**Yara’s Snow experience**

by [Darky](https://www.girlspns.com/memberlist.php?mode=viewprofile&u=54)

“How could this happen to me?” was what 19 year old Yara was thinking. “And what have they done to my clothes. Better question: where are my clothes?” Looking around to see a glimpse of her clothes somewhere in the snow. But they seem nowhere to be. Then I spotted you, a nice looking girl. You look at me questioningly. I try to cover up as much as possible, but with frozen hands, I can hardly do that.  
  
“Well before you start to think, what is a 19 year old naked girl doing outside in this cold. I will tell you what happened and maybe I can figure out myself as well. But first let me tell you about myself. You can walk home with me if you like and keep me warm a little.”  
  
“So my name is Yara and I attending the US High boarding school. Originaly I am from the Netherlands. So I made my choice to spend the holidays here in the UK instead off my homecountry. As you may already noticed, I am a natural blond with blue eyes. I’ve got C-cup breasts and reach 1.78 cm. Before this all happened to me I wore my favourite boots, a pair of jeans, a nice warm sweater and my coat. So let me tell you what I can remember.  
  
This afternoon I was on my way to do some Christmas shopping when I walked through this park. At one point I saw Heather waving at me, but she was not alone. There was a large group of both boys and girls. I was wondering what Heather wanted from me since we were not friends, rather rivals. So I decided to ignore her, what pissend her off more. She keeps calling for me and while doing that she also starts walking towards me, followed by her ‘gang’. I tried to walk away from her but within a second I was surrounded by her group. They seem to come from every where around the park as if this was planned. Heather starts pushing me against my shoulders, first in a soft pace slowly getting rougher. She said: “I was calling for you and you dare to ignore me Yara? That’s a huge mistake you made. I was going to be nice to you since it is almost Christmas, but you spoiled that opportunity. So I think you need to learn a little lesson in kindness.” With saying that she grabbed a hand full of snow, rubbing it in my face.  
  
I let out a little yelp, and in reflex I smacked Heather in the face. Heather stood there in disbelieve. “You hit me in the face? Oh Yara, you are so going to regret that.” Meanwhile the crowd was giggling, waiting for my prediction. Then I felt two people grabbing my arms tightly, so I couldn’t use them to defend myself or to attack Heather. “You!” Heather said to one of the girls, who I don’t know, in the circle, “unzip her coat and remove it, one arm at the time while you two secure her from running.” I started to beg Heather not to take off my coat in this freezing cold, but it pleading to deaf ears as I heard the sound of my zipper slowly going down, one by one my arms where relieved as the girl removed my coat. Shivers over my spine when the cold hit me. Heather grinned at me when she bow down and grabbed my legs. “Lay her down,” she said to the other girls. I felt my back touching the cold and wet snow. “What are you doing?” I screamed, all she said was: “You’ll find out soon.” Heather grabbed my one boot and pulled me on my back through the snow until my boot slid off my foot. Needless to say that my sweater scrambled up during this and my thin white undershirt was exposed just like my one sock. I was freaking out and thought: “what is she doing? Where does this stop?” In the meantime, my undershirt was drenched and my black bra became visible to everyone. Then she did the same with my other boot. There I lay, soaked, without a coat, without boots. My sweater under my armpits, my jeans and with very wet socks. Heather stuck my boots in the air like a trophy. “I think I’ll keep those myself as a token of your kindness Yara. So thank you for this present.” “Noooo you can’t do that. What do I have to wear then?” I asked her. “Oh just keep your mouth shut. It is almost Christmas, then you give gifts. I told you I am giving you a lesson in kindness with my crew, so it is only fair that you give them something as well. So any boys or girls want to choose the next gift from Yara?”  
  
One of the girls timidly said she really liked my sweater. "OK," said Heather, "holding her legs down and her arms stretched above her head." She took the bottom of my sweater from under my armpits and slowly pushed my sweater up and out of my head and arms. Heather threw him at the girl who wanted it.  
  
A girl of about my height suddenly shouted that she wanted my jeans. "Ok" was all Heather said. Without hesitation, she opened it and pulled the zipper down. The two girls at my feet began to pull it down slowly. I got hot and cold at the same time and didn't know what to do to stop it. My jeans slowly slid down my ass toward my hips, my knees. When it was lying on my ankles, they looked up at Heather, who nodded. And my jeans went off, the girls took my socks with them at the same time. Apart from my black panties, I was naked from the waist down. My jeans were given to the girl. My socks went to the girls at my feet. I saw some boys looking at me with a passion. Three more items of clothing and I was completely naked in a snowy park. I knew Heather would not stop, she had been waiting for this opportunity for so long. It was so cold that I couldn't cry. Everything hurt from the cold. Heather took the floor and said, "The vest has become worthless because of the snow." And with a firm jerk she pulled him off my upper body. "Well, Yara has a nice matching set. That doesn't have to be taken apart. So will it come?" One of the boys raised his hand. Heather let the girls by my arms, pull me up so she could loosen my bra and let him come off my breasts. My nipples responded immediately to the cold and became rock hard. Heather couldn't help but squeeze it hard and pull it on. A loud moan escaped from my mouth. "A garment to go Yara, and then we get to know every piece of your body, you bitch!" Heather said with a mean smile. I thought I was going crazy when she put her fingers in the waistband of my panties and pulled him down slowly, really very slowly. My dash of pubic hair slowly became visible to the group. Boys were looking out, big tents in their pants. Heather continued undisturbed and my last piece of clothing left my body.  
  
I lay there completely naked in the snow. Surrounded by at least twelve boys and girls with whom I was in class and who had never seen me or I had seen them naked. Heather instructed the girls at my feet to spread my legs as far as possible, so that every piece of my body was visible to everyone. Heather, dressed warmly, sat down between my legs and stroked my thighs with her nails. "Look," she cried, "Yare is enjoying this because she is getting wet in her pussy. Her clit is already showing itself." Then Heather did something unexpected. She grabbed a lot of snow and pushed it into my pussy. With the snow in my pussy she started stroking my clit. This was a sensation I had never experienced before. I went crazy and came screaming. Then I must have fainted from the cold, because all I remember from then on was that I saw you ..