**Erica’s Birthday**

by ?

“Hey, everybody… it’s little Erica’s birthday today!”

Lisa stood up in the middle of the room and made the embarrassing announcement. I just put my head down and tried to bury my face in my arms. We were in our morning study hall period, and the teacher had just excused himself a few minutes ago. It was Lisa and myself, and ten other seniors. We were told that we were old enough to be left unsupervised, and he could trust us to continue our work. So then, why did Lisa pull this childish prank?

True, it was my birthday. I had always looked forward to my spring-time birthday, as it meant only a couple of more months of school. But this year in particular, it was more like a matter of weeks, and we would be finished with high school! That thought did have me giddy.

Carrie was also in this study hall with us, and I heard her say, “You know, Lisa… I believe it is tradition for the young lady to receive a friendly paddling on her birthday bottom!”

My eyes went wide, and my head jerked up, as I listened to muffled laughter from the other students in the classroom.

“Yes, I suppose eighteen swats ought to do,” Lisa replied. “One for each year!”

I watched as the bitchy blonde climbed out of her seat and walked up to the front of the room. She passed by the blackboard and continued over to the door, sticking out her head to make sure the coast was clear in the corridor. Then she shut the door firmly and looked in my direction.

“Go on, Erica, you don’t want to keep Lisa waiting.” Carrie laughed from the desk across from me.

Turning my head, I saw that the other boys and girls who were our classmates, were starting to take an interest in the drama unfolding before them. Few students were engaged in busywork, or utilizing the period for its intended purpose. Not that anyone took academics very seriously this late in the year…

Lisa folded her arms over her chest and started tapping her foot. “Come on, Erica! Get up here so I can give you your birthday spanking!”

Well, don’t you know, she spoke with such authority and such a commanding voice, I was finding it hard to refuse. Even though I was mortified by the very suggestion, still, I couldn’t be sure what she had planned if I didn’t cooperate. All eyes in the class were now upon my slender form as I slowly rose from my seat. I guess this was all just in the spirit of fun, and we seniors had been in a party state of mind since mid-February!

I was dressed in white baggy shorts and a navy blue sweatshirt, as it was still cool enough outside. And of course I had my sneakers and white ankle socks. As I stepped around the chair and walked forward to where Lisa was standing, I knew all the guys were checking out my legs. Self-consciously, I tugged on the bottom of my sweatshirt, which I was glad was not tight fitting.

“All right, Erica… put your palms up against the chalkboard, and stick your butt out a little!”

Hearing Lisa talk about my ass in front of everyone made me blush. And behind me, I could hear people chuckling or making crude comments. But nevertheless, I reached out both arms so they were straight in front of me, hands flat on the slate. I bent my one leg a bit, causing my bottom to present an inviting target.

“Um, not too hard,” I tried to whisper. But nervous and excited, I said it too loud, which only brought more laughter.

At my side, Lisa only smirked. Then she turned to face her audience and I can only imagine she made some grand flourishing gesture. All at once, I felt her hand playfully smack the backside of my shorts.

“One!” She said with all the enthusiasm of a game show hostess. Another slap landed briskly on my cheek as Lisa called out, “Two!”

“Hey, Lisa…” someone yelled, “Isn’t it customary to deliver a spanking with her shorts down?”

I shook my head, no, while remaining in my vulnerable position, while Lisa mulled over this option. “Hmmm, that is a good point. Erica, I’m afraid you’re going to have to drop ‘em!”

“But… but…” I stammered, unable to believe what I was hearing.

Lisa shuffled around so she was directly behind me. “Aw, what’s the matter? You are wearing underwear today, aren’t you?”

“Yes,” I replied meekly. But that wasn’t good enough for Lisa.

While my arms were still stretched out as if holding up the wall with the blackboard, the dominating senior smoothly reached around my waist and began searching for the clasp on my shorts. From the view of everybody still in their seats, it must have looked like she was riding my ass! I wiggled a little, and moaned, but it wasn’t much of a struggle. Pretty soon, her fingers popped open the button, then started tugging the fabric down my hips.

“What was that?” Lisa mocked me, as she eased the shorts slowly down my legs. “I guess we’re about to find out what kind of undies you picked out this morning!”

Suddenly, she gave a firm yank and brought the material down to my ankles. Oh my gosh! I had just been pantsed in front of my second period study hall! This was so embarrassing… Lisa stood up and stepped to the side to admire her handiwork. And that gave everyone a clear view of my white little panties!

Oh, oh! I just remembered which pair I had picked out this morning. They had a sheer front, so I dare not turn around now, or else people would see my camel toe pussy. And the back was practically a thong… not a scrap of material covering my butt cheeks! I don’t know why I put on these skimpy things! I had just turned eighteen today, and I guess I was feeling sexy. I never imagined I would be showing them off at school!

“Now where was I,” Lisa continued. And then I felt her hard slap land soundly on my ass. “Three!”

There was something about hearing her bare hand hit the bare skin of my ass that made this very arousing. And the feel was incredible, even if it did sting a little. I could feel myself moistening down there, and my clit was beginning to swell up. Lisa’s hand smacked my other cheek.

“Four!”

“Oh,” I gasped, even though I didn’t mean to. It came out a little too much like a squeal of pleasure. My classmates would start to figure this was turning me on! And then Carrie spoke up.

“Ahem… It just occurred to me, Lisa. Since today is Erica’s birthday… maybe she should be in her birthday suit!”

My limbs went rigid in the front of the room, as the students erupted in whistles and cheers. Gosh, I hoped the teacher didn’t come back in right now, with my shorts down around my feet! But then, if he didn’t return to take control of the class, there was no telling what Lisa might actually do…

I felt her slip a finger inside the elastic band of my panties and snap it against the curve of my hip. “What do you say, Erica? Do you want to get into your birthday suit for us?”

“No!” I said, slightly turning my head to regard Lisa. “You can’t be serious! We’re in the middle of school… there are a dozen students here!”

With hands on her hips, deadly serious, she said, “Take off your clothes.”

A hush fell over the room. There was a cough, then voices murmuring. Someone asked if I would really do it.

“Absolutely,” Lisa declared. She was defiant, imperial, and not one to be made a fool of. “Erica will take off everything I tell her to. She’ll be totally naked, bare as the day she was born… if I say so!”

My legs trembled a little, and I couldn’t seem to make my arms work. This was like a nightmare and fantasy all rolled into one.

“Now, strip!” the blonde commanded. Then she moved closer and put a hand on my back. “Don’t worry, Erica, I’ll let you stay facing forward. So you won’t have to give us a full frontal show.”

As if that was supposed to make me feel better! In the middle of confused and conflicting emotions, Lisa told me to step out of my shorts completely. They were loose and already bunched up around my shoes. So finally, I shook and lifted one leg first, and then raised my other foot. Once I was free of the material, Lisa reached down and took this piece of clothing. It felt really strange to be standing up here, with my back turned toward the class, in just my sweatshirt and underwear!

“Take off your shoes and socks…”

I bit my lip in frustration. Oh, this was really it! Very carefully, I squatted down and started unlacing my sneaker. If I kept going, there would be no stopping her! What if the teacher suddenly came back… unless he left for the whole period, then we would be alone for another thirty minutes. I reluctantly pulled the sneakers off my feet, hearing them bounce to the floor. Dreading every moment of this, yet reveling in the humiliation, I peeled off each of my socks.

Now I stood again, in my bare feet, feeling the coolness of the tiles. I lifted one foot to my toes, giving the students in the front seats a view of my naked sole. Lisa stood to the side, evaluating my form and slender shapely legs.

With an elbow resting in one hand, tapping her chin with a finger, she said, “I think you should remove that ugly sweatshirt next!”

Oh, my panties were getting really damp now! I nervously gripped the edge of my sweatshirt in clenched fists. Underneath, I was only wearing a bra, and this just as skimpy as my underwear. Fully erect at this point, my nipples nearly pushed through the flimsy material. I lifted the heavier fabric for a moment, and then fidgeting, I noticed that I could stretch the shirt down further and effectively cover my bottoms… more or less. Pulling it as far as possible until it just reached the tops of my thighs, I looked over my shoulder at the other students.

Then I looked at Lisa with my brown eyes wide. “I can’t! I can’t do it…”

I held on to the sweatshirt tight using one hand, and lunged for the classroom door. Pulling it open quickly, I then bolted out into the hallway in my bare feet and panties. I looked around, but the corridor was thankfully empty. Still, I tugged harder on my shirt so that it completely hid my undies. I tried to ignore my lack of footwear.

Lisa was furious. Even as I started walking away, I heard her call my name, standing just in classroom doorway. I could feel her eyes burning into my back!

“Erica,” she hissed. “I’m not done with you! I’m going to track you down, and strip off every last piece of your clothing, birthday girl!”

Oh my, she sounded rather determined! I could hear the uproar of the other students’ laughter, and thought it would be best if I didn’t stick around. Now, I wasn’t sure if Lisa would really come after me, but I decided I should find a place to hide. My light steps took me around the corner of the hallway, where fortunately, because classes were still in session, the doors were closed. No one would see me as my bare legs passed by… I really couldn’t believe I was wearing so little! A quick glance over my shoulder showed that I wasn’t being followed. Then I ducked into the girls’ bathroom at the end of the corridor.

“This is crazy,” I said to myself as I looked around at the empty stalls. “What a way to spend your birthday!”

Running my fingers through my hair, I wondered desperately what I was going to do. I supposed it was only a matter of time before Lisa came in here and found me, and followed through with her threat. Maybe it would be better if she stripped me naked in the privacy of the restroom, instead of in front of a class full of students. But then she might take my clothes and leave me here.

Well, before I decided what to do next, I realized that I needed to sit down and have myself a pee. Entering one of the unoccupied stalls, I dropped my panties to my feet. This made me shudder as it underscored that fact that I wasn’t wearing any pants… or shoes, or socks! Lowering my head, I watched my bare toes wiggle on the tiles of the floor. I absently let my underwear fall off first one foot, then the other. Now I was completely bottomless!

Of course, the irrational thought did cross my mind that I should take off the rest of my clothes and beat Lisa at her own game. Maybe I would streak the halls. Raising the bottom of the sweatshirt a bit, my hand wandered down and touched my pussy. I pictured myself running through the school totally nude. Oh, Oh… that would be so hot! But, yet, I knew I wasn’t brave enough to do that on my own. Besides, I had turned eighteen today… I was practically an adult! And adults didn’t do those sort of sophomoric pranks, right?

As I finished my business and emptied my bladder, I suddenly remembered that I had an exam in my next period English class! Damn, what was I going to do now! I really couldn’t miss that test. And then I heard the door to the restroom open, two girls entering and chattering away. Quickly, I reached down and found my panties, pulling them back up my legs. This was so embarrassing! Especially, as I didn’t want the girls to see me without my shoes…

They must have stopped to check themselves in the mirror first. As I waited nervously, I curled my feet around the base of the bowl. The two girls continued to talk about some stupid teacher they had, and softball practice after school. Finally, they went into the two stalls on either side of me. I took that opportunity to get up and exit my own, and hurry out of restroom without being discovered.

Once I was back in the hallway, I made sure to pull the sweatshirt all the way down so that I didn’t reveal my snug panties. Placing my arms at my sides, I was relieved to see that, indeed, the navy hem came right up to the tops of my thighs. Breathing easier, I still didn’t like the fact that I was barefoot. But I couldn’t go back to the study hall classroom, because I was afraid Lisa might take my shirt and bra! I then recalled that my English professor didn’t have a class this period… that meant his room might be empty! I decided I would try to sneak into the room before it started, and wait for the next class to begin.

It was so quiet, I could hear my feet slapping across the floor, feeling my bare skin lift from the cool tiles with each step. I was getting hot beneath my sweatshirt! Finding the stairwell that led to the second floor, I quickly climbed up the flights, aware that my sweatshirt was riding up my body. And I really didn’t want to be seen from behind, on account of my thong underwear!

I poked my head out of the alcove and saw that this floor was as deserted and quiet as the one below. So I bravely stepped out into the corridor and started toward the direction of the English classroom. But when I turned the corner, there were a couple of boys at their lockers! I hesitated for a moment, but then decided I had best act normal and walk past them.

Well, of course, first I made sure my sweatshirt was back at a decent level. And then I proceeded to march forward, my arms at my sides even as my hips wiggled just slightly. I couldn’t take my eyes of these two students, who appeared to be freshmen or sophomores. That’s because as I approached, their combined gazes were locked on my eighteen-year-old form. I watched as they devoured the sight of my slender legs, completely bare all the way to my toes. Oh my gosh, I felt so naked to be out in the hallway like this! I knew they were wondering, even fantasizing, about if I had anything under my shirt. Licking my lips, I realized I had better get to my classroom fast and calm down a bit.

The boys were speechless as I passed by them, and they made no comment or curious remark. I suppose they might think that seniors are entitled to walk around barefoot and fancy-free, especially a month before graduation. It was rather satisfying to think I was being recognized as an upperclassman for once, and the thought that I only had on my underwear caused me to shiver a little.

All the way at the end of the corridor, just after the last lockers, was my English Literature classroom. The door was open, but I could see the lights were turned off. That was a good sign. Sure enough, I slipped inside the room, which was otherwise empty at this point. I glanced up at the clock… fifteen minutes until the next bell rang. The teacher would probably be pleased to see I had arrived so early, and on a test day!

Finding a book from the shelves that lined the back of the room, I seated myself at a desk also in the back and tried to look busy or at least studious. Needless to say, I had a difficult time concentrating. My butt cheeks had direct contact with the wooden chair, and though I crossed my legs underneath, I couldn’t help but rub my toes behind my calf.

“Erica!” came the voice of my teacher walking through the door. “What a surprise. I’m pleased to see you arrived extra early!”

I smiled to myself at his predicted declaration. “Um, yeah… I wanted to be extra prepared.”

Suddenly I felt very flustered. I mean, here I was sitting with just a baggy sweatshirt to conceal my underwear. I didn’t have my shorts or shoes, or socks. Maybe this wasn’t such a good idea…

“Well, don’t let me disturb you,” the teacher was continuing. “I only wish the rest of your classmates were as conscientious as you!”

I only grunted, “Uh-huh…”

My head bent down, I pretty much had my face in the open pages of the book, to hide my blushing. One elbow was propped up on the desk, the hand teasing and twirling the brown tresses of my hair. But my other arm… I secretly lowered, and began patting the front of my sheer panties. While the teacher made his preparations for the test, writing instructions on the board, my fingers were soon wandering inside the delicate material. Getting more comfortable as I sat here in isolation, I began pulling and rubbing my soft pussy lips. I bit my lip, willing myself not to do this… but I was getting so aroused! The thought struck me of removing my panties completely, and that caused my clitoris to swell up fully erect. I now used my index and middle fingers to make up and down motions above my slit…

“Mmmm…”

And then the bell rang, bringing me to my senses, as I abruptly brought both hands onto the desk. Oh my, had I just been about to masturbate in a classroom alone with another teacher? I placed my hand to my chest, feeling my heart racing. I must have looked pretty flushed, as I watched the first several students file into the room.

“Erica, where are your shoes?” asked a girl who sat down behind the desk across from me.

It then occurred to me that no one had to know I had worn sneakers and socks this morning. If I had been wearing sandals or flip-flops, it would be perfectly normal to go without any additional foot covering. I took a deep breath, turned my head to face my classmate.

“Um… I had gym just before class, and I lost my flip-flops in the locker room. I didn’t want to be late for the test…”

“So you ran all the way up here in your bare feet?” the girl asked, amazed. Then giggling, she said, “Well, you have very pretty toes.”

For some reason, that made me feel very embarrassed. “Um… thank you.”

The exam was administered without further incident. It was a test on the various literary works we had read over the course of the year, kind of a summary of the characters and themes that were explored in this class. I did my best to focus, so that I wouldn’t screw up. And in fact, concentrating on the test actually made me forget about what I was, or wasn’t, wearing!

When the period was over, the teacher had us place our papers on his desk as we left the room. I didn’t even think about getting caught, I just made sure my shirt was suitably adjusted and walked right up to the front of the room. Upon turning on my heel, the teacher looked down and frowned at me.

“Erica, why did you take off your shoes?” he said accusingly.

The other student was at my side and spoke on my behalf. “Oh, no, sir. She never had them on! You see, Erica misplaced them in the locker room before coming up to class.”

I blushed hearing the other girl lie for me. The teacher answered dubiously, “Is that so! Well, I do appreciate your consideration of arriving in a timely fashion, if not for inappropriate school attire.”

“I really wanted to do well on this test,” I whined, tugging nervously on the end of my sweatshirt.

The other girl grabbed my arm and said, “Come on, Erica… I have gym this period. I’ll walk with you back to the locker room, and we can look for your flip-flops.”

With that, we were excused, although once we exited the room, other students walking the halls stopped to point and laugh at me. At least my friend was going to escort me to the gym area, so I wouldn’t be alone. I think I would have died of shame if I were caught out here with everyone staring at my bare legs and feet! Of course, I had no idea how I would explain the situation once we got to locker rooms. Maybe the girl had an extra pair of sneakers she could lend me…

We continued through the halls, and down to the ground floor, making our way to the gymnasium side of the building. The two of us passed against a crowd of students making their way to their other classes, and I was very sensitive to the eyes scanning my lower body. A few more mischievous hands tickled the sides of my legs. By the time we reached the girls’ locker room, I was nearly out of breath.

“Hello, Erica!”

Oh no… Lisa stood in front of the door, her arms folded across her chest. Instinct took over, and I turned around hoping to flee from the blonde bitch. But the other girl who had seemed so helpful, had been behind me, and I almost tumbled over her. Lisa moved quickly and forcefully, taking a good handful of the back of my sweatshirt. With one hand, she raised the fabric up my body, revealing my skimpy panties.

“Ha!” the girl from my English class laughed. “Looks like you lost more than your shoes, Erica!”

Lisa snarled for her to go about her business and disappear into the locker room. Then it was just the two of us, out here in the empty hallway. I hoped no one showed up late for gym!

“You know, Erica, I still have to finish your birthday spanking. But not until you are properly exposed…”

Using her other arm, Lisa reached underneath my sweatshirt and found the clasp of my matching bra. Her fingers quickly undid the hook, while she pulled me close against the front of her body. I couldn’t put up much of a struggle, I was helpless as she yanked down my bra and pulled it free.

The release of the undergarment sent me staggering forward a few steps, and out of Lisa’s clutches. I turned my head and saw her twirling it on her finger. It then occurred to me that I was topless under my sweatshirt, and I could feel my nipples spring out to rub against the material. In fact, I now had only two articles of clothing left!

“Time to finish the job,” Lisa laughed, “and strip you completely naked!”

“No!” I practically shrieked, and I ran back down the hallway.

At this point, I wasn’t too concerned about my little white panties, but just wanted to get away from Lisa. Luckily, I had a pretty light schedule, and this was another free period for me. Although, even if I did have a class, I didn’t think I could attend in this state. As I continued to run through the now empty hallways of the school, I could feel my elongated nipples brushing up and down on the inside of my sweatshirt. It was driving me crazy, and my whole body started to tingle. I needed to find some relief! Looking behind me, I saw that Lisa did not give chase. Instead, it seemed like she was content to stalk me for the remainder of the day.

My legs had carried me up to the third floor of the building, and here I slowly made my way down the corridor that led to my locker. There was another person up here as well, but luckily it turned out to be my friend, Alicia.

“Whoa, Erica… you look like you’ve had a pretty wild morning.”

Slouching against the wall, I answered my friend, “It’s Lisa. She’s out to get me. She’s determined to give me a special birthday spanking…”

Alicia giggled, “Oh, that’s sounds fun!”

“In my birthday suit!” I glared and crossed my arms over my chest.

“What… here? In school?” When I nodded, Alicia only shook her head. “You mean Lisa is trying to take all your clothes? How far has she gotten…”

I lifted up one leg to offer proof. “She’s taken my sneakers and socks and shorts. And just now, my bra!”

“Wow… at this rate, Erica, you’ll be nude by lunchtime!”

“Don’t say that!” I scolded my friend. “This is so embarrassing… what am I going to do?”

Alicia gave the matter some thought. Then she snapped her fingers and said, “The school book store! My friend, Debbie, works there this period. We can hang out with her. Lisa will never think to look for you there.”

“Um, OK…” I replied hesitantly.

I mean I suppose it sounded as good as any place to be. And we weren’t likely to encounter that many students. Of course, this meant another trip back to the school’s first floor, but then Lisa might be looking elsewhere anyway. Alicia grabbed her bag and closed her locker. Then we were back off down the hallway.

Walking next to me, my friend lowered her eyes and commented, “Your legs are really smooth. You do a good job shaving, Erica! Are you still bald… down there?”

“Alicia!” I expressed shock at the question. The topic, however, did cause my pussy to quiver and twitch.

“Well, if Lisa has her way, I suppose the whole senior class will find out how bare you are!”

And laughing, Alicia skipped down the stairs. I was a bit more careful as I stepped lightly in my bare toes. I also didn’t want to make my breasts shake up and down by engaging in strenuous motions. When I reached the landing that opened onto the first floor, Alicia was waiting for me. We continued walking in the direction toward the bookstore, and there was an occasional student here and there. But I guess having a companion with me took some of the attention off my strange appearance. Still, I received a few odd stares.

“Hey, Debbie!” Alicia greeted her friend behind the counter. “You mind if me and Erica chill out with you this period?”

The redheaded junior shrugged her shoulders. “Nah, it’s been pretty dead this morning. Couple of dudes asked me to stash their cigarettes for them.”

Debbie then inquired as to why I didn’t have any shoes on. I told her it was a long story. She then asked if I was naked underneath my sweatshirt!

“Of course not!” I answered indignantly. But her presumption was not far from the truth.

Things were going fairly well for the remainder of the morning. I was beginning to think I would have to venture into the cafeteria soon. That was something I dreaded. But I could feel my tummy rumble, and it wouldn’t be long before I was craving something to eat. I suddenly remembered that Carrie shared the same lunch period with me. Maybe I could hook up with her, and she could get me some food while I tried to remain out of sight…

“Hey, ladies…”

My heart nearly dropped when I looked up and saw Lisa enter the small bookstore. She sauntered over to the counter, and gave Alicia a wink. She flashed a wicked smile at me, and then turned to the girl at the register.

“I need a three-ring binder for my history class,” she said imperiously, laying her money on the counter.

The stationary supplies were stacked behind us. Debbie reached back to get a binder for Lisa, when the bitch said that she wanted a red one. The only red three-ring binder was on one of the higher shelves. Debbie looked at the clock on the back wall, then looked back at Lisa.

“Look, the period is almost over, and my next class is all the way on the third floor. Do you really need a red binder? I’ll have to pull out that old rickety step-ladder, and I hate standing on it…”

The bossy blonde shut the younger girl up with a hand raised in her face. “Oh, relax! I’ve already paid for the damn thing. Why don’t you run along to your class, and let Alicia and Erica wait for the next shift. Besides, Erica is better suited for climbing, since she doesn’t have any shoes!”

“Oh would you?” Debbie turned to me with great joy in her eyes. Apparently, she had often run late for her class because of her bookstore duties, and she was eager for a chance to leave early. She didn’t even wait for an answer. The bell rang, she grabbed her things, and headed out into the hallway. “See you later, Alicia! Thanks, Erica!”

When it was just the three of us, Lisa ordered me to climb up the stepladder and fetch her the red binder. She suggested that I do it now, while students were changing classes, and before the next student store clerk arrived. That made some sense, so I quickly found the folding metal ladder and placed it in front of the shelf. Like Debbie said, it was kind of unsteady. I could see how putting any extra weight on it might make it collapse.

My toes curled around the first rung. Of course, I am not that tall to begin with, so I had to climb onto the next step, and finally all the way to the top of the ladder. Even then, I had to stretch up with both arms just to reach the stupid binder! This caused my sweatshirt to ride up my back… soon my bellybutton and stomach were exposed in the front.

Immediately, Lisa was behind the counter, and directly behind me. She gently took the sides of my panties.

“Oh my!” I gasped, feeling her tease and tug the fabric. “Please, Lisa… don’t do this! You’ve already taken the rest of my clothing!”

But Lisa had me trapped, and she was in no mood to negotiate. While I stood frozen on the ladder, my arms high above my head, she very deliberately pulled down my underwear. I blushed knowing my naked ass came fully into view. Once the material reached my feet, Lisa took first one ankle in her hand and methodically extracted the foot from my panties. Then she did this with the other foot, taking my panties completely off.

I was now totally bottomless. If I turned around now, Lisa’s mouth that was so often twisted in a charming but condescending sneer, would be level with my hairless pussy. I felt my lower lips begin to open, my clit starting to peek out of its hood. Wow, I couldn’t believe that this was sexually exciting me! Taking the new binder in my arms, I held it tight to my chest while my legs very carefully navigated the steps down the ladder.

When I reached the floor, I did turn around just in time to see Lisa stuff my panties in her pocket. Nervously, I handed her the item that she paid for, wondering if she was going to make another move on me. I really had nowhere to hide and was completely at her mercy.

Instead, she started walking away saying, “Thank you, Erica. Alicia and I have to be off to class. But I’ll be back to take the rest of your things, before the end of the day!”

“The rest of my things?” I cried, clutching the end of my sweatshirt. “But this is all I have! If you take my sweatshirt, I’ll be totally…”

I couldn’t bring myself to say it. I just watch as my best friend and Lisa made their way out of the bookstore, and disappeared into the river of students coursing through the hallway. Now what was I supposed to do! My fingers gripped the sides of the navy blue fabric, and I tugged it as low as possible until I was certain my poor little pussy was covered. Still, this did nothing to prevent the trickle of my juices that ran down my leg.

Suddenly two boys stumbled into the room. They looked like they were 15 or 16, pimple faced, but starting to sprout some fuzz on their chins.

“Hey… where’s Deb?” one of them with grungy looking hair spoke to me.

“Um… she left to go to class. I told her I would watch the store…”

The other boy huffed his displeasure and looked rather agitated. “Bitch! I knew we couldn’t trust her!”

“Cool it, man,” the first guy chided his buddy. Then he turned to me, still standing behind the counter. “Listen… We asked Debbie to stash our smokes for us, cause our teacher has been busting our ass lately.”

“I’m sorry, I don’t think I can help…”

The other teen, clearly ready for his nicotine fix, slapped his hand on the top of the counter. “Come on, man! She took our packs, said she would hold on to them for us this period! She must have put them somewhere!”

I turned my head slightly, doing a quick scan to see if I could find any packs of cigarettes stashed away. Truth be told, I was startled and a bit intimidated by these two aggressive boys. And here I was, standing bottomless behind the store counter!

“Behind you,” the first student said pointing, causing me to twist my body and regard the shelves lining the wall. “I see something in between those textbooks. Deb must have hid them up there…”

Up there? Oh gosh… I raised my head to see where he indicated. The shelf wasn’t so high that I needed the ladder again, but without shoes, I would still need to raise my arms. I thought about stalling, or making some excuse… but I could see the second student fidgeting and looking apprehensive. He must be going through withdrawal or something. I figured, I had best get rid of the boys as quickly as possible.

Now that I looked more closely, I could just make out a couple of small rectangular boxes wedged between two hard-covered books. I hadn’t noticed them before. First, I used one hand to hold down my sweatshirt while I lifted my arm to reach the cigarettes. My fingers just brushed lightly against the pack. I looked back at the boys apologetically.

Oh, hell! I finally decided to stand on my bare tiptoes, and raise both my arms to get the cellophane-wrapped contraband! Filthy habit, anyway. I was more frustrated as I wanted to get out of here, but I was also embarrassed about what they were about to see. I could feel the fabric of the sweatshirt ride up my middle, and soon my entire backside was on display. By the time I found the cartons, my only piece of clothing was hiked up beneath my elbows. What a show!

I made sure to let the shirt drop all the way down once I stood flat on my feet again. I even smoothed down the front and back with my hands, as if that would make it seem like everything was normal. Then, blushing, I turned around and slid the cigarettes across the countertop.

The first boy stared for a moment, a bit slack-jawed. I thought I detected a string of drool from the corner of his mouth. “Uh… thanks…”

The other boy just grabbed the cartons and stuffed them in his pockets. He hurriedly turned to leave the school bookstore. Seeming rather oblivious, I guess he missed my cheeky flash. I watched his friend slug him in the arm as they passed through the open door.

“Dude! That chick didn’t have anything on under that shirt!”

Oh my gosh, I thought as I raised my hands to my mouth. What had I just done? I hoped he wouldn’t spread the news that I was walking around bottomless. In fact, I was completely naked, under this sweatshirt! But the other boy appeared to be disbelieving, and I guess his friend might start to think his eyes were playing tricks on him. I had a hard time believing it myself. So when the two were gone, and the rush of students in the hall had thinned out considerably, I slowly lifted the edge of the shirt up to my bellybutton.

Looking down, I saw my bald pussy… outer lips bright pink and puffed out. From behind the counter, I just had to lower my hand and touch the sensitive folds of skin. Ooh, that sent a thrill through my body! I nearly came on the spot!

“Hello there,” came the voice of someone entering the room. “Where’s Debbie?”

Wow… I jerked my sweatshirt back down fast, and so hard, I think I may have torn it a little at the tops of my shoulders! Flustered I answered, “She, ah… had to cum… I mean, go to class! I said I would look after the store until the next shift arrived.”

“Oh,” said the geeky looking boy with blonde hair and glasses. “I don’t recognize you…”

Recovering from the initial shock, I finally started making my way around to the other side of the counter and replied, “That’s because I’m not in your class. I’m a senior. I was doing Deb a favor.”

There was an awkward moment of silence as the Junior evaluated me. As his eyes fell to take in the sight of my bare feet, my toes wiggled under the scrutiny. “Where are your shoes?”

“Don’t ask… lost them in gym class.” I waved away any further inquiry, waiting for the boy to step aside. Even though he was lanky, he was still much taller than me, and I could not immediately get past him.

Pointing toward a section of shelves, he informed me, “You know, we do sell gym supplies here.”

“Really?” my face brightened for a moment. “Oh, but I’m afraid I don’t have any money on me.”

Suddenly, the teen’s eyes narrowed behind his thick spectacles and he took a step forward. “Hey, now! How do I know you weren’t in here stealing from the store?”

“What!” I said, appalled by the accusation. “That’s ridiculous. Look, you can plainly see that I didn’t steal any footwear. Besides, I was trying to help a friend… that’s the only reason I’m here!”

Folding his arms suspiciously, he proceeded to walk around me, closer to the counter and the register. I stood frozen, and he did not take his eyes off me. “Maybe I should report this to the Dean of Students. Maybe you stuffed some money, or pens or paperclips in your pockets!”

“Please don’t,” I squeaked, keeping my legs tight together. Fidgeting, I rubbed the front of one bare foot behind the calf of my other leg. “Oh for crying out loud…”

I told him that it was quite impossible for me to have stuffed anything inside my pockets. When he demanded to know why, I bit my lip in frustration and looked over my shoulder. The hallway was empty. The bell for next period had rung, so students would already be in their classes.

“Listen…” I whispered, trembling a little. “I can prove to you that I didn’t take anything from the store. But you have to promise not to tell anyone about this, OK?”

The 11th grader nodded his head, as my fists clenched at the sides of my sweatshirt. He waited for me to continue. Very slowly, I pulled the material higher and higher. I closed my eyes, as I couldn’t bring myself to see his reaction when my pussy came into view. Feeling the fabric bunched up at my waist, I paused, expecting some kind of whistle or crude remark.

“Well… you might still have something hidden under that baggy shirt!” said the clever boy.

I took a deep breath and let out a sigh. I mean, here I was standing with my clean-shaven privates on display, but I decided to lift the shirt even higher. My hands curled tightly around the material, which I brought up to just below my breasts. Now my entire abdomen was exposed, and everything below! Still, he wasn’t satisfied and suggested that I could conceal smaller items, if I was careful not to let them fall out.

At that moment, the humiliation of the situation, and the wrongful accusation was just too overwhelming. I reached behind my head, and grabbed the shirt at my back. I began to pull the material over my head, and off my overheated body. The room must have been filled with the musky aroma of my horniness. Placing the sweatshirt on the top of the bookstore counter, I then took a step back, hands on my hips. It was then that I realized, I didn’t have any clothes on at all!

My fingers immediately clasped over my bald pubic mound and I stammered, “Look… I’m, like, really naked here. I mean stark naked…”

“Yes, I can see that,” the boy replied dryly. From behind the glasses, his eyes devoured my nubile body. “I suppose it would be impossible for you to hide any items from the store. Well, I just had to be sure, you know.”

We stared at each other for a minute in silence as I shyly rubbed a foot behind the other leg. And then it occurred to me, I was free to get dressed now! That is, if you can call throwing a large sweatshirt over your otherwise naked body, getting dressed… I turned around so that he saw my butt, and numbly picked up the material. Once I had pulled my head through the top and my arms through the sleeves, I shook out my hair. Tugging and straightening the bottom edge of the shirt, I proceeded to walk out of the bookstore.

“What? You’re just going to walk out of here like that?” asked Einstein.

But I only thought, oh my… he had seen me fully nude. And now I couldn’t look him in the eye. I just ignored his question as I padded out into the hallway. Good thing I was graduating next month, and would probably never see the kid again in my life.

I figured it was about ten minutes into my lunch period. Silently, I made my way toward the cafeteria, clutching both hands in front of my chest… I was so nervous! I could hear the noise level increase, as I drew closer, the sound of voices talking and shouting and laughing. While my body was perspiring beneath the sweatshirt, my bare feet felt cold as they slapped across the floor. Approaching the doors, I realized I had to be very careful. If Lisa was in here, waiting for me, she could whip my shirt off… and leave me naked in front of everyone! And then I remembered that she and Alicia had class this period, so I would be safe. Breathing a little easier, I entered the spacious room packed with students.

Immediately, I saw Carrie sitting at a table off to the side, in the section where we Seniors usually sat. I raised my head in her direction and she waved me over. Amid the snickering as I passed by others already taking their lunch, I reached the bench and quickly slid my legs under the table. My friend reached down and squeezed my knee.

“So, Lisa really seemed like she was out to get you this morning,” Carrie said. “What a great trick… you should have seen the look on your face!”

I lifted my friend’s hand back onto the table and pressed her fingers urgently. “Carrie… it’s no joke! Lisa has already taken my bra and panties! I don’t have anything on under this sweatshirt…”

The strawberry-blonde girl was silent for a moment, then said, “Really? So you’re completely naked except for one baggy thing? Wow… that is so hot!”

“Come on, Carrie, you’ve got to help me,” I cried. “Go up and get me something to eat, please.”

Carrie paused to look down at my bare feet and legs before replying, “I’ll tell you what, Erica. I will help you. Since you obviously can’t be carrying any excess items, I will lend you some lunch money, but you have to get on line yourself. This, I want to see!”

“Um, well, OK…” I started meekly. “I am pretty hungry.”

Once she handed me a few dollar bills, I slowly lifted myself from behind the table. Carrie took this opportunity to playfully raise the back of my sweatshirt, to have a look with her own eyes!

“Sweet ass, Erica!” she teased.

“Stop it!” I whispered harshly, as I hurried to smooth the material back down again.

I danced a few steps forward on my toes, away from Carrie’s naughty fingers. Then I looked to make sure I was properly covered, the navy blue hem just reaching down to my thighs. With the money gripped tight in my hand, I bravely walked toward the front of the cafeteria. There were more whistles and pointing and laughing. Now I really felt exposed! But I thought the worst would be over once I stood in line. No sooner had I taken my place and started shuffling forward, then someone else got in line behind me.

“Is this a dare?” asked a boy standing so close, I could smell his deodorant and feel his breath on the back of my neck. “Did your friends dare you to walk up here without your shoes?”

He inched closer, even as I took another step forward. My goodness, he was practically on top of my butt! I was afraid he might start touching me, with exploring fingers. At the same time, I felt my nipples stiffen, pushing straight out against the heavy fabric.

“You smell kind of musky,” he continued, leaning close as I hooked a strand of brown hair behind my ear. “Are you even wearing shorts?”

I did not answer, but closed my eyes. Allowing myself to move when I sensed the line shifted, drifting on the bare soles of my feet. I could picture everyone in the cafeteria at their tables watching me, wondering if I indeed had anything on under my sweatshirt. All this student needed to do to satisfy his curiosity was grasp the edges and lift the material higher than my hips. Then everyone would find out my secret. Imagining myself up here with the shirt completely off, I could feel my shaven pussy lips part, my clit growing erect.

“What will it be, flower girl?”

The throaty voice of the lady who worked behind the serving counter interrupted my arousal. I looked around confused for a bit, then looked down behind the glass shield that protected the food.

“I… um… let’s see. I guess I’ll just take a banana and a milk carton.”

Looking at me kind of disapprovingly, the cafeteria lady dumped the piece of fruit onto my tray, along with a half-pint carton of milk. I blushed furiously as she stared at my smooth, creamy legs and hurried over to the register. There, I paid for my meager takings, and quickly headed back over toward Carrie. With the tray held in both my hands, I was helpless to prevent my shirt from riding up as I moved. I feared that the bottom of my cheeks might be coming into view.

“Hmmm,” Carrie mused, picking up the banana once I was seated. “Were you thinking of eating this, or feeling a little playful?”

I told her that wasn’t funny, taking it back and started peeling down the skin. Although I had to admit, I was getting pretty horny. Just sitting here completely bottomless in a room with all these students, made me excited. I gulped down the carton of milk, then wiped my mouth with the sleeve of my sweatshirt. Carrie could see the look in my eye, sense my body tingling… I was fidgety and restless.

“Come on,” my friend announced, standing up and grabbing her books. “I have an idea!”

Well, I didn’t know what she had in mind, but it appeared it would involve leaving the cafeteria. I would be glad to get away from all those staring eyes, which were only making me hotter! Leaving the tray and empty carton on the table, I rose to my feet and began to follow the taller girl.

We walked out into the hallway, where it was relatively quieter. Carrie took my hand and started pulling me down the corridor. It was halfway through the period, so classes would still be in session. But my friend wasn’t taking me toward the classrooms on this floor. I soon realized, we were approaching the health office!

“Didn’t you see Nurse Baker in the lunch room?” Carrie explained. “She has monitor duties this period! It will be nice and safe inside her office…”

Sure enough, my friend brazenly opened the door to the Nurse’s office, and flicked on the lights to show that the room was indeed empty. There was a wide desk, a scale, some chairs and a brown leather examination table. It was here that Carrie had me climb up and sit. My legs dangled childishly, my toes unable to reach the floor.

“Let’s get this thing off you!” Carrie said, tugging at my sweatshirt.

“But… I…”

It was no use. My words became muffled as the material was lifted up my body and smothered my face. In spite of my objections, I even found myself raising my arms, so she could take the last piece of clothing off me. Free of the hot, confining fabric, I ran my fingers through my hair. I looked down at my entirely bare body, then back at a smiling Carrie.

“Oh my gosh!” I squealed. “I’m naked!”

Folding the sweatshirt, Carrie placed it aside and said, “But doesn’t that feel so much better?”

Of course, it was true, the air did feel nice on my uncovered skin. But I was little embarrassed because atop my small breasts, my nipples stuck out and quivered. And in the back of my mind, I was afraid that someone might find us in here at any moment.

“Now just lie down, Erica, and try to relax,” Carrie instructed.

I did as I was told, bringing my legs up so that my heels rested on the leather table. With one arm as a pillow beneath my head, I let my other hand fall on my tummy. I closed my eyes, but could hear Carrie walking over to the end by my feet. When she ran a finger up one sole, I shivered, but she didn’t launch into a full tickle attack. Instead, my friend only teased between my toes, and then began rubbing.

“How does a nice birthday massage sound?” she asked in a soothing voice.

I could only answer with a kitten’s purr, “Mmmm…”

Carrie stood to the side and leaned over me as she squeezed and kneaded my feet, calves, and lower legs. She was steadily working her way up so that her fingers ran along my shins and knees, pressing gently. When she reached higher, I spread my thighs apart, allowing her to rub them down with her hands. Carrie then lowered my own hand to my side, so she could continue her ministrations to my stomach. Using both her thumbs, she palpated my abdomen, then smoothly traced circles around my belly button. I arched my back, inviting her to play with my tits. Giggling, Carrie obliged, cupping both my breasts then pinching and teasing each nipple.

And then her hand, which felt unbelievably amazing, snaked back down my torso. Over my stomach, past my navel… down toward my sensitive nether regions where she began stroking my pussy.

“Ooooh…. aaaahhh!” I moaned quietly.

My clitoris poked out of its hood, and Carrie manipulated the small nub between her fingers. She rapidly had me on the edge of an orgasm, here, in the middle of school, in the health office!

“Happy Birthday, Erica…”

“Where is Nurse Baker?” came the sound of a girl’s voice suddenly entering the room.

My body froze, as I had just been ready to cum and start bucking my hips. Carrie’s hands stilled my trembling legs, straightening them out on the table. Then she turned around to face the intruder.

“The school nurse does not have office hours this period,” my friend said in a stern tone of voice. “I am her Senior assistant, and I was in the middle of this student’s sports physical.”

I tried to lay unmoving, although I was mortified to be caught nude like this. My hands did discreetly clasp over my bald vulva.

“Oh,” came the other girl’s meek reply. “Well, we have our health forms that need to be signed, so I guess we’ll have to wait until the Nurse gets back.”

We? My eyes opened up wide to hear the plural pronoun used, and I tried to turn my head so I could see just who had entered the room. But Carrie was kind of blocking my view as she continued to address the younger student.

“Sure… you and your friend can have a seat over there.” Then turning back to me, she said, “All right, Erica. You can slide off the table now.”

I tried to shake my head “no”, but soon Carrie had taken both my hands in hers, and gently lifted my body to a sitting position. Keeping my knees tight together, I swung my legs over the side of the leather examination table. When Carrie took a step back, I slid my butt off the edge, my bare feet landing on the floor with a smack. Instinctively, I placed one hand in front of my wet pussy and held the other arm against my breasts.

It was a good thing, because I finally saw who our guests were. Further away, against the side wall when you first walked in, sat a girl with glasses and blonde pigtails. And next to her, looked to be another freshman… a boy whose eyes were as wide as saucers at the sight of my eighteen-year-old bare body!

“OK, Erica, please lower your arms so I can finish the examination,” Carrie said so sweetly, but not sparing me any embarrassment.

I felt humiliated, but I was also really turned on at that moment. As if I was under some sort of hypnotic trance, very slowly, I began to move my arms and hands out of the way. Swallowing a lump of excitement down my throat, I could feel the tips of my fingers brushing the sides of my legs, and I knew that I stood fully nude in front of two more students; with everything exposed.

Carrie eyed me critically and said clinically, “Mm-hmmm… you seem pretty fit, Miss.”

“Oh my goodness” the other girl finally piped up. “Should we be in here? I mean, Brian shouldn’t see her without any clothes on…”

My friend had maneuvered herself so that she stood behind me, even pushing me forward a little, and answered over my shoulder. “It’s all right. Erica doesn’t mind. And we have to get this examination done today.”

Then Carrie cupped each of my butt cheeks and began fondling them sensually. It felt really nice, I even spread my legs wider apart! While she had her hands on my ass, the strawberry-blonde leaned close to my ear and started whispering. She told me that I looked so cute, and that she knew I liked being naked. She told me that she enjoyed showing me off to other people, and it made me hot, too. Well, while Carrie spoke softly into my ear and continued to rub my butt, I was getting more and more aroused… my nipples stuck out so hard, they pointed toward the ceiling. And my pussy was now like a blossoming flower, all the pink folds of skin opened up and glistening. My clit poked out like a third nipple.

“Erica looks horny,” the boy student suddenly said aloud.

The girl sitting next to him smacked him in the arm. “Brian, that is so rude! You should probably step out of the room… stop looking at her tits!”

Oh wow, this was too much! But at the same time, such an incredible experience! I was ashamed to hear them talk about my nudity, yet I did not bother to cover up. I was on the edge, wondering what Carrie would do to me next. While I really wanted to cum, I didn’t want to do that in front of two younger students. But if my friend even touched my pussy in slightest, I knew it would set me off. Thankfully, she remained very professional, and asked me to walk onto the scale.

Well, once I stood facing the wall, my profile exposed just how erect my nipples really were. Part of me wished that Carrie would start flicking them up and down, rolling the pointy protrusions between her fingers. Instead, she pretended to adjust the weights and take my measurements.

Next, she asked me sit on the stool in the corner so she could take my temperature. I mean, Carrie was really playing up the part of Nurse’s Assistant! My bare butt hit the black leather seat, and by reflex,I placed my feet on the bottom circular rung, toes curling. I rested my hands on my knees, with legs spread apart. Across the room, the other two students had a clear view of my gaping pussy. Carrie leaned down and placed the thermometer in my mouth, under my tongue. Our eyes met, and I wondered how long she was going to make me remain in this position… my juicy pink labia unfolded and clitoris sticking out.

Another minute went by, then Carrie looked at her watch and her eyes kind of went wide. She pulled the instrument abruptly past my lips and said, “OK, Erica, looks like you have a clean bill of health! No problems here…”

I watched as she dumped the thermometer in the wastebasket, then gathered up my sweatshirt. Understanding suddenly, this meant it was time to go.

“All right, off to class!” Carrie announced even as she headed toward the office door.

I jumped to my feet and started following after. And this meant, I would be walking completely naked past the two students!

“Oh… but,” the girl said and watched me fast approaching. “Shouldn’t you let her get dressed first?”

Carrie paused for a second, hugging her books and my only article of clothing to her chest, and answered, “Let’s give her some privacy, shall we? Erica can get changed in the girls’ bathroom…”

And before I knew it, she disappeared, and I was right behind her. We were suddenly in the middle of the hallway, but I didn’t have any clothes on at all! I took a few delicate steps forward, slapping my hand over my bald pussy mound.

“You… you’re going to give me my sweatshirt, Carrie, aren’t you?” I asked desperately.

The taller girl stood and held out the material in both hands at arm’s length. “Of course, silly! Even though you are more adorable nude, I don’t want you to get in trouble.”

And with a final laugh, she tossed me the shirt. I clumsily pulled it over my head, rushing because I didn’t know how long our isolation on this end of the school would last. Almost tearing the fabric as I pulled it down, making sure that everything was concealed. I must have looked a mess… hot and flustered, my hair out of place. My eyes lingered on the sight of Carrie swaying her hips as she proceeded down the corridor, on the way to her next class. She blew a kiss at me over her shoulder, and then was gone.

Leaving me to stand alone in my bare feet as the bell to change classes rang. I tried to clear my thoughts and think. It was just after my normal lunchtime… I had sociology next. But I really didn’t feel like sitting in another room filled with students. This time, I was wearing so little. I was afraid I would be pushing my luck, and my series of humiliations would only escalate. There was no doubt about it, I needed to cool down and find a place to hide.

Making the turn around the corner, too late, I saw Lisa walking in my direction. I turned, then spun around again, uncertain of which way to run. The hallway was filling up with students as the dominating blonde closed the distance between us. Finally I just froze, leaning back against a set of lockers, trying to will myself to become invisible. This was it… there were dozens of our classmates and underclassmen coursing back and forth. They would all see me when Lisa reached out and took off my sweatshirt. They would all see me naked! My legs trembled, and I bit nervously on my fingertips.

“Hello, Birthday Girl…” Lisa sneered as she stood in front of me. She placed one arm out, palm against the wall the way some guys do when they’re chatting up a girl.

I gripped the edges of the oppressive fabric tightly and squeaked, “Please, don’t!”

“Don’t, what?” she teased. “Don’t lift up your sweatshirt? Don’t take it off completely? You know, you could have avoided all of this by just following instructions earlier. But now, Erica, you’re in for a real treat!

“I have gym this period, and I want you to meet me outside. Go to the softball diamond and wait for me in the dugout. Don’t even think of disobeying, or so help me… I’ll drag your little ass into the lunch room and strip you in front of the entire cafeteria!”

And with that menacing threat, Lisa released her hold on my shirt, which I just realized she had curled into a knot at my bellybutton. Quickly, I unfolded the front of the material and smoothed it down, looking around to make sure no one had seen the brief flash of my crotch. Lisa was already off to the other side of the building where the gym was, and I had been given my orders. Thinking over the situation and circumstances, and what it might have been, maybe it wouldn’t be so bad.

Well, I had already decided that I was in no shape to go to my next class. Some fresh air might even do me some good. I tried to be hopeful about the whole thing, as the line of passing students thinned out. Waiting a few more minutes to collect my thoughts, the sound of the school bell rang again. Now that classes had resumed, I began walking down the hall toward the exit that would take me to the sports field.

I made it to the doors without being discovered. Well, without any more than a few curious glances from the people I hurriedly walked by. Not wanting to further irritate Lisa and keep her waiting, I wasted no time pushing myself outside, into the bright afternoon sunlight of early April. Shading my eyes at first as I scoped out my surroundings, the air did feel nice on my thighs and lower legs. My toes were warm on the concrete steps that led away from the building. And so over the asphalt pavement, my nubile limbs carried me until I reached the fresh-cut grass of the playing fields.

Then it was just a matter of dashing toward the baseball diamond, the one we girls used for softball. It was actually very quiet out here. I guess the girls had not yet finished changing into their gym uniforms. There was kind of a strange feeling standing out here by myself, and I started having naughty thoughts. Like what would it be like to pitch to the softball team in the nude. Or step up to bat without any clothes on! But then I remembered that Lisa explicitly asked me to wait for her in the dugout. So I walked in silence down the sidelines, blades of grass tickling the soles of my feet. Down the steps I went, and found that it was quite cool and shady inside here.

It was from this vantage point that I watched as a troop of high school seniors, almost a dozen girls, marched toward the field. It didn’t see any sign of the gym teacher. Some of them were carrying various items of equipment… gloves, bats, helmets, and such. Lisa walked out in front, idly tossing the large rawhide-stitched sphere up and down in her hand.

She was dressed in the red school uniform gym shorts, which fit snug about her hips and thighs. Her legs were long and tan, ending in a pair of slouch socks and sneakers. Her white top was tied off at the midriff, probably against regulation, but showed off her sexy tummy. Lisa looked hot!

“All right, ladies,” the blonde called out as she took the pitcher’s mound. “Since Ms. Hovorkova has a lot of end of the year paperwork to do, I volunteered to run this class for her. And I have a little surprise for us today!”

There was a moment of curious apprehension in the air, I even found myself a little breathless. Everyone knew, Lisa was not someone to be messed with, and she was capable of coming up with all sorts of devious plans.

Looking upon the girls that were gathered about her, she continued. “Today is my friend Erica’s eighteenth birthday. And right now, she is over there in the dugout, waiting for her birthday surprise. So, Erica… why don’t you come out here and join us on the field.”

I took a deep breath, starting to rise from my sitting position on the bench, when Lisa made one more request.

“And leave the sweatshirt behind…”

Oh no! She had me trapped, and now she was going to embarrass me in front of her gym class! I’m sure I knew some of the girls out there… I still had to take other classes with them. But Lisa had given me my instructions, and I knew it could get far worse if I did not listen. I looked around for help, foolishly, but I was alone in the half-darkness of the dugout.

Slowly, reluctantly, I began to lift the sweatshirt off my body. I felt the rise of the material brush against my stomach and then my stiff nipples. The fabric bunched up above my head, and I pulled it over my shoulders… pulling out each arm one at a time. Completely off, I clutched it for a moment against my chest, and then threw it to the side. Now I wasn’t wearing anything! For a moment, I arched my back with legs spread wide apart on the bench. My hand nervously ran through my hair and shook it out a little. Then I stood up, my bare feet hesitantly approaching the dugout steps.

“We’re waiting, Erica…” came the not too subtle voice of the dominating blonde.

Well, I climbed up the short steps… then walked bare-assed nude onto the field. My arms were folded tightly across my small tits, so that I clutched my elbows in opposite hands. There was nothing hiding my bellybutton, my pussy, or any inch of my slim legs. I did not dare to look at my female classmates as I approached, but kept my head bent down, eyes locked on my toes moving softly over the grass as I placed one foot in front of the other.

“Oh my gosh, she’s naked!” one of the girls giggled.

I shivered as I passed by another who said, “That’s some birthday outfit…”

And there was more chattering and chuckles as I shyly made my way toward Lisa. This was so embarrassing, being eyed critically and evaluated by my peers. At least if there were some guys around, they might have complimented my cute body. But then, that might have made me hornier! Lisa told me to join her on the pitcher’s mound, in the center of the baseball diamond under the bright sunlight. As I did so, my feet kicked up some dust until I climbed the hill and had my heels resting on the white rubber. I was facing the outfield, my ass toward home plate. Wondering what would happen next, I clasped both my hands over my shaved pussy.

“Now then,” Lisa announced. “Earlier this morning, little Erica ran out on me, before her special birthday spanking was completed. But we can start all over, from the beginning, and I’ll let everyone take a turn!”

I couldn’t believe I was standing out here in the middle of my high school sports field, stark naked! Suddenly, I felt the first swat hit my bottom. Lisa also made the second slap, as my butt cheeks bounced, and caused me to insert a finger into my pink slit.

“Ooooh,” I closed my eyes and moaned.

“Who wants to come next,” Lisa teased invitingly as she rubbed my ass.

I could hear one of the girls approaching, and suddenly my entire body was tingling. Lisa’s contact with my bare skin had been electric, and now I fully realized that other girls were going to be touching my body. Biting my lip, I wondered if I would make it through this humiliating ordeal before cumming in front of the entire gym class. It didn’t help that my nipples sprung out erect and I silently began rubbing my clit. I felt someone’s palm strike my butt, and the girl grabbed a handful and squeezed before moving away.

When another girl came up and landed a smack, I spread my legs apart, knowing that my pussy lips could be seen from behind.

“Do we have to spank her on the ass?” one of the gym students asked.

Lisa thought about this for a moment before saying, “I guess her whole body is fair game. Erica, put your hands on your head…”

Damn! That meant I wouldn’t be able to secretly play with myself, although maybe that was a good thing. Still, it also meant everything would now be exposed, and would be a potential target! My hands slowly separated from my crotch as I raised them to my head. Then I joined my fingers once more, intertwining with locks of my hair, standing with my legs shoulder-width apart. The girl skipped over to my side and gave me a light pat on my tummy. She also let her lingering fingers trace a circle around my belly button.

The next girl walked around until she stood square in front of me. I opened my eyes to find her looking me up and down from head to toe.

“You’ve got cute tits, Erica,” she said pleasantly and proceeded to playfully pull on my elongated nipples.

She continued to squeeze both my breasts and then reached around to give me a slap on the ass. Then she joined the other three girls sitting cross-legged on the grass. The next student followed and walked in front of me where she cupped my bare pussy! Her fingers spread my outer lips and fondled my labia…

“Aaaahhh!”

“Oh my, she’s wet… I think someone is enjoying this!”

I was vaguely aware of another handful of students marching behind me, each one administering more traditional spankings. But then another girl stepped in front of me, placing her hands on my slender hips that flared out with feminine grace. She had long black hair that she wore in a topknot, and had a smattering of light freckles across her nose, and sparkling grey eyes.

She moved in close and kissed me full on the lips, our tongues meeting and dancing inside my mouth. A quick slap on my butt followed as she said, “Happy Birthday, Erica.”

By this time, I was more than ready to explode! I closed my eyes and lost myself to this world of ecstasy. While my hands clenched atop my head, I was wild with anticipation wondering where the next set of hands would touch me. My clitoris had swelled up and was poking at the girls. Each time someone’s palm hit my nude ass, I bucked my hips a little more. This was really it… I was going to have an orgasm right here on the pitcher’s mound. And what was worse, in this heightened state of arousal, I tended to squirt, so all the girls would witness my climax.

Suddenly, after another girl had spanked me, I heard Lisa call out, “That’s eighteen!”

There was a round of applause and giggling, as I spun around confused. Here I was, naked, with nipples and clit erect, and on the edge of a massive orgasm. Keeping my hands on my head, my lean body practically begging for someone to finish me off.

“Is there something you would like to do for us?” Lisa asked with an evil smile, arching one eyebrow.

I turned around again, looking at the twelve girls in the middle of the infield. Some of them were standing with arms folded, others were kneeling or seated on the grass. Each watched me intently as if to see if I would really masturbate outside in front of them, as if I were some sort of exhibitionist slut! I felt myself blush… quickly I covered my breasts and pussy with my hands.

“Please,” I said turning back to face Lisa. “Let me have my sweatshirt and go back inside to finish…”

The blonde’s face darkened and she frowned at me. “No. I’m keeping your sweatshirt, along with the rest of your clothes, unless you lie down right now and cum! Otherwise, you can march your naked ass back into the school and do whatever you need to do!”

I wanted to give in, I really did. But not in front of our classmates. It had been almost two years since Lisa started teasing me and embarrassing me in public. From some small part of me deep down inside, I found a reserve of courage. I raised my chin and lowered my arms. Then I began to walk totally nude off the baseball field. My hips even wiggled with confidence as I headed toward the school, flaunting my sexy eighteen-year-old ass.

Of course, my plan was to dash into the nearest girls’ bathroom, masturbate wildly, and then hide out for the rest of the day. But as my toes reached the edge of the grass, I thought I heard over my shoulder Lisa say something.

“Don’t worry… I think by now, Alicia has pulled the fire alarm!”

“Wha-what?” I paused, spun around, not fully comprehending.

Considering my options, I decided to start jogging toward the building. Indeed, soon enough I heard the dreaded clanging of the alarm bell! I froze, I panicked… I watched as the side doors opened and a flood of students came teaming out into the parking lot. That was it, I decided, I was going home! I would deal with the consequences later.

But even as I ran in the other direction, there was absolutely no cover, and someone yelled, “Holy Shit! That girl is naked!”

I streaked past the freshman biology class, as well as the marching band that must have had their practice interrupted, and at least a dozen other classes trying to file into some sort of organized line. First I tried to keep one hand on my hairless crotch. But I found I needed both arms pumping so I could run faster. Too late, I saw that I was moving straight toward the principal, my sweet pussy lips flapping in the breeze!

I did not stop, but kept running past him, although I thought I heard him mutter something.

“Damn senior prank!”

Well, at least he recognized me as a senior… I wondered if he enjoyed the view.

Amid the rising commotion, the whistles and catcalls and other unbelievable responses, I headed off the school property and began my embarrassing expedition back to my house. It certainly wasn’t the first time I had to run home naked, and I had learned specific routes to take and side ways to go to avoid being caught.

Finally, when I reached my doorstep, I found the spare key and let myself in. It was the middle of the day so I would have the whole house to myself…

SURPRISE!!!!

My older stepbrother and his buddies paused to exclaim, in the middle of hanging up party decorations. Then he looked at me curiously and remarked, “Um… you’re home early, Erica…”

“Eeek!” I screeched and dashed bare-assed down the hall where I locked myself in my room. I flung my body face down on the bed, and slung an arm between my legs so I could tickle my anus. I think I masturbated for two hours.

What a way to kick off my birthday!