**Dare Me**

by neverdoubted

**Dare Me - Chapter 12 - My Nightmare (Part 9)**

Scurrying back to the stall, the naked girl stared at her empty hands in disbelief. Her heart was pounding; at least two beats for every second that ticked by. Her trusted protector had unintentionally just taken her dress along with her panties and left her stranded in only her shoes.

As she stood in the stall, doubt started to creep in. How well did she really know Luke? What if he had done it on purpose? Tricked her into getting stuck naked in school. He said he was coming right back, but what if that was a lie? Or what if he was actually running to get his friends so they could all come and laugh at the stupid slut who had taken all her clothes off trying to impress Luke by showing him all her female secrets and was now trapped in the boys bathroom completely naked?

Her heart rate increased and her skin grew clammy as her imagination ran wild. She wrapped her arms around her bare torso in a futile comfort gesture as unbridled thoughts flooded her system with shame and humiliation. She tried to suppress them and think about something else, but she couldn't ignore the strong sensation building between her legs. The familiar pressure, like an inflating balloon deep inside her core, grew so insistent that she started squirming and had to sit down.

Every nerve ending tingled. Even the air conditioning kicking in overhead gusted over her bare skin to remind her how utterly naked she was. As the nerve-wracking minutes ticked by, she guessed lunch had to be winding down. Even if Luke never returned, soon the hallways would once again be filled with life. Even in this relatively remote wing of the school, it was only a matter of time before some lucky student came to use the bathroom and discovered her trying to hide her shame in the furthest stall.

Suddenly afraid, she scrambled for the door latch. But that just drew her attention to how wide the gaps in the partition panels were. Peeking through, she saw her stall reflected in the mirror and realized it would only take a passing glace for someone to see her legs and feet poking out below. Her dainty feet and girly slippers were completely out of place in a boy's bathroom and anyone spotting them would immediately come investigate. Suddenly frightened by that possibility, she climbed back onto the toilet and tucked her knees to her chest to huddle in a pathetic little naked ball. She held her breath as if her capture were already a foregone conclusion and mere moments away.

But when nothing happened for a couple minutes, her fear was dislodged, and anger took center stage. She mentally berated herself for getting carried away. Curling up into the fetal position and waiting to get caught was a fine way to guarantee you would eventually get caught. She also got mad at herself for doubting Luke's motives. The nice boy cared about her and was coming back to her. She had to believe that. He had to come back for her! He must have just gotten delayed somehow.

Growling in frustration, she forced herself to stand normally and weigh her options. One tempting idea was to move over to the girl's restroom next door to wait. It would at least be slightly less embarrassing to get discovered by a girl than a boy. But moving anywhere away from this spot also meant giving up on Luke bringing her dress back. She concluded the only thing that would be worth making a move was the chance at finding something else to wear.

Abandoning her hiding place and taking her fate into her own hands, she risked venturing forth from the stall. But when she came face to face with herself in the wall of mirrors, she lost her nerve. Every inch of her delicious, and obviously aroused, skin was on display. The mere thought of walking down the hall completely naked with school in session made her start trembling uncontrollably as her overworked nervous system went on the fritz.

She scurried back into the stall and waited until her muscles could be brought under control. Once the shaking stopped and she had gotten her breathing to slow, she swallowed her dread and made herself emerge once again. Keeping her eyes down and away from the mirror this time, she forced her protesting legs to carry her to the entrance of the bathroom. Cracking the door and making sure to keep her naked shame hidden from view, she peeked only her head through. To her relief, the hallway was still empty...for the moment.

That she had been stripped in the elective hallway worked in her favor. There were no special classes scheduled for that day. If not for the art contest, she probably would have had the whole wing to herself. Her first possible target was just across from her; the music room. The door was open, and she could easily make it across the open hallway in just a few long strides which minimized her potential exposure. It also looked empty, but she couldn't tell that for sure unless she got closer.

The room was large, the size of two regular classrooms, and full of all kinds of instruments. But since you can't exactly wear a tambourine, she dismissed it as an option and kept searching. Naturally wanting to stay away from the stairway, she scanned her sparkling blue eyes to her left and further down the hall. The next class was the foreign languages room. But that door was closed with the lights off. She guessed it was already locked up for the summer.

Next to that, just before the end, stood the aforementioned art room with which she was already intimately familiar. Beyond that, capping the hall at the very end, were two more doors that she had never really paid much attention to...one was...maybe a janitor's closet? Just then the bell rang, and she jumped out of her bare skin. It signaled that lunch was over and she was out of time. Wherever she decided to go, she needed to do it quickly. Thinking there might be an extra pair of coveralls or something in the janitor's closet, she made sure the coast was clear to her right, then took off running left toward the far end of the hall.

She almost fell flat with her first stride as she wasn't used to running in heels, even low ones. The heels also made her naughty bits jiggle in unusual ways which emphasized her nude state. She found the shoes to be especially slippery on the waxed linoleum. Recovering, and keeping her privates covered as best she could, she resumed jogging in a stiff, jilted manner; the quietest way she could come up with. Her strong legs were able to carry her at a rapid pace despite the awkward gait. Her unclothed streaking body would make a sexy treat for anyone lucky enough to notice. Her only hope was to stay undetected and be quick about it. She hated how much sound her shoes were making as she clippy-clopped down the hallway. They were practically screaming "hey everyone, look over here! There's a naked girl over her!"

She heard no cries of alarm but couldn't even bear to look behind her as she ran for the safety of the closet. Only once she reached the handle and found it firmly locked did she realize her folly. Of course, it would be locked! Cursing her stupidity, she turned and, seeing it was empty, ran into the nearby art room instead; anything to get out of the wide-open hall.

It was a surreal experience stepping naked once again into the same room she had spent the previous Saturday painting naked in. Everything was much the same, except there were nine other finalists' paintings arrayed around the room in a gallery along with "My Nightmare". The other difference was the roar of school children floating up from the playground just outside. Like a ghost, she couldn't stop herself from drifting closer and closer to the window.

Before she knew what was happening, she was standing in the window overlooking the bustling grounds. She hadn't dared to come this close to it on Saturday, but like an out of body experience, her unconscious mind had temporarily taken control of her body. The scene outside on the playground resembled any other school day. The kids of her school, a mix of all the grades, were running around and climbing the equipment. Even through the thick glass, she could hear the muffled cries of delightful merriment.

The sky was mostly clear with only a couple of fluffy clouds floating by. No rain was forecasted, only clouds which provided the kids a nice occasional reprieve from the hot sunshine. Really, the only thing out of place was the gorgeous young lady standing in the window with her entire naked body on full display for some unknown reason. Deep down in the primitive part of her brain, some preservation instinct was screaming for her to stop. To step back from the large crystal-clear viewing rectangle. To run and hide her nakedness from the oblivious children playing below before someone bothered to look up and notice her humiliating exhibition.

The sound grew muffled as her ears felt like they were being filled with cotton and her vision blurred. Yet still she stood, frozen like the sexiest statue imaginable. A drop of moisture rolled down the inside of her thigh. Her hyper aroused pussy was screaming for attention just as loudly as her brain was screaming for her to run. Despite it being strictly forbidden by the rules of her dare, her hand automatically reached down and wiped away the droplet, then lingered a little longer than necessary. She realized if she moved her fingers just a couple of inches higher, she could finally satiate her aching loins. But to give in meant officially playing with herself in full view of the entire school.

A whimper escaped her lips when she stalled, and her body angrily protested about having its urgent needs ignored. Her throbbing nipples felt like they would burst if she didn't do something soon. Just a quick squeeze of affection, was that too much to ask?

By some miracle, despite several seconds ticking by, she wasn't noticed yet. But all that changed when her blurry gaze drifted over to the far hill. Blinking to bring her eyes into focus, she saw a bunch of children standing in a group. It was mostly fifth grade boys with a few other grades sprinkled in. They were gathered around one boy in particular who was regaling them with his incredible tale of watching Lucy paint her art project last Saturday in the nude.

Punctuating his story, he turned and pointed to the infamous window where, to his greatest surprise, now stood a completely naked Lucy in clear view and on the verge of giving in to her body's erotic pleas. Just then, a sunbeam broke through the passing cloud and a light, as if from heaven, brightly illuminated the beautiful naked girl in the window.

She watched in stunned horror as all the boys on the hill turned as one and looked at her, their mouths dropping open in disbelief as they took in her nude state. I'm sure Lucy had already served in countless fantasies of most of those boys. But up to that point, they had all been forced to use their imagination. Now, she had to watch their faces in real-time as each boy formed brand new fantasies about her. They filed away every inch of her gorgeous growing body, flawless skin, and sensuous curves.

Her little pink caps moved perked up adorably upon her naked slightly curved breasts as she sucked in a little gasp. Her alluring unclothed hourglass figure burned into their memory as her moisture coated pussy petals glistened in the sunlight. Even her tiny little love button strained forward in its silky cocoon, trying to peek out at her adoring crowd. And just like that, a thousand new Lucy Jenkins fantasies were deposited into the oldest boys' already loaded spank bank, and several younger ones opened a new account on the spot.

I'm not even sure if it occurred to her how many of those boys would be jacking off that very night to the sight of the blonde beauty standing there naked in the school window. She was probably focused on more pressing concerns; like what to do next! The ringleader let out a shout. Then, all at once, a stampede broke out as the boys took off running toward the school. Lucky for her, the commotion drew the other playing children's attention toward the hill and away from her lewd display.

Finally, the spell holding her in place was broken and her flight instinct seized control of her body. She leapt back from the window as her heart thudded uncontrollably in her naked chest. Feeling lightheaded and a little sick, she looked frantically around for any form of salvation. A huge crowd of eager boys was descending upon her. They were going to catch the hottest girl in school completely naked, aroused, and vulnerable if she didn't find some clothes or somewhere to hide, and quick!

Without even a destination in mind, she bolted from the room and into the hall. Abandoning all caution, she ran as fast as her bare legs could carry her. Her slapping footfalls made booming echoes each time a sandal made contact with the unforgiving floor. She knew her risk acutely. Any second, someone returning from lunch could step around the corner and catch her streaking through the school. But she had to risk it.

She aimed for the same place any girl who found herself in school without any clothes on would go. The pack of horny fifth-grade boys wouldn't dare to tread into the girls' bathroom; at least, she hoped not. On the way, she did pass an open classroom that she hadn't considered before and caught a glimpse of something. It was the special education resource room tucked on the same side as the bathrooms. The room was very small with nowhere inside to really hide. But, on the counter just inside the door, was a stapler sitting on top of some construction paper. She skidded to a halt. Thinking she might be able to fashion some sort of covering from it, she turned back, swiped the stapler, scooped up the paper, then resumed running.

Out of breath, she reached the girl's bathroom at the last possible moment and dove into a stall. Not two seconds later, she heard a commotion outside as the wild band of roving boys marauded past in search of their naked pray. Double-checking the latch with her shaky hands, she climbed onto the toilet and tucked her feet up like before. She held onto her tucked knees for dear life, knowing for a fact that her fate was sealed. Any second, the boys would think to check in the bathroom. They would pour in and find her huddling naked in the stall and her humiliation would be complete.

She couldn't control her heavy breathing as the torrent of emotions hit her in waves. She expected to be discovered in a heartbeat, flinching at every noise that rang out in the hall. But she somehow remained undiscovered as the seconds ticked by. The boys scoured every single classroom in that hallway. At one point, one even opened the door to the girl's bathroom. But by then, she had been able get her breathing under control. She held her breath and remained perfectly still despite her pounding heart. Finding the bathroom apparently vacant, the boy moved on. Eventually, a teacher heard the commotion and came to investigate. Having checked every nook, the group incorrectly assumed their naked prey had fled the scene. So, they considered it no big loss when the teacher ordered them to vacate the hallway and return to the common areas.

Only when the sounds had faded, did she dare to hope that she might have survived the terrifying hunt and her heart slowed. Arousal and fear had dominated her emotions for so long. But with the immediate threat fading, a sense of dread began to settle over her. She was spent, physically and emotionally, but still stuck in her school bathroom with nothing but a pair of shoes and some crummy construction paper.

She closed her eyes and prayed for a blanket to appear so she could at least have something to wrap around her hopelessly exposed body. When nothing did appear, she stared at the ceiling and wanted to scream and curse. But she couldn't even do that without risking calling attention to her hiding spot. It was all just too much for a young girl to take! Blinking back tears, she hugged her exhausted naked body and let out a sob of despair.

But just then, on the brink of a meltdown, she heard a faint voice and her hope kindled once again. Tilting her head and straining to listen, she finally made out Luke's distant voice calling her name and smiled. Her noble knight had returned!

**Dare Me - Chapter 12 - My Nightmare (Part 10)**

As soon as she recognized his voice, she cried out to him. Expecting her to have remained where he left her, Luke had entered the boy's room and was befuddled to find the stall empty. It took him a minute to identify the source and figure out she was calling back to him through the air vent. As for Lucy, her elation at his return was somewhat dampened when he revealed his ill news.

"I'm sorry," he said regretfully into the vent, "but my parents are here and checking me out early. I should have told you sooner. My dad got a job in Colorado. We're driving there today to look at houses. I gotta go, like, right now, I brought my P.E. shorts if you want them."

Under normal circumstances, learning that her brand new crush was moving away would have come as a huge hit and been allocated immediate emotional resources. But at that moment, being stranded naked in the bathroom her bigger issue. She knew it would not make the most stylish outfit, but with Luke's gym shorts under her dress, she felt she could survive the rest of the day. For that, she was grateful that he at least had not completely abandoned her.

Once she was back in her dress, she would be willing to forgive him even if she did still feel a little betrayed that his rash actions had caused so much unnecessary exposure and humiliation. Eager to possess his delivery as quickly as possible but knowing he would not dare to come all the way into the girls’ bathroom, she called for him to meet her at the entrance. But when she peeked her head out, she was confounded to find him only holding out the shorts.

Trying to keep her voice calm, she slowly asked, "Luke, where's my dress?"

Her heart sank when she saw him gulp then apologize a second time. Whatever happened to that dress while in his possession remains a mystery to this day. Luke claimed Mrs. Reevis caught him running down the hall with it. The teacher naturally confronted him and wanted to know what he was doing carrying a girl's dress down the hall. He claimed to have made up an excuse on the spot that Lucy had asked him to take it to her homeroom cubby and hang it up for some reason. He was just doing her a favor, you see?

No one will ever know what really happened to her dress. Perhaps someone had stolen it. Perhaps Luke was mistaken and had put it in someone else's cubby. There was another Lucy in her grade, but she was in another classroom entirely. That would be a pretty big mistake to make. Perhaps Luke had lied to her? Surely not her perfect, infallible Luke! Regardless, she didn't know it yet, but her dress was not waiting for her in her cubby.

"I'm sorry," he said a third time, "I...I'm really sorry, I have to go," adding with a blush, "Um...thanks for...everything."

Then he shoved the shorts into her hands and hustled out of her life forever. Back in the safety of her bathroom stall, she gratefully put on the shorts. She breathed a sigh of relief at feeling the fabric slide up her bare legs and watching her most private parts blessedly disappear from view for the first time in over an hour. The shorts were nothing special; a light gray athletic material very similar to the ones Lucy herself usually wore to P.E.

Still expecting to be reunited with her dress soon, she came up with the idea to construct a temporary top out of the paper. It was construction paper, after all! Taking stock of her stolen supplies, she was disappointed to discover that she had only managed to pilfer two measly pieces of paper. It would hardly make a modest covering for a growing girl, but mistakenly thinking she only needed to fashion something to last for a very short trip downstairs, and confident in her crafting skills, she remained optimistic.

Very quickly, she came to regret not having also stolen a pair of scissors. The paper was fragile and of a poor quality. Not able to make clean cuts, she had to resort to tearing off ragged strips for the shoulder straps and ended up wasting some of it with careless tears. Once she had two decent strips of paper, she stapled the two largest remaining panels together in the shape of a tube. Then she attached the strips to the tube to make shoulder straps and gently lowered the whole thing over her head and onto her body.

Satisfied with her handiwork, she stepped from the stall and appraised her new outfit in the mirror. The paper top was very skimpy and ended up looking more like a bra. Unlike a bra, the paper had absolutely no contour or shape and refused to conform to any of her curves.

While the tube did technically cover her privates by encircling her chest, she found if she so much as leaned over, you could see everything down the front of it. And it was so short that didn't even reach her rib cage. Worst of all, every time she took a breath, the rough paper rubbed against her sensitive nipples and constantly reminded her that she had nothing on underneath it. It was far from perfect and in no way stylish but thinking she would only be wearing it for a minute or two, she deemed it adequate for the task.

She knew without a doubt how ridiculous she looked, but she resolved to ignore everyone and everything and just keep walking proud until she could be reunited with her dress. Then she wouldn't even need the bra and would be happy to throw it away.

Taking a deep breath, the now technically clothed girl exited the bathroom and stepped once again into the school hallway. The roving band of fifth graders were long gone, but there were other kids milling around who saw Lucy emerge in her ludicrous new outfit. Naturally, they stopped whatever they were doing and stared at the unbelievable sight passing by. The gray athletic shorts looked completely out of place next to her fashionable tween heels. The lack of seams showing through her thin shorts betrayed the fact that she was no longer wearing her cute orange panties underneath. And her bright orange construction paper bra never failed to generate a double take.

But probably the most unusual sight, were the crude markings all over her body. No longer a secret able to be kept unseen beneath the fabric of her dress, all three black marks Luke had scrawled on her formerly flawless skin were now on display. His shaky block letters on the small of her back sat just above the thin gray shorts hugging her sexy bottom. The more confident strokes on her tone lower abdomen spelled out his name as if he had been claiming her as his property. And written across her chest, only partially obscured by the paper bra, was his largest and most elaborate signature. Now everyone could see and know what Lucy had let him do.

At the bottom of the stairs, she turned and walked against the flow of traffic as the other sixth graders were meeting in the gym for the awards assembly. In addition to the end of year awards ceremony, the winner of the art contest would also be announced. She could feel the staples shifting precariously with every movement she made; working themselves looser and looser as she walked. Without her knight beside her, and without her dress, her exposure nearly overwhelmed her more than once. Feeling the redness on her cheeks, she kept her head down and kept walking. Just a little longer, she told herself, and she would be reunited with her dress…or so she thought.

The traffic had slowed to a trickle by the time she reached her homeroom. The assembly was the last event of the day, and everyone had already emptied out their desks and cubbies so they could head directly home afterward. Reaching her cubby, she found her backpack hanging where she had left it that morning. But no dress. She was too spent to even summon an appropriate reaction. Fate was conspiring against her. She had fought bravely. But you can't beat fate.

Having already been seen by countless classmates, she admitted defeat and decided to just make do with her paper bra for the rest of the day. But she learned a valuable lesson about the perils of paper clothing when she went to put on her backpack and was a little too careless. As the padded backpack strap settled over her shoulder, the weak paper strap of her bra ripped in two. With only one shoulder remaining, she resolved to be more careful and to carry her backpack like a handbag instead.

The gym was raucous when she arrived, and the kids were being instructed to settle down. With as much confidence as a girl in a paper bra and no shirt could muster, she walked in, found a spot on the ground near her classmates, and sat down. Feeling her bra slip crooked, she went to adjust it and almost flashed her cute little boob the boys sitting nearby. In fact, she spent the whole assembly wrestling with it. No matter how she sat, or how she adjusted it, one or both of her boobs seemed to always be in the process of coming out. Every direction she looked, she would catch a boy quickly looking away and rush to make another futile adjustment. And each adjustment only weakened the staples holding the whole thing together. It didn't help that the rough paper kept scraping against her stiff nipples and making them ache for attention.

Nobody said anything to her directly about Luke's signatures written all over her body. But, despite her best effort to ignore it, she kept hearing his name in the air as vicious whispered rumors were spread around the huddled groups of children.

Surprisingly, even the teachers didn't make a big deal about her diminished modesty. Perhaps they assumed she had suffered some sort of wardrobe malfunction and didn't want to draw more attention to it. Perhaps they were so close to summer and just didn't want to deal with the paperwork. Or maybe they let it slide because she was who she was. Like I said earlier, hot girls seem to get away with anything.

When all the other awards had been handed out, it was time to reveal the winning portrait. Of course, Lucy won in a landslide. Her classmates swarmed around giving her congratulatory pats on the back. Somehow, in the commotion, her other bra strap got ripped and she also lost several staples. The right side of her tube was barely hanging on by a single brave staple and she couldn’t do anything to keep the outside of her right boob from bulging out through the gap.

Winning had made her a minor celebrity. She got swarmed as every kid in her grade wanted her to sign their yearbook. She held her disintegrating top together as best she could and kept signing for several minutes after the assembly was over. But now formally released for the summer, the teachers didn’t let them linger long. They scattered the kids towards their homes and freedom as soon as they could.

Lucy, too, was eager to get home and officially conclude her dare. But before she could do so, she had one last task to perform. She found Coach loitering around waiting for everyone to evacuate his gym so he could straighten it up for the summer break. Pulling him aside, she gave him the wanted poster with the suggestion that he could maybe put it up in his office with his other western memorabilia. He was touched by the sentiment and gave her a big bear hug in response. To her growing distress, she felt the staples on her left side rip loose when he did that, and she quickly excused herself before her bra fell to scraps right in front of him.

On her walk home, her bra did finally break, and she had to walk most of the way just holding one of the panels to her chest. But, putting her backpack on, she had enough coverage not to feel too ashamed. Her excitement level actually started to grow with every step closer to home. With her dare at the finish line, her body was primed. It was time to reap her reward.

I was in the living room when she got home. She looked ridiculous standing there in nothing but a pair of athletic shorts with Luke's name written all over her body. I was so distracted by her appearance that, at first, I didn't notice her holding the jar of lotion hopefully. Of course, I happily obliged.

The topless girl was so excited that she began squirming sexily in my lap before I even got the lid off. I made her recount her entire day while I squeezed and massaged the stimulating chemicals into her needy orbs. When she got to the part where Luke took her dress away and left her stranded in the bathroom, she paused.

"Mikey," she said, blushing slightly, "I really need to, you know, like, now. Can I, you know?...I mean…ahem, do you want to watch the first one?"

I gulped. At the end of her last dare, on our vacation, I had made a new rule. I long knew how she would play with herself at the end of each dare, sort of as a reward for a job well done. That's why I added the rule. From now on, she was required to offer to let me watch the first time. I hadn't forgot about that rule, but I guess I was expecting her to at least wait until the end of her massage to bring it up. Maybe I underestimated how badly she needed it.

When I nodded my head. She didn't even stand up. She just lifted her bottom off the couch and slipped Luke's shorts off her onto the floor.

Now completely naked, she sat back down. Finally, my hormone addled brain put it together. There was no reason she couldn't continue her story, and I my massage, just because she was going to get naked and proceed to masturbate. Only after I resumed my kneading did she spread her legs and dip her hand in between with a delightful gasp. She continued her story, this time with cute little whimpers between every sentence. As she talked about leaving the bathroom and taking her perilous naked trip down the hall and into the art room, my fingers found her sensitive little points.

Her hand started moving with more urgency and she arched her back. She was building toward an epic orgasm, and I could only hold on for dear life. It was the sexiest thing I had ever experienced. I couldn't fathom how that much sexual energy could be compressed into such a compact creature. How did she bear all that pressure? I guess that's why she always made such spectacular diamonds. Pressure was a key ingredient after all. Yet even so close, she somehow tried to continue her story. Only now, her whimpers had evolved into grunts and every other word was punctuated with the sexiest sounds. I could tell she was getting really close to her peak and smiled knowingly.

As she struggled through telling me about standing naked at the window in the middle of a school day with all her school mates playing right outside, she had to stop her story because it was time. Her whole body went more tense as she furiously bucked her hips. She ground her pussy into her hand as a long, loud, high-pitched moan caught in her throat. Then every muscle in her body flexed at once. With my hands still firmly attached to her young breasts, I could feel the massive tremor overwhelm her little body as that first diamond finally came out of her.

With her muscles finally able to relax, she collapsed her warm naked body into me and started breathing again. She looked up at me with a weak but loving smile on her face and actually said "thank you". Her last requirement complete, she stood up and went straight to her room; not even bothering to get dressed or finish her story (I got her to tell me the rest later). I was a little bummed that I didn't get to finish that massage. But at the same time, I was relieved. As a strange coincidence, I just so happened to have some bodily needs of my own that required my urgent attention. So, everything worked out in the end.

Grabbing the jar to bring with me, I smiled briefly thinking about Luke. Thanks to Lucy, he had just lived the greatest day of his young life. But the poor boy was stuck in a van, unable to satisfy his own turgid needs for the duration of the long road trip. I pictured him returning to his backpack over and over, to the panties secretly stowed within, to take in Lucy's irresistible pheromones; driven wild by gift the girl in heat had given him, but unable to do anything about it in the company of his family. It serves him right for abandoning her in her time of need. It was all the more reason I needed to make sure to always be there for her.

As for Lucy's legacy, for those of you wondering, there are actually three places you can go in that school to see a naked picture of my sister. The first two are kind of tricky to find unless you know where to look. On the back wall of Mr. Clark's history class, there is a collage of photographs built up over years of teaching. The photographs contain his history clubs and the winners of his Ancient Rome contests. If you lift up and look behind just the right one, you will see a picture of a little Roman slave girl posing in the middle of seven very happy boys. Her hands are bound behind her back and her perky breasts with stiff pink nipples are thrust proudly forward. The front panel of her skirt is tilted up and her little sparkling pussy lips are peeking out for all to enjoy.

The second place is in the small P.E. office behind the coach's door. It's also kind of hard to get to since the door is always propped open. But if you move a chair out of the way and make the effort, you will be treated to a full size wanted poster of The Naked Bandit. Lucy's entire lithe body is standing cutely with a mischievous grin on her face. Her strong legs all the way up to her gorgeous round bottom are on full display and her more rounded breasts are turned to the side in perfect profile. Looking closely, you can even make out the scalloped shape of her pussy peeking out between the gap of her athletic thighs.

The final picture, while not a photograph, is impossible to miss and in many ways, even more spectacular. In fact, from the day it was hung, everyone who has ever entered that school has seen it. Students and teachers on their way to class. School administrators and other workers. Parents coming for conferences. Siblings and extended family coming perhaps to watch a Christmas program. Any guest or visitor.

For just across the hall from the main entrance hangs a row of pictures. Each year, the winner of the art contest gets added to the gallery. As soon as you step through the front doors, you are greeted by a full color picture of a girl standing in front of a blackboard. The shy girl, on the cusp of womanhood, is completely naked while she gives her presentation to her classmates. Every inch of her gorgeous body, from her blushing cheeks and striking blue eyes to her toes which are turned slightly inward in shame, are painted in vivid detail. And at the bottom, on a large plaque, are the words; "My Nightmare, By Lucy Jenkins".