**In a Haze**

by Little Robbie

**IN A HAZE – PART 1 - LILY**

If ever the phrase, “Cute AF” applied to anyone, it applied to Lily. Now 16 and a junior in high school, Lily was beginning to come out of her shell. She had quietly kept to herself through elementary and junior high, and she had worked hard to keep a very high GPA. She had developed good study habits but had not yet worked hard on her social skills. She had a few close friends but was not in the A group at school, a fact that she did not regret, since most of the A groupers seemed to be overly affected by their social status.

Lily was not as outgoing as most of her friends. She lacked confidence even though she was certainly pretty, at 5’-5” with bright eyes and auburn hair, always in a ponytail at school. Her figure was certainly above average but not overly sexy: B-cup breasts that stood up nicely and a delicately rounded butt. But she did not move with assurance around others and had only quiet conversations with her small group of friends. She had been on a few dates but found that most of the boys her age were a bit childish and shallow for her.

Like a lot of 16-year-olds, she was beginning to turn her thoughts to college and the admissions criteria for the schools she was really interested in. All of these universities emphasized the value of extracurricular activities. Lily’s only extracurricular activity has been playing flute in the school orchestra. She needed more activities outside the classroom to beef up her admissions applications. Her friends kidded her about becoming a cheerleader. After enduring their ribbing for a few days, she finally thought to herself, “They don’t think I’ll do it. Okay, I’ll show them! I will try out for cheerleader!”

As it happened, cheerleading tryouts began the following week. Lily watched a lot of cheering videos on YouTube and spent hours practicing some of the basic moves she saw. Like with her academic study habits, she was quite intent on leaving no doubt as to her gymnastic cheering skills. And she was determined to leave her introverted self behind and “sparkle” like a real cheerleader. On the day of the tryouts, she was one of the first in line and was soon called into the gym. She introduced herself to Margery, Heather, and Jess, three cheerleaders from the senior class who were holdovers from last year. She learned that these three were in charge of judging the tryouts, and that there were two other seniors who were also holdovers. That left five positions open for new girls.

Margery seemed to be running things and proceeded to teach Lily a short cheer routine for her audition. Lily presented the routine several times for the three judges; she had the moves down immediately but pressed herself to get bubblier and louder each time. This was all new territory for Lily, who rarely spoke above a normal conversation. They thanked her and told her that she would hear back from them very soon. She was excited – and surprised – to get a text message the next morning from Margery congratulating her for passing the audition and inviting her to appear in the girls locker room after classes at the end of the day. OMG, she thought, I’m actually going to do this!

Lily found herself approaching the girls locker room the following day. “Here goes,” she thought as she pushed the door open. She was first to arrive – of course – and was soon joined by seven other juniors who had apparently also passed the cheerleading audition and were invited to show up here. That made eight girls, but Lily had been told that there were only five open positions. Just as she was puzzling this out, Margery, Heather, and Jess walked in and told them to be seated. The benches were the only seats available, so they all took seats at the near ends of the benches. Margery addressed the new girls; she was very pretty and the very essence of self-assurance. Tall with long brunette hair – and very fit. Just what everyone expects a cheerleader – in this case the head cheerleader – to be.

“Congratulations on passing your audition, you all performed admirably. However, before we make the final decisions on who will win the final five positions, we need to test each of you beyond the act of cheering and gymnastics. Beginning on Monday, each of you will spend five days proving to us that you are truly cheerleader material and are capable of bonding with the rest of the squad. You will be performing tasks that we will require of you, and the five girls who are best able to negotiate these tasks will be finally asked to join the cheerleading squad.”

Lily gulped hard. This was more than she had bargained for, and it took her way out of her comfort zone. This did not sound like something she could “study up” for! Should she just forget the whole thing and go to orchestra rehearsal with her flute?

Margery continued, “Each morning next week, you eight girls will meet us here in the locker room and receive your instructions for that day. Some will be fun, and some will be a bit embarrassing, and by that I mean, fun for us and embarrassing for you.” Margery snickered loudly, and Heather and Jess followed suit. “Have a great weekend, everyone. See you right here on Monday morning.”

Margery, Heather, and Jess giggled their way from the room, leaving the eight junior girls gaping in astonishment. Could they really endure five days of hazing in competition with each other? Lily did not know any of these girls by name, but the time did not seem right for introductions as they each began to walk trance-like out of the locker room. Lily walked home in a daze and spent the weekend debating whether to actually go through with this. In the end, she decided that she really needed to show this kind of extracurricular activity on her college application, and she didn’t have any other options open. So she made a decision: she would not just endure the hazing, she would win it!

**IN A HAZE – PART 2 – MONDAY**

Monday morning was Day 1 of the cheerleader hazing, and Lily found herself once again in the girls locker room with the seven other junior girl candidates. She was a bit surprised to see that all seven of them had decided to stick it out, but it made her all the more determined to be the best of the group. She could not imagine going through a week of hazing only to be eliminated by the end. She definitely surprised herself with this newfound competitive streak.

Into the room bounced Margery, Heather, and Jess. Margery announced, “Good morning, gals, and welcome to Day 1. Each of you will be receiving a text message from me, Heather, or Jess at some point during the day. You are to follow the instructions in it, including subsequent instructions from any of us. And this is very important: you will follow all instructions without delay, questions, or push-back. Failure to immediately comply with the tasks you are assigned will result in penalties – and I mean nasty penalties! Do not share your tasks with any of your fellow competitors. In fact, do not converse with your fellow competitors at all, since the tasks are meant to be a secret until acted upon. If we learn that any of you have conversed with each other this week, you will be immediately eliminated from this competition. Got it? Enjoy the day!”

Lily gulped – again. These girls were serious about this hazing stuff. But how bad could it be? Carry their books for them? “Kick Me” signs on their backs? Maybe gum in their hair? Anyway, Lily was off to Homeroom. It didn’t take long for her to get her text message. It was from Heather: “IMMEDIATELY AFTER 1ST PERIOD, MEET ME BY LOCKER 388 – 3RD FLOOR, SOUTH WING. DON’T BE LATE!”

“Oh, man,” Lily thought, “that is about as far away as possible from both my first period and second period classes. I’m going to have to hustle there and hustle back in the 15 minutes between classes.”

On the signal ending first period, Lily was out the door and into the hall in a flash. She practically ran up the two flights of stairs and down three hallways to get to locker 388. Heather was already there, along with two other girls and three boys, none of whom she recognized. Heather was an All-American Girl through and through. Super pretty, blonde hair cut to her shoulders, blue eyes, slim figure, always a smile on her face. Which is why Lily was surprised to hear, “Here you are! It’s about time! My friends and I have been waiting for you!”

Lily was sweating and nearly out of breath, but she smiled apologetically. “Sorry, it was a long walk from – ”

“HUSH!” from Heather, “No excuses! Get over here where we can all see you.”

Lily walked forward until she was standing with her back to the lockers. Heather and her five friends formed a small semicircle around her. Heather continued, “We were just discussing what color underwear you might be wearing. So, James and Nico, now that you’ve seen her, what color do you want to bet on?”

Lily squirmed a little. Not what she was expecting at all.

James (guy in a red polo) said, “Hm. She looks a little shy. I’ll go with pink.”

Nico (guy in green Hawaiian shirt) offered, “I’m going with the old standby. White.”

Heather looked at Lily as if she was expecting Lily’s answer, to which Lily hesitated, “Um, well, I – ”

“I said hush” said Heather, “I’ll let you know if we want to hear from you. Speak up again before you’re asked, and it’s a penalty for you! So, James, your money is on pink, and Nico is white, right?” They both nod.

Heather turned to Lily, “Okay, well, let’s find out. Drop your jeans.”

Lily was incredulous. Did she hear correctly? “Um. . .what?”

Heather was impatient. “You heard me. Drop your jeans so we can check out your undies.”

Lily’s mouth was open. “You mean, right here in the hallway? People will see. . .”

“We’re shielding you, can’t you see? Although if you delay this any further, we’ll open ranks and pull your jeans down for everyone to see! Got it?!”

“Um, I don’t know, this isn’t what – ”

Heather interrupted her again, “No backtalk, no push-back, no delays. You have now earned one penalty. Are we going to see those undies or not?!”

Lily’s mind was reeling. No boy had ever seen her underwear before. Could she do this? Heather shocked her into submission. “Now!” Lily felt her hands moving to her waist. The next thing she knew, she was unbuckling her belt and unbuttoning her jeans. Eyes wide, she slowly pushed her jeans down a few inches – enough to reveal the top of her panties. It was then that she realized that she was wearing her most embarrassing underwear possible – white with Pooh bears! Why had she made such a horrible choice that morning?!

“Hello!” Heather was impatient. “We want to see them panties! Jeans down to your knees, please! Right now!”

Lily miserably reached down and pushed her jeans all the way down to her knees, which was not easy, as she was still sweating from her walk and from the confrontation with Heather and friends – all of whom were now getting a view of her that no one outside her parents had ever seen.

Heather was not done by a long shot, and amazingly, she kept that All-American smile in place throughout. “We need to see all of them. Turn around and face the lockers.” She did. “Now bend forward and brace your hands on the lockers.” She did that, too, fully aware that her panties were clinging to her sweaty butt cheeks. She had never felt this humiliated before.

“We have a winner! Nico put his money on white panties, and sure enough we have white panties – well, mostly white anyway. So cute, by the way, with those little Pooh bears! Very sexy! Nico, your prize for guessing correctly is to give our Pooh bear girl here a nice hand spanking before she returns to class. Five swats on each cute little cheek.”

Lily felt her knees begin to buckle. Here she was, bending forward, displaying her panty-covered butt to six total strangers in the middle of a high school hallway, and she was about to get spanked. She braced herself and closed her eyes, hoping that not seeing it will make it not happen. But it did.

SMACK! Nico’s hand landed sexily on her left cheek and stung, even though her panties covered most of her cheek. “One!” cried the group of six, loud enough for other nearby students to wonder what was happening over by locker 388. Lily was praying that her group wouldn’t break rank and expose her half-bare fanny.

SMACK! SMACK! SMACK! Nine more times, a total of five on each cheek. With each spank, Nico’s hand seemed to linger there just a little longer, giving her cheeks a sexy little feel. The spanks themselves were not overly painful, even though her butt was getting redder with each smack. But all Lily could think about was the humiliation of receiving a public spanking from a boy in the middle of her high school. But at least it was finally over. Or so she thought.

Heather had other ideas. “So, what do you think, guys, this little cutie still has a penalty to pay, and we have a few more minutes before second period. Should we see if we have a matching set of undies? Does the bra match the panties?” All six of them were enthusiastic about this little exploration.

“OK, Pooh bear, straighten up and turn around so you’re facing us again.” Lily fought the urge to run crying down the hall. Was there to be no end to her humiliation? She began to pull her jeans back up, but Heather wouldn’t hear of it.

“No, no, keep those jeans right where they are. Just unbutton that blouse so we can have a good look at your full underwear ensemble, okay? And right now, unless you want to earn another penalty. I’m sure the boys here would just love to have a good look at your cute little tits up close.” Murmurs of agreement from the group.

Lily felt her face redden as she undid the buttons of her blouse. She started to close her eyes again, but Heather would have none of that. “Keep those pretty eyes open, we don’t want you to miss a second of the boys’ admiring stares.” Finally, she pulled her blouse open for inspection, exposing her equally embarrassing Pooh bear brassiere. Heather was not impressed. “Let’s not be too shy, now. Open that blouse wide enough for all of the boys to get a good look.” Lily grudgingly complied without complaint – she definitely did not want to earn another penalty.

The boys got in a few rather loud whistles, even though she didn’t have a lot to show off with her cute but underwhelming B-cups. “Shoulders back, Pooh bear. No, no, shoulders really back!” Eyes open, Lily was forced to watch them watch her, and her shoulders pulled back pushed her breasts obscenely forward.

“Alright!” from the boys, “That’s more like it!”

She was ordered to remain fully open for a full minute – the longest minute of her life – before Heather declared an end to this underwear funfest. Fun for the six, not fun at all for Lily.

Heather declared, “Okay, that’s all the show for today. Better hurry to second period class.” The six-student group turned to leave, and Lily suddenly found herself being unmasked and partially unclothed in the hallway. She hurriedly pulled her jeans back up and held them in place with one hand, while holding her blouse closed with the other hand, and she began running down the hall to her second period class, which was two stairs and two hallways away. Hustling down the final hallway, she lost her grip on her jeans, suddenly exposing her panty-clad bottom. There were three freshman boys behind her, and they were apparently afforded a nice view, given their cries of delight, “Wow!” “Nice ass!” “I’m in love, I think!” Lily let out a small screech before stopping to pull her jeans back up.

She made it to chemistry class with only seconds to spare, but she was still buttoning and buckling up on her way to her lab table, much to the amusement of her new lab partner, the super-cute Ryan, whom she didn’t know well yet but had been trying to impress with her academic aptitude and discipline. All through class, Ryan was constantly sneaking peeks at his disheveled lab partner, and Lily spent the whole hour trying to become invisible.

At the conclusion of chemistry class, she couldn’t help but notice the curiosity on Ryan’s face relative to her unbuttoned appearance, but she shuffled from the room to avoid any further embarrassment from him. Midway through her walk to her third period class, she noticed a small gathering of students by some lockers on the second floor. The students formed a semicircle into the hall, and Lily could just make out sobbing within and the students joyously counting, “. . .Five. Six. Seven. . .” Lily hurried away, not wishing to re-visit that scene ever again.

**IN A HAZE – PART 3 – TUESDAY**

After the embarrassment of her Day 1 adventure, Lily was apprehensive about approaching Margery and her cheerleader colleagues at the beginning of Day 2. She could still feel the memory Nico’s hand on her butt cheeks, and she was both humiliated and, surprisingly, a little aroused at the same time. “Aroused! What’s that about?” she thought.

She noted that all eight of the junior candidates showed up on Day 2 in the hunt for the five positions. She wondered, how had she had been evaluated on Day 1? Did some of these girls actually do better than her? That competitive streak arose again, and she was emboldened to try the next challenge.

“Girls,” Margery began, “I hope yesterday was everything you hoped it would be. Just a brief little taste of what you’re in for the rest of this week.”

“OMG,” thought Lily.

“Once again, you will each be contacted soon by text message and given instructions. Oh, and just a reminder: no hesitating, no backtalk.” They each headed for homeroom, curious – and anxious – about what the day would hold.

For Lily, the first hint arrived on her phone during first period. It was a text message from Jess, “MEET ME IN THE WOMEN’S RESTROOM NEXT TO THE LIBRARY IMMEDIATELY AFTER 1ST PERIOD.” Followed by a rather evil-looking smiley.

Lily arrived quickly, for this restroom was just around the corner. Jess arrived a minute later, grabbed Lily’s arm, and pulled her into the largest toilet stall, the one for handicapped. Now seeing Jess up close, Lily observed that she was a bit shorter than the other cheerleaders, with short red hair and an athletic build. Her breasts were smallish, but her legs and buttocks looked tight and muscular.

Once in the large toilet stall, Jess wasted no time. “Lower you jeans and panties to your ankles!” Lily was shocked into forgetting the hazing rules. “What? Here?!” Jess silenced her with a stern look and said, “One penalty for you, Pooh bear. Now lower you jeans and panties to your ankles!”

Lily’s face reddened once again as she unbuttoned and unzipped her jeans and pushed them down to her ankles, followed by her plain pink panties (no more Pooh bears for her!). She shivered a little, feeling the cool air of the restroom on her naked buttocks and vulva. She was suddenly overly aware of the chatter of other girls in the restroom. She thought, “She can’t leave me like this, can she?!”

Jess continued, “OK, Pooh bear, now turn around and spread your legs as far apart as you can, then bend over and grab your ankles.” Lily felt numb, but she did as she was told. With her head down by her knees, she could hear Jess behind her, fishing for something in her purse. The next thing she felt was a cool, soft plastic object slowly tracing the folds of her vulva; it felt like it was well lubricated, the way it softly inserted itself between her vulva lips as it moved. She started. “Don’t move. I’m giving you a little gift for you to wear for the rest of the day.” With that, Lily felt Jess gently push the vibrator fully into her vulva, the larger half deep into her vagina and the smaller half up against her clitoris.

“This lovely pink object is a remote-control vibe capable of a wide variety of effects, from a comfortable buzz to a heavy pulsation. For the rest of the day, your tight little vagina and your very needy clitoris will be ours to play with. Just remember, things will go easier for you if you behave. Oh, and absolutely no restroom trips until we say so.” Jess smiled brightly, “Enjoy yourself, sexy.” With that, Jess turned and exited the toilet stall, leaving the door open. For the second day in a row, Lily found herself temporarily exposed, and she had to quickly pull up her panties and jeans in full view of the other girls in the restroom.

Second period for Lily was chemistry, so she once again found herself sitting next to her lab partner, the cute Ryan (newfound crush?). Ryan was already a bit curious from yesterday’s episode of Lily being unbuttoned in class, but he was intrigued by this seemingly-shy – but very cute – lab partner. What was the story, he wondered, was this her way of coming on to him in a shy-but-sexy way?

Ryan smiled at her and offered a brief, “Hi,” and Lily hesitantly offered her own “Hi,” staring straight ahead, already dreading the hour to come.

Class began, and about ten minutes later, Lily suddenly felt her vibe come to life, giving her vagina a slow pulsing sensation. “Ohhh,” escaped her lips, loud enough for Ryan and a few other nearby students to turn their heads in her direction. Lily had played with vibes once or twice before, and she definitely enjoyed the sensation – but privately, in the dark isolation of her bedroom. Feeling vibrations here, in public, in the middle of chemistry class, was something else entirely.

Ryan wondered, “Okay, now what?” She kept her eyes straight ahead, and wide open. Did she really enjoy this? Was she embarrassed? Could anyone besides her hear it? These were all thoughts swirling through her mind as she began to trade a slight sexual response to the pulsations for the initial shock of embarrassment. Then she began to wonder, “Exactly who is controlling this thing? Probably an app on Jess’ mobile phone, but where was she?”

Several minutes later, she received a text message from Jess: FEELING GOOD? FEELING SEXY? SLIDE YOUR STOOL A FEW INCHES TOWARD RYAN. THEN GIVE HIM A BIG SMILE. DO IT NOW.

Lily wasn’t sure whether she liked this or hated it, but she obeyed without hesitating. Scoot. Radiant smile. Ryan smiled back at her but was visibly confused about these new signals coming from his previously timid lab partner. Lily directed her eyes back to the front of the room.

Another text message from Jess: YOU’RE CRUSHING ON THIS GUY AREN’T YOU? LET ME GIVE YOU A HAND. HAHA. At that moment, the vibe escalated to heavier and faster vaginal pulses. “Uhmmm” escaped Lily’s lips, a bit louder than she intended. She squirmed on her stool. “Shit,” she thought, “Class is not even half over, and I’m already panting like a puppy. Wait a minute. Jess is not in this classroom. Is one of my fellow students watching me and reporting to her? Who is it?” Her eyes darted around the classroom, but she had no clue who was observing her.

The heavier pulsing continued in her vagina, and Lily was getting pretty aroused. She could not concentrate on the lesson being presented, and soon she would have to be running the experiment with Ryan at their bench. Her forehead and palms were getting sweaty. So were her breasts, and big time.

The lecture wound to the end, and the students were directed to start the experiment at their benches. Ryan turned and smiled. “Ready, Lily?” She didn’t remember Ryan addressing her by her name before. “Yeah, s-sure,” was her throaty reply. They started in on their experiment, but Lily had a very hard time concentrating, because her little “gift” turned on and off several times, and every time it came back on, it felt a little stronger and deeper. She could feel her vagina getting wet, and she started worrying that she could be showing a wet spot on her jeans.

As the lab session wore on, Lily’s vagina was getting a workout, and she desperately wanted to put her hand down there and rub it to orgasm – obviously something completely at odds with her normal classroom demeanor. Her heart was racing, and she felt like she was sweating everywhere at once. She started dropping instruments. Ryan could see that she was definitely distracted, and he was trying to be as helpful as he could. With five minutes remaining, she received one more text message from Jess: RYAN IS TRYING TO HELP YOU, POOH BEAR. GIVE HIM A HUG BEFORE CLASS IS OVER. A REAL HUG. Lily was now really wondering, just who in her chemistry class was giving Jess this information on her?!

Finally, the class was over, and just as everyone was packing up, she turned to Ryan – with her vibe still deeply massaging her vagina – and said, “Thanks for your help today. Ryan,” she added. Then she reached her arms up and gave him a big hug, which he returned awkwardly. At that point her vibe turned off, and Lily hurried out of the chemistry lab in search of the girls restroom. She really needed to masturbate.

But halfway to the restroom, Lily remembered Jess’ instructions, which included, “No restroom trips until we say so.” Lily texted Jess: RESTROOM PLEASE? The reply came back immediately: YOU GOTTA BE KIDDING. NO RESTROOM FOR YOU. GET YOUR ASS TO 3RD PERIOD. Lily heaved a big sigh. She had been so close to cumming, but it didn’t look like she was going to get any relief any time soon.

Her next class was uneventful. Lily was constantly aware of the vibe in her vagina and clitoris, but it remained silent for third period. She was relieved and hopeful that the vibe torture was over, but just before the end of the class, she received another text from Jess: YOU ARE CORDIALLY INVITED TO JOIN ME AND MY FRIENDS FOR LUNCH. NOT OPTIONAL.

At lunchtime, Lily usually sat with her group of similarly likable, enjoyable B-Group friends to gossip and watch Tik Toks together, but it looked like today she would have to endure the “friendship” of Jess and friends. She got her lunch and then surveyed the cafeteria for Jess; she found her near the center of the dining area, sitting with two other girls and two boys, all seniors by their appearance and – what? – confidence? “Here she is! Come sit with us, Pooh bear! I was just explaining to my friends how you came to be known as Pooh bear. That was fun, wasn’t it?!” Lily’s face flushed at the thought of her hallway haze being related to a group of older students.

“So, Pooh bear, how was your chemistry class today? Did you get to know your lab partner a bit better?” Then she felt her vibe come to life again, but this time she was getting vibrated in both her vagina and her clit. Lily inhaled sharply, “OH!”, and her eyes popped wide open. “Yes, he was very nice and h-helpful.” She blushed even deeper, if that was possible.

Jess felt the need to explain to her four friends – whom she had noticeably neglected to introduce to Lily – that Lily was a little shy and needed some prompting to talk to her new crush. “Just nice and helpful? He looked kinda hot to me. What do you all think?” With that, Jess passed around her mobile phone to show her four friends. Lily craned her neck a bit to see the images, but she couldn’t see it. One of the women said, “Oh, yeah, he’s hot. Did you give him your phone number?”

“I, uh, didn’t. . .” The words weren’t coming, with the vibe cranking up to the next level. The other woman chimed in, “Listen, you gotta get this guy on the phone and let him know that you wanna get in his pants. Don’t ya think?”

“Um, I’m not really. . . OH! OH!” Another notch up on the vibe.

Jess’ two guy friends chimed in next, “I think he would jump at the chance, you’re kinda cute, y’know.” “Oh, yeah, an okay body there, but a little lacking in the boob department. Those look like B-cups to me, whaddya think, Jess?” “Yeah, B-cups is my vote. What are they, Pooh bear?”

Lily’s clit and vagina were now being bombarded simultaneously with the vibe, and it wasn’t stopping. Lily’s mouth was agape, and her mind was swimming, “Do they all know that I’m being violated with this pink invader? Can they see the sweat starting on my forehead? OMG, this is gonna drive me over the edge!”

Jess repeated, “So, Pooh, c’mon, fill us in on the boobie-quest.”

“W-what? On the. . .”

“Whaddya got there, B-cups or what?

“Oh. Yeah, I guess. OH! OH!” Lily’s mind was a mess of confusion, and her clit and vagina were racing toward orgasm, but she was trying (unsuccessfully) to hide it from her lunch companions. “I mean I think they’ll. . .they’re still growing. Um. . .” This was getting horrendously sexy and humiliating at the same time.

Jess spoke up, “Hey, Pooh bear, what’s up with you? Everything okay? You’re totally flushed. You’re thinking about that cute Ryan from chemistry class, aren’t you? I bet you can even feel him inside you right now! Can’t you?! Huh?!”

Lily couldn’t hold back any longer. She felt herself vibrate from head to toes with a crashing orgasm, her eyes slammed shut, and she whimpered loudly, “AHHH. AHHH.”

Her lunch table group all exploded with laughter and high-fives.

“Jess, that was great!”

“Whoa, thanks for the show!”

“Think she’s done for the day.”

“Was it good for you?”

“I’ll have what she’s having!”

More laughter and high-fives as they all got up to go, leaving Lily exhausted, humiliated, and alone at the lunch table, although the vibe was now switched off. To top it all off, Lily figured out that she was expected to carry all their trays to the trash.

Lily’s next two classes were uneventful, but Lily was apprehensive about the cheerleaders being done with her for the day. Sure enough, she soon got another text from Jess: YOUR LAST PERIOD IS PHYS ED, AND YOU OWE ME ONE PUNISHMENT. MEET ME IN THE LOCKER ROOM RIGHT AFTER 5TH PERIOD IS OVER.

Lily found Jess in a back corner of the locker room, a smile on her face. “That was a pretty impressive show at lunch today. Did you enjoy yourself, little Pooh bear?” Lily was defeated. And silent. “Okay, so you owe me one penalty from this morning, ready to pay up?” Lily said, “Sure.”

“Okay! So, strip. Everything off! Right now, if you don’t want another penalty!” Lily reluctantly complied, leaving her school clothes in a pile at her feet. She was totally red-faced, altogether unused to being naked in front of other students, and the cold concrete floor was not helping her embarrassment any. “Now go get your gym clothes out of your locker and bring them over here.”

Lily crossed her arms in front of her to cover her breasts and between her legs, and she shuffled over to her locker to grab her gym clothes: sneakers, white socks, red gym shorts, and white tee shirt with the school logo on it. She brought these back to Jess, who inspected them. “Okay, your punishment is to do gym class today with only the clothes you just brought me. Shoes, socks, shorts, and tee shirt. The underwear stays with me. Got it?”

Lily started to protest, but she realized that she needed to boost her candidacy with the cheerleaders, so she resignedly pulled on the gym clothes. It felt very odd for her breasts to be rubbing against her tee shirt, and she could see already that the shape of her smallish nipples were visible in the thin fabric. It also felt really odd for her shorts to be rubbing directly on her buttocks and vulva, and particularly the pink vibe, which was still in place in her clit and vagina.

Lily did have one very strong need. “Jess, may I please use the restroom before phys ed starts? I really have to pee!” Jess chuckled. “Um, you’re in your penalty period, remember? I don’t think you’re going to be visiting any toilets. Cross your legs, Pooh bear!” Lily practically screamed. NOOO. I can’t make it another hour! Then she determined to suck it up and strode out of the locker room to try to do phys ed without peeing and without underwear.

Their regular phys ed instructor was Ms. Platt, but she was sick today, so the girls’ class was combined with the boys, which means that the instructor was Mr. Warren, who all the girls were sure was a complete perv because he spent an inordinate amount of time staring at their breasts and butts. Mr. Warren looked ready to get things rolling. “Okay, let’s form two lines for exercises. Girls in front, boys behind, all facing front. Touching our toes. One. Two. Three. . .”

This went on for 30 reps, and Lily soon began to realize that the boys behind her were getting a very revealing view up the back of her gym shorts every time she bent forward, given the snickering she was hearing. Next was jumping jacks, for which Mr. Warren called for the girls to turn around facing the boys. Lily was sure that Mr. Warren was deliberately humiliating her, since the jumping jacks made her breasts, without a bra, noticeably bounce, so she was once again putting on a very sexy show for the boys. In addition to the bouncing, her nipples were constantly rubbing against her tee shirt, which was causing them to get larger and harder, an effect that the boys were definitely appreciating – for all 30 reps.

At this point, Mr. Warren stopped the exercises and pointed to Lily. “Lily, I couldn’t help but notice that you not wearing a bra, which is required for phys ed class, is it not?” At the same time, Lily’s vibe came alive at full strength, which made her buckle forward and stammer, “Um, I-I-I don’t. . .I didn’t realize it was a requirement, Mr. Warren. Mmmmm.” The vibe was working her clit and vagina pretty strongly.

“You are exhibiting too much of your body, and you must be punished for this infraction. Step forward, please, Lily.” Lily, now red-faced and humiliated in front of the girls and boys, slowly shuffled forward until she was standing directly next to Mr. Warren. She was having a hard time walking, with the vibe pulsing insistently. “Am I hearing a humming noise? Does anyone else hear it?”

Lily was frozen in place her eyes wide open. “OMG, he’s going to search for the noise coming from my vibe.” But just at that point, the vibe turned off and was silent. Mr. Warren listened again and said, “Well, now it’s gone. Okay, we will proceed with Lily’s punishment: 5 swats with my paddle. Lily, turn around and bend forward with your hands grabbing your ankles.”

This was a whole new level of embarrassment. Lily had always been a model student and had never been disciplined at school. She turned around and bent way forward, which she was sure was exposing the uncovered bottom curves of her buttocks. Again more snickers and rude remarks from the boys. Then Mr. Warren’s attempt at rude humor, “It’s a good thing you at least have the protection of your lower underwear to help absorb the paddling, right? Heh, heh.”

“Uh, right, yes sir.” She was absolutely miserable.

SMACK. It stung horribly. “Please count the strokes, Lily.”

“One.”

“Louder, please.” Mr. Warren was really enjoying this.

“ONE!”

SMACK. “TWO!”

SMACK. “THREE!”

SMACK. Really stinging now! “FOUR!”

SMACK. “FIVE!”

Lily straightened up and wiped her eyes. That was worse than she imagined. And her urge to pee was getting more urgent.

The rest of phys ed included the girls playing basketball on one court and the boys playing kickball on the other court. Lily was on one of the girls’ team, and every time she was passed the ball, she suddenly felt her vibe pulsing at full strength while she was trying to dribble and attempting to shoot. As a result, she was constantly losing her dribble and missing her shots. The other girls on her team were getting annoyed at her, while the girls on the opposing team were really enjoying her misery.

“Exactly who is controlling my vibe?!” Lily thought. She surveyed the gym but could not spot any likely suspects. Finally, phys ed was at an end, and Lily quickly retreated to the locker room, where she once again encountered Jess in a back corner. “Quite a good workout, huh, Pooh bear?” No reply from Lily. “Okay, go to your locker and bring me your school clothes.” Lily complied and returned with her pile of clothes. “Can I please use the toilet now? Or else I’ll have to pee right here in the locker room.”

“Yes. But first, strip. Right here.” Peeling off her gym shorts and tee shirt, Lily noticed how sweaty she was from class, and how her tee shirt was sticking to her breasts, exposing the shape of her nipples. “Great!” she thought, “More embarrassment. Just what I needed today.”

“Spread your legs, bend over, and put your hands on your ankles.” Lily couldn’t feel any more humiliated than she already was, so she complied. Standing barefoot and naked on the cold concrete floor with her classmates nearby. Jess left her like this for at least five minutes, which felt like an hour, then Lily felt Jess reach in and pull the vibe out of her clit and vagina. “Now, go pee. Have a shower. Report back here.”

After finally relieving herself and washing in the shower, Lily returned to Jess, who handed her clothes back to her. Lily started to get dressed and soon noticed that her bra and panties were missing. “Jess, where’s my – “ But Jess was gone. Lily sighed, then dressed in her jeans, blouse, socks, and shoes. Then she walked – very carefully – out the door and to her school bus.