**Unlucky You**

by Jozza

**Unlucky You - Part 1**

You can barely move. Your stomach feels uncomfortable pressed against the bench, and your knee’s are digging in painfully to the changing room’s floor. Your back is also hurting; Tilly doesn’t weigh a lot, but when she’s sitting on you..well she does then. You wonder how you got in this position. You were just about to get changed after P.E. at college (after a “fun” lesson playing volleyball). The teacher had left early to go and help another teacher with something apparently, so your class had been left alone to get changed, because you were all “responsible”. Well this wasn’t very responsible was it? Every girl was currently laughing at you, completely immobile, with Tilly lightly slapping your bum to try and get a laugh. You had been about to start changing when she jumped at you from behind. This was one of those old fashioned changing rooms, with no lockers as such, but brown benches around the room, and one row in the middle of the room, which of course you were on today. You weren’t embarrassed about your body or getting changed in front of other girls, but whoever was on that middle row was more likely to pranked – and here was your proof! You squirm a little uncomfortably as Tilly stops patting your cheeks and instead softly squeezes them. You’ve always been “cool” with Tilly, never best buddies but alright. However, you’ve always guessed she’s slightly jealous of your looks. It was only the odd throwaway comment here or there, but you’ve noticed. Now she using this opportunity is her chance to get one up on you. Fair enough, you think, as long as this stops here. Nothing more right? You feel her re-adjust herself on you, and speak to the other girls in the room, none of who had started to change out of their sports kits. They all had their eyes on you. “Having fun down there?” Your struggling to speak properly, in your awkward position crouched on the bench, so you just grunt a muffled “no”, which is greeted by laugher. “Well it’s a laugh up here baby” she chuckled. “What should we do to you? Any idea’s girls?” You can’t quite hear everything that is said, but you get enough to make your heart sink. People were shouting stuff like “Let’s draw on her”, “Photo’s with her bum” and “Throw her in the showers”. And you thought these people were your friends! After lots of deliberating, you felt Tilly lift her arms off your butt and silence the now baying crowd. She beckoned for a girl with a camera to come over, and take pictures with various girls posing beside your bottom in the air. You felt so exposed and powerless, crouching in this awkward position. There was nothing obviously horrible about this you felt, but it didn’t feel right. Your bottom wasn’t a prop for a photo! Plus, you knew some of these would get sent around, and that would be embarrassing. The girls got more and more daring with each photo. At first they would just point to your behind, but then they started to touch it. It was currently protected by a pair of black, tight lycra shorts, and some of the girls started to lightly pinch the material and stretch it out as part of their pose. It only hurt a little bit, but it made you wiggle your butt, meaning everyone laughed at you again. The whole time your face (which thankfully wasn’t being photographed) was getting redder and redder. This extended embarrassment hadn’t happened to anyone else before, why you? You know should act cool, then this would end soon right? They’d get bored surely? The next girl to have her photo taken was Jemma. She was always a show off, and walked up to you saying she was going to cause your bum to “move like an earthquake”. What did that even mean, you pondered? She quickly crouched down and grabbed a handful of lycra with her hand, indirectly causing you a small wedgie. You lurched a little bit forward in shock, feeling your bum wiggle around, and even louder laughter. You felt the bottom of your cheeks exposed, which made you shudder for some reason. You felt quite delicate at that moment. Suddenly the flash went off, and you realised the image would be now forever permanent. A couple of girls noticed your discomfort too, loudly telling the group. Tilly, still on your back, looked down, and in her first act of goodness, softly mentioned how that you needed it “picking”, and promptly pulled the fabric back over your full behind. For a second, you feel relieved. However, this act was met with the sound of booing, and Tilly, forever the showman, seductively asked the crowd what they wanted to happen. You hear a collective sound of “Wedgie!”, and feel her fingertips slowly move around the waistband of your shorts. “How hard guys?” Tilly wryly enquired. She was met with the sharp shrill sounds of “Riiiiip em”. You couldn’t believe this, and start to writhe around in a desperate bid to escape, as you feel Tilly’s fingertips touching your soft skin. You try and shake, to dislodge her, stop this before it gets any worse, but your too weak to get her off your back. Suddenly you feel the lycra sky rocket away from your body. Tilly violently pulls it upwards, and your whole body momentarily lurches forward with the force. The girls cheer at your discomfort. For the next thirty seconds or so, Tilly keep’s pulling. The wedgie hurts, but your more bothered at the fact that you are the laughing stock of the whole room. Tilly grabs onto the leg holes that have appeared, trying to rip your black shorts in half. Your legs momentarily leave the floor, but she’s not strong enough for that, but this was resulted in a new embarrassment. You feel 30 sets of eyes look down, passed the lycra, and onto your newly exposed knickers. The shorts have literally been wedged into your knickers, the top of them reaching your lower back, the bottom of the shorts was now more of a thong shape.Tilly stops pulling, and points this out to everyone. “Look guys, we can see her underwear” was greeted by shouts of laughter. You now have a bad feeling in your stomach. This could get ugly. “I suppose we should get a better look right?”. Even though everyone would have seen it anyway (when you were changing) , it was humiliating having Tilly slowly pull your own shorts back down your back, back over your bum, and then down your smooth legs to your knee’s, showing everyone your cute grey bikini panties. You could feel so many eyes staring down at you, taking in the full detail, all the intricate black lace trim at the top. The room was now bursting full with laughter, as everyone ogled at your unfortunate position. This was a uniquely embarrassing situation. You want to die. Anything to escape this! You felt a camera flash, and wonder just how much of a fool you must look in the photo. “Guys, should we strip her now?” Tilly evilly cackled to the sounds of more cheering. You can’t believe it. How is this happening? Your friends have turned into a mob! You didn’t want to be stripped, your face now a beet root red. You know struggling is useless, but your try to shout at them to stop, before it gets serious. No one can hear you though, or is even paying attention to your feelings right now. You feel her move further back on your spine, towards your neck. Two other girls come and lift your legs in the air, and slip off your once tight lycra shorts. You body tingles in fear as you feel them brush off your feet. You wonder how long it will be before you get your shorts back? You’re now naked from the waist below apart from your thin panties, the light grey cotton shining in the light. Tilly grabs hold of the bottom of your white polo shirt, slowly peeling it back towards your neck, revealing more and more skin to the crowd. Soon the bottom of your white bra is revealed. Tilly has to stand up off you to pull the top over your head and off you, leaving you in just your underwear. You briefly shiver for a moment, as everyone takes in your body, now only protected from full exposure by two thin pieces of underwear. You feel various hands grab hold of your limbs, lifting you up out of your odd crouching position, and laying you out along the bench. It’s as if you don’t have any free will, your every movement is now in their control. You are truly at their mercy. You lie there, faced down, bottom still in the air, wondering what’s going to happen next. There’s a couple more camera flashes, is people comment on your fancy underwear. You had dressed in knickers that most of the other girls probably wouldn’t dream of wearing, and maybe you were about to pay for it. Tilly makes the girls stand you up (“It’s to show off the front!”). As you turn to face all 30 of your tormenters, you suddenly have the overwhelming urge to cover up. The feeling of knowing that everyone was looking at your breasts hiding behind the lace in your bra was disturbing. You are reminded that there’s bound to be at least one or two girls with lesbian tendencies in this room too. However, the girls hold on to your arms tightly, lifting them above your head so you feel even more exposed. Tilly turns to the animals that now make your class, and says one word, that confounds your doom. “Bra?” Everyone loudly agrees, and you can see some girls lean forward in anticipation. This had gone from being a little bit embarrassing to downright scary you thought. You were standing up in the middle of your changing room in your undies, and about to probably be naked, in front of 30 of your peers and 1 camera about to document your shame. This is now both an exciting and damn right painful situation to be stuck in. You were quite forcefully pushed into the centre of the room, bringing you back to your senses. As you felt Tilly move behind you, you realised that the room was filled without a lot of sexual tension. A lot of the more mild mannered girls who hadn’t got involved in your humiliation yet seemed to be edging closer. The girls holding you still also seemed

 to breathing slightly heavier, the hands starting to drift down from your arms and touch and prod your skin over the rest of your body. You dare not believe you might get turned on by this. Tilly slow, sensually even, puts her hands on your shoulders, gently moving them over your bra straps, slotting her fingers underneath and moving them down your back. You worry about the power she has, and the dangerous confidence this is giving her. “I hope your ready, this should be fun” she whispers playfully in your ear. You don’t reply, what can you say. As she moves fingers back down to your plush bottom, you start to question Tilly’s sexuality as well. Personally you’ve always been more interested in boys (not that you’ve never thought about girls – I mean, who hasn’t?), and thought she had too, but as she cupped your cheeks, you did wonder. She gave the lace on your undies a little tug. “Not gonna reply huh? Your loss!” And with that you felt her quickly unclasp the back of your bra, and start to move the straps away from your chest. Your eyes are set firmly straight up at the ceiling, you can’t bare to make eye contact with any of these girls. None of them had ever seen your breasts before (Not many people had ever in fact). Plus you could hear the click-clicking of a camera in the distance. This was bad. Really bad. You shut your eyes, in expectation of the worst. Suddenly, there was a loud creaking noise, as the changing room door opened. Everyone quickly turned round, to see Mr Wilkins, one of the best looking teachers poke his head round the door. At first you feel relieved at his presence, saving you from certain death due to humiliation, but then you notice that in the silence that follows his unexpected visit, that he is probably staring directly at your panty clad behind. “Erm, hey girls, sorry to barge in her like this, Miss just wanted me to say that once you’ve finished changing, you can go..But it looks like most of you haven’t started…erm, yeah, when your changed you can go. The bell’s about to ring.” You go bright red as you realise he referenced you in his notice, that he had definitely seen you. You’ve always had a small crush on him too. He awkwardly left the room, just as the bell went off. “Well, saved by the bell eh girls?” Everyone sighed in annoyance. It seemed you weren’t going to be exposed today. You dare to breath a sigh of relief. Close escape! Some girls have started to gather their things, obviously not wanting to get out too late. Tilly quickly stops them, saying she wanted to make one final speech. “Girls, before we all pack up, I just wanted to remind our new play thing that we have some funny photo’s of her now, and that she should look forward to tomorrow’s class, if you know what I mean”. With that she winked, and everyone cheered before they started to undress. You turn away, thinking the ordeal was over (at least for today, you don’t even want to think about tomorrow yet, your just glad to clip your bra back on), but Tilly stops you. “Oh no, your not done quite yet darling”. And with that, she picks up your bag containing you clothes and chucks it around the room. Everyone once again chuckles at your expense as they watch your possessions fly out of the bag. You soon realise this means, that as everyone else changes out of the kits and into their clothes, you are still stuck in your state of undress. You search around for your clothes, but the other girls hide them as you come past, giving you a cheeky slap on the bum and grope of your breast. It seems they are enjoying a final kick out of you. Eventually as the last girl leaves, waving you goodbye, you find your stuff, hidden right in the corner. There’s something creepy about getting dressed in the empty changing room that only minutes ago was buzzing with laughter at your expense. You decide that you want to get out of there as soon as possible, and don’t even change into your normal clothes, but put on your kit, and get out of there as soon as you can. You return home without bumping into any of the girls thankfully, and take a quick shower. Your heads in a mess, worried about tomorrow. What could happen? Surely it wouldn’t be as bad as today had been? Then you think, well maybe it wasn’t so bad. You were only in your underwear right, stop making a big deal out of it! Truly, you didn’t know what to think, there were so many questions you couldn’t answer right now. When you come out of the shower, worryingly unprotected in just a towel, you get a text. It’s your friend Kate inviting you to her house. You hadn’t seen her all day, and decide this is probably what you need; a good chat with a familiar face.

**Unlucky You - Part 2**

You head over for Kate’s for just after 7.00. You don’t know who else will be there, but you hope not too many. Kate was a great friend, and you really needed some alone time with her, just too talk things over, get your head right. Because who knew what horrors tomorrow would be bring? You arrive at Kate’s rather large but modest dwelling, to be greeted at the door by Kate, and another girl, Florence. You are slightly surprised to see Florence – you weren’t ever aware of her and Kate being particularly close, and wonder why she was invited. As you are invited in, you notice that you are also dressed far more conservatively than the other girls; your tight blue jeans and dark blue woollen sweater were worn because you thought this would be a quiet night in, but it seems to have more of an upbeat, party atmosphere. Kate hands you a drink, which tastes like it has a hint of vodka in it, and you start to really take in what kind of night tonight is. Kate is normally like you – relatively conservative, not nerdy, but not exactly the most outgoing of people, yet tonight she has allowed her long brown hair to flow down her back instead of the normal uptight ponytail. She’s also showing off her normally somewhat hidden body, wearing a nice and bright orange flowy sundress. You also suspect she may be slightly tipsy, the way she unsteadily moves forward to hug you. “Heyyy, how are you doing?! Come and say hi to everyone!” You don’t even have a second to let Kate know the terrible events of earlier on when you’re pushed into the next room, to be greeted by another 4 girls your age, all holding drinks and excitedly chatting to one another. You look around, noticing that apart from Kate and another girl named Molly, most of the girls here are like Florence – in that you’d never have expected them to be there. You suddenly jump up in shock, noticing that one of the only people in the world that you really didn’t want to see tonight is here. Your mood, already low, turns noticeably worse when you make eye contact with Jemma. But before you have time to make sense of the anger, resentment, and embarrassment that is boiling up inside of you, Jemma surprises you – she runs forward and hugs you like a long lost friend. “I’m sorry about earlier on, I didn’t mean for any of that to happen, I just wanted to make everyone laugh. Really, I’m sorry. Will you please forgive me?” You don’t know quite what to say. Maybe she really was sorry? She only gave you a mini wedgie, it was Tilly you should be really angry at, right? But then she didn’t stop what happened afterwards, she encouraged it even. The rest of the room has stopped chatting, the girls all looking puzzled at why you haven’t responded. Most of them weren’t even there at the time, and probably have no idea that you were seriously embarrassed earlier. You don’t know what to say. You stand there, momentarily stunned, with your mouth wide open. Suddenly you feel yourself getting hot, you have to leave this room. Kate runs after you into the next room, almost stumbling in her dress. “Hey, what’s up. Whats wrong? What was that all about?” As you tell Kate what happened, you watch her recoil in horror. You remember just how good a friend she was, as she comforts and listens to you. When you tell her just how Mr Wilkins saw you in your knickers, she doesn’t laugh like you expect everyone else wouldThe more you speak, the more relaxed you become. She soon realises why you don’t want Jemma, or any of her other friends like Florence there, but when you ask her if they can leave, Kate gives you a look of almost pity. “Look, I know she wasn’t that nice to you earlier, but she saved me in class today. You know Mark, the footballer, well he tried to give me a wedgie during Science, while we were doing a practical in front of the class. Jemma stopped him just in time. So I thought I owed her one, and it would be good to make friends outside our group, so I, erm, invited her and a couple of her friends over for tonight. That’s cool yeah?” You suppose it makes sense. Maybe you did have Jemma wrong, and you start to feel guilty about how you acted earlier. You say it’s okay, but you still have to know why everyone is so dressed up. Jemma, Florence, Molly and the rest were all wearing either dresses like Kate or tights or leggings with small, skimpy shirts. You thought this was going to be a chilled night? Kate calms you down again though, just saying she wanted everyone to make a little effort to look nice for each other, and telling you not to worry – because you look beautiful anyway. You smile at Kate, complimenting her on her dress and her hair. Who were you to ruin her night, you resolve to make things up with Jemma and be good for Kate. 5 minutes later you are upstairs with the other girls, in Kate’s rather large room. You’re doing your best to be cool and nice, but you just can’t fully relax. Something isn’t right. For a start you feel like you stick out like saw thumb – all the other girls have put effort into their appearance, Jemma was wearing tight black leggings and a revealing white tee, Florence and Kate were wearing sundresses, while Molly was padded out in black tights, denim shorts, and a checked shirt let her ginger hair shine. All of this heightened how little you had put into your own appearance – your jumper felt frumpier by the second. You’ve spent so much time in this room throughout your childhood, yet you didn’t feel at all comfortable. Something was different. The pink walls and polaroid photos of Kate’s various adventures that were stuck on them were the same, but it wasn’t right. It was messy. It felt like Kate was allowing Jemma and her friends free reign all over the place, and they were abusing it. Draws were open, clothes were strung out around the floor, and the double bed was crinkled from a gaggle of girls rolling around on it. You would never have treated it like this. Kate seemed alright with this whole debacle.. Though you wonder if she just really wanted to be in with Jemma’s crowd. Would she really sell herself out like this though? These girls were running riot. The effect of a couple of drinks were starting to kick in too. You weren’t nearly as drunk as the rest of the girls, but tried to look interested and even excited as they opened up Kate’s laptop to go on Omegle. How can this be fun? But you start to feel yourself relax as the girls get into funny conversations with other groups of boys. They start to become more and more flirtatious, and the bad feeling that was in your stomach only a couple of minutes ago seems to have disappeared. You laugh as you watch the girls getting more and more adventurous. They realised that they could easily get the boys on the screen to almost anything they want, as long as they give something in return. At first, it’s light and pretty easy. They ask one boy to take off his shirt in return for some cleavage from Florence, who slowly moves towards the screen, and pulls down on the front of light blue sundress, revealing a lacey black bra. The boy then carries on chatting for a bit, before the girls get bored and quickly move on. They go through a couple more conversations, with no lads getting anything more than light cleavage from Jemma’s friends. You, Kate and Molly aren’t really involved. Yet. But then two boys popped up on the screen. Even from where you are sitting, which is towards the back of the group, you can see they are noticeably more good looking than previous chatters, despite their poor webcam quality. And they knew it. They quickly flirted with everyone. Jemma (who seemed to be in control of this) asked them what they would need to take their shirts off. The two boys almost simultaneously point to Kate, and ask her to show them her bra. You look over to one of your closest friends, expecting her to say no. This has clearly gone too far already. But Kate doesn’t do that. You can see the idea whirring around in her mind, her weighing up the options. Instead of looking at you for a nod of advice, she looks up to Jemma for instruction. How could she do that! Jemma nodded expectantly. She was pretty drunk at this point, and obviously wanted to see more of these boys. Kate stood up, breathing nervously you think, and walks over to the screen. She crouches down, and tries to lift her sundress below her bra, but the two boys are having none of it. “We can’t see anything” you hear them protest, slightly muffled by poor connection. Kate, sighs and says sorry. You think she is about to lean back and give up, but Jemma suddenly intervenes. You want to close your eyes as you see her jump behind Kate, grab the bottom of the orange dress, and lift it up. Kate barely has time to shriek as the dress exposes her cute long legs and white cotton thong to everyone behind her. You can do nothing to help as in an instant Jemma’s friend Florence joins in, grabbing the bottom and lifting it further up Kate’s back, showing more of your friends tanned body. You can see her past her matching white bra now. The boys start to smile as they see her white thong, shining against her slim gleaming slim figure. Kate is showing the whole room most of her body at this point, as the dress reaches her head. Before you know it they pull the dress right off Kate, who awkwardly jumps, and then crouches down in shock. Her hands try to cover her white thong and matching bra from not only the screen, but everyone. You feel for her, she looks completed embarrassed, she was not expecting this. You’ve known Kate a long time, but you’ve never known her to wear a thong before. And you knew she had a stunning figure, but you’d never taken in it like this. She’d never have revealed it before. This was quite the change of character. But however separate you felt earlier on in your conservative clothes, you think Kate must be feeling worse. In only her bra

 and thong, she started to go bright red. Most of her body was now on show, to some of these girls she barely even knew. No one has spoken yet, but Jemma breaks the silence by saying to the boys “well, you have 5 seconds before she gets her dress back, enjoy”. She pulls Kate up, getting her to stand up straight and let the boys see not only her bra, but her thong too. As she faces the camera, she has her back to you. You watch as her long brown hair obscures most of her back, leaving your eyes to take in her cheeks, separated only by white cotton, which had definitely dug itself in. The boys got far more than they bargained for. You can see they are in shock, a happy shock, but once the 5 seconds are over they close the chat. They obviously didn’t want to take their shirts off. Jemma apologises to Kate, who has tears in her eyes, but doesn’t make a fuss. “Don’t worry, it’ll probably be me next time Kate!”. As you watch Kate put her dress on, you feel the sinking feeling in your stomach return. “I need some air, I’ll back in 5 minutes guys” you say. As you walk to the toilet, you feel anger well up inside of you. How can you sit in a room and watch your best friend be bullied almost like you were? Why didn’t you defend Kate like she would have defended you? And why is Kate happy to let this happen? But most of all, you wonder what’s going to happen next. If Jemma did that to Kate, what would she do to you? There’s a knock at the door. It’s Kate. “Hey, it’s alright, we’re off that Omegle thing, now we’re chatting to Mark and stuff on Skype. Jemma got him to apologise to me in front of all his buddies. Don’t worry, I’m fine. Come out and join me!”. You open the door, and follow Kate back to her room. But as soon as you enter, you are forcibly pushed onto the bed.

**Unlucky You - Part 3**

You shut your eyes as you start to taste duvet. You’re quickly pinned down onto the bed, lying face down. Within seconds 3 or 4 hands lie on your back and push you flat down. As your head is pushed further into the duvet, all you can hear is a muffled sound, like you’re underwater. It is as if you’re separate from the rest of the room. Almost instantly you feel another 3 or 4 hands delve into your jeans, and grab onto your knickers. You’re powerless; there’s nothing you can do. Your body tenses up as you feel the hands clench the material, and suddenly pull it back up along your body. You squirm as you feel your knickers pulled along your back. You assume there must be two girls embarrassing you, you can almost feel 2 hands gripping the leg holes while another has scrunched up the material with one hand, and with the other hand had gripped the lace material at the top of your grey panties (you hadn’t changed from them from your ordeal earlier on today). You realise there’s no escape, absolutely nothing you can do will stop the impending pain you are about to face. As your underwear slowly rockets along the contours of your body, gradually stretching, you can’t help but wonder what the hell is happening? You struggle to lift your head up away from the covers, and look up towards the shining light from the laptop. You see a load of boys from your school laughing their heads off. Hell they looked in more pain than you, that’s how hard they were laughing. You realise that this must have been set up. Damn you Kate! Yet you find it’s impossible to think about such grand Shakespearian esque betrayal when the girls further pull on your underwear, almost lifting you right off the bed. You almost scream but your head is pushed down into the covers to muffle the sound. You feel the material further stretching out along your back, revealing more and more of your flesh to a room that felt like it was baying for blood. Your panties slowly apply more and more pressure on your most intimate areas, making you lurch around in pain, and your bum feels more and more prominent. You thank the Lord that you wore those prudish jeans tonight – a skirt or a mini dress like Kate, and you’re whole behind would be completely on show to the whole room, and probably to the webcam. Still, your behind was being pulled up into the air by your panties, with every eye in the room staring at it. As it was, you were facing the webcam directly; well you were at least positioned too. With your head buried in the duvet in shame, the boys could only see your hair; your face was at least covered from identification. You realise with a fright though, that they’re probably not looking at your head at all – instead past it, and straight at the two girls who had hold of your grey panties. The girls had changed the way they pulled too – before it was parallel to your back, but now it felt like they were lifting upwards. The boys must be looking at your bum, getting a great view of the top of your cheeks. Of course, there was nothing you can do to stop them seeing this. Your only comfort is that it could be considerably worse, couldn’t it? Once Jemma tells the girls to lay off your slightly worn out panties, the boy’s laughter thankfully stops. However the girls don’t move away from you, instead continuing to pin you to the bed like a prisoner, but at least the pain has subsided. You look into the webcam, taking in who you suppose you “audience” is. You wince in horror as you realise it’s Mark (the guy who tried to embarrass Kate today no less!) and a couple of his friends, who had just seen you lose a great deal of dignity. You briefly wonder there’s anyone left who hasn’t experienced you losing at least some dignity, such is the day you’re having. Jemma starts negotiating with Mark, suggesting something about “we stuck to our side, now stick to yours!” You’re pretty confused; clearly going leaving the group for only a few minutes was a terrible mistake. As you lay there with your panties still wedged up where they shouldn’t be, you wondered just how bad this could get? You didn’t want a repeat of this afternoon; you didn’t want to be left just in your underwear again. Mark shook his head, saying that “what you guys did to her was alright, pretty impressive for sure, but it wasn’t what we demanded”. You grow slightly hollow as you realise you were used as almost a bribe in a deal; that you weren’t equal to the rest of these girls – you were a commodity, easily manipulated and sold out in exchange for something better. You look over at Kate, who at least wasn’t wedging you, and sigh. Did she really just sell you out to give herself a leg up that social ladder? What happened to friendship eh? You ponder on this thought as Jemma jests Mark. “Well, we’ll see but happens. But first..there’s your side of the deal?” Mark looks a little surprised at this..and mumbled a weak response. You thought he was a brute, one of those guys who seemed to just have no emotions. It was a bit odd to see him so perplexed. “So, guess you’re not a real man who sticks to his word then Mark?” You suddenly realise how manipulative Jemma can be, as Mark changes his tune.. “No no, I am, and tell you what, I’ll prove it”. You look in horror as Mark and his friends turn on one boy in their group, a smaller guy in your year called Alex. Poor Alex was like you – completely defenceless, shocked, and embarrassed as they gave him a wedgie to forget. You felt for him – the boy was stripped to his boxers, and then wedgied by his closest friends in front of a group of girls that he would definitely see the next day. Mark was suddenly acting true to form. You start to feel better as you realise tonight might not be remembered for your embarrassment – but for someone else’s. After a couple of minutes, his boxers ripped, and he lay, almost sobbing to himself you thought. The girls, including Kate, sat there, laughing. You chuckled for a bit, but you couldn’t laugh. That could easily have been you. You felt for Alex. You wanted to help him. This wasn’t right, how could people be so horrible to each other. And to do something productive might make you feel better about your recent poor luck. Mark looked back into the camera, saying “there you go Jemma. Told you. Now, are you a real women, and able to give us what we actually asked? Or are you going to back down like you did before! Everyone looked at Jemma, who actually looked slightly taken aback. You wondered what Mark had meant by “before?” What had happened? Jemma regained control as always though, and quickly gave Mark food for though. “Okay” she said, “you want a girl stripped? Fine!”

**Unlucky You - Part 4**

You tighten your muscles as you sense déjà vu – another battle in which you were outnumbered and sure to end up embarrassed and humiliated beyond your greatest nightmares! Yet as you close your eyes in expectation of having your jeans forcibly pulled off to reveal you wegdie, you feel that hands that held you prisoner release you. You blink quickly, suddenly realising that instead the hungry pack of wolves had gone, not for you, but for your friend, Molly, who had been pretty anonymous most of the night. You’d been so focused you’d actively forgotten about Molly, who dressed in tights, smallish denim shorts, and a nice black and white checked shirt (which made her red hair shine even brighter, as it draped round her shoulders), looked far more cuter than she normally did. However, her intriguing level of cuteness was no match for Jemma’s pack of girls, who, now including Kate, quickly grabbed a surprised Molly and pulled her onto the bed beside you. As you watched Molly struggle, you used the opportunity to leap up and pull out the wedgie which had been nagging your behind for the last few minutes. You feel a wonderful feeling full of relief as your bottom finally gets some respite from your knickers. Typically though, your feelings of happiness are shortlived. As you watched Molly squirm like you did a few minutes earlier, you feel your throat go dry in dishonour. The girls had Molly lieing on her back, hands desperately holding onto her denim shorts, of which the button had been pulled off, and the zip was slowly being wound down. You could see the look of terror in her face – Molly didn’t want her knickers exposed to Mark and his cronies as much as you did. How could you be letting this happen to your friend? Yet you feel completely powerless. All day you’ve haven’t been able to have a positive effect on anyone, let alone actually do something. You’ve been the victim. You decide there’s near nothing you can do – you couldn’t fight off those 4 girls before on your own, what makes you think you could now? Besides, you’d been through the experience of ending up in your panties enough times today. Still you feel for the usually quiet and reserved Molly, who although cute, struggled to gain attention from boys (mainly due to her being so damn shy and passive). You almost shed a tear for her as you watch her lose her battle with the tight shorts, which are slowly pulled down her thighs. At first you see the white glint of her pants, which are quickly uncovered and shown to the rest of the room. As the shorts arrive at her bent knee’s, the girls try to stretch her legs out while Mark and the boys on the webcam (as well as you and Jemma) get the full view of Molly’s slightly conservative (at least compared to Kate’s slim white thong) pale white bikini panties. You liked the small black polka dots that were visible through the dark tights she was wearing. Kate held onto to the top of Molly’s shorts as they passed by her feet in a flash. As you watched Kate high 5 Florence, you couldn’t help but despair at how she was selling out her friends to gain access to a new group. This wasn’t right something had to be up. Molly leant forward, half covering her half covered underwear with one hand, and half reaching out for the return of her shorts. Instead, Kate threw her shorts across the room, to another one of Jemma’s friends. Molly turned around, now on her hands and knee’s, with her rear almost in direct eye contact level with your face. You take in the smooth contours of her ass, slightly annoyed by the tights that block full view. You start to wonder just why Molly doesn’t get more attention. Molly certainly didn’t want attention right now however, as she charged at Jemma’s friend in a desperate attempt to regain her shorts. Jemma’s friend looked pretty panicked, and taunted Molly right up until the last moment, before quickly chucking the shorts at Jemma. As Molly turns again, you realise just how this must play into Marks hands. The sight on show must be pretty erotic for the boys, even if they were just watching through a webcam. Mark had done well here. You looked over at Jemma, now in possession of the shorts, which had almost become some kind of replacement ball in a game of catch, of which Molly was the chaser. Jemma didn’t look happy though. At least not like the other girls. You remember how Mark mentioned “before”, and wondered if that was something to do with it. Maybe Jemma wasn’t as in control as you made out? Jemma looked dominant in her next move however. As Molly once again lunged towards she suddenly jumped forwards, over and on top of your desperate friend. Molly found herself stuck on the bed, with Jemma lying on top of her. You could see Molly struggiling against the imposing weight on top of her, but the defeat was evident on her face. She almost gave up, easily letting Jemma gradually put her finger tips underneath the top of tights. Within seconds, Jemma was gradually peeling Molly’s tights right off her behind, and within inches of the laptop screen. Mark and his friends could hardly believe it – even Alex was sitting up, his recent humiliation now forgotten in place of Molly’s. As the darker tights were slowly removed, more of the shining underwear was on show. You realise you are actually quite excited to see Molly’s underwear clad bum without the tights, as only now you get a true picture. You have to pinch yourself; you had never noticed how shapely Molly’s bum was. Well, you suppose you had never actually seen it this uncovered, or this close up. The knickers had also bunched in and around Molly’s cheeks, showing more of her pale complexion. You could see the look of shame in Molly’s eyes – she knew that the boys were seeing her at her lowest – completely overpowered. Jemma carried on majestically dragging Molly’s tights down her legs, past her glistening knickers, past her pale calf’s and soon right off her. Molly had truly been pantsed. Jemma, throwing her tights and shorts to the other side of the room, stood up away from Molly. The ginger girl also pulled herself into a egg like position, shivering in embarrassment. She had brought her legs right up to her chest, and although it might have made her feel safer, it certainly didn’t shield any eyes from her pussy. Mark and his friends were absolutely wetting themselves through the webcam, partly in tears and partly throw their general horniness. You doubted they’d see what they’d so far tonight many times again. As Molly sat there in just her checked shirt and underwear, Mark pushed Jemma into going the whole way. “Wow, well done Jemmy, I didn’t think you’d even go that far”. “Well, you know how, er, we roll” Jemma tried to suavely reply. You could smell the nervousness coming from her voice. She was uncomfortable with this. You didn’t know whether to be happy with Jemma or not. It was her fault your friend was in this position, yet perhaps she didn’t want her to be. Mark was forcing her to do this. He must know something about her that no one else does, no? “Hey Jemma, I wouldn’t be so confident, you said you’d strip her naked? She’s still got her knickers on!” And with that the boys on screen started to holler even more, sensing they might be even luckier tonight. As you watched them in semi disgust, you heard Molly emit a high pitched squeal. She was starting to cry. Your poor friend. You really felt for Molly right now. You’d hate to be in her position. Surely Jemma must feel sympathy for Molly. This has to end now.