



# Ciara Jones

## Naked in School: Photoshoot

### An ENF Story

## Naked at School: The Photoshoot

By Ciara Jones

It had been explained to Molly several times. It was “just for fun”. It was “a simple thing”. It would be “over quickly” and “no one would be able to see anything anyway.”

But two words just kept pounding inside her head.

*Nude calendar.*

*Nude calendar.*

*Nude. Calendar.*

She'd seen last year's. And the one from the year before. All the girls in it were covered up by carefully placed objects, *Austin Powers*-style. One year it was a cowboy theme – all the girls on the volleyball team were in high heels, ten gallon hats, and not much else. Their midsections were blocked off by hands wearing leather gloves, or jugs of moonshine, or suggestively placed hobby horses. Their boobs were covered by hats, hair, what have you. Two girls covered the other's boobs, facing each other and smiling.

They were all smiling. Big shiny white teeth on these naked girls. Surely a few of them must have felt as scared as Molly felt now. But they looked like they were having the time of their lives, cavorting around on the green-screened desert background, showing lots of skin but nothing pornographic, looking fit, nubile, and damn sexy.

It was the smiles that had made Molly finally agree to do the shoot. Those confident smiles. Surely the girl who can appear naked and smiling on a high school charity calendar has nothing to fear.

And after all, no one would be able to see anything anyway. And it was for a good cause.

And it's not like she would be alone. Five of her teammates would be joining her: Beth, Crissy, Joon, Jessica, and Kari, five volleyball sisters backing her up. They stood outside the photo lab in the hallway, making whatever chit chat came to mind. Were they scared too? Molly knew them well enough to spot the signs. Jessica, that tall, freckly redhead, was babbling on and on with shapely, olive-skinned Kari about a great ramen place downtown. Kari was doing that thing she always did when she was half-listening, just smiling and going "yeah" in varying tones. Beth's gaze was focused downward on an iPhone grasped in two hands in front of some impressive breasts. Those knockers had almost gotten her kicked off the volleyball team more than once; it was tough to bump with that much tit blocking the way, but she could jump and spike like a champion and so on the team she stayed. Joon, Korean and adorable, was trying to involve herself in Crissy's conversation. Crissy, now SHE was only one on the team that Molly didn't doubt for one minute would do the nude shoot. She had a pseudo-goth thing going on, lots of makeup and dyed hair, with a secret tattoo of a bluebird on her right hip that even her parents didn't know about. *I guess they'll be finding out about it soon,* thought Molly.

Crissy was staring at her. Molly cocked her head.

"I said, what do you think the theme will be this year?" said Crissy.

"We should have asked," said Joon, "I don't want to do anything... weird."

"You can't spoil the surprise!" said Crissy, giving Joon a poke on the nose.

"But what if it's, like, some Playboy-style thing?" Joon said.

“Hot,” said Crissy.

“My cousin modeled for an art class once,” said Jessica, apropos of nothing.

“Great. Uh-huh,” said Beth, not looking up from her phone.

“She said it was really liberating.”

“At least we’re in good shape,” said Kari.

“Guys,” said Molly, “can we not, uh, talk about this right now?”

The photo lab was in an isolated hallway on the third floor of the school, but it was a passing period, and at the intersection at the far end of the hallway, Molly could see students walking by. Some of them were turning and looking down at the five girls in volleyball uniforms standing outside the photo lab. *Do they know what we’re waiting to do?* thought Molly. *Has word gotten around?*

Molly was losing her nerve. Her hand shook a little. Her heart was racing. *Oh god, this is going to be a nightmare. Soon the whole school’s going to see me naked. Isn’t that literally a nightmare? You’re supposed to wake up in a cold sweat when that happens.*

*And I’m making it come true.*

Molly was about to haul-ass down the hallway and never look back when Crissy grabbed her wrist.

“Hey babe,” she said, looking confidently into Molly’s eyes, “You’re a fucking bombshell, you know that?”

Crissy always teased her like that. Usually in the locker room when they were hitting the showers. Off would come Molly’s bra and Crissy would be like “damn girl!” Once she stuffed her glasses case down her shorts and walked around as if grasping a massive erection. “Sorry ladies,”

she'd said to a chorus of giggles, "y'all are just too damn fine to ignore." They'd pelted her with washcloths and spare shirts but she just kept walking around with these big, goofy steps, grasping her bulging crotch until everyone in the locker room was on the floor in hysterics. Crissy always teased like that.

But right now she looked... weirdly serious.

"Same to you, you fine piece of ass," said Molly, smiling.

The door to the photo lab opened. Coach Stevens popped her head out.

"Ladies, if you'll just follow me."

Molly felt a rush of adrenaline course through her. She scanned her teammates and saw the same thing in each face. Fight or flight mode. Except Crissy. In her face, there was just fight.

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The set was horror-themed. Some mad scientist's dungeon had been erected in the photo lab, complete with fake electrical cables, some fake chainsaws, and a fake stone wall. No green screen this year, it was painted wood. Two cameras on tripods faced the setup, as did several lighting fixtures. Coach Stevens ushered them in.

"Alright girls, this is it," she said. She was smiling. She always said that before a match. It was strangely comforting to Molly.

"First of all, I just want to say how proud I am of each of you girls. This is an... unorthodox project, I know."

"Yeah, how is this legal, exactly?" blurted out Joon.

Coach Stevens stared her down. "You're eighteen, aren't you?"

Joon blushed and looked back at the set.

“So,” continued Coach Stevens, “this is it. Year three. The Senior Nude Calendar is rapidly becoming a tradition here at our school. Needless to say, it’s proved popular. We’ve raised tens of thousands for charity through this project. And it lets us put a body positive image forward for all the world to see.”

*Don’t say “all the world”,* thought Molly. She suddenly didn’t feel so comforted anymore.

“We’re doing something extra cute this year. It’s all spooky. The theater department built us an awesome set and we’ve got some fun toys for you girls to play with.”

Crissy snorted. Coach Stevens looked at her but said nothing. Molly had to bite down on nervous giggles welling up in her throat. *Thank god for Crissy. I’d be out the door if not for her.*

“For the shoot, it’s just going to be me and our photographer in here with you guys. He’s a consummate professional, there’s no need to be shy.”

*Oh god, HE? There’s going to be a dude in here with us?!* Molly glanced at the other girls and saw the same thought pass from face to face.

“So, we’ve been over this many, many times. Your parents signed release forms, you’re all of legal age. But I have to ask, just once more: does anyone want to back out? Now’s the time ladies. I know you can do it.”

Molly was drowning. She felt a shortness of breath inside her. *What am I doing? My parents will see. My cousins will see. Everyone at this school will see my bare body. They’ll have a glossy photographed calendar*

*to remind them what I look like naked for all time. I don't care what they can and can't see. I'll be nude. In a calendar.*

“Let’s do it!” said Crissy, slapping her hands together and rubbing them up and down.

*Well I guess that settles it,* thought Molly.

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First, they inspected the set, the props. The “stone” wall was wood alright, with fake torches and chains set in it. Molly picked up a chainsaw. The blade was rubber. She poked Crissy in the face with it. Crissy swatted it away and smiled.

Next came the photographer, a 30-ish man with wiry dark hair. He gave a perfunctory wave at the girls and set about mucking with his camera, business as usual. *That’s good,* thought Molly. *Bored is good. Consummate professional, whatever that means.*

Lastly came a staring contest. The girls looked from face to face to face as Coach Stevens chatted with the photographer about something or other. *Who first?* their eyes asked. They toyed with their props and shifted from foot to foot, waiting for someone else to tell them what to do. Finally, Crissy took initiative.

“We doin’ this or what?” she said, pulling her shirt up over her head. Bold as she was, she couldn’t totally avoid a shy smile, a gentle reddening on her cheeks. Molly felt obliged to follow sweet. Off came the shirt, inch by precious inch, until she was standing there in a sports bra, just like Crissy. Next came Jessica, yanking her shirt off her long torso, then Beth unleashed her big ones, swaying from foot to foot. Kari pulled down her shorts first, turning away from Molly so she could see her round tush. Joon was the last of them. She gave nervous little giggles as she undressed.

Slowly, the pile of shorts and shirts in the corner of the photo lab got bigger, until finally all the girls were in their sports bras and panties. Molly hesitated one last time, glancing at the photographer, trying to remind herself to breath.

Then Crissy grabbed her sports bra and yanked it up to her shoulders. Molly's firm breasts bounced out on display. She yelped. The other girls giggled.

"Now, bitch!" said Crissy. "Lemme see them tittays!"

"Ugh!" said Molly, swatting at Crissy's face. Crissy yanked the sports bra up over her head and Molly reflexively covered her breasts with her arms. "You bitch!" she muttered, smiling.

"Daaaamn," said Crissy. The other girls laughed.

Molly couldn't help herself. She lunged at Crissy and pulled her shorts to the floor, exposing her shaved mound. Crissy giggled madly and covered her front with both hands in a way Molly found adorable. Then Beth grabbed Crissy's sports bra and tried to lift it up.

"Hey!" said Crissy.

"You started it!" said Beth.

A game began. Each girl grabbed another girl's clothing and tried to tear it off. It was no easy thing, defending one's own garments while trying to attack someone else's. Molly was already at a disadvantage, but she fought the other girls as best she could. They laughed and pinched and spanked each other, and before long, underwear joined the shirts and shorts in a pile on the floor under the studio light and six naked girls pushed and pulled at each other in a tight cluster, having way too much fun.

“That’s enough, girls,” said Coach Stevens out in the dark part of the photo lab. “Let’s get on the set now. Come on.”

Still shyly covering themselves, the girls took ginger steps into the brightly lit set. Molly’s heart was pounding. Being in a group made it somewhat easier, but god, it was so *bizarre*. She tried to pretend she was at the doctor’s office. Some brightly-lit, horror-themed doctor’s office. With her volleyball team.

“Alright, girls, listen up.” Coach Stevens stood next to the cameraman, who was still fiddling with his settings. “We need you all to cover up the important bits.”

A susurrus of giggles passed between the girls. They all hugged their breasts a little tighter.

“So. Pick a prop. Pick a pose. And let’s have fun with this, okay!”

Coach Stevens smiled and gave a big thumbs up. *Why don’t you try standing up here?* thought Molly. *See how smiley you are then.*

Slowly, the girls arranged themselves around the set. Their hands were still covering their breasts and mid-sections. Molly couldn’t help but let her gaze rest on their bare asses. It was just like in the shower, except there was no water, no soap, no towels, brightly lit, a bit chilly...

Not like the shower at all.

“This is so weird,” said Joon.

Crissy slapped her lightly on the ass.

“Hey!” she said, hopping a little. The other girls laughed.

“What? You want weird? We’re just getting started.”

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The first pose had been easy enough. The girls all stood front and center in a row, hips cocked, covering their “important bits” and smiling. Molly wouldn’t have been able to muster up the smile if Crissy hadn’t been beside her. Crissy had grabbed her hand and pulled her close as the girls were lining up. She placed the hand on her bluebird tattoo, right there on slender hips. She was awfully warm.

“Say cheese!” said Coach Stevens.

“You don’t actually have to say cheese,” said the cameraman.

*FLASH!*

One down. One documented instance of Molly, stark naked, snuggling up next to Crissy and smiling. It was real, now. It was happening.

Molly calmed a bit after that, the way you adjust to a cold pool after a few minutes of swimming. The damage was done. Might as well go for it.

The next pic was more playful. The girls started using their props and exploring the space. Jessica fluffed her bushy red hair down in front of her breasts and leaned forward looking all creepy, like the girl from *The Ring*. Joon crouched down in the center, hands on her cheeks in a silent scream as Beth, who’d donned a creepy Leatherface mask with two skull pasties for her nipples, crept up behind her with the chainsaw. Kari angled away from the girls, arching her back like a model and screaming, showing her glorious booty to the camera. But Molly just couldn’t stay away from Crissy. She was her life preserver in this weird sea of semi-public nudity. “Come on!” said Crissy, angling Molly towards her so that their breasts pushed together, covering each other. She put a hand on the small of Molly’s back and turned her head away from her, gazing with a wicked grin at the terrified Joon.

It was giggles and more giggles as they all found their poses. Eventually, they calmed enough to stay still for the *FLASH!*

Molly felt a weird warmth creeping up inside her. She liked having Crissy's hand there, on her naked back for anyone to see. A strange tingling sensation began to build in her breasts. *Oh god, oh no.* Her nipples were hardening.

*Crissy's gonna feel this,* she thought, mortified. *Oh god, everyone's going to see.* She shifted slightly and her nipple brushed over Crissy's. It felt so weird. She gave a tiny shudder. She had to hold still for the second *FLASH!*

When the pose was over, Crissy locked eyes with her. Molly blushed a bit and looked away.

“Come on! New pose!” said Crissy. “I got an idea.”

Molly said nothing, just smiled a coy smile as Crissy led her off to the prop table. There was a coil of leather cord there, probably a piece of the Leatherface mask. “Turn around,” said Crissy. Molly couldn't help but obey.

Crissy gently grabbed both of her wrists and held them behind her, then began wrapping around them with the cord. A chill passed through Molly. She said nothing. Just stood, shifting from hip to hip, as Crissy tied her hands behind her back and left her front totally exposed.

“What are you doing there, girls?” said Coach Stevens.

“You'll see, Coach. It'll be funny.”

“Nothing too lewd now.”

Crissy whispered “*Nothing too lewd now*” in a silly imitation of Coach Stevens' voice. Molly couldn't help but laugh. She bent forward a bit

and felt her bound hands rest against her buttocks. Every few minutes she was finding new ways to get exposed. If Crissy hadn't been there, this would have been unbearable. Instead, it was... naughty? Thrilling? Fun?

“Come on, girlfriend,” said Crissy, giving Molly a small pinch on the ass. Molly hopped and laughed and felt how tightly her wrists were bound. Far tighter than they needed to be. For a posed photo, she could have simply held the cord in her hands and made it look like she was tied. But Crissy had double knotted it. Molly ground her wrists together. They wouldn't budge.

Her nipples knew this. They were quite prominent now. As Crissy gently led Molly through the group of girls back towards the wall, Molly saw Joon, adorable, clueless Joon, staring openly at her breasts. She felt another hot flash of embarrassment, compounded by the fact that she was helpless to cover them. She wanted to tell Joon off but she said nothing. Better to avoid letting the other girls know something was up.

Crissy pushed Molly up against the fake stone wall and got the chainsaw. She pointed it menacingly at the bound Molly.

“Act scared, Molls,” said Crissy. “You're my prisoner.”

*I sure am*, thought Molly, once again feeling the tightness at her wrists. She turned her face out towards the camera and made a terrified face. *FLASH!* Her ass was only partially covered by her bound hands. *FLASH!* She felt completely helpless. *FLASH!* She wanted Crissy so bad...

“Does anyone smell that?” said Joon.

Molly turned back towards the other girls. A look of confusion passed over each of them. There was a smell in the air. Smoke.

The fire alarm confirmed it. All six girls screamed when the sirens came on. Each naked girl jumped in place, breasts bouncing, hands flying to ears. Molly's heart pounded and adrenaline coursed through her. Crissy dropped the chainsaw. It was too loud to hear it clatter.

“Ahh!” shouted Molly, unable to cover her ears. She was barely able to hear herself. She needed to get out of this room. The alarm was right overhead.

*Clothes, she thought. I need to get untied. I need to get dressed. We gotta go outside. Fire drill. Fuuuuck.*

She turned towards the clothes pile, intending to scream at Crissy to get the stupid cord off her wrists. The words caught in her throat. The pile of volleyball uniforms had been placed under one of the studio lights. The pile of volleyball uniforms was their only clothing, they hadn't even brought towels.

The pile of uniforms had caught fire. It was expanding quite rapidly.

Terror seized Molly. She froze. Beth was the next to notice. Her scream was loud enough to be heard over the alarms. The same panic reflex came from each of the other girls, who stumbled into each other as they tried to push away from the expanding blaze. If someone had been quick with a fire extinguisher, perhaps the fire could have been contained before it spread. But the moment passed. The fire licked at the fake stone wall, caught, and began to rapidly expand across it towards the terrified girls.

“Outside!” shouted Coach Stevens, heading with the photographer towards a door at the back of the room. “Everybody outside!”

The girls made a mad dash for the main door, crashing into each other as they went. Nothing else mattered except getting away from the

growing blaze. Someone pushed the door open and the six girls scampered out into the hallway, bare feet padding on the linoleum floor. It wasn't as loud in the hall. They could hear themselves think. They panted and gasped and murmured soft "oh fucks" and "oh gods" and eyed the door warily, as if the fire might suddenly burst back out at them.

It didn't. For the time being, they were safe.

Then reality set in.

"Oh god, oh god, *oh god...*" whispered Joon, covering her breasts and crotch. "We're *naked in the hallway!*"

*Why?* thought Molly. *Why did you say it out loud?*

Too late. It was real. Every girl froze and blushed bright red as the horror of what was happening crept over them. Jessica's face went pale as chalk as she gingerly shifted her hair in front of her breasts. Beth still had the skull pasties on her nipples, so she dedicated both hands to covering her shaved mound. Kari was almost hysterical. She pranced from foot to foot, teary-eyed, covering herself and trying to look in every direction at once. Joon was babbling "oh god" over and over again, her hands shifting from place to place, bouncing up and down, caught between breathless giggles and sheer terror. Even brave Crissy had an angry scowl on her face. She pressed her ass against the wall opposite the door and hugged her breasts and seethed.

None of them were as bad off as Molly, though. She squirmed in panic, trying to bend down and cover herself. She pulled as hard as she could against the cords that bound her wrists. Nothing. She squealed in frustration. She wanted to die, to disappear, to wake up. She wanted to run, to strangle someone, to cry and laugh all at the same time. Crissy grabbed her and pulled her towards the wall.

“Shh, calm down,” she said, as she began pulling at the cords.

Molly obeyed. She cast her eyes nervously down each side of the hallway. No one to the left. No one to the right. But that could change at any moment.

“Do... do you guys think Coach Stevens is okay?” asked Jessica, squeezing herself tightly.

“She’s fine,” said Crissy, “I saw her get out through the door in the back.”

“Oh god, what are we gonna do? Oh god, *someone could see us!*” said Joon, once again helping exactly no one’s mood.

“Shut it,” said Crissy. “Coach Stevens will be along any moment. She just has to loop through the photography classroom.”

“That goes all the way around the building!” said Beth, a little too loud, pressing up against the wall next to Crissy to better cover her ass. “It’ll take forever to get back over here!”

“It won’t take that long. We just gotta sit tight and-“

“We’re *naked!*” said Joon again.

“Oh my god!” said Crissy, rounding on her, “You have got to calm the fuck down! I need to focus here.”

Kari, still on the verge of crying, tried to press herself in between Crissy and Beth in order to better hide herself. She knocked roughly into Molly, interrupting Crissy’s untying efforts. “Move!” barked Crissy, shouldering Kari away a bit too hard. Kari bumped into Beth who bumped into Jessica who was nervously staring down the hallway. Her head snapped back as she jerked forward. “OW!” she shouted, shoving back into Beth

who shoved into Kari who shoved into Crissy, once again interrupting her efforts to untie.

“Bitch!” shouted Crissy. She turned towards Kari and gave her an even harder push with both hands. Kari fell backwards onto Beth, and Jessica stepped out of the way so both girls fell down into a pile.

“Cunt!” screamed Beth, pushing the terrified and confused Kari off of her.

“Girls, stop!” said Joon.

“Shut up!” said Crissy.

“This is your fault!” said Jessica, leering at Crissy.

“MY fault?!”

“You wanted to do this stupid photoshoot! None of us would have done it if it wasn’t for you!”

“It’s not my fault our clothes lit on fire!”

“Yes it is!” screamed Joon. “You put the clothes under the light! They wouldn’t have caught on fire if you hadn’t-“

“I didn’t know that would happen!” shouted Crissy, stepping away from the wall towards Joon.

Beth grabbed her legs and pulled her to the floor. The two girls began wrestling, scratching and pulling hair. Completely forgotten, Molly looked on helplessly as her only chance of getting free gave Beth two punches right in the chest. Kari was curled up into a ball next to them, trying to sink through the floor. Jessica began trying to pull them apart and Joon began babbling “oh god” again, now even more panicked than before.

Molly was the first to notice the smoke billowing out from under the photo lab doorway. She tried to say something but the only words she could muster were “mmm, mmMMM!” Without thinking she moved sideways along the wall away from the door. The Crissy/Beth fight rolled into her and collided with her knees. She fell down over them, and with no way to brace herself, she landed with a *thud* face down on the linoleum floor, feeling dust and grit on her arms, her side, her breasts.

Molly falling over brought the girls back to their senses. Beth and Crissy separated and rose to their feet.

“Molly!” said Crissy, hurriedly bending down to grab her by the arms and pull her back up.

“Smoke!” said Joon, seeing what Molly had seen a moment ago.

“FUCK!” said all the girls, as the sprinklers finally came on.

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The water was frigid and tasted metallic. The shock of it was so sudden that Crissy dropped Molly, who fell helplessly back down onto the now both wet and dirty floor. She felt the water everywhere: on her hair, her back, pounding in sharp cold needles on her ass, pooling under her breasts and getting a little bit in her mouth and eyes. She sputtered and exhaled and droplets flew. She slid a little bit on the now slick floor. Naked feet stomped around her and she worried about being trampled. Then, Crissy grabbed her firmly and managed to pull her to her knees. The naked girls danced around her, crazy with cold and fear.

“OH GOD! OH GOD! OH GOD!” babbled Joon.

“We have to get moving!” said Crissy.

“Where?” shouted Beth.

“Just go!”

The six girls began scampering down the hallway, feet slapping on the hard, cold wet floor. Hair clung to faces and feet slipped as they ran. Unable to shield her eyes from the water, Molly held her face downward. She saw a skull pasty floating along on the ground.

She didn't want to look forward. She knew what was coming. She had to. She looked up.

Four naked asses in front of her. Four silly-looking wet naked girls streaking down a hallway through artificial rain. Towards an intersecting hallway. That was now full of people.

This wasn't some orderly fire drill where everyone lined up neatly and marched together single-file. It was anarchy. Word seemed to have spread that there was an actual fire in the building, and the students were reacting accordingly. Molly saw pushing, bumping, confused chatter, and a few lollygaggers standing around checking their phones and casting excited eyes down each hallway. *Probably want a picture for Facebook*, Molly thought dimly. *Selfie with the Great School Fire! LOL #yolo.*

*Oh fuck. Selfies.*

Molly felt a sudden white hot hatred for whatever son of a bitch invented the camera phone.

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Contrary to popular belief, sprinkler systems don't activate in an entire building simultaneously. It takes a significant amount of heat and smoke to activate a building's fire suppression system, and even then they will only activate in a specific affected area. People on other floors, halls, or rooms will only hear the alarm, with no free shower accompanying it.

As such, no one else was wet like the six girls pushing their way into the center of the chaos in the hallway intersection. No one else was quite as terrified.

No one else was totally naked.

The alarms and the general madness actually proved to be a minor saving grace for the girls. Very little could be heard over the cacophony, so the hoots and laughs and wolf whistles couldn't carry very far and attract more attention. The excited motion of the crowd meant even those who bumped right into the naked girls couldn't stay in one place and gawk for very long. People barely five feet away might not even notice they were within hugging distance of the girls' volleyball team, sans clothes.

But they *were* getting noticed. And bumped and grabbed as well. A few gawkers raised their phones into the air to try to get an aerial pic of the nudity on display but the jostling of the crowd made photography difficult. There was a real element of fear in the crowd too. Biannual fire drills had accomplished very little for fire discipline, it seemed. Most kids were eager to get outside as quickly as possible, even as they did double and triple takes to confirm that that girl on the volleyball team with the big chest was indeed standing in the middle of the hallway, completely topless.

The girls huddled together, trying to hide each other or warm each other. Safety in numbers. Momentary gratitude at being out of the frigid shower gave way to nightmarish humiliation. They were still wet, still naked, still stuck in the middle of a crowded school.

Molly, once again, was worst off of them all. She'd given up wasting energy by struggling. Her wrists hurt. The cord felt tighter now that it was wet, somehow. She couldn't cover her breasts or mound, though she desperately wanted to. She couldn't protect against the bumping, shuffling

masses of students who scraped against her bare skin with their zippers and cloth. She couldn't even wipe the wet hair from her face. She found herself bending at the knees, trying to sink down and hide. Then a stranger's hand found her ass and give it a rough squeeze and she shot back up, mortified and scared.

“Go!” shouted Crissy, giving her a push. “GO!”

The other girls started moving, slowly, in a mass down the hallway. Molly could barely hear Crissy behind her, egging her onward and telling passersby to go fuck themselves. She tried not to make eye contact with the faces as they passed her but she could see them in her peripheral vision. Faces she recognized, faces she didn't. Boys and girls from math class, history, biology, a few acquaintances and a few sworn enemies, all making the same three faces: first, confused, excited terror at the proceedings; then a dim, momentary recognition as they saw Molly passing by; and finally, a wide-eyed, open-mouthed, shocked, grinning or gaping face as they realized how little she was wearing and turned to take another look.

*Why isn't anybody helping?!* she thought. Surely a teacher or a student or fucking *someone* would offer them a hoodie or a towel or a helicopter ride home? It wasn't happening. People were either too scared to stop, or just got jostled away by crowd motion before they could process what they were seeing. And at least a few were being actively malicious. Molly felt hands on her shoulders, on her hips, on the side of her ass. One young gentleman made an unambiguous grab for her breasts but Crissy, god bless her, slapped his hand away in time.

It was a slow, humiliating push to the opposite side of the hallway. Molly had no idea where they were going, just let Crissy steer her where she would. The humiliation was unreal. Even in her naked-in-school

nightmares she'd had her hands free to cover herself. There was no waking up from this. Every few moments a new jostle, a new gust of cool air or hand on her side would remind her this was stark reality. She felt Crissy's hand on her hip. Those slender, warm fingers guiding her onward. It was the only point of stability in this whole mess. Without Crissy there, she might just lie down and die.

Gradually, the crowd stopped fighting them and started pushing them along. The girls found themselves borne towards the stairwell door, surrounded by a gaggle of students either viciously laughing or shyly looking away. There was nothing to do but go in. The main stairwell was packed railing to railing with anxious students, spiraling all the way down to the ground floor. It was a claustrophobe's nightmare. To the poor, naked girls, it was even worse than the hall.

Molly felt herself crushed up by crowd action against the girls in front of her. She felt her exposed crotch press up against Kari's slick backside, her breasts rub up against the girl's shoulder blades. Crissy hugged her tightly from behind, trying to protect her. The other girls were next to them, packed shoulder to shoulder. In the hall there had been some chance of fighting the crowd, but in the stairs they were at its mercy. There was nothing to do but march, inch by inch, step by step as the students navigated their way down overcrowded stairs.

There was less alarm noise in the stairway. More room for voices to be heard. People around them were becoming more and more aware of the naked girls, tapping each other on the shoulders and talking into cupped ears, twisting their heads around to get better looks at the naked bodies pressed tight in between all the clothed ones. Surely most of them could only see them from the shoulders up, packed in like sardines as they were. But still...

A girl in front of Molly was complaining to her boyfriend. Molly could hear them over the din.

“Is there even a real fire?” she said. “I heard Coach Stevens screamed at the photography class about this not being a drill.”

“Uhh, I think so,” said the boy, gradually starting to notice the six naked girls being pressed up behind him.

“Fuck today!” the girl whined, “I hate crowds! I had a final! I can’t do this!”

“At least you’re not naked,” he said, tilting his head in Molly’s direction.

The girl’s eyes widened. She struggled to turn herself around fully. The boy continued staring forward, ever the gentleman, stealing only the occasional peak.

“What happened?!” said the girl, telegraphing the girls’ predicament to anyone on floors above or below who could hear.

Molly felt weirdly obligated to respond.

“We were... doing a photoshoot.”

The girl stared. Molly blushed so deeply she felt the water must be burning off of her face into steam.

“Oh god, the *calendar shoot!* Wow! Is this a prank or a stunt or...?”

“Keep moving, bitch,” said Crissy, poking her head over Molly’s shoulder.

“I’m just asking!” said the girl. “I mean, you guys will get in trouble. If a teacher sees you...”

“The fire...” said Molly.

“Oh. Oh god, did you see it!? There IS a real fire?! Oh god, you guys had to run out, didn’t you?”

“H-help?” said Molly.

“Yeah. Yeah! Here, oh god!” The girl began removing her pullover, elbowing her boyfriend as she did so.

“Take off your hoodie,” she commanded.

“What?”

“Give them your hoodie. Come on.”

“I, uh, I need it.”

“Give them your fucking hoodie, asshole!”

The guy began unzipping his jacket. Molly felt unfathomable gratitude as the girl gathered up both garments and handed them back towards Molly.

She wanted nothing more than to reach out and grab them. She couldn’t. Kari could. Molly could actually *feel* Kari’s ass jiggling when she jumped up to snatch both pieces of clothing out of the girl’s hand. Frantically, she pulled the pullover onto herself. Jessica was the first to reach for the hoodie, followed by Beth and Crissy and Joon. But it was gone. Kari had dropped it in her haste.

“Hey!” said the guy, “That’s my sweatshirt!”

Molly saw it on the stairs between legs and feet, this faded, tattered blue thing that looked like it smelled like weed. It was the most beautiful piece of clothing she’d ever seen. A moment later, it was snatched away by someone behind her.

“That’s mine!” said the guy again, turning around. He was slowing down traffic. The girls began to get squeezed again by the wall of people descending behind them. Molly felt Crissy pressed tight into her back. Tighter. Her breath was getting short.

“S’mine now,” said a male voice behind her. She turned her head and saw him, this popped collar-sporting asshole smiling at her through half-lidded eyes.

“OUCH! ASSHOLE!” screamed Crissy, right into Molly’s ear. Someone was probably spanking her or pinching her or something. They were pressed in so tightly Crissy couldn’t even turn around. Molly felt so sorry for her.

*Wait, why? she thought to herself. Without Crissy I wouldn’t be tied up. Without Crissy I wouldn’t have done that stupid photoshoot in the first place.*

Try as she might, Molly couldn’t summon any anger for Crissy. She just wanted to get her out of here. To hold her, maybe. Somewhere private...

“Fuck this!” shouted Crissy. Roughly, she moved Molly aside and began plowing her way forward, forcing people to the left and right. It was an impressive show of strength for such a slim girl. Molly followed behind, descending down the staircase behind her. Were the other girls following? Molly couldn’t tell. With Crissy, she had a chance to get out of this horrible mess. She was taking it.

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By the time they got to the ground floor, the two girls were breathless and exhausted. The crowd was beginning to thin as more and more students got outside. There was freedom to move, freedom to breathe.

Freedom to be seen. Crissy and Molly emerged onto the ground floor landing and took stock of the situation, panting and fidgeting in anticipation.

Molly wondered if the other girls had been able to follow. It looked like they hadn't. *Every girl for herself*, Molly thought, setting aside concerns for the other girls in favor of getting a gameplan.

Molly had been seen by roughly a billion people at this point, and somehow she still hadn't grown numb to the embarrassment. The game was no longer about hiding; it was about being seen the least.

The front entrance was packed with students, who'd become bottlenecked in their haste to get outside. Neither girl wanted to fight through more crowds. There was a side hallway that led out past the auditorium to a smaller, lesser used exit. Covering her pussy with one hand and grabbing Molly's shoulder with the other, Crissy aimed them in that direction.

"Come on, girl." Crissy panted. "Move. Pump those legs."

Molly could just barely hear their feet slapping against the floor tiles as they scampered down the hallway. It was less populated but far from empty. Small groups of students passed by them, turning and staring. Some were laughing, some were shouting, some were pointing with fingers or camera phones. A phone FLASHED! Molly couldn't even cover her face. Her breasts bounced freely. She stared at the floor before her and felt that breathless heart slam against her chest as she ran.

*Wait, where are we going?* Molly had been so focused on getting away, she hadn't given any thought to their destination. The auditorium? No, that was almost certainly locked. A girl's bathroom? Perhaps, but the nearest one was back in the entrance hallway. The girl's locker room?

Opposite side of the building. Outside? Oh god no, there would be a million students congregated out there. Anyone who hadn't seen her naked body would get a lovely view.

"Crissy," she finally said, looking at Crissy and catching exhausted breaths, "Where are... where are we going?"

"I don't know," said Crissy, staring straight forward. Molly could see her hair, wild and crazy from the water and the running, her lithe, pale body, so ridiculous exposed in the middle of a school hallway. That bluebird tattoo. *Guess it's old news now, huh?*

"Can you... can you untie me?"

They reached the end of the hallway where it intersected. Crissy turned to Molly, seemed to notice she was tied up for the first time.

"Oh god, yeah. Hang on-"

"Woooooo! Yeah girl!" screamed some guy passing nearby.

"Fuck off, pencil dick!" Crissy yelled back, reflexively covering her body, scowling at him.

A smile cracked on Molly's lips, unbidden and surprising. Crissy looked so... cute, right then, with the way she was trying to summon real anger against the boy while holding both her breasts in one hand and covering her pussy with the other. Warmth spread through her body with the smile. She welcomed it. It was the closest she'd felt to okay in the approximate five thousand years she'd spent streaking through crowded school hallways.

"The fuck you smiling about," said Crissy, scowling at her. Molly couldn't help it. She giggled.

Crissy's scowl broke a little. A half-hidden grin she was trying to fight down.

"We can't... we can't just stand here..." said Crissy through escaping giggles. Seeing Crissy try not to laugh made Molly want to laugh more. *I'm going insane*, she thought, shifting from one knee to the other, feeling intense tingles in her stomach and warm mirth growing inside her.

"Come on, crazy," said Crissy. Another nearby phone gave a FLASH! Crissy flipped off the phone's holder and began to run down the intersecting hall. Molly followed, completely unsure where they were going.

One thing was certain: this was starting to get exciting.

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Molly felt she must be suffering through a mental breakdown. The laughs that welled up inside her were insurmountable. She felt almost delirious as she ran, panting, giggling, maybe crying a little bit, chasing Crissy's naked ass through a gradually emptying school. Crissy was laughing too, hugging herself and casting looks back at Molly to see if she was following. Her hair whipped around her head, and she was smiling a coy I-can't-believe-we're-doing-this smile.

"Oh!" she said, stopping suddenly. "Teachers!"

Molly stopped beside her. Sure enough, three teachers were at the far end of the hall, talking to a hall monitor with a radio. Crissy hooked a hand around Molly's neck and dragged her into a nearby classroom. No one inside. She closed the door and both girls crouched down beside it. Safe, for the moment.

Molly was full of more adrenaline than she would have thought possible. All the humiliation, all the fear, all the frustration she'd felt was coalescing into this fiery, hopped up euphoria. She found she couldn't stand still, just kept fidgeting, hopping or leaning from one foot to another. Even when she tried forcing herself to calm down, she shivered. And not from cold. Her wrists twisted and tugged at her bonds.

Crissy crouched next to her and their eyes met. They smiled in helpless glee, like two children playing hide and seek. The alarm was even quieter in this room, quiet enough that they could hear each other's exhausted breathing. A moment later and the alarm stopped. Both girls yelled. Crissy slapped two hands over her mouth. Both held their breath.

"Attention students," came the voice over the intercom, "please exit the building in an orderly fashion. This is not a drill. Please line up and exit the building in an orderly fashion."

*Wayyy too late for that,* thought Molly. *It's a fucking mosh pit out there.*

After that, dead silence.

Molly took stock of the room. Backpacks and papers had been left at the desks. The students must have left quickly. That of course meant they would be back. The windows were bright and sunny, letting in tons of afternoon light. Even on the ground floor they were elevated somewhat. If there were students congregating outside, no one could see in.

"Alone at last," said Crissy. Molly smiled.

"How are we ever going to live this down?"

Crissy stroked a damp hair out of Molly's face.

"Fuck 'em. You're a fine looking young lady."

Molly smiled bashfully. “Is there anything we can use to cover up in here? Anything at all?”

The two girls scanned the room. No jackets, no nothing. Molly briefly considered tearing pages out of the textbooks and fashioning some kind of paper bikini. A silly idea. They were stuck this way.

Molly whined.

“I was so scared out there.”

“I got you, babe.”

“Do you think the other girls are okay?”

“They’re probably fine.”

Molly remembered them packed in tightly in the stairwell. She felt guilty for leaving them there and hoped someone had helped them out.

“Crissy?”

“Yeah?”

“Can you untie me?”

Molly pivoted slightly so Crissy could see her wrists.

“Hmm,” she said, holding a hand to her chin. “Maybe...”

“Crissy, come on!” Molly whined, bouncing up and down in frustration. Something weird was happening in her stomach, this growing, tingling feeling she just couldn’t place.

“I don’t know. I kinda like you like this. All tied up and naked like a damsel in distress.”

Molly realized the tingling wasn’t just in her stomach. It was lower. For the hundredth time, she felt warmth rush to her face. Her nipples were starting to stand up, right where Crissy could see them.

“Crissy,” she whined, “*Pleeeeeease.*”

Crissy put her hands on her cocked hips and stared at Molly, smirking. Molly found she couldn't meet that gaze, so she focused her attention on those hip bones, that bluebird tattoo. This was another kind of weird. She'd seen Crissy naked a hundred times in the locker room. But right here, in a sunny classroom where anyone could walk in? It was all wrong.

Crissy'd never stared at her like that before.

“Alright, come here,” said Crissy at long last. Obediently, Molly followed her to the back corner of the classroom away from the door, towards the teacher's desk. Molly faced away from Crissy so she could begin working on those damn cords.

“You tied it awfully tight,” she said.

“It's called method acting,” said Crissy, giving Molly's wrists a little tug.

*Crissy has me tied up naked in a classroom,* Molly thought, over and over again. *Totally helpless. Here where anyone can see.*

That tingling was distracting. All though her midsection.

“Ugh, I can't get these knots,” said Crissy. “C'mere.”

Suddenly, Molly felt herself pushed down onto the teacher's desk. Her gradually hardening nipples rubbed against the papers that had been left upon it.

“Crissy!” she gasped.

“Shush,” said Crissy, giving Molly a light slap on the butt.

Molly's hips wiggled. “Ooh!” she said. Crissy slapped her again.

“Stoooooop!” she whined, laughing a little. *This is so wrong, this is so wrong, this is so wrong...*

“Stop what?” said Crissy, spanking her a little harder. Reflexively, Molly’s fingers wriggled. She crooked one knee. She couldn’t protect her exposed ass, couldn’t even rise off the desk with Crissy holding her down.

“Crissy, please!”

“Please what?”

“We can’t do this here!”

“Do what?”

The tingling was incredible. She could feel it in her whole body. Crissy spanked her again and Molly’s noise had a note of pleasure in it.

A pause. Silence. Molly clamped up, mortified. She buried her face in the desk. Her heart pounded.

Slowly, she felt Crissy’s slender fingers run up and down her back, scratching, rubbing, massaging. She felt her right hand run down her arm to her bound wrists, down across one buttock, rubbing it. Over her hip. Around the front. She shivered. It tickled. She felt so incredibly sensitive, every nerve ending was on fire from adrenaline. Crissy’s hand slid over to her midsection. Down to her pussy. Molly was breathing open-mouthed by the time Crissy’s fingers finally started teasing her mound.

Nothing mattered more than that hand. All thoughts of being discovered, getting in trouble, getting seen, getting photographed, all of it was gone. Molly writhed, bent over the desk, in helpless pleasure. Her hair, still a bit damp, fell into her eyes. She didn’t care. Small sounds escaped her. Then Crissy spanked her again with her other hand, and the sounds became big.

Molly felt cool wetness on her legs, drawn out by Crissy's fingers. Another slap on the ass. She tried to get up but Crissy held her down. "You're my prisoner," Crissy had said when she first tied Molly up for the pictures. Molly sure felt like it now.

She was loving it.

Molly was not a girl who came easily. Not until now. She felt an orgasm rising up inside her, like a tidal wave, impossible to stop. Her moans became louder, more pleading. She writhed back and forth, eyes closed tight, and felt her hard nipples rub against the smooth, cold desk. *This is it*, she thought over and over again. *This is it, oh god, this is it, this is it, this is-*

Crissy stopped. A thin, angry whine escaped Molly as she felt her orgasm receding. A quick spank brought it closer, but not close enough.

Roughly, Crissy yanked Molly back to her feet and spun her around. She pressed her mouth onto Molly's and Molly's eyes fluttered in pleasure. She tasted like mint toothpaste. Their tongues teased each other through nervous smiles. Molly wanted nothing more than to reach out and grab those perked up breasts but she couldn't. Crissy grabbed hers instead, massaging them, teasing her rock hard nipples.

Molly felt her ass rest against the rounded edge of the desk. Crissy's hands slid down her hips, over her ass, to her legs, pushing Molly back so she sat down on wood. Crissy began kissing her way down Molly's neck. Her tongue worked on a nipple and Molly shuddered as if electrocuted. "*OHHhhhh...*" she murmured, trying to remember how to breath.

Crissy kissed her way lower. Down over Molly's navel, down her stomach, down towards her pussy. Molly propped herself up with her bound

hands and spread her legs so Crissy could get to work. “Ah, ah, AH!” she whispered as Crissy’s tongue began to tease her, first on the outside, then in.

It hadn’t been so long ago that Molly was standing, clothed in a volleyball uniform, walking through the hallways, psyching herself up about a calendar shoot. First she’d lost her inhibitions. Then her clothes. Then her freedom of arm movement. Next she’d lost her safety, her dignity, and her friends. It had been a weird afternoon.

Now she was losing self-control. Fear, anger, confusion, it was all melting away. Crissy’s tongue was pushing her out of herself. Owing her. She couldn’t do anything but shudder and moan.

The orgasm came suddenly, like a fire alarm. She felt she must have screamed just as loud as one. It was a long, breathy wail that tapered off into a whine. Her head drooped backwards so she stared up at the ceiling lights and tried to put her brain back together.

*Oh, sprinklers, she thought vaguely. They didn’t go off.*

When she found herself again, Crissy had a hand on the back of her neck, staring into her eyes and smiling. Their foreheads rested together. Crissy planted a gentle kiss on her cheek, her mouth.

“Feeling alright, sweetheart?” she whispered.

“Ohhhh, you bitch...”

Crissy smiled. She had a pair of scissors in her hand. Molly leaned over sideways so Crissy could cut her bonds. Finally, her wrists were free. She rubbed them, admiring the red marks they’d left in her skin.

Reality was creeping its way back in. Molly wasn’t feeling free anymore. She was feeling naked in a classroom, her bare ass resting on a teacher’s desk. Gingerly, she pushed herself back to her feet.

“We should go,” she said, rubbing her hair out of her eyes.

“Yeah,” said Crissy, casting an eye towards the door. “One problem.

“Yeah?”

“Fire department. I just saw them go by.”

“Fuck.”

Getting rescued while naked by a bunch of muscly firemen had a certain fantastic air to it, Molly felt. But she didn't feel like risking it. All she wanted was to take Crissy home and fuck her brains out.

“How are we getting out of here?”

Crissy had a weird smile on her face.

“Window?”

“We don't have clothes!”

“Come on, it's nothing I haven't seen before.”

“Where are we going to go?”

Crissy leaned forward (*mint toothpaste*) and nibbled Molly's ear. She shuddered. “*My place or yours?*” Crissy whispered.

“Mine's closer.”

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Beth sat on the back of the firetruck, wearing only in a crinkly space blanket, sipping hot cocoa and staring across the street at the school. *What a fucking day*, she thought to herself. A few hours ago she'd been freaking out about bio lab, and now she'd been buck nude for half the

student body. Already, the girls' naked journey through the school was becoming the stuff of legend. One of the paramedics had let her borrow a phone for a minute. There weren't any pictures online yet, just a lot of descriptive Tweets.

She was finding more and more that she didn't care. Maybe she was tired, maybe she didn't have any fucks to give. She'd be done with high school in a month anyway. There were worse ways to leave a mark.

The other girls didn't seem to feel that way. Jessica had already been picked up by her mom. The EMT's had let her keep the space blanket for the car ride home. Kari had gotten a ride home with some friends. She was still wearing that guy's fucked up hoodie when Beth had seen her stumble into the car, still nervously jabbering. Beth worried about Molly and Crissy. No one had seen them since they disappeared in the stairwell.

God, the stairwell. That had been a shitshow. Molly and Crissy had disappeared just in time, as it turned out. A bottleneck had formed just after they left, and the students were trapped in the stairway. It was only for a little while, but it had felt like hours being stuck there. Being naked and pressed into the back of a very clearly aroused young man hadn't helped matters.

Eventually, firemen appeared. A dark Latino guy in full uniform appeared at the base of the stairs and began shouting orders at the students to get the crowd moving again. When the naked girls had gotten to the door, he stopped them.

“Miss, are you okay? Do you need help, miss?”

Beth, soaking wet and on the verge of tears, with a large tit barely covered in each hand, found herself smiling a little bit. He was cute, she

was naked, and he was going to rescue her. Her stomach had fluttered a bit. It was like something out of a bad porno.

“Please,” she’d said. That was all it took. Effortlessly he scooped her up and cradled her, and began carrying her down the hall. Other firefighters were scooping up the other girls too. Joon was wriggling in protest but it was no good. *They must think we’re hysterical*, thought Beth. *They’re not totally wrong.*

And so it was that Beth found herself being carried the last leg of her weird journey out the front door of the school, naked and wrapped in the beefy, fire-retardant arms of a hunky fireman. He’d carried her all the way to the firetruck, asked her again if she was okay, and then an EMT had blanketed her and her savior disappeared. And then someone had brought her cocoa, which she sipped, as she watched the crowd of students in front of the school shrink and shrink.

Classes had been canceled for the rest of the day, the official order was to go home. Beth could see a few curious faces cast their eyes over at her. *Head home, boys. Show’s over. I’m wearing a burka every day for the rest of the semester.*

“I can’t believe we did that!” said Joon, a little too loudly, right in Beth’s ear. Beth had almost forgotten she was still there. Joon was wrapped in a space blanket, same as Beth. It crinkled like crazy as Joon fidgeted.

“Yep. Uh-huh.”

“I mean, *everyone* saw us! *Everyone!*”

*Why must you narrate things?* thought Beth, sipping more cocoa.

“Do you think Molly and Crissy are alright?”

That was a worry. They'd been spared the stairwell. Anything could have happened to them after that. Apparently the fire damage to the school was minimal, it had mostly stayed in the photography studio. There was no chance they'd been hurt by fire or smoke. But a lot can go wrong for two naked girls in a crazy high school. Especially when one of them was tied up....

*Oh god, the wrist tie.* What had *that* been about? Even for a nude photoshoot that had been awkward.

*Swear to god, those girls are gay for each other or something,* thought Beth, staring forward at the thinning crowd of students.

Something caught her eye. Off to the side, near the theater building, two pale white bodies, streaking out from the bushes and crossing the street. Beth squinted. It was Molly and Crissy alright, unless there were two more naked girls running around the school that no one had told her about. Being farther back from the school, Beth could see them but the remaining students could not. They dashed across the street, carefully placing each foot on the rough asphalt, before hopping over the curb and catching each other in a laughing hug. Crissy placed a hand on Molly's ass and nudged her forward towards someone's yard. Smiling, the two girls streaked out of sight.

*I fucking knew it,* she thought, smiling a little.

"I really hope they're not dead," said Joon, crinkling.

"They're fine," said Beth. "Now please, shut up."