**Erica - Stripping Erica**

by AMERICAN COWBOY

The day turned out to be very mild, much too mild for the beginning of February. In fact, it was absolutely hot, which sucked because I had long ago put away my summer clothes. Of course, it was also too late before I came to this conclusion, having suffered through my first period class in those jeans that had extra heavy denim, and my oversized sweatshirt. When the bell rang, I bolted out of my seat and out the classroom… flustered and stifled from the heat. I felt like I was suffocating.

“Hey, Erica… you don’t look so good.”

That was Alicia, exiting a classroom on the other side of the corridor, and coming up to greet me. We used to be the best of friends, although things had grown a little cooler between the two of us. Ever since I noticed a pattern of unfortunate events occurring when we were together, and since she had been becoming chummier with that bitch, Lisa, I had started to keep some distance from her. But now she approached me with a look of genuine concern on her face.

“Do you have a fever or something? Oh, I guess you are just a little overdressed for today. Well, I can’t blame you… who would have thought it would hit the mid eighties just a couple of weeks before Valentine’s Day!”

“Yeah, I know. Maybe I should pay more attention to the weather reports. Listen, do you have anything in your locker you could lend me, so I can get changed?”

I hated to ask, but my choice of wardrobe was becoming rather unbearable. I couldn’t see myself making it through the rest of the day in my current state of dress. Alicia seemed to consider for a moment.

“I have a study period right now, but I’m afraid you are going to be late for your next class. If we hurry, I think I can hook you up with something.”

Damn, she was right. No doubt about it, I would never make it on time if I went with Alicia to her locker, then into the toilets to get changed. Every moment I pondered this dilemma, another minute slipped by before the bell would ring again. However, in my confusion and indecision, Alicia reached out and grabbed my arm and started pulling me down the hallway. She was much stronger than me, so it really took no effort. I guess she made up my mind for me!

Hers was at the end of the last bank of lockers along the wall. It was around a bend of the main corridor, and we had to pass by only one classroom slowly filling up with students. There was a stairwell close at hand, which led to the floor where my next class was. But that meant I would have to run to the toilets first to get changed, and then back here to ascend to the second floor of the school. I felt like I was running a relay race. To make matters worse, I was positively chaffing beneath my oppressive clothing.

Alicia manipulated her locker combination with deft fingers, and in no time at all the metal door was flung open. She pulled out a red duffle bag, which was obviously where she had an extra change of clothes, or maybe her gym stuff. I don’t know why I never carried a spare set in my locker. Well, I didn’t have gym today, but regardless… how come other girls seem to set up their lockers like a closet away from home?

“OK, I have these flip-flops,” my friend was taking charge and addressing me as though she was my mother! “So kick of your sneakers and socks and let your poor feet air out…”

I did as I was told, and furthermore proceeded to pull off my sweatshirt. This, I gratefully discarded and relished the air on my overheated flesh. I had not worn an undershirt, but instead a sports bra. It wasn’t anything special or lacy, just a plain white halter top that had a clasp in the front.

“All right now, off with those jeans… I have some baggy shorts that will be so much more a relief for you!”

I caught myself, just as I was about to unsnap the button. “But Alicia, can’t you just give me your stuff and I’ll get changed in the girls room?”

My friend blinked once at me, as if that was the stupidest thing she had ever heard. “No time for that, silly, you are going to be late enough as it is. Now drop your pants!”

Looking over my shoulder, I saw that this corner of the hall was indeed deserted. Obviously Alicia wasn’t trying to humiliate me, but was abrupt in her tone and mannerisms because she was worried about me getting in trouble. Maybe she wasn’t such a bad friend after all. With shaking fingers (I don’t know why my hands were suddenly shaking) I popped the button out and slid the coarse material down my slender legs.

Oh my God! I’m sixty feet outside an open classroom, and I’m standing here in bra and panties!

“Finally, I can let you wear this T-Shirt… um, panties too, Erica.”

What? I don’t believe my friend just said that.

“Come on, now. The shorts I am letting you borrow are practically swimming trunks. They have a liner inside, and the material is light. But you shouldn’t wear any underwear with them”

That made sense, I guess. I mean, I hadn’t really seen these shorts of hers yet. But what could I do? She was nice enough to be lending me these things in the first place. I suppose that will teach me to pay better attention to the weather reports. Biting my lower lip (not my lower lips!) I hooked my thumbs inside the waistband and slid my panties to the floor. As soon as I stepped out of them, Alicia reach down and snatched the white material off the ground.

I was conscious of my bare feet on the cold tiles of the hallway. It felt incredibly good, and a drop of moisture formed inside my shaved pussy. However, my initial reflex was to slap my hands on my exposed cheeks. Not that such an effort would cover anything, but I could see no one was in front of me except for Alicia. It was from any wandering bodies that might round the corner or step out of a classroom that I sought to conceal my naked ass.

“This will never do,” I heard my friend’s voice, then like a snake striking to bite, her hand reach out to unclasp my bra. The move took me by surprise, and she easily had it open then off my flailing arms completely. Leaving me, completely nude…

“Alicia!” I whispered harshly. I hunched over slightly, but there was nowhere to hide. My small tits were free, and as I brought my hands up to cup them, my nipples hardened instantly. I could sense my body blushing, as my engorged pussy lips puffed out, my butt was turning from pink to red. I even spun around on a bare heel, disorientated, and anyone who stepped into this dead-end corridor would have gotten a full frontal flash!

When I turned around again, Alicia had a playful smile on her face. “I can’t wait to tell Lisa I stripped you naked in the hall way! And it was so easy, too. You know, you are running late already… maybe I should let you go to class naked!”

With that, the bell rang signaling that classes had begun. It sounded like a thousand alarms in my head. A door slammed behind me… I almost came on the spot.

“OK, Erica, don’t have an orgasm or anything! Here, take these…”

With that, Alicia tossed the promised set of clothes at me, then started on her way to the cafeteria.

“See you later,” she called back in farewell.

I hate it when they say that. They always emphasize the /see/ as if exposing me is all part of a big game. I was breathless enough as it was, and the thoughts of what the rest of the day might have in store me certainly had my juices flowing. Quickly, I pulled on the shorts and immediately discovered they were a size to big. Damn! I would have to keep the front cinched close in my grip to keep them from falling down. Maybe I could find a safety pin…

But there was no time for that now. I had to work my way into Alicia’s T-shirt with one free arm, then stepped into the flip-flops on the floor. And that was it. That was my attire for the day: a T-shirt and a pair of trunks that could slip off at any moment. This was not helping my overheated state of arousal. And here I thought changing would find me relief! Nevertheless, I picked up my books in my one good arm and headed off to my English class. The flip-flops slapped foolishly all the way up the stairs.

By the time I made it to my classroom, I must have been ten minutes late already. The teacher glared at me as I practically slid through the open doorway.

“Having problems, Erica?” he intoned sounding none to pleased.

Pitifully I replied, “Um, sorry… yeah, I wasn’t feeling well.”

It was then that I noticed all my snickering classmates were lined up along one side of the room against the blackboard, as if this was a criminal profiling or something. I had a sudden vision that came to me unbidden, of me standing up there being strip searched in front of everyone! I know I was already flushing from the exertion of getting up here… I hope no one sensed my arousal. The teacher must have sensed my confusion, as he explained with a sigh of annoyance.

“As you know, Erica, I am very concerned about your class’s preparation for the upcoming SAT exams. Do you remember when you were in third grade and your class would have a Spelling Bee? Well this is a special Vocabulary Bee to help you on the verbal section of the exam. Now just move to the end of the line… you have already missed one round!”

I simply nodded in embarrassment and shuffled down an aisle between desks and placed myself next to the last student in the line. I could hear the teacher droning on with his little exercise; announcing a word most of us have never heard before, and expecting the student to respond by giving the definition. But I was only half listening. My heart was still beating fast, and I was only vaguely aware of my surroundings.

“Hello, Erica,” purred the voice of person next to me.

Oh no! It was Lisa the Bitch! Why the hell did she have to be standing here at the end? She would only be a distraction. I knew no good could come of this.

“My, those are loose shorts you are wearing today!”

I opened my mouth, but could only let out a gasp, as Lisa had the audacity to stick a finger inside the elastic band of the trunks I was wearing. I felt her touch my flesh and shivered. What was she going to do, pull them down right here in class? I clutched the front of the material, tightly bunched up in my fist. Lisa, however, only worked her hand behind my back… reaching deeper and pressing her palm against my cheek. She had a lot of room to work with inside these shorts! What’s worse, I felt my own grip of the material loosening. Then, I couldn’t believe what she did next. She nearly inserted her index finger into my butt, tracing a line up the crack! I almost fainted; I think I let out a soft moan…

“Coerce,” came the monotone voice of the teacher.

Without missing a beat, Lisa smiled up at him and said, “Coerce… to force or compel someone to do something against his or her will.”

“Very good,” the teacher remarked, “But that was an easy one, Lisa.”

I was in another world at this point, trying to piece together the voices I could hear, and the emotions and wild thrill I felt surging through my body. I knew I had to get away from Lisa, as I was getting too worked up.

“Tintinnabulation,” the teacher announced dryly.

Oh my God, it was my turn! What was that word? I just stared at him with a blank look on my face.

“Come on now, Erica, what does Tintinnabulation mean?”

I opened my mouth, but couldn’t speak. I only shook my head. For some reason, it seemed I had never been so ashamed. If only my teacher know how wet I was down there. It’s a good thing these shorts have a liner!

“Well, have you any idea? No, I suppose not. All right, Erica, you may return to your seat. But I want you to take out your vocabulary book and begin writing out definitions. And then write a sentence using each word.”

I bowed my head and began padding across the classroom. My desk was on the other side in the corner. A quick glance revealed that I was the first person eliminated. I felt so stupid. But it’s not like other people were having their anus manipulated! This was so humiliating.

I quickly sank into my seat, oblivious of the giggling from my fellow classmates. At least I was away from that bitch and her prying hand. And it actually felt good to be isolated, with no one else around to bother me. I found I was able to focus my energy in the task at hand, taking out my book and spiral loose-leaf binder. Dutifully I began to copy the multi-syllable and foreign sounding words, and it helped take my mind off of what I had just been through. Soon, I was lost in concentration and the teacher’s resuming Vocabulary Bee was no more of a concern.

“Stupid SATS… they are trying to do away with these exams, anyway!” grumbled a voice slouching down in the desk to the right of me. “Well, I guess I get to spend some time with you, Erica!”

I casually turned my head, and was surprised to see Carrie, one of Lisa’s friends, smiling at me. I hadn’t seen her when I first entered the classroom, but then again, that was under vexing conditions. And I didn’t really take the time to scan the line-up of students against the wall. She must have just been eliminated… but I wondered if she didn’t mess up on purpose.

“Nice outfit. Looks like you are ready for the beach… or the water park!”

“Yeah,” I mumbled, suddenly self-conscious of my white shirt, orange shorts, and flip-flops. “This is some weather we’re having.”

I don’t know why my tone was conversational. I didn’t feel like talking to her.

“Hmm… you know, if we were at the beach or a water park, you could probably kick these off once you got comfortable.”

Following her gaze, I realized she was talking about my footwear, my feet being propped up on the back of the vacant seat in front of me. For some reason, I wiggled my toes invitingly. Before I knew it, Carrie chanced to get up out of her seat with the teacher’s back to us, reached over and pulled off Alicia’s flip-flops. I could have said something, yelled or called the teacher’s attention, but I kept silent.

“Much better,” Carrie commented once she sat back down. It’s as though she was finding relief vicariously through me. (Vicariously… I think that’s an SAT word.) She pulled out her books and pen in order to start on the same assignment that was given to me. A small part of me was disappointed that she took no interest in going further. I reached forward to idly caress my bare leg, but received no reaction. With a shrug, I returned to my own class work.

I wasn’t really keeping track of time. I think this is a forty or fifty minute period. It always seemed to drag on forever. I know some of the students had a joke that a minute inside this English class was the equivalent of an hour of “real time”. So if there were ten minutes left in the class, you would groan and say there are still ten hours to go! At this point, my mind was pretty much drifting and my pen had ceased writing sentences, instead preoccupied with making doodles and squiggly marks.

A light finger upon the naked soles of my feet quickly brought my head up with a jerk.

“Hello, Erica!”

Lisa had taken the seat of the desk in front of me. That wasn’t even her desk! But apparently we three girls were the only students eliminated so far, and the teacher was utterly absorbed in his little game. She sat reverse style in the chair, her arms folded on the top of the back.

“So where did you get these ridiculous shorts,” Lisa continued in deceptively friendly tones.

“They… they’re Alicia’s,” I stammered.

The bossy blonde seemed to ponder this for a moment, then said, “Ah, Alicia. I might have known. She has been a good mommy, hasn’t she… dressing you up in between classes.”

I swallowed a lump in my throat… what was I feeling? Fear or excitement… I’ve been here before, and I know that look in Lisa’s eye. But we were in a classroom full of students, for crying out loud! And the teacher was present! Still, she continued to lecture me as she smiled wickedly.

“You know, Erica, when my hand was inside those shorts, they felt a little damp. It’s not nice to spoil the clothes your friends lend to you; not a nice way to show your appreciation.”

“What… what should I do,” I asked in a numb, almost detached voice.

Here, Carrie leaned over and interjected, “You should take them off!”

My hands rested on top of my desk, lying on top the books and paper of which I had no longer any thought. “I can’t do that…”

Well, that much was true. There was simply no way I could bring myself to remove the only covering I had beneath my waist, leaving me bottomless. I couldn’t, but Lisa could…

She started slowly, just reaching out a hand and testing the material between her thumb and index finger. She gave a little tug. Getting a better grip, Lisa tugged some more. My own hands remained in clear view, giving no sign of resistance or movement except maybe for a slight tremble. The only voices I heard were the sound of the teacher selecting a new word, a student’s rote response; and to me, these were unintelligible noises. I felt fabric moving slightly down my hips, but not much.

“Lift up a little,” Carrie coaxed from the side.

As if helpless to disobey a spoken command, I raised my butt off the chair, allowing Lisa to pull the trunks further down my legs. When I lowered myself again, my naked ass came in contact with the cool hardness of the seat. I gasped… then I looked down to see the last of Alicia’s borrowed shorts disappear off my feet. Lisa chuckled and folded them on top of the desk where she was sitting.

Oh no! I thought, my heart and mind racing. My pussy is completely on display! Lisa could see my pussy! Thank goodness the class was congregated entirely on the opposite side of the room, and the teacher had no clue what was going on. Also, Carrie sitting across from me essentially blocked the view from that direction. Nevertheless, she managed to lean over and steal a glance between my legs.

“Still bald as a baby,” Carrie observed.

“And leaking like a faucet,” Lisa added.

“Can… I have the shorts back, please…” I desperately wanted to stick a finger in my gaping slit, but I only pleaded, “This is so embarrassing!”

“Looks to me like you are enjoying it,” Lisa observed. “Besides, we’re still having fun… why stop here?”

I was really nervous, but I was also really horny. Somehow I managed to squeak, “What do you mean by that?”

In reply, Lisa gave Carrie a knowing smile. But Carrie only shook her head in disbelief, “No, you can’t do that… you’ll get caught for sure! All right then, I dare you.”

Lisa made a survey of the room. Another student had been eliminated, but he was at a desk all the way on the other side, near where the others were still lined up. The teacher of course was efficiently spouting out his litany of vocabulary words, pleased with the number of his pupils that could give accurate definitions. Apparently, those who could not were already dismissed and forgotten. And that suited Lisa just fine.

Swinging her long legs around the chair, she slowly stood up and crept behind my seat. I was mesmerized by the sight of the tops of my naked thighs in front of me, and the euphoric feeling of nothing concealing my bare pussy. When Lisa put her hands at my sides and began lifting from the bottom of my T-Shirt, all I could do was raise my own arms to facilitate this last article being pulled over my head. I shook my hair out, and in a blink of an eye, Lisa was back sitting in front of me.

I turned my head and saw a bare shoulder. Turning to my right, I saw another bare shoulder and a grinning Carrie. I brought a disbelieving hand to my chest, tracing a line down the cleavage between my small but perky breasts. My knuckles grazed a protruding nipple, stiff like an elongated eraser head. Oh my God… I was completely naked in my English classroom!

“There,” Lisa said in self-satisfaction. “I’d like to see Alicia top that!”

“I bet her clit is enormous,” Carrie whispered excitedly.

It was, and it was begging to be flicked and played with. And then my heart almost stopped beating, when I heard the voice of the teacher raised in our direction. He did not move from his position, only half-turned his head to look over his shoulder.

“Young ladies! You are supposed to be working on improving your vocabulary skills! Do I need to separate you three?”

No! Don’t separate us! If Lisa and Carrie were to move, I would lose my shield of bodies. I would be totally exposed and the entire class would see that I was bare-assed nude!

“I was just asking for some help,” Lisa called back. “Sorry, we will be more quiet.”

That seemed to settle the teacher’s concern. He resumed his Vocabulary Bee without further pause. And that left Lisa to bear her full attention on me.

“All right, Erica. I want you masturbate yourself right now. You know you want to…”

“Lisa, her nipples are so long! And I can smell her musty juices,” Carrie spoke as if enthralled.

I squeezed my tits with both hands, but more so to keep from doing what Lisa commanded. I shook my head defiantly.

But she seemed only amused. Flipping her hair over a shoulder, she explained, “I can always let Carrie stimulate you. I know she’s been dying to get her finger on your clit.”

Well, that decided it for me. I know I didn’t want to cum right here in class and in front of these two, but I definitely did not want to be brought to orgasm by another girl! With one hand still firmly latched onto a breast, the other sank down my trim belly and touched my swollen vulva. I nearly exploded on contact. But my body would not allow such an early release. As I thumbed my clit and inserted a finger, I found myself raising both legs in front of me; raising both legs into Lisa’s clutches. She watched as I toyed myself, trying to stifle my moans of pleasure, as my tongue licked my parched lips. Lisa held me spread open, and even sucked a toe devilishly.

That was when my hips buckled, my body convulsed, and Carrie had to literally hold my seat still to keep it from making too much noise. With a whimper of bottled ecstasy, I came multiple times, creaming the chair, and cum running down my leg.

And then Lisa tossed the shorts and T-Shirt onto my desk. “Well, they were already damp. I suppose it makes no difference now. I’ll have to tell Alicia she missed quite a show!”

Both Lisa and Carrie returned to their books as if nothing had happened. But there was still a charge of sexual excitement in the air, I could feel it! And the aroma of my juices was powerful. I was left in a daze to pull on the trunks and T-shirt. I even found the flip-flops on the floor for me to easily slip on my feet. Still flushed, I know I must have looked like hell.

The teacher turned his head to check on us as another student was eliminated from the Bee. Then spying me disheveled in the corner he said, “Erica… if you really don’t feel well, you should have gone straight to the nurse’s office!”

But I wasn’t interested in going to the nurse’s office. I was already dreaming about what would happen to me in my next class…