**...And Justice For All**
by The Controverser

Melanie Combs stared at the television screen. Her heart was racing and although she was smiling and laughing in the video that her friend had recorded, there sure wasn't anything to smile or laugh about now. Her fate was in the hands of a no non-sense judge and this judge looked pissed off as she watched the video.

The video was showcasing Melanie's latest conquest on the cheerleading squad. A newbie had screwed up the routine several times which caused Melanie to snap. Melanie was a perfectionist and demanded that everyone on the team work their asses off as much as she did. If you didn't know the routine by now, there was no reason to keep you on the squad. However, rather than kicking them off, her M.O. was to force them to quit by humiliating them.

In the video, right on the field where they practiced, Melanie had systematically stripped the newbie naked. First she made the girl take off her shoes and socks and practice barefoot. When she still screwed up the routine, her top was next. It wasn't until she lost her skirt that the newbie's face turned as red as a tomato. Of course, the red deepened when she lost her bra and then her panties.

They forced her to continue the routine until she got it right. By then, Melanie was super pissed off and told the newbie that she would be practicing every afternoon naked from here on out. She had hoped that the newbie would quit from the humiliation and that would be the end of it. Neither was the case, however. The newbie didn't quit and that sure as hell wasn't the end of it.

Apparently, the newbie's best friend had been in the stands, recording her best friend's humiliation at Melanie's hands. The next morning, Melanie arrived at school only to be ushered into the principal's office. Mr. Denbrock was about as no nonsense as her current judge was. He told her that bullying was not to be tolerated and that she was not only kicked off the cheerleading squad but she was suspended for two weeks.

That wasn't enough for the newbie's parents. They wanted more action taken and if the principal wasn't willing to dish it out, they sued not only the school but Melanie and her family for emotional damages. Melanie's initial reaction was laughter. Emotional Damages? That was a riot! But it didn't take long for her mother and father to impress upon her the seriousness of this situation.

Enter Judge Emilie Wilcox. Melanie's lawyer looked stricken when he learned that Judge Wilcox would be presiding over the case. Judge Wilcox was tough on crime, especially when it came to pedophiles, rapists, and bullies. Melanie argued that her actions were geared more towards hazing than bullying but her lawyer just shook his head and told her that it was classified under bullying.

Melanie knew she was in real trouble when the judge's jaw became tight and her eyes narrowed as the video played. Now, the video had concluded and the judge looked at Melanie with ice-cold eyes before looking at everyone present which included Melanie's parents, the newbie, the newbie's parents and the principal of the school. Finally, the judge asked for the principal to step forward.

"Mr. Denbrock, what actions have been taken against Melanie Combs?" she asked.
"She has been suspended. She has been kicked off of the cheerleading squad and a note has been made on her permanent record," Mr. Denbrock told the judge as he wiped away sweat from his forehead.
"And these actions were not found to be satisfactory?" the judge asked.
"No, your honor," the principal said, shaking his head.
"Then I would like them to be removed. There is no reason why Miss Combs should be suspended, removed from cheer, and have a note made on her record if they are not found to be satisfactory," the judge said.

A wide smile formed on Melanie's lips. She wanted to start dancing. She couldn't believe that she was going to get away with this! Even her lawyer seemed to relax a little bit. She wasn't suspended after all! She wasn't even going to have to give up the activity that she was born to do. She was on cloud nine...

... for about thirty seconds. And then, the judge's eyes turned back to her and she suddenly didn't feel so victorious. She watched as the judge straightened her robes all the while staring icily in Melanie's direction. Melanie felt the color draining from her body as if she had been mortally wounded. This must have been what a deer felt right before it was hit by a truck-- impending doom with no way of getting out of it.

"Young lady, there is no excuse for bullying and I have zero tolerance for it. Not a single iota. You took it upon yourself to not only strip this poor student naked but to command her to practice naked from now on. Do you know why her parents were unhappy with your punishments? Because the punishment did not fit the crime. They believe you got off easy and I am inclined to agree with them. So, buckle up, sweetheart. Your next two weeks are going to be a bumpy ride.

"Starting right this minute, for the next two weeks, you are forbidden from wearing clothing. You may not wear a t-shirt, a pair of panties, nothing. So, before we go any further, I'd like you to comply with your punishment," Judge Wilcox said, leaning back in her chair slightly.
"What?" Melanie snapped. "Your honor, my father is here today. I will not be naked in front of my father. I refuse!"
"You what?" Judge Wilcox asked, her eyes narrowing yet again.
"I refuse!" Melanie yelled.
"That is what I thought you said. I am adding an extra week, so now you will be unclothed for three full weeks. 21 days. If you so much as utter a word of protest, you will spend the entire school year as naked as the day you were born. Now, you can either disrobe right here and now or I will draft a volunteer. Perhaps the poor young lady here, who you humiliated or maybe your own father since that seems to be a particular source of embarrassment for you," Judge Wilcox said.

If the color had somehow managed to keep from draining in poor Melanie's face before, it was definitely gone now. The prospect of her own father removing her clothing was much too mortifying to bear. She glanced at her father who looked away from her and shook his head slightly. Next, she made eye contact with the newbie who was all smiles.

Sitting back down, Melanie leaned down and grabbed at her shoes. As she removed them, her mind was screaming out in humiliation. She was a senior in high school for goodness sake! She was fully developed and now she was going to be seen naked by the whole world for three weeks. Why had she refused? She could have been done in two!! Could she even survive two?

With her shoes and socks off, she stood once again and looked up at the judge, giving her a pleading look. The only thing the judge gave her was a nod, encouraging her to continue. She lifted her shirt up and off, setting it on the table in front of her. She considered the thought of bolting out of the courtroom but where would she go? The judge had the entire police force behind her. They'd track her down and then it would be worse.

Normally, when done in private, unbuckling her belt and then getting her jeans off was usually a piece of cake. Now, however, her fingers were shaking like leaves in a fall wind. She finally managed to undo her belt and was about to undo the snaps of her jeans when the judge instructed her to remove the belt completely. Puzzled by the new instructions, Melanie did as she was instructed and separated the belt from her jeans. Setting in on the table, she undid the snap and zipper of her jeans and made short work of removing them before setting them on the table.

Now, Melanie's mind was screaming bloody murder. She was standing, in a courtroom, with her own father a few feet behind her, in just her bra and panties! Her father had never seen her undies before. Even when she had first purchased them! She went to great lengths to make sure that some secrets were kept away from her father and one of them was her choices of bra and panty sets. Well, so much for that secret. Another one was about to be revealed momentarily.

She was just about to reach behind her back and unclasp her bra when the judge told her to stop. Relief washed over her face-- perhaps the judge had just been using a scare tactic after all. Of course, karma was a bitch that wouldn't be finished until she was completely satisfied. Melanie was not going to be saved from this.

"Young lady, do you have a cell phone?" the judge asked the newbie.
"Yes," the newbie said, holding up her smartphone.
"Wonderful. I would like you both to step forward. Young lady, bring your cell phone with you," the judge said.

Melanie cringed at the judge's words. As she obeyed, thoughts were spinning in her mind. Why did the judge want them to step forward? Why did the judge want the newbie to bring her cell phone? This was getting worse.

"Since you are the victim in this clear-cut case of bullying, I want you to stand in front of Miss Combs here. I want you to record the rest of her stripping. Miss Combs, at no time are you to impede this young lady's filming of your strip. When you have removed your undergarments, you are to stand there for two full minutes, allowing her to video your front. Then, you will turn and face everyone else so that she has a chance to record your back... side. When you face everyone else, you will keep your hands at your side. You will not cover up, at all. Since it is my deepest desire that this humiliating punishment teaches Miss Combs to avoid being a bully in the future, I am requesting that no one looks away when she turns to face you. I want this humiliating experience to be etched in her heart forever," Judge Wilcox said.

Melanie barely heard herself gasp as it seemed everyone, except the judge, gasped collectively. Even the newbie gasped at this. Not only was this... newbie... going to be allowed two full minutes to record her breasts, vagina, and even her face but Melanie was going to have to turn around and face the newbie's parents as well as her mother and... oh no! Her father would be looking at her naked body!

She couldn't do this. She couldn't do it. She had to get out of there. Again, her logic seemed to win over. She couldn't run forever. They would be on her by the time she made it back to the table to get her clothes. That meant if she was really going to try to escape, she'd have to run out of there in her bra and panties. She wouldn't be able to evade the law for long in just her underwear.

Even though she knew that praying for a miracle at this very moment would more than likely yield in disappointment, she prayed none-the-less, as her hands went behind her back to unclip her bra. She worked the clasp free and then, still facing the judge and the newbie (who was recording this), she took a huge breath and pulled the bra from her chest. Her well-endowed breasts were now bare for the judge's view as well as the newbie's and whoever else she chose to share the video with-- as if they couldn't see the real thing any time they wanted over the next three weeks!

She heard the courtroom door open a few times and her blush deepened. Anyone stepping into the courtroom right now was sure to get a big surprise but it paled in comparison to the surprise that they were going to get when she turned around. The judge looked passed her and told the newcomers to have a seat and that Melanie would explain everything to them in a few minutes. Another humiliating task had been added to her punishment.

Closing her eyes, she started to bring her thumbs down to her panties but the judge once again stopped her. The order was clear this time. She was to keep her eyes open and focused solely on the camera that the newbie was holding. She complied once again and felt her cheeks blushing as she pushed her panties down, exposing her vagina to the camera, complete with its own personal landing strip.

Naked as the day she was born, she stood there, with her hands at her sides, as the newbie moved in and out, getting close-ups of her breasts and vagina. Why couldn't this damn newbie move this well during cheerleading practice? If she did, this entire situation could have been avoided! She was moving so gracefully now that it seemed impossible that she had ever been clumsy before.

"Turn," the newbie commanded after the two minutes were up.

This was definitely the most excruciating turn of her entire existence. There she stood, completely naked, with her hands at her sides and she was facing-- an empty courtroom. Her parents were gone. The newbie's parents were gone. Mr. Denbrock was gone. There was no one in the courtroom except for the judge, the newbie, and Melanie!

"You can turn around, Miss Combs," the judge told her.

Melanie turned around to face the judge and the newbie who was standing there, staring at her. Not at her breasts or vagina, which she didn't even bother to cover, but at her face. Neither of them was smiling and neither of them looked very amused.

"Melanie, I had no intention of making you go naked for three weeks and I had no intention of making you show your naked body to your own father. What I did intend to do, however, was put the fear of God into you and I believe that I succeeded. When my sister called and told me about my niece being bullied by the captain of the cheer squad, I decided to intervene. I called your parents, my sister and brother in law, and the principal of your school together and we decided on a course of action.

"Everything that has happened to you starting with the day after the incident was rehearsed and every line beautifully delivered by everyone involved. Do not think, however, that you are getting away scot free, young lady. My niece still has the video of your embarrassing strip on her phone and while I have instructed her not to send it to a single person and she knows that there will be severe consequences if I find out that she has... I will not rob her of the right to show anyone she wishes a video that was captured on her phone. This is not blackmail. This is not extortion. This is you, understanding what it is like being forced to exhibit your body to others. You will just have to accept the fact that my niece is going to show the video," Judge Wilcox said.

"Are you kidding me? I was wondering how I was going to look everyone in the eye after walking naked for three weeks! I was wondering how I was going to sit down and have a conversation with my father after he'd seen my breasts and vagina. I was afraid that he would never see me in the same way. As long as the newbie here doesn't use it maliciously and show everyone just so she can, I have no problem with that punishment," Melanie said, smiling.

"Now, one more thing, young lady. If I ever hear of you bullying anyone else. I don't care if it's calling them dweeb, a dork, a loser... if I ever hear of you bullying a single person, I will drag your behind back into this courtroom, I will reinstate your full punishment and I will add a few months after school has ended. I am a judge, sweetheart. Not only can I make it happen but I'll get away with it too. This is your one get out of jail free card. Use it wisely. Now, get dressed and out of my courtroom," Judge Wilcox instructed.

If Melanie had ever received more enjoyable instructions, she couldn't remember when. It was she had entered warp speed when it came to putting on her bra and panties. As she reached for her jeans, she noticed the newbie approach her camera in hand.

**Ending**

"I'll make you a deal," she said. "I'll keep the video to myself but it's going to cost you."
"Uh oh. I thought this wasn't blackmail. What's it going to cost me?" Melanie asked.
"It's simple. Just treat me like you treat everyone else on the cheerleading squad. Also, knock off the newbie talk... I hate it. Just call me Sarah," she said, extending her hand.
Melanie laughed. "It's a deal!"

They both shook hands and Sarah started to skip towards the door, once again showing her grace and quickness. She stopped and turned around, a grin forming at her lips.

"By the way, nice tits!" she called out before disappearing through the door, leaving Melanie gob-smacked.

Melanie finished getting dressed and when she was fully dressed, she realized that the judge was still in the room. Together, they walked towards the exit and Judge Wilcox paused right outside the door. There, on the wall was a bronze plaque that read "... And Justice For All".

"I think that has been achieved today, don't you?" Judge Wilcox asked.
"Definitely. I've learned my lesson. I can honestly say that my bullying days are behind me," Melanie said with a solemn nod.
"Glad to hear it," Judge Wilcox said.