**As Red As Your Hair!**

BySwimkid

**As Red As Your Head: Part 1**

You guys are lucky, my power went out again, so here's another short storie. It was meant to be read as 1 part story, but it's too long to fit in as one part.
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Logjam School was a nice place. A really great school for the funds it got, it was big, imposing and well kept. Even though it’d been build many years ago, during the foundation week of Logjam City, the high-school most of the town’s teenagers attended to had survived pretty well. The backyard that had been built for kindergarteners to play in had grown old and merged with the deep flora that stood behind it, it’d turned into a small forest that students –in spite of their parent’s concerns- loved.

And what the students thought was one of the best things about the school was that most of the teachers were friendly and well qualified for their jobs. All of them but one that is, Miss Donovan –or ´That Ginger Witch´ as students would call her- was famous, or rather infamous for her tests. They were said to be the hardest in all of high school and, apparently, only the very best students passed.

However, there was no reason poor little Rose Donovan had to suffer for her mother’s teaching.

Rose Donovan, who had long, straight and smooth red hair, was the model student; always respecting her teachers, bringing in her homework done every day and, of course, always did great at tests. The small girl had earned quite a reputation as a nerd, and a well-deserved one for that matter. However, her grades weren’t probably what defined her as such. Rose was a naturally quiet girl, kept to herself and her many fantasy books. She had a few trusted friends, but she kept her relationships with the rest of her class to a minimum.

But it wasn’t as if she wasn’t liked, her class regarded her as a nice and friendly girl, which she was, but she’d rather keep her eyes in a book than her mouth open in a conversation. Of course, the class’ feelings about Rose changed as soon as the secret about her family tree got out.

It’d been kept secret due to, apart from the obvious reasons, school policy. For what Rose’s class knew, the only similarity between their classmate and their teacher was their red hair and their green eyes. However, it’d been Rose’s cousin, Sammy who had given up such valuable information to avoid a fate similar to Rose’s.

It’d been exactly one week after Rose’s secret had been revealed. She’d been nervous for the last few days, feeling insecure about every step she took, but after talking it with her friends and even a school councillor, she was starting to feel confident that nothing bad would happen to her. But poor Rosy couldn’t have been more have been more wrong.

It happened in the middle of winter, although it was so warm you may as well say it happened during spring. School had ended and an ever-growing crowd was forming in front of the venue of the school. It’d turned into a routine during Fridays; the students chit-chatted, complained about teachers and shared gossip, as most of them had nothing to do after school but worry about organize their plans for the weekend.

And the crowd played a great role in Rose’s fate that day. She’d just said goodbye to her friends, as they both needed to rush to their violin classes when she suddenly felt her wrist being tugged and held strongly. She didn’t even look up before she started struggling. She violently shook her shoulders and tried to jiggle her arm, but her efforts were fruitless. No matter how hard she struggled and squirmed, whoever had gripped her was too strong for the small teenager to get free from.

Only when she felt her feet being dragged she dared look up who her attacker was. She recognised her as soon as she saw her: Hannah Newfall. Rose contrasted with her captor as they both walked away from the crowd and into the woods that surrounded the school ground, with Hannah’s minions around them. The whole thing had been planned by the girls and perfectly executed; Rose’s disappearance from the crowd had been completely unnoticeable.

Hanna was the exact opposite of Rose in almost every possible aspect. Just by looking at the girls you could tell: Hannah was tall, even too taller than some boys on her class. Not only did she have the perfect hourglass figure and the perfect face but they paired with her blue eyes and dark hair. She was seen as an unobtainable prize by some boys, even though she was regarded as a*cock-tease*by almost the entirety of school. The attention she got only made the teenager more stuck up and cocky than she already was, a characteristic that, again, established that her personality was also completely different from Rose’s.

But the differences didn’t stop there. Hannah had been popular from the second she stepped into the classroom, quickly finding a group of tight friends that were as annoying and stuck up as she was. Unlike Rose, Hannah had no problem speaking publically and was far from a shy girl –some may say she was even a little too talkative and noisy-. But what probably led Hannah and Rose to be exactly where they were was the fact that Hannah was anything but a great student.

Rose, scared and still unable to free herself spent most of the time demanding Hannah let her go. Her captor, however, stood quiet while she dragged the red-haired teen far into the woods. The walk lasted for another few minutes, all of which only served to inspire more fear in Rose’s eyes as she saw how Hannah’s grin grew bigger and meaner.

When Hannah and her gang considered they were far enough from school, she let go of Rose’s wrist. The teenager looked even paler than usual, as she could only think how small she must’ve looked, intimidated by her classmates surrounding her. She took steps backwards until she found herself cornered against a rock. She nearly jumped when the cold stone made contact with the bare skin on her arms.

“Well, Rosy Rose…” Said Hannah with a mocking baby voice. “Do you know why you are here?”
“No” Rose whispered.
“Well, you see Rosy, I flunked your mommy’s test, and now I’m grounded, and that means I’m going to miss Sara’s party” She spoke clearly and slowly, with her usual strong voice.
“A… And why did you bring me here?” Rosy dared to ask, still whispering.
“Oh, you really don’t get it?” Hannah said “If I’m going to miss Sara’s party, I need something else to have fun with, and what better than to make the daughter of*Miss Ginger Witch*to be my toy?”

At this point Rose was too afraid to even speak. The way that Hannah was studying her body, moving her eyes from her fiery red hair to her shoe-clad toes was making the young teen terribly uneasy.

“Not too chatty today, as usual” Said Hannah, her stare now fixed on Rose’s green eyes. “Don’t you want to know what I mean by you being my toy?” Rose nodded, still paler than her natural skin colour -if that was even possible- “You see, It’s been a while since I played with dolls, you know comb their hair, change their outfit,**undress them…**” She put extra emphasis on that last word. “And I thought that you could be my doll for today, Rosy”

Rose didn’t like how that sounded, the way Hannah had said undress had sent a chill down her spine and her face had gotten back some colour –red– just thinking about what that may mean for her. But, not even Rose’s mind dared to go as deep as Hannah and her minions would go.

“You know” Continued Hannah “When I was a little girl, I’d change the clothes of one doll in particular many times a day, but sometimes, I forgot to put her clothes back on, so she had to be in just her bra and panties… I even remember once leaving her topless, can you believe it?! But anyways ginger, you are a smart girl, you can see where this is going, can’t you?” Rose again only nodded, still in denial of what she’d just heard “So you’ve got two options Rosy Rose, you either strip to your undies yourself, or we take off those clothes for you.”
“No…” Said Rose with a thin voice.
“Yes. And in fact, I’m going to count to ten, and before I reach ten you’ll have started to strip… or else…”

Rose was far too scared of the “else” that Hannah had threatened her with. Would she bring boys? Would she keep her clothes? Would she take pictures? Oh god, she couldn’t believe her situation. There she was, standing in front of four pair of hungry eyes, waiting for her to expose the most private of skin to them.

“One…” Said Hannah, seeing that her victim hadn’t started to take off any clothing.

Reluctantly Rose moved her fingers from the pockets of her jean to the bottom end of her shirt. She couldn’t believe what she was about to do, but the fear of Hannah’s else was too much. Slowly she raised her T-shirt over her head, but just before exposing her bra, when only her thin abdomen was showing, she stopped. It took her a few valuable seconds to re-gain the strength necessary to pull her shirt completely over her head.

She heard her tormentors before she saw them. Like wolfs they were howling, laughing and giggling at the sight of her topless victim. Rose rushed one arm to cover her green bra and handed one of Rose’s gang members her shirt. After that she used both hands to cover. Rose felt so small, so vulnerable, so humiliated. Never on her life had she shown so much skin, and her whole predicament had pumped so much blood to her face Hannah doubted that Rose would ever be pale again.

“Go on, my red haired doll, I said bra and panties.” Said Hannah, looking at Rose with lustful eyes.

Rose slowly slid one of her protective arms away from her chest and she started to work on the buttons that kept her jean tightly closed from the top, but quickly realized that she’d need both her hands. After letting out a sad, short, almost inaudible sigh the embarrassed teenager slid her other hand. This caused a massive roar of laughter from the crowd. Rosy ended up being able to unbutton her jean and she was quick to pull it down to her ankles, only to cover up immediately after.

For a few seconds before she could cover up, Rose gave Hannah and her crew a brief peak at what was hiding under her pants, a matching green pair of panties that seemed just a bit too tight, even for the petite girl. Rose felt completely degraded as the eyes of her captives posed all over her small body. After taking off her pants and stepping out of them, one of Hannah’s minions had snatched them from the ground and kept it god-knows-where. It was official, Rose was wearing nothing but her underwear now.

“My, my, what a naughty doll, stripping down to her undies in the forest” Hannah teased. Now, dolly, if you’d be so nice to put your arms by your sides…”
“No, please, I can’t do that!” Cried Rose.
“Oh, Rosy Rose, why can’t you do that?”
“I’m… you’d see…” Even the thought of saying it out loud scared the red-faced teenager.
“We’d see your boobies? Is that what you mean?” Hannah said. Rose only nodded. “But Rosy, why wouldn’t you want us to see your boobies? Would it be**embarrassing**?”
“Y… Yes…”
“Oh no!” Mocked Hannah “But last I checked, that was the whole idea, now move those arms before I take off with your clothes, will you?”

Rose froze. She hadn’t even considered the possibility that she may be left naked in public, and now suddenly the fear had taken over her. She’d just realized how much power Hannah had over her. Yet when she tried to move her hands her body didn’t respond. Almost instinctively her arms pressed tightly against her chest, protecting her modesty.

*She just needs some incentive.*Thought Hannah to herself. She whispered something into one of her minion’s ear and a backpack was passed around to her. She hung it around her shoulder and stood up. The rest of her crew soon followed her.

“Well, if that’s how you want to play, my red haired doll, I guess you can find your own clothes” She said, making sure to add a playful wink at the end. Rose had the courage to wait two steps before she spoke, putting a Cheshire cat grin on her face.
“No! Wait! I’ll uncover” She cried out.

The whole cruel group turned around and sat back down, eager to continue with the show. Rose didn’t stand still that time, too afraid that the group may fulfil their threat of leaving. Slowly she mover her right arm off her chest and her left arm off her crotch and reluctantly placed both her arms by her sides.

The poor teenager felt the group’s eyes devour her. After she’d mover her right arm, she’d exposed her small, almost non-existent milky white cleavage, clad only by a small green and white striped bra that contrasted heavily with her hair and skin tone. And after moving her left arm she’d open to the eyes of her tormentors a clear view of a matching pair of green panties that looked a size too small, even for the petite gril. She looked so small and vulnerable.

Tears of humiliation and anger, of helplessness and embarrassment clouded Rose’s vision. No one had ever seen her in such little clothing and the whole situation was making her want to die of shame. Her normally pale face had dyed a deep shade of red, contrasting against the skin of her nearly-naked body.

**As Red As Your Head: Part 2**

“Don’t you look cute so naked and red!” Teased Hannah.
“Please, it’s been enough, let me go” Whispered Rose.
“Just a few more minutes Rosy.” Said Hannah. “Now, do you see the branch that’s over you? I want you to grab it. With both your arms. Or else…”

Rose looked up and saw the tree branch that Hannah was referring too. She was such a short girl, to reach the branch, she had to extend her arms all the way up and stand on her tippy toes. Her naturally milky-white cleavage looked like non-existent lumps in the position she was standing now.

Hannah stood up so suddenly Rose almost moved her hands, instinctively, to cover her all-lost-modesty, but she quickly remembered the pink bag that Hannah still had hanging over her shoulder. With strong and constant steps Hannah walked all the way behind Rose. The poor teenager was too afraid to turn around to see that the mean-spirited girl standing behind her had raised a finger and had started tracing circles on her back. The second both girl’s skin made contact a shiver was sent down Rose’s spine.

“You know Rosy” Whispered Hannah to Rose’s ear. She was so close she could feel her warmth and hear her breath. “Your boobies looked so little… Like little girly nipps I don’t think you need a bra…”
“No…” She cried out, at the same volume her tormentor was talking in.
“So I’m going to take it off” She continued whispering “And you won’t move your hands off that branch, because, if you do, I’m going to run away and leave you in just your sweet little panties.”
“No…” She cried out again.

But the read-haired and red-faced teen soon felt her tormentor’s fingers on her back, and it only took her a few seconds to unclasp Rose’s bra. Now the only thing holding the bra over her breasts was her far too small cleavage, which only prolonged the suffering, as it made the bra slide down slowly down her boobs. The crowd let out a gasp of shock when Rose’s green and white striped bra finally fell to the ground, camouflaging with all the dense vegetation.

Tears were running down Rose’s face as a new wave of embarrassment ran up and down her. Her moon-pale breasts were completely visible, covered by nothing. She wanted to scream and cover, but she knew both of those actions would lead her to be left naked. She cringed when the wind caressed her pink nipples, which seemed to be the only sign of development on the teen’s chest. She always felt small in comparison with an average person, but at the time, she felt miniscule, as she was mocked for her lack of growth by Hannah’s gang.

“Oh my baby doll” Teased Hannah, whispering. Even though she still stood behind her victim, she had witnessed all the humiliating action from over Rose’s shoulder. “Now I’ve only got one more question… Are your pubes as red as your hair? I guess there’s only one way to find out.
“No, please, not my panties!” Rose begged. “Please, have some mercy, you’ve seen everything you need to see, please, let me keep them! Not my panties!”

After hearing this, Hannah stopped tracing circles and other various geometric figures on Rose’s bare back and sank her fingers deep into the petite teen’s last article of clothing. Hannah started to pull down, slowly, tasting the moment, prolonging her victim’s humiliation.

The feeling of her panties slowly sliding down her pale legs was smashing for poor little Rose. Her knees weakened as she felt her bare pussy being exposed to the cool breeze that had recently begun to blow. The giggles started even before her panties were at her knees. Rose didn’t even have the strength to keep her look up, so she fixed her gaze on her naked feet that barely touched the ground. When her panties finally reached her ankles, Hannah didn’t even have to whisper into her ear for Rose to step out of them. It felt surreal.

*This just has to be a nightmare* thought Rose. The poor teenager stood in agony, looking like a small snow flake in the middle of hell. Naked as the day she was born and with her arms high up over her head. Tears were streaming down her red face, all to the eyes of her lust-thirsty tormentors.

Those eyes –which she’d never forget on her life- were all fixed on the latest piece of flesh exposed: Rose’s bare sex. Much to her dread, like Hannah had said, her pubes were as red as her hair. She kept a small patch of hair, carefully shaven and trimmed, because it made her feel womanly, strong and independent. However, none of that crossed her mind while the girls giggled at the sight of their naked victim.

“Turns out they are!” Said Hannah cheerfully.

Rose stood still, her senses still numb as she saw how Hannah walked back in front of her. She quickly ran her eyes from top to bottom of the little naked girl. Hannah enjoyed the view: Her little doll completely naked, with her arms so high her boobs looked as if they weren’t there, her red face and red hair… She could get used to that kind of sights.

“Well, my naked doll, I’m going to give you a little present and then let you go.” Said Hannah.

Rose let out a sigh of relief. Soon her mortifying ordeal would be over. She’d managed to stop crying, however her eyes were still big, depicted fear and clearly revealed that she had been crying.

Something was quickly passed around hand to hand until it reached Hannah’s. She grabbed it by the tip and sowed it to Rose. It was a black sharpie marker which she was quick to uncap. Without any sort of warning she went straight to color Rose’s pink nipples. The poor red-haired teenager let out a gasp of shock and tried to move her chest back, however her movement was heavily limited because of her position, so she reluctantly stood still, fighting back the tears again, as Hannah turned her small pink nipples black.

When Hannah was done she stepped back and took a good look at her work. The two dark dots heavily contrasted the rest of Rose’s pale skin. She looked exactly like Hannah though. Ridiculous. And the cruel teen knew that the ink would take days to wash off, and until then, poor little Rosy would have to do a great work to hide her baby nipps!*Just a reminder that she is my little doll*Rose thought as she painted.

Rose was still too shocked to realize that the crew had left. She lowered her arms. They were terribly sore and aching from all the stretching. She found her clothes placed on a small pile. However, as she was dressing up, she noticed her bra was missing, and instead of it, there was a note that read:

Your boobies are so cute and small I thought everyone should get an idea!
- Luv, Hanna

**As Red As Your Head: Part 4 The Return**

Hannah had left Rose alone for a while. Enough, in fact, for the petite lady not to hesitate each step. She didn’t exactly know why Hannah had stopped with her stripping escapades, but she was darn glad her tormentor had done so. Life for Rosy in the span of those months had been quiet, like it was supposed to be: she’d kept to herself and to her close circle of friends, to her novels of dragons and princesses, even daring so far as to dwell into worlds years ahead of medieval times, worlds with spaceships and artificial moons that could destroy entire planets. Rose had, without a doubt, inherited her love for literature from her mother.

However, there was no reason for that familiar legacy to force her to endure the pains she had.

Why-oh-why had the blonde *hottie* stricken again after such an elongated period of calmness? The answer, almost poetically, in a twisted way, lays exactly where it laid in the beginning: Hannah had once again flunked a test administrated by Miss Donovan, Rose’s mother. Hannah loved to tell herself that her breaking out of her self-imposed hiatus was a mere act of vengeance, yet she knew deep down that she enjoyed stripping little Rosy. But I digress, what is important now is the story of how Rose Donovan, the petite redhead teen, the oh-so-embarrassed victim ended up on Hannah’s bed.

It was a day of spring Rose got Hannah’s text, though it was so cold you might as well say it was a day of winter. Her phone had blipped the beginning compasses of Mozart’s Rondo a la Turca, a very particular sound reserved only to numbers she did not have in her contacts list. Rose, who is worth adding had been quite immersed in a dangerous spaceship combat, looked at her phone and, as anyone who could’ve been there would’ve seen, her face transformed.

She visibly cringed as she looked at a *very* compromising picture of herself. On the screen of her phone there was a petite red-haired teenager bearing it all, the light striking her small chest from the barely-closed window of a train cubicle. Unwillingly, of course, she remembered darn well when that picture had been taken: the last time Hannah and her minions had stripped her. In fact, it was taken after they’d pushed her out of the cubicle and had forced her to flash her fellow classmates In order to be let back in.

Poor Rosy would’ve loved to remember that moment with anger, yet she felt as though the only emotion in her was a heart-sinking fear: she knew what that picture meant. Even if she had not, she soon looked at the caption under it. It read “Hello Rosy doll, why don’t you come play this Friday Sleepover at my place I’m sure you’ll love every second of it as long as you have your clothing that is” Good God, thought the redhead, no wonder Hannah had flunked her literature test, she could barely text an understandable message.

Rose, still shocked from the nakedness she had found herself in, did not reply. However, when Hannah saw that she’d seen the message, she quickly texted her victim a list of what she was to bring with her. Tortuously, she had intercalated traditional requests, such as snacks and a sleeping bag with items destined only for humiliation. The one that shook Rose the most, by far was “A printed out naked selfie.” Oh how well Hannah knew to torture her. Even before they re-met she had her stripped down and —though not in the full sense of the word— photograph her naked self for her.

For Hannah, the days went fast dreadfully slow. For Rose, they went dreadfully fast. It wasn’t until Thursday she had found it in herself to actually undress and take out the picture. She forced herself to walk in front of the mirror in her room. It was a full body mirror too, so there was absolutely no hiding behind that excuse. She could have tried to take the pic somewhere else, but she knew Hannah would demand a full bod picture anyway.

As Rose stared at her still clothed reflection —one that would disvest soon enough— she took a deep breath. Oh how much Hannah would have loved to have heard that. Timidly she reached and grabbed the lower end of her green and white stripped t-shirt and started to, slowly, pull up. Rosy knew there were no eyes to gawk at her, but she also found the idea of more pictures of her naked existing quite disturbing: after all, the teen had never been willingly seen naked! A few long seconds passed and Rose finished the task at hand. She threw her t-shirt over to her bed, which was behind her, less than 5 feet away. Immediately she started blushing as she caught a glimpse of herself.

With an increasingly red tone on her face, Rose tried to efficiently remove her trousers —*Let’s just get this over with!* she had thought.— yet once again her modesty made her unable to quickly peel her jeans off her legs. Short though she was, she had to bend down to finally take them off and, in doing so, though obstructed by her red mane, she once again saw herself in her mirror. Almost unwillingly, Rose looked provocative, as if she’d been doing that on purpose. Her milky-white smooth legs on full show, her petite round butt clad only by her pair of panties, which clung to her body like almost all of her pairs did, her chest covered by her black bra hung as loose as its minute size allowed it to. It sickened her with embarrassment, yet she knew she had to keep going, there was no more time for procrastination.

Once disposed of her jeans, little Rosy looked up at the ceiling, as if asking for support from every deity known to her. She once again sighed and unclasped her bra. Though she absolutely did not want to, her eyes were fixed on her reflection as she did so. The human mind works in mysterious ways. Rose’s bobs did little to hold the cups of her bra once unclasped and, even before she reached for it, it fell right off her chest, as if every deity known to her mocked her. Rose’s perky and pink, cute nipples stood out. They crowned her small chest and they were oh-so-visible. Immediately, her hands ran to her chest, but after a moment of calming herself, she managed to lower them.
Slowly, her hands ran down her body until they reached her panties. Her own fingers felt alien as she pushed them between her soft white skin and the cotton fabric of her underwear. She feinted to lower them three times before she actually summoned the courage to do so. Sluggishly, her panties slid off from her soft legs and reached the floor. Rose didn’t have it in her to dispose them as she had done with every other piece of clothing. She could only stare at her reflection. Her naked reflection.

Her naked body seemed to be the only thing truly visible in the reflection. Her petite frame, completely showed. Rose did not cover herself for a few seconds, still too shocked that Hannah had managed to undress her without so much as saying a word. Even worse, she thought as her eyes fixed on her newly bared private parts, she managed to do it, and enjoy it all whilst not even being here. Hannah had so, so much power over her victim, and she knew it, there was no real reason she had forced Rose to endure that —to her— nightmarish scenario other than the fact that she could.

Rose, eventually, reached for her cell phone and opened the camera app. She tried to cover as much of her privates as she could whilst posing. First of all, she hunched a bit, making herself even smaller than usual, but hoping it would better camouflage her attempts at avoiding humiliation. She let her left arm fall and rest, essentially offering a little cover for her bare sex, whilst with her right arm she tried to angle her elbow to cover as much of her cleavage as possible. Furthermore, she tried to adjust her red mane of hair to provide as much modesty as she could. As a final touch, she tried to cover as much of her beet red face with her pink phone. The end result was not modest in the least. Rose didn’t like it, but one picture was as much as she was willing to take before she rushed to dress up.

Yet at last, Friday came.

**As Red As Your Head: Part 6**

Rose had to physically force herself to ring the bell at Hannah’s house. She had tried to raise her arm quite a number of times to press the oh-so-daunting button, but she didn’t actually do it until she helped her right arm with her left one. As soon as she had pressed it, accompanying the ding-dong sound, Rose immediately heard some giggles. They were ready for poor Rosy, they’d been waiting in fact.
Cling went the lock and seconds after a familiar face greeted the petite teenager. There stood Hannah, her physique as strong as the doorframe that encompassed her: tall, blonde and definitely well developed, the torturer was a sight to be seen for many a boy before. For Rose, however, it was a sight she would prefer not to have to endure ever again.

“Oh, hello Rosy!” Hannah said moving as to let Rose in, with a grin that said she was up to no good. “My parents are home so I thought we could have this great night!”
“Ummm… H-hi” her voice was trembling already.
“Oh, why are you so shy, my little playing doll, you are still wearing all of your clothes, aren’t you?” Hannah mocked. “Not for long though. In fact, I’d like to hear you say it.”
“I… I… Do I really have to say it?”
“Well, of course you must, when I play with my dolls they do exactly as I say, and you are my little redheaded doll.
“I… I won’t be wearing my clothes for long.” Rose managed to muster after a long sigh of defeat. Hannah, however, was in cloud nine. Could ten if possible. Forcing Rose to acknowledge that she’d be stripped? One of the best ideas she had had in a while.
“That’s more like it. Now tell me little Rosy, did you bring what I asked?”
“I… Yes, I did.” The question, was of course pointless, as one Hannah’s lackeys she called friends had taken her bag as soon as she had stepped into the building. After it was handed to Hannah, she started fumbling through it, carelessly dropping what she deemed uninteresting items until she found an envelope.
“Well oh well, I wonder… what do we have here?” Hannah said teasingly, as she opened the container, slowly, savouring the moment. Once open, she reached her hand in and, histrionically, in one grand movement pulled out a piece of paper. Printed on it was the naked body of a petite, red-haired teenage girl, her face as red as her hair. “My, my, what a naughty little doll we have, printing out her nudies like this. Tell me, dear doll, did you enjoy stripping for me to take this picture? Did it remind you of when I played with you?”
“I… It did.”
“Was it **embarrassing**?”
“Y-yes it was.” Rose’s voice had been drowned to a mere whisper in a sea of humiliation. And she was still wearing her clothes.
Hannah answered by giggling and tuning off for a second, imagining Rose stripping. Eventually she came to her senses once again and said “Well, let’s not wait anyone’s time, come upstairs so we can get this night started!”

Hannah led the way and a few of her minions followed her. As Rose was about to take the first step upwards though the stairs, a girl stopped her and demanded she left her shoes and socks downstairs. “It’ll make it easier later” She’d said, softly giggling all the while. Rose, of course, had not a choice but to comply.

After she had been divested of the first two items of clothing, she made her way upstairs and followed the lackey that currently held her sneakers and socks to Hannah’s room. It was spacious and had been mostly cleared of furniture, Rose guessed it had been a wickedly special treatment for her. The walls were a pale pinkish color and in the middle of it all laid quite big a bed. At that moment, Hannah was staring down her victim whilst sitting on it.

“Come, come, my small doll, lay here” She ordered in a voice that was a mixture of her mocking, childish tone with which she regarded Rose as a doll and her authoritarian tone, with which she ordered her victim to strip.

Walking slowly, her arms crossed, already fixed to her chest Rose stepped towards Hannah’s bed. She felt all the eyes in the room on her at that precise moment. With each step she took, she got closer to being disvested, stripped away of her clothing, and yet she knew she could not stop. Even if she hesitated for a few seconds, she’d hear Hannah’s voice say “C’mon little one, I haven’t asked you to stop, have I?”

Hannah, as she got off the bed, making space for her little doll, stared at Rose. Up and down her gaze went, scanning through the petite frame of her victim. Rose was wearing a blouse and jeans, almost as if she wanted to give Hannah a different experience every time. God, how she loved stripping her! She was already undressing the poor girl in her mind, comparing the approaching teen to the nude photo of her she held, oh how she’d cherish that moment when she exposed her little boobies once again…

Rose made her way to the bed, stalling no more and, in an extremely uncomfortable manner, managed to lay down. Her body was tense all over as Hannah and her lackeys filled her field of vision. One by one the faces pooped into it, looking as though they were wolves ready to devour her, grinning like madmen at the same time. Hannah wasted no time and tried to make the situation even worse for poor Rosy. She softly lay her hand on Rose’s left wrist, still clutched over her chest and started to peel it away.*No, no, no, no*Rose thought she did little to offer resistance. Hannah manoeuvred both her and her victim’s hand and placed it over the head of the petite girl on her bed, making sure to stare down Rose’s eyes all the while. Soon, Rose’s right arm followed.

“There we go, nice and coverless.” Hannah said. “You know, I always expose your little boobies, first, but I feel like changing today, so I guess I’ll check out which panties you are wearing…”

Deviously, Hannah ran her fingers from where they rested, atop Rose’s right wrist all the way down to her waistband. She made sure to give Rose a pinch on the chick and to pass through the very middle of her cleavage. To further put Rose in a state of discomfort, Hannah let her hand rest for a few eternally long seconds atop Rose’s inner thigh.

When she finally got back to her waist, after having moved unnecessarily yet embarrassingly slowly, Hannah undid the button on Rose’s jeans, already revealing just a tad bit of the sky-blue color her panties were. Hannah then dug her fingers between the fabric of Rosy’s panties and the denim fabric of her jeans. The touch was cold, but Rose could feel nothing but the abrasive heat of shame burning on her face as Hannah lethargically slid her pants. She took a break to admire her captive’s underwear once her pants were at her knees and then continued at a more rapid pace, the tension having worn off. The pair of panties, much alike every other time clung to Rose’s skin, they were oh-so-tight and oh-so-embarrassing for the young teen, but that was the only size that fit her small waist somewhat well.

Rose could do nothing but breathe heavily and feel the heat of embarrassment. She dare not move her arms to cover up, even though every cell on her body demanded she did. She laid there, practically naked from the waist down and she was forced to endure the experience of her panty-clad crotch being taken in by Hannah and her group of tormentors. What might have even been worse, she had to*hear*them take in the sight. Phrases like “Look at how red she looks”; “Awww, those baby panties are so cute!”; and the like would haunt her forever, she thought.

But her torment was far from over. Hannah, after having been handed it, theatrically pulled Rose’s nude photo in front of her and said

“What a naughty doll I have, posing all nekkid, showing her teeny tiny boobies, what do you say, Rosy? I feel like I think I need to smack a sense of modesty into you” Hannah mocked, knowing full well that Rose’s sense of modesty was there. “I guess I’ll give you a classic spanking, that should work. Turn around for me please.”

**As Red As Your Head: Part 7**

Even as she was turning around, obediently, Rose doubted she had heard correctly. A spanking? Was Hannah about to spank her? Rosy found disturbing that, even after so many encounters, Hannah found new ways to “play” with her, new ways to thoroughly and completely embarrass her.

Her movements, awfully free from constrictions from the waist and below painfully reminded her of her state of exposure. She didn’t even entertain the possibility of stalling that time, she knew it’d be beyond fruitless. It only took the redhead a few seconds to accommodate herself and lay face down on Hannah’s bed, her hands still well above her head, clutching onto whatever pillows she could find, as if to grab some sort of dignity.

The torturer sat down on her own bed, making sure to take a position optimal for the task at hand. She lifted her victim’s blouse just a bit, just so it would provide no obstruction. Mischievously she let her hand once again rest on Rose’s inner thigh. Deliberately she would move it slowly in circular motions, switch the pressure points every once in a while. She touched all the skin Rose would normally hide under her trousers, all of that embarrassing skin, as she’d regard it. Those patterns… she knew full well how to drive poor little Rosy insane, for the teasing, the anticipation of what was to come, Hannah suspected, must’ve been as bad as the spanking itself.

Slowly, Hannah’s movement acquired a more linear pattern. Rose was all but wimping, almost silently begging for her nightmare to stop, knowing with certainty it wouldn’t be the case. The victim soon felt a rush of blood hit her face almost immediately the second she felt Hannah’s index finger climb up her thigh onto her butt. Mere seconds went by before the blonde’s full hand was resting on Rose’s right butt cheek, clad only by a thin layer of cotton. Rose felt degraded, dominated and mortified, yet she could do nothing.

“You know, my little fiery doll, I don’t think I’ve given your sweet little bum enough protagonism, it’s really*asking*for a spanking…”

And after pronouncing such grim words, Hannah lifted her hand and then softly swatted Rose’s butt. The hit wasn’t meant to be harmful, simply humiliating: she wanted not to scathe her little doll, but to overpower her, show her how minute she truly was. That did not matter, as Rose would’ve let out a little help anyway. Such an innocent sound, the cry of a victim. Hannah, before swatting again, let her fingers lightly run towards Rose’s other cheek, delighted at the sound of a slight yet constant whimpering all throughout the length. Once there, she repeated the process.

“C’mon my little one, count out loud for me.” Said Hannah before giving her third hit.
“T-Three” managed to whisper Rose after receiving it. The embarrassment was such she even had trouble speaking without breaking down into tears, her voice even adamantly trembling at such a low volume. Rose’s face burned as strongly as she felt her body would allow it to. The spanking went on. *Smack!*, “Four”, pause, *Splat!*, “Five”, pause, an intrusive cupping of one cheek, a shocked, mortified gasp, *Slap!*, “Six”… It went on for what to Rose was an eternity. Eventually though, practically in what was a barely-audible cry of defeat and not a whisper, Rose mustered “T-…Twenty”.
“That should be enough for now, my little doll. Now, let me see how I did.”

Hannah casually dug her fingers between Rose’s ass and her light blue panties. She lifted the fabric and slid it down. Rose was audibly begging for a break, for Hannah not to strip her right then and there, but Hannah didn’t intend to either. She slid down only the back part of Rose’s undergarments and admired at how the normally soft, pristinely white skin had acquired a tender texture and a pinkish colour. She grinned meanly, proud of her work. Rose felt as though her bum was on fire. It did not hurt, at all, but it stung, almost as much as her face stung. Probably her ass and her face were, as Hannah would put it, as red as her hair.

“How, do you think you’ve learnt your lesson?” Hannah said, her voice already showing a tint of that dominant vernacular of hers.
“I… I have”
“So you won’t be out there wildly taking photos of your very, very nekkid and small boobies and bum, little girl?”
“N-No, I won’t”
“Oh, you will, but only when I ask you. I think that is the lesson we’ve all learnt. Now, please thank me for teaching you.”
“...what?
“Well, I tried very hard to discipline you, I’d like you to thank me for spanking you. I’m sure it’ll be *very embarrassing* for you. So do it.”
“I… Thank-Thank you Hannah, for smacking my butt.”
“Oh, please, anyone could say that with a straight face. I want you to really feel the humiliation, give me details. I’ll make you say it over and over until I get what I want. And look at me when I’m speaking”
“Th-thanks, thank you Hannah for slapping my ass for taking a naughty picture” Rose said, sickened by her own words. It was such a wicked streak on Hannah’s part, it was completely destroying any sense of hope Rose might’ve held. “Thank you for teaching me modesty by smacking my almost bare ass.”
“Why, you are welcome my little doll.” Hannah said, with a god awful smile on her face. “Now, let us get on with the night, you are still wearing a lot of clothes, aren’t you, my fiery toy.”

In the span of the next few moments, Rose was made to turn on herself again, now laying back down on the bed of her new torture chamber and Hannah had positioned herself in a particular way that, to Rose, meant no good. Of course, that would’ve been any position the teen would adopt. The tall and hot blonde teen first clasped Rose’s legs tightly together and then, seconds after, proceeded to climb atop them for a fraction of a second. Involuntarily, Rose let out a yelp of pan, Hannah was quite heavy for her tiny legs to support. Having heard that, and wanting to leave her victim unscathed physically, Hannah opted instead to kneel, placing one leg on each side of Rosy’s body.

From Rose’s point of view, it was as though a dragon from one of her novels had taken flight right in front of her to burn her to a crisp. Yet in real life it was a true enemy, one that existed, that was there. A giant, a titan of humiliation. There was nothing to see but Hannah’s imposing body and a pair of eyes that stared her down, that would cause her nightmares for years to come. It was difficult not to maintain eye contact, as Hannah’s eyes would chase hers anywhere she looked. A constant shade of red remained on her face. She tried closing her eyes but Hannah would not let her.

Having her captive completely dominated, Hannah effortlessly reached for the lowest button of her pale pinkish blouse. Pop it went as she unbuttoned. And then, of course, she paused and let her hand rest atop Rose’s bare tummy. Poor Rosy felt a crescendo of humiliation as Hannah did this, all whilst looking at her deeply. Pop went the second button, baring more and more of her skin. Pop went the third and the fourth in quick succession, the light blue cups of Rose’s matching bra on full show now.

Hannah, delighted by the sight took a picture, on Rose’s own phone, and showed it to her captive. Rose could help not but gasp as she saw herself: The blue of her bra contrasted perfectly against the pink of her blouse and drew all the attention to her tiny chest. Her body tiny and her face red, denoting an expression that went beyond mortified and terrified of what was to come, her green eyes wide open, unable to do anything but stare, her slim arms almost carelessly and casually atop her head: she looked pathetic. And Hannah loved it.

Pop went the fifth and final button, finally revealing what little cleavage was there. Hannah made sure to theatrically open up Rose’s blouse and to —unnecessarily— adjust her mane of red hair upwards—, making sure absolutely nothing was covered and then *stared*. Rose felt once again the meanly familiar heat of shame on her face, as well as the sinking weight of humiliation on her chest. She cringed and squirmed, hoping against all hope to escape the nightmare she was in.

Hannah giggled at the sight of an even less developed Rosy, as gravity pulling down her breasts made them seem physically inexistent. As always, such a small chest, paired with an already naturally small frame made the sixteen year old look no older than twelve. Oh how much Hannah loved to pull on those insecurities, weaving them like strings of the perfect embarrassment puppet. Would she ever get tired of that?

“How… I’m a little warm here” Hannah said. “Don’t you think we should go for a stroll to cool down, Rosy? You are all red, could it be because of the heat?”

**As Red As Your Head: Part 8**

“W… what?” Rose said incredulous, in a higher pitch than usual, not sure what had caused it.
“Well, you heard me, little doll, we are going to take a little walk.”
“N-Now?”
“Oh yes, right now.” And as Hannah said that, she took a hold of Rose’s chin and slowly lifted it, making sure her whole body accompanied the motion. She delighted at the sight of what little bounce this produced on her cleavage. “Some rules I must give you, my toy, no extra clothes, no buttoning your blouse. We go as we are.”

*Oh God, oh God, oh God*was all that Rose managed to think. She felt Hannah’s strong push behind her, her tormentor’s hands clasped tightly on her shoulders. The height difference must’ve never been more painfully obvious. She was practically dragged outside, unable to force her feet to partake “willingly” on such a devious task.

Hannah, almost unable to contain her laughter, finished pushing Rose outside and turned around to lock the door. She made sure to safely store the key and then strode forward, passing alongside Rose and walking her, by her hand, to where she stopped, ahead of all the group. Slowly she let go of Rose’s wrist and watched as the shy girl quickly locked both her arms atop her chest, though she remained obedient and didn’t try to cover up with her blouse.

Hannah ordered Rose to march forward. She walked agonizingly slowly, and Rose knew that she didn’t simply intend to stroll, she wanted to parade her as a near-naked price. And near naked she was. She felt the cool breeze caress her inner thigh and she shook and shivered when a light wind hit her very exposed torso. Oh god, oh god, she was out on the street on her underwear, with a blouse she wasn’t even allowed to button up. Her hands pressed tightly over her chest and with her eyes as wide as possible she looked around, carefully scanning for bystanders or bypassers who would try to look at her. Each step she took made her knees tremble.

It was late, but not so late the streets were deserted. Eventually, Hannah heard some voices. Both male and female, young and cheerful, probably a group of friends hanging out just outside one of their houses. She suspected she’d find them as soon as they turned the corner. They still had about 30 meters to get there. She lagged behind and ordered Rose kept the pace and whispered something to her cohorts. Seconds after, she caught up to poor Rosy, who had barely moved.

“Stop, little doll. New rule.” She said speaking slowly and confidently. “I want you to keep your hands above your head. Let me see those little boobies of yours. You know how much I like seeing your tiny bra cups.”
“P… please, Hannah, don’t make me do this.” Said Rose, hoping her crying would be too noticeable.
“Oh, please, my dear doll, you don’t want to talk back to me, do ya? Now, be a good little girl and do as I say before I strip you naked right here and now.” Hannah wouldn’t like that, she liked to really draw Rose’s suffering out, but sometimes the threat of immediacy was enough to get the little girl to comply.
“No, no, no, no.” Was all that Rose managed to say as she, extremely slowly and reluctantly raised her left arm. Immediately she felt a conflicting warmness and coolness: her face, became hotter, her chest colder. Then came the truly hard part: with every bone in her body asking, begging in fact, for her not to, she raised her other arm, completely exposing her childish chest. She couldn’t see it, her eyes clutched shut, wet with tears, wouldn’t allow her too, but under the street light there stood a young lady, almost bearing it all, her privates hidden by a tight pair of matching light blue undergarments. She bore a pink blouse which a taller, meaner and better developed girl made sure to adjust in order to cover as little as possible.
“That’s it. You should look at you, my-oh-my, so exposed and red. Now, let me lead you.” Hannah said, feeling one thousand percent in control, more dominant than she ever had.

The tormentor laid her hands on Rose’s shoulders and once again walked behind her. Softly, excruciatingly slowly, she began to push her prey. She was sure that Rose, amidst her mortifying ordeal hadn’t heard the group of chit-chatters. Step by step they made their way to the street corner. It was wild that they’d walked so little, it’d felt like a lot of time. In one efficient motion, Hannah turned Rose’s body so it’d face the group directly

Rose just then managed to open her eyes, and before she was blinded by the light, she caught a quick glimpse of the group of people that sat casually in front of her. In a fraction of a second she caught a perfect image: casually they sat and chatted. Some of them boys, some of them girls. The looked about Rose’s age, maybe a bit older. Some sat on the stairway that led to a nice-looking house, the rest sat on the floor near them. They chuckled and laughed as friends are wont to do. That is of course until…

“Oh my God!” A very high pitched and excited girly voice shrieked. “Is she naked?”
“What are you saying Mia who…” said a manly voice, slowly running out of words as his eyes got affixed on the near naked teen his age that stood just a few meters head of him.

Had Rose not closed her eyes and began crying once again, she would’ve seen that one of Hannah’s cohorts had put a cap between her face and the group. They could simply see her body and her long straight red hair. Oh course, that was more than enough for them to enjoy and more than enough for Rose to be embarrassed. She physically could not believe what was happening to her. At least one boy, probably more, were seeing her like that: on her underwear and in public. Her knees were weak and she struggled not to fall. She cried softly, unable to make any loud sound.

“So, what’s going on here?” Said another girlish voice, with a thick southern accent, after the initial shock. “Why is she like that out’ere?”
“Well” Hannah said teasingly “She is my little doll and I wanted to play outside. You know how it is, you undress them and then dress them again. But I have a tendency to forget the second half.”
The group laughed. The laughter Rosy could make out was mostly female. Oh god, the boys didn’t laugh because they were practically hypnotized by her body. Oh God, oh God, she wanted to run and hide, but she knew she couldn’t: Hannah held her strongly, and she held her captive with the compromising pictures she had of her. Her face burnt with more shame that it ever had. “Well, arentcha a cute little toy.” Said the southern girl. “Ain’t that right?
“M… … Mmhmm” said Rose, barely audible for the crowd, but apparently, audible enough to satisfy the girl.
“And tell me, is this one of those dolls that you can strip *completely*?” Asked the girl who had spoken first, Mia, decided to continue the game.
“Oh, she most certainly is.” Said Hannah triumphantly. “I’ve undressed her completely a few times, I must say, she is my favourite doll, I don’t think I’ll ever get tired of playing with her.” That last phrase sent a chill down Rose’s spine.
“And… could we… ummm, you know…” Said a masculine voice. Rose couldn’t make out whether it was the guy who had spoken first or not.
“I don’t know.” Hannah said.
“Well… ummm… see her naked.” Rosy panicked. Oh she begged and implored silently that wouldn’t be the case.
“Well, I think that would be overstating your welcome, now wouldn’t it?” Hannah sad, immediately hearing a sigh of relief from Rose. “I can, however, give you her sweet little blouse and make her do a little twirl for you.”
“Well, I’d like to play that game” Said one of the girls, Rose too preoccupied with the prospect of what she’d have to do to recognize the voice.
“You heard them, my fiery toy, do as you are told.” Hannah demanded, excited to give the group a little show before heading back to her place. She let go of Rose and hunched down to whisper into her ear “Turn around slwooooly, make sure to give them a good look. We’ll cover your face, don’t worry.” And with that, she stepped away.

Rose shivered, not because of the cold, but because of the state of humiliation she’d been in permanently. With shaky hands she removed her blouse and let it drop to the ground. Her eyes, still closed, her face still covered. She let go a long sigh of defeat and came out in a twisted vibrato, her tone still broken with a few remaining tears. With her arms still atop her, conscious of every cell in her body, she started to slowly turn around. She felt so exposed, so naked as the gawks of the teens fixated on her. The boys must’ve been drooling, she though as she received the uncomfortable and undesired attention.

When she had completed exactly half of her turn, Hannah stopped her. She walked besides a very shaky Rosy and crouched next to her waist. She announced “I’ll give you all a little treat. I wasn’t planning to, but I think you deserve it, my little doll was naughty and tried not to obey me earlier.” And after having said that, in one quick sweep she slid Rose’s panties down to her knees. Rose let out an audible gasp, mixed at the same time with a “NO!”, but before the group managed to make out anything more than her petite ass, Hannah pulled the panties up again. She cupped Rose’s left butt cheek, still slightly pinkish, and ordered Rose to finish her task.

Rose Donovan ignored the request to move slowly, after having been so thoroughly seen by strangers and completed her twirl in one quick motion. After that, the group remained silent for a moment and then proceeded to burst out laughing. Oh how similarly the sounded to Hannah and her cohorts that day at the forest.

“Well, this has been a show and a half” Said Mia “Thank you!”
“No, Thank you,” Hannah said “For letting me discipline my little toy here. C’mon my fiery headed doll, let’s go.” And with that she pushed, still slowly, making sure as many people as possible got a view of Rose, back to her house.

**As Red As Your Head: Part 9**

“My, my, Rosy, quite naughty flashing your bum again…” Teased hurtfully Hannah. “Do you think they got to see a bit of your*Kitty*? I bet they did.

Rose’s tears had dried, forming a hard-ish coat of salt water over her still very red face. She still had trouble walking in a straight line. Had it not been for Hannah literally pushing her, she was sure she’d drifted to the sides multiple times. The humiliation of flashing a random group of teenagers was such that it impeded her from walking. Her eyes had been fixed to the floor since she’d managed to summon the courage to open them, catching sight of her bare feet as she strode practically naked through the night street. Oh God, how would she live this down?

The group of teenagers arrived back to Hannah’s. The house owner very theatrically slowly opened the door and let in everyone before allowing her victim to pass. In her mind it was those little details that*really*humiliated the girl. Of course, having her little childish light blue panties lowered in front of boys and girls she didn’t know also must’ve helped, Hannah though, giggling at her own evil genius.

But the time for Rose’s undergarments had come.

“Ooooh Rosy…” She called out once the girls were all back on her room. The red-headed teen still looked shocked, mortified. Oh how Hannah was enjoying this. “Come here, my dear doll.”

Reluctantly, the teen stepped from the comfort of her corner to the centre of the room where Hannah had been standing. In the midst of her travel, her torturer had been handed a small piece of furniture: a wooden stool of some sorts. Hannah had placed it dead centre of the room, having adjusted her bed beforehand. Histrionically she gestured for Rosy to step on it. With small, timid steps and her arms clutched to her chest, the small teen obliged. Immediately she felt the consequences of her actions: interested, perverted gawks hit her from all directions. She was, quite literally, the centre of attention.

Hannah perfectly knew what she was doing. She’d step up Rose’s own nightmare: she would soon be completely naked in the exact middle of her room. The idea shone in its simplicity and cruelness.
“Now, my little doll, I know it is me who does the stripping usually, but I thought it’d be fun to see you strip. So, go right ahead, oh, and please don’t stop until you are naked.” Just like that, in a demanding yet awfully casual tone, Hannah had sealed Rose’s fate.

Stalling? Now that simply would not be a possibility. Rose’s mind was flooded with emotions. Fear, embarrassment, anxiety. Emotions she’d rather not feel ever again. And yet she forced herself to, slowly, so painfully slowly, uncover her chest. As soon as both her arms were behind her back, fingers fidgeting, wasting time before unclasping her bra, the crowd let out a wolf howl. Oh god, they really were seeing her from all angles.

After regaining her composure —Rose was getting an awful lot of practice—, she finally moved her fingers as she’d done many times before. A slight, barely audible click growled through the room. It was quiet. It had been since the wolf howl. Literally every pair of eyes but one was fixed on Rose. Rose moved her arms, to catch the sky blue cups of her small bra, but, once again, the garment had other plans. It caressed her skin, tracing perfectly the curvature of her minute breasts, leaving nothing to hide. For just a moment, an unnoticeable moment for anyone but Rose, her bra clung to her: just as the top of the cups had reached her pink, cute nipples. And then it fell. Onto the stool and then onto the ground.

Right then and there was nothing shielding Rose’s small breasts from the sight of Hannah and her crew of devilish teenage girls. The white light struck her pale skin, making it seem almost phantasmagorically white, showing great contrast against the bright orange of her hair and the deep crimson of her face, once again adorned by tears, originated by a silent cry of pure devastation. It was music to Hannah’s ears. The girl with the petite frame stood there, unable to move, as everyone took in the sight of her bare chest: oh how childish she looked, oh how humiliated she was.

“Oh yes, my little doll. Keep going. I want to keep you*naaaaked*.” Said Hannah, eager for Rose to continue.

Once broken out of her entranced status, Rose had no choice but to further her own humiliation. She couldn’t decide if doing the stripping herself was better or worse than having Hannah —Or anyone, for that matter— peel her clothes away. Her hands ran from behind her back to her petite waist: her frame was perfectly proportioned, taking into consideration Rose’s size. Her fingers dug between the light blue lacy cotton material and her naked skin. Rose let a particularly disheartening sigh of defeat and then she*pushed*. She’d hoped she could do it quickly, get it over with and not be subject to her almost self-inflicted torture, but something deep within her brain still wanted her to retain modestly for as long as feasibly possible.

Slowly, Rosy’s bare pussy was revealed to the audience. The process of actually stripping quickened once Rose’s panties —her precious last piece of clothing— was around her knees. She was quick to subtly step out of them and in doing so, she kicked them off the stool. Her snow-white legs had no cover. Neither her clean shaven crotch. There was not a spec of red hair below Rose’s shoulders. Again, she could almost feel the weight of so many onlookers on her naked body. Had Rose actually felt the pressure of being looked at, she would’ve felt a particularly heavy point on her bare sex: the “forbidden” part of her body, usually hidden was at plain sight, everyone in the room was taking in her labia and whatever else they could get a peak of.

Of course she tried to shield herself, after blushing, that is. She was Rose after all. Christ, she was naked. Again.

“It’s so sweet you think I’d let you cover!” Hannah said, excited and delighted at having little Rosy naked again. “However, this time I want you to put both your hands behind your back: if I take any pictures it’ll look like you are posing for me. Would you believe it? Shy little Rosy by days, the redhead pervy slut by nights.”

Oh God, oh God, the teasing was killing her slowly. But she obliged and forced her hands to remove whatever cover they’d put up before and to clasp behind her back. At least she could cover a little bit of her bum. Once she was effectively unprotected, Hannah mischievously stepped up to her. Whilst Rose stood on the stool she was a mere centimeters taller than Hannah. Her torturer, while looking at her straight in the eyes, took from the pockets of her jeans —she’d chosen to keep it there just to really rub it in that Rose was wearing nothing— a small, extremely childish red bow. She tied Rose’s red mane of hair with it and stepped back to admire her handiwork.

Now, that’s a sight if I’ve ever seen one, she thought, almost salivating, as she watched her captive. Rose, already naturally small and petite, stood there completely naked. As the day she was borne. Her eyes fixed on the ground, unable to look anywhere else, too scared of facing anyone in the room. Her little light blue ensemble of tiny underwear laid there on the floor close to her, almost mocking her: her clothes so close, yet she herself so naked. And to top it all off, the cherry of the desert, a bow tying her hair. Not any bow, but one she’d found on the infants section at a store she’d visited specially for that night. She looked no older than 12, and she looked oh-so-humiliated. Hannah was proud of herself. It really took work to embarrass someone so thoroughly.

“And there you are Rosy, naked once again.” She started teasing, improvising. “Oh, do you know how cute and little you look with that adorable bow? Your teensy tiny boobies make you look young, but that bow really seals the deal. And you look so red, too! I really love having my own little doll to strip whenever I want to. I don’t think I’ll ever want to play with another doll! At least not for a loooong time.” Rose’s sniffles turned into one of her classic almost silent cries. Hannah started walking in circles around her. “It’s just great to have you, right there, in the middle of the room, all naked for me to see. I really could throw you out naked as I promised last time, but I won’t do that. For now, I’ll just leave you here, for all of us to*really*look at you. Then, you’ll slep, nekkid of course, as little girls have to, and then you’ll be on your way and we’ll met another day…”

**As Red As Your Head: Part 10 (Short Epilogue)**

The evening had gone exactly as Hannah had described it would. It had been excruciating for Rose to simply stand there. Knowing she was being looked at. Her naked body was inspected from all possible angles. She had no more secrets. Hannah and her cohorts knew her body as well as she did, maybe even better —what a sickening thought—.

But eventually, they’d got tired and Hannah had announced it was time to sleep. The night went on completely uneventfully, as the girls really were tired. Rose woke up, naked as she’d slept, already with eyes on her, already blushing.

Hannah didn’t care to offer her breakfast. She simply announced it was time for her to leave. Rose’s heart sank as she thought she meant naked, but she was handed her clothes. Well, most of them. Rose’s blouse would be nowhere to be found, as it’d been handed to the random group of teenagers. But the blonde girl found it not appropriate to have her little victim walking around naked. Not yet, at least. She’d replaced Rose’s cute pink blouse with a tiny —and Rose really meant tiny, she knew that adjective all too well— white tank top that was, of course, translucent. Would she ever catch a break? Of course, Hannah kept her underwear as a prize, waiving it in front of her as she was getting dressed.

Rose’s walk home wasn’t noteworthy. Her face remained with a slight pink tint, a tone of residual humiliation, as she’d come around to call it. Her scandalous attire, which exposed completely her flat tummy and partially her tiny breasts, nipples poking hard due to the cold weather, drew the uncalled for attention of many-a-boy. Rose still cringed when remembering that. She’d tried to cover herself up, but it’d been fruitless: her having her hands higher than her waist caused the already small piece of cloth to fold and bend in unintended ways that bared even more of her skin.

She made it home and just sat. She would not get rid of Hannah any time soon.

End of Era 1.

**As Red as your Hair! 2: The Train Ride**

The worst day of Rose Donovan’s life had been months ago. The poor teenager had been forced to strip off of her clothes by an almost sadistic group of classmates because they’d failed a test. Rose had been too scared to do anything about it, because she knew very well that Hannah, who’d led the group, would get back at her for telling.

However, Hannah had found such great pleasure in stripping her fellow classmate that no matter how good she’d been or how shut she’d kept her mouth, she’d made up her mind. Hannah wanted to strip Rose again.

For weeks after what she called*The Incident*, Rose had been as paranoid as she could be. Every tug on her arm felt like Hannah was grabbing her again. Every small pull on her clothes, no matter how innocent or casual, reminded her of her last stitch of clothing being pulled down. Simply looking at the forest where The Incident had happened made her skin crawl. No matter how hard her friends pushed her to speak about what had her so stressed, she didn’t. She couldn’t. It took Rose weeks to calm down and go back to normal.

But it was this calm that betrayed the small teenager. The second time Hannah met Rose with mean plans on her mind was during a train ride. Logjam city had recently built a train station that made going to Birchland, a big city near the town, really easy. Logjam Highschool, encouraged by the mayor, had organized many school trips that took advantage of the new train. “That way people will see the new train as an everyday thing” The principal would say.

Much to Rose’s dismay, neither of her two best friends could go to Birchland. Mary had been sick for most of the week and her doctor advised her to stay in bed and Sophie had some sort of violin concerto. Reluctant, Rose had opted for going alone on the ride, she could at least read in peace.

The minutes passed and Rose was so lost in her world of dragons and princesses that she nearly didn’t see Hannah come inside her cubicle. The teenager couldn’t contain her smile as she posed her eyes on Rose, who had instinctively pressed herself against the back of the seat she was in. She held her book over her small, perky breasts as she saw with big eyes how Hannah gazed at her.

“Well well, Rosy, looks like we meet again” Said Hannah.
“You’ve done more than enough to me, please leave… just leave, j… just let me read” Cried out Rose, with little faith her words would do something.
“Oh but you see, my firey-haired doll, we didn’t play nearly as much as I’d have liked last time…” Hannah said with a firm voice. “But this time… I think we can make up for it, don’t you think?” Rose could only shake her head frantically, her eyes open as big as a plate in fear of what was about to happen to her. “Let’s not make this harder than it’ll be for you Rosy. You can stand up in the middle of the cubicle and*you*can come in” Said Hannah signalling her friends through the small window on the door.

Rose walked to the centre of the small cubicle with slow and reluctant steps. The anticipation of what was about to happen to her filled Rose’s eyes as she looked at the sadistic group of friends that Hannah had brought. She let out a sigh of relief when she realized that no new eyes would see her nakedness.

Hannah shut the door and locked it as best as the train would allow her. With a firm, but slow step, the teenager came up behind Rose, whose face was already getting a red tint and sat in the seat her victim had been sitting in.

“So, Rosy, I see you’ve got a dress today, keeping things interesting…” Hannah chimed. “I want you to pull it over your head and give it to me.”

Rose didn’t even waste breath trying to argue with Hannah. She knew all-too-well what the teen was capable of and was too afraid to defy her. She ran her little hands, which’d been pressed against her chest, down her body until she found the end of her yellow sun-dress. Rose took a deep breath, only thinking about the humiliation of exposing herself again, and started to lift her dress. It was loose enough she didn’t have any trouble peeling it off her lady legs, but when it passed her upper thigh, just before revealing her crotch, she hesitated.
“Don’t stop” Demanded Hannah.

Rose clenched her eyes and pressed her jaw. With a loose grip she continued pulling up her dress. It took mere seconds before her knickers were perfectly visible to her tormentors. Giggles filled the cubicle as they saw her undergarments. The reason poor Rosy had hesitated before flashing her underwear was the pair she’d been wearing. They were bright pink and had a small bear drawn over them, that combined with the way they pressed tightly against her body made Rose’s pantie’s look like they belonged to a little girl, not to the teenager that was wearing them.

The now-embarrassed petite teen continued her ordeal and kept on pulling up her dress. She revealed a flat tummy while fighting off the tears. Anxiously the group waited until the inevitable happened: Rose revealed once again her nearly flat chest to the crowd. Like her panties, her bra was also pink, this time matching her hair, not contrasting with it, and it also pressed tightly against her almost non-existent breasts.

Reluctantly and with her eyes still closed, Rose threw the yellow dress into the arms of one of Hannah’s minions. Her face felt like fire as she heard the howls of laughter the group greeted her near-nudity with. However, what the feeling of anticipation was what was really killing her: She did not want to end up naked again, yet she knew her chances to keep her undergarments were near null.

“That’s certainly an interesting choice of undies, little Rosy, almost as if you wanted to show off that your boobies are really teensy tiny.” Teased Hannah “Oh, that reminds me, did someone notice your baby nips after painted them? They *had* to stick out, even through that shirt you were wearing last time.”

Rose only managed to nod. She’d felt every group of guy’s she’d seen whilst going back to her house fix their eyes on her chest, yet she found herself unable to press her hands against it like she’d wanted to, afraid that the black ink would spread and not only ruin her shirt but also make her painted chest even more obnoxious.

“Ooooh, so someone did!” Hannah said. “Imagine seeing them again and thinking that they know how your baby nipps look, oh that’d be very embarrassing. Speaking of which, let’s see your boobies, it’s been a while.”

There it was: the phrase that froze Rose’s blood. It’d really bothered how casually Hannah had said it; the big teenager owned her, and she knew it all too well to do anything about it. Rose slowly moved her hand from her chest, exposing once again her bra, which she saw forced to unclasp and let fall to the ground.

She was quick to place her hands where they’d been before the humiliating ordeal, pressing tightly against her chest to preserve as much modesty as she could, but one quick gesture from Hannah’s hand was everything she needed to see to –very slowly- move them and place them by her side.

Rose’s tormentor enjoyed the view of her victim’s red face, the expression of pure horror she had put when she’d ordered her to keep her hands by her sides. She specially loved just how hard Rose was trying not to cry. *She isn’t getting away without shedding some tears* Hannah though as she snatched Rose’s red bra that, for some reason, was still on the ground and left it with her dress inside her backpack.

All the eyes in the room were fixed on Rose’s small chest. Her pink nipples stuck out in contrast with her pale skin. The light came in from the window at just the right angle to highlight the line formed in between the two small bumps that formed Rose’s boobs. Hannah drank the sight, yet she only got thirstier.

Casually she signalled one of her minions with a quick and discrete hand movement. Much like their first capture, this second meeting had been very well planned and executed. While her friend took care of her job, Hannah walked back to where Rose was standing and softly grabbed her shoulders.

Rose violently shook when she felt the cold touch of Hannah’s hands on her skin. The bigger teenager softly turned her towards the small window on the cubicle and let her fingers fall from the petite teen’s shoulders to her back. Once there, Hannah traced the exact same patterns she’d traced last time. Rose’s mind was a cloud of pure confusion: the touching reminded her of how exposed she was and… there was something awfully familiar with the circles and lines she felt on her back.

“Now” Whispered Mary into Hannah’s ear.

**As Red as your Hair! 2: Part 2 The Train Ride**

Every bit of softness Hannah had had on her touch was instantly replaced by sheer brute force after she heard Mary. In one fast move she grabbed Rose’s waist with one hand and one of her shoulders with the other and, before the teenager could react, she practically threw her out of the cubicle. A fraction of a second after the door had been shut and was being tightly held by two of Hannah’s minions.

All the way through Rose hadn’t even had time to think. One second she was doing her best to keep a straight face looking out the window and the other she was in the hall that connected the many cubicle the train had. She instantly broke down to tears and covered her chest with one hand while she banged on the door that led to her cubicle with the other.

“LET ME IN!” She cried desperately “PLEASE GIRLS! THIS IS TOO MUCH! ANYONE COULD SEE”

However no voices answered Rose’s cries for help, just the sound of uncontrollable laughter at her predicament was heard on the other side of the door. The side that guarded Rose’s modesty. The small teenager, scared that she may be left for the whole ride there, kept on banging on the door with her first and her palm and crying out for help.

Eventually, Rose was greeted with the unpleasant view of many pairs of eyes, which kept on staring at her chest and giggling about it, when Hannah decided to move the curtain that covered the small glass path on the door.

Hannah found a deep enjoyment in looking at Rose how she was: nearly naked in such a public yet discrete space. She specially loved how desperate she was for any sort of modesty, and that she was the only one that could give her victim any sort of relief from her mortifying situation. She knew her minions didn’t appreciate the moment as she did: sure they loved laughing at poor little Rosy, but they knew they weren’t in control, and that was the feeling Hannah was after.

But any laughter soon turned to ice cold silence when Hannah and her Minions spotted what Rose had seen mere seconds before them. Rose had devoted both her hands to covering as much of her near-naked body as she could once she realised that she wasn’t as alone as she thought she was.

Saying it was mortifying to be seen by not one, not two, but three of her classmates in such state was cutting it short for Rose. She felt her face lit up redder than it’d ever been before as the lustful eyes of Jeremiah, Rod and Violet fixed on her naked back, quickly dropping to her pink, tight pair of painties. The stream of tears she’d managed to stop became constant once again.

“Did you see them Rosy?” Taunted Hannah, through the door “They are looking at you, and you don’t have your pretty little dress, it’s right here! Look!” After saying those words –which cut as deep as a knife- Hannah lifted up Rose’s dress and waved it near her face as a trophy.
“Pleeeeeease let me in!” Plead Rose, more as a whisper mixed with tears than as an actual sentence.
“What’s the matter Rosy, you don’t want them seeing your teensy tiny boobies?” Sang Hannah. “Are you*embarrassed*?”
“No, I mean yes, just please, don’t let them see, let me in, pleeease!”
“I’ll tell you what, if you lower the backside of your panties and flash your cutesy ass to the boys and to Violet for three seconds, I’ll let you in, deal?”
“I… I can’t do that!” Cried Rose “Hannah, please!”
“Make it five seconds if you want to come in now, Rosy” Hannah said dauntingly “You better start showing them your little ass because you want be getting in otherwise…” Sang Hannah.

And it was at this moment that Rose realized that if she didn’t want to spend the rest of the journey naked on the hall, she’d have to do as Hannah had ordered. She took one last look at the trio, which were still petrified, staring down every inch of exposed skin they could see.

Rose took a deep breath and Hannah took her phone as the red-haired teen reluctantly moved her thumbs in-between the cotton fabric of the only piece of clothing she was wearing and pulled down. Rose’s only thought was that she’d never be able to live the situation down. Just the prospect of looking at her classmates and thinking that they, too, saw her naked made her want to faint.

However, showing a surprising amount of braveness, the tight –and far too small- undergarments went down and Rose turned around, giving the boys and Violet an unobstructed view of her moonlight pale ass cheeks.

The jaws of Jeremiah and Rod dropped and their eyes opened wide, not believing their luck, while Violet could do nothing but giggle and laugh at Rose’s predicament. She could not believe that modest little Rosy was bare ass naked on the train. Oh, she’d have to tell everyone about this. Meanwhile, Rose was sure she’d never been as embarrassed as she was on that very moment. She could almost physically feel the gaze of her classmate’s on her bum and her face was so hot and red she could’ve been mistaken for a wildfire had it not been for the thin layer of tears that covered it.

However, after what felt like an eternity to the poor little fire-headed girl –And was definitely more than five seconds- Hannah unlocked and opened the door. To say Rose rushed in would be an understatement. She was sure she’d pushed at least one of Hannah’s minions that tried to subtly block her way, to prolong the time she’d spent on such dreadful situation while returning to the safety and modesty of her cubicle, but Hannah didn’t seem to mind.

“Riley, go make sure the two pervs and Violet don’t go around telling this and make very sure they understand that if they’ve got pictures they’ll be next.” Ordered the leader in humiliation. “With that out of the way, I can return my attention to you, my sweet little doll. You looked so fragile and exposed out here, but, who can blame you? Both boys got quite an eyeful of your nekkid body, did you show them your little boobies?”
“N… No, I didn’t” whispered Rose, whose stare was fixed on her feet.
“Well that’s a shame...” Said Hannah, as she thought with the meanest grin that she’d make sure that Rose’s small chest would be seen. “Give me your panties and we’ll be just about done for today.”

A deep blush returned to Rose’s face as she realized that her ordeal wasn’t over. Once again she found herself putting her thumbs between her skin and her last stitch of clothing and pulling down, much against her will. The red and small cloth slid down Rose’s pale legs and she couldn’t help but move a hand to cover her newly exposed private even after she’d been ordered not to. Even before Rose’s red panty was at her ankles, Hannah was already stretching her arm, demanding for it.

“I thought that by now you’d know not to cover, my little doll, but I guess you still have got the tiniest bit of faith I won’t make you move your hands…” Hannah said, more to herself than to her victim or her companions. “Your hands go over your head when you are nekkid, my dear doll, that way your tiny titties are even tinier, I love seeing them when they are so little.”

With what little strength Rose had, she moved away her hand, resigned to the forfeit of being seen naked again, yet this time it felt worse, as if the embarrassment had multiplied, maybe it was because more people had seen her, or maybe it was because she’d indeed had a small piece of hope that she’d keep her modesty.

Hannah took one last, long and deep look at her victim. She stood in the middle of the cubicle, her red straight hair falling down from her face, all the way to her almost non-existent breasts, which she’d taken great pleasure in making look as small as possible. Her eyes continued the journey downwards until she reached the small red patch of hair on Rose’s crotch. Apart from it, nothing obstructed her eyes from staring at the little teen’s most private part. It was a feeling she’d never get any other way.

But enough was enough, Hannah thought to herself, she’d spent too much time and had taken too many silly risks in order for this embarrassing encounter to happen and she knew she’d have to lay low for a while before stripping her favourite toy again. Reluctantly, she threw Rose her sundress but kept both her undergarments.

Before leaving through the door, after all her minions had done so, she sang to poor little Rosy one last phrase: “There’s a piece of paper on that dress, read it.” Only after getting dressed Rose found it.

Last time I took your bra, this time I took your bra and your little panties, and do you know what that means? Next time, I’m gonna leave you nekkid, Rosy. Booty-ass-nekkid.