**Becky**

by Humilatron

**Becky’s Bare Bottom**

“Mom, please,” Becky pleaded. “I’m sorry.”

Becky was shaking, terrified. “Underage drinking,” Becky’s mom said as she pulled into the driveway. “You could be in jail right now, Becky! You’re lucky the officer was nice enough to allow me to pay him to not put you on record. You’re 18 for crying out loud! You should know better!”

“I’m sorry,” Becky said.

“You will be. You cost me a lot of money,” Becky’s mom said walking inside the house. “Wait right there, young lady.”

Becky stopped in the middle of the family room where the sunlight poured in from the big window that looked out onto the streets of the neighborhood. Becky’s mom walked over to the phone and dialed a couple numbers. “Hello Margaret, this is Cynthia. I was wondering if you could come over to the house and bring your daughters with you. Yes, right now. Thank you. I’ll see you later.”

Cynthia kept doing this for a moment, calling various numbers and telling them all to come over and bring their kids with them. Then, Becky’s mom walked back over to Becky. “Becky take your pants off,” Cynthia ordered.

“What?!” Becky said, not having heard the phone calls her mom just had made.

“You heard me,” Cynthia said. “I’ve heard some unbelievable accusations around town, and at the time I took your side, but I have reason to believe that they were actually true, and you’re about to learn a very important lesson.”

“What are you talking about?” Becky asked again. “I’m not taking my pants off. Not here.”

“You will or this will get much worse for you,” Cynthia said.

“No!” Becky yelled. “You can’t make me do anything, you bitch! I’m an adult now!”

Becky’s mom didn’t hesitate to yank Becky’s pants down to reveal Becky’s embarrassing pair of Cookie Monster panties. “Wow,” Cynthia said.

“It was my only pair of clean underwear,” Becky mumbled, blushing as she tried to cover herself.

“Well, maybe you should do your laundry since you’re an adult now,” Cynthia said and then pulled Becky’s underwear off and tossed them to the side.

“Hey!” Becky yelled.

“I would’ve just spanked you over your underwear, but you’ve proven to me you need a good bare bottom spanking,” Cynthia said.

Becky blushed as she stood bottomless in front of her mother. “Spanking?!” Becky yelled. “You can’t spank me. I’m an adult!”

“Maybe you should have thought of that before you called me a bitch,” Cynthia said as she sat down on a chair positioned in front of the window and pulled Becky over her lap so that Becky’s bare bottom faced the window.

Becky’s mom began to spank Becky’s bottom as the sunlight hid no details. “Mom, stop!” Becky yelled. “People will see!”

“Oh, Becky,” Cynthia said. “People are already going to see. I guaranteed that. I invited some people over and they should be arriving just about now.”

Becky’s eyes widened as she tried to look behind her to see if anyone was pulling up, but her mom used one hand to pin her and the other to keep spanking her, preventing her from looking outside where some of Becky’s schoolmates stood watching and laughing as Becky got her bare bottom spanked. “I’ve heard you’re the popular girl in your school, Becky. You like to bully the freshman and make fun of all the late bloomers. But I doubt any one of them still get spanked on their bare asses by their mothers,” Cynthia said. “The rest of your senior year is going to be very interesting once everyone sees your bright red bottom.”

Becky squirmed and squirmed trying to break free as her mom continued to spank her. She couldn’t even imagine who was actually watching her, seeing her as she kicked her legs and sobbed over her mom’s lap. “Stop!” Becky yelled. “I’m sorry! I’m sorry for drinking underage! I’m sorry for being a bully! I’ll never do it again!”

“I know, young lady. Because you’re going to learn your lesson now before you end up in jail,” Cynthia said. “Stand up and face the corner. Hands on your head. Don’t move.”

Becky reluctantly obeyed as she stood in the corner, hands behind her head, red bottom facing the window. Then to Becky’s surprise, Becky’s mom walked over to the door and opened it. “Come on in, everyone,” she said.

Becky heard feet shuffling and voices whispering as she stood there, completely bottomless, facing the corner. “Oh wow, that’s really Becky,” one girl, Mandy said.

“Look at that plump red bottom, girls,” Margaret said.

Margaret’s daughters, Lacey and Grace both giggled. “Yeah, mom, you were right,” Lacey said. “This was totally worth it.”

“Becky, turn around,” Cynthia said.

“What?!” Becky cried, not wanting to face whoever was looking at her.

“Turn around,” Cynthia repeated.

“No!” Becky cried.

Cynthia reached for the bottom of Becky’s shirt and pulled it off and then unstrapped Becky’s bra. “Turn around,” Cynthia repeated.

“Please, give me my bra back!” Becky cried. “I’ll turn around.”

“Turn around now, Becky,” Cynthia said. “Keep your hands behind your head.”

Becky cried, but reluctantly turned around not wanting to make things even worse. Becky looked into the eyes of her female schoolmates as she stood there completely naked. Her breasts and nipples were on complete display along with her groomed red bush. “Oh wow,” Grace said. “Becky’s a ginger! Becky’s a natural redhead!”

Becky blushed as her secret was revealed. She had pretended so long to be a natural brunette, but now the truth was clear. “I thought you said I was a satanist for my red hair,” Lacey said. “You were quite serious when you made me walk through the halls calling me a satanist and that I needed an exorcism.”

“I-I was joking,” Becky said.

“Joking? Were you joking when you stole my clothes!” Grace yelled. “Were you joking when you made me streak through the boys’ locker room after you threw my clothes in there! They all saw me naked!”

“Were you joking when you called me a fat lard who needs to kill myself before I die of diabetes,” another girl chimed in who was larger in size.

“Girls, here’s the deal,” Cynthia said. “I now know that all the accusations about Becky is true, and I’m sorry for ever doubting you. I’m also sorry for my daughter’s atrocious behavior. While you can’t take any pictures or videos, you can tell everyone about how Becky still gets spankings from her mother. In addition, if Becky ever misbehaves again, you can pull her pants down and show everyone her pair of underwear which will be very much like this pair.”

Cynthia held up the Cookie Monster undies and showed them to everyone causing them to laugh. “Wow, my little sister has those pair,” one of the girls said, causing the others to laugh louder.

“And if she does misbehave again, you can tell me,” Cynthia said.

After that Becky was allowed to get dressed again and the girls all left with their mothers. All of them were talking about Becky’s bare bottom.

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Becky’s Senior Project

For the most part, the rest of senior year was relatively uneventful. Sometimes the girls would tease Becky asking how her bottom was feeling or how Cookie Monster was doing, but overall the year was pleasant. That was until Becky’s Senior Project came up. Becky was supposed to work with a group to present a meaningful topic that other people could learn from. Becky was grouped with Lacey and Mandy, two of the girls who had witnessed Becky’s punishment.

“I don’t see why I have to do any more work,” Becky said as the girls all sat at the Becky’s kitchen table working on the project. “I picked the topic, I outlined what we were doing, and I put together the introduction slide.”

“Becky, we all have to present an even amount,” Lacey said. “You can’t just slack off.”

“Yeah, Mrs. Obberman expects everyone to contribute a fair amount. And all you’ve done is sit there and complain about doing work,” Mandy said.

“I already contributed my part. This is bullshit,” Becky said. “I’m going upstairs, you girls can just do the project.”

Becky stood up and left the room. Mandy and Lacey groaned and rolled their eyes, but while Becky left to do who knows what, Mandy whispered to Lacey an idea. Lacey grinned and nodded.

The two girls got to work. They both knew that while no one was allowed to take pictures, Becky’s mom actually had Lacey’s mom snap a few pictures anyways for safe keeping. They began typing away while Lacey texted her mom, explaining to her the situation as well as the plan for revenge. Her mom was completely on board, but told them to tell Becky’s mom as well.

Lacey quietly walked to where Becky’s mom was sitting, reading a book. “Excuse me, Mrs. Garth. Becky isn’t helping us complete the senior project, so we decided to take matters into our own hands and change the project a little bit. We need your help. I don’t want to spoil the fun, but I need a favor from you to make this truly work.”

“What do you need, Lacey?” Cynthia asked, curious.

“I need you to spank Becky’s bare bottom red enough so that when Tuesday comes, it’ll be easy to tell she was spanked,” Lacey said.

“I see,” Cynthia said. “Well, okay. I can spank her Tuesday morning. That should do the trick. I hope whatever you’re planning works out, and you have my full permission to do whatever you see fit.

“Great,” Lacey said. “Oh, and make sure Becky’s underwear is extra embarrassing for her.”

“I have just the pair in mind,” Cynthia said. “We did some recent underwear shopping to replace all of Becky’s skanky underwear. I won’t spoil what the pair is, but it’ll definitely be embarrassing for her. And I’ll make sure she wears them.”

“Thank you,” Lacey said.

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Becky walked through the classroom door on Tuesday with a bright red bottom. She couldn’t believe her mom spanked her again, and not only that made her wear the one pair of underwear she hated the most. She didn’t know exactly why she had to do all this, but her mom said something about her being lazy and slacking on school work.

Becky just hoped that her spanked bottom wasn’t noticeable and sat down at her desk, wincing as she did. Lacey and Mandy already were in their seats with big grins on their faces. Becky also found it weird that Lacey had told her they didn’t need Becky’s help for the presentation. She just needed to show up and look pretty. Becky was glad she didn’t have to do any work, but was a bit concerned it might be noticeable that she didn’t do any work.

The bell rang as the class finished filing in and Mrs. Obberman set up the camera to record the senior presentations before she walked to the front and. “Hello, class. Today we have our senior presentations. Up first will be Becky Garth, Lacey Strauss, and Mandy Cohen.”

Lacey, Mandy, and Becky made their way up to the front of the class and Mrs. Obberman pulled up their presentation. On the screen was a picture of Becky’s bare red bottom as she stood in the corner. The title read “Don’t Be Like Becky Garth.”

Becky looked in surprise at the screen as Lacey began to speak and the others began to laugh. “Today we’ll be presenting the topic, don’t be like Becky Garth. As many of you know, Becky Garth here is a big bully in this school. She’s teased, humiliated, and outright hurt so many people in this school through her words and actions. Today, we’re going to tell you all why you should never do what Becky Garth did. Becky here also decided she wasn’t going to contribute to the senior project, so we decided to also teach her a lesson about contributing to group projects. The number one reason you shouldn’t be like Becky is that you’ll end up getting your naked bare bottom spanked.”

“The second reason not to be like Becky is because she still wears kiddie undies,” Mandy said as she flipped to the next slide which showed a picture of Becky standing in her Cookie Monster underwear.

Image

You could only see the lower half though and her face wasn’t in view.

Becky stood dumfounded at the girls as she blushed and started to protest. “That’s not true!” Becky yelled. “You’re lying! You photoshopped that picture! I’ve never been spanked by my mom! And I don’t wear kiddie undies!”

Lacey laughed as Mandy raised an eyebrow. “Don’t tell such lies, Becky. It’s unbecoming. If you really haven’t been spanked by your mom, then you wouldn’t mind pulling those pants off and showing everyone your bottom and underwear,” Mandy said.

Becky said. “I’m not stripping in front of the class!”

“Mandy would you do the honors?” Lacey asked.

“Of course,” Mandy said as she yanked Becky’s pants down to the ground.

The whole class burst out laughing as Becky stood there in her underwear.

Image

Becky couldn’t believe it as she stood in front of the class and the recording camera in her care bear underpants. She blushed deep red and desperately tried to cover her undies. “Looks to me like someone here is fibbing, and it’s not me,” Lacey said who then proceeded to pull Becky’s underwear down, and pulled Becky’s hands away to reveal Becky’s bush to everyone.

Everyone laughed as they all saw Becky’s ginger red bush and then Lacey spun Becky around to finally reveal her freshly spanked bottom. “Don’t be like Becky, everyone! Telling fibs can only get you so far. I want everyone to remember that Becky gets her bottom spanked by her mom and still wears kiddie undies. In fact, I have permission from her mother to take her pants away. So I think I’ll do just that and Becky here will be spending the rest of the day in just her underwear.”

Lacey lifted Becky out of her pants, leaving her completely bottomless and helpless, but held her underwear to make sure they stayed around her ankles. Mandy picked up Becky’s pants and handed them to Mrs. Obberman who took them and locked them away in her desk.

Lacey pulled Becky’s undies back up over her bottom. Becky couldn’t believe it as she stood there in only her underwear and shirt as she desperately tried to cover herself. Lacey and Mandy finished the presentation and Becky was forced back to her seat.

Becky sat in her underwear while everyone else presented, but everyone kept laughing at and teasing Becky.

After class ended, Lacey grabbed Becky’s hand and pulled her out into the hallway. Becky desperately tried to cover her underwear with her shirt, pulling it down, but it was no use as Mandy quickly grabbed the other hand, preventing Becky from covering as everyone saw her in her underwear. Mandy and Lacey walked Becky up and down the hallway while others took pictures. There was also nothing hiding the red hue around Becky’s bottom which made it obvious Becky had been spanked, but if that wasn’t bad enough, Mandy whispered something to Lacey who grinned and nodded. Lacey pulled Becky’s underwear down so that it stayed just below Becky’s cheeks ensuring that not only Becky’s spanked bare bottom could be seen but also Becky’s embarrassing underwear on top of Becky’s ginger red bush.

Lacey and Mandy kept parading her up and down the halls for everyone to see.

By the time school was let out, everyone knew about Becky Garth and while she did remain the most popular girl in school, it was all for the wrong reasons.

**Becky’s Big Mistake**

Becky was furious. She was embarrassed. She couldn’t believe that in just a few weeks, she had been so embarrassed and knocked down so low. No one respected her anymore. No one feared her anymore. Everyone thought she was a laughing stock. People would pants her in the hallway and thanks to her mother, she would be wearing the most embarrassing pairs of underwear from Dora the Explorer to Blue’s Clues and more. It didn’t seem to end.

It had been a few weeks since the senior presentation, and graduation was only a few weeks away. The seniors pretty much had it easy until then. They had a lot of free time as they had already finished their exams. Becky decided to use her free time and let out some steam. She made an anonymous blog account called The Hard Truth.

On the blog, Becky blasted a bunch of random girls on the internet for various things. She exposed one senior for stuffing her bras calling her Flatty Patty. She exposed another person for still wetting the bed calling her Wetty Betty. And she wouldn’t hold back at all about her thoughts and opinions about all of these girls. She thought she was being subtle and lowkey, not using real names or photos, but simply going into a lot of accurate detail about these girls. Becky felt happy and better about herself as she did all of this, blowing off steam and pointing out all of these girls’ flaws.

Then one day, the week before graduation, Becky learned that one of her teacher’s was having an affair with another teacher, not only that but they were gay. Becky decided to not hold back any details this time and described in full what her teacher, Mrs. Grant was doing with the other teacher, Ms. Lewis. She made no effort to hide who they were and not only exposed them for having an affair, but also outted Mrs. Grant for being a lesbian, but she called Mrs. Grant a much more unfriendly word.

Immediately, it wasn’t hard to figure out who was behind the blog. Mrs. Grant was furious along with Ms. Lewis, but not only that other girls were furious because of the mean things Becky said about them as well, as it wasn’t hard to figure out who Becky was referring to in each of her blog posts.

Instead of confronting Becky, however, they all came up with a better plan. It was agreed that Mrs. Grant would inform Cynthia about what was Becky was doing. Cynthia was furious as Mrs. Grant explained, “I would normally have to file a lawsuit against Becky for all of these posts she’s made. She could’ve cost me my job, and for the record, my husband knows about my relationship with Ms. Lewis, and it was none of her business to out. I want Becky to be punished.”

“You have my word, Mrs. Grant. Becky will be punished,” Cynthia said.

“I trust you to do the right thing,” Mrs. Grant said.

Cynthia left the classroom, angry to have been called in just to be informed that her daughter was up to her old tricks. Cynthia thought to herself and then smiled. When her daughter wasn’t home, Cynthia took her daughter’s laptop and logged in, and found the blog Becky had been posting to. Then, Cynthia began typing. She also uploaded many many photos and when she was all done, she posted the blog. Cynthia had already confiscated Becky’s phone, which meant that Becky had no idea what was about to be exposed to everyone.

The phones buzzed and buzzed as everyone in the school and around town and all over saw the blog post that was all about Becky. The blog showed many photos of Becky’s spanked bottom, Becky in many pairs of her embarrassing underwear, and it even contained photos of every single pair of embarrassing underwear that Becky owned. It also talked about how Becky had bedwetting problems throughout high school which only stopped after junior year. It talked about how Becky often came home with soaked pants and desperately tried to hide them. It also contained completely naked pictures of Becky. Some of them were recent times when Becky was being bathed by her mom, leaving nothing to the imagination except strategically placed bubbles that barely hid Becky’s most intimate areas. All pictures were perfectly legal as the nude photos were only of Becky when she was at least 18. All of Becky’s most precious kept secrets were now on the internet just like she had done to all of those other girls, except this post was much more detailed and spared no privacy. Cynthia went into great detail about every embarrassing moment, every embarrassing secret about Becky.

Becky walked the halls not knowing what was happening, not even knowing that Cynthia knew about the blog. People snickered and laughed at her, but Becky had no idea why. She just assumed she was being laughed at because of her being pantsed several times.

Lacey walked up to Becky and giggled. “Hey, Becky, have you wet the bed recently?”

“What? No,” Becky said. “I’ve never wet the bed.”

“Are you sure? Is this another one of your fibs, Becky? You know lying gets you nowhere,” Lacey said. “Tell everyone the truth, Becky. When was the last time you wore diapers? When was the last time you peed your pants?”

“I don’t wear diapers!” Becky yelled, her face red. “And as far as wetting my pants, everyone does it once in awhile.”

“When was the last time you peed your pants, Becky?” Lacey asked. “Was it maybe during sophomore year?”

Becky blushed and shook her head. “Just stop, Lacey. Leave me alone.”

Lacey raised an eyebrow and yanked Becky’s pants down. “Look everyone! Becky’s wearing her Barney panties!”

Everyone turned and looked, snickering at Becky. “Isn’t this getting old, Lacey? You’ve pantsed me everyday this week!” Becky yelled. “I’m tired of it.”

“Maybe you should’ve thought of that before you decided to post about everyone else’s secrets on the internet!” Lacey yelled, shoving Becky’s stomach against the locker.

Becky yelped as she tried to grab for her shorts, but was pinned by Lacey. Lacey kept her hold on Becky as Becky squirmed. “Let me go!” She yelled. “This is stupid, Lacey! I don’t even know what you’re talking about!”

“You really going to play dumb!” Lacey yelled, pulling Becky’s underwear down to her ankles and began spanking Becky’s bare bottom right in the middle of the hallway as everyone watched. “You really going to be a coward and pretend you weren’t the one who said those mean things about me! You’re despicable, Becky! You outted Mrs. Grant and Ms. Lewis, you exposed everyone’s embarrassing secrets, and now you think yours is going to be spared. News flash, all of your secrets are out there for all to see. We know, Becky. We know everything. We know how you used to have bed wetting problems. We know every pair of underwear you own. We know about how you have a little mole right between your legs right on the inner thigh on the right side. We know how you were the one behind the blog.”

Lacey kept spanking Becky’s bottom as Becky squirmed, crying from embarrassment and humiliation. “You thought that you would just get away with everything? That we wouldn’t find out that it was you behind your stupid blog?!”

Lacey pulled Becky’s feet out of Becky’s pants forcing her legs apart and bending her over. “You thought being pantsed was hard enough for you, you crossed a line, Becky Garth! From this point forward, there’s no mercy for you. No one here pities you.”

Lacey pulled Becky’s butt cheeks apart as everyone kept watching. Lacey smacked Becky’s bottom right on her butthole. She lowered her hand and spanked Becky right on her pussy. Becky couldn’t do anything but sob as Lacey tossed Becky to the ground and forced her down on her back and lifted her legs until her feet were tucked behind her head. Lacey spanked Becky right in the center of bottom. Becky cried and cried, and begged for Lacey to stop. Lacey pulled Becky to her feet and pulled her clothes off. “You don’t deserve these.”

Becky sobbed as she stood there, naked. Her bottom freshly spanked. Everyone watching her, no one having pity for her. Lacey then held up her phone and showed Becky the blog. Beck stared as all of her secrets were right there on the internet. And she couldn’t protest because she had done the exact same thing to everyone else. She had made a big mistake, and her punishment for it was only just beginning.