My Novel, Chapter Two – Lillian

Chapter One: Danielle   
   
As they sat around the tables arranged in a giant U shape, waiting for class to begin, Victoria whispered to the girl sitting next to her to hold out her hand under the table, placed something in it, and whispered to her, "they've arrived."  Danielle held it up before her eyes, squealed, and quickly buried it in her lap, looking around furtively to see if anyone had seen.  All the other students were engrossed in their own conversations, and no one seemed to have noticed what she had in her hands, or heard her squeal.  Only Katie, the really quiet girl about four seats down, was looking at her, but when Danielle made eye contact Katie quickly looked back down at her book.   
   
Danielle leaned away from the table and looked down at her lap.  Victoria pressed her face against Danielle's and looked down with her.  What Danielle was holding was an item of clothing, sort of.  It was a loop of string about six inches across.  The string was spandex, about the width of a shoelace.  Attached on either side of that loop was another half loop of string, and at one of those junctures was a small triangle of material, about one inch wide and two inches long.  Danielle hooked two fingers under the triangle and it stretched slightly.  She could plainly see her fingers through the material.   
   
Victoria reached out and touched the triangle also, then took the "bikini" from Danielle's grasp and pressed the triangle against the smooth, soft skin of Danielle's thigh, just below the hem of her short skirt.  Victoria was a very touchy-feely person, she was always touching Danielle like that, pressing their faces together, putting her arm around Danielle's shoulders, even grabbing her hand sometimes.  They were close friends, and Victoria was a very affectionate person, but Danielle's skin was hyper-sensitive to Victoria's touch.  It was almost too much for Danielle, especially when they were in public.  But Danielle knew her feelings were strange, Victoria was just completely outgoing and unselfconscious.  Victoria turned her head until her lips were touching Danielle's ear, making Danielle's face and shoulder and neck tingle unbearably.  It was all she could do not to explode in giggles.  "We've got to try them on," Victoria whispered.   
   
Danielle balled up the bikini bottom and stuffed it into her clutch purse and glanced at the clock.  They had about four minutes before class started.  Adam, their teacher, was sitting on the opposite side of the U, leaning forward engrossed in conversation with the two seniors Megan and April.  This was not a normal classroom, it was a Saturday morning SAT preparation class that their parents had all signed them up for.  Every single student in the class was Chinese.  Danielle was almost embarrassed by their parents--if one family did something, every other family in the community had to do it too.  The guy that ran the school knew this, and he didn't even bother advertising except in the Chinese newspaper in San Francisco, because he knew if he could talk one family into signing up their children, pretty soon ten other families would as well.   
   
The students in the class were from all the high schools in San Francisco, so Danielle and Victoria didn't know all of them.  Megan and April, she knew, went to the art school, which just added to their mystique.  In addition to being a year older than Danielle and Victoria, they were artists as well, they just seemed impossibly more mature and womanly than Danielle felt.  She always felt jealous when Adam talked to them.   
   
As Victoria and Danielle walked past the bottom of the U toward the bathrooms, Victoria tapped on the shoulder of two of the girls they passed by, Lillian and Carolyn.  They looked up, and Victoria motioned for them to follow.   
   
The "school" was really just a storefront in a strip mall.  There were two classroom "areas," separated by a movable divider, and beyond that a small supply room slash kitchen.  Two bathrooms were situated off the kitchen, one a regular sized small bathroom, the other a makeshift closet literally not much bigger than an airplane bathroom.  It was about five feet deep, and no more than three feet wide.  The girls followed Victoria single-file into the kitchen and to the larger bathroom, but it was occupied.  "We have to go in the small one," Victoria said.   
   
"What's going on?" Carolyn asked.   
   
"Show her!" Victoria said.  Danielle took the bikini bottom out of her purse and held it up for Lillian and Carolyn to see.   
   
"Oh my God!" Carolyn exclaimed, and Victoria shushed her.  Lillian grinned from ear to ear, showing off her mouthful of braces.  Carolyn grabbed them from Danielle to examine more closely.   
   
"I only brought these for Danielle," Victoria said, "but we'll all go to my house after class.  I have yours and Lillian's there."   
   
"They're insane," Carolyn said.   
   
"Let's see how they look!" Victoria grabbed them from Carolyn and pushed Danielle into the bathroom ahead of her.  Carolyn grabbed Lillian's hand and pulled her in too, and Lillian pulled the door closed behind them.   
   
They were pressed together like rush-hour commuters on the bus.  Victoria turned Danielle around and pushed her back against the toilet, until Danielle felt the cool porcelain against the backs of her knees.  Victoria was standing directly in front of her, just a few inches away, and Carolyn and Lillian were pressed in behind her.  Danielle looked at Lillian, who was still grinning, and she smiled back.  Danielle loved Lillian, she was the sweetest, nicest person in the world.  She just wanted to hug her every time she saw her grinning like that.   
   
Danielle didn't have time to ask Victoria exactly what she had in mind before Victoria knelt down in front of her.  "Lift up your skirt," she said.  "Let's see what these will look like."  Victoria's face was only inches from Danielle's crotch.  She was glad she had showered that morning!  In fact, she made a random mental note, she was going to make sure and shower before she ever went out again.   
   
Danielle's skin was on fire at Victoria's closeness.  This was way beyond anything they had ever done before.  Danielle's feeling wasn't sexual, nor was it embarrassment, it was more like tickling.  When someone is that close to you it tickles.  But the feeling was powerful.  Her stomach did somersaults and all the skin on her legs and hips tingled.   
   
But Victoria was so matter of fact about it!  Nothing sexual or weird was going on, this was just an experiment, curiosity.  Danielle couldn't let on she thought something was weird.  She was afraid if she ever held Victoria back or recoiled at her touch that Victoria would pull away or be embarrassed, and she never wanted that.  She looked down at Victoria kneeling in front of her, looking up at her, and now she was turned on.  This was not generalized ticklishness, this was focused on her pussy hovering inches in front of Victoria's face.   
   
She bent a bit, grabbed the hem of her skirt, and slowly pulled it up over her hips, much more slowly than was necessary, and the feeling intensified with every inch.  Victoria reached up and unceremoniously tugged her panties over her hips and down to the ground.  "Step," Victoria said, meaning for her to step out of the panties.  Danielle put her hands on Victoria's shoulders.  With her hands in that position, she could have pulled Victoria to her.  The bathroom was so tight, in order to lift her leg she had to lift her knee sideways, next to Victoria's ear.  This was insane, Danielle was opening her pussy right in front of Victoria!  She was sure Victoria could see all the way between her legs.  Victoria tossed the panties to the side, and as Danielle stood there with her feet back on the ground and her hands still on Victoria's shoulders, she looked up at the other two girls.  Carolyn was staring at Victoria kneeling down and at Danielle's pussy; she didn't even notice Danielle look at her.  Over Carolyn's shoulder she met Lillian's gaze.  Lillian wasn't grinning anymore.  Danielle couldn't tell what she was thinking--wide-eyed, but not scared, not excited either.  Interested.  That was the best word Danielle could think of.   
   
She looked down again at Victoria, who was now looking at Danielle's pussy.  She reached up and brushed her hand over Danielle's smooth skin; not a caress, the gesture was more like when one brushes lint off a computer screen.  Then she leaned closer, and reached out the long nail of her pinky.  "You have some toilet paper," she said softly.  Danielle couldn't believe it.  Victoria was playing with her pussy lips, brushing them between her fingers, picking at them.  She could feel little pinches as Victoria grabbed bits of paper.   
   
Danielle could hardly stand it.  She could now feel how wet she was becoming, which mortified her.  Having Victoria see her clean, dry pussy was one thing.  Even having Victoria see toilet paper on her, that was embarrassing, but even that wasn't too bad.  They were close, and talked about intimate details all the time, they had actually talked before about how irritating it is that toilet paper always leaves lint after wiping.  But for Victoria to see her getting wet!  And Victoria just kept pinching her lips like that.  Danielle gave in.  She dug her hands into Victoria's shoulders and closed her eyes briefly.   
   
When she opened them again Carolyn and Lillian were both staring at her now.  Lillian was still just interested, but on Carolyn's face she thought she read, jealousy?  She felt Victoria's fingers slide between her legs, all the way back to her hole, and actually go in a little bit to her wetness, then pull her fingers out from between her legs, wiping her juices off on Danielle's lips.  Victoria was really apparently not thinking sexually at all!  She apparently noticed Danielle was getting wet, didn't want it to get all over everything, and spread it out over her lips so it would dry faster.   
   
"You're really wet, Danielle," she said.  "I'm not sure these will have enough protection."  She held the bikini bottom down so Danielle could step into them, then pulled them up.  Victoria concentrated on adjusting them.  At first the string went between her pussy lips, and the triangle was all the way up over her shaved area.  Victoria pulled the triangle down, and reached around Danielle's butt to pull the string up higher in back.  When she did that the string slid quickly through her pussy, causing a lot of sudden friction.  Danielle gasped and squeezed Victoria's shoulders again.  It was all she could do not to grab Victoria's head and pull her closer.  "Oh!  Sorry," Victoria said.   
   
She pulled the string higher in back until the top edge of the triangle came just to the top of the hood of Danielle's clitoris.  Victoria felt between Danielle's legs again, and Danielle could feel her push the point of the triangle against the spot just below her hole, so in that position the triangle just barely covered her pussy from clitoris to vagina.  Victoria grabbed the two strings around Danielle's hips and pulled up so the triangle stretched snugly against her pussy.  "There, perfect," she said.  She bent down and looked up at Danielle's crotch.  "Wow, it's awesome.  You have such nice big pussy lips, and I can see them perfectly through the material.  They're all mashed together.  It's really hot."   
   
"Can I see?" Carolyn asked.   
   
Lillian looked at her watch.  "Guys, it's five after!  We're late!"  We have only been here ten minutes?! Danielle wondered.   
   
Victoria stood up.  Danielle kept one hand on Victoria's shoulder, moved it over so she was half cupping Victoria's bare neck, and bent down to look at herself.  These panties were insane.  She could hardly see the triangle, just the very top edge lying across where her pussy lips cleave.   
   
"After class we'll all try ours on, you can see then," Victoria said to Carolyn.  Then placing her hand over Danielle's still resting on her neck, she asked her, "are you going to be okay wearing those during class?  We don't want an accident."   
   
The truth was Danielle didn't know how she was going to sit in class for three hours anyway, the way she was feeling.  A wet spot was the least of her worries.  "Yeah, my skirt's denim; it will be okay, don't you think?"   
   
Just then outside the door they heard a voice yell, "Girls!"  It was Adam, coming back to find out why they weren't in class!  Danielle quickly smoothed her skirt back down over her hips as Lillian opened the door.  "What in the world are you girls doing in there?"   
   
"Sorry, Adam," Lillian said, grinning from ear to ear, flashing her blue metallic teeth.  She ducked by him and hurried to class.   
   
"Why are you always staring at me?" Carolyn challenged him as she walked by.  She is so awesome, Danielle thought.   
   
Victoria just laughed her infectious laugh as she walked by, and Danielle ducked past him trying not to make eye contact.  She could feel Adam's eyes on her ass all the way back to the class, and the knowledge that she had nothing but that thin spandex string running between her ass cheeks, and that little triangle smashing her pussy lips together, to cover her entire crotch under the denim miniskirt caused a fresh wave of wetness to seep from her pussy.  Almost involuntarily she exaggerated the swing of her hips as he followed behind her.  By the time she got to her seat her juices had begun to trickle down her leg.  Victoria had been prescient.   
   
It wasn't until she sat down and felt her inner thighs sliding together in her wetness that she remembered her panties.  They were still lying on the floor of the little bathroom.  She hurried back before any of the other students could use it, but when she got there the panties were gone.

Chapter Two: Lillian   
   
Lillian stared at herself in the mirror.  She was naked except for a small triangle of material covering her pussy.  She could see the strings going around her hips, but the triangle itself wasn't even visible between her legs through all of her pubic hair.  Her pussy was so different from Danielle's.  Her mom, she knew, had a lot of pubic hair also, but none of the girls in school had as much.  Some of them had none at all, like Danielle, some had just a small patch of very short hair, but none had as much as Lillian.  Lillian never took a shower after gym class, so no one had ever seen her naked, but she had seen the other girls.  She wasn't ashamed of her body, in fact she thought human anatomy was interesting, but her mom thought it was bad for young girls to shower together, and told Lillian never to do it.   
   
Lillian wondered what Victoria had meant about Danielle having nice big pussy lips.  Were different pussies different?  She wondered what Victoria would say about hers.  Often the other girls talked about things that seemed to excite them in a way Lillian didn't understand.  They would talk about boys, and wonder how big their cocks were (a word she had learned from them).  They often talked about other girls being "hot" too, especially Carolyn, but Lillian didn't understand what any of this meant.  What was exciting about just people's bodies?  And why did they act so weird, all giggly and breathless?   
   
Randomly Lillian remembered one time when she was young, not more than four or five, and her mother had walked in on her as she looked between her legs with a hand mirror.  Her mother had shrieked and punished her.  After the punishment Mother had explained to her that there was no shame in the human body, in being naked.  That was why Mother never wore clothes at home.  But it was shameful to take an undue interest in it.  Shameful to primp, shameful to admire.  Lillian learned the body is something to be ignored.  Make-up, earrings, working to make yourself pretty were things you would get punished for.   
   
She started to remember another time she had come home with lipstick on her friend had given her, when Victoria banged on the door.  "Come on, Lillian!  We're all ready."   
   
"Coming!" Lillian called to her.   
   
She still wasn't sure what the point of this whole thing was.  Last week Victoria had found a website that sold these tiny bikinis, and she said they should each buy one and go to the beach to see what kind of stares they got.  Carolyn jumped at the idea.  Danielle had seemed nervous, but she of course agreed also.  She always agreed with Victoria.     
   
Lillian held the top up and tried to figure out how it went.  It was just two tiny triangles of cloth connected by a string, and two other strings hanging off each triangle.  She tied what she thought was the bottom one around her middle, and moved it around so the knot was in the back.  Lillian had uncommonly large breasts, downright huge for an Asian girl, Carolyn had told her a hundred times.  She could tell even through her sweatshirts.  Her mother had big boobs too, so they had always just seemed normal to her.  She stretched the string so that one triangle was over each nipple, then tied the loose ends around her neck.  The triangles were not large enough to cover her areolae completely.  She looked at herself in the mirror again, and thought it was pointless--why not just go naked?  Those two triangles stretched over her nipples, and the third triangle buried in her pubic hair were just silly.   
   
She opened the door and stepped out of the bathroom.  Victoria was not waiting for her; she must have gone back to her room at the end of the hall.  As Lillian walked toward the room she heard Victoria say, "Not yet, Carolyn!  Just wait till Lillian gets here, so we can all look together."  Then louder, "Lilli-AN!  Hurry up!"   
   
"I'm here!" she called back.  As she entered the room, all three girls were standing facing the doorway.  They were all but naked.  Each had a bikini just like Lillian's, but their bodies were different.  Their breasts were small, so the triangles of the tops lay flat against their chests.  And Carolyn's and Victoria's bottoms fit just like Danielle's had this morning--from their bellybuttons to the edge of the triangle was smooth.   
   
She saw shock in their faces as they stared at her pussy.  Victoria spoke first, "Lillian, what are you doing?!  You can't wear your bikini like that!"  She grabbed Lillian's hand and pulled her into the middle of the room.  "Here, let us look at you."  Victoria took Lillian's hands in hers and held them out to the sides.   
   
"God, Lillian, your boobs are huge," Carolyn said softly.  Carolyn's obsession with breasts again, Lillian thought. Victoria pushed her shoulders gently, so Lillian slowly turned around. When her back was to them, Carolyn said, "You've got a great ass too."  When Lillian turned back to face them she was beaming at the attention, showing off her blue braces.  That made Danielle grin back at her.  Danielle was a beautiful girl, but for some reason her parents wouldn't buy her braces, and her bottom teeth were really messed up.  To Lillian it was Danielle's only flaw.  Lillian had been surprised her mother had let her get braces, but the dentist had convinced her braces weren't cosmetic, they were a health issue--crooked teeth would cause problems for Lillian when she got older, so Mother had agreed.  Since she couldn't wear make-up, the colored metal Lillian got to choose every couple weeks was very important to her.  Her mother didn't know she got to choose, and since she had to choose some color anyway, Lillian didn't think it counted as primping.   
   
"But we have to do something about this," Victoria said, reaching down and running her fingers through Lillian's thick black pubic hair and tugging gently.  Lillian didn't understand what she meant.  Adjust the triangle?   
   
"The triangle's not big enough," Lillian told her.   
   
"Oh, I can see that," Victoria smiled.  "Come over here and lay back on the bed.  Let's look."  Lillian allowed herself to be guided to the bed, and sat down on the edge.  Victoria had told Carolyn they could look at each other this afternoon, so they must be starting with Lillian.  She knew her private parts were between her legs for a reason.  They were necessary but vulgar.  It was an unpleasant fact of life, her mother had taught her, that we have to touch our private parts for wiping and washing, but anything more would be punished.   
   
"Carolyn, could you--"   
   
"I know just where it is. I'll be right back," Carolyn said, and hurried out of the bedroom.

Chapter Two: Lillian (cont'd)   
   
Lillian had been quite shocked at what Victoria had done to Danielle this morning.  Victoria was just helping Danielle to clean herself (Lillian never knew you got toilet paper down there!), but it amazed Lillian how people have different ideas concerning what is shameful.  Lillian would never do what Victoria had done.  Even if it was just to help her friend, as Victoria was doing with Danielle, Lillian knew she would be punished for being that intimate with another girl's private parts.   
   
Different families were raised differently, and she understood that Victoria just had not been raised to understand what was wrong with it, the same way some children are not raised to say please and thank you.  Lillian liked it when Victoria hugged her, or put her arm around her, even though Lillian would never do that herself.  You shouldn't judge other people, so Lillian had to walk a very fine line with her friends.  They were all very foreign to her, very physical with each other and close.  She had made the decision that the proper thing was to tolerate your friends' behavior.   
   
"Lay back," Victoria said, "and put your feet up."  Danielle sat down next to her on the bed and put her hand on Lillian's shoulder as she sank back into the comforter.   
   
What they were going to do now, examining each other's private parts, was more than anything they had done before.  Lillian was uncomfortable with it.  She was conflicted, because two lessons she had been taught clashed so strongly in her.  Her private parts were shameful and should be ignored, but her friends should be supported and tolerated.  While sitting in class this morning she had decided if they wanted to look at her, that would be okay, as long as she did not have to look at them.   
   
Victoria sat on the edge of the bed beside Danielle, but turned away from them, facing toward Lillian's feet, and pushed Lillian's knees open.  "You have so much hair!" she said again, and laughed her wonderful laugh.  She bent forward to look farther between Lillian's legs.  "Let's take these off," she said, and quickly stripped Lillian's bikini bottom from her.   
   
Lillian looked up at Danielle, who was trying to peer over Victoria's shoulder.  Danielle glanced down at her, and Lillian smiled up at her.  Suddenly Danielle leaned down and hugged her, pressing her chest against Lillian's breasts, burying her face in Lillian's neck.  What was that for! Lillian thought.  Danielle sat back up and peered again over Victoria's shoulder, putting her hand over Lillian's, which was resting on her stomach just below her breasts.   
   
Victoria stroked Lillian's pubic hair above her pussy; it felt good to Lillian, affectionate.  When Carolyn came back Victoria got onto her knees next to Lillian so she could see better, and in doing so blocked Lillian's view of Carolyn.  She felt the edge of the bed near her butt move, and she imagined Carolyn must be sitting there between her legs, or maybe sitting on the floor with her elbows resting on the bed.  Lillian felt a sudden rush of apprehension as it struck her that these girls were just inches away from Lillian's wide open pussy.  The memory of when she was a little girl came back, and she had to fight the urge to bolt.  She scolded herself that this was different and they wouldn't understand if she told them to stop, they would be hurt and embarrassed.   
   
More fingers now touched Lillian, lower down than Victoria's.  These pulled on her lips, one way then the other, and smoothed out the hair on either side.  Carolyn said something to Victoria she couldn't hear, and Victoria responded, "Oh, I know, it's amazing."   
   
Victoria lifted her leg and straddled Lillian's stomach.  She looked over her shoulder and asked, "Is this okay?"  Lillian nodded.  Victoria's supple back rose above her, her ass resting just below Lillian's breasts.  The string of Victoria's bikini bottom disappeared under her, and Lillian realized, sickeningly, that Victoria's private parts must be resting right on her stomach, only the thin triangle of the bikini between them.  Lillian once again fought back the urge to bolt.  She glanced over at Danielle, who was looked down at her, pulling down the corners of her mouth, baring her lower teeth in a mock-worried expression.  "Are you ready?" she asked, pulling Lillian's hand into her lap and squeezing.   
   
Then Lillian heard a distinctive kind of slurping sound that she recognized immediately as shaving cream, and it hit her like a punch in the stomach what they were planning to do.  She struggled to get up, crying, "Wait!  Don't do that!"  She felt a cool, heavy sensation as four hands smeared the thick foam between her legs and up over her hair.   
   
Lillian struggled again, and Victoria looked over her shoulder.  "Lillian, stop!  You've got to be still or we might hurt you!"  Lillian stopped struggling momentarily, and Victoria smiled warmly at her.   
   
She looked up at Danielle, who looked back down with a concerned expression.  "Aw, Lillian, you look terrified!  There's nothing to be afraid of."  She stroked Lillian's hair, and bent down again to give her a kiss on the cheek.   
   
Lillian felt a tug at the top of her pubic hair as the razor was pulled across it for the first time.  She screamed in her head for them to stop.  My God, she thought, how can they do this to me?   
   
She whimpered and turned her head away from Danielle as tears rolled down her cheeks.  They had her pinned.  If she struggled Victoria might cut her.  She could feel the razor tug in short strokes down toward her pussy.  Why were they doing this!  She fought to keep from bawling.  The tugging finally stopped, and Lillian regained a little of her composure.  Maybe it was just a practical joke, they just wanted to shave a small patch for fun.  Maybe it wouldn't even be noticeable.  Then Lillian heard splashing, and realized Carolyn must have gotten a bowl of water too, and Victoria had only stopped shaving her to rinse the razor.   
   
The splashing stopped, and Victoria leaned forward onto her elbows, resting her tummy fully against Lillian's, then wiggled backward to settle in.  Her bare feet were now on either side of Lillian's head, one soft instep even rested against Lillian's cheek.  Victoria's ass was now just a few inches from Lillian's face, and as she was now lying horizontally on top of her, to Lillian's horror Victoria's entire crotch was now rotated backward.  Her ass cheeks were spread wide, the string of the bikini resting in the shallow valley.  Lillian saw a small protrusion where Victoria's coccyx moved vulgarly under the skin as she adjusted herself one more time.  Two inches below that bump the skin on either side of the bikini string was wrinkled and darker, and Lillian realized with humiliation that that was Victoria's asshole, covered only by a thin strip of cloth.  Just moments before Lillian had loved all these girls that were now defiling her in the worst ways possible.  Below the puckered skin the triangle of the bikini bottom began and to either side of that, between Victoria's wide open legs, were the smooth lips of her pussy.  Smooth, she now recognized angrily, because the dirty girl shaved herself there, and she was pushing it in Lillian's face to make Lillian see.   
   
The razor began tugging rhythmically on her hair again, then she felt a finger slide smoothly over the now bare skin.  Oh God, she thought, this is really happening, the hair is gone!  She was so ashamed, and as the finger continued to slide over her smooth skin, she felt a twinge of something else, a tingling she had never felt before.  The uncomfortable tugging started again, and now other fingers were pulling on her lips, and somehow that made her tingle too.  Ten minutes before, when she thought they were just going to look, she had enjoyed the attention.  Now she couldn't stand their touch between her legs, and the more their fingers slid over her now smooth skin, the more she tingled.

Chapter Two: Lillian (cont'd)   
   
She wanted to close her legs on the humiliation, but Victoria's shoulders were now firmly between her thighs.  "Hold them to the side," Victoria said, and Carolyn pushed firmly on her lips.  Lillian involuntarily raised her hips off the bed as Carolyn's fingers touched her.  In response Carolyn cruelly started sliding her fingers up and down over Lillian's slippery lips.   
   
The feeling was excruciating. Lillian just wanted it to stop.  She didn't even care about her pubic hair anymore, she just wanted the fingers to stop sliding over her pussy.  She looked down again at Victoria's ass filling her field of vision.  This whole thing had been a plan to humiliate her!  She looked at Danielle--was she in on it too?   
   
Danielle was staring at Victoria's ass.  She still held Lillian's hand in her lap, and now she reached up with the other and touched Victoria's ass.  She ran her finger slowly down beside the string of the bikini.  Her finger passed just millimeters from the brown puckered skin of Victoria's asshole.  Lillian was repulsed.  Why was Danielle doing this disgusting thing to me?  Lillian wailed to herself.  Danielle started again at the top of Victoria's ass and slowly ran her finger along the string, closer, and this time she touched the puckered skin.  Danielle looked down at Lillian and smiled incomprehensibly.  Even now, with Victoria shaving her pussy, with Carolyn mercilessly sliding her fingers over Lillian's lips, and with Danielle's finger resting on Victoria's asshole, inches from Lillian's face, Lillian could swear Danielle looked down at her with enormous affection.  Lillian wanted to start crying again.  Her mind was unable to reconcile the torture they were submitting her to with the loving glances of Danielle.  It was too twisted.   
   
Danielle took her other hand from Lillian's, and hooking her fingers under the spandex string of Victoria's bikini, pulled it to the side, exposing the puckered asshole right to Lillian's face.   
   
The horror of what they were doing to her was overwhelming, and she again lifted her hips toward Carolyn's fingers.  Carolyn moaned softly and pushed one of her fingers between Lillian's lips.  Lillian cried out in shock, and began weeping again as the feelings of shame and humiliation continued to build in her.  As Victoria maneuvered the razor, the muscles of her torso tensed and relaxed, causing her asshole to contract and release, rolling the brown skin into the hole and pushing it back out obscenely.  "Oh, God," Danielle whispered to her, "do you see that?" and pushed herself onto her knees and placed her whole hand at the top of Victoria's ass and slid her middle finger down until it was pressing into Victoria's asshole.   
   
"What are you two doing back there?" Victoria teased Danielle over her shoulder.   
   
"Nothing," Danielle croaked.   
   
"It feels really good, Danielle," Victoria said, and pushed against Danielle's finger, pressing her ass even closer to Lillian.  Carolyn's fingers slid between Lillian's lips faster, and Lillian's hips rose to meet each stroke.  She could not stand it.  The feeling in her pussy and her tummy and her legs was too intense and overpowering.   
   
"I'm all done!" Victoria suddenly announced.  "Lillian, it looks beautiful."  Lillian's hips now rotated rhythmically in time with Carolyn's fingers.  Seeing this, Victoria added, "Oh, baby, you're so close.  Finish for us."   
   
Danielle stopped rubbing Victoria and moved around so she was looking down at Lillian over Victoria's undulating asshole.  Danielle put one hand on each of Victoria's ass cheeks and spread them farther apart, stretching the wrinkled brown skin, then did something so horrifying Lillian's mind almost refused to accept it.  Danielle bent down and placed her tongue over Victoria's asshole, and began licking her there lovingly.   
   
"Oh my God," Victoria moaned, pushing her ass back again.  Lillian shook her head from side to side in disbelief and started to bawl.  The feeling in her legs and pussy was unbearable.  It felt as though they were going to explode.  She would die if this continued another minute.   
   
Danielle stopped licking Victoria's ass and reached down to pull Lillian toward her.  "Here, you do it."  Carolyn rubbed Lillian's pussy feverishly, and Lillian's hips gyrated and her legs flailed spasmodically, and Victoria lowered her head and sucked Lillian's clitoris into her mouth.   
   
At the touch of Victoria's lips the world ceased as Lillian sucked air into her lungs like a television heart-attack victim being shocked back to life.  Then the world came crashing back, and her release hit her like a ton of bricks, and she screamed in shame.  She felt that she had finally gone mad, and nothing was left for her but to surrender completely, and Danielle pulled Lillian's face into Victoria's ass, and she ate Victoria's asshole insatiably as wave after wave surged through her body.   
   
At last, after an eternity of ecstatic abandon, her orgasm subsided, but still she clung to Victoria's ass and suckled the brown wrinkled hole.  "That feels so fucking good," Victoria said, pulling her face away from Lillian's pussy.  "Stop now, Danielle," she said breathlessly.  Danielle climbed to the floor, put her hand on Victoria's shoulder, and moved to the end of the bed.  When Victoria saw her she gasped and her hand flew to her mouth, her fingers still coated with Lillian's juices.  She burst into her beautiful, infectious laugh, her eyes twinkling over her glistening fingers.  Danielle shrugged and waved.  Victoria grabbed Danielle's arm and closed her eyes.  "Oh wow," she lilted in her high, clear voice, and rocked her ass against Lillian's still probing tongue.

Chapter Three: Katie   
   
Katie stood naked from the waist down in the small bathroom in the back room of the school, methodically cutting away pieces of her white cotton panties, in almost the same spot where three hours earlier Danielle had stood holding her skirt over her hips as Victoria picked toilet paper out of her pussy.  Holding the panties in one hand, and starting at the back of one leg, she cut straight in along the elastic until the middle of the back panel, then did the same on the other side, then cut down toward the crotch.  When she hit the extra padding she cut diagonally across to the front corner of the padding.  She did the same thing on the other side, forming a triangle that was connected to the waistband by just a thin strip of ragged cotton.   
   
Katie had in fact seen the bikini bottoms when Danielle had held them up, and she had watched jealously as the four of them filed back to the bathroom.  Katie hated herself for not having friends.  No one talked to her because she never looked up from under her hair falling in front of her face.  She was especially jealous of Lillian, who didn't seem to be that different from her.  She never wore stylish, sexy clothes.  She wore glasses, she didn't talk.  All she did was smile and show off her braces.  How could those girls like her so much?  Why did they like Lillian and not Katie?  Why was Katie not good enough?   
   
Katie noticed, of course, that Adam was in love with them as well.  He never would have gone back to the bathroom looking for her.  She saw the way he lavished attention on Victoria and Danielle and Carolyn, and April and Megan, even Lillian.  He never even called on her.   
   
When the girls did come back to class, five minutes late, Adam panting after Danielle's ass like a puppy dog, Katie watched closely for the bikini, but there was no sign of it.  At first she assumed it was in Danielle's or Victoria's purse, but during class when she noticed Danielle shifting her thighs subtly up and down she realized with sudden certainty that Danielle was actually wearing them.  Under that little denim skirt she wore, her pussy was barely covered by that tiny see-through bikini!  Katie was disgusted with her own cotton panties and shapeless jeans.  It was one more reason no one talked to her; her clothes were so ugly and boring.  But she didn't have any friends to go shopping with, and she was too embarrassed to even set foot in Forever 21 or Juicy by herself.  They didn't even carry Sevens at Ross where her mom took her at the beginning of every school year.  But even if she could buy something from Forever 21, she could never wear it.  She stared at Danielle's nice, pretty legs moving slowly up and down under the table, so smooth, shiny, tan.  Katie's own legs were pale and ugly.  She could never wear clothes like Danielle wore, because her body was too shapeless and homely.   
   
As she sat there looking at Danielle, she wanted to punish herself, punish this body that wasn't good enough.  She imagined making herself wear a short skirt like Danielle's anyway, so that everyone could see her ugly legs.  She had no business hiding her ugliness behind these clothes.  She was just pretending that if no one saw her they wouldn't know.  She needed to show them.  Let everyone see the real her so that there would be no doubt; let her be ridiculed and laughed at.   
   
"Katie?" Adam said, wanting her to answer the problem on the board.  He was sitting in a chair with wheels in the middle of the U, as he always did, and as he said her name he rolled over right in front of her and leaned toward her.  He was so close, if she had leaned forward she could have kissed him.  She immediately felt her face flush so much it almost hurt.  That angered her also.  "Do you know the answer?"   
   
She looked up at the board through her hair, and realized the problem was very easy, and she could answer it.  She sat up and looked into his eyes, breathless, trying to find the courage to speak.  Suddenly Victoria laughed out loud, that high giggly laugh of hers, and Adam pushed his chair in front of her and Danielle.  "Yes, Victoria, do you know the answer?"  Katie saw him actually put his hand on Danielle's bare knee!  Her legs stopped moving, and she pressed her hands into her lap and closed her eyes.  Katie swore she saw her shudder minutely with Adam's hand still on her.   
   
"I'm sorry, what was the question?" Victoria asked, laughing again.   
   
"Oh, never mind," Adam said, rolling his eyes.  He had already completely forgotten about Katie, and he pushed his chair back to the white board and solved the problem for himself.  Katie had known the answer but she was too homely to keep Adam's attention, and too shy to speak up.  Anger and anguish welled up in her until she almost screamed.  She thought of nothing for the rest of the class but punishing herself, making a spectacle of herself, forcing cruel attention onto herself.  When Adam dismissed class she had jumped up, grabbed the scissors from the receptionist's desk, and ran back to the bathroom.   
   
Now in the bathroom, she started on the front of her panties.  Starting at the seam at the outside of one leg, she cut through the waistband and down to the leg band.  She cut along the leg hole until she reached the extra padding.  She made the same cut on the other side, so now the front panel was completely disconnected from the panties, and just hung from the small strip at the crotch where the padding was sewn in.  She cut across that strip, and that was it.  The "string" was jagged from the scissor cuts, but her panties were now basically shaped like a string bikini.   
   
With the panties done, she moved on to her pants.  This was the moment of truth.  She could still leave now and no one would know what she had just done.  If she cut up her pants, made a miniskirt, she would have to walk through the classrooms, and ride all the way home on the train like that.  Everyone would see her ugly pale legs, stare at her.  She thought again about Adam touching Danielle's knee, and about Danielle coming right in front of her.  She swiped at the frumpy jeans angrily with the scissors, leaving a big gash across one leg just below the crotch.  Even on the warmest days of summer she wore jeans.  It was obvious then to everybody how uncomfortable she was with her body.  In gym class one spring day when they had to wear shorts Victoria had told her what beautiful skin she had.  She said she wished her own skin was so perfect, like a doll's.  Katie knew she was making fun of her, and had looked down and run away.   
   
She quickly put the scissors into the gash and continued the cut around that leg, until the leg fell away from the pants, and she was left with one full leg and one short.  Now there was no turning back.  Even if she just went out in cut-offs, it would be obvious that she had just done it in the bathroom.  Why would anyone do that?  They would laugh at her.  There was now nothing she could do to avoid the humiliation of walking in front of the students with her badly cut home-made clothes.  She smiled with grim satisfaction.  She cut along the seam at the bottom of the crotch, and then cut off the other leg.  That was it.  Her only piece of clothing now was a short, ragged denim skirt. Adrenaline shot through her when it hit her that she had really done it.  She was in the bathroom of her SAT class, at least 3 miles from home, a 20 minutes train ride, and she had just destroyed her pants.

Chapter Three: Katie (cont'd)   
   
The waistband of her jeans road high on her waist, making her look, she thought, like an old lady.  She cut the waistband of the skirt off below the belt loops.  The skirt still had flaps at the crotch where the material had met between her legs.  She cut this off and cut one smooth line about an inch below the zipper.   
   
She had worn a man's dress shirt today, and the tails of the shirt were long enough almost to defeat the purpose of the skirt.  She stuck the point of the scissors between the second and third button from the bottom and sliced, ruining the shirt.  She unbuttoned it all the way and pulled it off so she could finish her next cut.  It occurred to her at some point that she could have just tied a knot in it, but then she would always have been able to untie it if she got scared.  Now she couldn't undo it; the shirt ended right at her belly button.  She unhooked her bra and cut the hooks off at both ends, then cut it in two between the cups, cut out the two triangles of cloth, and finally cut off the shoulder straps at both ends.   
   
She was now standing there completely naked, in a pile of useless clothing scraps.  She looked at her watch for the first time and was shocked to see she had been in there for 30 minutes.  That meant the afternoon classes had well begun, and she was going to have to walk through two classrooms full of students in order to get out of the building.   
   
Katie knew herself, and didn't trust herself.  She knew that no matter how she hated herself for not being good enough to have friends, for being shy, for being ugly, no matter how much she wanted to punish herself for being so weak, and no matter how much she deserved it, in the end she would back off.  She would not do anything to truly humiliate herself, and whenever she tried to punish herself, she always backed off and ended up hating herself more for being a coward.  In the past she had always allowed herself deniability.  She would "accidentally" leave the door to the bathroom stall open, or fumble too long with her panties after gym class.  One time she cut the button hole in her jeans bigger so it wouldn't stay closed, and broke off the hook in the zipper so it wouldn't stay up.  The whole day at school as she sat in class when she pushed out her stomach she could feel her pants unbutton and the zipper work down until she could see her panties in her lap.  She stood up at the end of class and walked all the way to her next class with her pants open.  But when someone saw and pointed and laughed, she acted surprised and quickly closed them.  That moment of humiliation excited her intensely, but after school, lying in her bedroom with her hands between her legs reliving the walks between class, she was always disappointed and disgusted with herself.  Because she could act surprised the danger was always mitigated.  She wanted her humiliation to be complete and irrevocable.  She wanted everyone to see her, and for there to be no doubt that she was exposing herself on purpose.  The humiliation would be compounded because of the obvious cry for attention.  So she picked up the scissors and cut away two more inches from the bottom of the skirt, and one more inch from the top.  Then she cut away one more button from the shirt.  Finally she trimmed one more inch from the triangle of padding in the crotch of her panties.   
   
She was shaking by the time she finished, and she threw the scissors into the sink and braced herself against it.  She almost started to cry.  She couldn't do this.  In these 30 short minutes in this tiny bathroom she had committed suicide one strip at a time.  She had no clothes.  She couldn't leave, she couldn't go home.  No matter how long she stayed, at some point she was going to have to let someone in.  And she wasn't in a park or something where she could cry rape, she was in a bathroom with no window, locked from the inside.  People had seen her go into the bathroom wearing a very conservative outfit, just jeans and a man's dress shirt.  Now that outfit was gone.  Now she stood there completely naked, with nothing to cover her nakedness, just these three thin strips of cloth that remained of her clothing.   
   
She picked up the scissors again and considered cutting the skirt to shreds.  Walking out into the classroom completely naked.  She trembled at the thought of 50 students turning to stare at her naked body, laugh, whisper.  The thought was unbearable, and that was just what she wanted.  She lifted the scissors to the denim, but paused to consider what would really happen.  The kids might laugh, but then the adults would surely rescue her.  The receptionist Jasmine would jump up from behind her desk and wrap her in a coat.  They would think she had had a nervous breakdown or something.  They would call an ambulance, or her parents, and she would be let off the hook.  The first 30 seconds would be excruciating, but then it would be over.  That wasn't good enough.  She needed to endure the stares and giggles for a long time.  For the whole way home.  And she needed to have no way out.  She deserved to come to class next weekend and have all 30 students whisper about her.  If she cut up the skirt now, it would be a cop-out.   
   
She looked at her watch again.  Another 10 minutes had passed. Walking through the classrooms now she would be out of place, Jasmine and the afternoon teachers would notice her immediately.  Even with her regular clothes on they would no doubt have asked why she was still there so late.  There would be no way to avoid the scrutiny.  Every minute that she stayed in the bathroom now would make her more conspicuous, and make it more obvious that she had not been in there to go to the bathroom, but to cut up her clothes.   
   
She picked her panties up and examined them.  The triangle was now two inches across at its widest.  She pulled the panties up to her crotch, and bent down to examine how the panties fit.  The padding was barely wide enough to cover her inner lips.  Her outer lips spread out on either side, covered in hair.  It was ridiculous.   
   
She reached for the skirt, and realized she had made a mistake as the panties started to slide down her hips.  By cutting away the front, she had cut away the elastic from half the waistband, and there was now nothing to keep them up.  Bikini bottoms, even the tiny ones like Danielle had, are made of something stretchy like spandex, so they hug your hips and stay up.  What Katie had made was just a thin strip of cloth lying loosely across her hips.  There was nothing to keep it up at all.  And she had cut so much off the legs, they were not snug anywhere.  With the simple motion of reaching to the sink to pick up the skirt, the panties fell all the way to the floor.  She hadn't even taken a step.   
   
She pulled them up, and if she kept her legs tightly together she was able to keep the padding against her pussy, but the two strips of cloth around her hips still immediately slid down.   
   
She stepped into her skirt and pulled it up, pulling the panties up with it.  She realized with horror that she had made another mistake.  She had been picturing the kind of skirts the other girls wear, which ride low on the hips.  But she realized now those were cut to be snug.  Her jeans were loose around the hips, and only the waistband kept them up.  When she cut off the waistband, she had cut off the narrower part of the jeans, the part that closed around her waist and prevented them from falling down.  The skirt she had made was now wider than her hips at every point.  As soon as she let go of the waist it fell down to her knees.  She pulled it up again, and found if she kept her legs wide apart, the denim was stiff enough that she could sort of prop the skirt, precariously, at the top of her thighs.  At this height the bottom of the hem was well above her exposed crotch.  And with her legs apart, there was nothing to keep her panties up, which immediately slipped down to her knees.

Chapter Three: Katie (cont'd)   
   
She was truly frightened now.  She could not make it home this way.  This wasn't just revealing like Danielle's skirt, it wasn't even the absurdly revealing outfits she had seen strippers wear on the internet.  These could hardly be called clothes at all.   
   
She pulled on the shirt.  It was also way too short.  It is one thing to expose your bellybutton, something Katie never did.  This shirt ended well above her ribs.  She looked at herself in the mirror.  A vast, uninterrupted expanse of her young skin was exposed, her ribs, her belly button, and down, her hip bones, and the curve of her abdomen where it met her legs, narrowing toward her pussy.  As her eyes moved down she was horrified to see several long, straight, black pubic hairs sticking out from the top of the skirt.  She pulled up the skirt and it immediately slipped back, revealing that hair.   
   
She looked at her watch.  She had been in the bathroom for almost an hour.  She felt so stupid, so ridiculous.  So ugly.  She hated herself and she deserved this humiliation.  She deserved to be looked at, laughed at, exposed, degraded.  She struggled with her backpack, because she needed both hands to put it on, which allowed the skirt and panties to fall, but then bending down to pull up the skirt made the backpack shift and she needed her hands to adjust it again.  Finally she was able to press the skirt against the edge of the sink to keep it from moving and adjust the backpack properly.  She had to leave now.  She opened the door and stepped into the kitchen.   
   
She could hear both teachers talking. Classes were being conducted in both classroom areas.  She would have to walk by at least 20 students in each area, maybe more, close enough to touch.  And she was all but naked.  She never even went to the beach, but here she was with her whole stomach exposed, about to walk out into the classroom.  She was going to walk right by boys who were sitting down.  She could feel her ass crack above the waist, below the hem she could feel the curve of her ass cheeks.  Her ass was visible both above and below the skirt.   
   
But that wasn't the worst part.  She put her hand on the edge of the skirt in front of her crotch and pushed her fingers back to see if it went below her crotch.  Instead she felt pubic hair.  Not only was the skirt too short to cover her, but the stupid bikini bottoms she had tried to make were too small to cover her hair.   
   
She let the skirt slide down a little bit to try to cover the bottom of her ass and her pussy.  An unmistakable amount of her black pubic hair now stuck out above the waist line, highlighted by her pale, almost white skin.  She instinctively pulled the skirt back up exposing her panties and dark patch of pubic hair again below.  She knew it was futile and was still trying to find a way to avoid her humiliation, which renewed her disgust with herself for being such a coward.  She insisted now that she go all the way through the class room with her hands at her side, and that she go now.   
   
And with that, with most of her torso bare, with pubic hair sticking out above the skirt, and to anyone sitting down, much more visible below, with a couple inches of her ass crack visible in back, she stepped around the corner and into the smaller back classroom area and started the long walk toward the front door.  She stared at the ground, her hair covering her face, and walked slowly forward.  The teacher, a chunky man in his 40s, stopped talking and stared.  Looking through her hair she saw that she did not know any of the students, but they were all staring at her.  They were all staring right at the pubic hair sticking out from the top of her skirt.   
   
She was so embarrassed.  Her body disgusted her; her pubic hair disgusted her.  It was long and perfectly straight, and it stuck straight out from her pussy.  Unconsciously she moved her right hand up, to try to pull up the skirt.  Immediately ten pairs of eyes shifted downward several inches and grew wide at the mat of pubic hair below the hem of the skirt.  Shifting the skirt loosened one leg of her panties, and the strip of white cotton fell and dangled onto her thigh.  The pad peeled away; she could feel it rub against her pussy lips as she stepped past the first class.   
   
She was finally past the first smaller classroom.  The bottom of her ass was exposed as she walked away.  The teacher of the front classroom now (Adam only taught in the morning) also stopped when Katie appeared, but unlike the fat guy, she did not stay silent.  "What are you doing?" she asked sternly.  All of the students, following the teacher's gaze, immediately turned toward her.  Half of them started laughing at her.  She heard the girls whispering.  "What a slut!"  "Look at those panties!  She made them herself!"  "Does she think she's hot?  She looks like white trash!"  "Yeah, Chinese white trash!"  "No, an FOB massage parlor hooker!"  That got a big laugh.   
   
She kept her head down, tears streaming down her face, and she walked faster to the door.  The skirt started slipping, and she tried to grab it, but that only made it worse.  By the time she reached the front door the entire classroom was laughing uproariously at her.  She glanced at Jasmine behind the reception desk.  Jasmine was the one she knew would rescue her.  But Jasmine was laughing too.  Five steps from the door the skirt slid all the way off her ass; she felt the top of it rub into the crease made by her thighs and cheeks; her entire ass was exposed.  Desperate to hold onto the skirt, she yanked it up and bunched it around her waist so she could hang onto it, exposing her ass even more the other way, and causing the laughter to double.   
   
She rushed out the front door with a wail and ran along the sidewalk away from the front window of the school.  She paused down a few doors to try to collect herself, but heard the door open behind her.  Several of the students from class were following her into the parking lot!  There were as many girls as boys, and the girls were even louder in their taunts.  "Skank!"  "How much for a blow job?"  "Look out, she has herpes!"  She finally made it to the end of the building, 50 yards away, and rushed around the corner and away from their cruel stares.  They still yelled until the teacher ordered them to come back inside.   
   
She was breathing like she had just run a marathon, and shaking and crying.  As their taunts echoed in her head, she shoved her hands between her legs and pressed them upward.  Her legs almost buckled when her fingers touched her clitoris.  The humiliation had aroused her immensely.  It would have only taken a few strokes to bring her off, but she was standing at the edge of a wide-open intersection.  Her ordeal had only begun; she still had to take the train all the way home.  She wept that she had done this to herself, and that she needed more.  She kicked herself for running out the door of the school.  Why couldn't she have gone slower?  She should be forced to stand there naked in the middle of the U and let everyone examine her body to discover and ridicule every blemish and imperfection.   
   
She adjusted her clothes, pulling the panties snug again against her crotch, arranging the skirt so a small number of pubic hairs poked out from the top, and the top of her ass crack was visible, but her pussy was mostly covered.   
   
The biggest difficulty was keeping the panties up under the skirt.  The most mortifying thing that had happened in there was her panties starting to slip down.  They had truly laughed at this girl who had obviously cut up her own panties to make a thong.  She probably would have laughed also.  It was pathetic in so many ways.  Was she too poor to just buy a pair?  The students in those classes had truly despised her.

Chapter Three: Katie (cont'd)   
   
She looked across the parking lot and realized that the next part of her trip would be easier.  Although her ass and pussy were hanging out, she was wearing clothes, and people driving quickly by might not even notice anything out of the ordinary.  The hard part was going to be the train.   
   
She walked to the corner and started up the street toward the stop.  As predicted, the cars just buzzed by, no one honked or seemed to take notice.  And yet here she was almost naked, her actual pubic hair visible to the world.  As she walked she relived the humiliation she had just endured, and felt her pussy getting wetter and wetter.   
   
She thought about Danielle masturbating right in front of her this morning.  She would do the same thing, masturbate in front of people, but she would make sure they knew what she was doing.  She was so ashamed that their laughter made her excited.  And ashamed that she couldn't help herself.  She was disgusted with herself that she would want to masturbate after what had happened, but she knew she would not stop.  As soon as she got home she would lock herself in her room and rub herself as she relived every excruciating detail of what had just happened.  What was wrong with her?   
   
She slowed as she approached the stop for the streetcar.  The train must be late, because there were half a dozen people standing at the stop.  Even though her shirt covered her breasts, and even if her pussy weren't showing under her skirt, she was so naked right now.  Nothing at all covering her from her breasts to her pubic hair.  If she stood in a crowd, they wouldn't be able to see up her skirt, but they would still stare at her bare white skin.   
   
She couldn't stand there 50 yards away and stare, she would be even more conspicuous then.  She felt embarrassed again, not at her naked body, but that it was so obvious something was wrong with her.  Everyone could see, plain as day, that she had problems, that she was not good enough.  She felt herself begin to recoil at the rejection, which again made her crave the degradation all the more.   
   
There were two cocky junior high boys, one white high school girl, and two older, dumpy women, her mom's age.  The women were standing at the edge of the shelter, which was located about 20 feet from the end of the platform.  The other people were on the other side of the shelter.  She stopped right at the end of the platform, as far from the others as she could.  The train was just down the block; it arrived before the other passengers had time to notice her.   
   
The train always stops at the shelter.  She planned to hang back and be the last one to board.  To her chagrin, the driver overshot the mark, and the train came to a stop directly in front of her.  There was nothing for her to do but climb the stairs first.  By the time the doors opened, a line had formed behind her, the old ladies, then the white girl, then the two boys.   
   
As she stepped onto the first stair it dawned on her that she would be climbing the stairs in front of the old women and the others.  Her skirt did not cover her ass anyway, they would be staring up into her bare ass, with just the thin strip of cotton stuck between her ass cheeks.   
   
One step, then another, and now her bare ass was right at their eye level.  She had one more step to go when she realized she had not yet taken her money out of her backpack!  She was so focused on keeping her skirt in place she had forgotten.  They would have to wait there, staring up at her bare ass, while she fished around in her bag.  She couldn't stand it.  She pulled the first strap off her shoulder, and as she moved her hand from her skirt, immediately the flimsy leg of her makeshift thong slipped down below the hem of her skirt.  That made her jump, which made her almost drop the bag, and she lurched to catch it.  In doing so her ass unclenched for just a moment, and that was enough for the thong to work free from the crack of her ass.  The women below her were now looking directly up into her exposed asshole.   
   
If she pulled the panties back up she would drop the bag; the only thing to do was finish getting her money out as they stared into her ass.  Shaking, she propped the bag against the railing and balanced it by thrusting out one hip, further spreading her ass cheeks and exposing her asshole to the line below.  She grabbed the money, but as she zipped the pocket closed again, the bag did fall, and she had to bend all the way down to pick it up.  The panties had now peeled completely away from her crotch, and as she bent down, her pubic hair scratched her thighs, and her plump pussy lips pushed between her skinny legs.  Her private parts were not just exposed but thrust into the faces of the two women below her.   
   
She was finally able to get the bag back on her shoulder and tuck the string of the bikini back under the skirt.  Unfortunately, since the padding had fallen away from her pussy, she would need to really pull on the leg to make the pad snug again, so the padding still drooped below her crotch, visible under her skirt.  She glanced over her shoulder.  Of course it wasn't just the two old women looking up at her with disgust, the other girl and the two boys had seen every move as well.   
   
She stuffed her money into the machine and turned toward the back of the train.  She stopped in her tracks.  Every single passenger was staring at her in disgust.  The back of the four-car train was almost 50 yards away.  She looked at the ground, her long hair falling over her face, and slowly began the long walk past the faces twisted in revulsion.  She heard a middle-aged woman say under her breath "slut!" as she walked by.  A middle-aged man, long past a time when he was shy of young girls, invited her to sit down next to him.  That made her more embarrassed.  That was the only kind of man who liked her.   
   
She finally reached the final row.  It would be wrong for such a disgusting, hated girl to hide in the corner, so she sat in the middle of the row, so that every person on the train had an unobstructed view of her down the aisle. Her skirt was so short it rode up all the way to her waist when she sat down, so it sat loosely on top of her hips, her entire ass and hips and thighs now bare and exposed.  She had not pulled up the panties, so they were now resting loosely around her hips and thighs.  When she sat down they were all still looking at her.   
   
She was not going to back down this time.  She needed to be punished for being so stupid.  She determined to sit there still and force herself to experience their hatred.  She sat with her arms at her sides and her knees three inches apart, the pad of her panties resting loosely between her thighs.  Once she had overcome her instinct to hide, the feeling of humiliation intensified, by not letting herself concentrate on getting away, but embracing the shame like holding your hand over a flame.  She began to soak up the humiliation, and she became excited once again.  Her pussy became wet and her clitoris tingled.  She started to fantasize about actually touching herself while they watched.  To actually make herself come while they all looked at her would be so intensely degrading.  She couldn't do that.  But the thought made her intensely excited.

Chapter Three: Katie (cont'd)   
   
One by one the passengers went back to their newspapers and cell phones.  Except, of course, the two boys who had been behind her in line.  They followed her directly back to the back of the train and began to taunt her.  First they tried to talk to her, asking her what she was doing, if she had a boyfriend.  But she stared straight ahead and refused to acknowledge them.  They became more bold, asking her humiliating questions like "Do you like to fuck?"  Each tried to outdo the other.  "Do you like it in the ass?"  "Do you play with yourself?"  "Do you have a big vibrator?"  "You like to fuck yourself with your big vibrator?"  "I'll bet you fuck yourself in the ass with it."  All these things they said as they stood not two feet from her, her hips and thighs bare, her pubic hair visible to them between her legs.   
   
She was disgusted by these little boys.  Their attention did not excite her, but the fact that she was so pathetic she could not fight back as they said these vile things to her in front of all these passengers humiliated her even more.  Finally one got up the nerve to touch her.  He grabbed the string of her panties and yanked, pulling them all the way to her knees.  She refused to move.  Whatever they did, she deserved it.  Would they go so far as to actually touch her?  Through her hair she saw that several passengers were still watching.  Even as these boys said these cruel things to her, the passengers did nothing to help her.  They had no concern for her at all.  Any girl who would dress that way deserved what she got.  She was a whore, and she deserved to be treated like a whore.   
   
One of the boys reached out and pushed her panties to the floor.  Then he pulled on her knee.  The other immediately imitated him, so they both pulled one of her knees until her legs were wide open.   
   
"Hey!"  The train had stopped, and the big driver was moving through the train toward them.  He was huge, over six feet tall, black, overweight and obviously strong.  His frame filled up the entire aisle.  "That's enough.  You two get out of here right now."  They didn't need to be told twice and leaped down the stairs out of the open door.  The driver didn't even pause as the boys ran away, but continued lumbering toward Katie.  She closed her legs and pulled up her panties, trying to push them between her legs to cover her pussy.   
   
He reached the back of the train and bent his enormous frame over her.  "Why don't you get out of here, you fucking tramp?  Before I call the cops."  She started to cry, and nodded and stood up, shying away from him and keeping her head down.  She pulled up her panties, and with her backpack in one hand and her skirt in the other, he grabbed her by the upper arm roughly and pushed her toward the exit.   
   
On the street she dropped the backpack at her feet so she could adjust her skirt and panties.  The door closed and the train rumbled off.  She was standing in the middle of the street, no shelter, no signs, no trees, just a concrete median that served as the train stop.  Except for the train disappearing over the hill, no one else was in sight.  The boys had disappeared.  She put both her hands under her skirt.  Her panties still were loose around her thighs, and her hands immediately found the damp pubic hair between her legs.  She worked one finger from each hand into the slippery crack under the mat of hair, and began to rub there viciously.  The jolt of her fingers reaching her clitoris was intense, and she came almost immediately, her legs jerking violently, almost buckling, her shoulders hunched over, her cry almost primitive, there in the middle of the street, in broad daylight, two blocks from her parents' house.