**Amy and Ash**

by KennyBee

**Amy and Ash pt 1**

Amy couldn't believe her luck. She had received a text from Jack, probably the hottest boy in class, inviting her round. Amy was blonde, petite, slim but with a nice round ass. She had thought Jack was way out of her league, but a few weeks ago they had hooked up in a club, one thing led to another and they had ended up sleeping together. She hadn't heard from him since, but tonight's text was inviting her round. Okay, so it's a booty call - so what? He was dating Ashley, your typical cheerleader type, but that didn't matter to Amy. Tonight was about her and Jack.

She arrived at his dorm room and knocked, and found the door to be unlocked. She walked on in. There was a sign in the hall on which "BACK IN 5 MINS - MAKE YOURSELF COMFORTABLE" had been hastily scrawled. Fair enough she thought, and made her way to his room.

Amy opened the door and reached for the light switch. Suddenly she felt a hand grab her wrist, and then another! At least two people roughly manhandled her towards the bed, forcing Amy down on her back. She felt cold steel against her wrists, and heard a click as the handcuffs snapped shut, tying her to the bed. She struggled, but it was useless.

Then the lights came on, and Amy found herself staring at Ashley and her friend Pam. Ashley looked a strange mixture of pleased and pissed off.

"Hello Amy. Thanks for coming so soon. I wasn't sure if you'd ignore my text or not." She held up Jack's phone. Amy got a sinking sensation in the pit of her stomach.

"Ash, it's not what you think. I…."

"Oh it's exactly what I think, Amy. I was going through Jack's phone, cos I don't trust him, and found THIS." Ashley held the phone to Amy's face. It was a text of Amy's breasts in a revealing bra, that she had sent him after the night together. On seeing the image, Amy's face went beet red. Ash continued - "So yeah, that's your pretty little titties. Nice picture, very sexy. The problem is, we can't really see your face in it. In fact, we can't see enough at all. You have a very sexy body Amy. I think you should definitely show off more of it. Then we can take more photos to send to people."

"Please Ash, I'm sorry. I'm so sorry, it won't happen again."

"SHUT UP" cried Ash. "I know it won't happen again, you pathetic little girl. Not after tonight."

Amy tried kicking to get out of this situation, but Pam sat down on her legs, pinning her flat. Ash climbed onto Amy's waist.

"Now, let's start with the titties. Your photo was a bit blurry, lets see if we can get another one. Oh, but first…." And with that, she picked up a sock from the floor and pushed it into Amy's mouth. Amy tried to shout, tried to squirm, but she was helpless. Ash grabbed the bottom of Amy's blue top. It was figure hugging, showing off the roundness of her cute C cup breasts. Ash yanked the top up to Amy's chin, then right over her head all the way to the handcuffs, exposing Amy's bra. She had chosen a pink bra with a little white bow on it, not knowing that this would subject her to mocking ridicule from the 2 girls holding her captive.

"Ha, nice bra for a little girl!" cackled Ash as she snapped away merrily with the camera phone. Pam was laughing too, goading Ash on. "However, it's not nearly as revealing as the one in your photo, so lets try and go one better. Pam - scissors"

Amy was aghast as Pam handed Ash the scissors. Ash placed the blades in the centre of the bra, and with one snip the bra fell to the sides, and Amy's perky boobs were exposed. Am tried to cry out, but the sock was preventing her. Ash began snapping photos of the helpless girl, making sure to get her face in the shot as well as her exposed breasts.

"Hey, they are really nice, aren't they Pam" cackled Ash, whilst playfully slapping Amy's boobs, making them jiggle and dance for the camera. Pam nodded in agreement. Pam's sycophantic nature pissed Amy off even more.

"But you know what - I'm bored of these tits. What else you got, Amy? What you hiding under these jeans?" Amy's heart sank as Ash slowly reached down to the top of her jeans. Ash noticed the panic-stricken expression. "Oh, don't give me that look. You deserve every second of this." She unclasped Amy's belt, and pulled it completely out. "This might come in handy later", she mused out loud, and put it to one side. Her hads moved back to the jeans, and gently undid the button. Ash then held on to the zipper and puled down. The very top of Amy's panties came into view. They were also pink, with a lacy trim.

"Oooooh, wearing some '... me' panties are we? Let's see some more" cried Ash, as she grabbed onto the waist if the jeans and pulled down. In a flash, Amy's tight jeans were at her knees, and her pink lacy knickers were on full show. They were a good size too small, and just barely concealed her most private area. Her pale white legs started to tremble.

"Hey, she's shaking!" cooed Pam, breaking her silence, an the two girls laughed. "Oh, are you afraid Amy? Or do you LOVE it? I KNOW you like sending sexy photos. I've seen one. So what's changed now? Pam, take her jeans off!" Pam manoeuvred and roughly tore the jeans from Amy's legs, leaving her in her pink undies and black socks. Ash continued to take photos with her phone, getting Amy from her knees up, face beet red with humiliation, bare chest on show, her skimpy panties the only thing preserving her modesty.

"Listen Amy, I'm going to ungag you now. And I don't want you to make a sound, ok? Or else this gets a whole lot worse." Amy didn't understand how it could get much worse, but she thought she'd better comply with Ash's orders. "I need to make an example of you. I need people to know that it's not okay to cheat and steal from me. I need you to TELL people not to, understand?"

Amy nodded, relieved to have the sock removed from her mouth. Ash held the phone to Amy's face, recording a video. "OK little Amy, tell them! Tell the people what you did and how you've been punished!"

Amy, just wanting the ordeal to be over, started to speak "Ok Ash, okay! I slept with your boyfriend, and this is what happens to people who do that".

Ash just shook her head. "No, no, no, it's not good enough. Not good enough at all. There's no FEELING in that. I want to see tears, I want to KNOW you're sorry. I told you Amy, you're an example! Pam, turn her over." Pam got off Amy's knees and flipped her over onto her stomach. Her tiny pink undies really showed off the curves of her round little bottom. "Ok Pam, that's good, now spank the bitch! Spank her hard!" Amy's eyes widened in fear, and Pam raised her hand high. Ash held the camera so that Amy's face was visible, but her nearly naked butt was clearly on show. Pam brought her hand down, and Amy flinched hard as her cheeks wobbled from the impact. Pam spanked her again, and again, and Amy finally felt tears stinging her eyes. As they rolled down her cheeks, Pam continued to spank and Ash laughed. "OK Amy, it's your big moment! Tell all! Cry for me!"

In between flinches from the impact of Pam's hand on her derriere, Amy tried to speak. The tears were flowing now. "My name is….[whack]…..Amy, and I am a cheater……..[whack]……..and I am being………[whack]…….punished for it."

Ash was in fits of giggles now. "What else little baby? What's your punishment?"

"I am having my……..[whack]…….bottom spanked…..[whack]……like a little girl…….[whack]…….and I deserve it" Amy blurted out between sobs. Her ass was stinging now, and must have been red. She realised Pam had started to use her own belt for the spanking. Ash held the camera up for a special close up of Amy's bum. She pulled the panties right down to get a better look. Amy's last hope was gone, and she was totally exposed, not a stitch to cover her naked form. Her pale white skin contrasted with her bright red bottom, quivering from the abuse, all of it caught on camera.

Amy lay still for a while, eyes closed. When she opened them, her tormentors were gone, and she was alone in the room. Still handcuffed, still stark naked, but at least alone. She breathed a sigh of relief. She lay for a little while, but was startled by some loud noises, voices. It was Jack! She could hear him! He would rescue her! But wait, he wasn't alone - she could her lots of voices.

Outside, Jack fumbled for his keys. He was having a great time with his buddies. The five of them were having a right laugh at the pub, until Ash had texted him and told him to go home straight away and bring his friends. She said she had left them all a big surprise.

Inside, Amy shifted, trying to somehow cover everything, to no avail. Naked as the day she was born, bare bottom scarlet from a spanking, she lay helpless on the bed.

The door opened.

**Amy and Ash pt 2**

Didn't get any feedback on this story, but I liked it and wanted to continue it. Enjoy!

1. The door opened.

Even now, months after it happened, Amy still found herself flashing back to that night of utter humiliation. Stripped, spanked and degraded, Jack and his friends had opened the door to find Amy naked and helpless, handcuffed face down on the bed. She had buried her face in the pillow, but could not hide her glowing red cheeks. She could still hear Jack gasping, and his friends erupting with gales of laughter.

Sitting in class, flashing back to that night, she sniffed back tears. But time had passed, and with each day her anger had grown. She was normally a strong, confident 18 year old. How could she have let two classmates dominate her like that? The only thing stopping her from taking revenge was the knowledge that so far, Ash had not shown anyone the video. The video of Amy crying as she suffered a bare ass spanking. Thank heavens for small mercies! If anyone had seen it, she would surely have known. Gossip like that would spread like wildfire around the school. No, Ash must have so far kept the video to herself.

The bell rang, signalling the end of one class, and the beginning of another. Next up, PE. Great, her least favourite subject. Was it even a subject?

2. Amy and her class shuffled along the corridor towards the changing rooms. She was busy chatting with her best friend Jo, when she spotted the previous class finishing up and heading in to the changing rooms first. There she was, Ashley, front and centre, commanding all the attention as usual. She was wearing a tight white t shirt and little shorts. Amy couldn't believe Ash was allowed to wear them. They were the kind of shorts where if Ash was to bend over, her butt cheeks would be on display. But not as much as Amy's had been, when she…… oh, try and forget it, thought Amy.

Amy entered the changing rooms. The other class was heading into the showers after their hockey lesson. It was at that moment that Amy hatched a plan. A risky plan, but a plan nonetheless. Because over there, in the corner, was Ash's bag.

"Jo, cover me" Amy whispered to her friend. Jo was the only person Amy had told about the ordeal. Jo was tall, with a nice tan and a gorgeous body. Amy herself of course was very attractive, and never had any problem with the boys, but always secretly wanted Jo's tan and figure. Jo nodded, understanding instantly as she followed Amy's gaze. As Jo began fooling around and telling jokes, Amy put her bag next to Ash's, then surreptitiously started rummaging around in Ash's bag. Within seconds, she found what she was looking for. The phone. She slipped it into her pocket. Then, signalling to Jo, she furtively snuck out of the changing rooms. Minutes later, Jo followed her.

"What are you doing Amy? Hey, what are you grinning for?"

Amy's grin widened as she held up the phone. "Got it!"

Amy and Jo disappeared round the back of the school. Once positioned, Amy started going through the photos and videos. Then, she found them.

There were dozens of photos of Amy, stripped to the waist with a sock in her mouth, her breasts exposed. There were photos of her having her jeans pulled off, her panties exposed. And there it was, the piece de resistance, the video. Amy didn't need to hit play, she knew exactly how it had happened. She remembered it all to well. But yet for some reason she did, perhaps to remind herself that it had really happened. There was Amy, sobbing, buttocks quivering with each impact.

"My name is….[whack]…..Amy, and I am a cheater……..[whack]……..and I am being………[whack]…….punished for it."

"What else little baby? What's your punishment?"

"I am having my……..[whack]…….bottom spanked…..[whack]……like a little girl…….[whack]…….and I deserve it"

Amy felt the tears coming again, but held them back. She suddenly became very aware of Jo watching the video, mouth agape. Amy hit stop, and then delete.

"Oh god Amy, I'm so sorry. I can't believe these bitches."

Amy nodded. "Well, it's deleted now. Let's smash this phone, whaddya say?"

Amy lifted the phone, ready to break it off the ground, when Jo grabbed her hand. "Wait, I've a better idea".

3. Pam was in the toilets when she received the text from "Ash".

GET HERE NOW. NEED TO SORT THAT BITCH OUT AGAIN. IN THE ALLEY BEHIND THE SCHOOL

Pam knew that Ash referred to everyone as bitches, so she wasn't sure exactly who needed sorting out. But she was a loyal friend. You had to be a loyal friend to Ash. Ash was a loose cannon, you never knew when she was going to turn on you.

And so Pam left the latrines and went in search of Ash.

It was a beautiful sunny day, and Pam had dressed accordingly. She was bigger than her friend, but so were most girls. Pam had filled out well in the last couple of years, her chest an impressive D cup. Her ass was also pretty big, and Pam hated it. She wore a floaty white black skirt to try and hide it's size. On top she was clad in her school shirt and a thin cardigan. Her shirt was buttoned down several times, to display her ample cleavage. She walked down the alley with a swagger that belied her 18 years. And then she spotted Amy. She was up against the fence, arms behind her. Probably Ash tied her there, thought Pam. Brilliant! She had really enjoyed that night, and thought Amy deserved what she got. Were they going to do it again? In public!? Pam strode towards the seemingly helpless girl.

"Oh hi Amy, fancy meeting you here? Where's Ash? I presume she is coming back to help me deal with you." Amy just looked at her, silent. "You know, I really liked humiliating you that night, but I don't think we went far enough." She gently patted Amy on the cheek. "Maybe today, we really teach you a lesson?"

"What are you going to do with me?" asked Amy, her big eyes looking imploringly at Pam.

"Oh, I don't know yet. We're going to strip you. Yes, we're definitely going to strip you." Amy's eyes widened, and Pam laughed, loving her new role as chief tormentor. "Yeah, we're going to strip your little baby ass naked. Maybe leave you hanging here in the alley? Maybe we'll take you to the football field, give baby another spanking. How'd you like that, little baby?" Pam was running her finger down Amy's face.

"Please don't spank me again. Not on video"

"Haha, oh, it's ALL gonna be on video Amy. Are you gonna cry again? I'm not gonna stop till you cry again. You're going to have to BEG me to stop." Pam laughed out loud, then shook her head and softly said "You're never going to show your face round here again."

Amy started to smile, and looked Pam right in the eyes. "Thank you Pam, that's exactly what I wanted to hear. JO!"

One moment Pam was standing looking puzzled by this inexplicable turn of events, and the next moment she was on the ground. Jo had appeared from behind a hedge and tackled Pam right to the ground, winding her. Pam was wheezing and looked up at Amy, who pulled her untied hands from behind her back and slapped Pam right in the face. Pam lay there, holding her face. She started to cry. Amy looked at Jo, and Jo looked at Amy in sheer amazement. They had expected an epic confrontation, a knock down-drag out royal rumble of a fight. And yet a tackle and a slap later, there was Pam, seemingly subdued. Jo looked astonished.

"Wow………. really not so tough without Ashley, are you?"

Pam didn't look up. "Please, it's all her! She makes me help, I didn't want to strip you!" she pleaded.

"Is that so?" questioned Amy. "So what was that you were just saying? The stripping, the public spanking, the videos? Ash make you say that did she?"

Pam was speechless, and just continued crying.

"Okay Pam" said Jo, "why not make this easy for us all? Stand up!" she commanded.

On wobbly legs, Pam got to her feet. She looked at Jo, so athletic and toned. She couldn't even think about fighting Jo, let alone Jo AND Amy. Pam was not a bright girl, and needed Ash around to tell her what to do. What would Ash do? Would she fight? She probably would.

"Strip!" bellowed Jo.

Pam was so confused and scared, that she started to strip. Jo and Amy looked at each other again, amazed it was going so well. Pam slowly pulled off her cardigan, and let it dangle from her hands. Amy pulled out her phone and started recording. At the sight of the phone, Pam realised what was happening, and panicked. She started to walk backwards, then tried to break into a run. Jo easily caught her, and Pam lashed out, catching Jo on the chin. It didn't faze her, but the look on her face sent shivers up and down Pam's spine. Jo grabbed her by the collar and pushed her against the wall.

"Don't……do……that" she growled at Pam. And with that, she held onto either side of Pam's school shirt, and tore it open. Then walked backwards. Amy resumed filming. Pam's bra was revealed. It was black, but quite large and supportive for her big boobs.

"STRIP" said Jo in a voice that even frightened Amy.

Pam looked down at her shirt. It was ruined, Jo had pulled most of the buttons off when she tore it open. It came off very easily indeed, leaving her in her skirt and bra. She shook her head at Jo, and Jo nodded back.

"The skirt."

"Please, I…"

"THE SKIRT"

Pam did a cartoonish gulp, and turned her skirt round to find the zipper. Amy filmed it all with relish. Payback sure felt good.

Pam undid the zipper, and the black skirt fell freely to the concrete, revealing her red granny panties. She usually wore big panties because of her big butt, as she was always afraid of her skirt blowing up in the wind and giving everyone a show of her volumous cheeks. Well, it wasn't going to do her any good now, was it? Suddenly, Pam started crying again, in muffled sobs. If she was looking for sympathy, she wasn't going to get it.

"Wow, that's some huge underwear there…" cackled Jo, really warming to the task. "Tell you what Pamela - we were going to strip you naked, but if you dance for us now, we won't".

Pam looked at Jo. "Dance? What do you mean?" Jo just stared back. Pam knew this was her only chance, and started to meekly sway and move her head.

"No, no, no, not like that. Like an egyptian! Dance like an Egyptian would!"

Pam shook her head, and tried to dance like that, moving from side to side, waving her arms. She had no idea what she was doing. Moreover, the dancing was causing her breasts to sway and bounce. Oh if only Ash were here!

Jo was in hysterics now. "Okay, twerk for us! Twerk, you jerk!"

Pam turned round and bent over. Amy laughed, "ho boy, that's one big fat ass! Shake it for us!"

Pam started jiggling her ass for them, and her granny panties were no match for her wiggling cheeks, which wobbled around like jello. Jo walked up, drew one hand back and let rip with a stinging spank to Pam's panty clad backside. Pam straightened up, and Jo immediately pushed her head back down. "Who told you to stop twerking? Carry on!" The degraded girl resumed her show for Amy's camera phone, half heartedly shaking her ass. Jo spanked her again. "Twerk! Twerk dammit!" cried Jo, then helped Pam out by grabbing the waistband of her panties and pulling them up in a wedgie. She wiggled the undies a bit to help with the twerking, but when Pam started squealing in horror at the wedgie, Jo simply continued to lift up and up. Pam's knickers were big, and so as Jo pulled they just continued to rise, disappearing right into the crack of Pam's big bum. Slowly but surely, the once modest panties crept up, revealing pale white dimpled skin, inch by inch. Jo had the waistband almost up at Pam's neck by the time they completely vanished right up the crack, creating a ridiculous oversize thong. Pam's most hated part of her body, her big plump rump, was there for all to see. The sun was shining on it, and it looked like the first time it had ever seen the sun.

Amy couldn't believe her eyes. "Hang on Jo, I gotta zoom out to get that fat ass in shot. I need a wide angle lens for this thing!"

"I know, her ass is so fat it's trying to eat her panties!" Jo slapped her open hand across Pam's butt, causing sizeable vibrations across it. "Bad butt! Don't eat Pam's panties!"

Pam could barely even hear them now, she was just shaking her head. She was vaguely aware of her bra being unclasped and slipped off over her arms, before being discarded in the rest of the pile. Jo turned her round to face the camera. Freed from their lacy prison, her breasts dangled in the midday sun, every second captured on film by Amy.

"Okay fatass, look into the camera." demanded Amy. Pam did so. "Now read this, and read it correctly, or else your panties are coming off too. Okay?"

Pam nodded. Amy held up a sheet of paper that had been crudely scrawled on whilst her and Jo had concocted their revenge scheme. Pam squinted into the sun and began to read, slowly, and with fresh tears stinging her eyes.

"My name is Pam, and I am a bitch. I was very naughty, and I have been punished. If I am very good from now on, no one will see this video. But if you are watching this now, then I have been naughty again, and this is my punishment. I am sorry you had to see my stupid fat ass, and my stupid tits. Bye bye". Her head dropped as she sobbed, the sobbing making her chest heave up and down.

Amy couldn't believe it, but she felt sorry for this humiliated, near naked girl. A girl who had taken pleasure in debasing Amy, hurting her, trying to destroy her. The thoughts came flooding back, and she remembered Pam whipping Amy's exposed buttocks with her own belt, and she felt the rage inside her rise up again. She handed the phone to Jo. "You're really pathetic, you know that?" she shouted at Pam, slapping her ass. Pam barely even tried to defend herself. It was too late for that. "Without your queen bee around, you're just nothing, aren't you?" She smacked Pam's cheeks again, then slapped her across the chest. "Jo, help me out here."

Amy had taken hold of the waistband of the wedgie and was pulling Pam towards the fence. It had large spikes across the top, and was about 6 foot off the ground. Jo knew what to do. The athletic girl used all her might to lift Pam up towards the railings, and Amy hooked the legholes through the spikes, one for each. Then Jo let go. Pam's eye's bulged and her mouth dropped open, but she didn't make a sound. Amy and Jo had just delivered the final blow, a brutal hanging wedgie. Pam was a big girl, but those were some big panties. They might hold for quite a while. Amy started filming again. She moved the camera from Pam's shocked face to her crotch. The wedgie was a big one, and as Pam was leaning forward into it, it was giving her a serious frontal wedgie. Her thick dark bush was clearly visible at both sides. Pam tried to cover herself, but she couldn't fight gravity. The more she moved, the more the panties slipped up her pussy. Pam groaned, and Jo and Amy were unsure if it was pain or pleasure.

She hung there for a while as Amy filmed. Pam, 18, hanging by her now ultra skimpy knickers, exposing pubic hair and more, her huge bare breasts damp with sweat and tears, in the middle of the alley behind the school. She had been made to dance in her undies, she had been ridiculed, spanked, wedgied, the works. And all of it captured on film. Pam was defeated. Destroyed.

"Well Jo, guess we'd better go now" said Amy, gathering up Pam's clothes. She looked at Pam. "You want these? You want your clothes back?"

"please" begged Pam. "Please, I beg you, please let me down. Give me my clothes, please".

"Ha, so who's begging who now, princess? You'll get down. Eventually. Those undies can't hold that full moon forever." Amy reached behind Pam and grabbed a handful of Pam's exposed white butt. "I would guess you'll be up there for at least an hour though. Them panties is strong!" she guffawed.

Jo smiled, taking the clothes from Amy. She threw them over a wall. "An hour huh, Amy? That IS unfortunate timing."

"Wh….wh……what do you mean" asked Pam.

"well, look at the time, fatass. Look - at - the - time." Jo held her watch up to Pam's face, but she needn't have. Because before she

To say it had been the talk of the school would be an understatement.

Ashley had left school in a rage, upset that her phone had been stolen. She was so angry she had almost missed the commotion in the alley, but decided to see what all the noise was about. She barged her way through the crowd, and found Pam dangling by her underwear. She had both hands cupped over her crotch to hide her almost fully exposed pussy, and her breasts were uncovered. It seemed everyone in the crowd was filming her. Some people were taking selfies with the poor girl.

Pam noticed Ash and cried out to her. "Help me! Please! Make them stop taking photos!"

Ash told people to stop, but to no avail. This was too good an opportunity to miss! One guy climbed the fence so he could get a good shot of Pam's big ass. Ash ran to her friend, although deep down inside we was secretly amused to see someone humiliated like this. Ash grabbed Pam around the waist and started to lift her up. Ash, however, was no Jo in the strength department. Ash had a similar stunning figure, with the nice boobs and round bubble butt, but was a bit more petite. And so, after lifting Pam a good 6 inches, her back gave out and she let Pam go. It seemed to happen in slow motion for the assembled throng - Pam dropped back down into the wedgie with such force, people couldn't believe that her undies didn't just tear apart there and then! Pam's legs swung back through the bars, and she gently rocked back and forth. Her arms now hung by her sides, as she tried to recover from the impact.

"Oh MAN, someone needs to trim that bush"! someone shouted from the crowd. Everyone started laughing at Pam, including Ash this time. She couldn't help herself! Pam spotted this, and it was all just too much for her.

"Stop laughing at me! You're my friend! Help me out you stupid BITCH!" she cried, then instantly regretted it. Pam hated being called the 'b' word. But come on, this was forgivable, surely? "I'm sorry Ash, I didn't mea…."

Pam's apologies were cut short as she felt hands gripping her ankles. She looked down to see Ash had a hold of her legs. Ash smiled up at her. "Shouldn't have said that, sweetie."

She turned her head to the crowd. "Okay guys, listen up. Get your cameras ready. If I can't get Pam off the fence, maybe I can get her out of her panties?"

The crowd roared it's approval. Pam started trying to kick her legs free, but Ash held tight - and began to pull down. Pam's mouth opened, but no sound came out. There was just a look of sheer horror. Ash pulled down, and Pam's body was forced down into the panties, which now felt like they were cutting into her like razor wire. How could her best friend do this to her? She had been Pam's last hope of rescue. She looked out into the crowd for help. There was Tommy, who she had locked in his locker for an entire day. There was Mary, who Pam had poured soup over a few weeks ago. There was Chris, who's penis size she had mocked for weeks after seeing it. There was Teri, who Pam had held down whilst Ash coloured her face in with colouring pens.

"I deserve this" she said, almost inaudibly. Ash stopped pulling and looked at her.

"What did you say"

"I deserve this! I DESERVE THIS!" she roared. "And so do YOU!" she cried, pointing a finger at Ash. Ash suddenly felt a chill, as if Pam was casting a spell on her. Ash hated Pam at that moment.

"No you don't Pam" she said through gritted teeth. "You don't deserve THESE!", and with that, she attacked Pam's tightly stretched knickers, grabbing and tearing at them with both hands. The crowd just looked on in amazement at the ferocity of the attack. Pam's body was shaking under the attack, her breasts swaying hypnotically. But the panties just wouldn't give! Ash tried a new tactic - she grabbed Pam's wrists and pulled her forward until Pam was completely horizontal, facing the ground. She had given up resisting now. Then Ash lowered Pam's head towards the ground. Pam was now upside down, and started to slip out of her big undies, which now resembled a g string, towards the ground. This finally revealed the undisputed star of the show to the audience - Pam's big white bottom. Her most despised part of her body. Not even her boyfriend was allowed to see it usually. And now, here was the grand unveiling in front of all the boys and girls she had spent the last few years bullying and tormenting. No wonder no one was going to help her. Pam's legs were now slipping down through her underwear. In just a few seconds, she would be free. Free to run and hide and never see anyone ever again! But just as her ankles reached the panties, ash grabbed them. Pam didn't understand, but then realised she could feel motion up there. Ash was using the stretched undergarments to tie her there, upside down and starkers! She shook and shimmied to try to escape, but Pam was painfully aware of just how strong these scanties were.

Pam knew that for the rest of her school days, she would be seeing photos of her, stripped bare, hanging upside down, tied to a fence by her own big red granny panties. Her bountiful bare bottom proudly on display, wobbling and dimpled.

"Ta da!" Shouted Ash. "Just look at those cheeks. Mmmm-mmmmm. Your butt is so cute Pam, why do you hide it?" Come on guys, this is a once in a lifetime moment, get a photo of the lesser-spotted Pam-butt! Look, but don't touch please."

Several guys ran forward for photos, pretending to spank it and bite it.

"Alright everyone, get lost now!" ordered Ash. People looked disappointed, but few dared stand up to Ash. Look what she had just done to her friend! She slapped one girl, a pretty girl with glasses called Kate, across the face. "Hurry up - you want to end up like her, huh?" She grabbed Kate's skirt and tugged it up, briefly revealing her blue and white stripy nautical briefs. Kate shook her head and ran off.

Ash was left in the alleyway with Pam, still hanging like the prize catch of the day. Ash knelt down beside her. She started stroking Pam's hair. "I'm sorry Pam, but you know it had to be done, don't you? You disrespected me in front of everyone. My reputation is everything. I can't have plain faced girls with big fat asses disrespecting me in front of the school."

"Please Ash, let me down now" pleaded Pam.

"I will Pam, don't worry. But first tell me you know you deserved this."

Pam couldn't believe this. Deja vu? Why was Ash subjecting her to one final piece of humiliation?

"I……I…….deserved this. I disrespected you."

"And I showed you the error of your ways, didn't I?"

"Yes, Ash. I was…..out of line."

"That's good Pam. That's good." said Ash, patting Pam on one of her butt cheeks. She got up, and pulled out a small pair of scissors from her bag. She cut through Pam's binding, and her legs dropped down. She was finally free, although still without a stitch of clothing. Ash took off her jacket and put it round Pam's shoulders.

"Now tell me - who did this to you?"

The Final Chapter by kennyBee

Ash ran as fast as her legs could carry her.

She had meant to run from the control room as soon as she had hit "play" on the video of Amy's spanking, but her ego had got in the way and she had stuck around to watch the humiliation. She wanted to see Amy defeated, not just hear about it afterwards. But then the video had finished, and she had watched as Amy had somehow whipped the crowd into a frenzy, and Ash, for the first time feeling a bit nervous, had turned and ran.

Amy, meanwhile, stood on the stage next to Jo, who had covered up her exposure with Amy's graduation gown. Amy turned to Jo, who was still wiping away tears from her big brown eyes. "There's only one exit Jo, and then a choice of left or right. You go left, I'll go right, ok?"

Jo sniffed and nodded. Amy put her hands on her friends shoulders. "Come on Jo, be strong. We have to get her. We've all been shamed now, everyone except her. Let's do this, not just for us, but for everyone in the school that she's bullied."

Jo looked Amy in the eyes. "Let's strip that bitch naked" she said. "Come on!"

Amy and Jo left the stage hurriedly and ran for the exit. Miss Hall, the principal, quickly took to the stage. "Would everyone please remain calm, and stay seated" she ordered. The students, however, were having none of it, and immediately got to their feet and ran after Amy and Jo. Today, someone was going to put an end to the war, and everyone wanted it to be Amy, for multiple reasons. For a start, everyone liked Amy, she was a sweet girl, and seeing her embarrassed like that in front of everyone was just wrong. Many in the audience had also been on the receiving end of Ash's wrath, and wanted to see the snooty teen finally taken down a peg or two. And lastly, at a base level, people just wanted to see Ash nude. She was arguably the best looking girl in the school, and she knew it. She liked to show off, but never too much. She never needed to try too hard. Her skirts were always short enough to show her shapely legs, but not short enough to catch a glimpse of her underwear, and her tops were always tight enough to show her sizeable chest, without displaying any cleavage. Well, after the number she had done on poor Jo, all bets were off now.

"Please everyone, stop!" cried Miss Hall, to no avail. The parents and some students remained seated. "I assure you, graduation WILL take place soon" said Miss Hall, "come hell or high-water!"

And so Ash ran and ran. She wished she hadn't worn such tight jeans, as they made it harder to get to top speed. She slowed down a little to catch her breath, and looked backwards to see if she was safe. At the end of the long school corridor, a door burst open and in charged Amy, followed by about forty students! The color drained from Ash's face. The crowd roared it's approval upon seeing Ash and they ran on towards her. Ash spun on her heels and raced for the exit. She was a good seventy foot ahead of the mob, and made it to the exit. Ash tried turning the door knob, but it was locked! With every second, the crowd was gaining on her. She turned, and there was Amy at the front, maybe thirty feet away. Ash bolted into the nearest classroom, her eyes searching for a way out. The window maybe? Her heart was thumping, it felt like it might leap out of her chest. She raced for the window and tried to fiddle with the lock.

Too late.

The door behind crashed open and Amy raced in. Ash was balanced on a table trying to open the window, when Amy grabbed her by the back of the jeans and pulled backwards. Ash looked surprised, and then toppled backwards onto the floor, landing on her butt. The fall winded her, and she sat lay there coughing for a few moments. The large group encircled the lone girl. Ash was scared, but she was trying not to let the mask slip. Amy stood in front of her, slowly clapping her hands.

"Well, well, well Ashley. Looks like it all ends here. I guess it's one against, oooooh, maybe thirty? Forty?" Amy shook her head and smiled "That's not good odds for you, Ashley."

Ashley remained on the ground. "Yeah Amy, I guess you're right. You've really got me this time", she sneered. "And it only took half the school helping you. Well done."

Amy was annoyed by her cavalier attitude. "I didn't need anyones help. They just want to see the spoiled little princess get her comeuppance."

The crowd roared in approval. Someone started a chant, "STRIP HER, STRIP HER, STRIP HER"

Several of the student s ran and grabbed Ash and lifted her to her feet. They held her in front of Amy. Ash remained defiant. Amy struck her across the face with an open hand.

"That's for Jo."

She slapped Ash again.

"That's for Kate."

Ash swallowed hard, fighting back tears.

"And this one is for ME" snarled Amy, drawing back her arm.

"WAIT!" shouted Ash. Amy stopped a second. "Is this how it's going to be, yeah? You can't beat me on my own, so you get the school to help, yeah?"

Amy looked impatient. "Ash, it's not…."

"It IS Amy. Face it, you need help. You always need help. Why don't you grow up and take responsibility? Can't you beat me on your own? Haven't you got the guts? Or is it like you said in the video - that you're a cheater!" Ash spat the last words out. Both girls were now red in the face. Amy stood for a minute, considering her options.

"Let her go" ordered Amy. The students holding Ash looked baffled. "Let her go!"

They relented, and Ash was free once again, although still trapped in the classroom.

Amy stared Ash in the eye. "Okay then, you against me. Just the two of us." She turned to address the mob of students. "No one step in. No one help. This is between me and her. We'll settle this once and for all."

No one could quite believe it. Ash had appealed to Amy's sense of pride. She had already admitted on film, in front of the school, that she was a cheater. Amy shuddered just thinking about it. She had to use this moment to prove that she was a strong, independent, grown up. She was an adult now, she could solve her own problems. And Ashley Brooks was most definitely a problem. The crowd backed away to give them space.

Amy and Ash started to circle each other. Both seemed reluctant to make a move. Ash felt like things were starting to go her way. She started to goad Amy, to get her to make a mistake. "Oh Amy, you're gonna get stripped today. The people have seen the video, now they want more. They want to see it all."

Amy felt her blood boiling. "Oh yeah Ash? Well it's you we're going to see. Everyone's gonna get a nice long look at those big titties of yours today."

Ash just smiled. "Is that so? I might just hang you up like I did with Jo? She acts so tough, but everyone saw that she's just a crying little baby today."

Amy's fists clenched hard. Ash carried on talking. "Yes, I'll get Pam to help too. Remember when she spanked you with your own belt Amy? You cried and cried and…."

Amy could take no more. She lunged forward at Ash, but Ash was ready and stepped out of the way, keeping one foot out to trip Amy, who went flying into a desk with a resounding "Oooooof!" With Amy briefly bent over a desk, Ash reached for the waistband of her black pants. But Amy twirled round to face Ash, and swung a right hook at her. Ash moved backwards to avoid the blow, and suckerpunched Amy in the stomach. The blond girl dropped to her knees in pain. The crowd couldn't believe it. They started chanting for Amy, to reinvigorate her. Again she got to her feet and reached for Ash, but Ash was remaining calm. She dodged Amy, who once again fell onto a table. She was exhausting herself. Ash took the opportunity, and took Amy by her t shirt, and tore it up over her head, exposing the slender girl's bright red bra. Her breasts jiggled as the shirt was taken from her, and she quickly clasped her arms shut over her underwear.

Amy had a very bad feeling about this. Ash was grinning from ear to ear. "See Amy? That's the difference between us. I remain calm under pressure. Well, that, and I have much better tits than you." Some of the crowd laughed. Amy was now very concerned that she was losing the crowd over onto Ash's side. That was the last thing she needed. She looked around at them.

"Come on, somebody help me!" she said. "Hold her again!"

The students just shook their heads. "You told us not to Amy." piped up one of them. Amy felt her legs go a bit wobbly. She looked from face to face, but none could hold her gaze. "Please? Won't somebody help me? She's stripping me!" whimpered the exasperated girl.

Ash started to laugh. "Oh my god, this is the most pathetic thing I've ever seen! Let's get it over with!" she pushed Amy hard, and the partially disrobed girl fell onto her back. Ash went to work on Amy's pants, trying to rip them off. Amy shot her hands down to keep them up. The students watched intently, and there was a glimpse of bright red panties, as the pants slipped down an inch or so. Some of the crowd were now taking photos, and Amy was painfully aware that in the struggle, one of her breasts had popped out of her bra and was merrily bouncing around. Amy managed to kick out, catching Ash hard in the crotch, and Ash staggered backwards. She bumped into Sara, one of the students who had come along to see Ash get her just desserts. Ash had tormented Sara for years, and had made a habit of stealing her glasses. Ash, feeling like she could do no wrong at the moment, decided to grab Sara's glasses from her. Ash put them on and walked towards Amy, who was still lying on the ground in her smart black pants and red bra. She had used the time to put her boobs back in the bra.

Ash capered in front of Amy wearing Sara's glasses. "Come on Amy, you wouldn't hit a girl in glasses, would you?" cackled Ash. With the joke made, she took off the spectacles and through them into the corner, where the lenses could be heard shattering.

"Hey!" cried Sara. Ash turned and looked at her.

"What did you say, you little four eyed bitch?" said Ash, stalking towards Sara. Sara regretted it. Ash grabbed Sara by the hair and pushed her forwards till she was bent over on the teacher's desk. The crowd watched. Amy put her shirt back on. What the hell was Ash up to now?

"If you have a problem with me" rasped Ash to Sara, "You know what happens." With that, Ash flipped Sara's skirt up over her back, exposing her white Hanes Her Way knickers and her petite rump, and started viciously spanking the girl in front of everyone!

It was to be Ash's ultimate undoing. The mood in the room changed instantly. It was to have been a fair fight between two girls, but now Ash had gone power crazy. Her hand was sadistically whacking Sara's panty clad butt, Sara was crying at the pain and the humiliation, and Ash was ranting at the room, "This is what happens to you! Don't mess with me! Boy, girl, I don't care, I'll spank the hell out of you! All of you!"

Just as Sara thought her bum couldn't take any more, the spanking stopped. She looked up to see that one of the jocks had grabbed Ashley and put a hand over her mouth. "You know Ash, you're hot, but you're still a nasty bitch. So just shut up and take it." He pushed Ash into the middle of the crowd, which, this time, quickly closed in on her. Ash looked around panic stricken, as this huge group of people, male and female, surrounded her. She felt hands, clawing at her, grabbing, ripping, tearing. She felt her shirt being lifted up, exposing her neon pink bra, now the only thing covering her ample breasts. She felt a hand clutching at the clasp of the bra. The inexpert nature of it suggesting it was a boy's hand.

"Stop, stop, stop it!" She roared. "I'll strip you all! You're all gonna get it now! EVERY LAST ONE OF YOU!"

The ridiculous nature of her protestations had the assembled throng in gales of laughter. But the laughter soon reached fever pitch, as the boy finally unhooked Ash's bra, which fell to the floor with a thunking sound. The room was momentarily silenced as they took in the view. The view of the large bra with great big falsies in it. The view of Ash's tiny, A-cup breasts, her small nipples standing out like bullets, the view of her face as she was exposed, exposed as a fraud.

"OMG, they're fake!" "I've got bigger ones than her!" cried one boy.

The noise resumed as everyone joined in the hilarity. Ash could feel hands all over her body, squeezing what little of her boobs there was, pinching and flicking her nipples. She still struggled, lashing out and kicking, but there was too many of them. Now she felt hands working away on her jeans, her tight, tight jeans. Even Ash had a struggle getting them on and off.

"STOP" came a voice in the corner. Everyone stopped and turned. It was Amy. She smiled. "It's not the same if we don't film it." said Amy, getting out her camera phone. "How's it feel to be on the other side of the lens, Ash? How's it feel? This video is going all over youtube. All over Facebook. All over the world. I'm going to send it to everyone I know. We all are. When we have our ten year reunion? We're going to show this video. This is the end, Ash. This is it. All your years at school, building up to this. Your legacy. In a hundred years time, people are gonna talk about the video of Ashley Brooks, and how she never, ever showed her face again."

The crowd erupted once more in cheers. Amy sure knew how to deliver a speech. She pointed the camera at Ash's flat chest and said "Oh, and by the way. I got much better tits than you."

Ash was about to reply, but she felt work resuming on removing her jeans. There were lots of hands pulling, and Ash knew she couldn't stop them all. Instead, she decided to grab hold of her knickers, to make sure they didn't come down with the jeans. She felt a hand fumbling with her buttons, and a sharp tug pulled the jeans down an inch. Another tug took them further down. Ash's matching hot pink undies were partially visible. One herculean tug later and her jeans were just above her knees. Ashley Brooks' pink panties were exposed for all to see. She lay there, allowing the jeans to be pulled completely off, leaving her lying on the floor, surrounded by her classmates, completely naked except for her small pink undies and black socks. Now everyone knew she was a fraud, as her tiny bare boobies, that she had so carefully hidden for so many years, were now exposed to all. She wished her nipples would stop being so stiff, but so many hands kept playing with them. And through it all, there was Amy, filming her......