**What I'd Do For My BFF**

by The Girl Master

Sophie has been my best friend as long as I can remember. We hang out together, sit together in class, have sleepovers, and generally spend as much time together as we possibly can. I admire Sophie because she’s strong-willed, ready to stand up for what she believes in, and I’d do anything for her--at least that’s what I always thought. But just recently we suffered the most humiliating experience of our lives, and it really tested how far I’m willing to go to protect her.

I’m getting ahead of myself, though. I haven’t introduced myself to you. I’m Claire, and I’m 14 years old, almost halfway through 8th grade, and 4’11” tall. I have long brown hair, brown eyes, and lightly tanned skin. Meanwhile, Sophie is 5’3”, with blue eyes, light skin, and blond hair in a really cute pixie cut. Her breasts are also quite nicely developed, which makes me a bit jealous because mine have barely started developing yet. I’d never let that get in the way of our friendship, though.

Now I’m ready to tell you about The Incident. It was just a few days ago, and I haven’t told anyone about it, but thinking about it makes my stomach feel tight and I have to let this out somehow or I think I’ll die of humiliation.

It started on the playground, during recess. Music class was supposed to be right after recess, but on this particular day, the music teacher was sick and there were no substitutes available. The school’s solution was simply to add music class time onto recess time, giving us a recess more than an hour long. The recess monitor at my school is some old lady who just sits in her chair wearing sunglasses and an orange vest. Most of the kids think she’s secretly asleep a lot of the time. In any case, she’s never done anything to stop trouble or break up fights or anything, but at my school there isn’t much trouble, and fights aren’t too common. When there is trouble, it’s usually Tim and Jenny’s fault.

Jenny and Tim are the school bullies, both big, intimidating 9th graders who seem to enjoy nothing more than terrorizing the rest of the kids in the school. Jenny has red hair and freckles, while Tim has black hair and big, scary-looking eyebrows. Some kids avoid them, some kids suck up to them and even help them out sometimes, but everyone is afraid of them. Back when they were in 8th grade, everything was simple: Jennifer picked on the girls, and Tim picked on the boys. In 9th grade, though, they started dating each other, and now they’re always together, picking on both girls and boys, which makes everything worse for everyone. Normally, though, they don’t pull anything worse than a pantsing here or an extortion there, the type of thing that happens at any school. On the day of The Incident, though, I learned what they’re really capable of.

When it all started, I was on the playground, wondering where Sophie was. She had disappeared at the start of recess and I didn’t know where she went. She was probably just in the bathroom, nothing to stress about, but some instinct in the back of my mind told me that something wasn’t right. That was when Jack ran up to me.

I didn’t really know Jack, beyond that he sometimes helped the bullies in their schemes, hoping that he wouldn’t become the victim of one. He was a scrawny 8th grader with messy blond hair and freckles, but on this particular day, none of that mattered as much as the handwritten note that he shoved into my hands. It read:

Dear Claire,

We’ve got your little friend Sophie. If you don’t want the whole school to know what underwear she’s wearing, you’d better follow Jack. We’ll negotiate her release.

Love, Tim and Jenny <3

This might be some sort of trick, but knowing Tim and Jenny, it could very well be true. Sophie and I had agreed to always stand up for each other when we were bullied, and we had, several times before. If there was any way I could help Sophie by following Jack, there was no doubt in my mind that I would try. “All right,” I told him. “Where do I follow you?” Without answering, Jack turned and led me toward the far end of the playground.

When I realized where we were going, I got a bit nervous. We walked through a small grove of trees, along a path, and toward the sports shed. There was no way anyone could see you from the playground when you were behind the sports shed, and it was so far away that even if you yelled for help, it would be so muffled by the trees that no one would hear you. As we approached the sports shed, though, I did hear yelling, and as we turned the corner around a stack of crates and reached the back of the shed, a scene of horror unfolded before my eyes.

Jennifer and Tim were both there, looking more gleeful than I’d ever seen them, and with them were about a dozen other kids, a couple of girls, but mostly boys. I could see pretty quickly what they were crowding around: they did indeed have Sophie. She was hanging from an overhead tree branch by her arms, which were tied with jump ropes. She was yelling “Let me down! Let me down! Please! Stop this!” but everyone was just laughing at her. Then she saw me and screamed “No, Claire! Get out of here! They’ve already got me, don’t let them catch you as well!”

“You can run if you like, Claire,” Jenny smiled at me, walking toward Sophie, “but if you do, I’ll take her pants off in front of everyone here.” And as she spoke, she was already unfastening the front of Sophie’s jean shorts.

“No!” I said. Jenny turned and raised an eyebrow. “I mean--you said that if I came, I could negotiate for her release. Well, here I am. Let her down.”

“I’m afraid that’s not going to cut it, Claire,” Tim said, stepping forward to tower over me. I know I’m short for my age, but compared to me, Tim is a giant. “You see, all my boys here have been promised a look at Sophie’s panties. If she leaves and they don’t get it, they’ll be very upset.” The boys nodded in agreement.

I didn’t know what to say, I just stood there with my mouth gaping, wondering how these kids could possibly be so evil. Sophie looked like she had been struggling and protesting for a while, and now she was tired out, hanging limply with her toes a foot above the ground. I noticed that her shoes and socks were lying a little ways away.

“The point is, Claire,” Jennifer said to me, putting her arm around my shoulder, “it’s pretty clear from the way you and Sophie have stood up for each other in the past that you care about each other a lot. We want to find out just exactly how much you care.”

“W-what are you talking about?” I asked, still trying to sound brave, but I had to admit that Jenny intimidated me, and having her so close was making me tremble with nervousness.

“If you pull down your shorts right here, and show everyone your panties, then Sophie gets to keep her shorts up. Otherwise…” She walked back to Sophie and tugged at her waistband. Sophie whimpered but said nothing. “How much does Sophie mean to you, Claire? Will you sacrifice your modesty for hers?”

I shuddered at the awful decision that lay before me. I had luckily escaped being pantsed by anyone up to this point, and being naturally shy, the thought terrified me. But this would be even worse than being pantsed, because I’d be required to pull down my shorts myself and wait for them all to take a look! Still, looking at poor Sophie hanging there by her wrists, I told myself I couldn’t let her down. I would do what it took to get her free with her clothes on.

Seeing Jenny start to pull at Sophie’s jean shorts, I found my voice again. “No!” I said. I felt a dozen pairs of eyes focused on me. “I’ll...I’ll do what you want.”

Sophie looked at me with big eyes and mouthed “You don’t have to, Claire,” but I ignored her. “Well, go on,” said Jenny. “Down with those cute little shorts.”

I took a deep breath and unfastened my jean shorts, looked around one more time at the middle school boys eying me hungrily, and, trying not to think about what I was doing, I pulled them down to my ankles. I straightened back up and stood there, shuddering, my slender legs bared for all eyes to see. “Come on, pull up your shirt,” Tim said.

I was stunned by his abruptness. “What?”

“Show us your cute little panties, Claire,” Jenny said sweetly, an evil gleam in her eye.

I bit my lip and reached for the hem of my shirt, pulling it up just high enough to expose my underwear to the group. Luckily I was wearing panties that were plain pink with no embarrassing patterns, but I felt very aware of how small and tight they were on my body. It was awful, just standing there, with no way to cover up, seeing all those boys staring lustfully at my bare legs and panty-clad crotch. I silently prayed that it would all be over in a moment, that I could pull my shorts back up and the bullies would let Sophie down and I could forget this ever happened to me. I glanced at Sophie and saw that her eyes were wide, she looked amazed and perhaps grateful that I would do this for her.

Jenny’s voice interrupted my thoughts. “Spin around,” she said. I stared at her dumbly. “Turn around, show us your cute little bum in those panties.” I hesitated, but when I saw her reach again for Sophie’s shorts, I obediently turned around. They had seen the front; how much worse could it be for them to see the back? At least I wouldn’t have to look back into all their ogling eyes.

I stood with my back to the group for a minute that felt like an eternity, trying not to picture the view my tormentors were getting of my little butt outlined in my tight panties. Finally, I heard Jenny say, “Okay, face us again.” I whipped my shorts back up as fast as I could and turned back to face them, my cheeks burning with shame at what they had all just witnessed. I heard some of the boys groan in disappointment.

My voice trembling, I demanded, “Okay, now let Sophie go.”

Tim turned to the other boys. “Who here thinks that Claire has had enough?” he asked. There was complete silence. “Who thinks she should show us some more?” All the boys cheered wildly.

“What??” I shrieked. I thought my ordeal was over!

“Sorry, sweetie,” Jenny said, “it sounds like you’re outvoted.”

“But that’s not fair! You said you’d let Sophie go!”

In one smooth movement, Jennifer turned and slid Sophie’s shorts down her legs and past her bare feet, letting them drop to the ground. Sophie let out a yelp of surprise and embarrassment, but with her hands above her head, there was nothing she could do. She did try to kick at Jenny, but the older girl dodged away, laughing at the futility of her attempt. “Hold her legs, girls,” Jenny said, and her two female goons moved forward and grabbed Sophie’s bare, shapely legs, holding them firmly in place. Sophie twisted and struggled for a minute, yelling at her captors, but quickly discovered that it did her no good. Now Jenny reached for her shirt…

“Stop it!” I yelled. “I did what you wanted, didn’t I?”

“You did, Claire, you were a good little girl,” Jenny said patronizingly, “but if you don’t want Sophie to be even more exposed, you’ve got to do more than that.”

“Claire, I’m fine…” Sophie began shakily, but I knew that she was just as shy as me, despite having a much better body. I could see the fear in her eyes and that convinced me of what I had to do.

“What do you want?” I asked.

“Take your shirt off.”

Stunned by this blunt reply, I wondered if there was any chance of bargaining. “Please, I’ll flash you my bra, is that enough?”

“All the way off, little girl,” Jenny insisted.

I knew then that there would be no mercy. And so, with every fiber of my being protesting my actions, I reached down, and slowly, very slowly, pulled my shirt up. Inch by inch, I exposed my midriff to my eager audience. I paused just before I reached my bra, but only for a second. Fighting back tears, I pulled the shirt over my head and dropped it on the ground, immediately crossing my arms to cover my chest.

“Hey! No covering!” someone demanded. Jenny gave me a nod to confirm what he had said, and so, trembling, I lowered my arms to my sides, exposing my pink bra that did very little to hide my lack of development. Jennifer and her girls burst out laughing.

“Look at the little titties!”

“We thought we had a teenager here, but she’s just a little preschooler with a flat chest!”

“Aww, the little baby is blushing!”

“Isn’t she adorable?”

I wished I was dead. I wanted to curl up into a little ball of shame, crawl into a hole, and disappear. Instead, I stood, willing myself not to cry, trying not to pay attention to the gleeful faces enjoying my exposure. I wondered how long this would go on. Clearly, promises meant nothing to these bullies, and they would milk this opportunity for all they could. But still, they wouldn’t make me strip any further than this...would they?

They would.

Not content with my current state of degradation, Tim spoke up. “Hey, us guys would like the full show. Bra and panties. You’ve got to lose the shorts.”

I stared, dumbfounded. “Do what he says, little girl,” Jenny hissed cruelly.

I knew that they had already seen my panties, but this still felt much worse. To take my shorts all the way off, and stand there in nothing but my skimpy underwear! Sophie had her eyes closed, unable to watch my humiliation. That meant that she didn’t see what I saw--Tim pulled a pair of scissors from his back pocket! He moved toward Sophie and got ready to start cutting her shirt right off of her body! That got me moving. Trying not to think about what was happening to me, trying to imagine that I was alone and safe in my bedroom at home, I pulled my shorts down to my ankles once again, but now I fully stepped out of them, leaving me wearing only my sneakers and my pink bra and panties.

You might think that I would eventually get used to the feeling of all those boys staring at my exposed body, but I didn’t. It didn’t get any better as my humiliation continued, it only got worse and worse. I saw the lust in Tim’s eyes as he took in my small body, and I wondered why Jenny was okay with him looking at me like that, given that she was his girlfriend. Then again, she was staring at me just as lustfully, and I knew it was my embarrassment even more than my almost nakedness that turned them on.

I don’t know how long I stood there, with my skinny arms at my sides, my light tan skin on full display for everyone’s enjoyment, feeling more like an object than a human being, with only my small pink underwear protecting me from the ultimate humiliation. It could have been a minute or an hour. At last, I saw Tim and Jenny exchange a meaningful glance, which I thought must mean that they agreed my torture had gone on long enough.

I couldn’t have been more wrong about that.

“Okay, Claire,” Jenny grinned fiendishly at me. “You’ve been a good little girl and shown us everything we’ve asked for so far. Now it’s time to show the rest.”

Stupidly, I couldn’t even understand what she was asking for until Tim started all the boys chanting: “Na-ked! Na-ked! Na-ked! Na-ked!”

“Y-you want me to t-take off my und-derwear?” I stammered, unable to believe what I was hearing.

“She’s a smart little girl,” one of the female thugs said mockingly.

“N-no! I won’t!” I declared. “You have no right to do this!”

“Well, we’re going to see a girl naked today,” Tim said. “It’s your choice which one.” With that, he snipped a few times with the scissors and Sophie’s shirt fell off of her in pieces, leaving her just as exposed as I was.

Sophie whimpered but didn’t speak, knowing that she had no control over the situation. I could see from her face that, like me, she was incredibly ashamed to be seen in just her white lace bra and lime green panties. However, I struggled not to stare at her body myself; her figure was very nice, fuller than mine but not overweight, and her newly-exposed skin was milky pale and smooth. Several of the boys were whistling and catcalling, and I thought I heard Jack say “Wow, she’s way hotter than her friend,” but I wasn’t sure because Jenny was already reaching for Sophie’s bra straps.

“What do you say, Claire? Which tits would you rather have revealed, your baby ones or Sophie’s nice big ones?”

I found myself speechless, unable to move or say anything now. Sophie stared at me with big, scared eyes, and it looked like she opened her mouth to say something, but changed her mind. I knew she wouldn’t blame me, and I hope you wouldn’t either, if I was too ashamed to strip off my bra in front of all those boys and let them see my little tits and nipples. However, deep down, I don’t think that was the reason I said nothing. I don’t want to admit it, even to myself, but I think I wanted to get a look at those boobs that I had been jealous of for two years.

“Interesting,” Jenny smirked, after waiting a minute for my response, and she reached up and unclasped Sophie’s bra straps.

“Nonononono please no,” Sophie whimpered, but Jenny knew no mercy. The boys, including Tim, stared like hungry predators as my friend’s bra fell to the ground and her round, perky tits were revealed for all to see. And what perfect tits they were, creamy white and soft with nicely proportioned pink nipples; all the boys were practically drooling as they stared at her. Sophie, still dangling and helpless, with no way to cover up even a little bit, couldn’t do anything about her humiliating predicament, and just waited with tears in her eyes for her ordeal to end. Jennifer, however, was determined to finish what she started, and was already reaching for Sophie’s panties, ready to complete her degradation.

I suddenly came to my senses. What was I doing? How could I just stand here and stare as my friend’s last shred of modesty was stripped away? Didn’t I come here so that I could save her from humiliation? What kind of a friend was I? “Wait!” I yelled. With the reveal of Sophie’s breasts, all eyes had left me, but now I had called attention back to myself and I felt the color rising to my cheeks once more as all those lustful faces looked at me expectantly. There was no need for any more words. Trembling, I reached for my bra straps and unclasped them. I stood still for a moment, holding my bra in place. Was I really going to do this? Show my nipples for the first time ever to other kids my age? I dropped the bra but still instinctively threw my arm across my chest to cover myself, protecting the last of my pride.

“You know what I said about covering,” Jenny said, and began pulling Sophie’s panties down, slowly, inch by inch. Any further and I knew Sophie’s pussy would be visible to everyone.

“Okay, okay!” I let my arms fall limply to my sides. Everyone could now see my tits, two little mounds of flesh that had just barely started to grow, each capped by a small brown nipple. Again, the other girls broke into a chorus of humiliating taunts, but I could barely hear them over the sound of my own heart pounding. My breath came in little gasps, my vision blurred, I thought I might faint and then all my worries would be over. I didn’t faint, though. I remained horribly conscious, violated by each and every gaze that swept over my young body. I thought for sure these were the worst moments of my life.

It didn’t take long, though, before the boys’ attention returned from my babyish chest to the much more satisfying view of Sophie’s womanly breasts, and Jenny delivered her ultimatum: “Well now, baby Claire, you and your little friend are equal; only one piece of clothing to go. Let’s see if you love her enough to give up the last hope you’ve been holding on to…”

I already knew what I had to do. I knew that once I took this final step, it couldn’t possibly get any worse; Jenny could do nothing to bring me any lower. I knew I would never forgive myself if I had gone so far and done so much for Sophie only to chicken out and abandon her at the end. And so, with my arms and legs shaking, I bent down and pulled my little panties to the ground, stepping out of them and giving up the very last of my dignity. True, I still had on my sneakers and socks, but apart from that I was completely nude, bare-ass naked for the whole world to see. I didn’t even bother trying to cover my crotch with my hands, I knew Jenny would just tell me off or strip Sophie if I did. I just stood, bare arms by my bare sides, tears openly streaming down my flushed cheeks as the boys got an eyeful of my bare hips and, between my legs, my little brown bush, the hairs just barely obscuring my womanhood from their sight. I felt the breeze caressing my stark naked body, blowing in places I’d never felt it before, and I shivered from head to toe. Never had I imagined that my first time being naked in front of a boy would be at this time, under these circumstances, and that there would be a whole audience to appreciate every inch of my bare skin.

As if she thought that even this wasn’t enough, Jenny began to give me directions. “Turn around,” she ordered. I obeyed without a sound, mooning them all with my pale naked bottom. “Bend down and untie your shoes,” she instructed. Sobbing, I bent over, no doubt giving the boys a great view of my asshole as I fumbled with the knots on my sneakers, my fingers barely functioning. “Take your shoes off.” I pulled off the shoes and the socks with them, feeling a sense of completion as I placed my bare feet on the ground, without a stitch of coverage left anywhere on my body. “Stand back up and face us.” I heard Sophie sobbing as I obeyed and realized she was crying for my sake. “Lie down on your back and spread your legs.” With this heartless command, Jenny removed my very last consolation--that the boys hadn’t gotten a good look at my vagina thanks to my pubic hair, which had fortunately grown faster than my breasts. However, as I lowered my body onto the hard dirt, I knew that I was about to lose that, my very last modesty, and show my most private, secret, intimate parts to these cruel faces. I spread my bare legs wide and felt pierced by two dozen eyes all staring at my little virgin slit. Boys and girls alike ogled me, relishing in my humiliation and exposure. Only Sophie averted her eyes, crying softly.

After what felt like a hundred years, I heard Jack talking to Tim in a low voice. “We’ve all seen her now, can we please touch her as well?” My muscles froze like ice and my breath stopped completely. This was a possibility I had never even thought of, all those boys with their hands and their fingers on my naked body, feeling all my most intimate places...I couldn’t bear to think of it.

“Of course not,” Tim answered, and air whooshed back into my lungs in a deep breath of relief. “A gentleman should never touch a woman’s body without her permission to do so.”

“Back on your feet, bitch,” Jenny instructed, and I scrambled to rise, wondering what Tim was getting at. “Now, my little puppet, you will give all these fine young men permission to touch your body to their hearts’ content,” she told me, slowly and deliberately.

I didn’t need to think about my answer. “No way!” I squeaked.

“That’s your final answer?”

“Never! N-never!”

“What a shame,” Jenny smiled, and she turned and whipped Sophie’s panties right down and off her legs. At a nod from Jennifer, the two girls who had been holding Sophie’s legs now lifted them up and apart, spreading them to display her pussy in all its glory. Unlike me, Sophie had yet to grow a bush down there, only a few wisps of blond hair that did nothing to hide her most precious secret. I stared blankly at my friend’s naked body. This felt unreal. I couldn’t actually believe it was happening. I was naked. She was naked. I had sacrificed every last shred of pride to keep her covered up, and yet here we were. Her mouth was open, letting out little gasps as her huge blue eyes stared around at the circle of boys, and all of them stared back, feeling her up with their gaze, basking in the beauty of her perfect figure, her perky tits, and her pretty little pussy, unhidden and unblemished. I somehow felt that this was my fault, my failure, and I wanted to tell her I was sorry but the words stuck in my throat and I couldn’t bring myself to speak or look away.

This was a moment in time, a moment of stasis: Sophie hanging, with her legs lifted forward and opened wide, with Jen, Tim, the boys, and myself all looking at her, imprinting a picture of this scene in our memories, never to be forgotten. Who knows how long that moment lasted, but it was Tim who shattered it.

“Go ahead, boys. If we don’t get to touch Claire, then we’d better make the most of Sophie!” The boys didn’t need to be told twice. In a split second, they were crowded around Sophie, all reaching with their hands, trying to get a feel of her creamy skin, hoping to touch her breasts or her ass or even her pussy. They swarmed over her like a horde of insects, greedily devouring her with their hands as she screamed for them to stop.

“NO! NOOOO!! TAKE YOUR HANDS OFF ME! STOP! STOP IT! PLEEEEEAASEE!” It was clear that her pleas would do her no good, but nevertheless, this grope-fest would be over as quickly as it started.

I was the one who stopped it.

Hearing my friend’s desperate cries for mercy, and seeing boys’ hands squeezing her boobs, I woke up from my daze and yelled as loud as I could: “STOP TOUCHING HER! YOU HAVE PERMISSION TO TOUCH ME! I’M YOURS! TOUCH ME ALL YOU WANT!”

That made everyone freeze. Sophie stared at me, amazed. Jenny grinned fiendishly. Tim looked at me hungrily. “The little girl really does love her friend,” Jenny said, her eyes glinting.

“Looks like we don’t have permission to touch Sophie anymore,” Tim said, pushing the other boys away from the naked hanging girl. “But now we get to enjoy Claire…” Some of the boys looked disappointed, as though I was a downgrade, but most of them looked like all they wanted was a girl’s bare skin under their hands and they didn’t care a bit what girl it was.

It only took a second for the boys to swarm me like they had just swarmed Sophie. I was surrounded by male bodies all crowding around me and then I felt their hands, all over me. Some of them just tried to touch as much skin as they could--they felt my bare back, my stomach, my arms, my legs, my face. Others went for the real prizes. They fondled my small breasts and fingered my nipples until they got hard. They rubbed, grabbed, pinched, slapped, and pulled apart my butt cheeks. They ran their fingers through my pubic hair, touched my pussy lips, spread them open and looked inside. I felt them stick their fingers in my mouth and my pussy and my asshole. I kept my eyes closed through the whole thing. Not long ago, I thought that just being naked in front of these perverts was the worst moment of my life. Now, I wished they would back off and just look at me instead of this. I had never felt so violated. I was nothing to them but a pretty object to be touched and used and enjoyed. I didn’t feel like a person. I could do nothing to escape or defend myself, only stand still and squeeze my eyes shut tightly so that my tears couldn’t get out and moan from the overload of sensations that I was getting as I was rubbed and pinched and caressed and slapped and groped and fingered all at once. I thought of how, just an hour ago, I would never have dreamed that I could even be seen in my underwear by anyone at school. Now here I was, naked, totally stripped of my innocence and my dignity, my body defiled and possessed by these monsters. The worst part was that I had given them permission to do this to me. I had even asked them to. But it was for Sophie. All of this was for Sophie. I think that if I hadn’t kept that thought in my head, I would have shriveled up and died of shame. Time didn’t seem to pass for me anymore, this felt like my whole reality, naked, alone, used, no beginning and no ending.

But there was an ending, and this time it was Jennifer who brought it about. “Alright boys, you’ve had your fun,” she called. The crowd parted and there she was, looking just as gleefully malignant as ever. “My turn.”

Jenny grabbed a crate from the stack next to the sports shed and set it in front of me, then sat down on it. All the boys backed away and formed a circle around the two of us, waiting expectantly. I didn’t know what she was going to do to me, but whatever I might have expected, it certainly wasn’t what happened.

Jenny grabbed my skinny naked form and, with little resistance, threw me across her lap, with my bare stomach resting on her knees. “You’re a very naughty little girl, getting naked like that,” Jenny whispered in my ear. “Do you know what happens to naughty girls?” Before I could answer or even process the question, Jenny answered it for me.

\*SMACK\*

She spanked my naked little bottom with her palm, hard, taking me completely by surprise. I let out a yelp of shock and pain, but she didn’t care a bit, instead spanking me again, and again.

\*WHACK\* \*CRACK\*

I squirmed on her lap, trying to get away, but she kept me firmly pinned down with one arm while she continued her merciless barrage of spankings with the other.

\*SLAP\* \*SMACK\* \*SPANK\* \*CRACK\* \*WHACK\*

I continued to cry out after every hit. “Ooh! Ow! Ee! Oh! Ah!” I was now experiencing a very different kind of humiliation than what I had up to this point. Admittedly, having Jenny spank me was not nearly as horrible as having all those boys grope me, but the pain added a whole new level to my torture. My parents didn’t believe in spanking, so I had never received physical punishment before, and I found it very degrading, being beaten like an animal, and it was even worse that it was my bare ass that was being punished and there was a ring of boys to watch it. Oh, when would this end? Jenny kept spanking at a steady pace until my butt cheeks were bright red and stinging like hell. Then she let everyone else take a turn at smacking my poor, punished rear end, starting with the other girls, then each of the boys, one by one. When the boys spanked me, their hands lingered on my butt, squeezing it until Jenny told them to move on. Tim went last of all and gave me the hardest spanking I had yet received. “AAAAIIIEEEEE!” I was sure that his hand must be permanently imprinted on my butt.

At last, I was allowed to stand back on my feet. Sophie was still looking on, horrified at what she had watched me endure. I stood there, my arms limp by my sides, my head hanging down, my ass burning from my punishment and my body still on display. I was broken. They owned me now.

“I think,” Jenny announced, “that this little girl deserves a round of applause.”

I looked up, confused, as all of my tormentors clapped for me. “W-why? What’s g-going on?” I stammered.

“You have proven your love for your little friend beyond a doubt,” Jenny told me condescendingly, putting her hand on my shoulder. “You have been stripped, groped, and spanked, all for her. You’re so brave, so caring, so selfless. You deserve a reward.”

I certainly didn’t feel brave right now. However, Jenny had stopped talking, so I felt obliged to speak. “Y-you mean you’re going to let us go now?” I ventured.

Everyone laughed. “No, little girl, not just yet,” Jenny said to me. “You see, you’ve proved to all of us that you love your girlfriend, but you still need to prove it to her.” She leaned in close to my ear and hissed. “Kiss her!”

“What??”

“You heard me.” Jenny slid the crate she had been sitting on right in front of Sophie, so I could step on top of it and be face to face with her. “Get up on this box and kiss your little girlfriend on the lips, if you want her to know how much you love her.”

I was horrified. Kiss her? On the lips? My best friend? Sure, I cared about her, but not like that, right? That was disgusting! “No!” I said. Out of the corner of my eye, I saw the shocked expression on Sophie’s face at Jenny’s suggestion.

“Tsk, tsk,” Tim shook his head at me. It was only then that I saw what he had been up to. He had found a tree that had a long, very thin, flexible branch, and he had cut it down and was holding it in his hand. He turned to Sophie. “It looks like your friend doesn’t love you after all,” he mocked her. “Instead of giving you attention, she’d rather leave you to me.” And with that, he swung his branch like a whip and hit Sophie’s tender backside.

\*swish\* \*CRACK\*

Sophie shrieked. “NO!” I shouted. “You can’t DO THAT!” I tried to run forward and tackle him, but Jenny held me back as he swung the switch again, this time hitting her on the front of her thighs, drawing another scream from her mouth. I saw that the blow left a very thin red line across both her legs that faded after a minute or two. “STOP! STOP!” I pleaded. I looked into Sophie’s pain-filled eyes and silently asked: “Should I?” I decided that I would rather kiss my friend than watch her suffer like this. But Sophie shook her head. She was even more conservative than me when it came to physical contact, even between close friends, and she wasn’t willing to give in.

“Well, puppet?” Jennifer asked me, still holding me back and talking in my ear. “It’s your choice. Will you kiss her and stop this now?” I wanted to kiss her, I wanted this to stop, but Sophie shook her head again and so I bit my lip and shook my head as well. Jenny nodded at Tim, and Tim grinned from ear to ear.

Then he went to town.

Poor Sophie was hanging, naked, totally defenseless, and he whipped her mercilessly, hitting her back, her ass, the front and back of her legs, even her stomach with his new tool. Each new hit tore new groans from Sophie’s lips, and her cheeks were wet with tears. Sometimes he would hit her several times quickly, other times he would wait and let her anticipate before lashing her again. Every hit seemed to bring him more sadistic pleasure. Seeing those red welts appear on my best friend’s beautiful white skin filled my eyes with tears of anger. I tried to bite Jenny’s arms and break free, but she only held me tighter. I felt torn in half by the awful choice I had to make. I knew I had the power to stop this, that all I had to do was kiss her and the pain would end, but I also knew that she didn’t want that. Should I go against her own wishes to do what was best for her? Even as her dangling body spasmed with each new jolt, I saw her shaking her head at me.

Finally, Tim stopped to catch his breath, and Sophie was able to shakily inhale. “Are you still certain, little puppet?” Jenny taunted in my ear. “I’m not asking for much. You can make this stop…”

“No, Claire…” Sophie gasped, but at that moment, Tim swung his implement from the front, striking Sophie across her breasts. Sophie’s eyes bulged and her mouth stretched wide into an agonized “O” as she screamed. As soon as I found my voice, I cried, “Okay! I’ll do it! I’ll kiss her! Let me kiss her! Just stop this!”

I struggled against Jenny’s grip, but she held me tight and grinned, “I have a better idea. Let’s wait until your girlfriend agrees to it.” ‘No!’ my mind cried out, but I didn’t say anything. How long would Sophie allow herself to be tortured before she gave in? How many more of her screams would I have to hear? I didn’t think I could bear another one...

\*swish\* \*WHACK\*

“AAAAAAAAAHHH!!” Sophie writhed as the stroke fell across her boobs once again. I longed to end her torment, but I was completely helpless, forced to watch as Tim hit my friend’s beautiful breasts for the second, then the third time. All the boys were looking on, indifferent to Sophie’s predicament.

“No, please no,” I whimpered. I couldn’t stand this any longer! How could anyone be capable of such cruelty?

The third stroke across her breasts proved too much for Sophie. As Tim raised his arm again, she screamed “PleaseClairekissmejustkissmealready!Makeitstoppleasepleeeeeaaasssee!” Sophie gasped for breath and I breathed a sigh of relief.

“Well well well, looks like you’ll be able to show your love for your girlfriend after all, puppet,” Jenny told me mockingly. She finally let go of me and I walked forward, my knees shaking as I stepped up onto the crate. It added just enough to my height to bring me in line my friend’s flushed, tear-stained face. Her breath was coming in shaky gasps that were almost sobs. ‘This is the moment,’ I thought. I had never kissed anyone on the mouth before, and I knew that Sophie hadn’t either. I certainly never thought my first kiss would be with my best friend, naked, in front of a crowd of perverted boys. I could feel them all staring at me, and I quaked with nervousness, hardly able to breathe. Sophie stared at me, filled with shame at what I was about to do to her. ‘The quicker I do it, the sooner it will be over,’ I thought to myself, and with that I leaned in, gave Sophie a quick peck on the lips, and leaned back again.

All the boys groaned in disappointment. “You don’t seem to understand, puppet,” Jenny told me. “When I say ‘kiss’, I mean a real kiss--like this!” She threw herself into Tim’s arms and they kissed deeply. Jenny moaned as they kissed, looking as though they were trying eat each other’s faces. I couldn’t believe that these heartless bullies were capable of such passionate affection. It was one of the strangest and grossest things I’ve ever had to watch.

The kiss lasted for some time, and when they pulled apart, Jenny turned to me and nodded. “Like that,” she said. “Hug her close, and get your tongues involved. Don’t worry about her, she’ll enjoy it more than she thinks.” Jenny cackled maliciously.

Sophie stared at me, her eyes and mouth wide with horror. ‘Well, at least her mouth is open,’ I thought. ‘I guess it needs to be.’ Sophie’s arms were still extended above her head, supporting her weight, so any hugging would have to be done by me. I put my arms around Sophie’s bare body and heard her gasp slightly as I pulled her close, pressing her naked breasts against my own. Then, trying not to think about anything at all, I drew in a shaky breath, tilted my head to the side, opened my mouth, and went for it. I pressed my face against Sophie’s face, my lips against Sophie’s lips, and let my tongue enter her mouth, exploring, tasting her for the first time. This was my first french kiss, and I knew it was hers as well. It felt wrong, as if I was stealing something from her by doing this, stripping away part of her virginity. But I knew I couldn’t think about that now, something in my mind thought that maybe, if I really did my best with this kiss, maybe the bullies would finally have to be satisfied. I licked the inside of Sophie’s mouth, felt her tongue with mine, coated her mouth with my saliva, even let myself get into it and moaned a little as I made out with her. Sophie was making a sound too, but it sounded more like a groan of discomfort than a moan of pleasure.

I kept this up as long as I felt I could, and then broke the kiss and pulled away, looking into Sophie’s eyes. Something in those blue eyes had changed, and I wondered if Sophie would ever look at me the same way. Not wanting to look at her anymore, I turned and looked instead at the boys, all of whom had watched this spectacle wide-eyed. I guess a lesbian kiss between two fully naked girls was something they didn’t see very often. I hoped that, finally, I had earned Sophie’s freedom. I looked to see what Jenny and Tim would say next.

“That was true love if I ever saw it,” Tim said to Jenny.

“Certainly,” Jenny smirked back. “Yes, my little puppet, you proved your love all right. You even seemed to enjoy that, didn’t you?” I blushed. “Yes, you’re all turned on now, and you need release. Go ahead. Do it. We don’t mind.” I couldn’t comprehend what she was saying. The words filtered through my head like water and I was left staring dumbly at her. She reached up to help me down from the crate and I mechanically complied, stepping back onto the hard dirt. “Do I need to spell it out for you, little girl? Are you that innocent?” I nodded stupidly. “Alright then. You will lie down on your back, spread your legs, and play with yourself for all of us to see. Make yourself cum. Haven’t you ever touched yourself before?” I couldn’t speak, so I just shook my head. I was a good girl; I had never considered masturbating even when I was in my own bedroom, but now I was going to have to do it in front of everyone? I had thought that Jenny couldn’t drag me to any lower level than she already had. I thought being naked, being groped, being spanked was the very last straw, but every time, Jenny found something even worse. Now here I stood, my private parts in full view of a dozen boys, my ass still red and sore, the taste of my friend’s saliva in my mouth, and I found that I had no protests left. I had used up my pride, my defiance, my willpower, and I didn’t think I could have the strength to refuse anything Jenny asked me to do now. I was ready to submit to her completely.

But Sophie wasn’t.

Sophie, who had been hanging by her arms for who knows how long, who had been unable to cover up as she was slowly, agonizingly stripped, who had had boys’ hands all over her body, who had been whipped until she chose to go against her conscience and give up her first kiss rather than let it go on, still had enough willpower for both of us.

“Don’t do it, Claire, please don’t!” she called. “Stand up to them! You don’t have to give in!” I felt suddenly empowered. If Claire didn’t want me to do it, then I would not. As long as she kept talking, I was strong.

But Jenny could see exactly what was going on. She picked up my discarded panties from the ground, and, with no warning, walked right up to Sophie and shoved them in her mouth! She held out her hand to Tim and he passed her a roll of duct tape; she taped Sophie’s mouth shut, gagging her.

“Mmmmmmmmmmh!” Sophie tried, but there was no way she could articulate now. I felt my new-found confidence diminish, but I was still determined to hold out for Sophie’s sake. If she didn’t want me to give in, I would not give in.

“Well, puppet?” Jenny asked me. “Will you do what I’ve asked?”

I looked in Sophie’s eyes, and she stared back at me, hoping, powerless to do anything more. “No.” I said, softly but deliberately.

“Tim hoped you’d say that,” Jenny grinned.

I turned my head just in time to see Tim once again picking up his switch, smiling sadistically as he approached my friend. “NO!” I screamed. “NOT AGAIN! PLEASE DON’T!”

\*swish\* \*THWACK\*

“MMMMMMMNNNNNNNGGGHHH!!” Sophie cried through the tape.

“NONONO!!” I was faced with an impossible choice. I had to either let Tim keep on punishing Sophie’s helpless body, or break her heart by humiliating myself with everyone watching. ‘If I don’t want to do it and Sophie doesn’t want me to do it, of course I shouldn’t do it,’ a voice in my mind whispered. But how could I bear to watch her endure such suffering? What kind of friend would I be? What kind of human being would I be? I was paralyzed, and all the while, as I wavered back and forth, Sophie’s torture went on.

\*CRACK\* \*WHACK\* \*SMACK\*

It was impossible to make up my mind because there was no right choice, but as I heard her crying out again and again, I knew I would just have to act before my brain had time to think about it.

“STOP!” I yelled. “I’LL DO IT!”

Tim looked slightly disappointed that his fun had come to an end, and Sophie looked even more disappointed, her eyes telling me that she would have endured anything in order to protect me. I knew, however, that I had said what I had to say, and now there was no going back. The boys gaped as I sank to the ground, lying flat on my back and looking up at the clouds. ‘This is it,’ I thought. I was about to do something I’d never done before, and once I gave up this innocence, I would never get it back. For a second I felt like I couldn’t move and I wondered if I was going to be physically capable of going through with this, but then I drew in a breath and, with great effort, forced my arms to obey me.

I wasn’t sure how to begin, but I spread my bare legs apart and reached down, rubbing my crotch with my right hand. For a few agonizing minutes it just felt awkward, sensing everyone staring at me as I struggled to pleasure myself. Then I started to find my rhythm. I picked up the pace a bit with my right hand, reaching up with my left hand to toy with my nipples as I felt myself getting wet. A slight involuntary moan escaped my lips, and I decided I was ready. Tentatively, I pushed one finger into myself, then began moving it in and out. After a minute, I found the right spot, and moaned in pleasure. I found myself picturing Sophie’s perfect breasts as I continued, and I tried to stop thinking about them, but I had less and less control of my thoughts and feelings as I got more into what I was doing to myself. I was starting to go faster and to forget everything around me. I moaned again as I added a second finger, increasing the pleasurable sensations that were sweeping through my body. I was lost in my own world as I pumped faster and faster, my breath coming in shorter and shorter gasps until there, on the dirt behind the sports shed, I brought myself to my first-ever orgasm, moaning loudly as I came all over my hand.

As the brand-new sensations slowly faded away, I returned to reality and realized what I had just done. I’m surprised my whole body didn’t blush red, knowing how ashamed I felt. I sat up and saw the teenage boys all around me, amazed at what they had just gotten to witness. I didn’t even want to look at Sophie. “How’d you enjoy that, puppet?” Jenny sneered, reaching down to pull me to my feet. I couldn’t muster an answer. Jenny turned to Tim. “How long do we have before class starts?”

Tim checked his watch. “Not too much longer,” he said, “but still long enough for what you have in mind.”

Jenny grinned broadly. “Perfect,” she said.