**Erica’s Reunion**

by ?

Erica walked into the gym of her old high school, now decked with streamers and cheap decorations in commemoration of the 18th anniversary of their graduation.

She was 36 years old now, a high school English teacher herself (albeit in a different school), the memories of this place came rushing back to her, some better than others.

"Erica! Over here!" She heard someone call to her, she looked and saw Alicia standing over by the punch bowl.

she walked over as she realized that both Carrie and Lisa were standing there as well.

Carrie was looking as great as ever, dressed in a smart ensemble of a knee long skirt, a blazer and a white blouse underneath, and to give her even more of a charm, she was now wearing a pair of horn-rimmed glasses that made her even sexier than before, if that was possible.

"Erica! You should call more often." She said as she moved in for a hug as she always tended to.

Lisa on the other hadn't really changed much; she was the same statuesque beauty she always was, what surprised her though was the three children, a boy and two girls about 9 and 15 years old respectively, she immediately recognized one of them as Lisa's children mostly due to the fact that the girl resembled her mother to an uncanny extent, it was like young Lisa was standing right in front of her.

Lisa proceeded to introduce John Jr. and Amanda, that left the third girl to be introduced by Alicia as her step-daughter Jennifer.

As she caught up with the her friends about the events after college, Carrie had her own small software company now, Alicia was an office worker, and Lisa was actually a stay at home mother after a career in law.

"I married John, you remember him, right? My boyfriend from back then?" Erica recalled the time they stripped her in the library, John had haggled her shirt off for two pages of a report they'd stolen, when she came back to reality she saw Lisa pointing off to the other side of the room "He's now a pretty successful surgeon, so I don't really need to work any more, he's over there by Alicia's husband."

Just as Lisa finished her story, the kids, who had been arguing thus far bumped into Erica and sent her crashing into the punch bowl they'd been standing by.

Before Erica realized it, she was sitting on the ground at the edge of a broken down table, she felt the sticky juice soak into her clothes, she wiped it away from her eyes just to see her friends (and the kids) staring at her with concern.

Erica stood up gingerly as she looked down at her punch-soaked clothes, she could feel the disgustingly saccharine, syrupy juice seep into her clothes.

"Oh no!" Erica cried as she tried to peel the now clingy material, a simple white button-up shirt with grey trousers, off of her skin fruitlessly.

And just to make her panic even more, she saw that her bra was showing through the wet material of her white shirt. "Isn't there something here that I can wear?"

"I have some gym clothes in my locker." Amanda spoke up, Erica thought that she might have been feeling guilty since it was their fault that her clothes were ruined.

"Okay then, why don't you and Jenny go find something for Erica to wear." Alicia patted Jenny on the shoulder, who took Erica's hand and dragged her off, and if Erica hadn't been so much older than the two girls, it might have looked like a girl being dragged around by her older sisters.

Erica looked back and saw Carrie Carrie wave her goodbye, Lisa just shaking her head as if she's thinking that this is typical Erica.

In the hallway, Amanda stood in front of her locker trying to get it open, while Jennifer stood next to Erica.

"Maybe you should get out of those clothes before you get sticky yourself." Jennifer nudged Erica lightly in the ribs.

"I guess so..." Erica replied as she began unbuttoning the ruined shirt, shrugging it off as she exposed her white bra underneath, she then moved on to unbutton her trousers, which popped open and gave slack as she unzipped it and stepped out of it and her shoes as it fell to the ground, revealing her matching panties.

"Ugh!" Erica groaned as she saw that even her underwear wasn't safe, though she hesitated to take these off as well, she looked up and saw that both Jennifer and Amanda were staring at her and smiling.

"You're her, aren't you?" Amanda said, the tone of her voice was almost the exact same condescending tone that Lisa would almost always use.

"What?" Erica said, not fully understanding what she had meant by that.

"You're that Erica girl Alicia and aunt Lisa always talked about," Jennifer said, and Erica's stomach knotted up at that sentence "You're that girl that liked to take her clothes off."

"Is... Is that what they told you?" Erica stammered as she let her hands brush against her belly, she wanted to correct the girls, but before she could say anything else, Amanda interrupted her, changing the subject entirely once again.

"You should probably take these off as well." Amanda pointed a fist clutching some gym clothes at Erica's underwear, which were somewhat stained from the punch.

"What, but I can still wear those under the clothes." Erica objected, her hands instinctively rose to cover her breasts and crotch, even though they weren't exposed.

"I'm not gonna let you ruin my gym clothes, take those off!" The resemblance to Lisa was unbelievable, Erica was almost compelled to strip right on the spot, she hesitated for a bit, but followed through and began unlatching her bra.

As the bra came loose, she slipped it off and immediately covered her breasts with her hands, her physique hasn't changed much since college, her breasts still small, and her nipples still protruded like eraser heads, as they did now, rubbing against her arm.

With one arm left, she slowly inched her panties down her thighs, bit by bit until gravity took over and they fell unceremoniously to the ground, where Jennifer picked them up and said that she'd take care of them along with the rest of Erica's clothes, she cupped her hand against her bald pussy, and felt the moisture that was forming.

Erica felt a sense of Deja vu, She recalled that one time Alicia stripped her naked in a hallway not at all far from this one, And only now had it dawned on her that she'd been more or less stripped by the children of the very same people who stripped her when she was a teenager, if this wasn't so humiliating for her, she would have admitted to being turned on by that.

Shaking the cobwebs clear from her head, Erica extended her hand for Amanda's gym clothes, but was surprised to see the girl step back instead of handing the clothes over.

"I can't believe you fell for it, it really was that easy." Amanda laughed, just as the signs of understanding began to appear on Erica's face, the two girls ran off giggling, leaving Erica naked in the middle of a hallway in her old school, who couldn't believe how gullible she'd been.

Standing there, Erica thanked her lucky stars that there was no one at school at this point in time, most of her classmates were in the gym, while the rest of the school was mostly abandoned, that was when she remembered that she’d her car keys in her pants pocket, she was stuck here unless she retrieved her clothes!

Deciding to keep moving and to try and find some way to get her clothes back, or even different clothes altogether, Erica's feet began padding down the hallway, she saw no sign of the two mischievous girls as she turned the corner, and spotted the auditorium.

Erica's memories of the auditorium came back, and there were plenty of them, she felt the urge to step inside, she opened the door and stepped inside, it hadn't changed much over the years, her fingers seemed to move on their own as they lightly grazed her pussy, eliciting a moan from her.

Erica's walked up to the stage and ran her hand across the wooden stage, she began heaving herself up onto it, and just as she managed to get one knee onto the stage, she heard someone from behind her say "Wow! You really ARE naked!"

She spun around, and in the process seated herself on the stage, she looked down and say John, Lisa's nine year-old son, staring up at her.

"John! What are you doing here?" Despite the surprise, Erica didn't try to cover up, maybe it was because John was still a kid, or maybe because this reminded her a lot of her encounters with Jimmy.

"Amanda told me you were here," He explained "she told me you were naked."

Erica was only half-listening to John, the cold wooden floor of the stage pressed against her butt and blossoming pussy, Erica even tried spreading her legs a bit, not caring if John was watching.

She recalled all the times she'd stripped or been stripped in front of Jimmy, and how she even reconnected with him back when he finished college, they had even dated each other for a while, he'd even managed to strip her out in the open a few times.

She was no longer a virgin at that point, but even still, she didn't have much of a social life; being a teacher was hard work, and she was fully dedicated to it.

"Um, Miss Erica?" Erica caught herself, blushing at the fact that she was lost in pleasure with Johnny in front of her.

"Yes, Jim-... Er, I mean, yes Johnny?" She stammered as she began to regain her composure, slowly inching her legs back together.

"Like I said, Amanda told me to tell you," John seemed frustrated with the naked lady that kept spacing out as he relayed Amanda's message "that there's someone waiting for you in your old class room."

Erica's stomach was filled with butterflies, even though the school was empty at this point, she didn't walk to parade around in the nude like this, but she figured that if she wanted her clothes back, she'd have to comply.

"Uh, thanks Jimmy!" Erica didn't even realize that she'd called him the wrong name as she ran out the auditorium and towards her old classroom.

Erica walked the silent hallways of her old school, they'd renovated the school a bit, a touch of paint and maybe new lockers, but it was still the same old school she'd streaked across before, Erica couldn't help but feel a sort of twisted nostalgia for those old days.

Finally arriving at the door to her old classroom, she opened the door and saw inside Carrie, sitting on the teacher's chair, with her outfit though, she looked quite at home, and one would be very hard pressed to distinguish her from an actual teacher waiting for her students to fill in.

Carrie turned to Erica as she opened the door, who felt somewhat weird to be entering her classroom completely naked; she was once pantsed and spanked in this room before, and once she was wearing nothing more than a large shirt, heck, she was even {i}stripped and forced to orgasm{/i} in this room, but she'd never experienced the thrill of walking into a classroom naked, not knowing if she was going to be greeted by a room packed full of students or deafening silence, this was definitely a new sensation.

"Erica, what is the meaning of this?" Carrie said in a haughty, snooty sounding voice, it was her impression of a teacher "A respectable teacher attending to her class in the nude? Unacceptable!"

Erica would have laughed at Carrie's dialect if not for the situation and subject matter at hand, she kept her hands crossed over her privates.

"When I saw you tonight, you were nothing like the Erica of old," Erica would've been happy with that comment, except she felt that it was not supposed to be a compliment "You were all prim and proper, not at all the adorable little girl who ran around naked half the time."

"Gee, I'm so sorry." Erica's deadpan reply didn't even draw any attention from Carrie, who carried on with her monologue.

"So I decided to punish you, hoping you would return to your old ways." Carrie continued, but Erica interrupted her then:

"So this was all your idea?" She asked, getting impatient at standing the doorway to the class with her butt facing outwards.

"Not at all, I'm just a happy participant," Carrie said, which Erica concluded that this must be another of Lisa's schemes "Now as for your punishment, you are to take twenty smacks on the bottom."

Erica's mind once again went back to the birthday spanking she experienced in this room at her eighteenth birthday, and the 'adventure' that followed suite, she felt the butterflies in her stomach fluttering at the memory; she’d stood up to Lisa that day, and as a result she was slowly stripped naked throughout the day in the school.

She remembered Lisa’s softball team who almost brought her to an orgasm out in the field, being touched and spanked in front of (and by) the entire team, she had always wondered how it could’ve been different if she’d just taken a nude spanking in front of her entire class? Would she be ridiculed by them till the day she graduated? Maybe some other people would have attempted to strip her besides Lisa and the others, she wanted to immediately cast that thought out of her head, but for some reason and on some level, she sort of wished it would have happened.

"Did I mention that you won't get your clothes back if you refuse?" After a moment of silence, Carrie spoke again, and Erica guessed that this wasn't really the end of it, though she wouldn't mind it one bit.

Erica took slow steps towards Carrie, who told her to place her hands on the teacher's desk and to 'Assume The Position'.

Erica sighed, although in her mind getting spanked by Carrie wasn't the worst of fates, perhaps that's why she wasn't so hesitant to do as she was told, she placed her hands on the desk, and thrust her tush out ever so slightly and said in a meek, half-joking voice "Don't leave any bruises."

Carrie just giggled and began delivering her swats, each carried a tiny sting that made Erica wince, but Carrie stopped shortly after starting and began rubbing Erica's cheeks gently.

"Your butt is as cute as ever, Erica," Carrie said wistfully "I really missed it."

More than getting stripped, being caught by Johnny or anything else, this made Erica blush furiously, she was totally speechless, that is until Carrie resumed her spanking, which elicited a small "Ow!" from Erica, who heard a giggle from Carrie once again.

Erica was counting the increasing swats, and just as Carrie reached the 18th swat, she stopped and faced her, but before she could wonder what was going to happen, found herself locking lips with Carrie in drawn out kiss, Carrie's hands wandered to caress Erica's breasts, slightly brushing her nipples and moving down to tickle her tummy, but the fingers didn't rest for long, they continued travelling until they reached Erica's joy button, softly tapping it and causing her to moan in the middle of the kiss, that's when Carrie pulled out, Erica could see the strawberry blonde beauty biting her lips as she backed away.

Erica's head was hazy, whether it was due to the lack of air from the long kiss, or just the sudden arousal caused by Carrie's advances, she couldn't guess, but before she could regain her bearings on her own, she felt a sharp slap against her right butt cheek, and immediately afterwards her left one, which brought Erica back to reality instantaneously.

"There we go Erica!" Carrie said, settling back into the teacher's chair "punishment administered, now you should probably head to the science lab, and no dawdling."

Erica was about to leave until she remembered "What about my clothes? Aren't you going to give something to wear?"

"Oh of course not!" Carrie was now once again back to her chipper self, not even a trace of the heavily sexual atmosphere lingered in her words "it would be boring if you just got dressed as you kept going, now if it was the other way around..."

Erica started to move towards the door as Carrie's words trailed off, she walked out the door with nothing gained but the beginning of an arousal and a new hint.

Feet padding down the empty hallways, Erica approached the door to the science lab, this time, she peeked through the pane of smoky glass, and she saw someone standing in front of one of the benches in the middle of the room, opening the door, she discovered that it was Alicia, waiting with her hands resting on her hips.

“It’s about time, I was afraid you might’ve gotten lost on the way here.” Alicia turned towards Erica, with a smile on her face she tapped the hard surface she was standing next to “now I want you to get on the table here Erica.”

Without a word said, Erica walked up to Alicia and jumped up onto the smooth, cold bench, it felt like stone under the naked flesh of her buttocks, feet dangling from the edge of the table.

“Spread your legs Erica, I want to see that clit of yours clearly,” Alicia’s command came with an almost clinical and emotionless tone, which might have made Erica’s heart beat even faster than it should have.

Naturally she complied, slowly raising her feet until her heels were resting on the edge of the bench, legs wide open and exposing her pink slit completely, the folds slowly parting until her labia came into full view before Alicia’s eyes.

“As bald and slippery as the day I first saw it,” Alicia remarked much to Erica’s shame “down here you still look like a little girl, Erica.”.

Hair WAS growing around Erica’s pubic area though, it had been doing so for a while now, but Erica found it better to just shave it off as it was coming out rather wispy and unkempt, making it hard to groom without completely getting rid of it.

“You know, Carrie always enjoys playing with your pussy, And Lisa never had problem teasing it,” Alicia began, her eyes focused on Erica’s blossoming flower almost as if it was some sort of valuable treasure “but I don’t think I’ve touched it myself...”

Erica saw Alicia’s hand slowly inching closer and closer to her pussy, and chose to simply close her eyes and bite her lips in both anticipation and anxiety.

Erica felt Alicia’s hand graze her inner thigh, and finally her fingertips came in contact with her outer lips, causing Erica’s body to tense up slightly at the simple touch, but Alicia didn’t stop, her finger continued to sink deeper into Erica’s pussy, at which the latter let out a sharp gasp.

Alicia didn’t respond to the reaction, her finger simply moved slowly in and out Erica’s pussy, her knuckle occasionally tapping her exposed clitoris peeking out of its hood and causing her to moan softly, it didn’t take long, but eventually Alicia removed her finger from Erica’s excited hole.

“That was an interesting experience,” Alicia said, sounding almost breathless “but you have to head to the teacher’s lounge now, Lisa’s waiting for you.”

The mention of the name had a heavy emphasis attached to it, to Erica this felt like it might be her final destination for the night, she got off the table and began taking steps with trembling legs, she didn’t look back at Alicia, not even looking at her expression as she exited the science lab.

Once she was back in the hallway, Erica took off running towards the teacher’s lounge, she didn’t know why she was so anxious to get there, running or walking, Lisa will be waiting there.

Arriving at the door of the teacher’s lounge, she saw that it was slightly ajar, taking a deep breath, she pushed it open, only to see Lisa leaning against a large table in the middle of the room.

“Same old Erica, always managing to lose her clothes,” Lisa said in an almost bored tone “whether you’re 16 or 36, you’re still running around naked at the end of the day.”

Erica, on the other hand, was surveying the room, a single question stuck in her head “Where are my clothes?” She asked.

“I don’t have them,” This did surprise Erica, but not as much as the second part of the sentence “Unfortunately for you, stripping you wasn’t my plan, in fact, I only learned about it less than an hour ago.”

Erica stood there, wondering where her clothes might be, did the girls still have them? She suspected that they might have orchestrated this whole thing, but she also suspected that Lisa might have put them up to it.

“Regardless, it’s kinda amazing Erica,” Lisa stood straight and walked up to Erica, she began circling her like a predator might circle its prey, Erica couldn’t help but shrink slightly in fear and hugging herself, not covering anything in particular as she felt both afraid and aroused at the exact same time, Lisa’s hand darting up and giving a quick pinch to Erica’s sensitive and elongated nipple, causing her to grunt softly “how do you manage to get stripped naked every. Single. Time?”

“You seem to like it, I’ve definitely noticed that, but still...” She came to halt right in front of Erica, her hand this time patted Erica’s now moist, hairless pussy, Erica’s legs almost gave out from the mixture of fear and extreme arousal “Are you addicted to it?”

Erica had no response, she simply stood there in front of Lisa, averting her gaze, she felt almost like a teenager once again, being bossed around like this by Lisa.

“Well, it doesn’t matter, I want you to touch yourself until I tell you to stop,” Lisa’s demanding voice sent a shiver down her spine, she was almost frozen in place “just know that if you don’t stop when I tell you and orgasm here, I won’t be returning your clothes to you, you’ll be going home in the nude, not that you haven’t done it before.”

Once Erica’s body permitted her to move again, her hands had moved to cup her breasts, she felt the stiff resistance from her nipples as they brushed against her palms, the sensation was unbearable.

She didn’t bother to lie down, not even to sit, she just stood there as one hand began tweaking a nipple and the other reached down, tracing a path along her trim stomach and down to her pubic area, once it came in contact with her clit, her lungs released a quick gasp as her hips thrust forward, almost as if it was trying to press itself against her hand even more.

slowly massaging her nipple and pressing lightly against her poking clit, Erica looked forward at Lisa, who was staring back with a blank face; it was almost as if Erica standing there absolutely naked and masturbating in front of her was not even an interesting event, she wanted her to just walk up and stick her finger into her sopping wet pussy, forcing her to a thundering orgasm.

Erica closed her eyes and began to breathe heavily, her moans were getting more and more frequent and audible in the silence of the room as she continued pushing herself to the edge of climax, that’s when Lisa’s voice came, almost booming and echoing in the empty room:

“Stop!” Lisa said, not actually moving from her spot, Erica’s hands fell almost mechanically to her sides, almost as if Lisa’s voice held some magical property that forced her to obey “That’s enough for now, now head back to the gym, you’ll get your clothes there.”

Erica, looking like she’s out of breath, started walking towards the door, she opened it and stepped outside, the effect was like a dream, almost as if she was floating in the air, walking on the clouds, she didn’t even bother to cover up as she walked towards the gym, mentally preparing herself to be exposed in front of all her classmates.

Halfway there, Erica spotted a figure standing in the hallway: It was Alicia’s step-daughter jennifer, the girl who had taken her dirty clothes, though she didn’t seem to be carrying them at the moment, instead, her hands were clasped behind her back, giving her an innocent look that betrayed her actions earlier, she had a smile on her face as a completely naked and sexually aroused woman over twice her age walked towards her.

“Did you enjoy the tour of your old school?” she said with no hint of irony in her voice as she scanned her from top to bottom “It seems like you did, it was ‘exciting’, wasn’t it?”

The emphasis on the word ‘exciting’ was clear as day, it was no mystery that she was referring to Erica’s obvious horniness, and that made the ‘excitement’ even worse.

Jennifer took a step to the side and motioned Erica to keep walking, until the teenager was now walking behind Erica, her footsteps echoing in the empty hallway only served to accentuate the fact that Erica was completely nude while this young girl that was the same age of the students she taught was completely dressed, it was the only other time that Erica felt her shame rise so much since this whole thing started, the first was when they actually stripped her.

“Alicia and aunt Lisa would tell us your stories all the time, how you’d be fooled into taking your clothes off,” Jennifer’s told her tale as she watched the ass of the woman in front of her sway slowly, almost hypnotically “Me and Amanda would talk about wanting to meet you, strip you, it sounded like so much fun!”

Erica winced at the sound of the word ‘fun’, her arousal was finally subsiding enough for her to think clearly process what Jennifer was saying, to these girls stripping her was a game, nothing but a sport over her account, and she was actually aroused by it.

God, she felt so humiliated.

The two finally reached the doors to the gym, where they stopped and Jennifer began to explain “last stop, I think you know what’s coming next.”

As Erica took her final deep breath, she reached out for the doors, but just before she reached them, Jennifer piped once again:

“Oh yeah! One last thing I wanted to do.” And with that Erica gasped and her arousal was ignited once again as Jennifer reached from behind, and Erica felt her finger sink into her pussy; she was being fingered by a 15 year old!

Without waiting for Erica to make her move, Jennifer pushed her into the crowded room, the doors slamming against the walls of the gym, attracting everyone’s attention to the naked Erica now standing before them.

She could feel their eyes on her as she took hesitant steps forward, every inch of her body was being scrutinized as she moved in what seemed like a straightforward path with Amanda standing at its end. Behind her she could see all her friends and their significant others

She closed in on them, they were standing besides a set of simple bleachers you would usually find in gyms, Amanda stood there with her arms crossed and reminding her far too much of Lisa at her age.

“Can I have my clothes back now?” Erica squeaked meekly, knowing full well there would be a final condition she must fulfill in order to get them back.

“Sure, once you sit down and finish the job in front of us all,” said Amanda, clearly inheriting her mother’s powerful tone.

“Please don’t make me do this, just let me go already.” Erica attempted to plead with Amanda one last time, hoping beyond hope she wouldn’t have to follow through.

“You could always just refuse, spend the rest of the evening amongst your friends and classmates naked and sexually frustrated until they all leave, only then will I give you your things back,” The girl gave her another choice “Or you could just masturbate for us right now and get it over with.”

Erica looked around her, her thirty odd classmates were gathered around her now, waiting for her decision, in her mind the choice wasn’t even that difficult.

She took shaky, gingerly steps towards the bleachers and sat down, the rough texture of the seats grazed against her already sensitive lips, she spread her legs wide open, she closed her eyes and let her hands move of their own accord.

One hand squeezed her breasts as the other found its way to her extremely aching clit, she slapped her bald, drenched and completely exposed pussy several times before she began rubbing it furiously.

As she stuck one finger into the depths of her vagina she looked up to the crowd watching her, those were her classmates, and instead of showing them how much she’d matured after so long, there she was as they always knew her, a small breasted little girl who always ended up naked and always ended up masturbating because of it, she inserted another finger into her pussy, which began making obscene sounds from the liquid churning within, Erica moaned loudly as she approached orgasm.

Just then the thought struck down like thunder, she’d been tricked into this by nothing more than a teenage girl.

Her, a 36 year old teacher, successful and proud, reduced to a naked, horny, moaning and masturbating attraction by someone who could pass as a student of hers.

And then, also striking like thunder, was a powerful orgasm, all thanks to that notion, Erica’s hips bucked wildly and the juices inside her squirted freely onto the floor of the gym in front of her classmates, cheering wildly and clapping for the excellent show she just gave them.

And so Erica lied back on the bleachers, uncomfortable but not really able to move, the crowd began to dissipate as Jennifer handed her both her clothes and the gym clothes Amanda had fished out of her locker, once she had recovered, Erica got dressed and immediately left for her home, knowing that she’ll probably never show up to another reunion for at least another 18 years, she laid on her bed naked, occasionally her fingers found their way down again as she recalled the events of the night, bringing her to more orgasms before she fell to sleep.

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The next week, after the memories of that reunion had gotten stale and settled in the back of her mind, Erica was heading to the school where she taught, well rested and ready to give her all in the pursuit of knowledge.

She walked down the hallway with complete confidence, but as she passed the office of the principal, she saw the door open and the principal’s head poking out, he looked in the opposite direction before noticing Erica and calling out to her:

“Ah Erica, great timing! I need you in here.” the head spoke, and as soon as it did, it disappeared back into the office, leaving the door open for Erica to follow.

She stepped inside and saw two very familiar girls, and she wondered what they were doing in here.

“This is Jennifer and Amanda,” the principal motioned to the two girls standing there, with sly grins spread across their faces “they just transferred in today, they’ll be in your class so please take care of them.”

“A pleasure to meet you, miss.” Amanda said as she winked knowingly to Erica, who knew that her days as a teacher were going to take a turn for the... Exciting.