A New Chapter — Extortion

It’s been a while since I’ve written a story for this blog, so I’ll give you a little recap, is that okay? I’m Donna, and I live with my beautiful roommate, Crysta, in an off-campus apartment. We’ve finished College, and now I have a “real” job, teaching a “College Prep” class to college-bound seniors.

In the first week of CP class, Dawn wore a tshirt & panties, thinking she was following the College Dress Code. She was shocked to find out the top was too long to wear with panties — they overlap, you see — so, like a good girl, she took off her panties. This shouldn’t have been a problem, since her top was plenty long enough. But then, when she got to Mr. Fisher’s class, he noticed she wasn’t wearing any bottom at all, not even panties, and so he forced her to strip naked in front of her classmates, and then spanked her, which was not only painful but embarrassing for Dawn, because the spanking and forced nudity was too much for her, and she came in front of everyone.

At around the same time, another girl in my class wanted to try a little-known provision of the Dress Code. Instead of shaving, Audrey decided to wear her “bush” as a bottom. This is allowed by the Dress Code, although I really think the idea was put there more as a deterrent to wearing a bush than as an idea girls might really want to try.

On her first day, Audrey wore jeans and a sweater, without any underwear, and surprised everyone by gladly stripping to show she was in compliance with the dress code. But she wasn’t in compliance. Her bush needed shaving, and she really should have known that. I told her she could put her jeans back on, and then shave when she got home that night. But Audrey latched onto the other alternative, which is to keep wearing her “bush-bottom”. I really didn’t think she was serious, so I told her to give it a try for a while. You see the problem, right? A bush isn’t the sort of thing you can take on and off, so it’s a big commitment. I wanted to make sure Audrey was comfortable getting dressed in the morning wearing nothing on her bottom, coming to school that way, and going home that way. She really should try spending all her evenings and weekends bottomless, too, to make sure it was right for her.

I set out some goals for my class. For the first month, we’ll be trying to limit our activities to the confines of the classroom, so as not to subject the girls any embarrassing situations outside the classroom. The girls’ progress would follow the four pillars. In the first week, they would follow the Dress Code. Then in week two, we would begin the Inspections, just to get the girls feeling comfortable about stripping in front of their classmates. Then, in week three they would endure a bit of good-natured fondling. And in week four, we’ll begin punishing girls who allow their sexual excitement to be seen in the classroom. This punishment, of course, is “consensual” rape, so all the girls are at least 18 years old, and though they might not like it when the time comes around, they have given their consent to be raped at any time in accordance with the College Code of Conduct.

In planning this first month, it occurred to me that the boys might have some shyness or embarrassment to get over, too, especially in the fourth week, when they’ll be called upon to rape some of the girls. It’s not the physical difficulty of raping the girls I’m worried about, of course, because the girls know they’re not allowed to resist being raped. Rather, it’s the fact that the boys will have to take off their pants in front of their classmates, and let everyone see their penises. And, chances are, those penises will be erect at the time, because the girls will be in various states of undress and sexual excitement themselves. So, beginning in the first or second week, we’ll need to get some boys to strip, at least partially, and play some games with the girls.

Then, the plan for the remaining months is to take the four pillars out of the classroom, and into the girls’ daily lives. My goal is to help the girls follow the four pillars not only at school, but at home and on weekends as well. By the end of the year, they will be not only ready for College, but they’ll also be so comfortable with the Dress Code and Code of Conduct that they will live it; it will be second-nature to them. In the second month, the only thing the girls will need to worry about is following the Dress Code. Essentially, this means not wearing panties. In class, we’ll continue to have Inspections, fondling, and an occasional rape, but during the rest of the day, the girls won’t need to worry about that. Then, in the next month, we’ll open the Inspections up to the whole school. By this time, the girls will be fully in compliance with the Dress Code from the time they get up in the morning to the time they come home at night, so the Inspections should be no big deal. As at the College, the girls should be proud to show off their compliance. Of course, not every girl sees it this way, and so they often try not to be such obvious targets for Inspection. This puts pressure on girls to wear shorter dresses, more transparent tops, and the like, which is understandable. Each girl needs to balance her own need to dress decently with the risk of Inspection. For some girls, this means they’ll initially show a little cheek or some side-boob. Once they’re comfortable with that, we may start to see some girls go almost completely bottomless or backless. Then, in part to encourage girls to cover themselves up a little more, in the fourth month of the school year, the fondling will be opened up to the whole school. This means that any student who wishes to fondle a girl in the CP class may do so, at any time — but they have to follow the rules! That is, no reaching under clothes — fondling is allowed on bare skin only. The girls will already be used to being fondled in the classroom so they will know not to resist being fondled outside the classroom. Finally, in the fifth month, the consensual rapes will not only be allowed but encouraged, when the situation demands it, throughout the school. By this time, I would hope most of the girls would have figured out how to keep themselves sufficiently covered up that if they do get excited, or even reach orgasm during class, they won’t need to be raped as a punishment.

I know this has been a long recap, but I needed to say all of this so you’ll understand Audrey’s special situation: It’s only been a few weeks now, and the girls really shouldn’t be exposing themselves to the general school population. But in Audrey’s case, I don’t want for her to discover deep into her classroom training that she can’t wear a bush as a bottom. So in her case, I really want her to try it out, not just in class, and not just in the school, but at home and on weekends. I want her to go on dates with her boyfriend, to movies, to restaurants, without anything covering her bottom besides her bush. I want her to go shopping at the mall with her girlfriends, wearing only a top. So Audrey’s training is “leaking” out of the classroom, and into the school, and indeed, into the community.

Dawn’s training, too, has unfortunately leaked out of the classroom. I told the girls it’s perfectly okay to follow the Dress Code in their other classes, and even at home, if they’re comfortable doing so. Dawn’s top was short, but not outrageously short, so I thought it would be fine to let her wear it to her other classes. I never expected Mr. Fisher to strip her naked, spank her, and force her to have an orgasm in front of his whole class. I’ve been meaning to bring this up with Mr. Fisher, but I don’t quite know how to approach it. It’s not that I have a problem with spanking, I don’t. Spanking is a fine punishment for a girl. Before spanking a girl, she would of course need to take off any pants or panties she might be wearing, and I can even see the need for her to remove her skirt or dress, too, but then why subject her to unnecessary humiliation by having her face her butt to the class? All these thoughts were going through my head as I got out of my car, and started walking into the school, when…

Oh, shit, it’s the worst guy in the world — the one who has been spanking my girls. What a way to start my day! “Hello, Mr. Fisher.” There was frost on the grass as we walked into the school.

“I have something for you, Donna,” he said, gently placing his hand on my butt. “It’s a gift for the new CP teacher.”

“Oh, you shouldn’t have,” I said. It’s true. He shouldn’t have.

“But I insist. Please come to my office as soon as you get settled. Before school starts.”

“Sure,” I said, having no intention of going to his office. Too early. Too desolate. Just me and him, all alone? I don’t think so. Beneath my coat, I was just wearing a silk blouse. No bra, and of course, no panties. I need to set an example for my girls. It took a lot of courage for me to wear this shirt, because it doesn’t have tails, like some other shirts, so it’s pretty cheeky. And it’s thin, too, so thin you can almost see through it.

I had forgotten all about Mr. Fisher and the gift he promised me, when he poked his head into my classroom at the end of second period. “Is now a good time?” he asked.

I sighed. “Sure.” I walked quickly, hoping to get this over with. He caught up to me, and patted me gently on the bottom. I kept my cheeks relaxed, just like in College, hoping he wouldn’t go any further. Unfortunately, when we got to his office, his hands were all over me. I spread my legs a little, and tried to stay relaxed. Of course I was excited, because my shirt was too short, and his fingers were all in my butt crack, so I blushed when he dipped a finger into my vagina as he opened his office door.

“Take off your blouse,” he said. “I bought you something better, and I want you to wear it.”

“Right now?” I said. So stupid! Of course he meant right now.

He laughed. “Well, you can’t very well try on my gift if you’re wearing that shirt, can you?”

“Can I just see it?” I’ll admit it, I was curious.

“Oh, sure, honey,” he said. He reached into a bag, and pulled out a beautiful baby doll nightie, with a slit in the back, the way I like it. How did he know?

“Oh, it’s so pretty!”

He held it out to me as if to say well, why don’t you get naked and try it on. Part of me wanted to, it was just so adorable. But my more practical side took over. I still have two more periods of CP class to teach, and a whole day of school to get through. I can’t very well do it wearing just a nightie, can I? (I know what you’re thinking. I would have worn it at the College in a heartbeat, even though it barely covered my bottom, and it was almost completely sheer. But the College was different. This is a high school. And the other teachers are dressed much more conservatively. It was really too much.)

“I’ll take a rain check,” I said, turning to leave. But before I got to the door, Mr. Fisher spun me around and ripped open my shirt, all its buttons clattering to the floor.

“Uh-oh,” he said with a smirk. “It looks like you’ve had a little wardrobe failure!”

I was really embarrassed now, that my shirt was more like a robe, with no belt to hold it closed, but I went back to my classroom anyway. Bless them, my kids didn’t really seem to notice my shirt was missing its buttons. Part of the reason, of course, was that they were more focused on their own problems. Audrey was wrestling with whether to shave off her bush or else keep wearing it as a bottom, and she was being such a good sport about it, even going to her other classes bottomless. She decided all on her own that she needed to try it out in public to know if she could handle it, long term. Dawn, too, has been going without panties the whole day, and wearing tops short enough to show some cheek.

So I was shocked when Dawn came into my classroom at the beginning of fifth period, completely naked, and crying. Her butt was bright red, and her pussy was also red, and sopping wet. “Mr. Fisher?” I asked.

“It was awful!” she said, still sobbing. “Mr. Fisher made all the girls strip down to their underwear. Some of the girls hesitated because they weren’t wearing bras, but Mr. Fisher said he didn’t care.

“Were you the only one not wearing any panties?” I asked.

“No,” she said. “There were a few of us that were naked. He brought us all to the front of the room, and made us spread our legs and bend over. Then he made us lick and rub each other until we came. As each girl came, she was allowed to sit down. All except me. When I came, Mr. Fisher said it was shameful that I would cum in front of the whole class like that. And then he asked me how I would like to be punished. I told him maybe I should be forced to stay naked for the rest of the day. What else, he asked. So I said maybe I should be… I don’t know why I said it, Donna… I asked to be…”

Poor Dawn broke down, crying. She fell to her knees, and sobbed.

“You asked Mr. Fisher to spank you, is that it?”

Dawn nodded. But I knew what Dawn really asked for. I felt so bad for her, the poor girl was trying to ask to be raped, but she couldn’t bring herself to say it. She couldn’t say it now, and she couldn’t say it in Mr. Fisher’s class. So after she had just cum in front of the class, he made her lie on his lap and spread her legs so the class could see her excitement, and he spanked her. Hard. And then he touched her until she almost came. And then he waited, and watched. When she pulled back from the brink of cumming, he hit her again, and then touched her until she begged him to let her cum in front of the class.

“Oh my God! Was Mr. Fisher going to strip, spank, and practically rape girls for no reason?”

“He told me the reason,” Dawn said quietly. “It’s because you turned him down.”

“That bastard!” I sat down. Maybe I should have been embarrassed that Dawn’s story made me a little excited, but I was beyond caring about that. “We’ll have to do something about this,” I said. “I have a plan.”

I avoided Mr. Fisher for a week, during which I noticed Dawn was wearing a shorter top every day, with nothing beneath it. When I asked her about it, she said Mr. Fisher kept spanking her every day for wearing a top that was too long. I couldn’t take it any more, so I went to see the bastard. It was early in the day, well before the first bell.

“Hello, Mr. Fisher,” I said. I was wearing a tank top and a pair of cute little shorts. I looked adorable, if I say so myself.

“Are you here for your gift?” He asked.

“I’m here because you said you wanted to see me.”

“So formal! Relax, honey,” he said. “and take off your clothes. I want you to try this on.” He opened a desk drawer, and pulled out my gift. Then he loosened his trousers.

I took off my top, of course, because I didn’t want to seem unfriendly.

“You look smokin’ hot in nothing but those tiny little shorts,” he said. “But I just don’t think they go with my little gift, honey.”

“Well, Mr. Fisher, I would, but…”

“It’s okay, honey,” he said, running his fingers around the waistband of my shorts, pulling them down slightly, then patting me on the butt.

I lowered my voice. “I can’t Mr. Fisher, it’s… Oh, it’s so embarrassing…” I let him work my shorts half-way down my butt before I came out with it: “It’s just that I’m kind of excited, you see. You know, from being forced to strip naked in front of you.”

“Forced? No, honey, you *want* to get naked. Here, let me help you.”

I raised my arms, and let him slowly work my shorts off my butt and onto my thighs. He was delighted to see my pussy was indeed wet, as he continued pulling my shorts all the way down, fondling me all the way.

I couldn’t help noticing the gigantic bulge in his pants as he handed me my “gift”. (I really did like it, but I tried not to show him. Didn’t want to give him the satisfaction.) I put it on. It was red and sheer, and open in the back. It was exactly the right size, almost crotch-length, so I could wear it in public without feeling too awkward. Well, I could wear it to school, anyway, which was the important thing. And maybe on weekends, around the house with Crysta. I was getting all juicy thinking about that!

“Thank you,” I said. I turned to leave his office wearing my new “gift” and thinking if he lets me go now, my whole plan is ruined!

“Not so fast, honey,” he said. “You can’t tease me like that and just walk out of here.” His pants were around his ankles. No underwear, I noticed. “Get up on my desk.”

I did as I was told. I got on my hands and knees, with my bare butt in the air, my wet pussy clearly visible to the small dark object in the corner of his office. He fucked me hard, and it felt good, not just because I was expecting it, and because I needed a good fucking (it’s been too long!). It felt good because Mr. Fisher was the one getting fucked.

When he was done, I picked up my clothes, and gathered up as much dignity as I could, and did the “perp walk” back to my classroom. Everyone knew he fucked me, but not everyone knew it was all being recorded by the Internet wizards back in my classroom. When I opened the door, my kids erupted in applause and cheers! I emailed Mr. Fisher a copy of it, along with a politely worded request to leave my kids alone. Dawn, wearing nothing but a sports-bra, gave me a big hug, and tickled my bare butt.

“Here, you go, honey. You can wear whatever you want now.” I handed her my little shorts, and watched her put them on. She looked great in them!