**Traceys Last Day**

by Flyboy

“Tracey Smith! One more interruption from you, and you’re going to the headmaster’s office,” Mrs. Winston yelled.  
  
It was the third time that the teacher had reprimanded her in the first five minutes of class, and Tracey knew that the threat was serious this time. Regretfully, she turned herself from her conversation with Emily, seated behind her, and faced the front.  
  
She and the Emily weren’t great friends. In fact, Tracey thought the other girl to be perfectly odious. With this being their last day of school though, she couldn’t resist telling her classmate that her daddy was buying her a new car and sending her on a summer tour of Europe as a reward for graduating with such high marks. Emily wasn’t nearly as pretty or shapely as herself (in fact, Tracey thought she was a fat Plain-Jane) and she wasn’t nearly as privileged, either.  
  
Still, it wouldn’t do to get in trouble on her very last day, especially on her first class of the day, and risk her father getting angry, so she sat still and paid attention to the lecture.  
  
It was tradition at the ABC Academy for the graduating sixth form students to be given instruction on human sexuality on their last two days so that they will be fully prepared for life outside the safety of the chaperoned school dorms. Tracey supposed that this was necessary for most of her sixteen year old classmates, but, as a young woman of newly eighteen years, she felt that she didn’t need it.  
  
She had her sex life all planned out. She’d open her legs for her husband on their wedding night. Beyond that, he’d only get to sleep with her if she decided that she wanted children, which wasn’t likely.  
  
Given her calculations for her future, she found the subject to be less than worthwhile. Besides, yesterday’s pictorial demonstrating male erections and ejaculation had been quite embarrassing.  
  
Mrs. Winston was just about to project her presentation on female reproduction onto the big screen in the front of the class when there was a knock on the door.  
  
“Pardon me for interrupting, Mrs. Winston. An errant cricket ball reached the car park, and I’m afraid that your automobile has been damaged,” the young student said.  
  
“Oh dear,” she said. “Class, I must see to this situation.”  
  
She turned to her pet student.  
  
“John, please take over today’s demonstration.”  
  
As she headed out the door and John rose to take her place, she called back, “Oh, and don’t let Tracey talk back to you or disrupt the proceedings. If she says one word out of line, send her to the headmaster’s office, and I’ll see to it that she doesn’t graduate.”  
  
With that, she was gone, and John began fiddling with the computer.  
  
“Well, I can’t seem to get the file to open, so we’re going to have to improvise. I need a volunteer. How about you, Tracey?”  
  
‘What could he possibly need me for?’ Tracey thought.  
  
She gave John the same sweet smile that she had used on him throughout the last two years to coerce him into helping her with her assignments. The thought of their argument just last night about how she had led him on for years without “putting out” didn’t even enter her mind.  
  
Of course she hadn’t “put out!” She found the very idea of rewarding the poor boy with any sort of carnal knowledge of her body, or even a kiss, simply repulsive. He should have been happy that she, as pretty as she was, would even talk to someone like him. She had slapped his face, turned, and strutted away.  
  
“Well?” John said. “Are you coming up here or are you going to see the Headmaster Chambers?”  
  
Amazed that the boy hadn’t responded to her flirting, she glared at him and strode to the front of the room.  
  
“Turn and face the class Tracey. Class, we have in front of us a fine example of the female form.”  
  
“More like a fine example of a first-class bitch,” Emily said under her breath.  
  
There were a few giggles from the class, and Tracey gasped at the comment, but John 'apparently' hadn’t heard it.  
  
Grinning wickedly, Emily said “Hey John, you know, it's pretty hard to tell much about the female form when there's a uniform covering up so much of it.”  
  
John raised his eyebrows at this comment. This just might be a whole lot easier than he had expected...  
  
“Hmm. I see your point. Perhaps we should have our volunteer remove the uniform. What do you think?”  
  
With the exception of Tracey, the class was unanimous in its agreement, most of them actually very enthusiastic in voicing their agreement.  
  
‘Surely the little twerp doesn't think that I’m going to strip to my underwear?’ Tracey thought.  
  
Though proud of her huge breasts and fit body, Tracey didn’t ever show it off. She knew that the girls thought that she was being snooty by not ever showering when there was anyone else in the communal shower and for changing in the water closet stalls, but the truth was that her father had instilled his quite conservative views on covering one’s body in her. Consequently, she had become painfully shy about anyone seeing her even slightly uncovered.  
  
“Well, Tracey, please take off your uniform.”  
  
“I’m not going to…”  
  
“Excuse me? You’re NOT going to what? I don’t know what you think you’re NOT going to do, but you’re definitely not going to stay in the class with that uniform on. Either get it off or go directly to Mr. Chambers office.”  
  
Tracey was surprised at the force with which he spoke to her, and, for one of the few times in her life, she didn’t know what to do. On one hand, taking off her clothes in front of her fellow students was unthinkable! On the other hand, not doing so would, ironically, risk her daddy’s wrath and the cancellation of her wonderful summer plans. She had already been kept down a year twice before, and her daddy was only being so generous because she had worked so very hard all this year to finish her final year at school with straight A's. But the thought of standing in front of the class half naked was...  
  
“NOW!”  
  
She flinched as John’s shout broke her out of her stupor. Without really knowing what she was doing, her hands moved by themselves and began unbuttoning her shirt.  
  
‘What am I doing?’ she thought as she slowly revealed her lacy bra and her pale, encased globes to the assemblage.  
  
‘Surely this isn’t happening. It has to all be a bad dream,’ she thought as her blue school blouse fell from her hands and landed in a heap on the floor, leaving the class to gawk at her taut stomach and large breasts encased in their modest nylon bra.  
  
Had she really just done that? Only just barely registering that she was now standing in front of a class full of her peers wearing only a bra on her top half, she looked imploringly at John. Surely this was enough?  
  
John had only been at this school for two years, having been expelled from his last three schools for fighting, bullying, arguing with all of his teachers (and several who weren't his teachers) and so-on. Having always had high testosterone levels, he had a hard time keeping control of his anger, and had always spoken his mind without considering the consequences.   
  
However, after his last expulsion his rich father had threatened to cut off his inheritance unless he graduated with high marks, and he had bitten his lip, fought his raging hormones and emotions, and worked hard to be a model student for his last two years at this school. He had only helped Tracey with her schoolwork becuase she was the best looking girl at the school, and he wanted to be known as the only guy to get through her snobby bitch exterior and sleep with her. Even the argument last night had been rather calm compared to his old standards, and the slap had pushed his temper to its limits. The only thing that saved her was the fact he had always believed you should never hit women. Men he didn't have a problem with, but never women. Of course, there were plenty of non-violent punishments to choose from.  
  
Today he was going to have his revenge, and there was no way he was going to let her off lightly, especially after she tried flirting her way out of it a couple of minutes ago. Surely she hadn't expected that to still work after last night... He glared at her with steely eyes, then glanced pointedly down at her skirt.  
  
Seeing that there was no way out of it, Tracey quietly unzipped her plaid skirt and let it fall to her feet. She stepped out of the garment and used her foot to nudge it over next to her shirt and stood there stunned in just her bra, white bikini cut panties, blue knee high socks, and navy flats. Highly embarrassed, she self-consciously crossed her arms over her chest and rubbed at her shoulders, feeling the goose pimples that had risen over her skin.  
  
"Hands by your sides so the class can see what the lesson is about! You're interrupting the demonstration. If you do it again you'll be going to see Headmaster Chambers. Actually, lace your hands together behind your head instead. That way the people sitting off to the sides of the class won't have their view obstructed."  
  
Tracey slowly moved her arms up and laced her fingers together behind her head, her blush deepening as she felt this movement cause her breasts to lift. The class all stared at her barely covered body, and with her hands curled around the back of her head she couldn't even turn her face away from them. She settled for closing her eyes, wishing she could just curl up and die...  
  
She barely noticed when John calmly turned back to the class and resumed the lecture.

**Traceys Last Day Part 2**

“As you can see, Tracey’s body is in its prime. There’s not an inch of fat to be pinched with the exception of her quite large breasts. That combined with her narrow waist and rounded hips gives her the ideal hourglass figure so admired in past decades. Even though she doesn’t have the trim figure now considered the ideal, it’s still a fine example.”  
  
Tracey blushed even redder as he talked so specifically about her body.  
  
“Now let’s move on to female reproduction.”  
  
Tracey took that as her cue to leave and bent down to gather her clothes. John glanced over, pretending to be surprised. “What are you doing?”  
  
“I thought that you were finished with me.”  
  
“I'm finished with you when I say I'm finished with you. Hand those things to me.”  
  
She hesitated, not wanting to her clothes to be where she couldn't grab them at a second's notice. John simply glared at her and held out his hand. She meekly handed over her skirt and blouse and put her hands back behind her head. John put the clothes on the teacher's desk and continued with his instruction.  
  
“Now if there are no further interruptions... There are generally three signs of arousal for a female: hardening and elongation of the nipples, enlargement of the clitoris, and production of vaginal fluid. As you can see by looking at Tracey’s breasts, the first of these signs is evidenced by the bumps protruding through the material of the bra.”  
  
Emily was quite enjoying herself today, and got into the spirit of the lesson by saying “I can barely see the bumps. Maybe it would be better if she removed the bra?”  
  
John smiled widely. This was definitely going to be a good day. “That's a very good idea Emily. Tracey?”  
  
The nerve of him telling her to take off the only thing covering her top while standing in front of the entire class! She should give him what for!  
  
Instead, she meekly unlatched the clip behind her back and shrugged the garment off her shoulders, catching it in her right hand. Tears welled up in her eyes as she felt the cool air on her naked firm breasts and she immediately covered them with her arms.  
  
"Give that to me and put your hands back behind your head. This is your last warning. One more time and you're going to see Headmaster Chambers."  
  
Tracey forced her arms to move away from her breasts and handed over her bra, which joined her other clothes on Mrs. Winston's desk.  
  
“Excellent,” John said. “You can now clearly see by the hardness of her nipples that she is aroused. Turn sideways so that the class can see how they are hard and sticking out further than they normally would."  
  
She did so but a few of the students sitting to the side of the class complained that they were now hidden behind her back and they couldn't see.  
  
"Hmmm. How can we make sure everyone can see? Tracey turn back and face the class again." He paused for a second thinking, then said "Bend over."  
  
"What???" She looked at him with a combination of shock and questioning.  
  
"Bend over so they hang downwards. That way everyone will be able to see."  
  
Resignedly, she bent forward at the hips until she could feel her firm young tits hanging below her chest. The weight of them rounded them out nicely and almost all of the boys in the class shifted uncomfortably in their seats, but still found a way to lean forward for a better look. Emily put her pinkie fingers in her mouth and let out a loud wolf whistle. There were a few laughs and Tracey blushed even deeper. How could this be happening to her?  
  
John knelt next to her and used his finger as a pointer as he continued the lecture. "As you can see by the rippling of the areola..." He ran his index finger lightly over the area surrounding her right nipple and she suppressed a disgusted yet pleasurable shiver at his gentle touch, "and the length and size of the nipple itself..." He poked the tip of it with his index finger, then gently tweaked it between his thumb and forefinger, bringing a squeak from Tracey in doing so, "she is obviously aroused."  
  
“Excuse me, John, but the hardness could simply be because she finds it to be cold in the room being exposed as she is with no top on,” Emily said.  
  
“Good point. We really should examine her for other signs to be sure. The second sign was enlargement of the clitoris. Tracey, you’re going to have to remove the knickers as well.”  
  
Tracey couldn’t believe that she was being made to strip naked in front of these children who were so far beneath her. Before she knew it, they were all staring at her thick blonde bush as she stood there, hands behind her head, wearing only knee highs and shoes. How did it come to this?  
  
“John, her pubic hair is so overgrown that I can’t tell if her clitoris is engorged or not. All that tangle is quite disgusting really.” Emily said.  
  
Smiling thoughtfully, John shot an appreciative glance at Emily, hugely enjoying having another person around also wanting to humiliate this snooty bitch. He was starting to like Emily greatly.  
  
Pretending to think it over for a second, he said “I had no idea that she had so much down there. Weird that she doesn’t even trim it. A shaven look would be better for demonstration purposes. Does anyone have a razor?”  
  
Tracey heard the words but couldn’t grasp their meaning. She was already naked. Surely they weren’t going to make her bare as well.  
  
“I happen to have one in my gym bag." Emily said 'helpfully.' "Unfortunately, I don’t have any cream.”  
  
“That will have to do, Emily. Let’s have her sit down. Would you mind doing the shaving?”  
  
Emily enthusiastically dug the razor out of her bag and went up to the front of the class with a huge evil grin on her face. She and John sat Tracey down on a chair and she knelt down between Tracey's legs, pushing them wide open, and began shaving Tracey's pubic hair, clearly enjoying her job.  
  
The dry razor hurt something awful, and Tracey was left with quite a rash afterwards. And as if it wasn't embarrassing enough already, every time Emily brushed the hair off, especially any that stuck to her damp labia, it actually felt kind of nice, especially compared to the pain from the shaving itself. The worst part, though, was when Emily shuffled backwards and revealed the view of Tracey’s spread legs and hairless crotch to the students. Everyone in the class could see simply everything! Tracey was absolutely mortified.  
  
“Much better,” John said. “We can now clearly see that the clitoris is indeed enlarged.”  
  
"Not necessarily," said Emily, assuming the role of teachers' assistant. "Different women have different size clitorises, just like guys and penis size. Tracey's looks to be about three-quarters of an inch long at the moment, but that could just be its normal size. Unfortunately we have no way of knowing. What about the third sign of arousal?"  
  
"Good point. The third sign was production of vaginal fluid to help lubricate intercourse and make it more comfortable. Since you're still down there, can you see any vaginal fluid?"  
  
Giggling, Emily replied “It’s hard to see the vaginal fluid being that it’s clear, but I can certainly smell it. Can you?”  
  
John nodded, and so did most of the rest of the class. Tracey wished she could cover her face, or at the very least stand up again so she wouldn't be showing quite as much, but her hands were still laced behind her head as ordered, and she didn't want to risk any more of John's wrath by standing without permission.  
  
Emily said “If she had any hair left, it would probably be matted. Without it though, I can only tell by the way the light seems to be glistening off her pussy." Tracey hated that word, and hearing another girl referring to her vagina that way, especially while it was so fully exposed to so many of her classmates, shamed her even more. Emily continued. "Maybe I should check?”  
  
John nodded. Tracey braced herself to have her 'lady place' touched by another person, but was completely shocked when Emily just went and stuck her finger straight up inside her instead. She had certainly not been expecting that!  
  
Emily slowly withdrew her finger and held it up so the class could see.  
  
“She’s certainly well lubricated. I slid right in there with no resistance at all until I touched the hymen. I can’t believe that she’s still a virgin at eighteen!”  
  
A lot of the students laughed. John raised his eyebrows in obvious surprise. "She still has an intact hymen? How unusual. Anyway, on with the lesson. Tracey, come over here." John took Tracey's clothes off the teachers desk and handed them to Emily. He led Tracey around to the front of the desk and sat her on the edge of it. "Well we've been over the simple anatomy of the breasts, but now we have to move on to the more complicated vagina."  
  
By this stage Tracey was beyond the slightest resistance and when John laid a hand gently on her shoulder she simply allowed him to push her back until she was lying on the desk with her legs facing the class. She didn't even bother trying to keep her knees together.  
  
"Tracey lift your legs up and outwards. Pull them back and put your knees behind your elbows."  
  
Tracey unlaced her hands from behind her head and swung her legs upwards, trying to just do as she was told and get this nightmare over with. She managed to catch one of her feet with her hand but missed the other one. Struggling a bit she managed to grab hold of the other one, then stopped. She had no idea how to go from there to 'putting her knees behind her elbows.' After a few seconds John came over to help.  
  
Putting his hand under her right knee, he lifted her leg way up and out, then took hold of her right wrist and guided her arm through the inside of her leg and instructed her to grab hold of her heel. She tried to grip the heel of her school-issue shoe, but it was too thick and wide and couldn't get a good grip. Her hand slipped and her leg sprang back down.  
  
"I can't grip it properly."  
  
John knelt down between her legs and started unlacing her shoelaces. Tracey just closed her eyes and tried not to think of the view he was being presented with down there.  
  
He quickly removed both her shoes, and her socks too for good measure, and Tracey was just trying to register that her last stitch of any sort of clothing was now gone when he was lifting her leg up once again and pulling her hand along the inside of her thigh to her heel. Straining hard, she managed to wrap her hand around her heel and get a good grip on it. Oh man that stretched something awful! Weren't you supposed to warm up before doing something like this? She didn't even notice Emily quietly gather up her shoes and socks.  
  
Ignoring her discomfort, John quickly stepped over to her other side and repeated the process with her left arm and leg. Once he was sure she had a good grip, he turned back to face the class.  
  
Tracey lay there on the teachers desk feeling nearly folded in half. She had never been very flexible, and as John started to address the class once again, she was still trying to figure out how to breathe properly when her eyes flew open in a fresh wave of shock. What view must she be presenting everyone with? Her legs were stretched so far back and so wide that she could feel her tiny virgin vagina gaping open! In front of all her classmates!!  
  
In her shock, one of her hands lost its grip and again her leg sprang back down again. With an exasperated sigh John once again lifted her leg and roughly pulled her hand back to her heel. "Grip it properly! Do you want me to drag you by your clit to the headmaster's office? Because I will. Don't you dare interrupt me again." Tracey started to cry and thought her humiliation couldn't possibly get any worse. She soon found out she was wrong.  
  
"As I was saying, since there are quite a few things to point out when it comes to the vagina, and it's a rather small area, especially on a virgin, I think we need to move closer to see properly. I think the best way to do this would be in groups. Emily, organise bringing everyone up here three or four at a time and I'll take each group through it."  
  
Emily jumped about her new task and within ten seconds there were three boys crowded between Tracey's legs, leaning in close and taking everything in. She hadn't even been going to let her future husband see this much! John sat on the desk next to Tracey, leaned over her, and started pointing out and actually touching the different parts to show the boys exactly where everything was.   
  
"So, first of all, everything you can see here is called the vulva. It basically means the entire area between the highest point of the inner thighs. This area here on either side of the vagina where you can see Emily shaved off the pubic hair is the 'labia majora', and these two folds, or 'flaps' as some people refer to them (oh my god, did he have to call them that???) are the 'labia minora'." He ran his fingers up the labia as he continued. "As you can see, they run along either side of the vaginal opening, and run upwards until they join together to form the 'clitoral hood' which covers and protects the clitoris." Saying this he used two fingers just above the hood to pull it back and fully expose Tracey's engorged and slightly pulsating clitoris to the boys' view.  
  
Turning to face the rest of the class, John said "And since Tracey here is such a rare specimen to still have an intact hymen, considering they can get broken by a girl falling on something, or being kicked, or even just from riding a bike or running, I think we should have a look at that too, since it's likely nobody in the class will ever get the chance to see an intact one again. Tracey, help me out here."  
  
Tracey simply allowed John to move her hands down to her splayed vagina, her legs now being help up by nothing other than her 'knees behind her elbows.' To have her hands positioned on either side of her vagina stretched her legs back even more, and he positioned her thumbs on either side of her vagina between the labia majora and minora, and instructed her to pull them outwards, which she did, stretching her gaping vagina even further open. It took a lot of effort to hold herself in this position without assistance and she simply squeezed her eyes shut and concentrated on nothing more than holding still and getting enough oxygen. Even the burning shame was coming third compared to these two things. John ignored her discomfort as usual and calmly continued with the 'lesson.'  
  
"Ok, now you can clearly see the hymen stretched across the inside of her vagina. And see that little hole near the top there? That's the urethra. Moving downwards, this area of skin directly under the vaginal opening is the perineum, which runs from the vagina down to the anus, which is obviously this puckered hole down here looking like it's winking at you.."  
  
Hearing him say that last sentence, Tracey realised her humiliation was finally complete. Her entire world became nothing more than her stretched tendons and her aching muscles straining to hold her body in this highly uncomfortable postion, getting enough oxygen to keep those muscles working, and her all-consuming humiliation at the hands of these people. Nothing outside this room seemed to exist any longer.  
  
“Ok boys, that's it. Any questions?”  
  
The three boys shook their heads, dragged their eyes away, and slowly made their way back to their seats, hunched over with their hands covering their crotches. Tracey almost started to let herself relax, but John quickly stopped her, saying "We're not done yet Trace. There's still the rest of the class to go. Emily, next group please."

**Traceys Last Day Part 3**

So Tracey lay there, sweating, straining, crying, holding herself so completely and openly exposed for what had become her whole world to see, for nearly another hour (which seemed to her long enough that she should be celebrating another birthday soon, even though she had only just turned 18 five days ago) while the rest of the class came up to the front in small groups and John went through the same process pointing out in great detail exactly which part of her vagina was called what. And he always ran the tips of his fingers lightly over the part he was talking about to make sure the others could tell exactly which bit he meant. It tickled outrageously, and it felt so wrong, so disgusting, so GOOD! If she wasn't trapped in this painfully uncomfortable position she would be squirming all over the desk, but she couldn't move at all. And worst of all, she could feel herself getting wetter and wetter as time went on. By the time the fourth group came up and put their enrapt faces within a foot of her stretched and yawning vagina, she could feel her secretions running out of her opening, down over her puckered anus, and pooling on the hardwood desk beneath her lower back.  
  
By the time the rest of the class had had their intimate lesson into the female anatomy (most of the boys twice) the puddle of her secretions was so large it was starting to drip off the desk onto the floor.  
  
Lying there in such a position for so long she actually had a bit of difficulty untangling herself, but she slowly managed to straighten herself out, stood up, stretched her stiff limbs, scratched furiously at her shaving rash which had been itching like mad, and, panting and dripping with sweat, automatically laced her hands back behind her head and sat back on the edge of the desk to await her next instruction. It wasn't long before Emily 'helped out' with a suggestion.  
  
“Hey John, we’ve talked a lot about arousal, and seen it close up, but I think it would be instructive to see her actually reach orgasm.”  
  
“That’s a fantastic idea,” John said. “Tracey, lie back down on the desk and show us how you masturbate.”  
  
Tracey looked at the floor and slowly shook her head. When she finally spoke up her voice came out as a whimper as she said, “I can’t.”  
  
“What do you mean you can’t?’”  
  
“I don’t know how.”  
  
The class laughed.  
  
“You can’t expect us to believe that you’ve never diddled yourself,” Emily said incredulously.  
  
Tracey didn’t respond but looked back down at the floor.  
  
Exasperated, Emily started walking over to Tracey saying "It's easy. Lie down and I'll show you how."  
  
Tracey immediately started to do as she was bid, but John had a flash of inspiration. He smiled, then held up a hand and stopped Emily. "Wait a sec Em." He had always been the bully at his old schools, but now he was realising there was also a little bit of a sadistic streak in him too. "I think I like the idea that she's obviously so horny and has no idea how to relieve herself."   
  
Emily blinked and looked at him, shocked. Then she threw back her head and laughed uproariously. The rest of the class joined in while John looked at Tracey with the most evil grin she had ever seen, and she simply hung her head in shame.  
  
When the laughter had died down, John looked at the clock and said "Class will be over soon anyway. There is one last thing though. Tracey, lie back down on the desk with your legs back like you were before."  
  
Tracey sighed and went and lay back down on the desk as before, pulling her legs back up and out, locking her knees back behind her elbows, and without any instruction at all, even reached down and used her thumbs to stretch her vagina open again in that all too familiar pose she had lain in for more than half an hour just a couple of minutes beforehand. She did it without any help at all. It was easy now since her muscles were used to being in that position.  
  
"Over here guys."  
  
Tracey lay her head back and stared at the ceiling, wondering what else he could possibly want to show them. There was some rustling and even a couple of giggles as the class came and crowded around her obscenely spread legs. After a few seconds Emily said "Hey Trace."  
  
She looked up and was shocked to see that most of the class had their cell phones out and pointed at her. Two even had small digital cameras. There was a chorus of clicks and camera sounds, and even a tinny "say cheese" as they all took photos and then quickly held their phones up to their faces to look at the pictures they had taken and save them. Too shocked to move, Tracey simply did a quick count. Around 7 or 8 of the girls and more than a dozen of the boys had just taken a photo of her in the most explicit and degrading pose she could ever have thought of. Worse than that, she realised these people that she had always thought of as beneath her all now had something to hold over her. Any thoughts of ever getting revenge that might have been dancing around in the back of her mind disappeared instantly.  
  
Still immobile, she watched as John waltzed over to her looking at the screen of his phone and smiling with obvious complete satisfaction. When he was standing next to her head he turned his phone and showed her the picture on the screen. There she was, lying back on the desk with her legs right back and held splayed open by her arms, her small virgin vagina stretched wide open to its limit, framed by puffy labia that were so engorged with blood that they were deep, deep pink (almost red) and swollen to at least twice their normal size, her clit obviously also engorged and poking far out from under the hood which was also rather pulled back, showing absolutely everything in very explicit detail. Above that sordid veiw of her formerly called 'privates' (she highly doubted she would ever be able to use THAT word again) her firm young tits with their rock hard nipples pointed at the ceiling, and behind those her face was fully captured with her mouth open and eyes wide in a shocked expression. Nobody that ever saw that picture would ever think that it was anybody but her.  
  
A few of the boys and girls saw that she still hadn't moved (she had barely even relaxed her thumbs from stretching herself open, she was in too much shock) and went back for another picture, more than a couple rushing forwards to go for a close up. There were a few more clicks but she was too busy staring at the picture being shown to her to even hear them. It was only when two boys and one girl tried to go in for an extreme close up photo at the same time that they jostled each other and one touched her hand, that she looked down and realised what was going on. She disentangled herself as quickly as she could and stood up again quickly remembering that such a thing as modesty existed and covered herself up.  
  
"I think we're a bit beyond that now Tracey. You might as well put your hands down." said John as he walked back around the desk and again held out his phone for her to see. She slowly lowered her hands and again looked at the picture being showed to her. The lesson had been bad enough, but now they had PHOTOGRAPHS? She just couldn't believe she had managed to let herself get into such a terrible position.  
  
"Take a look around. Have a good long look at the faces of everyone here." She looked around at her classmates, every one of them with the biggest smiles of their lives on their faces. She would never forget the look of any of them. Her humiliation receded slightly to be replaced by fear as he went on. "We own you now. Don't look so scared, I don't want to take your virginity. In fact, I'll be checking now and then to make sure your hymen is still intact. I like the idea of having a virgin to boss around. And again, don't worry, we'll keep it a secret between us." He looked around at his classmates. "Well, maybe we'll share it with a few 'close' friends. But effective immediately, everyone in this room is not only better than you, but we all control you. And in saying that, there are a few rules you'll be expected to follow."  
  
He pointed down at her crotch. "Number one, you must keep that completely shaved at all times. Not one single hair. Any one of us can and will check to make sure you are following this rule whenever we want. No matter where you are, if we want to check you must come with us somewhere private, or stay where you are if that's that we want, and lift your skirt and pull the front of any underwear you might be wearing down so that we can see. I don't care if you're at a family reunion in the middle of a conversation with your grandparents and all your pervy little cousins are hanging around, you'll do it without hesitation. Do you understand?"  
  
Tracey, still looking at the faces of everyone staring at her, their grins somehow managing to get even wider the more John talked, didn't even bother trying to argue. She simply nodded.  
  
"Actually, underwear is a good point. Rule two, from now on you will only wear skirts. No pants, jeans, slacks, shorts, bike pants, or anything else. If anyone here sees you wearing anything other than a skirt or a dress, it will be ripped off you and shredded, along with everything else you're wearing as punishment. You can wear long socks or stockings if it's cold, but not pantyhose. Nothing that will cover your pussy."  
  
Ouch. That 'P' word again.  
  
"And rule three is if you want to wear underwear it must be a lace thong. Nothing else is acceptable. And I mean nothing."  
  
Tracey finally looked back at John. Unable to speak, she simply nodded again.  
  
"Breaking any of these rules will result in these pictures ending up on the internet, being emailed to everyone at this school including the teachers, and also being printed out and posted all over town. It's amazing what you can achieve with a decent printer and photo paper these days. You can print something out that looks exactly like a photograph, except in A4 size. And of course there are programs out there to make sure enlarging the picture doesn't negate the quality."  
  
He gripped Tracey's shoulders and turned her physically to fully face her. Leaning in close to her face he asked "Is there anything about these rules you need explaining about?"  
  
Tracey shook her head. "No."  
  
"No what?"  
  
"No... Sir?"  
  
"Good girl."  
  
Releasing her shoulders he glanced up at the clock again. "Three minutes until class is over. Before we go Trace, you left quite a mess on Mrs. Winston's desk that you might want to clean up."  
  
Tracey looked over at the desk and saw the huge puddle of her vaginal secretions dripping off the desk onto the floor. As she looked around for something to mop it up with, Emily handed her a cloth. She had already started soaking up the fluid by the time she noticed it was her own knickers. She stared at them, shocked, then simply gave in and mopped up as much of the mess as she could. She had to wring them out into the wastebin twice to mop it all up.  
  
Emily handed Tracey her bra aswell and said "You might want to use this to soak up the last of it and polish the whole desk. That bit is rather shiny and Mrs. Winston will surely notice it and ask questions." Tracey obediently did as she was told, John and Emily helping out by picking up the few things on the desk and waiting for Tracey to finish polishing before putting them back where they were.  
  
Putting the last item back in its place, John said "You can throw those rags in the bin when we leave. But for now you better put the rest of your clothes back on."  
  
Emily handed Tracey's clothes back. Putting them on, she realised that Emily hadn't just been sitting around while everyone had been getting their 'anatomy lesson.' Her skirt had been cut neatly enough that she didn't notice at first, but once it was on, she realised it was at least four or five inches shorter than it had been before. It didn't even quite cover her newly bald pubis. Testing with her fingers she guessed that it stopped about an inch or so above her now low hanging labia and clitoris that was still poking out lewdly. Scratching her shaving rash again, she tugged her skirt as low on her hips as she could get it and then pulled on the blouse. She was not exactly surprised to find out that the top four buttons of this had also been cut off. The new top button was a couple of inches below the level of her still very hard nipples that were poking through the material. It was going to be difficult to keep her large and now braless tits from popping out with the slightest movement. She'd have to walk very carefully today indeed.  
  
She sighed resignedly and sat down on the floor, once more giving the class a show as she spread her legs to pull on her socks and tie her shoelaces. Then she stood up, tried to tug her skirt lower again, gathered up her now useless underwear, and turned back to John for any last minute instructions he might have.  
  
He simply said "Don't forget."  
  
Then the bell rang. Everyone gathered up their things and started to head out the door, talking and laughing with each other, many still looking at the pictures they had taken. Tracey gathered up her bag and solemnly walked out after them. Feeling her still flowing secretions already starting to flow down her left leg without even her saturated panties to stop it, she thought to herself 'It's going to be a long day.'  
  
Mrs. Winston brushed past her as she hurried back in the door. She saw John gathering up his stuff and said "Sorry I took so long John. It took a long time to sort out the insurance. Did everything go well?"  
  
"Everything was fine. I thought the class was rather a success." John said with a charming smile.  
  
"And what about Tracey? Did she behave herself?"  
  
With a bright smile John said "Tracey was great Mrs. W. She actually helped out with the class since I had a little trouble getting the program going. You just have to talk to her on her level. We improvised a little, no problem at all really. I think everyone learned a lot."  
  
"Good to hear." Mrs. Winston slumped down in her chair and heaved a sigh of relief. "I'm going to be glad when this day is over."  
  
"You're likely not the only one Mrs. W. Have a great summer."

**Traceys Last Day - Epilogue**

The rest of Tracey's last day at school had passed by in a whirl of endless humiliation.  
  
After leaving the room of her first class, barely managing to avoid being recognised by Mrs. Winston on the way out only because the teacher had been in such a hurry, she had found herself in a hallway crowded with her peers, and everyone within a three metre radius had immediately noticed the ridiculous amounts of cleavage she was unwillingly showing. And after she had passed those ogling eyes and they could no longer stare at her chest, they never failed to notice how short her skirt was now. It wasn't too difficult seeing as even when it was pulled as low on her hips as she could get it, the un-elasticated waistband digging painfully into her skin and her highly engorged labia and clitoris just barely covered, there was still more than an inch of naked buttocks hanging out underneath at the back.  
  
Wherever she went, jeers, whistles, catcalls, and peals of laughter followed her the entire way. There were shouts of "Nice rack!" "Check out the tits on THAT!" and "Nice ass bitch!" from the boys, and things like "Tramp," "Whore," and "What a slut!" from the girls. All this attention only served to bring even more attention and eyes her way.  
  
Less than a minute after leaving that fateful class, one boy slapped her hard on the butt as she walked by, causing her to squeal and jump forward, hips automatically thrusting forward trying to escape the offending hand. Unfortunately, this sudden movement caused her skirt to fly up a little at the front, meaning anyone standing in front of her would have been clearly able to see her clit and therefore very obvious lack of underwear, but 'thankfully' all eyes were distracted by the sight of her large firm breasts with their painfully erect nipples flying out of her top.  
  
There were roars of laughter from all and sundry as she tried to get her large breasts back under cover and to stay there, which was difficult without any buttons above nipple height as each time she got one in and tried to cover up the other too, the first one would just pop back out. When she finally got them both covered up, someone else slapped her butt again, and they once again leapt for freedom. Seconds later she was being propelled down the corridor by slap after slap landing on her backside, both breasts jiggling, jumping and swaying wildly about in the open air in front, spanks quickly becoming painful landing on her rear, and because of the jostling movement, her skirt trying to work its way back up to sit just above her hips as normal, bringing more and more of her quickly turning-pink butt and shaving rash covered bald pubis into view. And through it all her wetness just wouldn't stop flowing. In fact, with this fresh wave of humiliation from all new people, they just seemed to come even faster, and she could feel the small stream of it flowing down her left leg starting to soak into her knee high sock.  
  
Figuring out that she could only control one of these problems at a time, she yanked her skirt back down, held it, and just pushed her way through the crowd as fast as she could, trying to ignore the laughter and shouts of the boys, the disgusted looks and harsh comments from the girls (those that weren't also laughing and shouting) and the constant multitude of hands that crawled all over her half-naked body, slapping her bum and groping anything they could touch.  
  
Seeking sanctuary, she endured this down three corridors and around two corners to the nearest girls' toilet, where she ran in, quickly locked herself into a stall, sat down and cried. This was almost worse than the first class had been. She wasn't exposing herself so ridiculously openly, but in there there had been a LOT less people and almost no touching except for when John had been intimately pointing out what parts of her body had what name.  
  
After a minute the bell signalling the start of second class went and Tracey knew she had to leave. Grabbing some of the toilet paper, she dried her eyes, and then tried to mop up all her flowing vaginal secretions. She couldn't do anything about the soaked patch on her sock but she dried her leg and swollen labia, then left the stall and splashed water on her face. She cleaned herself up as best she could, wrestled her boobs back into her top, looked around for any spare dignity that might be lying around, and headed off to second class.  
  
She wondered if there was a single student at school by the end of the day that hadn't noticed her total lack of underwear. At the end of each class there was a rather large wet patch on her chair, and the hallway between each class had been exactly like the first. Hold the skirt down, fight her way through the crowds to the nearest girls' room, cry, mop up her juices, clean up, and go to the next class. The classes themselves hadn't been so bad as she had just sat up the back surrounded by quietly teasing boys trying to get a peek up her ludicrously short skirt, and tried as hard as possible not to let the teachers even notice she was there except for attendance call. Lunch time had just been a nightmare until she decided to simply lock herself in the girls' toilets and cry until it was over.  
  
That afternoon Tracey had endured a seemingly endless bus ride where she had tried to hide up in the back and failed miserably from the outset when everyone tried to force their way as far back and therefore as close to her as possible. She had started out pressing herself right up against the window on one side but had ended up being physically moved to the centre of the back seat where the aisle stretched down in front of her and at least twenty boys and girls crowded around her on the three back seats, many standing and one widely smiling guy sitting down in the aisle to let those behind him see. His face was about a foot from her tightly clenched knees, staring as if trying to use telekinesis to force her to open them.  
  
She sat quietly, enduring pokes and prods, more comments, and those sitting within reach touching any exposed flesh they could find. At first she had tried to push their hands away, but moving her own arms just provided more openings for others to reach in and grab or pinch something, and it was difficult to keep her knees tightly together as she was jostled around by the movement of the bus and those around her, and all but impossible to keep her unruly breasts from escaping the loose contains of her blouse.   
  
Once, the bus went over a speed hump too fast and they were all thrown into the air (only an inch or two) but this moved her bum further forward on the seat and while in midair her knees lost control and parted about a foot, and she instinctively shot her hands down to cover her bald mound, which was a huge mistake because not only did this mean her boobs finally flew out of her top, but she couldn't put them back in without exposing herself. So she ended up with her bum forward and leaning back on the seat, firm tits fully out in the open, unable to close her knees with her hands in the way, unable to move her hands without exposing her bald vagina, and basically now totally helpless.  
  
One of the boys sitting next to her noticed this and grabbed her knee, tucking it under his own leg and trapping it there. This was quickly repeated by the boy on the other side and now her legs were stuck wide open. One of the girls tried to pull her hands away but she fought hard to keep them locked in place, and when everyone realised her hands weren't going to budge, they took the opportunity and the groping had begun in earnest. Tracey had no choice but to keep her hands where they were so she closed her eyes and endured the hands that fought for space on her body, rubbing and squeezing her legs, groping her breasts, pinching and pulling her painfully erect nipples... It actually felt pretty good even through the humiliation and disgust she felt at herself for allowing them to do it to her. And all the while she felt her rapidly flowing juices trickling through her fingers and severely soaking the seat underneath her bum.  
  
When she had finally gotten home she had ran upstairs before her parents could see what a state she was in, locked herself in her room, and cried, her tears soaking the pillow and her vaginal secretions soaking the duvet.  
  
Oh how she wished she knew how to masturbate!  
  
An hour and a half later, her tears had run dry and she had cleaned herself up and changed her clothing and was in the middle of fixing her hair when there was a tap at the door. Calling out, she heard her daddy's muffled voice saying "Tracey, you have company."  
  
"I don't want to see anyone!"  
  
"It's that nice boy John, that helped you with your schoolwork all year. You don't want to seem ungrateful do you?"  
  
As a matter of fact she certainly did want to seem ungrateful! But she didn't want her daddy to think something was up and risk him finding out that she had basically spent the day flashing her charms at every student at school and letting hordes of her fellow peers grope her, so she reluctantly got up and unlocked the door to let John in, said "Thanks daddy," and closed and locked it again. John put his school bag down and sat on her bed.  
  
After she heard her fathers footsteps fade away down the corridor, she sadly turned to John and said "What do you want now?"  
  
"I brought you a present."  
  
This was the last thing she had been expecting. "Huh???"  
  
"I got you a present. But first I can't help but notice that it's still the first day and you're already breaking one of your rules..."  
  
Tracey looked down at the slacks she had putten on and groaned loudly. He was actually going to go through with it all. "Haven't you ruined my life enough already?"  
  
"Haven't you forgotten the pictures we all have, and what I said would happen if you broke one of those rules?"  
  
With all the torment that had happened since that first class she had completely forgotten. Too emotionally exhausted to try and argue, she simply undid her slacks, pulled them off, and handed them to John, who threw them over his shoulder and stood there with his hand out again.  
  
"What?"  
  
John glanced downwards and she realised she was also wearing panties. She peeled them off and handed them over too.  
  
"Breaking two rules out of three on the same day you get them. Shame on you girl. Take off the top and bra aswell. Consider it your punishment."  
  
Once she was completely naked in front of him again, he said "Perhaps we should go through your closet and get rid of all your clothes that break your rules. Anyone else from the class that sees you might not be so easy on you."  
  
So they spent the next hour decimating her wardrobe, pulling out all her jeans, slacks, shorts, bike pants, pantyhose, one pair of culottes, and the entire contents of her knickers drawer, and piling them all on the bed. For good measure John added any of her tops that were "too modest for your new life", removed the top two or three buttons of all her blouses, and also threw on the huge pile any of her bras that weren't flimsy lace ones (which meant all but one) and also any pairs of shoes without heels.  
  
Looking forlornely at all the beautiful clothes she would never wear again, Tracey shivered. They seemed to just ram home the fact that her torment was obviously not over, and she would probably never get her life back to the way it was.  
  
John looked at his watch and declared he had to get home as his parents were leaving town for a few days for business on a late flight and he wanted to see them off. He told her to make sure all the clothes currently on her bed were packed into rubbish bags and thrown out at the next collection. Picking up his bag he suddenly remembered "Oh, your present."  
  
Looking up in surprise, she watched him pull a shopping bag out of his larger school bag. It was pink, and stenciled on the side was 'Pretty Kitty.' He handed it to her and she looked inside. Some sort of clothes. "What's this for?"  
  
"For you to wear, night after tomorrow. The grad party at my house."  
  
She looked up quizically. Graduation party?  
  
"Be there at 6. Wear that and..." he rummaged in her mostly empty closet "...these shoes."  
  
He handed her a pair of black stilettos with 5 inch heels. She'd only ever worn them once, to a family members wedding, and they were so uncomfortable she'd never worn them again.  
  
"The hair, jewellery and makeup you can do yourself, but these clothes are non-negotiable. Wear these and nothing else. And DON'T be late." he said, shooting her a warning look. This was not a suggestion, it was an order from her new 'master' (one of around thirty-five)  
  
"Yes, sir."  
  
"Good girl. See you then."  
  
As he made his own way out, she emptied the bag onto her vanity and sifted through it. There was black stockings with a matching suspender belt, a tiny black cocktail dress which was backless, very short, and very low cut, and the tiniest thong she had ever seen made of bright red, almost transparent lace. Holding the dress up against her body she looked in the mirror. She would probably be about as covered as she had been at school today. Not much more, if at all. And the thong wouldn't be much better than not wearing anything.  
  
Sighing, mortally weary, she dropped the dress back on the vanity and went into the bathroom to wash off the juices still flowing down her legs that had accumulated while she had been working cleaning out her closet with John. At least they seemed to be slowing down now. Then she shoved the clothes off the bed into a heap on the floor, and crawled into bed still naked.  
  
'I'm not looking forward to this grad party.'

**Tracey - The Grad Party**

Tracey walked up the path to the front door of John's huge two-storey house, teetering a bit on the uncomfortable high heels and feeling the hem of the ridiculous dress she was wearing under her coat riding up even higher with every single step. Luckily it didn't look like anyone else was here yet, and she hoped fervently that it was only going to be a small party with just Johns' circle of friends and not many other people.  
  
Her daddy had given her a big hug before she left, saying how proud he was of all her hard work to graduate the year with high marks in all her classes. "Have a great night darling. Just try and be home by midday tomorrow, so we can go shopping for that car you've had your eye on."  
  
She'd managed a smile as he kissed her on the cheek, just glad that he hadn't asked to see what she was wearing to this party. The dress John had bought her was even smaller than she'd first thought. It was skin tight and hugged every little curve of her body (she was sure that even if her nipples weren't still hard enough to cut diamonds they would still be perfectly outlined, looking in the mirror she was almost sure the damn thing even sucked into her bellybutton to show that clearly) and it had taken her nearly ten minutes of adjusting it to make sure she was covered. The garter belt she was wearing was clearly showing through, and the tops of the stockings it was holding up stopped nearly three inches below the skirts' hem. She thought it made her look like a cheap prostitute and had considered not wearing them at all, but John had said these clothes were non-negotiable so she just had to bear it.  
  
Her large breasts were showing a massive amount of cleavage from the hugely low cut front, and even when it was pulled down so low that her areola were only just covered under the very edge of the material, the hem still only stopped around half an inch below her pubis which was 'covered' by the tiny red lace thong, which barely covered anything at all and was so flimsy that it was practically see-through anyway.  
  
She had barely knocked on the door when it was opened by John, who was wearing black jeans and a Calvin Klein T-shirt.  
  
"Hey good looking! Come on in!" He led her inside and helped her remove her coat. He got a quick look at her back, noticing that the material conformed to every curve and made her bum look fantastic. It wasn't exactly a J-Lo butt, but it was definitely a 'bubble-butt'. He was considering giving it a quick spank when she turned around, and he drank in the sight of her barely covered large tits.  
  
"Wow, that dress looks even better on you than I'd imagined! You look almost as good now as you do naked."  
  
Tracey tried to take this as a compliment and failed. "When does this stupid party start?"  
  
Ignoring her tone and hanging up her coat, John said "Starts at seven, but I wanted you here early to make sure everything was good to go before everyone rocks up."  
  
"Why do you need me for that?"  
  
Emily walked out of the living room (wearing a nice but fairly plain strapless blue dress, knee-length, her large DD's well contained in the thick material) saying "Because everything is pretty much ready except for you. Show us whether or not you've shaved since I did you at school."  
  
Tracey hesitated, shocked to see Emily here so early. Then she just obediently lifted her skirt and pulled out her tiny thong, causing it to get narrower as it stretched and she felt one side of her still swollen labia get squeezed outside the flimsy material.  
  
John and Emily both leaned in close and peered into the gap.  
  
Emily said "Looks ok but there's not enough light here to make sure."  
  
"Take her up to the bathroom to double-check. I'll meet you girls there."  
  
John headed over to the entertainment unit that seemed to include a stereo, amplifier, big bass speakers (more speakers were scattered around the room high on the walls) and also what looked like a top-of-the-range DVD player to Tracey, but there was no sign of a TV, and started fiddling with a few switches. Emily took hold of Tracey's wrist and she let the bigger girl lead her up the stairs, trying not to fall over on the spiky heels she was wearing. She was led into a huge bathroom that was flooded with bright, clean white light.   
  
"Pull your dress up around your waist and take off your underwear."  
  
Emily grinned as Tracey obediently did as she was bid, lifting the skirt high just under her obviously braless tits, and then undoing the clips on the garter belt so she could remove the ridiculous thong. The snooty cow had actually managed to learn not to argue and just get on with it! This was just going to make it easier.  
  
Getting Tracey to lean back on the basin and stand with her legs apart, Emily kneeled down and looked closely at her tiny virgin snatch, just as John walked in to join them. "Well it looks like your shaving rash is starting to get a bit better, but you could have done a better job of removing the hair again. It'll do I suppose. Turn around and bend over and grab your ankles... Well you certainly haven't done that bit." Tracey blushed scarlet as she realized Emily was basically saying she had a hairy butt crack. "Is there a razor I can use to fix her up John?"  
  
"Not that I know of, and you're definitely not using my razor to shave her ass. I think mum might have some wax strips here somewhere." He rifled through a medicine cabinet, located the box he wanted and handed them to Emily, who took them grinning evilly.  
  
"Hold real still Tracey. And don't let go of those ankles or I'll tear that dress off and you'll be attending the party without it."  
  
Tracey held on as tight as she could as Emily rubbed the strips between her hands, warming them, and then applied one to either side of her crevice and down over her perineum. Rubbing them firmly onto the hairs (which were so small and pale that you could only see them if you looked close, but Emily just thought this would be a fun way to torture the bitch) she suddenly grabbed the ends of both and RIPPED them upwards without warning. Tracey screamed shrilly and automatically tried to straighten up, but she managed to keep hold of her ankles as told, and just managed to stay on her feet as she wobbled on her ridiculous heels.   
  
Peering close, more to prolong Tracey's explicit display than to actually check that the hair was gone, she qualified "Much better. You can get dressed again now. Meet us downstairs in five minutes."  
  
It took her nearly ten minutes to pull her thong back on, pulling it up between her burning butt cheeks, then reconnect the garter clips, and wrestle her tits back in her tiny dress (they had flopped out as soon as she had bent over) and adjust her hemline. She heard music playing as she hurried downstairs as fast as she could, seeing Emily waiting impatiently at the foot of the stairs for her.  
  
"People should start arriving soon. John's at the front door waiting to tell you what you need to do."  
  
Tracey hurried to the door and announced her presence to John.  
  
"What took you so long? I just heard a car pull up." Without waiting for an answer, he continued. "Your hostess duties are..."  
  
"Hostess??? What?"  
  
"Didn't you see all the posters at school? There must have been a hundred of them."  
  
"No."  
  
"Well at lunch time I put up lots of posters advertising the party and saying you were acting as hostess for me." Tracey groaned, remembering that horrible day and the amount of people that had had intimate views of her body, and any hopes of this being a small party vanished. "Anyway, as I was saying before I was interrupted..." He gave her a look to say 'don't do it again', "Your hostess duties are to greet everyone at the door, take their coats if they are wearing any, and put them in this closet here. Make sure you have a smile on your face and greet them warmly. If they give you a hug or a kiss or something, make sure you return it and thank them. Then just show them into the lounge room and tell them drinks are in the kitchen. If anyone tells me you were rude or cold to them, you'll regret it. When nobody has turned up for ten minutes and it looks like everyone is here, come find me and I'll tell you what to do next."  
  
There was a knock on the door. John glanced at it, then back at Tracey. "Go to work." Heading back out into the lounge, he added forcefully "And don't forget to smile!"  
  
"Yes, sir."  
  
Tracey took a deep breath, checked her dress to make sure she was still 'decent', put on as bright a smile as she could manage, and opened the door.  
  
"...doesn't sound like much is happening yet, but OH MY GOD!" There was a group of three guys at the door (all dressed very casually, Tracey noticed) and as soon as the door opened they stopped and stared at the sight of the prettiest and snobbiest girl in school wearing a dress that appeared to be airbrushed on. Three pairs of eyes were focused on her cleavage, and Tracey started to feel very self-conscious.  
  
Trying to ignore their lurid stares, she put on a brave face and a big smile. "Welcome to the party guys. Come on in." Tearing their disbelieving eyes away, they stumbled in the door. One of the boys recovered enough to give her a great big smile and a bear hug, which she returned, swallowing her revulsion when he crudely groped her butt in the process. Then she thanked him as instructed and pointed them in the direction of the lounge room and told them drinks were in the kitchen. The boys gave her even bigger smiles and a final stare at her rack as they left, and she looked down to see one of her nipples had escaped during the enthusiastic hug.  
  
Tucking it back in, she thought 'This is going to be soooo much fun.'  
  
For nearly the next hour, she greeted everyone that came to the door. There seemed to be hundreds of them, and Tracey didn't fail to notice that with very few exceptions, nobody had really gotten dressed up for the party. Certainly nothing that even came close to what she was wearing.  
  
Not one person didn't stare at her cleavage when they first saw her, and many gave her a warm (and some sarcastic) 'Hello' and either a hug or a kiss or grope some sort of combination. And after almost every interaction she had to tuck her unruly boobs back in and/or tug her hem back down. Twice she even had to adjust her thong. A couple of times there were so many people waiting to come in that she couldn't take the time to fix herself up, so people were greeted with a cheery "Hello" and a couple of cheery rock-hard nipples pointing at them (and some lucky ones a sneak peek at her cheery cherry red thong that failed to hide her swollen lips and engorged clitoris)  
  
One girl looked at her and said "I didn't know this was a pimps and prostitutes party. She looks like the cheapest whore in town."   
  
The large group she was with all laughed, except one of the boys who said "No she doesn't." Tracey started to feel relieved that somebody was finally sticking up for her when he continued "My dad could probably point out at least two prostitutes in town that would be cheaper."  
  
Laughing even harder, the group walked inside, all ignoring her except for one of the boys that gave her right nipple a tweak on the way in. Tracey simply stood back and watched them file in with her fake smile frozen in place.  
  
And this was one of the better groups.  
  
After almost an hour of being ogled, hugged, groped, tickled, harrassed, and abused by many of the girls, it finally looked like nobody else was coming. She wondered how many people had attended. She'd lost count at around 120 and that had been at least half an hour ago. That number had to have more than doubled.  
  
After straightening her dress for the umpteenth time, she waited the obligatory ten minutes and went to find John to see what degradation she would be subjected to next.

**Tracey - The Grad Party Part 2**

John was already slightly tipsy when she found him. "Finally. I was going to have you serving drinks, but it looks like everyone is managing well enough on their own. Go dance for a while. I'll let you know when I need you to do something else. And remember to keep smiling."  
  
Walking without falling out of this stupid dress was hard enough, how the hell did he expect her to dance in it? But she wandered over to the dance area near the stereo and danced as told. Eventually she even started enjoying herself and only tucked herself back in at the end of each song.  
  
Half an hour later, John stood on a table near the other side of the room. He put on a headset with a microphone, pressed a button on the earpiece, and his voice cut in through the music. "Ok. Everyone to the lounge room please. It's time for the twister competition!"  
  
Everyone cheered loudly as Emily strutted out carrying the large plastic mat and the spinner and proceeded to set it up where the dance floor had been.  
  
"Our gracious hostess Tracey Smith has already volunteered to play, so who is going to go against her?"  
  
Every hand in the room went up. John picked out a couple of the prettier girls, and they excitedly took their places around the mat. With a nudge from Emily, Tracey went to join them. She looked at her competition solemnly. Three girls, two wearing slacks, one wearing "Daisy Duke" denim shorts, and only one wearing a low cut top, which obviously had a bra underneath it.   
  
Tracey kicked off her shoes (that was a relief at least) and prepared to show a lot of skin to most of the graduating class. She saw Emily walking over holding what looked to be a small and very high-tech video camera. "You're going to be taping this??"  
  
"No silly, not many people can see what's going to be happening, so this is to project it onto the big screen."  
  
Tracey hadn't even seen a TV when she got here. She looked around, then froze. The 'big screen' was an entire wall of the huge room! Looking up, she saw a projector unit attached to the ceiling, and when she glanced back at the wall, she saw her own face with a shocked expression, only that face was now nearly six feet tall! This was just getting worse and worse...  
  
"Time to start the game!" yelled 'emcee' John. "Stacey. Left foot red." One of the girls shifted her foot onto a red dot straight in front of her. "Terri, left hand blue." The tall leggy blonde girl in the 'Daisy Dukes' teased the boys around her by bending at the waist with her legs straight, and planting her hand on a blue dot towards the middle, before crouching comfortably.  
  
"Tracey, right hand green."   
  
Tracey crouched down and put her hand out and onto a green dot. Even this movement caused her right nipple to be pushed out of her ridiculous dress. Tucking it back in left-handed, she saw Emily pointing the camera at her, and she looked down thinking maybe she hadn't put her boobs back in properly, and realised when she crouched down she did it automatically in the easiest and most comfortable way. Her knees were more than shoulder width apart and of course the hemline of her dress was covering absolutely nothing now.  
  
Emily was pointing the camera at her crotch! And that image was being projected onto the wall of the room many times larger than life!  
  
Tracey had just managed to get her knees together when John's voice boomed "Tracey, right foot green."  
  
This was easy enough. Right on the edge of the board next to her right hand. She managed to do that modestly enough.  
  
The other girls shifted around with their next spins and Tracey waited to hear what her next spin would be. "Tracey, left hand yellow."  
  
Easy. She planted her hand on the empty space right next to her right hand, but having to lean forward that little bit more caused both of her nipples to pop out yet again, and now she couldn't tuck them back in. At least her legs didn't have to budge.  
  
The game continued, the other girls seeming to deliberately put themselves in hard positions. Tracey thought 'Let them. They actually DID volunteer to play this stupid game.'  
  
"Tracey, left foot red."  
  
A loud cheer and even louder laughter went up as Tracey realised this would mean her feet were on opposite sides of the board. She stared at the row of red dots which suddenly seemed miles away in shock. Helpless to do anything but play along, she edged her left foot across the board, having to step over Terri's outstretched leg which was on a blue dot on the far end of the board. With both hands on one side of the board she had to go into a half-standing position putting most of her weight on her right foot, and she was now not only standing with her legs far apart, but also bending over. Both of her firm D-cups fell completely out of her dress, and the view from behind would have been bad enough even if she hadn't felt the tight material of her stupid dress creep quickly up until almost her entire bubble-butt was exposed. Fan-Frigging-Tastic!  
  
And of course, where there was a way to humiliate Tracey, there was Emily with the camera. She calmly walked behind her and zoomed in close, catching her big butt and the way the tiny tight lace thong barely managed to contain her swollen labia without actually concealing them much at all.  
  
"Tracey, right hand blue."  
  
Great, her legs would have to stay open where they were. But all she had to do was cross her hands over. It seemed simple enough.  
  
Unfortunately, to do this she had to straighten both legs and stick her backside straight up in the air, and she felt the left side of her labia once again leap for freedom from the tight material of her thong. A tidal wave of sound in the form of cheering and laughter came from behind her. Tracey couldn't bear it anymore and fell straight down on her bum.  
  
"And after putting up a good fight and an even better show, Tracey is the loser of that match." There was loud cheering and clapping, and the remaining three girls stood up and bowed to their adoring crowd. John continued "Well I think that was a pretty good warm up match, but what say we up the stakes a little? Who thinks the girls should play strip twister?" The thunderous roar of approval that went up was almost deafening, and Terri, the girl in the tiny denim shorts, laughed and posed on the mat to say she was up for it. The other two girls blushed, and the girl named Stacey backed out, but the other one looked around at the crowd encouraging her to keep playing, and shyly nodded. Tracey was too busy stuffing herself back into her tiny thong and dress to really notice what was going on, but she heard the words 'strip twister' and shook her head furiously.   
  
"That's the way Marlie. Ok so we have three girls willing to go again, and put their clothes on the line. Everyone give these brave girls a hand." The crowd went nuts, clapping, cheering, whistling and hooting, and Terri (obviously a bit of a 'party girl') strutted and danced around, while Tracey and Marlie stood shyly waiting for the next game to begin.  
  
"Terri looks enthusiastic, so let's let her go first... Ok, Terri right foot yellow." Terri took the second dot in from the edge.  
  
"Tracey, right hand blue." Tracey decided to put hers on the second one in aswell.  
  
"Marlie, right foot yellow." Blushing furiously, but deciding to show a little daring, Marlie stood right behind Terri and put her foot directly behind the taller girls'. Terri leaned back and rubbed herself up and down a bit against her, to loud cheering from the boys.  
  
"Terri, Left foot red." The outgoing girl decided to put her foot in the far corner, directly on the other side of the blue dot where Tracey had her hand, and stood with legs wide open and the material of her already tight little shorts pulling tighter to show off her butt to good effect, and started dancing with her upper body.  
  
"Tracey, left hand red." Great. To get there, not only did it show off her own bottom as she stretched to reach the dot, but she also found herself with her face uncomfortably close to Terri's crotch. Terri noticed and giggled, and Tracey decided to duck her head down and put it between the tall girls' legs.  
  
"Marlena, right hand red." Marlie decided to put her hand on the spot next to Traceys, while Terri started moving up and down on her outstretched legs, looking for all the world like she was humping the back of Traceys head.  
  
"Terri, left hand green." Terri bent over above Tracey and planted her hand on a green dot, leaving her with her bottom pointing straight up in the air. Looking down and to her left, she saw Traceys own buttocks straining the material of her dress, and a thoughtful look crossed her face.  
  
"Tracey, left foot blue." This was going to be difficult. As Tracey tried to move her left foot onto one of the blue dots without lifting her arms, Terri reached over and pulled up the back of her dress. She squealed and fell heavily.  
  
"And Tracey loses again!" The crowd cheered while Terri laughed and helped Tracey back to a standing position, apologising.  
  
"I just couldn't help it, that cute big bum of yours just looked like it wanted to be free."  
  
John continued "So what are you going to take off for us Tracey?"  
  
This was so unfair! She didn't even want to play in the first place, and now this skinny girl had put her off and made her lose. Angrily she yelled back "My shoes are over there."  
  
"Sorry darl, but only clothes being worn during the game count."  
  
"What? Who came up with that rule?"  
  
"Shall we ask our large crowd of esteemed judges?"  
  
The crowd cheered, and someone started a chant of "Take it off! Take it off!" which was quickly taken up by everyone else.  
  
Tracey sighed and pulled the tight little dress over her head. It didn't really cover anything anyway. All she did was fall out of it. Roars of approval met her naked breasts as they bounced into the open, and hundreds of pairs of eyes drank in the sight of the pretty girl wearing nothing but a black lace garter belt and stockings, and the bright red thong. They could finally see how small it really was. It sat very low on her hips, and even nearly an inch of her shaving rash was visible above the thing, causing every girl in the house to laugh uproariously. Emily zoomed in on the area while one girl shouted "Nice razor burn! Try using some cream next time."  
  
Tracey tried to hide herself with her hands until John calmed the crowd down and started the next game.  
  
"Terri, left foot blue."  
  
"Tracey, left foot red."  
  
"Marlena, right hand green."  
  
"Terri, right foot green."  
  
"Tracey, right foot green." Once again she was standing with her feet on opposite sides of the board. Yay. At least her hands were still free to cover herself with.  
  
"Marlena, right hand yellow."  
  
"Terri, right hand red." Tracey felt something brush her inner leg, and looked down to see that Terri had decided to take the red dot in front of her foot. First the hand and forearm appreared and claimed the spot, then Terri's head poked through between her legs. Terri situated her hand comfortably on the spot, then turned her head and looked up at Tracey with a bright cheeky smile and a "Hi."  
  
Before she could think of anything to say in reply, John called "Tracey, left hand red."  
  
'Oh typical.' thought Tracey. There were no more empty red spaces in front of her since Terri had taken the only one. She leaned back and tried to 'fall' onto one of the red spots behind her on her left hand while keeping her body above the taller girl between her legs, managing to do so, but only just.  
  
While she was trying to get herself into a stable position, she didn't realise what a show she was putting on for the crowd in front of her. She was basically in a one-handed backbend with her legs wide open and only a tight flimsy piece of translucent material covering what little remained of her modesty. She couldn't even keep her breasts covered because she was waving it around above herself for balance. Emily, who had been behind her, recording the show Terri had been putting on crawling through Traceys legs, rushed around to the front, but only got a second or two of footage of the gymnastic effort before one of Traceys stockinged feet slipped and she fell on top of Terri, although her legs were still wide open and Emily zoomed in to the new view instead.  
  
Many in the crowd laughed while Tracey and Terri picked themselves up and apologised to each other. Terri even gave her a hug while John said "So who loses that one? Tracey's the one that fell but Terri hit the ground first. What do our judges think? Should Terri take something off?" There were a few cheers from the crowd. "Should Tracey take something else off?" An even louder roar of approval met that one.   
  
"Maybe they should both take something off?"  
  
The noise was deafening as every single guy and most of the girls cheered, clapped, hooted and hollered like crazed fans at a concert wanting an encore.  
  
Over the noise, Terri stepped in close and whispered in Traceys ear "You take my top off. The guys will love it." Then she turned around to face the main body of the crowd and started dancing again. As Traceys shocked mind realised what was expected of her and she reached out and took hold of the lower hem of Terri's top, the taller girl raised her arms above her head and sashayed downwards while she lifted, and a few seconds later Terri was in a crouch at her feet basically topless, her modest little A cup boobs encased in a bra that was as flimsy and transparent as Traceys thong.  
  
After posing for a few seconds, the tall blonde spun on the balls of her feet and slowly ran the tips of her fingers from Traceys right ankle up the inside of her leg while simultaneously undoing the outside clip on the stocking with her teeth!  
  
Tracey was too shocked to move. She had never been attracted to girls at all (or boys really), but the sight and feel of this pretty sixteen year old crouched with Tracey's leg between her knees, gently running her fingers up her inner thigh, and undoing her stocking clip using her mouth was so sensual and erotic that it was causing some extremely confusing sensations in her belly.   
  
For the last day and a half Tracey had been trying to calm down her highly aroused body. Very difficult considering all that she had been through on the last day of school only two days before, and even the wicked shaving rash she had gotten from being dry shaved by Emily in front of the whole class hadn't helped, because even though it itched and burned something awful, that sensation around her engorged lady bits had actually served to help keep her on edge. Rubbing moisturiser into the area three times a day to try and help the rash made it even harder. Ever since that class her nipples had been permanantly erect and her labia and clitoris remained swollen, but she had at least managed to calm down enough to get her vaginal secretions under control.  
  
Until now.  
  
As Terri's nimble fingers reached the top of her stocking two-thirds of the way up her inner thigh, worked their way around to the back so her arm wrapped around Traceys leg, and deftly unsnapped the clip there, the sensations being caused to her by this attractive and very outgoing young thing caused Tracey a lot of inner confusion, but there was no doubt at all about the sudden flood of her juices returning and quickly soaking into her tiny thong. She just prayed that Terri wouldn't notice.  
  
Those same fingers gently pulled out the material and dipped inside the lace stocking, then worked their way around to the front (Terri's knuckles passing within an inch of her damp crotch) and unsnapped the clip there too, and then Tracey had two hands rolling the stocking down her leg. On auto-pilot, Tracey lifted her foot so Terri could pull the rolled stocking off, and then the girl crawled seductively over to the other side and repeated the procedure on her left leg, only this time undoing all three clips with her mouth.  
  
There was almost no noise from the crowd of onlookers as they all gawked at the show being put on by the two girls, hundreds of mouths hanging open, hundreds of male hands covering tenting crotches, and through it all, Tracey stood straight up, unable

**Tracey - The Grad Party Part 3**

There was almost no noise from the crowd of onlookers as they all gawked at the show being put on by the two girls, hundreds of mouths hanging open, hundreds of male hands covering tenting crotches, and through it all, Tracey stood straight up, unable to move, simply feeling her nipples get even longer and harder, and her pussy getting wetter and wetter. The only thought that (barely) managed to penetrate her shocked brain was 'When the hell did I accept pussy as a word to be used to refer to my lady place?'  
  
Tracey barely managed the strength to lift her foot out of the rolled stocking, then when Terri pulled the garter belt down she automatically stumbled forward and stepped out of that too, leaving her standing in front of hundreds of prying eyes wearing nothing but the tiny (now saturated) thong.  
  
The only person in the room capable of movement, Terri stood up and walked back to the twister mat as though nothing had happened, and calmly waited for the next game to begin wearing a bright, self-satisfied smile.  
  
After a full three minutes had gone by, Marlena blinked rapidly and shook her head to clear it. She had been in the game with those two girls, and even though she had been caught up in the erotic display as much as everyone else, she felt she had been left out of something (even though she didn't really know what) and impulsively ripped her own top over her head aswell. Terri yipped and cheered, and all the commotion caused everyone else to snap out of their stupor and look.  
  
John found his voice and said "Three cheers for Marlena for being a great sport."  
  
Everyone cheered and chanted "Marlie, Marlie, Marlie," except for Tracey, who barely found the energy to turn her head and look. Terri and Marlena hugged, and then danced around a bit until John announced it was time for a new game.  
  
Terri and Marlie excitedly took their places next to the mat and called to Tracey to join them. She still couldn't move. The emotions and feelings raging in her belly and lower were too much for her mind to comprehend. Her voice was all but off with the fairies, but she managed to squeak "I can't."  
  
John said "Come on Tracey you've come this far, one more game. Your fans are waiting for you."  
  
She managed one shaky step towards the board, then her legs gave out and she fell to her knees. She looked up at the crowd, then up at John, and quietly said "I can't. I forfeit."  
  
"You can't quit now Tracey. Everyone wants to see you play. You don't want to disappoint your entire peer group do you?"  
  
Tracey hung her head and repeated "I can't."  
  
"If you insist on forfeiting it will count as an automatic loss and you'll lose your thong too."  
  
Tracey tried to stand up, but her legs were still too weak and she fell again. She felt about as strong and coordinated as a newborn kitten. She resigned herself to losing her last item of clothing 'It's not like it really covered anything anyway' she thought, and tugged on the strap on one side, but she couldn't even manage to pull that down more than a couple of inches. She looked over at Terri and mouthed 'Help?'  
  
Terri and Marlena came over and helped her to her feet. With her legs straight she could stand up without help, but she didn't want to push her luck, so she once again looked at Terri and her tiny voice begged "Please?" Terri looked back questioningly, so Tracey flicked her eyes downwards.  
  
Terri realised what she was implying and laughed, then signaled to Marlena and knelt next to Tracey's leg. Marlie mirrored the movement on the other side.. As first Terri and then Marlie hooked their tongues into the thin strap on either side of her hips and got a grip with their teeth, Tracey stood facing her audience, swayed a little and waved her arms for balance, and without realising she was doing it, laced her hands behind her head.  
  
As she felt the tiny, soaked scrap of material peel away from her bald pussy (which was almost painfully itchy from the rash which still covered it) her overflowing wetness and her tears both followed it on its groundward journey. Even the class which had ruined her life and led to all this happening hadn't been nearly as humiliating as this. And of course, Emily was there, camera watching the thong being pulled down and zooming in on the big rash with the throbbing clitoris poking out from underneath it, and then slowly panned upwards, stopping momentarily on her tits with the painfully erect nipples, before moving up to her face to catch every tear.  
  
Glancing at the wall where the image was brought to giant life, Tracey saw herself, her humiliated, beet-red face screwed up in misery, her make up ruined, her hair a total mess, and heard the laughter and jeers of her so-called peers. There was no way anyone would pick her as the prettiest girl in school when she looked like this.  
  
Worst. Party. Ever.  
  
But not for anyone else that was there of course. THEY not only got to see the prettiest girl in school completely naked, they also got to see the biggest bitch taken down a peg or seventeen and were very thoroughly enjoying themselves. As far as they were concerned it was the best party in the history of the universe. Ancient Roman orgies had nothing on this for entertainment value.  
  
Terri triumphantly held up the saturated thong and posed like a 'Price Is Right' girl, before holding it up to her nose, giving the widest and whitest grin anyone had ever seen, and throwing it into the crowd. Tracey watched it sail into the middle of the mass of people and disappear in a hailstorm of grabbing hands, and her heart sank even further.  
  
And as John (the entire graduating class's new hero) stepped off the table and walked towards her, Tracey realised it wasn't going to get better any time soon. He stood before her with his hands on hips and looked into her face, quietly saying "Stop crying."  
  
It took a couple of minutes and the very last shred of her will to do so, but eventually she managed to stop the tears and looked resignedly at the boy that had reduced her to this.  
  
"Did you think at all that maybe the people here might have wanted to see more than one girl get stripped? I mean, sure, your competition might both have taken off their tops, but only because you fell on one of them, and the other must have felt sorry for you or something. You've got to be the worst twister player since the game was even invented. I think that since you played so badly and lost every single game you should be punished as a forfeit. What does the crowd think?"  
  
The entire room cheered. Even Marlie and Terri got caught up in the spectacle that was Traceys humiliation and cheered with everyone else. John indicated a couple of guys in the crowd and got them to pull one of the couches out from the wall and turn it around, and then marched Tracey over to it and bent her over the back of the plush lounge. She lost her balance and landed face first on the seat cushion, feet spread and hanging two feet above the ground, and as she tried to push herself back up John put his hand on her lower back and held her in place.  
  
"Now you'll get one smack on your big bare ass for every time you've treated someone like dirt, which is a ridiculously high number, so forgive me if I lose count."  
  
With that, he started spanking, softly at first until her cheeks started to go a rosy pink, then harder and faster, watching it quickly turn a brighter red than her thong had been. Most of the crowd was mesmerised by the TV projection on the wall. There was something hypnotic about watching a bottom seven feet wide and five feet high getting thoroughly spanked, every shake and wobble clearly seen, with a very puffy and extremely wet pussy peering out and saying hello underneath. Not one person could look away from the sight.  
  
Tracey lay with her face buried in the seat cushion, feeling the stinging pain of each blow and the heat generated by the contact.  
  
She could understand being punished. She had made a lot of people miserable during her school life. What she couldn't understand was the undeniable fact that the punishment and the abject humiliation she was living was somehow making her even more aroused. After at least five minutes of non-stop spanking, she started to notice that each slap caused her body to try and recoil away from the hand, then move back up as the cushioning in the couch rose again. Her nipples were rubbing against the velvet seat back and it was feeling really good compared to the pain in her rear.   
  
The heat from her bottom was spreading to her lower back, and also down between her legs, and she felt her juices flow even faster and start soaking into the top of the couch. With Emily controlling the camera like a pro, nobody in the room missed a single detail.  
  
The total, all-encompassing humiliation she was experiencing, the warmth of her blush spreading down to her firm young breasts and diamond-hard nipples, which were rubbing against the wondefully soft material of the couch back, the intense heat from her abused backside radiating down to her engorged labia and clitoris, simply the feeling of her tight virgin pussy being wetter than it ever has before, were all combining to... she thought she was... going to... in front of all these people... have her very... first...  
  
Suddenly the rain of blows on her tortured backside stopped, and a second later a deep voice said "Well, what's going on here then?"  
  
There is no way that voice came from anyone that had been in the room when she was bent over the couch!  
  
As Tracey's panicked mind forced back her arousal and the fact that she had just been denied her very first orgasm, she desperately tried to push herself up off the couch, legs flailing wildly, as the voice continued "This looks like so much more fun than my graduation party, and I finished school in the sixties, so that's saying something."  
  
She finally managed to throw herself off the couch, stumbled as her feet hit the ground crookedly, stood, and turned to see...  
  
"So it's you Tracey Smith. I should have known that inside that snooty bitch exterior there was a raging slut just waiting to expose herself." said Headmaster Chambers.  
  
'Oh my god, what the hell is he doing here?' Tracey thought. 'How much did he see? Why did he have to interrupt right then?'  
  
"I heard that this was going to be the biggest graduation party this year, and I wanted to come and congratulate you all for all your hard work this year." said Mr. Chambers, his eyes roving over Tracey's naked body. "I definitely wasn't expecting this, though. Looks like peoples' ideas of entertainment have greatly improved since the prudes took over in the seventies."  
  
Not even John could think of anything to say. Tracey looked over at the 'TV' and saw it was thankfully turned off. The only question was whether or not Emily had turned off the camera before Mr. Chambers had seen the view she must have been putting up there.  
  
"So, is there a reason for young Miss Smith to be being punished, or is she just so much of a slut that she just enjoys running around naked and being spanked in front of hundreds of people?"  
  
John said "She's not a slut, sir."  
  
"Really? Well she certainly looks like one to me. Are you sure that it isn't just you she hasn't been tarting around with?"  
  
"I'm sure sir. There are thirty or more of us here that can safely say that she isn't a slut."  
  
"Thirty huh? I guess you must have some sort of proof to be able to make that claim so confidently?"  
  
John pulled out his mobile phone, flipped it open, pressed a few buttons, and handed it to Mr. Chambers. Tracey wondered for a second, then realised he must be showing her old headmaster the picture of her in her 'pose' from class! She buried her face in her hands and tried to bend all her will towards disintegrating herself from the face of the planet.  
  
"How is this picture supposed to make me think she's anything other than a slut? What am I supposed to be looking at?" John pressed a couple more buttons, and Mr. Chambers watched at it zoomed in on a particular part of the photo. After looking quizzically for a few more seconds, his eyebrows shoot upwards.  
  
"Is that her..."  
  
"Yep."  
  
Mr. Chambers zooms the photo back out. "Well now, that's a very unusual thing to... Is that Mrs. Winstons desk???" He laughed uproariously. "She mentioned something about Tracey helping you out with the female reproduction class, but this was just beyond even my sick imagination. Of course you do realise that this just proves she hasn't had vaginal sex. There are other forms of sex that she could be indulging in on a regular..."  
  
Hearing a commotion from around the room, he looked around. A lot of the kids were asking "What's going on?" and "What's he talking about?" and those that had been in the class and taken photos took out their cell phones and passed them around. There were a lot of surprised faces.  
  
"Looks to me like there are a lot of jealous kids here that missed out on that class."  
  
John looked around. "Yes it does, doesn't it?"  
  
"From the look of this picture it must have been a rather informative class. I know school is finished for you all, but these kids still look rather hungry for knowledge, if you know what I mean." Tracey was shocked. What the hell was he implying here?  
  
"Well I put in as much detail as I could, we weren't just staring at a naked girl for an hour sir. Although I doubt anyone would have complained about that either." John said with a wide grin. "But I did try to make sure everyone learned something."  
  
"Well perhaps we should do it again for everyone else. It looks like there's about to be a fight or something. That might calm them down."  
  
John looked at Tracey. "Yeah, you're going to have to let me go through the lesson for everyone else Tracey. I don't want my parents coming home to anything broken. I'll go get you a table to lie on again."  
  
As he turned away, Tracey panicked, and grabbed his arm yelling "No!"  
  
John leaned in close and murmured in her ear. "You know you don't have a choice Trace. I don't want any violence here, and you know what will happen if you disobey me." Then in his normal speaking voice said "What's the problem?"  
  
Seeing many of the partygoers looking at her after her outburst, and knowing he was right, she thought quickly and said "But there are hundreds of people here and it hurt so much lying like that in the class. It took so long. There's no way I could manage you taking everyone here through it three at a time."  
  
"That's ok, I've got an idea." And that was it. There was no way out of it. One class of her fellow students had been bad enough. Now almost the entire year group was going to get the same intimate view of her. She hung her head in shame and started crying again.

**Tracey - The Grad Party Part 4**

John donned the headset again and switched on the microphone. "Everyone please calm down. I know a lot of you are feeling like you missed out on something on your last day, and are pretty pissed about it, but Tracey has agreed to let me take you all through the class. Think of it as a summer school thing or something."  
  
Everyone cheered and John picked out two boys and asked them to get a table out of the kitchen and put it over to one side of the lounge. Mr. Chambers asked how everyone was going to see well enough to learn anything and John replied "That's easy. Emily, you still got the camera?"  
  
As Emily brought it over, Mr. Chambers asked "How will that help? In reply, Emily turned it on and pointed it at him, and the Headmaster saw a huge live video of himself projected onto the wall. "Wow. Can I see that?"  
  
He took the camera and fiddled with it as John took Tracey over to the table which had been moved for her. Her sense of fear rose as she knew what would soon be happening, and inexplicably, her vaginal juices started running so heavily that they once again started running down her leg.  
  
"Don't worry, it won't take nearly so long this time." He left her there and went over to the entertainment unit, turning off the music and flicking a couple of switches. "Emily, could you please arrange something to make sure everyone will be able to see the screen?"  
  
Emily started calling out orders, and soon hundreds of young graduees were packed into the lounge room and staring at a wall. The first six rows closest to the display were sitting, then a few more rows kneeling behind them, and the rest standing behind, arranged from shortest to tallest. Three hundred and twenty seven faces were turned towards a wall that showed a huge video of Mr. Chambers' feet while he was still checking out the camera.  
  
Emily went to take the device back and resume her camerawoman duties, but Mr. Chambers said "It's ok I got it. I think I've got this worked out." He pointed the camera at Tracey and zoomed in on her left breast, expertly adjusting the focus as he did so. There were many murmurs from the crowd watching the display. "Yep."  
  
Mr. Chambers looked thoughtful for a second, and said "Tracey, you are eighteen aren't you?"  
  
"Yes, sir. Just last week actually."  
  
"Well happy birthday then. Good, because otherwise this would be rather illegal and I would have to put a stop to it." Then, with a grin, he swung the camera towards her, viewed in on her face, and in his best game show host voice said "So, miss Tracey Smith. How does it feel to know you're helping hundreds of kids out with their sex education?"  
  
Shocked, Tracey hesitated, then stammered "O... Ok I guess."  
  
"Are you sure you're ok with everyone seeing what we are about to show them?"  
  
"Um... Yeah, it's ok. It's fine"  
  
"Good to hear. You're a real sport Tracey. I want to thank you in advance for this opportunity to further the educations of so many students."  
  
"It's ok sir, really." 'What's with all the questions?' she thought. 'I'm nervous enough as it is.'  
  
John walked out of the kitchen holding what looked like a pair of chopsticks, and said "We good to go?"  
  
Mr. Chambers gave him a big smile and said "Ready whenever you are."  
  
John turned to Tracey and said "We'll start just standing up like last time." Then, once more donning the headset and turning on the microphone, he used the chopsticks as a couple of pointers and started talking about Traceys' breasts, describing them, showing what was the nipple and what was areola, talking about their use in reproduction, and of course, pointing out the signs of arousal. Mr. Chambers followed his lead, zooming in where appropriate so that everyone would be able to see the rippling of the areoola and length of the nipple that signified arousal, even moving around to view them from different angles such as birds eye view, from underneath with Tracey's red face appearing in between them, in full profile while John described how they hung downwards and the skin went back up underneath, and for her part, Tracey was instructed to push them together with her upper arms, lift them so everyone could see the exact shape and where they connected to her chest underneath, pinch and pull on the nipples so they could watch what happened to them when paid attention, even bend over to show what shape the breasts went when they were hanging downwards. Every single person in that room got to know her boobs more intimately then she had ever bothered to know them herself.  
  
She was even instructed to demonstrate how to do a proper full breast examination so that the other girls would know how to do it on themselves. Of course she had to speak for this, to describe where to touch, how hard to press in, how to look at them, and so-on, and speaking was very difficult in her state of high embarrassment and even higher arousal, but somehow she managed to do it to John and Mr. Chambers' satisfaction.  
  
Finally, after around ten minutes on Traceys' tits and nothing else, when she felt that every single person in the room would have been able to describe them in the tiniest, most intimate detail if they were ever asked, John said "Ok, I think that's all you need to know about boobs. Now let's move on to the much more complicated vagina."  
  
There wasn't a sound from anyone in the room. With the exception of John, Mr. Chambers, Emily (who was hanging around in case John needed anything) and of course Tracey herself, every single person in that room was completely mesmerised by the video on the wall.  
  
Mr. Chambers panned the camera downwards, and Tracey felt her embarrassment rise even more when she saw her rashy pubis with the swollen pink clit extending out from underneath it appear on the wall.  
  
"Lesson number one, boys and girls. Always use cream or oil when shaving."  
  
There were quite a few giggles from the crowd, but mostly the room was still silent.  
  
"Ok, so this is obviously the pubic mound, or mons pubis, and normally it would have hair covering it, but it has obviously been shaved off to make it easier to see what we need to see down here. Tracey, if you could just lie back on the table and open your legs a bit..."  
  
Tracey slowly but obediently sat back on the table and lay down, trying to prepare herself to show everyone there her virgin pussy. Seeing an opportunity to 'help' with the lesson, Emily quickly enlisted the aid of the two nearest boys, and as Tracey started to spread her legs open for the camera, each boy took hold of an ankle and pulled them outwards until Tracey was practically doing the splits! John had only said open them a bit, and now they were further open than she had possibly have managed by herself! Goddam that hurt. She swore she could see the boys actually leaning backwards. It looked like they were having a playful tug-of-war using her legs as a rope.  
  
Tracey looked at the widely grinning Emily and scowled, but it took everything in her power not to scream out in pain from the tendons and muscles in her legs stretching so much that she couldn't say anything that was on her mind. She tried to say everything with her eyes instead. Emily just watched the show and smiled even wider.  
  
Meanwhile John was tracing a circle around her fanny with one of his 'pointers' (wetting the end of the chopstick with the flow of Traceys pussy juices trickling out and using the fluid as ink to draw the circle) telling everyone that the area inside the circle was the vulva, and then preceeded to point out in great detail exactly what and where the labia majora, labia minora (he held her severely puffy labia at the base of the the lip, one chopstick on the inside and one on the outside, and sort of flapped it about a bit before moving on) and clitoris (gently holding it at the base with the chopsticks like it was a piece of sweet and sour prawn or something) were, their use in reproduction, and of course, the signs of arousal which were painfully obvious on Tracey. Mr. Chambers made sure nobody missed a thing.  
  
Twenty minutes later, John was finally satisfied that he had passed on everything he knew, and instructed 'Tracey' to pull her legs back and hold herself open so they could finish the rest of the lesson.  
  
The boys holding her ankles relaxed their outwards stretching of her legs, and lifted Traceys legs up until she had one of her feet on either side of her head, and once again pulled them outwards. She had to clench her teeth shut to stop herself from screaming, but she had just spent the last twenty minutes forcibly doing the splits, and after a few seconds and some heavy breathing she became accustomed to the new painful position and was just reaching down to obediently pull her vagina open when someone grabbed her wrists and pulled her hands away. Tracey looked up to see Emily standing on the other side of the table from John and Mr. Chambers, just above her head.  
  
"Wha..."  
  
Traceys question was smothered and cut off in mid-word as Emily leaned over and used her own hands to open Traceys pussy instead. All anyone watching the large display on the wall could tell was that they were obviously girls hands, and only those closest and watching the action aswell as the video knew those hands actually belonged to Emily.  
  
Emily positioned her fingertips along the crevice between the labias majora and minora, and used all four fingers to pull them outwards and open Tracey's vagina even wider than Tracey had managed herself in class using her thumbs. Then Emily positioned her own thumbs above the clitoris and pulled them upwards, peeling Tracey's clitoral hood back and completely exposing Traceys clit to the open air and the lens of the camera. Tracey felt herself being stretched far open all the way from her clit right down to her perineum, and wished she could see what the video on the wall was showing, but unfortunately she was the only person in the room that was NOT now having the most intimate view of her vagina that anyone would ever see, because she was being effectively blindfolded by Emilys' breasts resting on her face.  
  
Oh well. If nothing else good came out of her ordeal from the last few days, at least she was getting a lot more flexible.  
  
And she finally knew the point where her humiliation hit its absolute peak and couldn't get any worse.  
  
As John started talking again, Tracey thought 'Well since you're exposing me, bitch...' and with that, she suddenly grabbed the top of Emily's strapless dress and wrenched it down.  
  
It didn't go according to plan. Not only did Emily not release her hold on Tracey's painfully stretched open, tender pussy, but now Tracey had a naked pair of DD's on her face. Then she more felt than heard Emily giggle, and the girl above her started shimmying her chest back and forth, and Tracey was effectively getting gently slapped by a large, soft boob on either side of her face. This was sooooo embarrassing, yet somehow Tracey felt the speed of her flowing juices increase, the steady stream pouring out of her vagina, down over her twitching butt hole and once again ending in a large puddle on the table under her bum. She once again wondered what the video on the wall looked like. Then again, maybe she didn't want to know.  
  
To stop the embarrassing boob slapping, Tracey instinctively grabbed one of Emily's tits in each hand. Ooh, they felt so good. So soft and smooth, and heavy, and she could feel the hard little nipples poking into her palms. She started playing with them, she just couldn't help it. A few seconds later she realised, she was groping one of her tormentors! And from the sounds of Emily's breathing increasing, the bigger girl seemed to be enjoying it.  
  
She could just hear John saying "As you can see the clitoris rather looks like a tiny penis, but obviously unlike a penis, the urethra doesn't go through it. The urethra is down here just inside the opening to the vagina..." and he used one of his pointers to show everyone assembled where it was.  
  
OW! What the hell was he trying to do? Stick it up there? In reaction to the pain, Tracey pinched Emilys' nipples and pulled on them, but this only seemed to turn the girl on more, and the only real reaction she got was the feeling of Emily trying in vain to pull her open even further.  
  
If anyone else had walked into the room, not a soul would have noticed them. Every person was hypnotised by the view presented them in high definition on that wall, watching every move made by one of Johns pointers, but barely hearing the words he was saying. The sight of the insanely stretched open pussy, bright pink and puffy, leaking juices like an overflowing sink, was just too much and even the straight girls in the room with no bisexual curiosity at all were completely hypnotised. Someone could have walked in and just stolen everything and nobody would have noticed, let alone cared.  
  
Of course, it seemed like it would have been pretty safe. Anyone else breaking in would have just been hooked and started watching the video with them.  
  
Tracey felt Emily lift herself up a bit, until those large and delightfully soft titties were hanging about an inch above her face, and finally she got to actually see them. They seemed almost hypnotic, hanging there, swaying gently to and fro. Then they slowly lowered down again until one of those small hard nipples brushed gently against her lips, and she unconsciously sucked it into her mouth and flicked it with her tongue.  
  
Emily seemed to be enjoying herself almost as much as Tracey was. And the boys holding Traceys' ankles open looked like their eyes were about to explode or come flying out of their heads or something.  
  
Then Tracey heard John say "Well that's about all the information I have to give you all. I think about the only thing we haven't covered is the female orgasm. If you would be so kind..." and, looking up, John finally saw what was going on. Emily was topless, and Tracey was playing with her tits and sucking her nipples rather enthusiastically. He had been so engrossed in giving the lesson he had no idea any of that had been happening!  
  
Emily gave him a bright smile and finally relaxed the pressure pulling Traceys pussy open, and started rubbing her fingers around the area. Still not wanting Tracey to find out how to masturbate for herself, she didn't touch the engorged clitoris (now at least an inch long, maybe more), but used her fingers to massage the girls labia majora, rubbing in circles. Everyone watched as those fingers worked their magic, watching as they manipulated the bright pink skin, as the folds of Traceys labia minora were pushed closed and pulled up, then open and downwards with the circular motion, seeming to wink at them.  
  
Emily adjusted her hands, then used the flat of the fingers of both hands on the labia majora to push the swollen inner folds together, and rubbed up and down alternatively on each side. While she was doing this, her thumbs were still positioned above Traceys clit hood and pulled that up on one side, then on the other aswell, causing the enlarged and elongated clitoris to look like it was dancing to and fro. Then, glancing up to where Mr. Chambers was masterfully working the camera and remembering that his arrival had cut short the girls spanking, Emily gave the swollen pussy a few lightly stinging slaps, causing a little pain, but mostly sending tidal waves of pure pleasure shooting through Traceys body like lightning bolts, bringing her to the very brink of orgasm yet again, then moved her fingers up and simply manipulated the girls clit hood, pulling it up and releasing, pulling it up and releasing, letting the tiny soft fold of skin slide up and down at the base of the clitoris.

**Tracey - The Grad Party Part 5**

'Oh my GOD!' Tracey thought. 'That feels so good! And I'm really enjoying playing with her tits aswell. Does this mean I'm a lesbian???' Her brain started to go into shock when it asked her this question, but she stopped it by realising that she didn't really give a s##t! She was enjoying herself for the first time in days and what the bitch was doing felt so good she no longer even cared that she had been exposed to hundreds of people for more than an hour now. She just wanted to FINALLY have her very first orgasm, and she wanted Emily to give it to her right now!  
  
And a small portion of her really did want all these people to witness it.  
  
Getting bored with nothing to really do, John sought inspiration, and without really thinking about it, went around behind Emily, reached under the girls dress (noticing with satisfaction that she opened her legs wider to allow him easier access) quickly located her clit beneath the modest (and rather damp) panties she wore, and started rubbing in swift circles.  
  
Moaning with pleasure, Emily gave Traceys pussy a few more slaps, then cupped her hand over the swollen and very wet pussy and moved her own hand in circles that matched Johns'.  
  
Even though Emilys' level of arousal in no way matched Traceys', Johns' fiddling was a lot more directly focused on a pleasure centre and she quickly reached climax. As she came, her hand slid upwards over Traceys' pussy, middle finger running up the slit, and at the top, Traceys' clit was pulled upwards by the finger, and as it got too high to hold it, the swollen and highly sensitive clitoris sprang back downwards and finally sent Tracey over the edge into her very first orgasm, while John kept rubbing Emilys' clit with a wide smile as he noticed Emily was a screamer!  
  
As Emily's body shuddered with the waves of her orgasm and she screamed and moaned, she grabbed hold of Traceys' tits and roughly massaged them, pinching and pulling the rock-hard nipples, and generally playing with them like they were large soft lumps of play-dough.  
  
To anyone in the room not directly involved with the show, it seemed like the screams of pleasure were coming from Tracey as they watched her swollen pussy go into convulsions with the avalanche of orgasm that ripped through her body. Mr. Chambers zoomed in nice and close, making sure not to miss a single detail, and everyone watched as Traceys hole opened and closed rapidly on its own accord, as the flaps of her labia seemed to dance in waves as they went back and forth in and out like curtains in a strong breeze, as her engorged clitoris (displayed bigger than the head of the nearest student) seemed to jump up and down, throbbing and pulsing, as a torrent of her pussy juice gushed out of her vagina and ran in a flood down over her wildly spasming butt hole. All of it captured by Mr. Chambers' expert camera control and projected in full progressive high definition onto an twelve foot by seven widescreen display right in front of them. More than a few of those watching reached their own orgasm without touching themselves at all.  
  
Traceys' orgasm lasted a full three minutes before the shockwaves finally subsided and the picture of her splayed vagina finally stilled.  
  
Mr. Chambers panned the camera slowly up over her flat belly and settled on her firm young tits with her dreamily smiling face nestled between them.  
  
"Tracey Smith... I feel I must thank you again, for allowing us to see that... wonderfully... informative... display."  
  
Still riding her high, she smiled and said huskily "That's quite alright sir. I hope everyone learned something."  
  
Turning off and putting down the camera, Mr. Chambers discreetly removed the small twenty gigabyte thumb drive from the cameras USB hub and made his excuses, saying he really had to get home. As he got into his car, he decided that the teacher performance files he had intended to work on could wait until tomorrow. As soon as he got home, he had a video to edit and put onto DVD. Smiling, he thought 'Something tells me the quality of sex education in schools all across the country is going to dramatically increase starting next year!'  
  
A couple of minutes later, John and Emily (still putting herself back into her dress) came out of the kitchen and found everyone still staring at the now blank wall, still in a state of stupor. Gently getting the two 'helpers' to release Traceys' legs, they lifted her into a sitting position and John asked her if she was ok while Emily went to get her a drink of water.  
  
Having a nice long refreshing drink, Tracey looked around at the slowly waking up crowd, and said "I'm feeling better than I think I ever have." Gathering her wits, she said "Looks like I made another mess on the desk I need to clean up. Can you get me a towel, please?"  
  
John fetched her a large bath towel, and Tracey stood up on shaky legs, found her balance, and set to work cleaning up after herself, cleaning and polishing the table with her juices before getting on her hands and knees (keeping her legs open and sticking her bum as high in the air as she could to give the slowly recovering crowd another show) and slowly mopping up all her juices that had dripped onto the floor. The towel was rather saturated when she finished, but she found a corner that was still dry and used that to clean herself up too, being very gentle with her still extremely sensitive puss.  
  
After having a nice long warm shower, cleaning herself up and washing off her ruined makeup, Tracey walked back down the stairs naked to where the party was back under way. At the bottom of the stairs she was accosted by many people that wanted to give her hugs and/or kisses and she obliged them all, her smiles this time genuine since they were warmly congratulating and thanking her, and not one of them were doing it to tease her or make her feel uncomfortable. The last was Terri, still clad only in her flimsy bra and 'Daisy Dukes', who gave her a big hug and lingering kiss, and said "Wow, that was amazing. I thought I was brave, but not even I could have put on that much of a show for all these people. Here, I kept these for you." Terri handed Tracey back her stockings and garter belt.  
  
Sitting down on the stairs to pull them on, Tracey asked "Any sign of my other clothes?"  
  
"Your shoes are still near the twister board, but the thong is nowhere to be seen, and I found your dress ripped in half. I guess a few of the boys were fighting over it."  
  
Standing up, Tracey gave her a big smile and replied "That's ok. I guess there's not much point in modesty anymore. And the thong was pretty much useless anyway. I hope the boy that pocketed the silly thing has some fun with it." She went and fetched her shoes and put them on. Uncomfortable as they were she had to admit they made her butt look fantastic. Then Tracey helped herself to a drink and proceeded to dance the night away wearing nothing but lace stockings with a suspender belt, high heels, and a bright smile.  
  
Many people wanted to dance with her, and she tried to give all of them a song each, enthusiastically returning any hugs or kisses they gave her, and freely letting them grope her as much as they liked, but she warned everyone before the dancing started that they weren't allowed to put their fingers inside her pussy because she wanted her now almost famous hymen to remain unbroken.  
  
She must have kissed at least seventy boys and nearly as many girls that night.  
  
A highlight of the party was when Tracey and Terri put on a show for the boys where Tracey slowly removed Terri's clothes until she was wearing nothing but a little black thong that was almost as small as her own had been, and they dirty danced together for the next few songs, bumping and grinding, kissing and touching.  
  
By the time the sun was peeking over the horizon, Tracey was once again extremely aroused, but over the last couple of days she had gotten used to it and she started to like the feeling of sexual frustration. She would orgasm when and if it happened, and until then she had decided she might as well enjoy it. Almost regretfully, she pulled on her coat to hide her nudity for the trip home and, giving John a quick playful grope of her own as she walked out the door, Tracey went home and got a few hours sleep.  
  
Even with the hours of humiliation and degradation, Tracey would remember it as one of the most fun nights of her life, and when she finally learned how to masturbate (in the middle of a boys frat house party late the next year at college) she thought back to this night every single time.

**Tracey - The Grad Party - Epilogue**

Six days later, Tracey was sitting in an aisle seat of the first-class lounge of a Boeing 747 waiting to take off for Paris, France to begin her summer tour of Europe. The nerve of this stupid airline! She had specifically asked for a window seat when she booked this flight! And the stupid bimbo of a stewardess had told her this was her seat and she was stuck with it!  
  
Settling back into the large plush seat and trying to relax, she wondered what sort of person would be occupying HER window seat for the long flight. Knowing her luck of the last nine days, probably a fat, smelly business man that will need to squeeze past her to go to the bathroom every half hour and probably get airsick into the bargain. Just what she needed to begin her summer of fun and relaxation before starting college next year...  
  
She heard a noise and felt the presence of someone standing next to her and putting something into the overhead storage. Must be her neighbour arriving to take his seat. She sighed, opened her eyes, and looked up to see how unlucky she would be today.  
  
Her breath caught in her throat and her eyes widened in shock to see John standing there!  
  
"Hey darl, how's it going?"  
  
As he squeeezed past her to get to his seat, she asked "What are you doing here? Why are you in the seat I specifically asked for? Why are you here?"  
  
Sitting down and getting comfortable, John said "Well what I'm doing here is obvious. I'm going to France. Why I'm in this seat is because I like window seats, and it's amazing what you can achieve with money and the fact that the minister for transport is your fathers best friend from college. And as for why I'm here, I'm going to France."  
  
Still shocked, all Tracey could think to say was "But why?"  
  
"Well dad got home the day before yesterday and saw my report card, and since I had all A's except for one B minus, he said he was really proud of me and said I could do anything I wanted for the summer. I told him a friend of mine was going to Europe for the summer and asked if I could tag along with her. And that's it."  
  
Tracey groaned.  
  
"Oh I got a present for you too."  
  
'Oh god not another one.' Tracey thought. If it was anything like the last one she sure didn't want it!  
  
John pulled a plain brown paper bag out of his travel bag and gave it to her. She opened it and pulled out a stiff plastic case with something inside it, but she had no idea what it was. It was clear, sort of shaped like an egg, around six inches long and about two inches across at its widest point, and flared at one end. Glancing at the writing, she still had no idea what it was. She turned to John and asked "What the hell am I supposed to do with..."  
  
For the second time in a minute and a half, her breath caught and her eyes flew open further than ever before as her confused mind latched on to the only possible thing the words 'Butt Plug' could possibly mean. She stared at the thing again, then hid it as quickly as possible under her arm as she realised she was holding it in plain view in the aisle seat of a crowded plane!  
  
Calmly John said "You can try it on later, when everyone else is asleep."  
  
"Why on Earth would you get me something like this?!?"  
  
"Well yesterday I was thinking back to the night of the party, and I remembered something Mr. Chambers said about how you having an intact hymen doesn't necessarily mean you're not a slut, and there are other forms of sex you could be indulging in... What?"  
  
Angrily, and quietly, Tracey said "Do you have to say things like that so loudly in public?"  
  
"What? I wasn't saying it loudly. This is my normal speaking voice."  
  
"Well just whisper if you want to say things like that with so many people around would you?"  
  
Quietly, John said "Fine. As I was saying before I was so RUDELY interrupted, Mr. Chambers was saying there were other forms of sex you could be indulging in on a regular basis without breaking your hymen, and it got me thinking. And the way you were acting after the 'lesson' that night made me think that if you weren't insisting on keeping your hymen unbroken, you probably WOULD have been slutting around like he said. So, I went out and got you one of those so you could see if you liked it."  
  
Her voice dripping with sarcasm, Tracey replied "Gee, thanks. You're SO thoughtful. And thanks for getting me the biggest one you could find."  
  
"It's actually the second smallest one they had."  
  
"Well it sure looks bloody huge to me."  
  
"Anyway, like I said, you can try it on later when everyone else is asleep. But before we take off, let me see if you've shaved."  
  
Sighing, Tracey looked around to make sure nobody was looking their way, and as discreetly as possible, hitched up the hem of the cute little dress she was wearing and pulled down the waistline of one of the brand new lace thongs she had gone out to buy in her new car the day after the party. Satisfied, John nodded and she readjusted her clothing. "So why are you in the window seat if you're going to be making me do things like that on the plane?"  
  
"Because I know how turned on you get when you get embarrassed." John said with an evil grin. "By the way, I'm not sure how the plug will go with a thong. You could probably get away with it with normal knickers, but the string might be a problem so you'll probably have to leave it off when you try that out tonight."  
  
Sighing, knowing there was nothing she could do to get out of it, Tracey simply said "Yes, sir."  
  
She didn't really know why she still felt compelled to do what John told her to. What punishment could really be worse than what she had had to go through at the party anyway? But she just couldn't help it anymore. Over the course of only two separate days, the last day of school and the night of the grad party, she had been conditioned to do what John wanted her to, and no matter how humiliating it might be she knew that she would do it. She had to. And although it was impossible to actually admit it, even to herself in her own thoughts, there seemed to be a tiny part of her that not only enjoyed the abject humiliation she had been put through, it seemed to actually crave it. If only that small part of her was big enough to block out the fear...  
  
As the plane started to taxi out onto the runway for takeoff, Tracey leaned back in her seat, closing her eyes and trying to relax. She was dreading what would happen tonight, let alone for the next two and a half months as they toured Europe together. But despite her trepidation and the fear of not knowing what her 'master' was going to make her do, there was no denying the wetness that was already trying to soak through her new lace thong.  
  
This was going to be the longest summer in history...