**In a Haze**

by Little Robbie

**IN A HAZE – PART 5 - THURSDAY**

On Thursday morning, Lily stared hopefully into her bedroom closet. There. There it is. The one dress she owned that met Margery’s requirements. A royal blue cotton shirt-dress that buttoned down the front. Pleated skirt, about 4 inches above the knee. But she couldn’t leave the house without her underwear – her parents would have noticed – so she slipped on a blue bra and panties and set out for the school bus. On the bus, she got a few looks because not many of her friends had ever seen her wear a dress to school before, but otherwise, it was an uneventful bus ride to school.

Once at school, Lily ducked into a girls restroom and removed her bra and panties, which she deposited in her purse. While she had imagined not wearing underwear, she had never done so, and she found the sensation of being bare under her short skirt incredibly unnerving and embarrassing.

She arrived for the morning meeting with the cheerleaders, and the first thing she noticed was that another junior candidate had failed to show up. So now they were down to six candidates for the five positions. The six candidates all had donned similar dresses to Lily – short and buttoned down the front, just as Margery ordered.

“Welcome to Thursday!” Margery chirped as she, Heather, and Jess burst into the locker room. “Everybody dressed sexy, as I requested?”

All of the candidates mumbled, “Yes. . .Uh huh. . .Yeah.”

“Let’s have an underwear check, shall we? Spread out facing me, and unbutton.”

Lily reached up and undid her seven buttons, and the other girls did likewise, all looking very sheepish. Once again, Lily felt the cool air of the locker room on her bare skin, and her goosebumps reappeared.

Margery continued, always smiling, “Looking bare and fair, girls!” Looking at one of the other girls: “Ooh, Short Stuff, I see you shaved your coochie, just like we discussed! Okay, you all can cover up again. Except, do not button your top button. Nice and casual, right? During the course of the day, you will – as per usual – be receiving text messages from me, Heather, or Jess with instructions on what to do with your cute little bodies. But one general rule: do not sit on your skirts. Your naked little derrieres should make direct contact with your chair seats, anywhere and anytime you sit. Got it? We’ve got a very exciting array of activities for you today, so let’s get going, time to get to homeroom.”

Walking the halls, Lily began experiencing a sort of virtual nudity, covered in only her short dress with no underwear. It made her feel like everyone she passed was looking at her fully naked body. She began to really dread the day ahead.

Near the end of first period, Lily received a text from Jess: UNBUTTON YOUR SECOND BUTTON FROM THE TOP. RIGHT NOW. Lily didn’t hesitate – she did not know who might be spying on her in class. With her top two buttons unbuttoned, she no longer looked like she was just being casual with her neckline. She could tell that her breasts were very visible to anyone looking from the side. OMG, sudden realization, she was about to be sitting right next to Ryan in chemistry!

She was just stepping out of her first period class when Lily felt a hand grab her elbow. It was Heather. “Come with me, Pooh bear. I have to get you ready for your next class.” Uh-oh, this did not sound good. Heather pulled her around the corner, into the girls restroom, and into the farthest toilet stall.

“Unbutton your third button, please.” As Lily was doing this, Heather reached into her purse and produced an unlabeled white tube of some sort of ointment. She squeezed a glob onto the middle finger of her right hand and reached out and spread the ointment into Lily’s right nipple and areola. Then she repeated the procedure the left side.

“There, that should make those nips stand up noticeably! I’ll bet Ryan’s going to love that.” Heather looked very pleased with herself. “Okay, you can re-button that third button now.” Lily hurried to do that, relieved that she was not going to be that exposed for chemistry class. But what, she wondered, was this ointment Heather had rubbed into her nipples?

Heather turned back to her as she was leaving the toilet stall. “Oh, yes, I almost forgot. Sometimes this little home concoction can be a little itchy. Just push through it, okay?” Lily did not like the sound of that. She exited the bathroom and made her way to chemistry class, where she was one of the first to arrive for class. As Margery had instructed, she brushed her skirt back and sat down with her naked skin directly on the cold wood seat.

Ryan walked in soon after and gave Lily a smile and a “Good morning, Lily.” But he was unpacking his books and had not really noticed her state of partial undress yet. Lily quietly responded, “Morning.” Once he sat down to Lily’s right, he almost couldn’t believe it when he spied Lily’s unbuttoned top. He could see the curve of her left breast and just about make out her left nipple. This was not characteristic of his rather shy lab partner.

The chemistry teacher was ten minutes into today’s lesson as Lily began to sense little tingles in both her nipples. She adjusted her upper body slightly so that her blouse fabric rubbed against her nipples. That’s better, she thought, although the fabric was very smooth and did not provide much friction. A few minutes later, the tingling came back, and Lily tried once again to wriggle the tingling away. Not much help, and she could sense Ryan stealing a sideways glance. She wasn’t sure whether he was noticing her movement or hoping to catch a better look at her left breast. She noticed that her nipples were now standing at attention and definitely noticeable in the fabric of her blouse, embarrassing and sexy at the same time.

What was in that ointment that Heather rubbed into her nipples? How long will this itching last? Will it get worse? That last question was answered almost immediately as Lily noticed that both of her nipples were getting too itchy to tolerate, which led to the next question: will anyone notice if I just reach down and scratch a little? Ryan was right there, so she dare not be too obvious about this, but she absolutely could not avoid scratching any longer. She went after her left breast first, giving the nipple a momentary rub with the back of her right hand and trying to look casual about it. Felt good, so she did the same for her right breast.

The relief did not last long, however; less than a minute later, her nipples were itching again. She had better take a bathroom break to do some serious scratching, and fast. But no sooner had she thought this than her phone chirped with a text message from Heather: UH-UH, DON’T EVEN THINK ABOUT LEAVING THE CLASSROOM. SIT DOWN. PUSH THROUGH IT. MAYBE RYAN CAN GIVE YOU A HAND. HAHA.

OMG, now what? How long could she sit quietly and pretend her nipples didn’t itch? Lily tried to convince herself that she could ignore it. Just listen to the lecture and take notes. Don’t look at Ryan, look straight ahead. Grit your teeth.

But this stoneface show didn’t work for long. She absolutely had to scratch. She put down her pen and surreptitiously reached both hands up and gave her nipples a good long scratch through her blouse fabric. Big relief, and luckily, Ryan was looking straight ahead and not noticing.

The class lecture concluded, and now it was time to work on the experiment with her lab partner, Ryan. Lily was hoping that this diversion would focus her off her itchy nipples. As she and Ryan smiled at each other and started setting up their experiment, Ryan’s eyes were constantly flickering toward her unbuttoned breasts. Ordinarily Lily would have been a little flattered by the attention, but today the exposure was embarrassing, and it was also killing any chance for her to scratch her itchy nipples without Ryan noticing. So it was back to forcing herself to endure the torture, which was only getting worse. Her nipples flared up again with prickles, and Lily just knew that she would not be able to get through the remainder of class without scratching. But back to the experiment without letting on.

No use, she had to scratch. As casual as she tried to make it appear, her hands flew to her breasts like magnets, and this time she had her hands inside the fabric and rubbing her nipples and areolas directly. OMG, this was heaven, finally relieving herself from the itching. She couldn’t stop – until suddenly realizing that Ryan was frozen in a stare at her practically bare left breast getting a finger massage. Lily’s face flushed bright red, and she returned her hands to the experiment table without looking at Ryan.

But Ryan was having a hard time looking away from Lily. He was getting pretty heated up by his lab partner’s exposure and scratching. Although Lily’s breasts were not large, he had noticed before that they stood up sexily, and now he was getting a wonderful closeup view of them. He could feel his boner growing, and he had to force himself to look up from her breasts, lest he embarrass her.

However, at this point, Lily was beyond embarrassment. The incessant itching in her nipples was nearly driving her insane, and she was finding it impossible to ignore. After about ten more minutes of agony without relief, Lily had to start in again, rubbing and scratching. She tried turning away from Ryan, but this only made her more obvious to the rest of the class, so she slowly turned back to the front, and she found she could no longer be furtive about this. Without looking at Ryan, she just continued to rub and scratch inside her blouse, no longer caring how much Ryan could see.

By the time the class ended, Ryan had seen so much titty rubbing, he was ready to jump over and do it himself. He looked up and started to ask, “Is there anything. . .” but a totally humiliated Lily was already making a beeline for the door. She ran to the nearest girls restroom, furiously unbuttoning another button so that she could wash her nipples and hopefully stop the itching. It took a good ten minutes of scrubbing to calm the itching, much to her relief, but her nipples were now sensitive, stiff, and poking forward more than they ever had before.

Lily re-buttoned that third button and headed to her next class. Her phone came to life a few minutes later: JOIN ME & FRIENDS FOR LUNCH. WE’LL HAVE FUN! Then, another text: OH, YEAH, UNBUTTON YOUR BOTTOM BUTTON. RIGHT NOW. She did, and now she was starting to feel even more naked. Sitting with her bare skin on a hard, cold, wood seat. Showing a lot of leg and inviting peeks at her breasts through her open buttons. And really dreading what lunch would bring. But she was close to getting through this week, and was it possible for her to feel more humiliated than she already was?

In the lunch room, Lily found Heather and her four friends – girls and boys – once again at a table near the middle. She sat down with her lunch tray and felt five pairs of eyes gobbling her up, with her partially exposed breasts and legs. She could not find a sitting position on the bench that did not feel embarrassing.

“Well, look at you, Pooh bear! Showing a lot of skin, aren’t we? And how ‘bout those nipples! Those are award winning nips for sure! You just want to reach out and grab ‘em!” Heather started to reach for her breasts, but Lily pulled back in reaction.

Heather laughed at that. “Relax, Pooh. We’re all friends here, right? So how ‘bout you just relax. And let those knees come apart, okay?” Lily parted her knees a few inches. “More. No, more!” Lily’s legs were now wide open at the table, and anyone sitting directly across from her could get a nice view of her bare vulva.

”That bench is a little cold, isn’t it? Here’s something for you to sit on,” offering a dry brown paper towel from the restroom. “No, thanks, I don’t mind,” said Lily. “Oh, no, I insist,” countered Heather with her steely smile. Lily wondered what was up here; it couldn’t be just kindness, not from Heather. But she took the paper towel, raised her butt, and placed the towel on the bench before sitting down on it.

Heather started in on her. “So, I understand from your nice conversation with Jess yesterday, that you’re quite a masturbator. And every day, apparently! That true?”

This hit Lily like she had just had a bucket of cold water dumped over her. She was left open-mouthed. “Uh. . .uh. . .wh – what?”

“You bragged to Jess, Margery, and Maeve that you masturbate pretty frequently, isn’t that right?”

Lily felt the stares from the five of them – particularly the two boys – shooting right through her. She was being embarrassingly forced into this conversation, with nowhere to go. “Um, well, yeah, they asked me, and I guess I did say that. But – but not every day.” How to change the subject?!

Without giving her a chance to re-group, Heather forged right ahead. “Who would have guessed that you are such a sexy gal?! Tell us more – in the shower, lying in your bed, what?”

No way out. “Well, both, I guess, depending. . .”

“How about last night? Did you rub one off when you got home?”

Lily was not a practiced liar, so she answered truthfully, “Y – Yes.”

“How’d you do it? We all want to know more.”

At this point, Lily knew there was no way she was going to get out of this conversation, so she made the decision to figure out how to embrace her tormentors. “Well. I was just so excited about the possibility of being accepted by the cheerleaders, y’know? Just before going to sleep I masturbated in bed.”

One of the boys at the table piped in, “Wow, I would have liked to have seen that! You are one hot girl!”

Lily couldn’t quite accept the fact that she was feeling humiliated and turned on at the same time. She’d never had a boy call her hot before. She felt a little moisture between her legs and shifted in her seat. Heather noticed. “Legs open, Pooh! Don’t get all shy on us now.” Lily dutifully opened up again, praying that this lunch encounter would be over soon.

Heather wouldn’t let her off the hook. “So, tell us, what do you normally fantasize about when you’re naked under the covers? Special boy you’d like to hook up with? Some kinky playthings?”

“Things like that, yeah.”

“So, who’s the guy? Let’s have a name to complete the picture of you tangled up in bed.”

“No-one you would know, I think.”

“C’mon, there’s gotta be someone in one of your classes. Maybe that cute Ryan from chemistry class – this morning he looked like he was going to jump your bones after watching you rub your titties for the whole class. You guys want to see?” Heather pulled out her cell phone and called up a video to show the group. Lily gasped when she saw herself in the video from this morning, rubbing her mostly uncovered nipples, and Ryan staring at her chest, mouth open.

“Look at that, he can’t take his eyes off of your boobies. I’ll bet it’s Ryan, isn’t it, whose dick you’d like to get your hands on. Or your mouth around.” The table erupted in laughter at that point, and Lily did her best to fake a chuckle, but she now had that vision in her head, of her mouth on Ryan’s penis.

“Okay, we’re done with you on that one, Pooh bear. Before you leave, hand me that paper towel you’ve been sitting on, we must be neat about things.” Lily stood up and reached under her to retrieve the paper towel, which, to her horror, had a big dark wet spot in the middle. Heather held it up for all to see. “Whoa, look at that! Pooh bear is soaking wet!” The four friends all laughed and applauded, while Lily’s reaction was once again a mixture of embarrassment and sexual heat.

She headed to her next period – study hall – as fast as she could, but this was not easy, since her dress flapped open with every step. Many of her fellow students were getting peeks at her butt today. She had not even sat down in study hall before receiving her next text message: TIME TO UNBUTTON YOUR 2ND BUTTON FROM THE BOTTOM. Lily did it, and now she was wondering, how much further would they ask her to go with this? She was down to three buttons in the middle of her dress, and any movement at all risked exposing her breasts, her butt, or her vulva. For the rest of the day, every time she felt her skirt flap open, she was quick to brush it back down with her hands so as not to risk overexposure.

Throughout fourth period study hall and her fifth period class, she was constantly aware of other students – particularly boys – turning around or turning sideways to get a better view of her exposed skin. Lots of snickering and whispering and rude comments. Lily was quite relieved when classes were finally over for the day, and now all she had to do was re-button her dress and put her underwear back on before getting on the school bus home.

But the cheerleaders had other plans for Lily. Just as she was leaving her last class, Heather grabbed her by the elbow and steered her straight toward the buses. “Surprise! I’m going to accompany you home on your bus today, isn’t that nice of me?”

Lily was not thrilled. “Uh, yeah, sure, Heather. My bus is right over there, but I really need to duck into the girls restroom first – is that okay?”

“Pooh bear, I’m afraid I can’t let you do that. You might try to put yourself back together, and I really want you to wear this over-sexed look for a little longer. Let’s get on the bus.”

Heather followed Lily onto the bus and guided Lily to the back row, where she sat Lily in the middle of the last row, so that she was sitting directly at the end of the aisle facing forward. Everyone who got on the bus would get a good view of Lily in the last row center.

Once Lily had plopped down, she started to adjust her dress, but Heather reached over and stopped her. “Here’s a new rule for you, Pooh bear. For the remainder of your trip home, you are not to touch your dress in any way. No matter how it flaps open or blows about, keep your hands off your dress. Do you understand?”

Lily was mortified. Her dress was already riding up very high on her legs, and her top was hanging obscenely open. She was certain that the other students would get views of her breasts and vulva as they got on. In addition, she could feel the cold plastic seat on her bare skin where she sat. Once again, she was the subject of lots of ogling and lewd snickering during the ride home, from the girls as well as the boys.

“Anyone seen Lily’s tits lately?”

“Could you lift that leg just a little higher, please?”

“I’m getting a boner just looking at her.”

“Lily, come help Jake with his boner.”

This was a whole new level of humiliation for Lily, who usually studied quietly on the bus all the way home. The bus ride seemed to take forever today, as she sat still without moving any more than necessary. She finally saw her stop coming up and rose to get off. Heather was right behind her. As she stepped down to the sidewalk, she was newly aware of just how close to totally naked she was, with only three buttons fastened and no panties or bra. She also felt a cool breeze on her naked skin. In addition, she noticed that several more students than usual had gotten off the bus behind her – mostly boys.

Lily had not walked more than a block into her subdivision before a sharp gust of wind took hold of her dress and blew it up, exposing her butt and the tops of her legs in front. She quickly reacted by pushing her dress back down, and she immediately realized what she’d done. Heather, following about ten feet behind her, happily chirped, “Touched the dress! Penalty!!”

Lily scolded herself for momentarily forgetting the new rule. Her sense of propriety at the wind gust took her by surprise. In addition to the penalty, all the boys and girls from the bus got their first good look at her naked butt, and they were lewdly celebrating right behind her.

“Yeah! More wind!”

“No ifs, ands, or BUTTS!”

“I could spank that!”

Lily continued her walk home, which was three more blocks, with her small parade behind her. On two more occasions, her dress blew up, once exposing her naked butt for about three seconds, and once exposing her hairless vulva for about 15 seconds. Heather kept a close eye on her movements both times, but Lily endured the embarrassment without touching her dress. No more penalties, but lots more lewd cheering from her followers. As Lily approached her house, Heather took her aside and said, “Okay, you can button up now. We’ll talk about your penalty tomorrow morning.”

Great, thought Lily. She trudged home, buttoning as she went.

**IN A HAZE – PART 6 – FRIDAY**

On Friday morning, all Lily could think about was that this was the LAST DAY! of cheerleader hazing. She approached the girls locker room with trepidation, but once inside she was surprised to see that the sixth candidate had apparently dropped out, and hopefully that meant she was in. Margery, Heather, and Jess appeared, to give the instructions for the day.

“Well, look at this, only the five of you left. So I think we can defer the last day of hazing.” All five candidates breathed a heavy sign of relief. “However. However. Two of you have penalties to answer for, from yesterday. We need to take care of that before we can declare the selection process complete.” Lily stiffened. “Kitty cat and Pooh bear, you two will each get a text message from me a little later. Bye for now.”

During lunch, Lily received her text from Margery: MEET ME IN THE WEIGHT ROOM RIGHT AFTER 6TH PERIOD. Lily hustled there after class and found Margery, Jess, and Maeve waiting for her. On a table was a paper bag.

Margery said, “And here’s Pooh bear! You ready to pay your penalty?”

“Yes,” said Lily.

“Okay. In this bag is your uniform for the rest of the afternoon. Remove everything you’re wearing, including shoes, socks, and undies, and put this on.”

“Where. . .where should I go to change?”

“Right here, just do it right here. No need to get shy on us now, right?”

“Uh, right! Okay.” Lily stripped naked and put her clothes and shoes on the table. She was tempted to cover her breasts and vulva with her hands, but she wanted to show the cheerleaders that she was ready to be “one of the gang.” She opened the paper bag and was shocked to see that it contained only three garments: a micro-bikini bra, a micro-bikini thong, and a small silk scarf, all black. One big breath, in and out, and she dressed herself in the micro-bikini. It was just about as minimal a swimsuit as she had ever seen, much less worn. (She’d never even worn a two-piece before.) The bra had two triangular fabric pieces that didn’t cover much more than her nipples and areolas, connected by thin strings tied with big bows. The thong contained one larger triangle of fabric for her vulva and absolutely nothing to cover her butt, again connected with black strings with big bows. Although Lily didn’t possess an overtly sexy body, she looked pretty hot in this black micro-bikini – and barefoot.

Lily wasn’t sure what to do with the black silk scarf, so she just held that in her hand. “Okay, so, are we going to the pool?”

Margery answered, “Nnnn. . .no, we’re going to stay right here for a little while. You, our little Pooh bear, your penalty is to be the prize in a treasure hunt. Here’s how it’s going to work: we released an email to the boys in this morning’s computer science class with a treasure hunt in it. The email gave a series of clues as to the location of a treasure and invited the boys to try to solve the puzzle using the clues. They are to play as individuals, not as a group or groups. The first boy to successfully solve the puzzle wins the treasure, which in this case is you! And in this case, winning means getting to play with you for a while. Sounds like fun so far, right?!”

“Uh, yeah, I guess so. Is this all I get to wear?”

“No, no, no, don’t forget, there’s the scarf!” The three cheerleaders had a good laugh on that. “But let’s get set up now. Hand me the scarf, then put your wrists together out in front of you.” Lily did it, and Maeve stepped forward with a pair of soft fabric wrist cuffs connected by a very short chain. She buckled the cuffs on Lily’s wrists and checked to make sure they were tight enough that Lily couldn’t slip out of them. Then Jess produced a long cotton rope and tossed one end over a structural beam above them. She then pulled that end down and tied it to the wrist cuffs. Now Lily started getting nervous about this whole thing. Jess pulled down on the other end, which pulled Lily’s wrists up over her head. She kept going until Lily was fully stretched, with her heels just barely resting on the concrete floor. Jess then tied off the rope on a heavy wall bracket.

Margery continued, “OMG, you look so luscious, Pooh bear! Won’t our computer nerd be excited to find you here?! So, here are the rest of the rules for this game. You will be a prisoner here until five o’clock. Depending on how long it takes our guy to find you, determines how much play time he gets with you until the game is over at five o’clock. He will find an envelope just inside the door when he enters, giving him the rules for this room. He can touch you wherever he wants, but not on any part of your swimsuit fabric. We’ll provide him with some implements to use on you, but you will not know what those are in advance. He can talk to you, and you can talk to him, but you will be blindfolded with the scarf.”

Lily wasn’t sure whether or not she liked the blindfold idea, but she definitely wanted to be in disguise, so maybe that was the best situation.

“It’s time to set the stage, he could be here pretty soon. Lights please, Jess!” Jess flipped a few switches; the fluorescent lighting switched off and were replaced with a couple of theatrical spots shining from overhead with pink gels. Jess had rigged this up a few hours ago and was very proud of her work. Lily was now beautifully isolated in the middle of the room, looking very hot.

Margery said, “Nice, huh? We thought about requiring a striptease, but we finally settled on the pirate theme.”

Maeve interjected, “Oh, one more little detail.” She approached Lily and reached down between her legs. Lily felt Jess insert a small egg-shaped device into her vagina. “This little vibrator will be remote controlled by us during your play time. It’ll help you enjoy it more.” Mischievous smiles from all three cheerleaders, with Maeve holding up a small remote controller.

“Wait,” said Jess, “let’s give her a good picture of her predicament.” Jess walked over and pulled in a portable full-length mirror, which she placed directly in front of Lily. Lily gulped hard upon seeing her nearly naked self, suspended in bondage and bathed in sexy pink light. She thought, “Who is this person, I wonder? It’s not the Lily I know…”

After a minute of this, Maeve folded the black scarf several times until it was about four inches wide, then she wrapped it around Lily’s head and tied it in the back. Suddenly Lily’s sight was gone, but her brain retained the image of her almost naked self. A captive, awaiting her tormentor. Lily had never felt so vulnerable.

Margery continued, “The three of us will be hidden in the unlit coach’s office, which has a window into this room. We will observe to make sure that our boy follows the rules and doesn’t do anything too gross or painful. So, one last thing, Pooh bear: at the end of the game, we will sit down with the winner and ask him to rate his experience. One: Did he enjoy himself? Two: How sexy were you? Three: Were you a willing and exciting playmate? And we had better get positive responses to all three of those questions! Got it?!”

Lily was feeling overwhelmed by this game, but she knew this was the last hurdle for her in order to make the cheerleading squad. She just had to get through this and be as friendly, sexy, and fun-loving as she possibly could be. “Yes, got it.”

The three cheerleaders retreated to the coach’s office, closed the door, and turned out the lights. Then the waiting started. Lily really didn’t have a good idea what time it was, but she was happy to wait a long time, because that would mean less “play time” with her nerd after he arrived. However, she wasn’t actually very long at all before she heard the door open and then close, and the sound of an envelope being ripped open. And she heard his voice, apparently reading the winner’s letter.

“(YES!!!) Congratulations on winning the captive cheerleader treasure hunt. (YES!!) In this room is your captive cheerleader. Her name is Pooh bear. Isn’t she a doll? She is all yours to play with until five o’clock.”

Lily’s mind was reeling. This is the first time in her life that a boy has seen her this naked. With just the tiny bikini on, there was almost nothing left to the imagination. Her total body was blushing furiously, and there was nothing she could do to hide. The computer nerd continued reading the winner’s letter.

“We want you to have a good time with Pooh bear, but there are a few rules you must follow:

One. She can’t see you, but she can hear you. Feel free to chat with her. We’re sure she is excited to play with you, even if she fakes being embarrassed, quiet, or in a little pain. She’s a good actor.

Two. You may touch her anywhere except where her bikini fabric is.

Three. Feel free to use any of the implements we have provided for you.

Four. Do not insert any part of your body – e.g., fingers, penis, tongue – into any of her orifices, however inviting they may be.

Five. Do not remove her blindfold.

Six. No photos or videos.

Seven. Just think of her as your sexy new girlfriend who’s really into bondage, and HAVE FUN!

P.S. She loves being tickled, even if she says she doesn’t. She has been known to orgasm just from being tickled in the right spots.

Lily silently groaned hearing these rules, especially that last one – she hated being tickled. She heard him put the paper down, and she sensed him approaching. Then she felt soft hands on her left derriere, then on the right, gently caressing.

“Hi, Pooh bear, I’m Spider Man.”

“Hi, Spider Man. Your hands feel soft and sexy.” Lily needed him to enjoy this, so she would get good ratings afterwards.

“You look very hot in that bikini.”

“Thank you, Spidey. Feel free to enjoy me.”

That was all the invitation Spider Man needed. His hands began roaming and caressing every square inch of her exposed skin, spending most of his time on her butt, on her thighs, and on the sides and bottoms of her breasts. This went on for probably 15 minutes, and then she also felt his lips begin to kiss her everywhere, including her chin, cheeks, and temples, all for another 15 minutes or so. Lily didn’t expect this to feel so sexy, but she was starting to heat up rapidly. Was she indeed “into bondage”?

Spidey backed off suddenly, and she heard him say, “Well, I guess we should try out some of these implements they left for us to play with.” Lily was surprised at how quickly she answered. “Yeah, sure.”

She heard Spidey’s sneakers squeak sideways, and then some rummaging through what sounded like a small pile of devices. Then he returned to her left side. “Ready for this? Brace yourself.” She braced and replied, “Okay.”

The next thing she felt was a stinging spank on her bare fanny. Her breath expelled, “Ahh!” It felt like a wood paddle, like the kind that sororities give their pledges. Spidey paused. “Did you like that?”

She replied, “Yes, I did.”

“Would you like more?”

“Yes, please.”

“You mean, yes, please, SIR!”

“Yes, sir. Please, sir.”

Another stinging spank, a little harder than the first.

“What do you say, Pooh bear?”

“Thank you.”

“Thank you, SIR!”

“Thank you, sir.”

SPANK!

“Thank you, sir.”

SPANK!

“Thank you, sir.”

This was getting painful as well as humiliating, but Lily felt herself getting very turned on by this spanking. Spidey delivered 20 spanks, by the end of which Lily’s fanny was bright red and constantly stinging. And the rest of her nearly naked body was actually feeling neglected.

Spidey seemed to be returning the paddle to the table, then his hands went back to work, now caressing her fanny cheeks, which helped soothe the sting. “Did you enjoy that spanking, Pooh bear?”

“Oh, yes, sir. Very much.”

“Shall I go back to touching and kissing?”

“Yes, sir, I would enjoy that tremendously.” This enthusiasm was not manufactured – Lily was, indeed, enjoying this game now. She was also feeling a little moisture in her vagina; she hoped it wouldn’t start dripping down her leg – that would be more humiliation than she thought she could stand.

After another 15 minutes or so of kissing and caressing – during which Lily’s nipples had become rock hard and incredibly sensitive – Spidey stopped and stepped away for a few minutes. She sensed him silently circling and observing her slightly sweaty body, hard nipples, and parted lips. The sudden lack of sensation was torture to her; if her hands weren’t tied above her, she would have rubbed her clit to orgasm right there and then.

Finally, she felt Spidey’s mouth near her ear. He whispered, “So, I understand you’re into tickling. Ready to enjoy that?”

OMG, she absolutely dreaded that. She was very, very sensitive to tickling. But she knew she was getting close to the end, and she needed to be a willing play mate. She gulped. “Y - yes, please.”

Spidey’s fingers started in lightly on her ears and the sides of her neck. Lily immediately burst with laughter. This went on for a few minutes, then he shifted his fingers down to her armpits. His touch was excruciatingly light, and Lily nearly passed out from laughter. “Ahh! No, stop! STOP! I can’t take much more!”

Spidey decided to give her a break and stop the tickling for a few minutes. Once again, Lily was momentarily tortured by the lack of stimulation. This might be worse than the tickling. But then her thoughts were interrupted by a new tickle, this time on the outsides of her breasts. This was a sensitive zone that she had not discovered on her own before, and she was amazed how ticklish she was there. She practically screamed from his touch. He wouldn’t let up, and she couldn’t catch her breath long enough to beg him to stop – stop before she passed out.

His tickling next passed down to her ribs, which she had been waiting for but not sufficiently prepared for. This was a deeper touch, a different tickle sensation. She howled with laughter. On and on, she was getting weak from laughing.

Spidey stopped again to give her a rest. But the rest was quickly interrupted by the vibrating egg in her vagina coming gradually to life. Lily had almost forgotten it was there, and she immediately melted a little feeling its deep vibrations now. She felt her eyelids close momentarily, but she quickly regained her composure so as not to neglect Spider Man.

“Everything okay with you?” he inquired.

“Yeah, yeah, I’m really enjoying th – this. Sort of hoping we’re kinda done with the tickling part. I don’t think I can take much more.”

“Hmm. Kinda done? Don’t know, maybe.” His fingers now started in on the insides of her knees, and Lily jumped a little, not realizing that her knees were so ticklish. She was laughing again – loudly – and trying hard to catch her breath, when she felt his fingers wandering up toward the insides of her thighs. Oh, man, this was worst. She was howling, practically screaming. But she was also getting incredibly turned on and breathing hard, and his probing fingers didn’t stop her from unconsciously spreading her legs outward a little bit, giving him access to the areas just on either side of her bikini patch. Here, he really turned on the tickling, and at the same time, the cheerleaders increased the intensity on her vibrating egg. The sudden combination of these sensations sent Lily over the edge, causing her to explode in the biggest – and loudest – orgasm she had ever felt.

The orgasm surprised Spidey, and he backed off, wondering what he had done that caused her to scream that loudly. “Hey, what. . .what happened? You okay?”

Lily was suddenly all smiles, and her face was fully flushed and glowing with sweat. “Uh, yeah. Yeah. That was wonderful tickling, Spidey. You’re really a diabolical little tickler, aren’t you?”

“I guess I am, yeah. Maybe you’re just an easy subject.”

At this point, Margery’s voice intervened, “Time’s up, Spider Man. Congratulations on winning this play time with our favorite Pooh bear. We’re going to let her get dressed and tidy up, and meanwhile I have a few questions to ask you, if you’ll follow me out into the hall. But part of your winnings today is to take home a souvenir with you. Would you like to choose something as your prize?”

“Oh, great! Yes, I think I’ll take the paddle as my prize.”

“Okay, I’ll go get that for you, but before we leave, do you want to give Pooh a nice good-bye hug?”

“I will, yes.” Lily felt Spidey get really close and wrap his arms around her for a hug. She also felt his boner, which was substantial at this point, against her hip. “Good-bye, Pooh bear.”

This was Lily’s last chance to win him over. “Good-bye, Spidey. Thanks for playing with me, and congratulations.” She heard Margery retrieving the paddle for him, his sneakers padding through the door, and the door closing. The next things she felt were her hands being lowered and Maeve untying her blindfold. The room lighting was switched back to normal, and her handcuffs were removed. She was allowed to change back into her school clothes, but not before gladly – and carefully – retrieving the egg vibrator from her vagina and returning it to Jess.

Just as Lily was finishing tying her shoes, Margery came back into the room and announced, “Well, I just quizzed our computer nerd on his satisfaction with his “captive cheerleader” puzzle prize. He said that he enjoyed himself, he found Pooh bear extremely sexy, and he thought she was quite a willing and exciting playmate. So, Pooh, this means that you have satisfied your final penalty and are therefore accepted onto the cheerleading squad. Congratulations, and welcome!”

Lily was ecstatic, not only to be accepted, but also to have survived the hazing at last. “Thank you, thank you, Margery. I’m super excited to be accepted on the squad!”

“Enjoy your weekend, and report to the first practice of the year on Monday afternoon.”

“Fantastic! See you then, Margery.”

Lily practically skipped out of the room. Then she remembered that she needed to get her laptop out of her locker before going home, so she walked down the hall to her locker. However, when she got there, she noticed a canvas tote bag leaning against her closed locker door. Strange. She opened the bag to find a wood paddle with a piece of note paper taped to it.

The handwriting said, “Really enjoyed that, Lily. BTW, my name is not really Spider Man. It’s Ryan.”

END OF IN A HAZE.