**A Fitting Punishment**

by Mr. Mongo

Malani Dasgupta sat in front of Principal Vickers desk. Ms. Karp stood behind her with her arms crossed across her chest. Ms. Karp shook her head in disbelief at how insensitive the pretty Indian girl was.

“We’re tired of you bullying your fellow classmates,” said Principal Vickers.

“I never hit or threatened anyone. If the girls I made cry got their feelings hurt too bad. Maybe they can start dressing better, so I wont feel the need correct their clothing choices,” Malini said with a smirk.

“You don’t have to physically harm someone to bully them,” Ms. Karp said as she pushed Malini in the back of the head.

“Becky Johnson quit school because of your making fun of clothes. Her parents can’t afford to buy her nice clothes like yours, so you decide to mock her for it. That girl has enough problems she has to deal with. She doesn’t need to come to school to be harassed by you. Ms. Karp and I had to bend over backwards to get Becky to come back to school. We had to promise to not just punish you, but to teach you a lesson.”

Ms. Karp giggled when Principal Vickers threw a white T-shirt at Malani. Malani caught the t-shirt then examined it.

“What’s this,” asked Malani when she held up the t-shirt.

“We have talked with your parents and they agree with Ms. Karp and I, you have been spending too much time studying fashion, when you should have been studying for your classes. If you start right now, you maybe able to turn your grades around,” said Principal Vickers.

“This is your new and only uniform for the rest of the year,” giggled Ms. Karp.

“Everyone would see my panties if I wore just a t-shirt,” said a worried Malani.

“Don’t worry about anyone seeing your panties Malani. You wont be wearing any undergarments. The punishment needs to have an element humiliation to serve as a deterrent,” Said Principal Vickers.

“Please remove all your clothing and place them in this box,” commanded Ms. Karp.

“I will not, I’m Hindu, we don’t run around naked like you Christians,” yelled Malani

“We made Christian, Jewish, and even Muslim students go naked for punishment, what makes you think Hindu’s are above punishment,” asked Principal Vickers.

Malani dropped her head and started to sob. Principal Vickers got up from his desk and made Malani stand up. He began to help Malini to undress with the help of Ms. Karp. All Malani could do was sob while being stripped of her clothing.

“When you come to school everyday, you will report to the Principal’s office so you can place your clothes in this box. You can reclaim your clothes at the end of the day, but you have to get dressed in the hallway,” Ms. Karp said with a smirk.

When they put the last of Malini’s clothes in the box, Principal Vickers gave the pretty Indian girl a look over. He loved Malani’s caramel colored skin and her firm B-cup breasts with dark red nipples. It was all Principal Vickers could do to not drool from over her beauty. Principal Vickers had her lift her arms so Ms. Karp could slide the t-shirt over her head. The shirt fitted Malani very snug and came half way down her thighs.

Principal Vickers lifted the front of the t-shirt to expose Malani’s pussy. He exposed Malani’s shaved pubic mound to get a better look at it and to prove a point. Principal Vickers ran his hand from her belly button down to her clit. Malani jumped back and pulled down the front of her t-shirt. Her face turned bright red with embarrassment.

“You have to allow your pubic hair to grow back on your vagina Malani. I easily saw and felt your clit and labia. Your pubic hair will serve as panties to help hide your vagina,” Principal Vickers said.

“You better get use to students and teachers lifting your t-shirt up for the rest of the year. Everyone in the school has a right to touch you, but they may not penetrate you. If you are penetrated by anyone please report it. They will be forced to go naked too, for any improper groping,” Said Ms. Karp.

Principal Vickers removed a sharpie marker from his pocket. He walked closer to Malani then took the cap of the marker.

“If you continue to bully your classmates or cause trouble we will remove sections of your t-shirt. If you are a modest person, I suggestion you show some self-control to avoid being exposed any further,” said Principal Vickers.

“You mean it can get skimpier,” asked Malani.

He leaned forward then began marking areas of Malani’s t-shirt. First a V section that one shows some cleavage. The second section drawn was larger V that would expose half of her nipples if fabric were cut. Principal Vickers made two lines at the bottom of the shirt that can be cut. The final of the bottom cut would expose half of her pussy. On the bottom of the front he drew two more V’s the first V would expose her pussy completely and the second V when cut out would show the entire abdomen. The last area marked was a big circle that would expose Malani’s pretty round ass.

“There you go Malani. When you show up in the morning, I want you to report to me so I can make sure your growing out your pubic hair. If I catch you shaving your pussy, I will make you go completely naked without question,” Principal Vickers said as he lifted the front of her shirt once more time to humiliated her.

“Remember Malani, any teacher can cut up your t-shirt so behave in all your classes,” giggled Ms. Karp.

“If you behave your modesty will be protected by the t-shirt. You act like an ass your t-shirt will expose you,” warned Principal Vickers.

“You may go back to your class now Malani,” said Ms. Karp.

Malani held her head down as she walked out of Principal Vickers office. Standing in the office were two male students Richard and Johnny. They both started laughing when they saw Malani in the t-shirt. They both knew the rules; they could touch her but not penetrate Malani. The first student lifted Malani’s shirt all the way up to her armpits.

“Look at the stuck up bitch now,” laughed Johnny. Johnny squeezed her breasts then played her thick red nipples, which made them stand erect.

Richard went right for Malani’s pussy. He used two fingers to spread her pussy lips apart so he could get a better look at Malani. Malani was so humiliated she did not know what to do so she slapped Richard in the face. Richard rubbed his face with a smirk on his face.

“Principal Vickers, Malani wont let me look at her pussy and she smacked me,” yelled Richard.

Ms. Karp stormed out Principal Vickers office. She had a pair of scissors in her hand and a angry look on her face.

“What did we tell you Malani? Anyone can see or touch you! You are not to deny anyone! Remember, you are being punished! Now I am forced to make a cut in your t-shirt,” yelled Ms. Karp.

Ms. Karp grabbed the top of the t-shirt cutting a V into it. The cut exposed a little bit of Malani’s cleavage. Malani’s only response was to sob. Both boys began to rub Malani’s pussy right in front of Ms. Karp. She did nothing to keep Richard and Johnny from exploring Malani’s pussy.

Principal Vickers walked into is doorway and said, “Wow, Malani! You did not even get out of the office before you got your t-shirt cut! I hope you are smart enough to make to the end of the school year with that t-shirt intact!”

Malani kept her head down as she ran to her study hall. When Malani entered into the classroom she was greeted with wolf whistles and laughter. Mrs. Finster walked Malani to the front of the room so she could allow the students see Malani’s pussy when she lifted the t-shirt.

“Ok, you all saw Malani’s privates. Now get back to studying,” laughed the study hall teacher.

With her head hung low and a face red with humiliated Malani sat in her chair wishing was anywhere but here. A boy named Karl who sat behind Malani reached around her chair so he could slide her t-shirt over her thighs. Malani did her best to keep the t-shirt from being lifted but the boy was tenacious about seeing Malani humiliated.

“Stop it Karl,” Malani screamed. When she stood up her t-shirt was pulled up to her belly button exposing her from the waist down. Everyone in the class laughed at her exposed pussy and bare ass.

“Damn it Malani Dasgupta, get you ass up here,” Yelled Mrs. Finster. Malani pulled down her t-shirt then ran to the front of the room.

“I’m sorry Mrs. Finster, but Karl kept pulling my t-shirt up,” Malani said while crying.

“Save your tears Malani. That’s Karl’s right, you’re being punished, remember? How do you want to do your punishment? Do you want your shirt cut or do you want a paddling,” asked Mrs. Finster.

“I don’t believe I’m saying this, but I will take the paddle,” Malani said.

Mrs. Finster grabbed Malani by the arm to lead her to the front of Mrs. Finster’s desk. Malani placed both hands on either side of Mrs. Finster’s desk then stuck her ass out. Mrs. Finster reached down to grab the bottom of Malani’s t-shirt to lift it over her ass. The class broke out into laughter when they saw Malani spread her legs a shoulder width apart. When she did this she exposed her asshole and pussy lips.

The angry teacher took her time to retrieve her paddle from the corner of the classroom. Mrs. Finster loved how uncomfortable Malani looked with her exposed ass and pussy on display for the whole class to see. Mrs. Finster smacked the wooden paddle against the palm of her hand as she walked towards Malani. With every loud smack against Mrs. Finster’s palm made Malani cringe.

“Your not so high and mighty now is you Malani! When I give you your ten whacks, I want you to yell out Thank you Mrs. Finster,” laughed Mrs. Finster.

The first whack of the paddle gave off a great loud crack then Malani screamed out “Thank you Mrs. Finster!”

The second whack hit Malani so hard the t-shirt fell back down. This angered Mrs. Finster so she lifted Malani’s t-shirt then tied it off right under Malani’s breasts. The class erupted in laughter when they saw that.

Each whack after that was loud and caused Malani’s round ass to jiggle to the delight of all the male students in the class. Malani’s caramel colored ass was a nice red hue to it. Every one was impressed how Malani’s Indian ass glowed red after her paddling.

“Would everyone like to help soothe Malani’s stinging ass? Feel free to come up and rub her sore buttocks,” Mrs. Finster.

All the guys got out of their seats to rub the pretty Indian woman’s ass. At first Malani squirmed to keep away from the wondering hands. She quickly stopped moving once Malani realized how comforting the rubbing was. Some of the boys even gently blew on her stinging ass, which drove her nuts and made her pussy wet. The male students loved how hot Malani’s felt to the touch. Once Mrs. Finster saw Malani was no longer embarrassed at being touched by the male students, she allowed Malani to sit down. Malani started to undo her t-shirt to put it back down, but Mrs. Finster made her stop and take her seat.

“I will be checking up with you Ms. Dasgupta! If I find out you untied that shirt I swear I’ll cut two parts off of it,” Mrs. Finster.

Malani sat in her chair trembling and crying from the humiliation of her situation she has found herself in. The thought of having everyone seeing her bare pussy and ass is killing her.

When the bell rang for the students to change classes, Malani made sure to be the first out the door as she made her way to her next class. She did this to try to avoid being groped as she made her way to her next class.

Malani resisted fighting the boys who rubbed her pussy or grabbed her breasts. All that mattered now was to get to the next class. When she got to her social studies class Ms. Lander greeted her. Ms. Lander had no love for Malani after Malani made it her purpose in life to make fun of Becky Johnson. Ms. Lander was the teacher that pushed for this punishment when she helped convince Becky to come back to school.

“Wow, you starting a new fashion trend Malani,” laughed Ms. Lander.

Ms. Lander stood Malani in the front of the class so they all could see Malani’s pussy. She turned Malani around so the class could see her ass that was paddled red.

“You have been a bad girl today haven’t you? Look you already have a piece of fabric removed from your shirt and your ass is red as a baboon’s ass,” laughed Ms. Lander.

Malani took her seat and did her best not to make waves. She knew Ms. Lander is a little crazy and capable of anything.