**A Bare-Bottomed Spanking**

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**A Bare-Bottomed Spanking, Part 1**

Miss Davenport wrote the words “NICKY’S PUNISHMENT” on the blackboard, underlined it, then turned and faced the cowering sixteen-year-old. “Miss Baldini, when was the last time you were administered a good spanking?”  
  
Nicky Baldini squirmed nervously in her seat. She blushed slightly while her fellow classmates giggled with amusement. “I-I don’t know, Miss Davenport. P-Please, I’m sorry…”  
  
“It’s much too late for ‘sorry,’ I’m afraid,” interrupted Miss Davenport. “You embarrassed a member of your class and now you shall be embarrassed in turn. Nothing like an old-fashioned, over-the-knee spanking to cure little girls of their naughty behavior.”  
  
  
Nicky Baldini’s transgression had occurred just a few minutes before. It was in the courtyard during the morning recess when she whispered to one of her few friends, “Watch this. You’re about to see something you’ve never seen before.” Pammy Gardinstock was a few feet away with several of her friends. At the time she was leaning over to tie her shoes. Nicky slithered up behind her, and to the astonishment of all witnesses, she lifted up the back of Pammy’s blouse with a pair of scissors in hand.  
  
“Pammy, look out!” screamed someone in her group. But it was too late, as before Pammy could defend herself, Nicky had snipped her bra strap clear through. Nicky turned and shared a grin with her friend.  
  
Why did Nicky carry out this most unusual act? Because she was a bully, and because she could. She particularly enjoyed picking on Pammy Gardinstock, since she was too timid to fight back.  
  
But unfortunately for Nicky, she had taken it a step too far this time. As fate would have it, Miss Davenport just happened to be looking out her window as Nicky was performing the dirty deed. She raced outside to rescue the besieged Pammy Gardinstock. She put an arm around her and began whisking her away. “Come, let’s get you a sweater to put on over your blouse,” she said. She stopped momentarily to address Nicky, who was looking the other way, feigning innocence. “As for you, Miss Baldini, I’ll deal with you appropriately after recess.” As Miss Davenport and Pammy Gardinstock disappeared indoors, all eyes turned to Nicky Baldini, whose demeanor has suddenly changed from celebratory to apprehensive. Her apprehensiveness would prove to be well founded.  
  
  
Nicky sat anxiously while contemplating the possibility of an over-the-knee spanking at the hands of Miss Davenport. Her anxiety was about to be considerably exacerbated. Her teacher was in the process of adding four words just below her previous entry on the blackboard: “A BARE-BOTTOMED SPANKING.” As she set the chalk down on the ledge and faced the class, she was barely able to curtail her smile. Twenty-seven girls did not bother curtailing theirs. The twenty-eighth girl was not smiling, and her now bright red face betrayed her considerable discomfiture.  
  
“Miss…Miss Davenport, please,” Nicky pleaded. “I’m…I’m much too old for that….that sort of thing. I promise I’ll…I’ll be a good g…I mean, I promise I’ll be good.” The giggling persisted, and it was not lost on Nicky that she sounded like a little girl after a scolding. But her attempt at damage control would be fruitless, as Miss Davenport now was fully resolved to carry out the embarrassing punishment. She simply turned without answering and added to her script on the blackboard. When she finished, it looked like this:  
  
NICKY'S PUNISHMENT  
A BARE-BOTTOMED SPANKING  
2:00 P.M. IN THE FRONT OF THE CLASS  
ALL ARE INVITED TO ATTEND  
  
Nicky knew at that point that there would be no way to talk her teacher out of the punishment. She looked up at the clock (collectively with all of her fellow students) and noted that it was only 10:30. She would have three and one half hours to mull over her impending humiliation. The waiting and extreme sense of dread would prove to be almost as excruciating as the punishment itself.  
  
Of course, this was not lost on Miss Davenport. When she decided to implement the shame punishment on Nicky Baldini her first inclination was to carry it out right on the spot. But as she was writing on the blackboard, she considered that to postpone it until the afternoon would certainly add to her subject’s apprehension. Plus, it would open up the opportunity for her to be teased by the other students, especially during the lunch hour. Also, the three and one half hour buildup would add flavor to the whole experience. Yes, she thought, she would turn it into an event, and teach the young lady a lesson she’d never forget.  
  
The atmosphere throughout the tenth grade classroom in Emma Winslow’s Boarding School for Girls changed considerably at 10:30 that morning. With less than two weeks remaining before the end of the school year, most of the students were looking ahead towards the summer break. The daily grind of the school days had become rather humdrum. But the anticipation of Nicky Baldini’s humiliation had certainly rekindled their enthusiasm.  
  
There were two reasons for Nicky’s classmates’ delight in her upcoming dishonor. For one, it is widely believed that it is human nature to take pleasure in another’s misfortunes, or in this case, another’s humiliation. There is no better word to describe this phenomenon than the German word “schadenfreude.” Second, the girls derived considerable glee in the fact that the victim would be none other than Nicky Baldini. You see, Nicky, though very popular in her little clique (comprised of two or three of her fellow snobs), her supercilious, arrogant attitude and occasional penchant for bullying helped gain her quite a few enemies. Truth be told, most of her classmates were relishing the expectation of Nicky Baldini getting her comeuppance.  
  
The hour and a half before lunch moved painfully slowly for Nicky, who at that point was resigned to her dreadful fate and just wanted to be done with it. The text on the board seemed to scream out at her. She looked up at the words “bare-bottomed spanking” for the umpteenth time and cringed. She conjured up the image of herself laid out over Miss Davenport’s lap with her skirt hiked up and her panties pulled down to her thighs. She felt the heat of her face flushing at the prospect.  
  
It was a few minutes before lunch when Miss Davenport excused herself and left the classroom. She returned shortly and, to the curiosity of the students, carried with her a large piece of white, high-grade art paper. She laid it on her desk, and with a thick black marker began writing on the paper. When she finished, she laid the paper over the top portion of her yardstick and fastened it securely with tape, which apparently was the finishing touch of a makeshift sign. Without a word she held up the sign and displayed it for her students, an action that elicited a chorus of giggles, and caused Nicky Baldini to flinch and blush noticeably. The sign read:  
  
ASK ME ABOUT MY BARE-BOTTOMED SPANKING  
  
“Could you please come up here, Miss Baldini?” asked Miss Davenport when the giggling subsided. The beleaguered Nicky timidly approached her teacher while her amused classmates keenly looked on. “I’d like you to keep this with you during the lunch hour,” directed the teacher while handing it off to the chagrined student. “I think it might be nice to share your upcoming experience with the rest of the student body.” She paused, and the speechless girl stared dismally at the sign. “I’ll give you fifteen minutes to eat your lunch, during which time you may set your sign down. But for the remaining forty-five minutes you are to parade up and down the cafeteria and the courtyard while holding the sign above your head.” Nicky’s jaw had dropped, and Miss Davenport wasn’t even finished. “Further, if anyone asks you about your bare-bottomed spanking—and I suspect you will have that question posed to you quite a few times—your response will be, ‘I have been a naughty little girl, and at 2:00 today Miss Davenport will be taking me over her knee and spanking my bare bottom in front of the whole class.’” While her classmates’ giggles accelerated to laughter, Nicky Baldini held back her tears and stared downwards. “Is that clear, Miss Baldini?” Nicky nodded sullenly. “Good. Now, let’s review. Tell us what will your response be when you are asked about your bare-bottomed spanking.” After a moment of silence, Miss Davenport pressed on. “I’m waiting, Miss Baldini.” Nicky knew full well that her teacher would not loosen the figurative noose until she complied.  
  
“I have been a naughty girl…I mean a naughty LITTLE girl…” Giggles were abounding, as Nicky blushed brighter. “…and at 2:00…at 2:00 today Miss Davenport will put me over her knee and spank…my bare bottom.”  
  
“Aren’t you forgetting something, Nicky?” asked Miss Davenport. Nicky looked perplexed, so her teacher prodded her. “In front of…?” she said while motioning with an open hand towards the students.  
  
“In front of the whole class,” she answered quietly.  
  
“Not bad, Nicky. Not bad. But it looks like you might need someone to help you along. Class, may I have a volunteer to escort Nicky throughout the lunch hour to ensure that she remembers all the words?” Not surprisingly, several hands shot up in the air. One of them belonged to Pammy Gardinstock, making Miss Davenport’s decision a no-brainer. “Pamela, you’ll be shadowing Miss Baldini over the next hour. I’d appreciate it if you’d make sure she has a chance to visit with as many of the girls as possible. If she gives you any trouble, or if she doesn’t answer the question about her bare-bottomed spanking properly, be sure to let me know. We can always arrange for her to stay after school for some extra bare-bottomed discipline if we find it necessary.”  
  
“Yes, Miss Davenport,” replied the grinning Pammy. “I’ll make sure Nicky behaves like a good little girl.  
  
“Very well, then. Off to lunch now, class.”  
  
As the energized students filed out of the classroom, Pammy Gardinstock sidled up to Nicky Baldini in the hallway. “I’m really looking forward to bonding with you during the lunch hour, Nicky,” she giggled.  
  
Nicky wanted to whack her with the stupid sign she was carrying. “I’ll get you back for this, Gardinstock,” she warned.  
  
“Well, whatever you have in mind can’t be nearly as delicious as watching you laid out over Miss Davenport’s lap with your big naked ass on display for everyone.” She paused and giggled to herself. “The snobby bitch is finally getting her just desserts,” she said merrily as they entered the cafeteria.  
  
Suffice to say, Nicky had quite the miserable lunch hour. She sat nervously, nibbling at her sandwich but unable to eat even half of it. After exactly fifteen minutes, Pammy Gardinstock rousted her from her seat and began parading her throughout the cafeteria and the courtyard. She was forced to hold her sign, and of course she was deluged with, “Tell me about your bare-bottomed spanking.” Nicky dutifully responded ad nauseam. The phrases “naughty little girl” and “spanking my bare bottom” would be embedded in her brain forever.  
  
Back in the classroom, the hour between one and two o’clock was agonizing for Nicky Baldini. She would look up at the clock constantly as she wallowed in her torment. Her dread of the two o’clock hour increased by the minute, and when the minute hand was straight up she was actually sweating and short of breath. She looked at Miss Davenport apprehensively. Her teacher seemed to ignore the time and continued the geometry lesson. Nicky had a feeling of hope, that just maybe she would let the dreaded spanking slide; that her teacher understood that the anxiety she had experienced over the last three and one-half hours was punishment enough. There was a sense of disappointment amongst most of her classmates, especially on the part of Pammy Gardinstock.  
  
It was exactly 2:06 when Miss Davenport set her geometry book down on her desk and picked up her wooden chair. She set it down in the center of the room in front of the rows of students and sat down. No one could remember the chair ever being moved from her desk. It could only be for one purpose. Many of the students eagerly sat up in their seats. As for Nicky Baldini, it felt to her as if she had been kicked in the stomach.  
  
“Miss Baldini,” came the fateful words from the mouth of Miss Davenport. “I’d like you to remove your shoes and socks and come up here, please.”  
  
While the other students were fascinated with the turn of events, Nicky was bewildered and a bit unnerved. “Miss Davenport,” she said while demonstratively holding her hands out to her sides. “Why…why do I have to take my shoes off?”  
  
“I said your shoes AND your socks. And I really don’t think you are in a position to be questioning me, Miss Baldini. You are about to have your bare bottom spanked in front of all your girlfriends. Judging by the looks on their faces, they are quite thrilled at the prospect. If necessary, I will take advantage of their eagerness and we can turn your spanking into a group participation event.” She paused to take in Nicky’s wide-eyed expression. “I have a feeling you would rather avoid that, Miss Baldini. Am I right?”  
  
Amidst the giggling, Nicky, without answering, bent down and untied her shoes. She felt her face flush as she removed her socks and placed them inside her shoes. She rose to her feet and shuddered as her bare feet hit the cool parquet floor. Taking a deep breath and staring straight ahead, she strode to the front of the room and stood in front of Miss Davenport.  
  
“Very well then,” said Miss Davenport, as she looked her nervous victim up and down. “Let’s get you ready.” She paused, and Nicky felt herself quiver. Her anxiety level was high, but she had given herself somewhat of a pep talk, trying to assure herself that she wouldn’t fall apart. She would be very stoic, lay herself over Miss Davenport’s lap, have her skirt pulled up and panties pulled down, and then brace herself for the spanking. She would make no noise, and try her best not to blush. No, she wouldn’t give them the satisfaction of seeing Nicky Baldini humbled. It would soon be over and she’d pull up her panties, hold her chin up high and walk back to her desk. It would be unpleasant, to be sure, but she convinced herself that she could handle it and be able to move on.  
  
But the next words out of her teacher’s mouth threw her for a major loop.  
  
“You can start by taking your blouse off,” she said. Nicky’s jaw dropped. Surely she couldn’t be serious. Why would she need to take her blouse off for a spanking?  
  
“But…”  
  
“No arguments, please, Miss Baldini. You are being disciplined for a despicable act, and you are to do exactly as I say. Now please remove your blouse without another word.”

**A Bare-Bottomed Spanking, Part 2**

Nicky Baldini’s self pep talk did not allow for the removal of any of her clothing. Her sense of self-assurance had taken a beating, and her attempt at an outward appearance of composure was being compromised. She felt her face flush brighter as she began unbuttoning her white blouse. “This will make it much easier for me to administer your punishment, Nicole,” offered Miss Davenport while the troubled student miserably went about her task. “When I have you over my knee, I won’t have the hem of your blouse to cope with.” Nicky was down to the last button. “This way your bare bottom will be on full display, practically inviting a good slapping.” The increasingly anxious Nicky slipped her blouse off and stood holding it over her chest. “You can lay it down on my desk,” instructed Miss Davenport.  
  
As her entertained classmates looked on, Nicky took the few agonizing steps, dropped her blouse on the desk, and returned to face her teacher. She felt her face and neck flushing brighter as she stood with her arms folded across her chest. She shivered as she considered that her present attire had been reduced to a white bra, the checkered blue and green skirt that was part of the uniform, and a pair of white panties that would undoubtedly be coming down in short order. She desperately wanted to just get the spanking out of the way and be done with it, as the whole ordeal was dragging on much too long. She was tempted to just throw herself over Miss Davenport’s lap to move things along.  
  
“Can we just get this done, please, Miss Davenport?” she asked.  
  
Her teacher did not take kindly to Nicky’s insolence. She looked up at her and frowned. “I will decide how your punishment will transpire, Miss Baldini. How DARE you have the audacity to think otherwise.” Miss Davenport stared up at her student, and the abashed Nicky immediately regretted her brazenness.  
  
“S-Sorry, Miss Davenport,” she said meekly while staring down. Miss Davenport ignored her apology and continued.  
  
“I’ve been trying to decide how we’re going to handle the baring of your bottom,” she said while staring at Nicky’s skirt. “There are at least two options that we have.” Nicky thought to herself that “we” weren’t going to decide the matter. “We could lift your skirt up your back, in which case, if you’re thrashing about during your spanking—which I fully expect—then there is the possibility of your skirt shifting downwards and getting in my way. Or we could pull it downwards, but then it will hamper you while you are kicking you legs about.” She looked up at Nicky’s anguished expression and said, “So I’m sure you can appreciate the dilemma we have here.” Nicky, now truly under duress, looked on wretchedly without speaking. “Yes, I can see that you do,” said Miss Davenport with a wry smile. “So here is what we are going to do. I think we should simply remove your skirt completely, for both of our benefits.” Nicky listened to the gasps of delight behind her as her jaw dropped once again.  
  
“Please, Miss Davenport,” she pleaded. “I won’t…I won’t move around if you…if I…if we just…just pull it up.” But Miss Davenport had clearly made up her mind.  
  
“No,” she responded resolutely. “Let’s not take that chance. Much easier just to be gone with it altogether.” She pointed at Nicky’s skirt and said, “Let’s go, off with it. Chop, chop!” Nicky stood transfixed, and Miss Davenport warned her. “Don’t test me, Miss Baldini. If I have to, I’ll ask for volunteers to forcibly remove your skirt. I’m sure Miss Gardinstock and a few of her friends would be more than willing to lend a hand.” The last thing Nicky needed was for her classmates to become actively involved with her humiliation. Especially Pammy Gardinstock. Grudgingly, she unzipped her skirt and stepped completely out of it, exposing her nylon panties. She held the skirt against her lower belly while her audience behind her giggled freely. Miss Davenport pointed towards her desk and directed, “You can set it down on the desk, next to your blouse.” Nicky did so, walking rather briskly, trying to complete her walk of shame as quickly as possible. As she returned and stood in her underwear in front of Miss Davenport, any semblance of poise and self-assurance had all but evaporated.  
  
“Excellent, Miss Baldini,” said Miss Davenport as she looked her semi-naked student up and down. “This will make your spanking so much more efficient, don’t you think so?” No answer was forthcoming, and Miss Davenport was ready to move on. For some reason unbeknownst to Nicky, but cause for her concern, her teacher fixated her stare on Nicky’s chest, then looked back in the direction of one of the students, then again back at Nicky’s chest. Nicky squirmed uneasily with her arms folded across her breasts. “Drop your arms to your sides for me, please.” She did, and Miss Davenport looked intently at her chest. Nicky was becoming ever more uncomfortable. “What bra size do you wear, Nicole?” she asked curiously, still gazing at her chest.  
  
Nicky, flustered, answered her question. “It’s uh…it’s a 36. A 36B.”  
  
“Hmm, interesting. This just might work.” Miss Davenport rose from her chair, saying, “Give me a moment.” Nicky immediately crossed her arms back over her chest. All eyes were on Miss Davenport as she strolled to her desk and opened up her top drawer. She pulled out the snipped bra that belonged to Pammy Gardinstock, then scrutinized the tag on it. She nodded her head in satisfaction before placing it back in the drawer. When she sat back down she said, “As luck would have it, Nicky, it turns out that you and Miss Gardinstock wear the same size.” She stared at Nicky, whose confounded expression gradually turned to one of comprehension, followed by one of distress. “Yes, Nicole, you do need to make restitution to Pamela for her clothing that you ruined. Now please remove your bra.”  
  
Nicky couldn’t believe what she was hearing. Her bare-bottomed spanking, which certainly would have been shameful enough, was turning into the humiliation of a lifetime. “Miss Davenport…please…can I just bring it in tomorrow?” she pleaded desperately.  
  
“I don’t think so, Miss Baldini. Miss Gardinstock will probably want to wash it tonight before wearing it tomorrow. And, since you are standing up here conveniently stripped to your underwear, it will be more practical for us to handle the matter on the spot. Now hurry along. Off with your bra so we can get on with your spanking.”  
  
Nicky, devastated, knew what she had to do. To the amazement and merriment of her classmates, she reached behind her back and unclasped her bra. She slipped it off, and crossed her arms over her chest. Her bra dangled from her fingertips.  
  
“Now take it back and hand it to Miss Gardinstock, please,” instructed the teacher. Another look of horror crossed the face of Nicky Baldini.  
  
“Oh, God,” she whispered to herself. She turned, facing her classmates for the first time since her dreadful humiliation began, giving them a peek at her now crimson cheeks. Pammy Gardinstock sat in the second row, sixth desk back, so Nicky had a fair amount of territory to traverse. While taking in the sounds of snickering and giggling, Nicky walked very briskly down the second row, keeping her arms crossed over her bare chest throughout. Nicky avoided eye contact, though she couldn’t help but catch a glimpse of Pammy’s ear-to-ear grin. She dropped the bra on Pammy’s desk and, in an effort to escape from the midst of her classmates as quickly as possible, she actually trotted back to her place in front of Miss Davenport. She was breathing rapidly, and her face felt like she had just stepped into one hundred and twenty degree heat.  
  
Miss Davenport wasted no time before moving onto the next phase of Nicky’s punishment. “Okay, Nicky, I’d like you to lower your panties down to your ankles.” She spoke in an ordinary tone, as if she was asking her to read from her history book. Nicky was not quite prepared to do her bidding, as she had envisioned laying over Miss Davenport’s lap and having the teacher lower her panties for her. And certainly not all the way down to her ankles. But nothing in the whole god-awful sequence of events had gone as she had imagined. No, it had been much, much worse.  
  
Nicky opened her mouth and was about to protest, but no words were forthcoming. It was almost impossible to maintain her self-will while standing near-naked in front of her teacher and classmates, waiting to be spanked like a little girl. She decided that her total submissiveness might allow for the swiftest end to the whole miserable experience. Just take her spanking, get dressed and try to put it all behind her as quickly as possible.  
  
Nicky resignedly hooked her thumbs into the elastic band of her panties. Turning sideways, so as not to give her classmates an eyeful of all her charms, she then slid her panties all the way down her legs. She moved one of her hands from her chest to cover her sex before turning back to face her teacher. The noise level behind her had risen considerably; it bordered on being raucous, and Miss Davenport did nothing to curb the enthusiasm of her students. Nicky made a motion to advance to Miss Davenport’s lap, but the teacher held her palm out.  
  
“Hold on, Miss Baldini,” she interrupted. “There is one more matter we need to take care of before we put you over my knees.” Nicky lowered her chin to her chest and clenched her eyes shut while wondering what other possible degradation she would have to submit to. “I think you owe Miss Gardinstock an apology,” she continued. “I’d like you to turn around and tell Pamela how sorry you are for what you did to her.” Nicky started to reach down to pull up her panties. “Leave your panties right where they are,” came the predictable command from Miss Davenport. The dispirited Nicky took a deep breath and, while covering herself as best she could, she turned around and addressed the grinning Pammy Gardinstock.  
  
“I’m sorry I cut your bra,” she said before quickly turning back to face her teacher.  
  
“That was a lukewarm apology at best, Miss Baldini,” chided Miss Davenport. “We’ll revisit Miss Gardinstock after your spanking. Now come, child, over my knees you go.”

**A Bare-Bottomed Spanking, Part 3**

Nicky clumsily—there was no graceful way to go about it, especially with her panties stretched out around her ankles—draped herself over Miss Davenport’s lap. Awkward didn’t begin to describe how she felt; her legs dangled, but she had to keep them spread out for fear of her panties falling off her feet. She struggled to find a place for her hands, and eventually settled on grabbing onto the legs of the chair. She snuck a fleeting peek towards the students, who were collectively looking on with wide-eyed, open-mouthed amusement. She took a deep breath and clenched her eyes shut, bracing herself for the onslaught. She made a mental note to do her best to stay quiet throughout the spanking, no matter how painful it might be. She knew that would be difficult; Miss Davenport was a rather stout woman who could probably administer a pretty good thrashing, she thought.  
  
Nicky would prove to be correct in that assessment. She heard the sound of the first slap before the pain registered, but when it did, it sent a jolt throughout her body. The slaps followed rapidly and furiously. Miss Davenport didn’t utter a sound, but it was plain to see that she was resolute in her endeavor to carry out a thorough disciplinary session. It was only after a few strokes that Nicky started kicking her legs. Hard as she tried to resist, it wasn’t long after that that she began emitting sounds vocally.  
  
“Oh!” she cried out. “Please!” But the slaps kept coming. “Ow! Oh, please! No more!” Miss Davenport did not waver, and Nicky began thrashing about wildly on the teacher’s lap. She tried reaching back with one of her hands to deflect the blows, but Miss Davenport simple grabbed her wrist with her left hand and slapped yet harder with her right. “Please! Miss Dav…Oh! Oh, God! Ow!” she screamed. The relentless spanking continued until Nicky was reduced to tears. It wasn’t until Miss Davenport heard Nicky whimpering that she was satisfied. Breathing hard from her exertion, she finally stopped and allowed the thoroughly shamed student to come to her feet. Nicky, much to her added consternation, had managed to kick her panties completely off during her struggles. She found them near her teacher’s desk and with tears streaming down her face she feverishly stepped into them and pulled them all the way up. That priority out of the way, the intense pain in her backside grabbed her full attention. Momentarily forgetting that she was facing her classmates with her breasts exposed, she clutched her buttocks with both hands and jumped up and down in pain. “Oh! Oh! Oh!” she howled while her breasts jiggled up and down, much to the unbridled glee of her audience.  
  
The riotous laughter finally brought her back to her senses. “Oh, shit!” she squealed aloud to herself when she realized the exhibition she was putting on. She quickly covered her breasts with her arms and turned back around. She jumped up and down a few more times until the sharp, throbbing pain diminished somewhat to a steady, more tolerable stinging sensation. She started to reach for her skirt and blouse on the desk, but then thought better of it. “May I please put my clothes back on?” she implored while looking at Miss Davenport.  
  
“I think we should leave that decision up to Miss Gardinstock, under the circumstances,” she answered. She addressed Pammy Gardinstock. “Pamela, I’m leaving you in charge of Miss Baldini for the final hour of class today. Her state of attire for the next hour will hinge on whether you think she has been punished sufficiently for her offense.” Miss Davenport paused to let her words sink in. Meanwhile, Nicky, still facing her teacher, turned back to look at her adversary, who was smiling smugly. “You have a couple of options, Pamela,” continued Miss Davenport. “She can put her clothes back on and return to her desk, or, if you think her punishment should continue, you can give her some corner time dressed as she is, to allow her to reflect on her behavior.” Again the teacher paused for effect. “It’s entirely up to you, Miss Gardinstock. As I say, you have full control of Miss Baldini’s fate over the next hour.” Again Nicky looked back at Pammy Gardinstock, this time with a pleading expression on her face. Pammy looked at Nicky and smiled wickedly, and Nicky was not the least bit surprised at her response.  
  
“Well, Miss Davenport, I really think that an hour of corner time will go a long way towards Miss Baldini’s rehabilitation,” Pammy decided. Miss Davenport smiled to herself at the student’s choice of words.  
  
“Very well, then. You heard the decision, Miss Baldini. Go put your nose in the corner,” she said while pointing to the unobstructed corner in the front of the room. “Your clothes will be returned to you at the end of the school day.”  
  
Nicky, now sniveling perceptibly, trudged to the corner and put her forehead against the wall. She kept her arms crossed against her chest. “Put your nose firmly in the corner,” instructed Miss Davenport. “And clasp your hands behind your back.” She complied, and many students, including Pammy, had a plain view of the profile of her right breast. Nicky had her hands over her backside, which wasn’t quite to Miss Davenport’s liking. “Lift your hands up your back, please……higher, closer to your shoulder blades…….that’s it…now put your face a little lower down in the corner….you’ll have to bend your knees a bit….a little more…..keep your nose firmly in the corner……there, that’s perfect. You’re to maintain that position until further notice. Should you move, we will repeat your punishment tomorrow afternoon. And please stop your whimpering. We need to concentrate on our English lesson, and the noise is quite distracting.”  
  
While her students’ gazes were transfixed on the panty-clad student, Miss Davenport proceeded to read poetry from Ogden Nash. Nicky, her nose pressed to the corner, wallowed in her wretchedness. Her mandated posture caused her stinging backside to protrude prominently, much to the amusement of her audience.  
  
It was a few minutes into the lesson when Nicky’s sobbing, which had become a bit louder, would lead to one last degradation. “Miss Baldini!” warned Miss Davenport, who was genuinely becoming annoyed. She had a special fondness for Ogden Nash, and Nicky was creating a distraction. “I’d appreciate it if you would stop your blubbering.”  
  
Pammy Gardinstock pounced on the opportunity. She raised her hand. “Yes, Miss Gardinstock?” said Miss Davenport with a look of mild curiousity.  
  
“Miss Davenport,” she said. “Would you mind if I try to remedy the situation?”  
  
“Be my guest,” answered the teacher. “Feel free to use whatever disciplinary measures you find necessary to quiet Miss Baldini down.”  
  
As Pammy rose from her desk, everyone in the room was spellbound. What would the young Miss Gardinstock do to “remedy” the situation? One student in the front corner of the room was experiencing a strong sense of trepidation. She was unable to see Miss Gardinstock remove a pair of scissors from Nicky’s desk—the same pair of scissors that was used earlier in the day to snip off the bra of one Pammy Gardinstock—but she definitely could feel someone pull down on the crotch area of her panties. Initially she thought she was being goosed, and she flinched accordingly. But it was only a matter of moments before she realized that it was a fate worse than that, as she heard the unmistakable sound of a snip from a pair of scissors, and immediately thereafter she recognized that her panties were being sheared.  
  
“No!” screamed Nicky. She started to pull away from the corner, but felt a hand pushing on the back of her head.  
  
“You keep your nose in that corner, if you know what’s good for you!” boomed the voice of Pammy Gardinstock. Nicky, who now knew what it was like to be on the receiving end of bullying, was intimidated enough to do just that. Pammy then made a complete vertical cut along the backside of Nicky’s panties, and in one swift motion she yanked them free, rendering the now bawling Nicky Baldini completely nude. Nicky clenched her knees and sphincter muscles together in an effort to keep her genitalia from being on full display to the gawking students. Buoyed by the animated response from her fellow classmates, Pammy began slapping Nicky’s already traumatized rear end while shouting, “Stop your blubbering, you big baby!”  
  
“Ow! Ow! Oh, please, stop!” But before Nicky could pronounce the “p” in “stop,” Pammy had taken advantage of Nicky’s wide-open mouth and shoved her wadded panties into the orifice, effectively muffling her cries. Pammy slapped her one last time for good measure, and before departing she put her mouth to Nicky’s ear and said, “You have the biggest, reddest ass I’ve ever seen.” Returning to her seat to the accompaniment of a laughing ovation, she took a bow before being seated. As she sat down and looked up at the utterly humiliated Nicky Baldini, she felt a wave of pleasure sweeping throughout her body.  
  
Miss Davenport waited for the commotion to die down. She took a look back at the naked Nicky Baldini, and felt rather certain that she had been cured of her bullying ways. She turned back and opened up her book of Ogden Nash poems.  
  
“Very well, then,” she said with a look of satisfaction.  
  
  
End