**Alyssa Brown: Innocent Cheater**

by Histrionics

Alyssa was feeling good. After days of studying, she was sure that she had just nailed her first English exam of her senior year. On top of that, she thought that she looked especially sexy in her outfit for the day. Exactly 5’ 0”, she was rocking a pair of booty shorts that showed off every inch of her legs and a tight white tank top that gave a good view of her DDs.

As the final bell rang for the day, the students started packing their bags and heading out of the classroom. Alyssa was eager to follow along beside them, but as she stood up from her desk, she heard the sound of her english teacher, Mr. Rion.

“Alyssa, I know you’re about to head out, but could you swing by my desk before you go?”

Alyssa glanced nervously over at her teacher. “Uh, yeah, sure thing.”

Alyssa was always nervous approaching Mr. Rion, partially because he was young and handsome, and partially because she just got anxious when talking to teachers.

As she approached his desk, she noticed a look of disappointment on his face.

“Alyssa,” he said. “You did awesome on this week’s exam, and I’m extremely happy for you. Unfortunately, someone came to see me before class ended and said that you actively cheated on this test. Is this true?.

Alyssa was stunned. She had spent all week at the library studying and reviewing notecards. She had meticulously highlighted passages from The Scarlet Letter that she thought might appear on the exam. She had never once cheated throughout her time in high school.

“What?!? Mr. Rion, I’ve never cheated in my life. I swear! I worked hard to do well on this!”

She found herself starting to get flustered.

“One of your classmates said they clearly saw you lifting up your shorts to look at notes that you’d written on your thighs in pen,” Mr. Rion said.

“It’s a lie!” Alyssa started. “They’re just jealous that I did so well on the test!”

“Plus,” she started to blush a little bit, “My shorts are too short to be able to cheat with…”

“Listen, you’re a good student,” Mr Rion said. “And typically, with information like this… I’d have to report it to the office. It could become a whole mess and you could get in a lot of trouble. But I want to give you the benefit of the doubt, and so I’m willing to handle this matter… internally… if you’d like.

Alyssa stared back at him, confused. “Uh, what do you mean internally?”

“I mean to say that all I would have to do is check your legs to make sure that I don’t see anything written there. And if there’s nothing there, like you say there isn’t, then you’re free to go and we’ve avoided the hassle.”

Alyssa felt her legs trembling slightly. “Please don’t make it a big thing. Just… search my legs if you have to.”

Mr. Rion knelt down in front of the girl, giving off a faint trace of excitement. She felt him slowly and gently place his hands on the bottom of her legs, tracing them upwards as if searching for something. His hands stopped just above where her shorts ended on her upper thighs.

“Alyssa, do you mind if I lift up your shorts a little to inspect the rest of your thighs?”

Alyssa felt herself blushing again. “Do you… do you need to?”

“I’m afraid so, just to be thorough with my investigation.”

“Just.. do what you need to do.” Alyssa felt her body becoming freezing cold and burning hot all at the same time.

Mr. Rion proceeded to lift up the legs of Alyssa’s already ridiculously short shorts. It was at this moment that Alyssa realized what pair of panties she’d put on in the morning. They were a simple gray cotton pair, but they had white frills around the waistband and leg holes. She had owned them since she was in middle school. Alyssa was so nervous for the exam that she didn’t even really think about underwear that morning. She had just grabbed a random pair.

The frilly leg holes of Alyssa’s panties were clearly on display to Mr. Rion as he hiked up her shorts. He was doing his best to pretend like he didn’t notice.

Mr. Rion stood up and looked down at Alyssa. “I’m going to have to check around the waistband of your shorts now.”

Alyssa felt her body go rigid. “Just… please, please try to get this over with.”

“I assure you, young lady, I’m not doing this any longer than I need to be.”

Mr. Rion began to slowly pull out the waistband of Alyssa’s shorts, briefly peering inside before moving on to another angle. Alyssa felt like there wasn't a part of her that her teacher hadn’t seen yet.

When he reached the back of her shorts, Alyssa felt her panties being tugged on along with her shorts. Clearly panicked, Mr. Rion let go, causing the waistband of her panties to snap against her lower back.

“Owww,” Alyssa cried out, wincing in pain.

“I’m sorry Alyssa, but it’s hard to inspect you when… well, when your underwear covers more of you than I expected. Don’t most girls your age wear thongs? I guess it must’ve been laundry day for you.”

Alyssa’s face turned a deep red. Not only was her teacher inspecting every inch of her lower half, now he was commenting on her humiliating choice in panties for the day.

Before Alyssa managed to get a response, Mr. Rion said, “I think I’m gonna need to do a deeper inspection, Alyssa. Would you mind removing your shorts for me?”

“I...what? No… no I can’t do that. Mr Rion, please! What if somebody comes into the classroom and sees me?”

“Nobody ever comes and visits me after the final bell, I can assure you of that. And unfortunately, I don’t have all the information I need to prove your innocence. I hope you understand. You don’t want this to be on your permanent record, right?”

Alyssa could hardly form words. She thought she was going to die of embarrassment. “I.. I… no. I don’t want that.”

“Then please remove your shorts, Ms. Brown.”

Hands trembling, Alyssa moved her hands down towards the brass button on her shorts. It took several moments of fumbling but she finally managed to unbutton them. She limply pulled her shorts down to her knees. She had never imagined that she would spend her final year of high school flashing her panties to her English teacher, but here she was.

Mr. Rion knelt down again and traced his finger around the frilly lines of Alyssa’s leg holes. When he finished doing that, she felt him stick his cold finger inside the waistband of her panties, tracing it around the entirety of the inside band. His finger rubbed against her, making Alyssa shudder.

“What… what are you doing, Mr, Rion?”

“I’m just checking to see if you have a note taped in here somewhere or something like that. I don’t want you to remove your underwear, but do you mind if I do one more search before I let you go?”

Alyssa felt like she didn’t have a choice in the matter either way. “Please just try to hurry up. I don’t want anyone to see me.”

Mr. Rion ignored her and Alyssa felt him gently grab the back of her panties. Slowly, he started to pull them upward, giving her a gentle wedgie. Alyssa didn’t dare look behind her to see what he was doing, and so she’s surprised when he gently caresses the bottom of both her asscheeks with his free hand.

“Alright Alyssa, you’re fine on this end. Would you turn around for me so I can finish searching.”

Alyssa turned around without question or hesitation. The sooner this is over, she thought to herself, the sooner I can go home and forget about this for the rest of my life.

Just as he did with the back, Rion gently grabbed the front of her panties and pulled up, looking for anything written on her upper thighs or hips. Alyssa looked down and noticed that her panties were pulled tight against her pussy. Almost nothing was unseen at this point. Part of her lips were sticking out from the sides, along with some pubes, and the rest of her was clearly visible in the stretched cotton panties.

Alyssa noticed something at the same time as Mr. Rion and started to panic internally. A clearly developed wetspot could be seen from the front of her panties. Alyssa’s breathing became panicked, and tears welled up in her eyes. “How could this happen?” She thought to herself. She’d never been more angry at her body for betraying her. If she was wearing something darker, it might’ve been harder to notice, but in the gray cotton every inch of the spot was viewable.

As if entranced by it, Mr, Rion slowly placed his hand onto Alyssa’s scrunched up panties and started to rub her wetspot.

Alyssa let out a soft gasp and shuddered.

Before Mr. RIon could go any further, the classroom door swung open and Maddy, the school bully, walked in. Hearing the door slam behind him, Mr. Rion reflexively stood up straight, forgetting that he was still holding Alyssa’s panties in his hand. A second later, Alyssa felt a wave of pain rush over her crotch and found herself standing on her tippy-toes. She could feel her panties wedgied deep inside of her.

As Maddy approached the pair, she saw Alyssa’s choice in panties and unkempt downstairs and began to stifle laughter. Mr. Rion remembered that he’s holding onto Alyssa’s underwear and lets go, allowing her to try and cover herself up with her hands.

Maddy approached Mr. Rion, grinning. “You see, teach, I made a mistake. Turns out she isn’t keeping the answers in her pants but in her bra instead. I just heard it from one of the other girls. Isn’t that right, you cheating bitch?”

Suddenly, it all made sense to Alyssa. Maddy had set her up to get in trouble. Ever since she got to high school, Maddy had always been there to harass, humiliate, and mock Alyssa. Maybe it was because she had bigger boobs than Maddy, or maybe it was because she had more friends in middle school, but it seemed to Alyssa that Maddy had tried to ruin her high school experience for her whenever she could - and it was working.

“None of this is true,” Alyssa called out, “Maddy’s making stuff up again!”

Maddy flashed a devilish grin at Alyssa. “I can prove that she did it right now. Ask her to take her shirt off.”

Mr. Rion looked at Alyssa. “Would you mind taking your shirt off for us, Alyssa.”

This was all too much for Alyssa to comprehend. “Can I at least put my pants back on now, Mr. Rion?”

“I wouldn’t let her yet,” Maddy interjected, “Especially because you’re about to see how guilty she is!”

“What, how?” Alyssa asked. How could she be framed for something she didn’t do?

“I’ll show you,” Maddy gleefully responded.

Running towards Alyssa, Maddy grabbed her tight white tank top and proceeded to lift it up over her head, completely blocking her view. Before Alyssa can readjust, Maddy grabbed a pair of scissors from Mr. Rion’s desk and cut Alyssa’s bra off in between the two cups. As Alyssa’s last shred of dignity fell to the ground, Maddy dropped a piece of paper that’s been hiding in her palm the whole time.

Alyssa pulled her shirt down from over her head and looked down at her destroyed bra and the note on the ground. She stood there with her pants around her knees, desperate to hide her wet panties, and now her bra was gone too. She noticed her nipples start to harden from the cold classroom and make shapes against her tank top.

Mr. Rion took his eyes off of Alyssa’s nipples to look down at the note. Sure enough, the paper contained the answers to this week’s exam.

“Ms. Brown, this is a grave offense. One that could have you in serious academic trouble!”

“Mr. Rion, she set me up! I swear,” Alyssa pleaded.

“Listen,” Mr. Rion said, ignoring her, “At this point there are only a couple of things I can do. I could write you up, and possibly have you suspended. I could have you fail the class, meaning you’ll have to retake it in the summer. Or, we could resolve this a third way, though it’s by far the most archaic.”

“What’s the third way,” Alyssa said. “I can’t repeat this class!”

“Well, we’re one of the few schools in the country that still offers corporal punishment as a form of disciplinary action”.

“Corporal punishment,” Alyssa gulped. “You mean like… spankings?”

“Exactly like a spanking.” Mr. Rion said. “But i doubt you want to go down that path.”

“NO, NO,” Alyssa said loudly. “I’ll do it!”

Maddy started to giggle, “I bet she’ll even get off on it.”

“SHUT UP! I WOULD NOT!”

“Stop it, both of you.” Mr. Rion said, sharply. “We’ll have to do this following standard procedure. If you could come over here and bend over my lap, Alyssa, we can get this over with.”

“Your lap? That’s so embarrassing.” Alyssa whined.

“Unfortunately it’s how it’s written in the school rules.”

“...fine…”

Alyssa waddled over to Mr. Rion, shorts still around her knees, and proceeded to bend over his lap. He raised his hand high above him and struck it down on Alyssa’s ass with a satisfying slap.

“Hey teach,” Maddy called out. “I don’t think that’s a fair enough punishment for trying to cheat a class. I think you should use this instead.” Maddy took out an old-school wooden ruler from her backpack and handed it to Mr. Rion.

“An excellent suggestion, Madeline. Thank you.” He took the ruler from Maddy and raised it high in the sky. It landed with a loud swat, causing Alyssa’s asscheeks to jiggle and produce a sharp sting. She could already feel her ass turning a bright pink. She began to wince.

“I’m sorry Alyssa, but this does feel like a proper punishment now.” said Mr. Rion.

“Actually,” Maddy chimes in, flashing her signature devilish grin, “I have one more suggestion!”

“What?! Tell her to leave.” Alyssa cries out.

“You’re in no position to bargain,” said Mr. Rion. “I’d love to hear your suggestion Madeline.”

“I just think she’s not experiencing the spankings through those thick granny panties on her. They need to go too.”

Maddy approached Alyssa from behind and slowly started to peel her panties off. The only resistance came from a line of juices that began to form as her underwear separated from her vagina.

Maddy flashed Alyssa one last smile before stuffing her destroyed bra and soaked panties into her backpack. “See ya later!” she said, skipping out of the classroom.

Before Alyssa can respond she felt the ruler land hard on her ass again. By the fifth spank, her cheeks have already reddened. By the tenth spank with the ruler, each hit made Alyssa’s eyes water a little more. By the twentieth spank, Alyssa was full-on sobbing. She noticed her ass become a deep shade of purple. She could feel Mr. Rion’s cock pushing against her stomach, but she didn’t dare say anything to him about it.

The last five spanks felt like they went on forever, but eventually Mr. Rion let go of Alyssa and let her get dressed. Because Maddy took half of her clothes, Alyssa realized she’d be forced to walk home with her nipples clearly on display. On top of that, her thighs were dripping with juices that came to her during the spankings.

“I hope to God you learned your lesson about cheating, Ms. Brown. I’m glad we were able to resolve this so discreetly. You should be lucky you have friends like Maddy who just want to see you go down the right path in this world.”

“Maddy is not my friend she’s just a dumb bitch.”

“Watch your language before I actually decide to write you up for something.”

“Yes. Sorry, Mr. Rion.”

“Maybe you’d like to thank me for spending so much time with you after school, Alyssa.”

“Of course, sorry. Thank you for helping me resolve this problem, Mr. Rion.”

“I did a lot of physical labor for you, and this is an English class. I’d appreciate a more detailed thanks.”

“Th… thank you for s-searching me and… and spanking me instead of reporting it.”

“It was my pleasure, Alyssa. I’ll see you at the end of the day tomorrow.”