**Amy's School Punishment**katie

CHAPTER 1

Amy walked in line to auditorium with the rest of her class. Unlike them though, Amy’s legs were like jelly as she walked, barely able to keep herself standing.

Earlier that morning, she had been called into the office of the prefect, a mean old nun who was in charge of discipline at her conservative Catholic school. The school had very strict rules and anyone breaking the rules was dealt with harshly. Boys had a secret but very effective punishment ritual. Hardly any boys misbehaved after the first session.

The girls were punished more publicly, in front of the whole school. The powers that be decided that girls were more concerned about public displays and would behave themselves if they knew that their punishments were seen by both boys and girls. Today, the whole school was called to the auditorium for a punishment session. The school was abuzz, wondering who the unlucky girls were.

Amy knew that she was one of the girls. She had cheated on several chemistry tests. It was her worst subject and she was desperate to get into an Ivy League school on her way to med school. Because she was a trusted member of the school and never got into the trouble, she had a part-time job in the main office. There sat the copier where the teachers ran off tests. She made sure she was there every morning when Mr. Ritchie ran off his tests. She flirted with him and the older man ate it up. He would leave her alone with the tests so he could grab a cup of coffee. In that time, she would steal a copy of the exam, adding another to the number of copies. She then slipped it into her bookbag which she would go and memorize.

It worked like a charm for weeks until yesterday. Mr. Ritchie slipped out of the copy room but as she was sliding the paper into her bag, Mrs. Jinton, the school secretary, saw her.

“Ms. Fairchild, what are you doing?”

“Um, Mrs. Jinton, I was just studying a little bit.”

The woman walked menacingly towards Amy. “Pull the paper out of your bag and show me.”

Amy’s fluttering hand reached in and grabbed the paper, showing it to the woman. Mrs. Jinton compared the paper to those running through the copier and looked at Amy. “You are a cheater.”

The rest of the day had been awful. Mr. Ritchie had been shocked and refused to look at her. She had been sent to Sr. Maria, the mean old nun who handled discipline for the girls. The nun had called Amy’s parents who came in for a meeting.

It was decided that she would not be expelled if she submitted to a harsh punishment session. Amy cringed, knowing what that would mean but nodded. She and her parents signed the paper, agreeing to the punishment. But now, with the moment upon her, she wished she had taken the other route. This was going to be awful.

To her surprise, there were three chairs on stage. That meant that two other girls would be punished with her. Sr. Maria motioned for her to go on stage and she did, taking the chair closest to the right of the stage. The murmuring got louder when the students saw her on stage. She was not someone they expected to get into trouble. Many were pleased to see the goodie-goodie get her comeuppance.

Amy was beautiful in a girl next door way. She was taller than many girls, with long, shapely legs. Even in her school uniform, she oozed sexiness, though she was too shy and modest to exhibit anything. Her dark black hair was worn in a ponytail as usual and showed her porcelain pale skin to full advantage. The few freckles dotting her nose and cheeks were cherries on top of this dessert.

Her uniform jumper hid wonderfully shaped breasts. She was a 34C, with perky nipples that always threatened to poke through any blouse or top she wore. Thankfully, the polyester material make a nipple slip virtually impossible at school.

She sat as primly as possible, trying to maintain a sense of decorum, knowing that what was coming next was awful. Soon she was joined by two other girls, both sophomores. She wondered what they did but they seemed as nervous as she was. She smiled nervously but got nothing in return.

“Good morning everyone,” said Mr. Tomlinson, the school principal. “We are never happy to have to conduct one of these sessions but here we are anyway. We have three students, two sophomores and one senior, who have been found guilty of serious rules infractions. Rather than face expulsion, they are here to face punishment at this session.”

Just then, four wheels were rolled out and Amy cringed, knowing that the inevitable was coming.

“Ladies and gentlemen, Ashley and Jessie will be punished at a category three, for lower infractions. These two ladies were caught in an inappropriate situation in the girls locker room.”

The crowd gasped and the girls looked embarrassed. Were these girls lesbians, Amy wondered? That was how it sounded.

“The wheel we will use is for category three.”

There were actually three “wheels” used for punishment sessions. These were like wheels found in booths at a fair or a carnival and each one held eight spots, numbered 0, 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 6, 6+. One the one to be used for Ashley and Jessie, three was the most likely spot as it had more slots that the rest. 6 and 6+ were just slivers. Of course it could land on any number but it was more likely to be a 2, 3 or 4 with 4 most likely.

The wheel that would be used to punish Amy had the same numbers but the 6 and 6+ were dominant, taking up half the wheel. Of course she could get any of the numbers but 0, 1, 2 and 3 had just one slot.

The numbers corresponded to the number of garments the girl would be made to remove on stage. The school had a very strict dress code and each girl was required to wear the same clothing, numbering six. From bottom to top, each girl wore slip on flat shoes and socks, a jumper and blouse, bra and panties. If the wheel landed on four, the girl would be removing four pieces of clothing. Then they would go to the next wheel and spin the number of times that corresponded with the number of pieces of clothing to be removed. This wheel had jumper, blouse, bra, panties, socks and shoes on it in even numbers.

For those girls who get six plus, there is an added indignity. That girl would then have to deal with the punishment wheel. If there is a plus, the wheel would spin and the girl would have to suffer that punishment too. These were all humiliating and added to the misery.

“Ashley, you are first. Please stand center stage.”

The girl shuffled to the spot indicated, tears flowing down her cheeks. She was a cute girl, long blonde hair and large full boobs that strained against her jumper. All of the boys wanted to get a view of them and hoped that today was the day.

One of the senior members of the student council spun the wheel. The crowd groaned when the wheel landed on two. Ashley gasped in shock and happiness. With two, it was possible to just lose her shoes and socks and spend the week barefoot. She prayed that would be the case.

The next wheel spun and landed on “jumper.”

Damn, she thought. The crowd cheered before being shushed. “Miss, please remove your jumper.”

Ashley’s shaking hands went to the buttons at the front of her jumper and undid them. She always felt like a little girl in this jumper, something she wore in first grade. But this conservative school refused to follow the lead of other schools and let the girls wear polo shirts and skirts so they continued to wear the big, clumsy jumper that were sexless and shapeless.

The last button was undone, revealing her white blouse which strained to contain her boobs. She lowered the jumper to the ground and stepped out of it, bending over to pick it up and hand it to another boy who stuffed it into a plastic bag with her name on it. She knew that it would be available at the end of school each and, one week from today, she would get it back for good.

Without the jumper, she was showing her blouse, which her breasts pushed forward to the point of stretching. Ashley was wearing hand me downs from her much less endowed sister. It also had the effect of showing off her panties, yellow patch covering her pubic mound and ass. There were many comments, most from boys expressing their great pleasure.

The wheel spun. The crown wanted blouse, bra or panties. All of those way assured that Ashley would be flashing a private part to the crowd.

“SHOES.”

Ashley started sobbing in relief. She eagerly slipped out of her shoes and handed them to the boy who put them in the same bag. With great relief, she shuffled in her socks over to the side of the stage, mostly out of sight.

“Jessie, you are next.”

The other girl stood. She was small, looking way younger than her 16 years. She was slender and had no curves to speak of. Her long brown hair was in pigtails and her face wore very little makeup.

The wheel spun. It went round and round, the girl’s heart pumping in her throat. It landed on 4.

The girl’s face drained of color. Though it could have been much worse (five or six), it was still bad. There was no way she could not reveal herself in some way with a four.

The next wheel spun. “SOCKS”

Jessie exhaled. She slid off her shoes and then bent over to hook her fingers in the top of her knee high socks and slid them off. She then slid her bare feet back into the shoes, grateful to not have her bare feet on the cold floor.

The wheel spun again. “BLOUSE”

The girl shivered, knowing that the crowd would see her bra at the very least. She undid the buttons on her jumper and lowered it to her waist. Holding the jumper there, not wanted to show her panties, she undid the buttons of her blouse one at a time and pulled it off her arms. The sight of her white bra with red flowers caused many a boy to notice. Her boobs were small, barely a 32A but her nipples were rock hard in the cool auditorium.

Quickly she pulled her jumper back on and redid the buttons, praying that her exposure was done.

“SHOES”

Jessie gave a sigh of relief as she slipped out of her shoes. Though she felt the cold floor under her bare feet, she was one step closer to getting out of this unscathed.

“PANTIES”

At first she gasped but then she realized that she was in the clear. Though everyone would know that she was bare under her jumper, she would be covered. With these punishments, anything could happen and she had gotten lucky.

She reached under her jumper and pulled her panties down, stepping out of them one foot at a time. She handed the little ball of pink fabric to the boy who put all of her clothes in the bag. She walked over and stood next to Ashley and the two clasped hands for comfort.

“Now, it is time for Amy. This will be a category one.”

The crowd gasped. A category two was hardly ever invoked. Most punishments last one week but a category one last a full month. Plus, a category one infraction meant use of a wheel that almost guaranteed full nudity.

Amy stood and shakily went to the center of the stage. The crowd drank her in, anticipating what was coming next.

“Amy is guilty of a long term cheating conspiracy. That is a full expulsion from school but she and her parents signed a form that will put this punishment into effect of the remainder of the school year.”

Most gasps from the crowd. It was just December; that meant that she would be punished for six months.

“In addition, Amy’s parents have agreed to enforce the punishment at home so that Amy will understand the severity of her crime. Whatever the wheel indicates will be Amy’s only clothing for the remainder of the school year.”

The crowd started murmuring. Could this be real, they wondered. Most punishments were only at school. This was unreal.

“Spin the wheel please George.”

The wheel went round and round. Everyone, especially Amy, waited with their breath held for the result. It hit 2, then 4, then 1, then 5, then 6 then 0. It seemed as if it would land on 0 but a last final tick pushed it to one of the many 6+ spots.

This sent the crowd into a roar, with people leaping out of their seats. A few remained silent, friends of Amy who could not believe what was happening.

“Settle down please, settle down.”

Amy was shaking in fear. She had just learned that she would be naked for the next six months. That plus whatever punishment she would be given now.

“The clothes wheel please.”

This was silly, Amy thought. Please just get it over with. Instead, she had to strip based upon the wheel. Either way, she would be naked at the end.

“Bra.”

She groaned. This was one of the worst to begin with. She would have to remove her jumper and her blouse and then her bra, expose her boobs to everyone and then put everything but her bra back on.

She did as instructed, undoing her jumper and letting it fall to the ground, showing off her white boy shorts and white blouse. She undid the blouse and her bra covered breasts sprang into view. She undid the clasp of the bra and slid it off, letting everyone see her full breasts, her nipples poking straight out in full erection.

She hurriedly pulled her blouse back on and her jumper on, wanting to hide away just a bit longer.

“BLOUSE”

She groaned, having to go through the same motions again. She undid the buttons of the jumper and let it fall again. She now undid the buttons of the blouse more slowly and removed the garment, standing completely bare chested in front of her school. She pulled the jumper up, feeling her poor nipples pressing into the harsh fabric of the jumper.

“JUMPER”

Amy moaned, knowing that this was her last cover. She undid the buttons for the third and final time. She stepped out of her and handed it to the man who was stuffing the bag with her clothes. Her boobs swayed as she moved and everyone noticed. She now realized how displayed she was.

“PANTIES”

Amy groaned. She hated sowing her boobs but was dreading showing everyone her vagina. No one except her doctor had seen her sex since she was a little girl.

She also realized the image she was about to show. Amy was a runner and last week her track team had run in a major event. She had trimmed her pubic hair as always. The uniform was revealing down there and all the girls kept themselves closely cropped. This time though, Amy had felt daring. Rather than the landing strip that she had always done, Amy had shaved it completely bald. Of course no one knew but the feel of her panties up against the bare skin was heavenly. She knew now that she would look like a complete whore.

Slowly she removed the panties and let them pool at her feet. She had one hand over her sex as she bent over and grabbed the small ball of fabric, handing it to the boy who licked his lips. She was grossed out as he ogled her but knew this was her new lot in life.

She stood there, naked except for her knee high white socks and shoes. Her right hand was over her bare sex but a cough from Mr. Tomlinson forced her to move her arms to her side.

“SHOES”

Amy slid out of her shoes and bent over to hand them to the boy.

“SOCKS”

She pulled her socks off and then stood there in all of her naked glory in front of the school’s entire student body.

Chapter 3

The students and faculty all drank in the nude girl in front of them. She was a picture of beauty, the perfect female form. Her boobs were full and hung high on her chest. The nipples were roughly a half inch long atop aureoles that were the diameter of a dime.

Her skin was pale and thin. Below her boobs, her stomach was flat and narrow before flaring out at the hips. The onlookers were stunned to see her bare pubic mound, never guessing this girl would shave bald. Between her legs, there was a gaping hole at the top of her legs. There, easily visible, hung two full lips that slightly gaped. Her legs were long and shapely and went down to pretty bare feet, her toes painted a pastel pink.

“It’s now time for the punishment wheel. Because of the length of Amy’s punishment, we will have a weekly punishment time. Now, we will do this week’s punishment.”

The wheel spun. “SPANKING AND SPREADER BAR”

Amy groaned and started to sob. She had dreaded all of this but spanking punishment was the worst. That plus the spreader bar was awful.

“Gentlemen, bring out the spanking station.”

Two of her classmates wheeled out a wooden base with cuffs built in. She was led over and told to bend over the base at the waist. Her wrists were cuffed at the corners. This caused silence in the crowd as her ass was thrust up and out, showing her anus and her slit. Amy felt her breasts press into the wood and cried without caring who saw her. This was awful, worse than anything she could imagine.

“Now, since this crime affected the chemistry class, we are going to allow Mr. Ritchie and Amy’s classmates to spank her now.”

Any wailed. Her classmates were going to spank her.

The teacher, his face red in anger, wailed back and fired a spank onto the girl’s upraised bottom. She hissed in pain as her now pale skin turned red almost instantly.

“I treated you well Miss Fairchild,” he whispered. “Turns out, you were using me. I don’t feel bad for you.”

Then, each student in her class took their turns. Each gave a mighty whack, except for Tessa, her best friend, who gave a less than harsh whack though she did go through with it under fear of punishment. A few girls sadistically slapped her exposed sex, causing her scream. Finally, after 18 spanks, she was sobbing into the wood.

“Thank you everyone. Now we will fit Amy with her spreader bar and waist cuffs.”

Amy groaned again, forgetting about the cuffs. This would render her unable to move her arms from her waist. This way she could not cover herself but could take notes, etc.

She felt hands at her ankles and then a soft fur wrap around each one. Her wrists were then undone and then reattached to leather cuffs that attached to a belt around her waist. She cringed when she realized the show she was about to put on all day and then all the way home. She knew she would be wearing this for the next week.

“Last thing, is this ball gag,” the man said, going behind the girl and pulling the gag over her head and in place. He tightened it behind her and she winced at the intrusion. She was unable to close her mouth fully and it was not comfortable.

“Thank you everyone. I hope that you all learned a lesson from this discipline session.”