there until the carnival begins. Don’t fall asleep on us up here,” Kyra said smiling.

She started away when she stopped. “Oh yeah, by the way, unlike most dunk tank clowns, you are not allowed to say anything. So, here,” she pushed a ballgag into the girl’s unsuspecting mouth, rendering her speechless.

The two girls giggled and left her helpless and gagged on the ledge, waiting for the carnival goers to enter. Carrie just wanted to close her eyes and drift off to sleep but was afraid she would fall off her perch and drown. So she kept alert and looked all around, taking in the sights of the weirdest carnival in history. She saw Juli at the pony rides and her heart ached for the girl. Then she saw Rose at the target shooting contest and started to cry.

“Please get me through this,” she prayed.

BRAD

The nude boy was led through a throng of cheering girls as Heather continued to jerk him off. He had already dry cum once at her hands and was certain he was in for many more.

The girl led him to bench where he was forced to lay down flat on his back, his achingly hard penis sticking straight up. His torso was tied with a leather strap to the bench as were his ankles so he could not move.

“You are the ring toss,” Heather said laughing. “I’ll show you.”

He turned his head and was able to see the girl toss a ring towards his penis. It hit the top and bounced off. Two more also banged off of his cock and to the floor. Finally the fourth one landed over his penis and spun around, causing him to groan in pleasure and frustration.

“One point for me,” she said loudly and went to retrieve the ring, her hand lingering over his penis. He groaned again with need of cumming but he knew that it wasn’t in his near future.

“Make up the sign, five rings for 25 cents,” she said smiling. Heather walked away, leaving the boy nude and attached to the bench.

SHANNON

Shannon walked slowly towards the two boys. They were leering at her and grinning. She thought that they should be beyond this immature behavior...after all, she had been naked in school for nearly three weeks. But the boys never seemed to tire of seeing her nude body, no matter how many times they had seen it.

She walked to the boy who she thought was John. He smiled and took her hand.

“We’ve been busy getting your equipment ready all week in shop class,” he said. The thought of a bunch of boys preparing her “equipment” did not make her happy but she smiled and said ok.

They led her to a chair that resembled the gynecologist chair from her trails in biology class. The two boys enjoyed feeling her bare body under the guise of “helping” her into the chair. She groaned as she felt her ankles being wrapped with straps and then pulled back. Her arms were then pulled above her and tied to the back of the chair, rendering her unable to move.

“Now for the tits,” Rick said. She felt them groping her breasts and then sliding a smooth thing over it. She looked down and it looked to be metal with a large pointy end. “Oh, I forgot,” he said, inserting a ballgag in her mouth, this one also having a long, thin metal thing attached to it.

Meanwhile, John was working on her left breasts, mauling it before sliding a metal thing over her little breasts. She saw him twisting a screw on the side and she felt the metal tighten around the base of her breasts, slowly squeezing her little tits tighter and tighter until she moaned. He looked up at her and smiled again before giving another twist. She saw her breasts getting redder and more swollen.

She was in some pain now as both of her tits were squeezed by these vice-like apparatuses. She tried to yell at them that it was too tight but the strange gag in her mouth made it useless.

“Finally, my pride and joy,” John said laughing. He held up another large stake, this one attached to a smooth cylinder. “Guess where this one goes Shannon?”

With that he slid the cylinder into her wide open and vulnerable pussy, causing her to gasp. She had been dry and there was little lubricant on the cylinder but it went in to the hilt. She looked down and saw the large stake sticking up from her pubic mound, looking like a penis. She saw the boy working on another screw and felt something moving outside her pubic mound and inside. The boy screwed until she started to scream as the two metal pieces pinched her.

“Now, that’s in place,” John said smiling. “Just right for the water balloon toss. Let me demonstrate.”

He took the water filled balloons and tossed one at the stake protruding from her pussy. It hit and water exploded all over the nude girl. What was worse was the impact caused the metal inside of her to shake and cause her great discomfort.

“Or I can throw at your tits,” he said, letting another one go. Her breasts were now sore from the strain and stung as the balloon his her left breast. She was soaked again, this one completely flooding her chest and face.

“Or your mouth,” he said, throwing a balloon right at her face. She could go nowhere and got the latex balloon right in the face, causing her to be completely soaked.

Rick then came towards her with a towel. He rubbed the thin towel all over her body, getting her feels in while also absorbing the water.

“Should make us a fortune. Three balloons for a quarter,” he said laughing.

THE CARNIVAL

The fair attracted nearly every student in the school, with many bringing disbelieving friends from other schools. Not that any of the nude students noticed. They spent much of the afternoon being barraged by their jobs. Carrie was a mess, soaked and freezing, constantly working to get back on her little ledge. Juli’s knees were in terrible pain after riding all of the carnival goers around the circle. Rose had little red marks from where the stinging little sprays from the water uzis hit her bare body. She also had almost no public hair left after they were pulled out from the hundreds of times the targets was removed and readministered to her pubes.

Shannon was in a state of agony as well...her breasts were nearly purple from the squeezing and the impact of the balloons, her vaginal walls were scraped raw by the metal tongs and she was freezing from the soaking she was receiving.

Brad had cum more times than anyone could remember, though Heather had tried to keep track. Each girl (and it was nearly all girls who came to the booth) lingered while removing the rings from his hard cock, all admiring the long, wide organ. He had shut his eyes and was trying to imagine a pleasurable way that this could be happening but each dry cum snapped him back to reality.

Finally the carnival was over. After three long and grueling hours, the nude students were released from their bonds and allowed to go. As the five gathered themselves, they heard Heather call out, “$997.75...not bad for a day’s work. Thanks to you five.”

The words cut like a knife through the five nudes who knew they had missed their goal by $2.75. Wordlessly, they made their way back to MR. Jones’ office, who dismissed them to go home.

“Oh and don’t forget you five, that you now owe us another Saturday. See you then. And the same rules apply to that day that applied today...if you arrived naked today, do the same then. If you stripped nude here, do the same next week. And Mr. Davis, remember about taking care of your condition.”

Brad looked down and remembered that he had to have one of the girls relieve him of his erection. He looked around and silently begged for some mercy. Juli came forward and undid his ring and began to jerk him off. Within seconds he came, shooting his stuff all over the girl. She was handed a towel by the principal and wiped off the spunk.

“Take the towel and wash it for me honey,” the principal said. “Return it on Monday.”

The humiliated five walked quickly out of the office, wanting to erase the whole day from their memory banks. Carrie and Brad dressed in the boiler room and the group left without a word. Shannon and Carrie barely exchanged a word on the drive home, humiliated by the entire day.

Shannon arrived home, leaned over and hugged her best friend and ran up the steps to shower and go to bed and put this awful day behind her. She had just entered the house when she saw a note.

“Shannon, We had to run out and Megan and Brighid took Jimmy to the mall. Dinner is alone for you but Mr. Firgus asked if you could give him a hand today. It means a lot to the old guy. Love, Dad and Colleen.”

The nude girl sighed, knowing that her day from not yet over. Being the nice girl she headed over to her old neighbor’s house to see what he had in store for her.

**PART 90**

Shannon walked over to Mr. Firgus’ house, her naked feet padding against the hard, cold street. The sun was setting already and it was barely 4:30. The day, which had been mild earlier, was turning cold with a stiffer wind blowing up the street.

The very naked teenager felt that wind with every part of her bare body. Her feet against the cold street...the wind up her long, bare legs and slamming into her bare pussy. Up higher, her nipples were hard as rock, threatening to break off from her firm breasts. Her hair was blowing in the wind and her cheeks were red from the blowing gusts.

She had to stop and was mortified as a minivan full of high school boys, fresh from their basketball game, drove past her. She saw the mother driving, looking embarrassed for the girl but angry that her son and his friends were exposed to such a thing. The boys, who looked to be about her age, were staring at her, mouth wide open, eyes big as silver dollars.

Despite being completely naked for nearly every hour of the last 19 days, this exposure still humiliated her. There was nothing ever hidden from view...her entire body was on display for anyone who cared to look, even these boys and their mother in a minivan just driving down the street going God knows where.

Mercifully the car passed and she continued her journey across the street to her neighbor’s house. She went to the front door and saw a sign directing her around back. She always seemed to enter through the back door and exit through the front. She went around the side of the house, grateful at being away from prying eyes of the street, and opened the back door. There on the table were two pieces of pizza. She realized that she was starving after having missed lunch due to the carnival. She had dinner plans with Mark but figured she needed to eat something now.

“Mr. Firgus,” she called. “Mr. Firgus, it’s me Shannon.”

Of course the old man knew that Shannon had indeed arrived. He had watched her every step, from her arrival home from school to her journey across the street and around the back of his house. He kept very close tabs on the naked girl with his binoculars...her room was at the front of the house and her window was usually easily seen from his bedroom.

He had already “prepared” the two slices of pizza. It was a special blend of a pie from the local pizza store with cheese and some of his own “juices.” He would think of her and jerk off, leaving some of his special stuff on the pizza. He had done this the first night she had come over and the naked girl had raved about the new special “cheese” so he made sure that there were more slices each time she was over. It was the least he could do, he figured, after all she did for him. And the thought that a young woman would be tasting his cum and not knowing it turned him on immensely.

“Yes Shannon, I’ll be down in a minute. Feel free to finish those last two slices of pizza until I come down.”

YESS! The girl thought as she sat in the chair, wincing a bit at the cold wood but quickly forgetting all of that as she dug into the large slice of pizza. She wondered if she could get some pizza like this and would ask Mr. Firgus if she could get her own supply.

She bit down on the first slice, loving the taste of the pie. But pizza brought back some unpleasant memories. Last Tuesday and Wednesday, as part of the punishment for not earning enough money on the car wash, she and Carrie had been forced to work in the kitchen during lunch hours. This meant revealing her nude body in a more intimate way to the workers in the kitchen and then serving the food to her classmates.

The workers, especially the men, had a field day with her bare pussy, staring at it, making comments about it, seemingly mesmerized by it. They weren’t threatening in any way...in fact everyone was polite as could be. The forewoman Estelle, an older lady who ran the kitchen, made sure of it. She had said, “Look all you want boys but no one touches this girl or you will deal with me. And make sure no one is slacking so that they can ogle the young lady. She is here to do her job the same as you.”

She had felt so vulnerable as she worked in the kitchen...her bare feet against the hard tile floor, sometimes made slippery by the grime that comes from cooking. She would also feel the heat from the stoves as she worked to make the pizzas and then the grill as she helped cook the burgers. She hated the grease from the grill that would splatter, causing little red welts to form along her body. The only covering she was allowed was the humiliating hairnet she was forced to put on over her head to keep hair out of the food.

While the workers just devoured her with their eyes, her schoolmates were a completely different story. She heard so many rude comments from them, some uttered under their breath, others just blatantly spoken.

“What’s the topping, smells like anchovies,” one boy had teased the day she served pizza. “Looks like we’re getting our burgers heavy on the pussy, light on the tits,” another said when she worked the grill.

Carrie hadn’t fared much better. At least Shannon could hide behind the counter and in the kitchen. But despite being given back her blouse, shoes and socks, she was forced to strip completely nude for the lunch periods and then bus the tables and take out the garbage from the cafeteria.

When Shannon volunteered to take her friend’s place, Estelle had quieted her.

“She can’t work back here nude like you because she had that pussy hair.”

Finally, an advantage to having her pussy shaved, she thought. But she still felt bad as she watched Carrie out there, in the presence of everyone, lugging large bags of trash, and then being forced to clean tables and grab trays.

Back to the present, she took another bite of pizza, realizing how hungry she was. She grabbed the newspaper sitting on the kitchen table and began to read the sports pages. It had been a bad year for the Knicks and the Rangers, something which would cause her father great distress. Of all of her siblings, she was the most into sports. Often, Daddy would take her to the Garden to watch games. Jimmy was into his computer and games, Brighid and Megan never had any time for sports. But she and her dad would sit there, watching the games on TV for hours. As she dove into that sports page, she was lost in the warmth of those memories, so far away from her naked reality.

Mr. Firgus watched from the doorway as the girl sat so unselfconsciously. It was rare to catch her like this these days, he realized. Her nudity had made her so aware of her body and of the many eyes feasting on it that she was rarely in this state.

He watched her as she sat there, chomping on her slice of pizza and reading the paper. Her face was so pretty like this, so innocent and engaged. Her small breasts, round with those two hard nipples, were perfect for a girl her size. Her saw her legs were spread, her bare feet flat against the floor. She was the picture of naked perfection, from the tips of her little toes, up her long, slender legs, past her bare, full pussy lips, up her flat, smooth stomach, over her small but round breasts, up her neck, across her cute, freckled face with its gorgeous eyes to her long hair.

Just as she was devouring the second slice, he entered the kitchen. She was not surprised to see him walking in naked. The man had been nude nearly every time she had been here, supposedly to make her feel comfortable because of her own nudity. In actuality, the man got off on the thought of being naked so near to a naked teenager.

“Hi Shannon, enjoying the pizza,” he asked.

“Oh yes Mr. Firgus, this is unlike any pizza I’ve ever tasted,” she said. He noticed that relaxed state was gone as soon as he entered. In its place was a tension unlike anything he had ever seen in a young girl. “Thank you for saving me some.”

“My pleasure Shannon. Now, onto the job I have for you. I need you to paint my basement for me.”

He led her out of the kitchen and down some steps that she did not existed. Down in the basement was mostly storage with a small area finished. There was a computer, TV and a couch.

“I’m afraid I have let the walls in this house go to ruin. I was wondering, if you would be willing, if you could paint my house, one room at a time. I will pay you $300 per room painted. And you can do it at any time in the next three weeks but I would like it completed by then.”

She calculated in her head that this would mean more than $2,000 to her savings, a fee that she had never been able to earn. What harm could painting do?

“How many rooms,” she asked.

“Well, here, then upstairs in the living room, dining room, kitchen, hallway, foyer and then the stairs going up, the hallway up there and then my bedroom. That’s nine rooms...let’s say for $3,000.”

The girl let out a low whistle. That was a ton of money.

“Alright, I’ll do it,” she said. Then she remembered her nudity and the fact that she would still be naked as she painted. But the money was just too good to pass up.

“Well now, here is the paint and the rollers. Do you need anything else?”

The girl, not all that knowledgeable about painting, shook her head and the man left. She did not know that a video camera was capturing her as she went, drinking in all of her nudity.

She thought back to when her father and Colleen had painted their house. All of the furniture had to be moved to the center of the room, no easy task for a naked girl all alone. She went over to the end table and removed the lamp, placing it on the floor. She then picked up the wooden table, which was cold and hard against her nudity, and moved it over about three feet from the wall. She did the same with the couch and then the other end table. She was conscious of her body which was starting to perspire despite the coolness of the basement.

She was grateful that the TV was on a stand with wheels and moved easily. She was unsure what to do about the big computer desk but decided to just start on the other walls first.

Finding a pile of drop cloths she spread them out over the furniture and then on to floor, trying to be certain that no part of the floor would be open. She bent over to pull the cloth up against the wall and was oblivious to the fact that the video camera was recording her ass and slit in great detail.

She found a radio and plugged it in, turning the tuner to a top 40 station. With the music blaring, she got to painting. Mr. Firgus watched from the steps, her body an erotic vision. He knew from his psychological background that women just do not understand what it is about them that turns men on. A woman would never be able to figure out how a man could be sexually aroused simply from watching a nude girl paint but for Firgus it was almost like sex. His cock was rock hard and he was stroking it while sitting prone on the steps.

But Shannon wasn’t aware of his attraction. Instead, she put all of herself into the task, singing as she rolled the paint onto the wall. A new song by the Counting Crows filled the room and she instantly thought of Mark and their date. She hummed happily along to it, her mind filled with pleasant thoughts.

Finally she had finished all but the fourth wall. Now she had to figure out what to do with the computer desk. She moved towards it and as she did the computer screen came alive. She gasped when she saw the screensaver...it was her completely naked in a picture taken off the school website. The photo had been taken while she was forced to masturbate during a biology lesson on the female reproductive organs. She moved the mouse and saw that there was file called “Shannon.” Firgus watched from the steps, intrigued at what her reaction to the photos would be. Of course he knew she would find them...he wanted her to.

She stood there, moving the mouse to see dozens of her nude photos, which he had carefully downloaded from the school’s supposed secure web site. There they were in all of their gross, pornographic glory...taken from the web page that she herself had designed.

“Oh I see you have found your file,” Mr. Firgus said, entering the room.

Embarrassed the girl closed the screen and turns to the man.

“Why do you have these,” she asks, her voice filling with emotion.

“Shannon, I am a psychologist for sexual deviants. These photos are being used for the treatment of other patients. It is my screen saver because I am so fond of you.”

The man’s answer seemed that it could be true. She knew he was a psychologist and she desperately wanted to believe him, but it just did not seem right.

“Shannon, despite our little event at the Laundromat, have I even attempted to hurt you or touch you inappropriately,” the man asked. The nude girl shook her head.

“Well, you are safe with me, I promise. Your family is too good to me for it to be otherwise. I think of you like a niece.”

He saw the girl’s body language change from a defensive one to a softer stance.

“Are you okay,” the nude old man asked of the nude young woman, who nodded.

“Good, now let me help you with this desk. I may be old but I can help out a little.”

The old man’s body grazed against hers as he passed her to get to the other corner of the desk. Together the two nudes pulled the desk a foot away from the desk.

“Is that enough room sweetheart,” Firgus asked and Shannon again nodded. And just like that, the man was gone from the room and up the stairs. But the presence of those pictures had ruined her mood and the rest of the painting project was done in silence.

Finally the entire basement was completed. It had taken roughly an hour and a half. For $300, that wasn’t bad. She took the brushes and rollers over to the sink and began to clean them off. She realized that she had some paint on her from the splatters and wondered if maybe she could use Mr. Firgus’ shower.

She put the paint away and the furniture back where it belonged, all except the computer desk. A part of her wanted to look at the pictures again.

“Mr. Firgus,” she yelled up the stairs.

“Hold on sweetheart, I am on the phone. Give me two minutes.”

She quickly rushed over to the computer and sat down. Within seconds, she had opened the “Shannon” file and began going through the photos one by one. There were several from the basketball game and then some from her biology class, gym class when she was shaved and had tampons inserted and then from when she had fallen asleep in the training room. She shivered at the vulgarity of it all but a part of her was getting wet down in her vagina. What was happening to her?

She heard his footsteps on the stairs and she quickly closed the file and got on her bare feet.

“What did you want dear,” the old man asked, an accusatory smile on his face.

“Um, I just wondered if you could help me push the computer desk back.”

He laughed and again brushed past her to get to the other corner and then the two of them pushed the desk back in place.

“You really did a wonderful job...although I see your breasts got some heavy splatter. Would that classify as covering your body,” he asked laughing.

She looked down and was mortified to see that her breasts were nearly covered with paint. “Luckily it’s water based paint,” he said, still laughing.

“May I use your shower Mr. Firgus,” she asked softly.

“Sure sweetie, there are towels in the closet.”

She went up and spent some time in the shower, working to scrub the paint off. She was worried that Mark would be waiting at the house and didn’t want him to see it. Finally she got out and dried off and there the man was, standing at the door of the bathroom.

He walked over towards her and reached out and she tensed completely.

“Shannon, may I touch your shoulders? You seem so tense I was wondering if I could give you a backrub.”

The girl straightened even further than she had before. She was a bit uncomfortable at having this man touch her.

“Um, well,” she stammered.

“Shannon, please, I am old enough to be your grandfather. Please read nothing into this but my desire to see you more comfortable.”

The girl looked lost in thought and then said, “OK Mr. Firgus, I’m sorry if I’m getting weird. Everyone hasn’t been that nice to me.” Including you, she wanted to add. Their little show at the Laundromat was still fresh in her mind.

She felt the man’s presence right behind her and then his hands on her bare shoulders. He dug his fingers in strongly but not roughly. His fingers, though old, were strong and knowledgeable as he began to massage her battered shoulders. An afternoon tied at the carnival followed by painting had caused her some aching.

A moan escaped her as he continued on her shoulders, neck and then down her arms. Then he pushed her forward a bit so her hands were balled into fists and they were braced on the counter and he moved his hands down her back and her sides, his hands tantalizingly close to her breasts.

The old man could not believe his good fortune. He was actually being allowed to touch the naked flesh of this perfect creature. He was actually being allowed to use his hands to bring pleasure to her current miserable condition. His cock twitched at the feel of her smooth skin and the sight of her flawless back and round cheeks. This would be the subject of his fantasies for months.

Finally he was done and the girl straightened up. Her body felt like jelly but she was more relaxed than she had been in weeks.

“Thank you Sir, that felt wonderful,” she said.

“You are welcome. It was the least I could do for all you have done for me.”

She finished drying off and walked down the steps. The man was there holding $300 in cash.

“Here you go, a $300 payment to Malone Painting,” the man said smiling. His eyes locked onto hers and for the first time, she felt a bond with the man. He was one of the few males in her life who wasn’t staring at her breasts instead of her face.

“Thanks Mr. Firgus. I’ll see you tomorrow. I appreciate this chance.”

“My pleasure Shannon, I’ll see you then.”

She exited out the front door and the man watched her. Two hours of frustration at being so close to the nude girl was coming to a head and, as he watched her scurry across the cold street, he erupted all over a towel that he held just for that purpose.

**PART 91**

“Shannon, come on honey wake up.”

The girl heard the voice coming to her in her sleep. She tried to lift her head off the pillow but she was wiped out. All of the exertion, both for pleasure, work and punishment, had taken its toll on her and she was exhausted.

She felt her comforter being pulled from her and the morning chill hit her naked body. Shannon was the naked girl of St. Mark’s, spending every day of her life without a stitch of clothing for six weeks after skipping school. Tomorrow would end her third week of nudity.

“Come on Shannon, you are running late for school. You’ve already missed your bus.”

It was her older sister Megan. Shannon sat bolt upright in her bed, her bare breasts bouncing atop her slender frame. She looked over at the clock and saw it was 8:05 and she needed to be in school in 25 minutes.

She flew out of bed, her bare feet making noise even on the carpeted floor as she ran into the bathroom.

“Shit, I don’t have time to shower or shave,” she thought. This was not going to be good as she had gym today and was sure that Miss Kelly would notice her stubble and humiliate her. “There’s nothing I can do about it...I can’t risk being late.”

She pulled her hair into a ponytail and rolled some deodorant onto her pits. As she did, she noticed some hair growth there as well. “Shit,” she thought, “this will definitely be noticed during gym.” Shannon resigned herself to another round of humiliation during gym class but the punishment for being late would completely outweigh anything that the gym teacher could do. Plus, that would only be in front of 30girls but Mr. Jones, the principal, would be sure to humiliate her in front of the entire school.

The nude teen ran out of the bathroom, grabbed her book bag, and ran down the steps. Megan was waiting at the front door with a bagel and juice in a travel mug.

“Come on, I’ll drive you to school. You might still make it.”

“God Meg, you’re a life saver.”

The older (and clothed) girl held the door open. The very naked Shannon Malone noticed that the weather had turned cold again and the wind hitting her felt the same as when she would have a rubber band snap against her wrist. She winced at the cold but shouldered through to Megan’s waiting car.

She got to the car first and had to wait while her sister unlocked the doors. The naked girl hunched over to try and stay warm, her arms wrapped around her top, her knees trying to shield her sex and belly. It wasn’t doing much good but it was better than just standing there and letting the cold air belt her.

Finally she heard the lock on her door spring up and she quickly pulled the door open and fell into the car. She gave a loud yelp as he bare ass and legs came into contact with the cold seats.

“Christ Shannon, I’m sorry. I should have warmed the car up first. I never thought of it,” Megan said apologetically.

“Oh course not, you are wearing a coat, sweatpants, socks, a sweater, what do you care,” Shannon thought. But instead she just shivered and nodded her acknowledgment.

Megan backed out of the driveway. She would have waited for the car to warm up so that the heat was pumping better but she knew that they had to hurry.

“Sorry Shan, this might not warm up for the entire ride...this car is old and it takes a while,” Megan said, her breath turning into a cloud as she spoke. Again Shannon just nodded and began to rock back and forth, her arms crossed over her breasts and her legs clamped tight together to keep her body heat.

As they pulled down their street and onto the main busy one, Shannon cursed herself for oversleeping. It was her fault that she was suffering so...in fact she was lucky Megan was still home from college or she might still be sleeping and facing a terrible punishment.

“Meg, thhh-annks for ww-aaking me,” the shivering girl said.

The college girl looked at her sister and smiled.

“What time’s your class today,” Shannon asked, her teeth still chattering but the heat finally piercing the cold air in the car.

“11. I’m leaving after I drop you off. It was nice being home with you for the weekend... though I didn’t see you much.”

Both girls smiled...each knowing why Shannon wasn’t around much. She and Mark had bonded wonderfully this weekend.

“So you guys are fucking each other now huh,” Megan said in a matter-of-fact way that brought a gasp from her nude sister.

“What the hell kind of question is that,” Shannon asked, trying to sound indignant.

Megan laughed. “Come on little sister, you know that you are fucking him. I saw your glow when we got home on Friday night and then I smelled it all over the foyer and then you. You know I have a good nose!”

Shannon laughed a little. Megan always could smell everything. If they were driving past someone smoking she would sniff the air and know it. Christ, she remembered the time Megan had correctly predicted that Shannon had gotten her period the first time she saw her. “I can smell it,” she had said then.

There was no use denying it then. “Yeah, we’re fucking. He took my virginity on Friday night. It was wonderful.”

“Yeah, I thought so...from the looks of you and then that smell. And what about Saturday and Sunday? Your breath smelled like it when you got home and I saw some of his stuff on your puss.”

Shannon was mortified. She had thought that she had wiped everything off but realized that had been foolish...they had fucked in his car after eating dinner at the drive thru. He had wanted to shield her from having the humiliation of being out to dinner but neither wanted to stay at her house.

They had decided on the McDonald’s Drive thru...then they would drive somewhere, eat and do whatever else would come later. She had hidden in the back of his Jeep as he placed the order and then paid for the food. Technically she had broken her punishment but she didn’t care as she laid in the back under a soft blanket that Mark had provided just for the occasion.

Once they were safely away from the glare of the restaurant, Shannon came out and climbed back into the front seat, the smell of fries filling her nostrils. She was hungry, despite eating those two slices of pizza at Mr. Firgus’ house, and began scarfing the fries fro the bag. Realizing the scene she was exhibiting to her boyfriend, she stopped, smiled and offered him one.

“Only if you feed them to me,” he said.

She gave him her sexiest smile and leaned over, swinging her bare left leg over his crotch, and began to tease him with the fry. She took the tip and traced the outline of his lips and then placed the tip just out of reach. When he chomped to grab it, she moved it further and further away.

“Ask me nicely for it,” she said softly.

“Shannon, may I please have a fry,” he asked. She felt his cock pressing against his jeans and she hoped he was still concentrating on the road as he found them a dark, quiet location.

“Yes you may, good boy,” she said with a huge smile. With that, she pushed the fry into his mouth and he gobbled it up.

She felt the car stop and looked out the window as Mark shut the headlights out.

There was nothing to see out the windows except pitch black.

“You wanted privacy,” Mark said. At that moment, Shannon left her seat and straddled him, her nude pussy against his jean-covered penis. Using her tongue she licked the salt off of his lips from the fry and then pressed her lips against his tightly.

“Oh God Mark, can we fuck right now,” she asked in a whisper. “Please God, now.”

She felt Mark’s hands near her pussy as he worked to free his penis from its cover. In seconds she felt the organ pressing at her pussy, which was soaked with her juices. In no time at all, he was past her entrance and in, filling her until her clit was pressed against his pubic bone. His hair tickled her bare organ as she rode him hard up and down...there was little finesse involved, just pure animal sex and desire. She had been teased and denied for too long...she was now taking control.

She came quickly, the events of the day overwhelming her. Being a teen boy, he did too, filling her just after her orgasm, the thoughts of a gorgeous nude girl riding his cock was more than enough for him to spew. They both came with muted grunts, her hair sticking to her forehead in the front and her length covering her face. His head was leaning back on the head rest as he fell back in exhaustion.

She did not move, her entire body resting on him, his cock now softening in her pussy. She was so happy and filled at this moment, she never wanted it to end. After all of the crap thrown at her the last two days, Mark had washed it all away with his love and support...and his sex.

“Holy shit, that was awesome,” she finally said, after the two had regained their bearings.

“You’re not kidding, you are an amazing girl Shannon,” Mark said, lightly kissing her neck.

With great effort, Shannon pushed her way off of the boy and slid back into her seat. She could feel his cum leaking out of her and she quickly grabbed a napkin and wiped it off.

“I brought some handi wipes...since I figured you might have a problem with that, especially not wearing knickers,” Mark said sheepishly.

She looked at him and smiled, her eyes getting used to the dark. “Aren’t you thoughtful? I’m not sure if I should thank you or hit you. Obviously you knew you were getting lucky with me tonight.”

“Well, I hoped!”

She grabbed the wipes and removed the sperm, mixed with her juices, that was leaking out of her. When she looked over at Mark he was pulling his pants off, leaving him naked from the waist down. He then pulled his shirt up over his head and was as naked as she was.

“What’s this,” she asked with a mischievous grin.

“Why should you be the only one naked,” he replied.

The two laughed and eased into conversation as they ate. Shannon was starving, quickly eating her two cheeseburgers and fries and then helping herself to one of Mark’s chicken nuggets.

“Man you are hungry,” he said.

“You would be too after the day I’ve had,” she said, and then launched into the story of her day. It was amazing, he thought. This girl, who was so quiet in school now, loved to talk and he loved hearing her. She shared the entire story of her day, from the breakfast when her hopes for clothes were raised to the carnival and then the paint job.

He watched her as she talked. This girl, who always looked so pained in public, was even more beautiful like this. When she had forgotten about her nudity and was just being Shannon, she was completely animated and lively. But when she was unable to get past being naked, she was quiet and reserved, not wanting to draw any more attention to herself than her nudity already did. He liked both Shannons but was glad that he was allowed to see this one.

“Mark, can I ask you something,” she had asked him.

“Anything,” he said, stroking her long hair.

“Will you still love me when I wear clothes?”

The boy wanted to laugh but the earnestness in her face made him pause. He felt sure that she had labored over this question, had wondered whether he truly loved her.

“Shannon, listen to me, ok,” he said as sternly as he could. She nodded.

“I liked you when I first met you...and I believe that you were wearing clothes then,” he said. “Don’t get me wrong, I love you nude and even when you get your clothes back on, I will want to see you like this as often as possible.”

That brought a smile to her face. “I am so happy you are saying this. I was worried that you wouldn’t want me anymore if I wasn’t naked.”

The two hugged and he felt wetness on his shoulder...he guessed they were tears.

“Mark, may I do something to you,” she asked quietly.

“Sure.”

She reached over and turned his body so that she was between his spread legs. She took his penis in her hand and began to masturbate him. He moaned and she smiled, finally realizing the power that women can have over a man. Then she bent at the waist and took him into her mouth slowly, enjoying the taste of her first cock. Mark, who had been on his way to getting hard again, suddenly turned rigid and he groaned.

Her mouth was so soft and so wet and so hot that it was not going to take long. He cried out in pleasure and began to spurt into her mouth. She swallowed him as he did so, surprised at the feeling but not minding the taste at all. She had heard other girls describe it as tasting bad but it was oddly pleasant.

“Oh God Shan, that was awesome. Thank you.”

She wiped her mouth free of the saliva that had leaked from her mouth as they had gone there. “It was my pleasure.”

---“So, is he good.” Shannon shook her head and was back in that cold car with her sister instead of hot and bothered in Mark’s Jeep.

“Uh, yeah, we had a great time.”

Shannon noticed that they were pulling into the parking lot. Hanging from the main gate was a large sign, “First Female Wrestling Match Today at 4.”

“Oh God, what girl would want to wrestle,” Megan said laughing. “Seems gross.”

“Yeah, I wonder who it is,” Shannon said as the car pulled up to the steps. She leaned over and gave Meg a kiss and a hug. “Thanks for saving me today. I owe you.”

“Don’t mention it. And please, be careful with Mark. He seems like a sweet kid but he is a boy and you know how they are.”

Shannon nodded, “I will, but I don’t think I have to worry. Mark is totally cool. Do you promise not to tell Dad or Colleen or Jimmy.”

“I promise, but I already said something to Brig. She was up when I came upstairs and I mentioned it. She was totally okay with it.”

“OK,” Shannon said, taking a deep breath to steel herself for another week of humiliation at school. Her time off, really just Sunday, had gone too fast. “See you in a couple of weeks when you get home again for Spring Break.”

She pushed the door opened and groaned at the cold wind that hit her. She sprinted up the steps and into the warmth of the school, happy to be warm but unhappy to be here again.

“Well, I see you are barely on time Miss Malone,” came a voice that she knew belonged to Mrs. Phillips, the principal’s secretary who must have been waiting for her at the door. Good, Shannon thought, let her wait for me. “Mr. Jones would like to see you before school.”

She lowered her head at the words but went towards the principal’s office.

**PART 92**

Shannon Malone was once again the only naked student at St. Mark’s. Rose, Juli and Brad finished their nude punishments today...though Brad was dressed when he entered the school, the girls had again arrived totally nude but were permitted to dress in the hallway. Although Shannon had missed it, the stories were told and retold.

Unlike Carrie’s redressing, which had been a private one in the principal’s office, Mr. Jones had gathered the two nude girls at the front door, right near the lobby where many students congregate in the morning.

“Ladies and gentlemen, please gather over here so that you all can witness these two young girls getting their uniforms back.”

Not words you would hear in a regular high school, but St. Mark’s was unlike any other high school in the world, except for this school named the Cronberger Academy which was the basis for the new rules at SMHS. In December, the school’s Board of Trustees, which included the mayor and city council president, had voted to allow humiliation to be used as a punishment at the school. This would include, but not be limited to, nudity.

Shannon had been the first person punished under the rule. She had skipped school one day three weeks ago and called in a false sick call. For that, she had earned six weeks of total nudity, a punishment that was extended to her home as well.

Since then, several students, including her best friend Carrie, had been under the punishment. But today, she would again be the only totally nude student in the school, as Juli, Rose and Brad finished their punishments. Carrie would spend one more day bottomless but would get her skirt back tomorrow.

Since part of the punishment was humiliation, Mr. Jones used every opportunity to make things uncomfortable for the punished students to set an example for other students. In truth, he relished the task, especially when the punished students were female.

Of course, several students made their way over to where the principal stood with the two naked girls. Though nude all last week and on Saturday, Juli and Rose were mortified at all of these eyes being on them but worked hard not to cover up and earn more punishment. Both girls realized after just a week that they would do anything to avoid more nudity.

“Now, girls, can you tell everyone why you have been naked for the last week?”

“We helped someone cheat on a test,” Rose said, her voice quivering.

“Yes you did...was it worth it Miss McKenzie?”

“No Sir, not at all,” Juli responded softly. Her face was tilted down and she was able to see all that the boys and girls gathered were seeing.

“Excellent. Ladies and gentlemen, you will see that these two young ladies have learned their lessons well. Therefore, they are hereby allowed to wear clothing again, beginning today.”

Both girls chest heaved with relief that their ordeal was near over.

“Here you go...you may put on your socks. These are yours Juli and these are yours Rose.”

The man threw the rolled up socks at the girls feet and they quickly reached down for them, dying to end this misery. Both girls sat right down on the floor, their bare butts against the cold tile. In their haste to put the socks on, neither girl thought to turn away from the crowd. That gave the assembled students an unimpeded look at their pussies as they spread to put their socks on.

“Ok, girls, before you get back on your feet, here are your shoes.”

He placed the two pairs of saddle shoes in front of the girls and again they put them on, keeping their legs spread open for all to see.

“Here are your knickers. These are Juli’s and these belong to Rose.”

Again he threw the material at their feet and they quickly bent over to grab them. Both girls unintentionally moaned at the feel of the fabric against their bare sexes and at the pleasure of being covered.

“Bras.”

The girls again dove for the undergarments, sliding them on their arms and clasping them in the back. Rose had to maneuver her breasts into the cup, a scene that was causing several boys to come to attention.

“Blouses.”

This was the first amount of real cover the girls had worn in school in a week and both scurried to grab at them. Both sets of hands were shaking as they did the buttons up. Finally, the girls had done it and were covered completely from the waist up.

“And skirts.” Disdainfully the man dropped the skirts at their feet and walked away. The girls quickly stepped into the skirts and pulled them up. For the first time in seven days, they were as dressed as every other girl in the school. Their long ordeal was over.

The two girls hugged to the cheers of the assembled boys and then made their way out of the foyer and to their lockers to start another day. And Juli was right, they had learned their lesson and would never get in trouble again.

Now Shannon knelt in Mr. Jones’ office, waiting for the man to come in. She hated him and all that he had done to her. He had enjoyed her misery more than she had thought any person could...he loved seeing her in humiliating positions and creating more misery for her. She knew that this Monday morning meeting would not end good for her.

Finally the man walked in, his gray business suit brushing against her nude body as he passed her.

“Good morning Miss Malone,” he said, leering at the nude girl kneeling before him.

“Good morning Mr. Jones,” she said softly. Despite herself, she felt unable to stand up to this man, to show any kind of reaction but meek subservience. Maybe it was the fact that she was nude in his office while he was dressed authoritatively in a three-piece suit. Or maybe it was the fact that she had to kneel in his presence while he sat high up in an executive chair. Either way, she felt it and was unable to fight through it.

“Well, back to being the only naked student in school...I guess that makes you proud,” he said smiling.

“No Sir, I hate it,” she said, again meekly.

“I’m sure you do Miss Malone, I am sure you do.”

He turned in his chair and looked out the window just as the bell rang to signal the beginning of class. She wondered if he was looking for more victims to have serve a nude punishment for being late. Amazingly, tardiness and cutting school was nearly non-existent after Shannon’s punishment. This was not good news to the silent majority who had hoped that the humiliations and degradations would fail and the school could go back to normal.

“Well, Miss Malone, tomorrow is the halfway point. Do you have anything to say?”

Her mind started to whirl. Was this monster giving her a chance to beg for forgiveness and her clothes back? Even just a part of her uniform would help...even just shoes and socks so that her poor hardened feet could be covered and feel warmth and soft.

“Sir, I am so terribly sorry for skipping school, you have no idea. And calling in that sick call was completely irresponsible and could have caused me great harm. These three weeks have taught me that Sir and I promise that I will never, ever do anything that will get me into this kind of trouble. I promise to be a good girl, like I was before.”

The girl was talking quickly, tears streaming out of her eyes and down her cheeks. This was her moment, her moment to beg for forgiveness, to break his heart of stone. She worked every female trick in the book, tears, begging and then, when all else fails, a pouty lip and quivering chin. She felt her tears dripping onto her bare breasts but ignored the feeling, not wanting to break her momentum.

“Well, Miss Malone, you make a very convincing argument. Maybe I could be convinced to be a bit more lenient in my judgment,” he said, standing up and walking around the desk so that he was inches from the girl, his crotch at the level of her mouth. Her eyes got wide, he couldn’t possibly be expecting her to...

“Miss Malone, get your mind out of the gutter! I am a respected educator who values his job...and frankly having you suck me off doesn’t seem worth the risk.”

He leaned back against the desk and now towered over the naked, kneeling girl. “No Miss Malone, I did not finish my last sentence. Perhaps I could be convinced to be more lenient in my judgment if...”

The girl kneeled up straight, not wanting to miss a word of her salvation.

“...if I didn’t believe that my credibility at this school would be completely shot.”

The principal smiled as he watched the girl deflate. Her body slouched so that her bare ass was resting on the soles of her feet. Her chest started heaving as the tears turned to sobs at her brief glimpse of clothes torn away.

“Oh well, I suppose you will have to grin and ‘bare’ it, pun intended,” he said laughing.

He stood up and walked around behind his desk again. He put on his glasses and began reading papers on his desk.

Shannon got off her knees and stood up.

“Where are you going Miss Malone,” the man said, looking at her above his glasses.

“Sir, I thought you were finished with me,” she said softly.

“Miss, I am a man who speaks his mind. Trust me when I tell you that I will let you know when I no longer need your services. Kneel back down and I will finish with you in due time. You are not the only thing I deal with all day Miss Malone.”

Redfaced, the girl slumped back down to her knees onto the scratchy floor to wait. She desperately wanted to leave this man’s office, even though leaving meant exposing herself to her schoolmates. At least out there she felt she had a fighting chance.

RING! “Phillips here. Yes John, how is everything at Central High?”

Shannon tried to tune out the conversation but it was all she had to listen to or keep her mind occupied.

“Yeah, I’m looking forward to it. What’s her name, Cindy?...Yeah, she must one hell of a girl. What weight class is she?...130, yeah, I think our girl is about that...No, she’s never wrestled before but she’s athletic so she’ll be fine. Couldn’t have one of our boys wrestle Cindy now could we?...alright John, see you this afternoon.”

The man hung up the phone and went back to his papers. His conversation had intrigued her...she wondered who the girl was that would be wrestling Central’s girl wrestler. It would be someone about her weight, since she was roughly 120. And an athlete like her...she just couldn’t think of anyone.

“Well, Miss Malone, it’s time for you to start your day. There has been a slight change to your schedule.”

The girl inwardly winced, knowing that this would be most unpleasant.

“You can hurry along to Biology class and then gym. Then you may grab your lunch and hustle to the boy’s gym. There you will meet Coach Jackson for a quick lesson on wrestling. Then, instead of English in eighth period, head back to the boys gym for some instruction before the meet.”

She was hearing his words but not quite comprehending.

“But, why,” she stammered.

“Come on, you cannot be that dense,” he said, looking at her blank face.

“Shannon, you are St. Mark’s newest wrestler.”

**PART 93**

“Shannon, you are St. Mark’s newest wrestler.”

Those words had shook her. She had no desire to wrestle, thought the sport was asinine and barbaric. Now she was being told she had to wrestle.

The nude girl stood up without thinking.

“No, I can’t, no way, I’ve never done that before. I hate wrestling and I’m naked...this is disgusting!”

“GET BACK INTO YOUR POSITION MISS MALONE OR EARN THREE MORE WEEKS OF NUDITY FOR YOUR INSOLENCE.”

The girl stood there, unsure of what to do. She was tired of being pushed around by this man, but she knew she barely had a leg to stand on. She was unsure of whether she could trust her father would back her for standing up to the principal and getting kicked out of school wasn’t a good alternative. And of course, she would not be able to stand three more weeks of hell.

But the anger boiled inside of her. Who the hell was this man to make her do these things, these incredibly degrading, humiliating things? But instinctively, she knelt back down on the carpet.

“Now, I will forgive your momentary outburst because of the emotional stress I know your punishment has caused,” the man calmly said to the naked girl with her breasts heaving. “However, you will wrestle today and you will do it to the best of your ability. I do not want to lose to Central simply because they decide to include a girl on their team. Every other team in this league has forfeited a match rather than have one of their boys wrestle her. We will not forfeit...because you will wrestle her.”

The man sat back down. “Now, give it your all or I guarantee you that what has happened to you these last three weeks will be a pleasant memory compared to what I do to you in your last year and a half. Do we understand each other?”

The girl stared at the man, disbelieving how awful he could be. The principal stared right back, not yielding an inch to this naked girl. Finally, Shannon looked down at the floor and said, “yes, I understand.” As she did, a slow smile formed over the principal’s face as he knew he had broken her yet again.

“Good, now you may go. And tell Fr. Magee I said hello.”

GYM

She had known that she would be punished for not having completely smooth pubes, armpits and legs. She had shaved on Sunday but already some stubble was showing when she arrived at school. She had been warned that she would face discipline from her gym teacher if she did not keep it completely bare. She had woken too late this morning to shave and had paid for it.

She had again been tightly tied to the gyn chair that had been designed especially for her, it seemed. Again she was forced to lay there completely exposed while her class watched her being shaved with the cheap plastic razor. Right away, from the digging and the cheap plastic, she knew that her pussy was going to be red and painful.

The lesson then turned ugly...Miss Kelly began to discuss alternative methods of birth control.

“Girls, we know that many unwanted pregnancies can be avoided with proper care.

Today, we are going to learn about ways to prevent pregnancy.”

The scene would have been comical to Shannon if she were not such a degrading part of it. A teacher, not much older than them, was standing in front of a class of roughly 30 girls in their gym tees and shorts explaining to them the dangers of teen pregnancy while a naked classmate was tied and spread on a gyn chair behind them.

Just then, the gym doors opened and several boys pushed through, bringing with them a wall of noise. Shannon was mortified and closed her eyes but it didn’t stop the onslaught.

“Wonderful timing Coach Torry,” Miss Kelly said.

“Thanks for the invite Barb...I think this is something boys should know about as well.”

“You are right...okay guys, take a seat up here. Make sure you can see as well as the girls can.”

The boys took seats in the bleachers, some easing into seats wedged next to girls and others sitting on the gym floor, with Shannon slit at their eye level.

“Good, now we are here to discuss what women can do to prevent pregnancy. Now, since we are a Catholic school, we must first stress that abstaining from sex is the only 100 percent way of avoiding pregnancy.”

The students all groaned. They had heard this talk from their parents and teachers since they were eight.

“However, we know that several of you are not going to take that advice and will engage in premarital sex, which we must say is a sin according to our church. But, since you will anyway, we would like to help you avoid unwanted pregnancy.”

While the teacher was speaking, Shannon looked out at the group. Most of the girls were watching Miss Kelly, well used to seeing Shannon in this position. But most of the boys were seniors and had very little contact with Shannon. They were soaking in this very explicit view of what should be the private region of any girl.

“All of the things that we are going to demonstrate here are things that the girl can be responsible for. For boys there are just condoms. For girls of course there is the pill, which is birth control. A girl must take these pills every day for them to be effective.”

She then launched into a discussion of several other options, including the diaphragm, a female condom and a douche. Of course, nothing was 100 percent effective.

After she described all of the items, she then demonstrated how to use each item. Of course this was where Shannon’s humiliation was compounded. She was forced to lay there while Miss Kelly and then several “volunteers” stuffed each item into her bare pussy. And the douche felt so weird as it was done time and again.

“Alright class, thank you for your attention. And boys, remember that you are as responsible for preventing pregnancies as the girls are. Be careful if you engage in premarital sex.”

The group got up and several people thanked the teachers loudly. Many of the boys passed close by Shannon on their way out and made leering looks at her.

“Thanks Barb...I think the boys got a lot out of this discussion. I know that I did.”

“My pleasure,” said Miss Kelly. As she was about to remove the condom, the last item that had been demonstrated, when the phone in her office rang. “Stay right there Shannon.”

She had said it without thinking and then laughed as she rushed to get her phone. That left the naked girl with Coach Torry.

“Well Shannon, this is an interesting situation. Your poor pussy looks pretty red and inflamed. Does it hurt?”

Shannon could not believe that this big man was standing there and expecting her to openly discuss her pussy with him. This is something that a man would never ask a clothed girl but since her body was so on display, she was fair game.

“Yes Coach, it does hurt a lot. Miss Kelly shaved me dry before you guys came in and all of that stuff put inside made it worse.”

The man nodded and stared intently at the girl’s slit. She was mortified as he looked at her, in more of a clinical way but still intently.

“I haven’t seen many of these, but yours is certainly very nice. It seems very wet...is that normal for you,” he asked.

OH GOD, she thought. “Um, I guess so. I think it was kind of self-defense after Miss Kelly was putting things inside. It figured it had better get wet and fast.”

The man continued his stare. “Fascinating,” he whispered when Miss Kelly returned. Shannon gave a sigh of relief, afraid of where the man was heading next.

“Sorry Coach. If you give me a second, I can get Shannon undone here and we can grab some lunch.”

The man and woman looked at each other and smiled. “Sure, I’d like that,” Coach Torry answered. Shannon felt like she was intruding on a private moment but was unable to do anything about that. She felt the stickiness at her slit run out as Miss Kelly removed the condom. Then she felt two pairs of hands at her ankles, untying the rope. It made her uncomfortable to feel the man’s hands on her but he was nothing but professional. They then undid her hands and she was free for the first time in 90 minutes.

Without a word to her, the two teachers walked out, leaving her to get off the table herself and shake some life back into her limbs. Finally she got the feeling back into her feet and hands and began the journey into the locker room for her bag and then the quick trek to the cafeteria for lunch. She knew that what was in store for her during lunch and wanted nothing to do with it.

**PART 94**

LUNCH

The naked girl walked her aching body into the cafeteria to quickly get some nourishment. She had not eaten breakfast and her ordeal in gym had been painful. Now she had a few minutes to grab lunch and head to the gym.

She decided that a light lunch would be best. Even though she was starving, she figured that she would be involved in strenuous physical activity that day and wanted to avoid anything fried. She grabbed at an already prepared salad, a package of dressing and a water.

She had to stand in line with a group of boys who were verbally harassing her. She cringed and tried to block it out, looking straight ahead at the food under the lights.

“Come on up here girl, no use waiting in line with those scum,” she heard a voice say. It was Estelle, the woman who had taken care of her earlier when she was forced to work in the kitchen.

“That’s on the house honey, take it east today,” the woman said with an easy smile. Shannon mouthed the words “thank you” and moved out of the busy area and down the hall to the boys’ gym. She desperately wished she could avoid the wrestling from the afternoon but knew that there was no way around it.

She pushed through the doors and saw that the gym floor was covered with wrestling mats. She had been to just a few wrestling meets in her three years at St. Mark’s, including the one where she had to nude cheerlead for two weeks ago. She hated wrestling and SMHS wasn’t very good at it. In fact, the school had just two winning seasons in 15 years of wrestling and rarely had anyone make the state tournament. The meets drew flies, mostly just parents and some assorted friends. Even the girls’ basketball team had a better attendance than the wrestlers.

She saw four wrestlers stretching on the mat, under the guidance of Coach Reynolds, the varsity wrestling coach. Rumor had it that he had wrestled in one of the Olympics, but he had never lived up to that glory. He coached at St. Mark’s part-time and owned a gym in town but spent most of time womanizing and marrying. Rumor had it he was on wife number four and about to be divorced from her.

The door slammed shut behind her, drawing the attention of the five men. Shannon wanted to roll up into the floor and hide but let that thought pass. After all, the four boys had probably not only seen her but had touched her at the carnival. But she knew it was about to become much more intimate.

“Oh look boys, our new wrestler is here,” Coach Reynolds said in a mocking tone. “Come her girl and let’s get you acquainted with the sweet science of wrestling.”

Shannon walked towards where the action was, her book bag on her shoulder and her lunch in her hands. Her bare feet did not make a sound on the soft mats, which felt so smooth and good after a day of walking on concrete and tile.

“Now Girl, sit down right here on the mat...and put your food aside. There is no food on my mat. What kind of fool are you?”

“But, Mr. Jones said...”

“I don’t give a rat’s ass what Mr. Jones said or did not say young lady. This is my gym and my mats and he can kiss my ass if he doesn’t like it.”

The boys smiled as Shannon took a step back. They had heard all of Reynolds’ bluster before. Most people coaching girls were much nicer than boys coaches...Shannon was about to get a bit of culture shock.

“Now these young men have agreed to show you some of the moves of wrestling. We have a chance to beat those pricks from Central and I do not want you to mess things up. It’s bad enough they are making a mockery out of the sport by letting one of you wrestle, but I will not let us lose because our cun, I mean girl wasn’t good enough to beats theirs.”

The boys laughed at the near use of vulgar language by Coach Reynolds. The man was nearly going into contortions trying not to say anything bad about women but he was a known misogynist and they were sure he would slip up in front of Shannon.

“Now, these gentlemen are going to demonstrate some holds for you to follow.

Please try and pay attention, I know how quickly you girls can lose focus.”

The boys started to laugh and Shannon boiled. How the hell did this guy think he was? Women were making great strides in the world of sports, even wrestling. She was going to show this pig what women could do.

She watched as the man put the boys through some basic drills, lecturing the girl on the proper holds etc. She forgot her nudity briefly as the man pushed her mentally...she had never been more sure that a man wasn’t paying any attention to her nudity than she was with this man, this pig who hated women. What a strange moment...he was so absorbed in his coaching that he had no time to waste gawking her.

And neither did the wrestlers...Coach Reynolds did not allow pleasure to interfere with his time. They moved around per his instructions, working out the finer techniques of the hold, trying to please this washed-up former master.

Finally, Coach stopped and all attention came back to Shannon. She noticed that the boys were sweaty messes, they singlets dripping wet. They grabbed water from bottles near the side and then stood there, making up for lost time by devouring her nude body. She had forgotten that look for a few minutes but it came rushing back to her.

“Alright men, meet back here during eighth period. You can really work on these moves with what’s her name.”

The boys headed out of the gym, leaving Shannon with Coach Reynolds. She was too scared to move, unknowing of what this man had in store for her.

“Cunt-I mean, you. What are you waiting for? Go and finish your lunch and go to class. See you back here during eighth period.”

With that he turned and walked away towards the area of the coaches’ offices. She was shocked at how he talked to her...no one had ever called her a cunt before...well, certainly not a coach or a teacher. She should have him fired, she thought, but knew she had no leg to stand on. It was the word of a respected coach against one of a nude girl. Everyone would probably assume she was at fault.

She grabbed her salad and rushed out of the gym. She went into the cafeteria and found Carrie working to clean the tables without her.

“Shannon, where have you been,” the bottomless girl asked. It was Carrie’s last day without a skirt and she was desperately working to avoid more punishment.

“I was in the boy’s gym.”

Carrie dropped her washcloth and looked at Shannon with her eyes wide open.

“Christ, you are the girl wrestling today aren’t you?”

Shannon nodded. “Oh God, this is so terrible for you,” Carrie continued. “Mr.

Jones is such an asshole.”

Shannon sat down to eat her lunch and fill her best friend in on the events of the morning. Carrie listened the best she could while trying to finish the tables. She was just about to wash off the last table when the bell rang. She stood up straight in fear and then quickly leaned back over and did her best to finish the table in case no one noticed she was late.

“Miss Bartlett, I would have thought that you would have done everything in your power to avoid punishment today,” Mr. Kelly, the disciplinarian said.

“But Mr. Kelly, I was doing it alone and—“

“That’s enough Carrie. I know that Shannon was not here to complete the punishment so I am not going to punish you...” a smile of hope crept onto the girl’s face “...too much.”

Her smile was gone in an instant. “Tomorrow, you will strip nude before lunch and stay that way all three lunch periods. Then, you will clean every table every period. If you complete that punishment, then you will be free for lunch. Otherwise, we add a day to it.”

Carrie was devastated. Tomorrow was going to be her first day covered in two weeks...now she was going to be more exposed.

“Sir, may I help her clean,” Shannon asked.

“Only during the period that you have lunch. Otherwise, Miss Malone, you are expected to be in your class. Like the one you should be heading to right now.”

Shannon jumped out of the cold chair in which she was sitting. She had become unused to going to class the last few days and took off for math class. Poor Carrie was crying as she followed her best friend. Tomorrow, they would again be nude together.

**PART 95**

Shannon was sobbing as she got on the scale. The bleachers were full, as expected, and her humiliation on display for all.

We were just minutes before the match and Shannon knew she had no shot against Mary Brennan, the wrestler for Central. The nude girl had spent all of eighth period being pushed and shoved and grabbed and squashed by her teammates, all trying to teach her the ways of wrestling. Coach Reynolds yelled and screamed a her, calling her, “the dumbest fuckhole known to mankind.” She had cringed and withdrawn from him, making the whole process even worse.

The boys had shown her no mercy, pulling her arms behind her harshly, pushing her bare breasts and face into the mat. She had knees forced up hard against her groin as the boys pinned her to the mat. All four wrestlers had their way with her for the 40-minute class, exhausting her, pushing her beyond her limits.

Finally, the bell rang and the “practice” was over. She felt like she had been run over...she took an inventory of her body and found red marks from the burns of her breasts rubbing against the rubber. Her knees were bruised, her thighs were fire red and her face was scratched. She looked and felt like a rape survivor.

“Jesus fucking Christ, what the fuck did Jones do to me? He gave me the most untalented fuckhole in the God damn school.”

“Coach, please stop...”

“Stop what? Stop yelling at you? Would that help cunt? Frankly, I don’t see it working. In fact, I think I may yell louder. YOU ARE THE MOST UNTALENTED FUCKUP I HAVE EVER SEEN ON A WRESTLING MAT! YOU ARE GOING TO LOSE THE FUCKING MATCH FOR US!”

Shannon ran away from the man in mid-tirade, heading for the relative security of the girl’s locker room. She went into a stall and sat down. She quickly put her head in her hands, resting her elbows on her knees, and wept.

She had no idea how long she had sat there, but wished that it was long enough for the meet to be over and everyone to have gone home. She desperately wanted this whole thing to end.

Suddenly, she saw sneakered feet standing outside her stall...she breathed a small sigh of relief when she saw the feet belonged to a small girl.

“Shan, Shannon, it’s me Melissa. Can you open the door?”

The freshman standing outside the stall door was worried about Shannon. She had seen the nude girl run out of the boy’s gym and down the steps. Melissa had followed her and waited while the girl sat on the toilet. She heard the sobbing and wanted to give Shannon some space, but also knew that things would get worse if the naked girl did not wrestle.

She heard the latch on the stall door slide and the door push open. She saw her friend sitting naked on the toilet, head in hands, her eyes puffy and red. She looked so small and helpless that Melissa just wanted to hug her and help her. The girl, already dressed in her practice clothes, knelt on the tile floor in front of Shannon.

“Shan, come on, this can’t be the end of you. Coach Reynolds and Mr. Jones are assholes and you know it. Don’t let them beat you.”

Shannon looked up, resignation and gloom in her eyes.

“Mel, it doesn’t matter what I do today because tomorrow, they just throw more awful stuff at me. Every day I think, it can’t get worse and then it does. I hate them, I hate me and most of all, I hate BEING NAKED!” The last words echoed though the bathroom.

Even in the first days of her nude punishment, Melissa had never seen Shannon like this. This was a defeated, broken girl not the Shannon that Melissa had always admired.

“OK then, fuck it then,” Melissa said, her face inches from Shannon’s. “Don’t wrestle, let Jones fuck up your life and then you have made the last three weeks completely useless. You leave school anyway but they get the satisfaction of knowing they broke you and they won. Jones, Gorbo, Haglin, all of them pricks win and YOU LOSE!”

Shannon’s eyes went from pain and despair to anger. She pushed Melissa backwards so that the girl fell out of the stall.

“What does it matter Melissa. They tried to break me and they did. So fine, now what? Do I just go and do whatever they want, knowing that no matter what I do, it will never get any better? It’s been three weeks and I have been naked the whole time and you know what, it still sucks, it still hurts, it’s still fucking humiliating. SO LEAVE ME ALONE!” Shannon pushed the stall door shut with a slam and began sobbing again.

Melissa didn’t know what to do. What she did know was that she needed reinforcements. She rushed out of the locker room and up to the girls gym where several of their teammates were warming up. She explained the situation and they huddled together to try and develop a plan.

Meanwhile, Shannon sat there, alone in her misery. Inside she felt bad about pushing Melissa and would apologize to the younger girl later. She wasn’t really pushing her, she was just lashing out at anyone. The poor girl was just trying to help but Shannon was beyond help.

She just wanted to stop the world, put some clothes on and then move away, far away from this mess. In her dreams, she and Mark would move to the West Coast, maybe a warm location like San Diego or a cool place like Seattle. Or maybe an island, where she would still be naked but so would Mark, the two of them living their lives on an uninhabited island far away from wandering eyes. Being naked with just Mark didn’t bother her. Sometimes she still got embarrassed when he was there among others but he always put her at ease.

She was still sitting there with her eyes closed when she heard banging on the stall door. “MISSY, LEAVE ME ALONE!”

Just then she looked and saw bare feet, possibly 16 or 18 bare feet, on the tile floor. She knew they were girls and wondered what was going on. Shannon slowly opened the stall door and peered out. Standing there were nine members of her basketball team and they were completely naked. She saw the different bodies, from the very petite Melissa to the bigger Heather. All stood tall, their breasts thrust out.

“What the hell is going on,” she asked.

“Well, Mel told us about your problem, and this is the answer,” said Juli, the team captain. “You hate being naked because you are all alone. But when we got naked for practice, you didn’t feel so bad, right?”

Shannon nodded, wondering where this was going.

“Well, today you have to go out and do something completely humiliating and degrading and you have to go out there alone. But, we will be in the stands, cheering our hearts out for you, dressed just like this.”

Tears again came out of Shannon, but this time they were relief. Her friends were right...the worst part wasn’t the nudity, it was being all alone and vulnerable.

“Oh God, you guys are unbelievable. You’ll really do this?”

They all nodded. “In fact, we already have started,” Heather said, her large breasts jutting out on her chest. “Our clothes are strewn all over the girl’s gym and we walked here nude.”

Shannon went over to Melissa and gave her a huge bear hug, feeling the girl’s small bumps digging into her own chest. “Thanks for not giving up on me Miss...I owe you big time.”

The girls parted and smiled. “We go together,” Juli said as Shannon walked towards the boy’s gym.

And what a sight it was. The wrestling gym was full and a huge gasp went up from the crowd as the mass of nude girl flesh entered through the side door. The boys had gathered wanting to see one nude girl wrestling and were now being rewarded by 20 naked tits and 10 pussies.

“What is the meaning of this,” Mr. Jones said menacingly. Shannon started to back down but Juli spoke up. “We’re Shannon’s cheering section! We want to be like her so we got naked. Any girl that wants to join us in the nude, come on over.”

The nine friends stormed across the mats towards an area of open bleachers. Shockingly several other girls walked towards them. Out of no where, the sight of uniforms being removed and jeans being dropped and shirts pulled up was everywhere. Soon there was piles of clothes, bras, knickers, socks, sneaks, saddle shoes, everything that the girls had worn was now on the floor and they sat naked. Now there were almost 50 naked girls amongst the clothed crowd of wrestling fans.

“What the hell is this shit,” Central’s coach said with a sneer. Coach Reynolds laughed. “I don’t know, but I like it.”

**PART 96**

Shannon, buoyed by the presence of her friends and the support of the other random girls (though she assumed that some were just exhibitionists), walked towards Coach Reynolds.

“Coach, you were a real prick to me this afternoon and I didn’t deserve it,” she said. The coach seemed surprised that the nude girl was reacting to him. “But, I am not going to let the team down by not showing up. I may lose but I will do my best.”

“GO SHANNON! WHOO WHOO!” Shannon smiled at the distinctive yell of Juli. She looked over and saw Carrie standing nude among the other girls. This was getting way too crazy!

“Fine, go and warm up. You are wrestling in the 125 lb weight class.”

“Wait a second Reynolds,” Central’s coach said. “I don’t see her weight on the weigh-in sheet. How do I know she’s really under 125 pounds.”

“Come on Sheeney, do you really think for one second that this body carries more than 125 pounds?”

“How the hell would I know, I’m not some guesser on the friggin Boardwalk. Either she weighs in or you forfeit that match. I’m not letting our Mary go onto the mat with someone out of her weight class.”

Reynolds shook his head and looked angry. “This is a lousy friggin stunt to upset our confidence Ben. You are really low.”

The other coach smiled.

“Alright, let’s go weigh her,” Coach Reynolds said.

“No, I can’t leave the floor without my team.”

“Fuck Ben, the weigh-in room isn’t that big.”

“Well, bring the scale here. Let’s get it over with so we can wrestle.”

Shannon stood there, unsure of what to do. They weren’t serious, were they? Were they really going to weigh her in front of hundreds of people? Then she saw Carl lugging the scale into the gym and she cringed. This was an even worse humiliation for a girl...the nudity was horrible but to have everyone know what you weigh just heaped on the degradation.

Instead of leaving it in the corner by the door, where they could do it semi-privately, the Central coach demanded that the scale be brought to the center of the gym.

“Alright young lady, hop on that scale so that we know that you belong in your weight class,” he said loud enough for everyone to hear him.

There was silence in the room as everyone watched the nude girl pad over to the scale on her bare feet and step up. The only sound was the dial of the scale being adjusted. “122, no, 121. OK, she fits into the weight class, though most people that we weigh have clothes on.”

The final dig. The scale was removed from the room and the match was ready to begin. Coach Reynolds called the team into a huddle. Shannon felt the press of male bodies all around her, smelled their sweat. For some odd reason, this turned her on tremendously. She saw them dressed in their singlets and wondered why she didn’t come to wrestling meets more often.

“OK fellas...and you...we need this meet desperately. Don’t let all of these fucking tits and pussies make you nuts. Concentrate,” he said and then, looking at Shannon, “we have a lot to overcome.”

The team put their hands together and with a low grunt yelled “TEAM.” Shannon sat on the bench for the first three matches...she was the fourth match. Just as had been the case at the away wrestling match at Mercy Catholic, the other team was flustered by the nudity and St. Mark’s won the first three matches.

“Ladies and gentlemen, it is time for the 125-pound match. For Central, Mary Brennan and for St. Mark’s, Shannon Malone.”

Everyone sat up and took notice of the nude girl and her uniformed opponent stepping on the mat. Mary had been practicing all season but had not had a match in a real competition because every team had forfeited her weight class rather than send a boy up to wrestle against her. St. Mark’s had planned to do the same until Mr. Jones stepped in and found a suitable replacement. Anything was better than forfeiting, Reynolds thought, so he was open to the idea.

The two girls eyed each other up as they waited for the referee to begin the match. Shannon was surprised when she saw Mary in person. Her first thoughts had been that her opponent would be a butch lesbian. After all, no self-respecting girl would want to wrestle against boys anyway, or so she narrowly thought. But Mary was a lot like Shannon, cute, petite, tall and thin, very athletic. She stood there in the same form-fitting uniform as her male teammates, the only concession to her femininity being a tank top that she wore over her bra.

Mary stood there in unfamiliar territory. She was the enemy among everyone...her teammates had yet to accept her and neither had her coach...he only took her after being forced to by a school district lawyer. Now she was on the road, facing off against this naked girl who was obviously being forced to wrestle her. That plus the sellout crowd, including the nude girls in the corner who were screaming for her opponent at the top of their bare lungs, made her knees quiver.

“OK, wrestle,” came the signal from the referee. The two girls warily came towards each other and grabbed around the shoulders. Within seconds, Mary had Shannon on the mat, the Central girl’s bare legs working to pin the naked girl. But Shannon was quick and, though new to the sport, athletic enough to ease out of it and get to her bare feet.

Her move brought a roar from the crowd, especially the nude cheering section, operating under the direct supervision of Mr. Jones who was unable to do anything about it. After all, he had encouraged this behavior by the nude punishments.

The two girls squared off again and this time, Shannon was on top, her bare breasts squashed against the back of the other girl who fought desperately to get to her feet. Shannon had her arm around the girl’s neck, trying to keep her in a headlock as she had been taught. But, just as she released for a second to get a better grip, Mary got out of the hold and used her legs to pull Shannon down and she was quickly on top of her.

Then it happened so quickly that no one even saw it coming...Shannon was on her back with her legs in the air and Mary was pinning her. The referee counted the nude girl out and ended the match, raising the Central girl’s arm in the air.

Right away Mary went to Shannon helped her up. “You were tough, I don’t know how you do it,” she said to the nude, who was suffering from the pain of the match along with humiliation of losing.

Mary bounded off towards her cheering teammates who hugged her. She was finally accepted after her first pin.

Meanwhile, the very naked, ashamed and hurt Shannon walked miserably back to her team. She expected nothing but was shocked when Coach Reynolds came off the bench, put his arm around her neck and helped her to the bench.

“That took guts, kid, lots of them. You’re alright in my book.”

Shannon was surprised as she took the seat next to the coach. She accepted congratulations from the boys on the team and was handed a towel by the manager who smiled at her. She smiled back and wiped the sweat off her face and body but being careful not to cover herself in any way after seeing Mr. Jones eying her carefully. She turned and saw her naked girls and smiled, giving a big thumbs-up! They responded with a huge cheer and, in unison, chanting “GO SHANNON! WHOO-WHOO!”

**WEEK 4 Part 1**

Carrie was on her hands and knees, naked once again. Today was supposed to be her first day of freedom from nudity. Instead, she was more exposed than she had been since the first week, on all fours scrubbing the cafeteria floor after school.

The day had started out with such promise. After showering, she had dressed in her uniform blouse, socks and saddle shoes but had finally been able to pack her skirt into her bag. Today she was going to be able to put it on...no bra or knickers for at least another week and she had to lift her skirt to show that she was pantiless anytime anyone asked, but still, she would be covered.

That was until yesterday. She was again punished unfairly, this time because she had failed to complete her cafeteria punishment before the end of lunch period. It was a job that she and Shannon usually did together but her nude friend had been ordered to go to the boys gym to learn how to wrestle, leaving Carrie alone to clean all of the tables. She was just about to finish yesterday when the bell rang and Mr. Kelly gave her this totally unfair punishment.

As she scrubbed the floor, she saw several students coming by to observe her bare body, ass in the air as she scrubbed. She tried to take her mind off of their devouring eyes by remembering the punishment that she had received in the first place. She thought about how unfair it had been, but realized that it was nothing compared to the hell that Shannon was going through. While Shannon actually was guilty of the crime that she had been charged with, she didn’t deserve the humiliation and awful degradation that they threw at her. Actually no one did.

As if on cue, Shannon’s nude body appeared in the door. Carrie may not have seen her at first but the boys who were gawking her turned and pointed. Carrie was amazed that boys in school (and the male teachers and staff as well) continued to stare at her naked friend, despite three weeks of nudity. Carrie supposed that Shannon just had the perfect body, one that boys would want to look at again and again.

Shannon padded over to where Carrie was and dropped to her knees.

“What are you doing Shan?”

“Give me a rag, I’ll help you finish.”

“You don’t have to Shannon, this is my thing,” Carrie said.

Shannon ignored her friend’s protests and reached over and grabbed a sopping wet rag.

“It’ll take you half the time this way,” she said and the two started washing. It wasn’t long before they fell into easy conversation, giggling like schoolgirls do over the events of the day, etc. They were able to ignore the commotion that two naked girls on their hands and knees washing the floor was causing on the rest of the school.

Finally the two finished and Shannon helped Carrie lug the bucket of dirty water back to the maintenance area. The girls then went to Mr. Kelly’s office where Carrie had left her clothes. Shannon had to keep her jealousy in check as she watched her best friend cover her nudity, first with a blouse and then with the blessed skirt. She saw Carrie shudder as she pulled the skirt up and knew what she was experiencing...Shannon had the same feeling when she was able to wear that bathrobe for those brief bathroom moments.

Carrie now knelt down and pulled on her socks and then saddle shoes and for the first time in two weeks, she was dressed like every other girl in school, except for the fact that she was bare under her skirt. She would bet that only she and Shannon had bare pussies but at least hers was covered.

“Come on, I’ll drive you home,” Carrie said as they walked out of the discipline office. Shannon felt even more naked now that she was officially the only one in the school displaying any part of her naked body.

“Thanks.”

Carrie looked over, wishing she could make everything go easier for her friend...actually she wished she could make it all disappear. She resolved herself to doing everything she could to end her best friend’s misery before she had to serve all six weeks.

Shannon hopped out of Carrie’s car and headed up the steps to the house. She

felt the cold but not as bad as before...she could tell that spring wasn’t far

from coming...maybe being nude in nicer weather wouldn’t be so bad. Then she

shook her head...it wouldn’t be as bad physically but just as bad mentally.

“SHANNNON! SHANNON!”

She turned and saw her neighbor, Mr. Firgus, sitting on his porch and waving. She turned and waved back and bounded up the steps into the house. Her neighbor’s nice gesture chilled her...it was another reminder that she was always on display...that there were always eyes out there watching her.

She entered her house and found only Jimmy at home. The boy was sitting at the kitchen table doing homework.

“Hey Jim,” she said happily.

“Yeah,” the grumpy boy said.

“What’s the matter,” she asked him while pouring an iced tea.

“You’re the matter Shannon, you and your nakedness. It’s driving me crazy.”

The girl stopped and stared at her little brother. “My nudity is driving you crazy? I’d like to hear you explain that one!”

“All of my friends tease me non-stop, talking about your body and what they’d do to you. Then I get into fights defending you and everybody hates me, all because of you.”

When he looked up from his books, Shannon saw a black eye, a bruised cheek and tears flowing.

“Oh Jimmy, I am so sorry, but it’s not my fault,” she said, pulling him close to her and hugging him tight. She felt his body shake with sadness and her heart broke.

Finally the boy pulled back. Weird but he felt nothing but relief at being so close to his naked sister. There was none of the sexual tension that had filled their days earlier in her punishment. Instead it was the comforting feel of his older sister making the bad feelings go away.

“I know Shannon, it’s just not easy for me,” he said. Then he smiled. “But I guess it’s not as hard as it is for you.”

She smiled back, took a swig of iced tea and then said, “no, I think I might have it harder.”

With that she grabbed her bag and went up to her bedroom to start her homework.

Shannon sat in class, just staring at her paper. It was one of the first times that she had been in her first-period biology class since her nude punishment.

When she was there, she was usually tied to a gyno chair in the front of the room, serving as a live model for the sadistic Father Haglin. However, she had missed the class several times because of assorted other punishments thrown at her by Mr. Jones, the even more sadistic principal.

Now she was here, still nude but sitting among her classmates. Fr. Haglin had decided on a pop quiz and Shannon realized she knew very little. This was a completely foreign feeling to the girl, one of the top students in her class and a member of the National Honor Society.

The bell rang and everyone had to bring their papers forward. Shannon was still sitting there trying to answer the questions as everyone filed past her naked body.

“Miss Malone, your paper please,” Fr. Haglin said. She felt his eyes on her and realized she was the only person still sitting there.

“Um, yeah sorry Father but I think all of the missed class time...”

“That’s more than enough Miss Malone. You are responsible for making up lost class time.”

“But Father,--“

“No buts Shannon. Bring your quiz up and be gone. It is not my concern that you have not been following through with your studies.”

Tears of anger and frustration filled her eyes as she stood and walked her quiz up to the front of the room. She dropped the paper on the desk and gave a disdainful look at the priest who smiled smugly at her. She turned, grabbed her bag and started out. But when she got to the door, she stopped.

“No Father, you will hear me. I am so sick and tired of being treated like some piece of meat around here. If you didn’t use me for your sick demonstrations, maybe I cold have learned something in this class.”

“YOU ARE OUT OF LINE MISS MALONE. YOU HAVE JUST EARNED DETENTION!”

“Yeah, ok, like that scares me. Do you really think that there is anything that this school can throw at me that I haven’t suffered through already?”

With that she pushed through the door and left the priest behind. Fr. Haglin was red-faced and angry but he had to admit that she had him. There wasn’t much left for this school to do to her. Or was there?

Later that day, Fr. Haglin was sitting with Mr. Jones in the principal’s office.

“Look Bart, it’s the only way for me to ever get this kind of data for our research and it would be terribly humiliating for the girl.”

“I don’t know Tom, this seems a bit extreme, even for me,” the principal said.

“Look, you are quickly losing this girl, that much is certain,” the priest added. “She is not becoming the doe-eyed follower that we expected her to be. Her punishment was so far out there and for so long that we have forced ourselves into this step or we lose her forever.”

Mr. Jones turned his chair so that he was looking out the window. Currently Shannon Malone was out there with a large plastic bag and was picking up trash all over the school ground. He saw a cloud form at her mouth as she breathed and watched her shiver. This had been her detention punishment, while the rest of the detained students sat in a classroom in silence, working on word problems.

“Do you really think the school board will go for us using a student for research purposes?”

“Did I really think they would go for the nude punishments that we proposed after the Cronenberg Academy stories? Did I really think they would let us push Shannon as far as we have? The answer to both questions is no, I did not. But they have, so why not this?”

The principal turned and saw the girl bend over to get a stray piece of paper. The view was lovely of her smooth, perfectly round shaped ass and that little slit, still visible in the afternoon sun.

“Fine, put a proposal together and we’ll spring it on her after school tomorrow.”

The priest smiled and walked out, leaving Mr. Jones to watch his naked student. “Mrs. Phillips, hold my calls please.” And he unzipped his pants to relax a little. It had been a long day and no pleasure for him.

**Week 4 Part 2**

Shannon was oblivious to the conversation that went on in the principal’s office and also the view that Mr. Jones had of her right now. Instead, she was desperately trying to avoid freezing to death.

She had known bad things were going to happen after she stood up to Fr. Haglin. She had expected a day or two of nudity added to her total...maybe that would have been worse!

Instead, when she arrived at the detention room, a place that scared the hell out of her since many of the toughest students were there, she was given this plastic bag by Mr. Kelly and told to go and clean the perimeter of the school. She was to fill the bag or go for an hour, whichever took longer.

She hesitated at first, not sure if she quite understood what she was being told by the disciplinarian. The temperature had dropped below freezing again last night and today hadn’t gotten much above. Now, with the cloud cover and no sun, she would be out there in a very bitter cold.

But seeing no compassion coming from the man, she dropped her bag and walked out of the room, heading for the back door. She was glad that most of the school was empty on this Tuesday. For some reason, there were no activities on this day and most of the seniors left school at 1 to go and work or on internships. That plus the fact that school had actually ended roughly 20 minutes ago left her mostly alone in the hallways.

She pushed outside and was immediately hit by the cold wind as it swirled through the open door. It felt like someone was poking her with sticks and she closed the door and huddled inside. She heard someone clear a throat and turned to see Carl, the maintenance man, standing there observing her.

“Does that look like outside to you?”

The girl rolled her eyes and shot the man a dirty look. He was unmoved, crossing his large arms over his chest and glaring at her. “Do I need to go and tell Mr. Kelly that the student he assigned to work the outside cleanup detail is choosing not to follow directions?”

She shot him the dirtiest look but he laughed. She had forgotten how little an effect a dirty look is when it comes from a humiliated naked girl. Instead she pushed the door open again, gritting her teeth against the cold wind.

That had been over 45 minutes ago. She had lost track of time but knew that it must be almost 4 by now...the sun was nearly setting behind the school building. There hadn’t been much sun to begin with and the little that had been out was now gone, leaving her with absolutely no warmth at all. She felt the cold wind whipping against her body, her bare feet almost numb against the cold, hard ground. She continued picking up pieces of trash here and there, trying to move enough to stay warm and keep the blood flowing.

She looked up from her work and saw most of the school dark. The only lights came from the office that she knew belonged to Mr. Jones and the gym. She guessed that the other detention students had gone home and that pissed her off...why was she forced to stay out here and freeze after they had left after less than an hour in the warm room. She would have cried but was too cold for that.

“OKAY, kid, time to come inside.”

She looked and saw the figure of Carl, the maintenance man, near the doorway. She had seen him lurking for most of her time out here and was a little weirded out by it. But his presence now was a Godsend and she rushed towards the door.

“Hold it, let me see what you have collected.”

“Oh God, please let me in Carl,” she begged, her voice cracking from the cold.

“Can’t we do this in the foyer?”

“No, I have to inspect your bags right here, hold it open for me,” he said. He had not been ordered to do this, just wanted the chance to make the girl suffer a little more and to get a little closer to this gorgeous nude teen.

Shannon’s hands shook as she held the clear plastic bag open. The large man walked towards her and looked in.

“Take those aluminum cans out...we recycle here,” he said sternly. The nude girl reached her arm in and pulled out the three cans she had grabbed.

“OK, not a bad haul for one little girl. Go and put it in the dumpster and then go ahead home.”

She groaned but bundled the bag back up and hurried over to the dumpster, opening herself up to the elements once again. With some difficulty, she hurled the bag up and into the dumpster and then took off for the warmth of the school building. She barely felt the hard, freezing concrete beneath her feet as she scurried inside. As soon as she was in, she screamed at the pain of reentry. Her whole body felt as if it were under attack of pins and needles as her cold body came inside. She grabbed onto the railing inside as she tried to get her body acclimated to the warmth.

She started sobbing at the pain of it all...it felt like she had sat on her foot for a long time and then it had fallen asleep. She desperately wanted to lie down but could not bring herself to doing that in the foyer.

Finally, the pain subsided and just uncomfortable tingling remained. With great effort she started up the steps and then stopped and stood bolt upright...how the hell was she going to get home?

By now, all of the buses had left. She obviously would have great difficulty taking the public bus, though it might be her only option. With all of the speed that she could, she headed for the phones in the hallway outside the now dark gym. Using a calling card number that she had memorized, she pushed in the numbers for her house. Jimmy answered and replied that Colleen and Dad were out at a social function for the night and Brighid was taking a night class. Shit, she thought, hanging up. Then she called Carrie.

“Care, I need a huge favor,” she began.

“Shannon, I can’t believe you are calling right now. I need to see you!”

“Um, ok, Carrie, I am stuck at school, can you pick me up?”

“Absolutely, but can you come over for dinner. I need to talk to you right away!”

“Sure, I’ll call home and let them know. When will you be here?”

“I’ll leave now and be there in 10 minutes.”

The two girls hung up and Shannon went to get her bag from the discipline office. She saw it there, lying outside the door. Thanks, she muttered. The nude girl walked through the deserted hallways to her locker. She knew she need to get her books together from her classes to avoid falling behind even further.

Being alone in school always made her uncomfortable and being completely nude only added to her vulnerability. She wondered about Eric Gorbo, her new nemesis, and remembered her encounter with him in the hallway early in her punishment. She shuddered at that disgusting orgasm, especially now that she knew how pleasant an orgasm can be with her boyfriend.

The nude girl walked untouched through the empty hallways, haunted only by her fears and painful memories. Arriving at her locker, she grabbed several books and stuffed them into her book bag. Knowing that she would never be able to get all of this work done, she stopped and took books for biology, math and computers. The rest she was still doing okay in.

She walked towards the doors, not wanting to keep Carrie waiting but also not wanting to be to early that she had to wait outside. The rooms along the corridor were mostly dark, the only light coming from beneath the office door of Mr. Jones, the principal. Involuntarily, she shivered when she walked by, hating just being near the man.

She stood in the foyer, feeling the cold again, even though this area was enclosed there was no heat. Finally, she saw Carrie’s car pull up in front of the building and she darted out into the night, which had turned even colder than before. Carrie had pushed the door open and Shannon slid in, closing the door in one motion.

“Oh Carrie, you have no idea the shit they just put me through,” she said. “I cannot thank you enough for picking me up.”

She turned and looked at Carrie who was turned in the driver’s seat and looking right at her friend with a look of surprise on her face.

“What, is something wrong,” she asked.

“Eric Gorbo just called and wants to try and get back together.”

The news hit Shannon like a brick. Gorbo had taken Carrie’s virginity from her by lying to her and then broke up with her publicly the next day.

“He’s got such big fucking balls,” Shannon said seething. “You told him to fuck off right?”

“Well, no,” she said.

“What? You are seriously thinking about seeing that jerk again? Come on Carrie, show some respect for yourself.”

“No Shannon, you’re not getting it...this is our chance at revenge.”

**Week 4 Part 3**

Shannon gasped when she heard about Carrie’s plan and then laughed. If all went according to plan, Eric Gorbo would know a thing or two about being humiliated.

They drove straight home and Shannon went through the humiliation of saying hello to Mr. and Mrs. Bartlett plus Carrie’s sisters. She thanked God that Phil was out, though Phil would probably not be happy about it.

It was in these normal everyday situations that made Shannon more acutely aware of her nakedness. She was here at her best friend’s house, as she had been hundreds of times in her life, and she was completely naked while everyone else was in their normal clothes. She knew she was blushing and focused on her bare feet instead of looking Mr. and Mrs. Bartlett in the eye.

“Mom, can we eat up in my room? Shannon and I want to catch up.”

Her parents look at each other and frowned, but Mr. Bartlett gave his okay.

“Thanks Dad,” Carrie said, handing Shannon a plate and the two grabbed burgers and chips from the piles on the table. Carrie grabbed two sodas, holding them close to her body, and the two girls went up the steps to Carrie’s bedroom.

Carrie and Shannon discussed the points of the plan, which required the help of her cousin Bonnie who managed the local movie theater. A Wednesday night was slow there and she should be able to help them out. A quick phone call and she was on board...the 24-year old woman had been with enough jerky men in her life to know the feeling.

Then the phone call to Eric.

“Hi Eric, it’s Carrie,” she said, trying to contain her laughter.

“Yeah, I would like to get back together with you...I was just so hurt after the last time, when you dumped me...yeah, I feel bad about that too and everything I said. OK, let’s meet at the movie theater then...no, why don’t we go see that Jean Claude Van Damm movie...would give us some privacy in the theater...yes, I would like that too...alright see you in a little while.”

She hung up the phone and looked at Shannon. “The trap is set,” she said smiling. The next calls went to Craig, Carrie’s boyfriend who loved the idea, and Emily, another of Gorbo’s dumpees, who was all for it as well. They agreed to meet at Carrie’s house...Craig would bring his video camera.

Carrie quickly dressed in her miniskirt and blouse, as dictated by her punishment with her father. She told her parents something about going out to study with friends with Shannon and then the two were off towards the movie theater.

“Are you sure you can go through with this,” Shannon asked.

“I hope so, I just hate that boy so much after all he has done to you and me these last few weeks...the hardest part will be the beginning when I have to pretend to like him.”

They drove to the theater and met the other two kids in a remote lot. Craig was driving his mom’s minivan so Shannon and Emily climbed in to wait in there. For some reason, Shannon did not feel embarrassed with Craig as she did with other boys...Emily was a bit different matter, after what the girl had done to torture Carrie and Shannon before but all had been forgiven after it was found that Gorbo was behind it all.

Carrie took a deep breath and drove to a closer spot. She got out and then walked to the theater, looking to see if Eric had beaten her there. Of course, being an insensitive asshole, he made her wait, but he was sweet when he arrived, kissing her on the cheek and paying for her ticket. Inside he bought a large popcorn and each of them a soda.

The two went into the theater for the action movie. They didn’t expect many other viewers since the movie had been out for nearly six weeks and didn’t do well to begin with. Even so, they chose seats in the back right hand corner, the best spot for what Eric had in mind.

They sat and chewed on the popcorn, neither really talking. Then when the lights went down, Eric made his move. He nearly climbed on top of Carrie, in a way that would have made her uncomfortable if she didn’t have a plan in mind. His tongue was in her mouth and down her throat before she had a chance to react...boy, he’s making up for lost time, she thought.

She managed to calm him a bit and sit him back in his seat.

“Eric, it would turn me on if I could give you a blowjob right here in the theater,” she said in her sweet yet sexy voice. “It would be my honor.”

The boy’s inflated ego fell for it, hook, line and sinker, as he unzipped his pants to let his cock out.

“No, I want you nude, completely nude, I get such a rush out of having my man naked while I suck his cock,” she said, pulling his shirt up and over his head.

“Wait Carrie, I--,” he started.

“There there, I’ve been naked in public plenty of times...you’ll love it...remember my first day when I masturbated in school....it was such a rush.”

She then dropped to her knees and urged his ass to lift off of the chair as she removed his jeans and boxers, leaving him nude except for shoes. She then leaned over to remove his sneakers and socks and the athlete was completely naked.

“Oh God Carrie, what if someone comes in,” he asked.

“Then hide, but I don’t think anyone will come in...and if they do, they’ll catch me doing this,” she said, sliding her hot and wet mouth over his engorged member. He groaned and forgot about any inhibitions.

Carrie continued sliding her mouth over his cock, trying to hide her disgust at performing this act on the boy that she despised. She felt dirty and disgusting at the act. Here she was on her bare knees in a public movie theater, sucking the cock of the high school quarterback who dumped her in front of his friends. But she knew why she was doing it.

She knew he was close to cumming and she stopped.

“No hon, don’t stop, please...” he begged. She liked the sound of hearing the boy begging her to do anything.

“Wait Eric, I have to go to the bathroom to take care of some things,” she whispered in a sultry voice in his ear.

“No, just finish and then you can go,” he said in a whiny voice that men have when they need to cum.

She shook her head while undoing one button on her blouse. “Trust me, it will be worth the wait,” she said. “But do me a favor, keep your friend here hard...masturbate while I’m gone.”

“OH God, you are so dirty, what happened to you,” he asked breathlessly.

“I realized what I was missing when you dumped me...now I am willing to do anything to keep you.”

She took the boy’s hand and placed it on his cock and started him pumping his own cock. He got so lost on the act that he did not see her grab his clothes and leave him there in the theater, nude and all alone.

Carrie stuffed his clothes in the trash can, left the theater and gave Bonnie the signal. Bonnie started the infrared video camera that was trained on those seats, capturing the star jock jerking off in an empty theater, completely nude. Wow, she thought as she watched the image on the screen, that boy is built. High school quarterback is pretty hot,s he thought.

Eric could not believe his luck. When Donna, his newest lay, had called to cancel due to a family obligation, he was resolved to a night of jerking off in his room to relieve his frustration. He had called Carrie out of desperation...needing to get laid. When she had suggested this movie in this location, he thought it was the perfect idea...no one would see them together and he knew he could talk the meek girl into letting him fuck her. He had no idea she would get so freaky with him, especially when he planned to never see her again. Her blowjob had caused him to possibly reconsider.

Bonnie got about five minutes of the nude boy jerking off on camera when she stopped the movie and turned the lights on. “PLEASE HEAD DIRECTLY TO THE LOBBY EXITS,” she intoned over the intercom for his theater only. “DO NOT HESITATE...THIS IS AN EMERGENCY.”

The boy jumped to his feet, startled out of his masturbatory haze. He looked for his clothes and could not find any. Shit, Carrie must have taken them. He wondered if she would come right back with them...what if the theatre workers didn’t let her back in. He had to get out, he was a talented football star with a scholarship to look forward to...he couldn’t die in a movie theater fire.

He crept out of the row, with the camera getting a full frontal of the man. He went to the back door of the theater and peeked out. He was surprised that no one was out there running out but the announcement kept coming to evacuate. He pushed the door open and went out into the lobby. The camera caught him as he hustled around the lobby, his cock now soft and bobbing up and down. He went towards the exits and saw a group of teen girls standing there and gawking.

“Shit, that’s Eric Gorbo,” he heard them say.

“Fuck,” he thought, realizing that he had been tricked. He ran back to his movie theater but it was now inexplicably locked. He was now drawing quite a crowd as he walked nude through the lobby.

He gathered his courage and rushed towards the exits, through the group of girls who whistled and woofed at him. One brazen girl reached out and grabbed his hard ass, giggling at his shapely backside.

He pushed through the glass doors out into the parking lot. He cursed Carrie, remembering that she had his keys and wallet with his pants. He moved through the sidewalk next to the theater, trying to ignore the taunts and the catcalls as he went, his hands having no trouble covering his cock, which was now almost shriveled up inside of his balls. But his perfect ass was on total display to everyone who walked or drove past.

He started to walk home, trying to figure out what to do next, when a police officer pulled up. He thought about running but knew in his current condition there was no where to go.

“Eric Gorbo, what the fuck are you doing boy,” the police officer said.

Dismayed at being recognized, he said that he had been robbed and forced to strip...they had taken his clothes and his wallet and keys.

“You mean, the clothes that we found in the trash can in the theater where you were jerking off,” the officer said.

The nude boy was acutely aware that a crowd was gathering around him and the police officers.

“But, I was with my girlfriend,” Eric started, “and we---“

“There is no record of a girlfriend son, in fact, the theater people said you entered alone. And the manager says there is no girl on the tapes. You are under arrest, everything you say can and will be used against you in a court of law.”

The other officer moved in and took the boy’s arm, handcuffing them behind him. Now his cock was on full display and several onlookers, especially the women, pointed and laughed. His normally large penis had shrunk to a minute size from fear and exposure.

He was taken into the police cruiser and brought to the police station. There he was charged with indecent exposure, sexual deviancy in a public location and lying to a police officer.

And the whole thing was videotaped by four laughing teenagers, who wasted no time in getting in on the Internet, thanks to Jimmy Malone.

**The End Part 1**

The next day was largely torture free for Shannon, her first during the four-week punishment period. Even Fr. Haglin, the biology teacher who was so creative in his humiliation of her, was calm, teaching the class as normally as he had before her nude punishment began four weeks ago.

After the humiliation of Gorbo, who was missing from school today, Shannon has gone home with her friend and studied. Of course, she had taken a break to see the magic that Jimmy had worked on the Internet, putting Gorbo’s distress in every location he could find. Of course the news got around school quickly.

The school day was nearly over when she got words that chilled her.

“Shannon, sweetheart,” Miss Edwards said, disturbing the quiet of journal time.

“Mr. Jones would like to see you in his office briefly before you leave.”

She grimaced and the teacher saw the distress in the girl’s face. She had tried to make it easy for the girl, one of her favorite students, but the principal definitely seemed to have it out for Shannon.

“Shannon, why don’t you leave now, grab your stuff from your locker and then meet Mr. Jones,” the woman said smiling. “That way you won’t miss your bus. You can finish your journaling at home alright?”

Shannon returned the smile, glad to have one adult in the school sticking up for her. She put her books away and left the room. She stopped at her locker, grabbed the books she would need, and made her way to the principal’s office.

She pushed through Mrs. Phillip’s outer door just as the bell rang. The woman looked up at her, but this time there was no disgust in her eyes. Instead, there was the first sign of pity, a sight that startled the nude girl.

“Shannon, wait right there please,” the woman said softly. “I’ll tell Mr. Jones that you are here. Leave your bag here with me.”

The girl stood there as usual but Mrs. Phillips said, “feel free to sit dear.” Oh God, she thought, why is this woman being so nice to her. She eased herself into the wooden chairs, thanking the woman for the kindness.

After a moment, Mr. Jones came out of the office and beckoned her to come in. He was surprised to see the girl sitting on the chair and he gave his secretary a dirty look. She pretended to ignore it and he quickly closed the office door.

Shannon was surprised to see Fr. Haglin sitting in one of the office chairs. Because of his presence, she hesitated to fall to her knees and assume her customary position. The principal coughed and moved his head to remind her to kneel and she did, her bare knees sinking into his plush carpet. She wondered if there were now knee marks in this rug after all of her time there.

“Shannon, thank you for coming,” Mr. Jones said. “I hope you learned your lesson in detention yesterday.”

“Yes Mr. Jones, I did,” she said softly, once again feeling subservient to this man.

“Do you want to say anything to Fr. Haglin,” he prompted.

“Um, yes, I guess. Father, I am sorry for speaking so disrespectfully to you yesterday.”

“Apology accepted, especially after what you are about to do tomorrow,” the priest said menacingly.

The girl looked at him questioningly, wondering what she was going to have to do tomorrow.

“You see Shannon, Father Haglin has been working on a physiological experiment for many years and is very close to finishing his work. He just needs a research subject to complete the data and tomorrow you will be the research subject.”

The girl looked startled. “But, Mr. Jones, I never agreed to—“

“Wait a second, you will do what you are told to do, unless you want to remain nude for the next year and a half here Miss Malone. And I can also extend that time here if you continue with your current academic situation.”

Shannon knew that she was being blackmailed. Not only would she be forced to be nude for the next 17 months or so, but she was also going to lose her academic standing. Goodbye Brown, goodbye college scholarship.

“Yes Mr. Jones, I am sorry Sir.”

“Good, then first thing tomorrow, report to my office and we can get you started,” Mr. Jones said. “You may go.”

The girl got to her feet and left the office. Both men were chuckling at her response, knowing that they held her right where they wanted her.

Thursday was another frigid day, but that cold almost seemed not to matter to the nude girl as she waited for the bus. She was lost in her thoughts, oblivious to the scene that she was creating...people honking, men staring, women glaring and boys leering.

As the bus pulled up and the door opened, she got in without thinking, grabbing the front seat. She saw Vince instinctively train the mirror on her bare pussy and she spread her legs as she knew was expected. While she still hated the exposure and wanted nothing more than to go to the back of the bus and hide under a seat, her mind was elsewhere today.

Today was the day when she would be Fr. Haglin’s “research subject.” All she knew was it was a physiological experiment but she had a feeling it would be humiliating.

Before she knew it, the bus was full and they were heading towards school. As usual, she sat alone...for a while Rose, who had suffered from a week’s nude punishment, had sat with her, but soon she tired of the attention given to the nude girl and moved back with her friends. Sometimes Shannon felt so alone but today she was glad not to have to make conversation.

She waited for the entire bus to unload, per Vince’s orders, and then got off into the cold winter day. She was glad that she was only outside for a few seconds before getting into the school building.

She hadn’t even brought her book bag to school, knowing that she was to be subjected to humiliation at the hands of the priest. Besides Mr. Jones, he had been the most brutal person to her and she feared him the most.

Shannon walked up the steps and went right into the principal’s office, eager to get this awful day over with.

“Ah Shannon, I do like a girl that is prompt,” Fr. Haglin said. “Come with me.”

The priest led her back out into the hallway and proceeding to the auditorium where this whole mess had started more than three weeks ago. He walked down the side aisle, motioning her along, and up the steps onto the stage. She gulped, figuring that this meant she would be on display in front of someone today.

“Come on Shannon, come behind the curtain to our point of experiment.”

She eased past the priest, who was holding the curtain aside for her. She gasped when she saw a frame, roughly six feet high. The top bar held two cuffs at each extreme...then there was a small seat with two large penis shaped things sticking out of it and a place for two cuffs near her feet, also at each end of the frame.

“What is this for,” she asked, moving away from the frame.

“This is our experiment. Come and I can set you into it for the day.”

“No, please Father Haglin, I can’t.”

“Miss Malone, we have been over this. If you refuse this, you fail Biology for the year and goodbye Brown. And I am sure that Mr. Jones will find some reason to keep you naked for the next 17 months. Come on, it’s for science.”

The girl knew she had no choice and moved towards the hideous looking machine.

She felt Fr. Haglin lead her into position over the large dildos on the seat.

“I have poured a generous amount of lubrication on these so they will enter you easily.”

The girl hesitated but allowed the man to ease the dildo into her bare pussy, causing her to shiver. In a few seconds, the plastic filled her completely and her lips were resting on the smooth surface of the seat.

She felt the priest’s hands on her shoulders, leaning her forward so that he could maneuver her anus so it was in line with the other dildo...suddenly she felt the plastic in that virgin territory and cried out...but within seconds she was completely filled.

“Now, to inflate them further so they do not slip out,” Fr. Haglin said. She felt the two penises begin to get larger inside of her, she grunted in the pain at the stretching of these two sensitive organs and at the strange feeling in her anus.

“Good, squirm around, try and dislodge the dildos,” he said to her. That was no problem...the girl desperately wanted to be rid of these dildos but all that she did was irritate her innards and she cried in despair.

She felt Fr. Haglin take her wrists and attach them above her head, strapping her in. He then did the same for her ankles, leaving her completely on display and vulnerable, unable to cover any part of her and unable to move. He then attached a suction cup like object to each of her breasts, causing her to stifle a cry.

“Excellent. Now, for the final piece,” he said, putting a long, cock like thing near her mouth. “Open wide,” he said, twisting her nipple, causing her to scream out in pain and shock, enough time for him to stuff the cock gag into her mouth and seal her voice inside.

“Alright, the students should be here in a few minutes. Enjoy your last bit of peace for the day.”

If this was going to peace today, she cringed at thinking what was coming next. How could being attached to this awful contraption be peaceful. Then she heard the sounds of her schoolmates filling the auditorium and she closed her eyes, disbelieving that she could be brought to a lower form of life than she had before...even she did not think it could get worse but this definitely was.

Finally she heard the voice of Fr. Haglin calling everyone to order.

“Ladies and gentlemen, thank you for taking time out of your first-period classes to join us here for a bit of a science lesson. As some of you may know, but most of you do not, I have been working on the physiological study of the female body...I have been trying to determine the physical capacity for a woman to experience pleasure. Is there a limit to how many orgasms a woman can have in a certain time?”

Shannon closed her eyes, now aware of what he was going to do to her. He was going to make her cum in front of the entire school.

“Open the curtain please,” he said aloud. She looked up, tears filling her eyes, and saw the fabric parting. Within a few seconds, she saw the stunned faces of her classmates, who had been through a lot in the last few weeks but never expected to see Shannon so exposed and so open and vulnerable.

“Miss Malone is going to serve as our research study. She will give me an idea of how many orgasms a woman can experience.”

He came near her and pushed her frame closer to the front of the stage. Now she was a mere few feet away from the front row of students and she wanted to curl up and die.

“This is a remote control and it will cause the vibrating dildos inside of her to shake,” he said, to the titters of the classes gathered before him. “Now, now, this is serious science. Shannon will be providing a serious scientific contribution here today.”

“I will put the dildos at a moderate level so that we can measure the results.”

Shannon saw him turn a knob on the control and she felt the dildo in her pussy begin to hum. She moaned, despite herself, as the dildo hit all of the right places, including the front wall of her inside which was that special spot that she touched when she masturbated. Within a few seconds, the one in her ass started going, causing the interior wall between the two dildos to shake violently. Then the suction on her tits began and she was delirious.

Shannon’s body responded despite itself...she wanted to scream out in agony but the gag kept her quiet...”OH GOD NO!!” Her body shook in ecstasy and she came in a violent but brief orgasm as Fr. Haglin stopped the remote.

“There, that was orgasm number one...this counter will keep track of her contractions, etc. This is a study that began at Campbell-Frank College in Vermont and perfected at the Chalfont Institute. There an extraordinary young woman named Tami Smithers has had more than 200 orgasms in one session...I wonder if we can match that here at St. Mark’s. If we can, I can write up our study and submit it to major scientific journals.”

In her post-orgasmic haze, Shannon did not really register the amount of orgasms Fr. Haglin expected of her. When it registered she really began sobbing...if one orgasm felt like this, she doubted she could handle more than 200.

“Now, each of you will be able to use this remote control today. Pass it through the aisles...you may leave and return to your classroom when the counter registers an orgasm.”

Shannon saw that there were roughly 25 or so students in the auditorium. Then she recognized most of them from her first-period biology class. The remote was passed to the first student, a girl, who tentatively turned the knob a bit. Shannon felt the dildos come to life and groaned...but the velocity was nothing compared to what she felt before, more like a dull touch inside of her. She was on edge and needed to cum again, despite the humiliation of it all.

She cried out from beneath her gag, asking for it to go faster without knowing why she was asking for it. The girl, not realizing what was being said by the nude subject, moved it higher on instinct and was rewarded by a loud moan by the subject. Within a few seconds, Shannon’s flat stomach was heaving in and out, her tits were shaking and she was cumming for the second time.

It went on and on like this for nearly an hour...there was no let up for the sweaty naked girl as all 25 of her biology classmates (save Eric Gorbo who had his own troubles right now) used the remote and brought her to orgasm. By the time the bell rang, the counter read 26 and the girl was reduced to a quivering mess of naked flesh. The boy who had used her last had left the remote on high and now Shannon experienced another orgasm, unwatched except by the counter and the unseen video camera mounted at the foot of the stage. Shannon was desperate, she wanted this to end now but had no way of doing that...her body responded anyway and she screamed through the gag as another orgasm pulsed through her, giving her 28.

By now, a second class, this one a mixture of seniors from a physics class and another junior biology class, came into the auditorium. Mr. Jones took the remote and smirked when he saw the dials still tuned to high...he was about to lessen it when he noticed the bucking student quivering again, this time through orgasm number 29.

Finally, mercifully, he turned the knobs off and for the first time in an hour, the dildos and suction cups were still. Shannon’s body, used to the constant motion, still buzzed and she inexplicably had another unwanted orgasm.

30.

“Well class, let me run you through out experiment,” Fr. Haglin said. But Shannon was lost in a haze of pain and humiliation. There was no pleasure in her orgasms, just physical reactions to the intense stimulation.

Fr. Haglin led her to her 31st orgasm and then left her in the classes’ hands. One after another, the students tormented her and soon her counter read 69 and the class was still half full.

By now, Shannon’s brain had pretty much shut down...she was oblivious to anything but the constant buzzing in her nether regions and the suction on her breasts. She was so out of it that she did not hear the sound of a man running into the room, demanding to know the meaning of this. She heard two voices yelling near the front of the stage and the buzzing get stronger. She yelled out as the dial reached maximum velocity for the first time and she had multiple orgasms, one after another.

That’s when she passed out. When she came to, she saw the face of her father, looking extremely concerned. Next to him was Carrie...she wondered if she had dreamed it but then felt the things still inside of her and her wrists still attached to the frame.

The gag came out first and she screamed...her jaw had been in the position for a while and she had bit down on the gag during the orgasms so her jaw was locked in the position.

“Carrie, can you work on getting those things out of her while I get her wrists and ankles undone.”

She was so humiliated at having her father see her like this. When she found her voice she cried out to him. “Daddy, I am so sorrr-uhhhhh!!!--that yyyyyou have to sssssee me like thisssss---AAAAHHHHH!!”

The counter spun to two more orgasms, bringing her to 101 orgasms in just under two hours. The girl was mortified that she had been forced to cum two more times with her father and best friend just inches away. But Jack Malone just looked at her with compassion and quieted her.

“Shh, sweetheart, everything’s fine. You are not at fault here. I am sorry that you had to go through this.”

She felt the blessed relief in her shoulders as her father undid the straps holding her wrists above her. She cried out in pain as Carrie deflated the anal dildo and her battered skin started to get back to closer to its normal size as she pulled it out. The same with the front...Carrie was scared to see Shannon’s vagina still quivering, despite the remote control being turned off and the dildo pulled out.

As Jack Malone undid the straps holding his daughter’s ankles, tears formed in his eyes. He saw the bruises and red marks there and on her wrists and he knew that she had struggled the entire time. He always had trouble seeing her nude, but could not bear to look at her in the current state. He heard her moan as Carrie undid the suction cups on her breasts and Jack saw how red and ugly the girl’s perfectly breasts had become. He wondered what would have happened if they had continued all day as planned.

Now that she was completely undone, Jack pulled his daughter to him and hugged her softly, not wanting to hurt her but wanting her to feel loved. She started crying again, as if the floodgates had reopened after the daze. He then lifted her into his arms and carried her out of the school and home, away from the monsters who did this to her.

**The End Part 2**

Somewhere during the walk to the car, Shannon passed out. The ordeal had taken every last stitch of energy the poor girl had left and she was unable to process all that had been done to her in the last two hours.

When she woke up, she was in a daze. Was it all a dream? She noticed she was still naked in her bed and wondered if it had all happened. But when she moved her legs, she felt the pain in her crotch and then her breasts and knew that the nightmare had indeed been real.

She didn’t open her eyes. She wondered if this was going to change anything? After all, she was still nude? Did her father really intend for the nude punishment and everything that went along with it would remain in place despite the hell that she had been put through?

Finally she looked around and was surprised to see that she was not alone. Carrie was sitting at her desk, wearing the uniform that every girl in the school but Shannon wears. Carrie was writing on a tablet and hadn’t noticed her friend’s stirrings.

“Oh God, I feel like shit,” Shannon groaned. Carrie leaped out of the car and rushed to Shannon’s bedside.

“Jesus Shan, I thought you were gone for good. Are you in terrible pain?”

The girl tried to sit up but could not at first. Then, with Carrie’s help, she was able to get into a sitting position, her bare breasts peeking out from beneath the blanket as she did. The modesty took over and she lifted the blanket and immediately cringed...her nipples and the tips of her mounds were still sore from the suction.

“What happened?”

“Well, once you feel up to it, maybe we can bring you downstairs and we can all talk about it. I think Jones and Haglin went a little too far this time.”

Shannon looked at her friend and smiled. “You think?”

The two girls laughed, Shannon feeling a bit more with it.

“I feel like there was someone punching the inside of my pussy over and over again...it’s just so sore...I can’t explain it.”

“Yeah, I can’t even imagine.”

As the two girls talked, there was a soft knock at the door.

“Come in,” Shannon said softly.

She saw the head of her father peeking in, followed by Colleen.

“Honey, I am so sorry this happened to you,” Jack Malone said. “We feel so terrible.”

“Dad, I know.”

“Well, why don’t you get dressed and come downstairs for some hot chocolate and lunch. We can discuss some things there.”

Shannon’s face lit up at hearing him tell her to “get dressed.” It had been weeks since she had last worn real clothes.

“OK Dad, sounds good. But where are my clothes?”

“Right here,” Carrie said, opening the closet and drawers. All of her clothes were back where they had been three weeks ago, before her nude punishment.

“God, how long was I out,” she said, tears of joy streaming down her face.

“Well, we’ll go and give you some privacy. Come on down when you are ready.”

Shannon’s face was brightened by the first true smile she had worn in weeks. Not only clothes, but she had privacy back. They were two things that every teenage girl cherishes.

Her Dad and Colleen left the room and closed the door, leaving Shannon and Carrie alone.

“Do you want me to leave too, so you can be alone for a few minutes,” Carrie asked.

Shannon shook her head. “No, there have been way too many times when I have felt alone these last few weeks. You have been the only person there for me every step of the way.”

Carrie helped Shannon to her feet and the nude girl was wobbly for a few seconds. She seemed to get her footing back and walked over to the closet. She eyed the clothes, touching her dresses and skirts, feeling her sweaters and jeans...this was heaven! She hoped that this wasn’t a dream and her living nightmare would begin again.

“I just want to wear some sweatpants and a fluffy sweatshirt! I want to be WARM!!”

The two girls rooted around until they found what she wanted...soft grey sweatpants and a warm sweatshirt that they got when they visited Brown. Carrie pulled out a bra and knickers and placed them on the bed.

“Well, what do you think,” Carrie asked. Shannon was surprised at how difficult this all seemed. Wearing clothes was so natural to every other person but it had been three weeks and it seemed weird to be putting them on.

“I don’t think I can handle a bra right now, my boobs are killing me,” the nude girl said. “But I want knickers so bad.”

She reached for the small ball of fabric, white cotton bikinis, and slowly stepped into the them. It was almost like a stripper but in reverse as she slowly, joyously, pulled them up her long, shapely legs and then covered her bare pussy. She gasped at the feel, especially against her lips which were now so sensitive. But then she stood up, the first layer accomplished, a feeling that she had won over the enemy.

“Oh Christ, this feels so nice,” she said. The two girls laughed, knowing how strange it was for a teenage girl to be rejoicing over wearing knickers. Everyone else just took it for granted...in fact some girls they knew went without them on purpose. But just the feeling of having an intimate part of her anatomy covered for the first time in weeks was enough to make her day.

“Carrie, I’m sorry...I hope you don’t think I am rubbing it in,” Shannon said, remembering that her friend was still bottomless because of a recent punishment.

Carrie smiled and lifted her skirt to reveal a tight pair of yellow knickers. “I stole a pair of your while you slept. Fuck Jones and his rules!”

The two hugged, Shannon not minding the press of the fabric of Carrie’s uniform against her breasts.

“Now, the shirt and covering...oh Thank GOD!” The girl slipped her arms through and pulled the shirt over her head and down her torso. She winced a bit as it passed her breasts but the material was soft enough and the shirt was big enough that it wasn’t bad for long.

“This feels so good, I can’t even begin to tell you,” she said, her eyes closed in joy.

“Trust me, I know the feeling, remember,” Carrie responded.

She sat down to begin the unfamiliar process of pulling the sweatpants on. The feel of material against her legs was now completely foreign to her, but it was a feeling that she was going to love getting used to again. She put ankle socks on her feet and stood up. The mirror on her door presented an odd reflection to her...instead of seeing her bare breasts, hairless slit and nude body, she was wearing soft and comfortable clothes. For the first time in three weeks, she was a normal girl again.

Shannon sat in the kitchen chair, luxuriating in the clothing that she had been denied for so long. She had her knees pulled tight against her body for warmth and was sipping a steaming cup of hot chocolate.

She and Carrie sat there with Jack and Colleen Malone. They were each waiting for the right time to speak. Lunch had been quiet...each knew what the other had been through. Shannon’s distress was obvious...the intense forced orgasms had humiliated her and hurt. Carrie had felt terrible about seeing her friend in the situation but her pain was nothing compared to the hurt and guilt racking Shannon’s father. He had agreed to this punishment and had actually carried it forth with great force. He now had to admit that he had a hand in this terrible ordeal his daughter had been subjected to.

Finally with lunch out of the way and hot chocolate being served, Jack Malone started.

“Shannon, I think I speak for Colleen here when I say how truly sorry we are that this ever happened,” he said softly, his voice filling with emotion. “I was uncomfortable with this whole nude punishment from the start but I allowed them to convince me it was best for you. But that’s not their fault...I am your father and should have known better. I am terribly sorry.”

“Yes Shannon, we should have seen the awful effect it was having on you, but we turned a blind eye to it because we thought we were doing the right thing,” Colleen added. “Now we know how awful it was.”

Shannon seemed as if her body was filled with tears as more flowed out of her, down her cheeks and staining the sweatshirt. She was crying tears of relief, forgiveness and pain at the memory of her innocence lost.

“Dad, Colleen, I forgive you. I know they tricked you into this and you had no way of knowing what they were doing.”

The body language and mood of the room shifted a bit as the young girl made everyone at ease.

“Dad, how did you know what was going on,” she asked.

“Well, once Carrie called me, I knew I had to get there,” Jack answered.

“Carrie called,” she asked, looking at her best friend.

“Yeah, I heard about the experiment in the hallway after first period. I ran and saw what how they had you tied and knew it was awful. I saw you spasming from an orgasm and knew what they were saying was true. I saw the counter read 30 and ran to the phone. I had to call information to get you dad’s work number and then I called.”

“You are such a good friend,” Shannon said, smiling and crying at the same time.

Her tears became contagious as her friend started to tear up.

This led the two teens to tell Jack and Colleen everything that had happened over the last three weeks, from the visit to the mall, the biology experiments, art lessons, car wash, carnival and more. Shannon shared about her experiences with Mr. Firgus, Vince the bus driver, the police officers and Carl the maintenance man. The two adults sat there spellbound, their mouth agape in disbelief.

“How could this have gone on without us knowing,” her father asked.

“How did you guys stand this torture for so long,” Colleen asked.

Both girls shrugged. “What choice did we have,” Carrie said. “If we wanted to stay in school, we had to follow their punishments there and if we wanted a place to live, we have to follow the punishments at home. All we could do was survive it.”

Quiet ensued as the two adults realized how right the girl was.

“And we had each other,” Carrie continued, putting her arm around Shannon’s neck. “That was enough for me most of the time.”

**EPILOGOUE**

After the talk with the two girls, Jack Malone sprung into action. He called the school’s Board of Trustees, asking for an immediate meeting. While Shannon was a bit embarrassed at having to rehash everything again, she knew the greater good of ending this nude punishment outweighed it all.

The Board acted immediately...with grave results for some of the characters. Once copies of the videotapes was found in Mr. Jones’ office, many people had some explaining to do.

**ERIC GORBO**

The tape of the boy digitally raping Shannon during her first week of punishment was sent to the police and sexual assault was added to the charges he was already facing. Once word of the rape and the other indecency charges reached Miami, the football scholarship was revoked and no other school came forward.

Eric’s lawyers worked out a deal where he would serve one year of intense community service...because of the nature of his crimes, he was sentenced to nude physical labor. So every day for a year, he was there with the rest of the chain gang, picking up litter alongside the highway, painting municipal buildings, mowing grass, shoveling snow, etc., all while completely naked.

When the news spread, girls throughout the area would flock to find where the prisoners were working...all wanting a peek of the boy’s hard body and naked cock. After all, his Internet movie was now world famous.

Eric survived this humiliation and degradation. After a year, he tried to find work, but few places would hire him after his history. Finally, he found a job working as a towel boy in the local gym.

**MR. FIRGUS**

Jack Malone confronted his old neighbor, who quickly apologized, arguing that his sexual desires got the better of him. He did point out that he would have never physically harmed Shannon in any way. While this was probably true, Jack was unwilling to accept him living across the street.

Firgus resigned from his job as director of the sexual deviants unit at the local psychiatric hospital and sold his house, moving to an over-55 active retired community. There would be no young girls for him to humiliate, a fact that saddened him after nearly 60 years of doing it for work and pleasure.

As a final gesture of thanks to Shannon and Jack for all they had done for him, he dropped an envelope into their mailbox. It was a check for $50,000 made payable to Shannon Malone, with the words “College Fund” written in the memo field.

**VINCE THE BUS DRIVER**

Once word got back to the bus company that Vince, while not breaking any laws, had contributed to the humiliation and degradation of the naked students, he was removed from the school bus route after more than a decade of service. He was assigned a route where he would be less tempted...driving groups of senior citizens from the local retirement community, ironically the same one where Firgus lived. Now, instead of driving fresh young bodies to school, Vince lugged old women and men to the mall, supermarket, church, bingo, etc.

Once in a while, Vince and Firgus discuss the old times and the girls they used to ogle. Usually reminiscing while waiting outside of the local deli for the senior ladies to return.

**BARBARA KELLY**

The gym teacher was given a severe reprimand and a one-year suspension from teaching after her particularly dastardly treatment of Shannon. The only thing that saved her job was Shannon, who spoke out about the kindness that Miss Kelly had shown her at times. Because of this, the gym teacher was suspended with pay and her position was held for her during her year away.

Barbara felt awful afterwards and wrote Shannon, begging for the girl’s forgiveness. Shannon was having a particularly awful day, especially since her pubic hair, which Miss Kelly had forced her to shave, was coming in and causing her awful itching and irritation. But Shannon saw through her own discomfort and wrote a nice letter of forgiveness back to her former tormentor.

**MR. KELLY**

The disciplinarian was given a letter of reprimand for carrying out the orders that had been laid out by Mr. Jones. Shannon testified that Mr. Kelly had never done anything inappropriate to her, but the school board found that his actions were malicious anyway. Mr. Kelly was allowed to keep his job though and the students noticed a definite difference in his demeanor.

**MISS EDWARDS**

The English teacher, who had always felt bad about the school’s treatment of Shannon and had lodged several complaints to the Mr. Jones, came to see the girl the day of the final punishment. She said she was terribly sorry that she hadn’t done more to stop the craziness and would always feel bad about what had happened. Shannon, of course, set the woman’s mind at ease, thanking her for the hugs and attention, but most of all for the kindness she had shown, the only kind she had received from any adult at the school.

Miss Edwards also went to the school board, backing up Shannon and Carrie’s claims. It was all the collaboration needed to convince the board that Jones was in the wrong. The woman was given the task of taking over as principal on an interim basis...at the end of the year, with the full support of the students, parents and faculty, she was named the permanent principal of St. Mark’s.

Of course, her first task as interim principal was to eliminate naked punishments and humiliations. Her memo read: “no matter what, students must be treated with the respect they deserve. Stripping them of their clothes, and therefore their dignity, does not stay within the boundaries of decency that any school should.”

**MRS. PHILLIPS**

The principal’s secretary assumed that she would be sent out after Mr. Jones was no longer the principal. She had eagerly joined in with the man in the humiliation of Shannon, delighting in putting the girl down. But it was her change of heart after hearing about the “experiment” that saved her job. Shannon remembered the kindness and concern and accepted the apology letter sent to her by the woman. Miss Edwards decided to keep the woman on, as long as her attitude towards the students changed. It did and she enjoyed a long and happy career working under Miss Edwards.

**FR. HAGLIN**

Desperately trying to avoid another black eye on the Catholic Church, the powers of the order in which he belonged begged the Malone’s to please keep the situation with Fr. Haglin quiet. They promised retribution and transfer of the man. Jack looked to Shannon for her approval and quickly got it...the girl wanted nothing to do with publicity.

Fr. Haglin was assigned to a segment of the order that lived in the mountainous region of Canada. There the priests lived a monastical life, shunning all creature comforts, including clothes. Shannon received an anonymous envelope in the mail, showing the priest struggling to plow a field using animals and ancient tools...and of course the girl had to smile as she saw the exertion on the man’s face and body as he did so in the frigid temperatures while being nude and barefoot.

**MR. JONES**

The principal knew his time was up when Jack Malone stormed into the school and carried his nude and battered daughter out of the school that day. Why he didn’t destroy the hours of videotape that he had collected of the nude punishments and humiliations was a question on most people’s minds.

He was quickly removed from his office, given indefinite leave of absence while the case was heard. While he was found guilty of misbehavior, etc, no one could find serious criminal behavior by the man. While he had certainly gone beyond the moral law of his job, he had not broken any of man’s laws. He had been smart enough to maintain enough distance to each humiliation so that he was following the letter of the law set down by the school board...until Fr. Haglin’s experiment, which he blamed on the priest entirely.

However, his abuse of power was more than sufficient for the school board to remove him as principal. But, he had received tenure the previous year, making it impossible to get rid of him. The school board provided him the opportunity to stay with the school but he was allowed no authoritative role in the school. Miss Edwards named him director of audio/visual services, basically making him the guy who teachers came to for requests such as VCRs, DVDs, TVs, etc. He was allowed to continue employed at St. Mark’s as long as he was never seen talking or interacting with a student except when the need arose as part of his job...i.e., a student needing equipment, etc.

The school board also added a caveat...he could stay employed as long as he followed the strict dress code imposed on just him. Therefore, the man earned nearly $80,000 as the naked AV guy, walking the halls of the school, his bare feet slapping against the cold tile while he delivered the equipment to each classroom. The students laughed and pointed when they saw his flabby belly and butt and his shriveled dick roaming through the halls. They tortured the man, calling him names and playing tricks on him. Jones put up with it, knowing that he would be unable to find work elsewhere, especially not making the money he was. So every day, he was forced to feel the way he had made Shannon, Carrie and the other nude students feel...inferior and alone.

The first day he had been forced to strip had been dreadful...Miss Edwards had called a special assembly and then called him up. The students were shocked as the man slid off his suit coat and then removed his tie. He kicked off his shoes and socks before nervously removing his shirt and pants. The giggles from the crowd of students and teachers was overwhelming as he stood there in a tank undershirt and boxers, his cock now rock hard and pointing out of the fly. There were people pointing at him and he was humiliated.

“Alright Mr. Jones, I think you should know that your disrobing is not complete...please finish and put your clothes in this bag.”

The man pulled off his undershirt, revealing a bigger belly than most people thought he had. He then lowered the boxers and stood completely bare before the school, the place where he had once ruled with an iron fist. Now he was reduced to nothing.

From the wings, Shannon and Carrie enjoyed the show. They shuddered at the memory of their first stripping here in this room, but both were glad that the principal was getting his. They were also happy to see that the man was forced to stay naked during his drive to work and had to arrive at school and leave the building nude, just as they had. Turnabout is fair play Mr. Jones, they thought.

**CARRIE**

The girl, who had been so painfully shy and quiet before and during the nude punishment, came completely out of her shell. She became an outspoken advocate for the rights of women and girls, especially within the Catholic Church. She volunteered at a local battered women’s shelter and started a phone line at school where girls could call if they were in some trouble. She figured that she and Shannon could have used a place like that when they were in their lowest moments.

Carrie, who had always dreamed of going to NYU and pursuing acting, instead decided on Brown. There she could still study acting and theatre while also keeping her hand in counseling, something to fall back on...it was a win-win situation, she figured since she loved doing both things!

She and Craig stayed together all through college. Craig went to school in nearby Kingston, enrolling at the University of Rhode Island. The two became inseparable, sealed by the fact that Craig was there for her when she was at her lowest. A wedding is tentatively scheduled for June 2007, the summer after they will graduate with Bachelor’s degrees.

**SHANNON**

While the physical pain and abuse healed quickly, the psychological and spiritual damage done to the girl would always be known as nude Shannon was slow to heal. Despite the fact that her schoolmates supported her, she could never get beyond the fact that everyone there had seen her completely nude and humiliated. She felt that everyone of them was undressing her in their mind, seeing her nude body the way it had been before, not as it was now, covered by the uniform of her school that every girl wore.

She had been surprised to learn that she was the choice to be senior class president since she had not run. A covert write-in campaign had been set up and she had beaten the real candidates by 2 to 1. But she never got to serve in the office as she never returned to St. Mark’s.

That summer, she begged her father to send her to another school, any place but St. Mark’s. When pressed for a reason, she broke down in sobs, telling her father all of her fears and feelings. He needed to hear no more and quickly agreed.

He and Colleen accompanied Shannon on a tour of private girls schools in the area. She decided on Our Lady of Grace after meeting with some of the teachers and students. Jack and Colleen discussed Shannon’s case with the principal who agreed to keep it quiet. They decided she was in good hands and immediately signed her up. Shannon used some of the money from Mr. Firgus to pay the extra tuition...though her father told her that he was willing to pay for it, the girl wanted to do this herself for herself.

Shannon tearfully shared the news with Carrie. Though the two were saddened at the thought they would be apart, both knew this was the only way. While Carrie had gotten beyond her punishment and grown, she knew that Shannon’s exposure and humiliation had been far worse and longer. She yearned to have her old friend back, not this shell that had been in Shannon’s body for the past few months.

The new school was exactly the thing that Shannon needed. Her self-esteem returned and her grades, which had slipped a little during and after her nude three weeks, skyrocketed. In just a few weeks at OLG, she was at the top of the class and one of the most popular girls in the school.

In addition, her basketball skills had earned more notice. Instead of concentrating on her nudity, coaches saw her as the player she truly was. The end of the St. Mark’s season last year had seen her lead the team to the playoffs and earn all-conference status. At Our Lady of Grace, she led the squad to a berth in the state championship game, the school’s first. That earned the attention of several coaches, including the woman at Brown who, after also seeing her grades, offered the girl a full financial aid package to attend the prestigious Ivy League school.

At Brown, she lived with Carrie, best friends reunited. The only time that Shannon set foot on St. Mark’s grounds was to see her friend graduate on the football field. She was filled with pride but also cried at the thoughts of what might have been.

As for Mark, he never stopped loving and supporting her, even during those dark days. He had stood with her when she was nude, when she was depressed and angry immediately after the punishment and when she transferred schools. He had accompanied her to every dance and formal that Our Lady of Grace had and she had been his date at the formal proms and dances at the Academy. She had been proud to see him graduate from high school and was glad to know that he had chosen to go to school at Providence College in Rhode Island, choosing to be closer to her once she went to Brown. That was his signal to her that he intended them to be together for a long time.

He had proposed to her the night of her graduation party. While she cried and thanked him for the honor, she declined. “Mark, I love you so much, but I need to take care of myself for a while first. Let’s keep things the way they are and then reconsider later.”

Mark understood and the two continued on as lovers and friends.

As Shannon wrote in her journal that night she got her clothes back: “They thought they had beaten me, that my nudity revealed all of me to them. But they were wrong...I was naked, but part of me was hidden. I can’t wait to find that part of me again, to make up for all that they did to her. Now I can just be me.”