**Caught Cheating**

by Longtime Lurker

**Caught Cheating 1: The Snitch**

Sarah Hendricks was a senior in high school and had just turned 18. Tall and leggy, with a figure that was known to turn the heads of her fellow students, even in the fairly modest uniforms her school required its students to wear. She was also known for her strangely uneven academic performance: she excelled at history, and always knew her formulas in math class – if not always how to apply them – she could recite scientific facts with great accuracy, but her critical reading and writing skills in English class were merely average. Even stranger, while her memory seemed spectacular on scheduled tests, it always seemed to fail her when faced with a pop quiz or when put on the spot. What was soon to be discovered was why, exactly, this was the case. For you see, her memory was not so great as she made it seem. She had a secret that had let her coast through school, a simple, but clever manner of cheating on her tests. She would write herself a cheat sheet on her thighs, covered by her skirt when she was standing, leaving teachers none the wiser. But when she sat down to take her test, it was a simple matter to hike up her skirt a little, disguising it as scratching an itch, to reference the answers written underneath. For three years, she had gotten away with her little trick. But on a Monday morning history test early in the semester, she was finally caught. And thus began her year of humiliation.  
  
Sarah shuffled in with her fellow students on that fateful day to take the first test of the year, thighs marked up with the names and dates of the Italian Renaissance. Other than less than half an hour the previous night sitting in her panties, flipping through her notes and marking up her legs, she had not bothered to study, so confident was she in her trick. There was a lot to write down, and she found herself writing almost up to her panty line, as well as down dangerously close to the hem of her skirt, a thoroughness without which the next day might have been no different from days before. As she sat taking her test, she carefully inched up her skirt, and copied over information on the Black Death and the decline of Venice, the Medici’s of Florence and the rise of the Humanist movement. But searching for her notes on the artwork of Botticelli, she pulled her skirt well up her thigh, high enough that she could not help but catch the eye of her ex-boyfriend Mark, seated next to her. Eyes drawn, as most boys’ would have been, to the length of her bare thigh, he saw that the smooth expanse of skin was marred with a spiderweb of notes. Had he not had history with Sarah, had she not cheated on him the month before – with his best friend no less – he may have let it pass, pretended not to have caught her secret, as a few boys had before. But she had hurt him, and he saw an opportunity to hurt her back. He expected ratting her out would merely result in her getting a zero on her test, maybe having to write an essay on academic integrity as well, and, of course, her having to face the humiliation of being called out for cheating in front of the class. Instead, much to his delight and that of every other boy (and some of the girls) in the school, his actions would ensure that everyone would be seeing a lot more than her thighs in the future.  
  
“Mr. Johnson!” he called, raising his hand. The teacher, annoyed, saddled over, intent on chastising Mark for disrupting his classmates’ test, rather than quietly raising his hand and waiting for his teacher to notice as was proper. But rather than the expected whispered question on the wording of a problem, Mark declared, loud enough for everyone to hear, “Sarah’s cheating on her test. She’s written a cheat sheet on her legs, hidden under her skirt!” Everyone’s eyes were now drawn to the exchange.  
  
“Why, I –“ Sarah hastily fibbed, standing up, supposedly from outrage, but also to be sure her skirt fell back in place, covering the truth, “How dare you accuse me of such a thing! And what are you looking up my skirt for anyway?!”  
  
“Just have her lift her skirt a little, you’ll see her legs are absolutely covered with notes!”  
  
“Why I never, you think you’ll get away with forcing a disgusting little peep show, pervert?”  
  
Seeing that Mr. Johnson was on the fence on whether to act, and absolutely livid at this display disrupting his class, Mark took a chance and seized the hem of Sarah’s skirt. Wrenching it up to reveal her thighs, he revealed to all watching the truth of his words.  
  
Mr. Johnson’s anger quickly pivoted from Mark to Sarah, especially as gears churned, and he pieced together that this was likely far from the first time that she had pulled this trick.  
  
“Well then,” he declared, “Mark, I would have preferred for you to have been less … disruptive about how you brought this to my attention, but I will allow it to slide. As for you, Sarah, you will, of course be receiving a zero on this exam.” Mark smiled smugly. “Furthermore, to keep you from using your little trick again, you are hereby forbidden from wearing your skirt for the next week, and on all test days moving forward. I am sorely disappointed in you.”  
  
“Are you ...ing kidding me?” Sarah screamed, “You can’t make me run around in my panties in public! It’s indecent! You’re a goddamn pervert for even thinking of such a thing!”  
  
“You do NOT speak to a teacher that way, Miss Hendricks!” Mr. Johnson shouted back. “I’m giving you detention for the next week as well. And you don’t want to run around in your panties, fine! I’ll be taking those too. Remove both articles at once!”  
  
“You can’t be serious –” Sarah pleaded.  
  
“AT ONCE!”  
  
With shaking hands, Sarah undid the clasp of her skirt, and let it fall to her feet. Then, fighting back tears, she hooked her thumbs in the waistband of her panties, and sent them to join her skirt. She clasped her hands over her shaved pussy, her nicely rounded bottom bare to the hungry eyes of her classmates behind her.  
  
“Since this test has been so dramatically disrupted, I will write a take-home test instead, which I’ll assign Wednesday, to be due Friday. I apologize for the inconvenience. To make up for it though, the test will be open-note – to those other than Miss Hendricks,” her classmates giggled at this, still staring at her half-naked body. “Miss Hendricks, as I said before, will be receiving a zero, and will not be given the chance to make it up. Class is dismissed for today while Miss Hendricks and I go explain her state of undress to the principal.”  
  
Sarah’s classmates cheered at this but remained seated as Mr. Johnson retrieved the bottom half of her uniform and paraded her out, taking a good long time to ogle her bare retreating rear.

**Caught Cheating 2: The Principal's Office**

As Mr. Johnson marched Sarah into the principal’s office, with nothing covering her from the hem of her shirt to the tops of her socks but the notes scrawled on the tops of her legs, the receptionist’s eyes bugged out.  
  
“I need to see Principal Sheppard, if you please.” Still slack jawed, the receptionist went over and fetched the principal from his office.  
  
“What is the meaning of this?!” the man demanded, seeing the half-naked student blushing crimson.  
  
“Are you familiar with the peculiar nature of Miss Hendrick’s academic performance?” Mr. Johnson asked. “Well, I’ve found an answer for it,” he added, pointing to the notes on her legs, which had escaped his superior’s notice as he reeled from the display.  
Recovering from his shock, he looked, and indeed saw a spiderweb of names and dates scrawled across her bare thighs.  
  
“When a fellow student called to my attention that Miss Hendricks here was hiding a cheat sheet under her skirt, she made quite a scene trying to turn the situation and get him in trouble to save her own skin. If she hadn’t done that, I probably would have just failed her on the test, and suggested a policy of her teachers to take her into a side room and check under her skirt before tests in the future – I highly doubt that this is the first time she’s done this. But she just kept digging a hole for herself, cussing me out as well. I’ve decided to give her detention for the entirety of this week, and will additionally be denying her the right to wear her skirt and panties in school for that time, as well as on all test days in my class going forward, to punish her as well as to prevent her from cheating again. I’ve brought her here to explain why she’ll be running around bottomless, and to suggest that her other teachers similarly apply bottomless punishments on their test days.”  
  
“Well,” replied Mr. Sheppard, “It is certainly quite irregular –”  
  
“Irregular?!” screamed Sarah, quivering with rage and humiliation, “It’s ...ing perverted is what it is! This dirty old man wants to get his rocks off making me run around naked, and you’re actually considering it, you skeevy bastard?”  
  
“That’s quite enough!” Mr. Sheppard interrupted. “Well, she certainly has not shown the slightest contrition, and seems more interested in lashing out at authority than taking responsibility for her actions. I think maybe your punishment doesn’t go far enough. I say, let’s make bottomless her permanent uniform for the rest of her time here. Maybe by the end, she’ll have learned some humility.”  
  
“Not another word out of you, little missy,” he warned as a red-faced Sarah opened her mouth for another tirade. “Or I’ll be calling an expulsion hearing. The same goes for if you refuse to cooperate with your punishment. You were already in trouble for cheating, and a healthy dose of insubordination and disorderly conduct has certainly not helped your case. You are on VERY thin ice right now, young lady. Now,” turning to Mr. Johnson, “I will be sending an email to all faculty explaining Miss Hendrick’s new uniform requirements. Frank, thank you for bringing this to my attention. Miss Hendricks, you are to remain here until the start of your next class period.”  
  
“Did I tell you you could sit down?” he demanded as Sarah went to take a seat, hoping to cross her legs and limit her exposure. “No,” she replied meekly, “I just thought –”  
  
“You thought wrong. Stand at attention.”  
  
She straightened up, red-faced.  
  
“Properly!”  
  
Thoroughly humiliated, Sarah removed her hands from where she had kept them clasped in front of her pussy and pulled them behind her back. She hoped that Principal Sheppard wouldn’t notice that her pussy was glistening with moisture. Her hopes went unanswered, as he received further confirmation of the necessity of including a sentence in his email requiring that she wipe down her seat with disinfectant spray before leaving at the end of each class period.

**Caught Cheating 3: Math Class Humiliation**

As the bell rang, the principal finally let Sarah go back to Mr. Johnson’s classroom to retrieve her things, then proceed to her math class. Her face burned as she made her way through the crowded hallways, hands clasped desperately over her pussy, unable to hide her bare ass from the hungry stares of her fellow students– and occasional straying hand when a fellow student were sure they could get away with copping a quick feel in the crush. Whispers and giggles followed her as she made her way to the classroom to retrieve her things, then darted into the nearest bathroom to hide until the crowds thinned out. She had herself a quick cry in the stall, then hastily drying her eyes and fixing her makeup – after all, she didn’t want the added humiliation of everyone knowing that she’d been crying – but found that she had misjudged her timing as she found herself running down the hall, her bare ass bouncing slightly with the movement, and even then entering the classroom, winded, flushed, and with ass and pussy so very, very bare, a full minute after the bell rang. Everyone was already seated and staring at her in the doorway. It was then that she remembered to cover her crotch.  
  
“You’re late.” Mrs. Rydzel, the elderly math teacher, remarked sternly.  
  
“Well, I was held up in the principal’s office and –”  
  
“Still lying to get out of trouble, are we? I am well aware that Principal Sheppard released you from his office right at the start of passing period. I must say, I was skeptical of your punishment at first, but I now see that it is well deserved. Well, take your seat, we haven’t all day.”  
  
Cowed, Sarah made her way to an open desk towards the back of the room. Quickly going to sit down, she shot back up again with a shrill shriek as she felt the cold chair on her bare backside, drawing every eye back to her and her bare pussy.  
  
“You come in tardy, you lie through your teeth to me, and now you insist on disrupting my class? Perhaps I should add a bit of my own punishment. Come forward, Miss Hendricks.”  
  
Sarah covered up again and stood rooted in place.  
  
“NOW, Miss Hendricks. I will not ask you again.”  
Sheepishly, Sarah made her way to the front of the room, where Mrs. Rydzel stood in front of her desk with a ruler.  
  
“Some good old-fashioned discipline will do you good. Bend over and grab the far edge of the desk.”  
  
“Surely you can’t mean?”  
  
“I most certainly do. Now not another word out of you.”  
Sarah, acquiesced, bending over, wincing at the display that she was putting on for her classmates. Her wince deepened when Mrs. Rydzel kicked her legs, which she had kept clenched together like a vise, far apart from each other. She was sure that her classmates in the first row could see right inside of her. She was absolutely right.  
“Ten spankings for being tardy, ten for lying, ten for disrupting class, and ten more for challenging my authority. You are to count them as they fall. Understood?”  
  
Sarah responded with only a sniffle.  
  
“Understood?!” Mrs. Rydzel demanded again, smacking Sarah’s bottom with the ruler.  
  
“Yes!” Sarah cried, following up, after a brief pause, with “One.”  
  
“Don’t you get smart with me young lady, that one didn’t count. Now then, let’s get on with it.”  
  
Smack. “One,” Sarah sobbed. Smack. “Two.” Smack. “Three.” This continued until, at twenty-six, Sarah broke down into sobs.  
  
“Enough of that now!” demanded Mrs. Rydzel with another smack to Sarah’s rapidly reddening bottom. “You will face your punishment properly, young lady!” Smack. “Thirty-seven!” she sobbed out, before her breath caught as she realized her mistake. “Oh, trying to get off easy now, are we? Why don’t we make it an even fifty?” Sarah sobbed as she counted out twenty-eight, twenty-nine, all the way up to the fiftieth blow. Then, at long last, she was allowed to stand up, not even bothering to cover up, and return to her seat. “At least the cold seat is a little soothing on my ass,” she thought wryly.  
  
“Well, I dare say that we’ve wasted enough time on Sarah’s behalf, haven’t we?” Mrs. Rydzel said. “Let’s get down to class.”  
  
Most of the remainder of the period passed more or less uneventfully, with Sarah lost in her own world, until Mrs. Rydzel called her up to solve a problem on the board. Proceeding once more to the front of the classroom, painfully aware that her bare bottom was glowing as red as her face, she looked at the problem on the board, and quickly realized that, having not paid any attention to the lecture, the notes of which were now erased, she had no idea how to solve it. She made a weak effort, dropping the chalk partway through and automatically bending over at the waist, not realizing until she grabbed the chalk the show she was giving, then continued to feebly stab at it until Mrs. Rydzel remarked “It’s a good thing you don’t seem to mind showing off your body, seeing as stripping will be the only thing you’ll be good for if you don’t start putting more effort in in class.”  
  
Fighting back tears at her humiliation and the teacher's cruel remark, Sarah rushed back to her seat, every eye in the room following her. A little while later, the bell rang. As Sarah went to make a hasty retreat, Mrs. Rydzel stopped her.  
  
“Wait a minute, young lady. We can’t have you rubbing your bare bottom all over our chairs and then just leaving them. It’d be most unsanitary.” Handing Sarah a bottle of disinfectant spray and a rag, she continued “At the end of each of your class periods, you are to spray down your chair and wipe it clean before you leave for your next class.”  
  
With every eye following her, she took the cleaning supplies with nothing but a mumbled “Yes ma’am,” and bent over, pussy once again on display to the watching eyes of the class, to wipe off the seat. Returning the cleaner, she bustled out, her classmates watching her go before leaving themselves.

**Caught Cheating 4: Gym**

“At least I can get dressed now,” thought Sarah as she quickly made her way to the locker room for gym, “At least for a little while.”  
  
Hastily, she opened her locker and threw on her gym shorts, luxuriating in the feeling of fabric on her bottom and pussy again, no longer feeling the cold air blowing through her cavities, reminding her of her nakedness. She sobbed in relief, heedless to the laughs and taunts of the other girls as they trickled in. Finally, shortly before the bell – she wasn’t making the mistake of being tardy again -- she dried her eyes, washed her face, and quickly exchanged her blouse and bra for her sports bra and gym shirt.  
  
“Sarah Hendricks!” Coach Maynard shouted at her as she joined the lines for warm-ups. “Why are you out of uniform?”  
  
“What do you mean? I’m in my gym uniform, same as everyone else.”  
  
“You know full well that your uniform is NOT the same as everyone else’s; not anymore.”  
  
“They took my skirt and panties; they didn’t say anything about shorts!” Sarah was painfully aware of the attention this exchange was bringing.  
  
“Still trying to find a way to cheat, are we? Maybe Principal Sheppard knew you’d try to weasel your way out. He didn’t say anything about skirts and panties, he said you are required to be bottomless at all times when on school grounds or at school-sanctioned events. Shorts off, now!”  
  
With a whimper, Sarah pulled her shorts off and handed them over. At least her blouse had covered the tops of her buttocks; her gym shirt, made to be worn with her high-waisted shorts, barely covered her navel.  
  
“Well Sarah,” the coach said, intent on humiliating her further, “why don’t you help me lead today’s warm-ups?”  
  
Without a word, Sarah lead the warm-up run, her classmates all watching her bouncing bottom. She was then made to stand up front and lead the class in jumping jacks, then, furthering her humiliation, stretches. First, she had to reach down and touch her toes, which could have been worse -- at least she was facing the class, so only the coach got the full show. Next came the quad stretch, then calf -- another delight for the coach standing behind -- a sitting toe touch, and at the end, the one that she had been dreading the whole time: the butterfly stretch. Heels together, knees apart, her pussy was stretched wide open for her watching classmates. With warm-ups over, they went into the main exercise of the day, which was game day in the basketball unit. The class was divided into teams, mixed boys and girls, and set to compete against each other. Of course, there was no way for Sarah to cover up while playing, and she dared not refuse to play properly for fear of further punishment. The players of the opposing teams, especially the boys, fought over who would guard her, much to the benefit of her own team, and they certainly guarded her closer than was really necessary, and more than one took a chance to cop a feel of her bare bottom, or even quickly swipe their fingers across her slick pussy, while Coach Maynard turned a blind eye.  
  
As class ended, Sarah hurriedly changed out her gym shirt and back into her school blouse, not bothering to change her bra – with all of the exposure she’d faced today, she didn’t want to be completely naked, not even for a moment – and locked herself in a stall for the entire lunch period.

**Caught Cheating 5: English and Biology**

Drying her eyes and fixing her makeup, the bottomless Sarah proceeded to make her way to English, trying to beat the crowd back to class. She was one of the first students to arrive, and quickly took her seat towards the back. She kept her legs clamped like a vise, hands held firmly in her lap, but that didn’t stop her classmates from eyeing her and her legs, bare all the way up where a skirt would be expected halfway up their length, as they filed in. As Mrs. O’Donnell was preparing to start the class, she saw Sarah’s classmates stealing back glances at her and whispering and decided that it would be less disruptive to let them get a good eyeful now than keep trying to steal glances throughout class.  
  
“Now before we get on with class, Miss Hendricks, would you stand up please?”  
Sarah balked.  
“Now, please.”  
With all eyes on her, Sarah stood up, hands clenched firmly in front of her naked pussy, but with her bottomless state plainly apparent.  
“At attention, please.”  
Reluctantly, Sarah peeled her hands away and held them balled at her sides.  
“As you all can see, Miss Hendricks has been deprived of the bottom half of her uniform as punishment for cheating on a history test. You may take a good long look now, but you will be seeing plenty of her for the foreseeable future, so I expect you to pay attention after you’re done. And let her serve as an example of the consequences of academic misconduct.”  
  
After waiting a good minute for her students to drink their fill of the view, she commanded, “Turn around Miss Hendricks.”  
“I’m sorry?” came the reply.  
“I said turn around! I will not ask you again.”  
Face crimson, as it had been for much of the day, she turned around to show the class her bare bottom, the red a bit faded, but still slightly pink from Mrs. Rydzel’s spanking.  
  
Another minute passed, then Mrs. O’Donnell announced “Well, that should be good for now. As I said, you will be seeing plenty of Miss Hendricks for the next several months, so I expect you all to pay attention to me for the rest of class. Anyone I catch stealing glances back at her will be facing detention. Understood?” Her class nodded silently. “Good! Sarah, you may sit down now. Now, today we will begin reading The Scarlet Letter. This novel was written in … “  
  
The rest of the class passed fairly uneventfully, with Sarah sitting in the back and trying her best to pay attention, despite the humiliation and emotional exhaustion that she’d faced today, and the dread of more exposure to follow. She only hoped that her father would be able to put an end to this before tomorrow. Surely, they would be outraged at how their daughter was being treated.  
  
With the conclusion of Mrs. O’Donnell’s lecture on Nathaniel Hawthorne and the historical background of Puritan society, Sarah was once again made to bend over and disinfect her seat, feeling the lustful stares of her classmates as they looked up her pussy, then rushed off to biology, where Mr. Fredericks put her through a similar routine as Mrs. O’Donnell. After that, she proceeded to the last class of the day, art with Ms. Robyn.

**Caught Cheating 6: Art Class**

Just when Sarah thought today couldn’t get any more humiliating, Ms. Robyn made a dreadful pronouncement at the start of class:  
“It’s a lovely day today, isn’t it?” she said brightly, “Seems a shame to spend it cooped up indoors. We’ve finished covering the fundamentals, I think today would be a great day to head outside and work on landscapes!”  
  
With that, she had her students gather up their supplies and trooped them outside. Sarah balked and tried to fall back to the rear, but her classmates held back to keep her cute round bottom clearly in view. Seeing the lag and deducing its cause, Ms. Robyn decided opted to take the most efficient route to clear the logjam and grabbed Sarah’s wrist to drag her along at a brisk pace. Her free hand occupied with her easel, Sarah found herself unable to shield her pussy from view of the freshman gym class playing flag football in the field as they passed, nor her bottom from her classmates following behind. With a stiff breeze exploring the crevices of her lower body, she somehow found herself feeling even more naked than she had inside. Settling the class down by a pond a little way from the school grounds, Ms. Robyn instructed them to set up and begin painting what they saw, in whatever style they chose. Forestalling a similar situation to that on the way over, she pulled Sarah up to the front and allowed her other students to set up shop behind the girl as they pleased. If Sarah’s bottom showed up in more than a few of the paintings, well, it wouldn’t be the end of the world if they skipped ahead a bit to work on figure drawing.  
  
Sarah’s face burned with humiliation as she felt all eyes on her backside, which they would be seeing plenty of as she stood and painted. But seeing no alternative, she began sketching out the pond and the surrounding trees, holding her painting in front of herself an hour later as Ms. Robyn marched the class back inside; she walked swiftly this time, not wanting to repeat her earlier experience. At least there was no chair to wipe down this period.

**Caught Cheating 7: Detention and Going Home**

After art class, Sarah went to report to Principal Sheppard’s office for detention.  
“Well Sarah, how have you been enjoying your punishment?”  
Sarah stared at the ground, hands clenched in front of herself.  
“I expect to be answered when I ask you a question, young lady. And stand up properly!”  
“It’s been degrading. Humiliating,” replied Sarah, voice hollow, as she moved her hands to her sides.  
“Good. Let every day of that humiliation remind you of the consequences of your actions. Although,” he stepped closer and quickly swiped his finger across her moist pussy, eliciting a shriek and a swat, “It does seem that you are enjoying it a little, at least on some level.”  
  
With that, Principal Sheppard told Sarah to go to a utility closet and get a cart of cleaning supplies, then go clean out the bathrooms, both girls’ and boys’. The task was unpleasant, especially the boys’ bathroom, which reeked of far too much Axe body spray, but at least, for the first time since history that morning, there were no eyes on her and her bare bottom. Completing the task, she returned the cart and went back to Principal Sheppard to retrieve her skirt and panties, but he refused to hand them over.  
“No, Miss Hendricks, you will be going home just as you are now.”  
“You can’t be serious! You’re going to keep me naked for as long as you possibly can? And wait until my father sees me like this! There’ll be hell to pay!”  
“That is quite enough, Miss Hendricks. Now stand at attention and wait for your father. He is on his way.”  
  
Sarah stood fuming for a few more minutes, until her father came into the office. She was surprised to see that he did not immediately fly into a rage, demanding to know what in God’s name was Principal Sheppard doing parading his daughter around half-naked, nor did he seem to be standing in shocked silence. Indeed, he didn’t seem surprised to see her state of dress at all.  
“Daddy,” she began, not needing much effort at all to summon tears to her eyes, “This horrid man has been forcing me to go around without any bottoms on!” Her father was known for having a bit of a temper, which she’d been on the receiving end of more than once, but she was sure that it would turn to her favor this time. “He –”  
“That’s enough!” her father barked, his face thunder. “I know all about your punishment, and what you did to earn it. I can still even see your cheat sheet on your thighs.” Indeed, while the ink was a little smeared from gym, her writing was still plainly visible. Sarah found herself regretting not showering after gym. “I might have pushed for leniency if you had shown contrition, but instead you come at me with crocodile tears and insults for your principal. You will get no help from me. In fact, I will be extending your punishment at home.”  
“Daddy, please –” Sarah begged.  
“Can it!”  
Grabbing her arm, he marched Sarah out to the car. “I won’t have you dirtying up my seats,” her father said. “Sit on your shirt.”  
Numbly, Sarah unbuttoned her shirt and put it down on the car seat before sitting down, spending the silent ride home wearing nothing but her sports bra and shoes. At least it was more modest than the one she had been wearing before gym. Arriving home, she quickly pulled her shirt back on and rushed inside. Locking herself in her room, she rushed to her dresser and pulled out a pair of sweatpants and a pair of panties and threw herself into them – new rules or no, what Daddy didn’t see wouldn’t hurt him – and flung herself on her bed. No more tears would come, but she ignored her father’s call for dinner, unable to bear the thought of pulling off her panties again when she’d waited so long to be able to put them on, and instead stayed in her room the rest of the evening. Yet several times throughout the evening, as she relived the day’s humiliation and thought of how it would be repeated tomorrow, and the next day, and the next day after that, she found her hand snaking under her waistband …

**Caught Cheating 8: The Next Morning**

As morning came, Sarah woke, hoping against hope the previous day had just been a bad dream. She gathered a clean bra, pair of socks, and pair of panties and her uniform shirt to change into after her shower, but couldn’t find her skirt. She searched frantically for it, but ultimately, she had to face the truth: it was still in Principal Sheppard’s office, if he hadn’t already gotten rid of it. Yesterday was no dream, and she would be going to school bottomless today, ass and pussy bare to the world. Reluctantly putting the panties back, Sarah set out for the bathroom still dressed in her sweatpants, hoping her father wouldn’t catch her and wanting to put off her exposure as long as possible. This proved to be a mistake.  
  
“Sarah!” her father barked as he caught sight of her, “What the hell do you think you’re doing dressed like that?”  
“Just … heading to take a shower,” she responded weakly.  
“I made myself quite clear yesterday, did I not?”  
“Yes, Father,” Sarah replied miserably.  
“Well?”  
Reluctantly, Sarah grabbed the waistband of her pants and panties, pushing them down together and placing them in her father’s outstretched hand.  
“I will make you learn integrity, if it’s the last thing I do. Clearly, I’ve been too soft on you over the years. I’ve only got one year left to straighten you up, but by Hell I’m going to. Go to the kitchen and bend over the table.”  
Sarah reluctantly did as she was told.  
Pulling off his belt, her father remarked “Thirty lashings ought to teach you a lesson about cheating the rules. Might make you think twice before you disobey me again.”  
Crack! “One.” At least he was counting them out himself, rather than make her do it as Mrs. Rydzel had. Crack! “Two.” Sarah whimpered as the blow fell. By eight, she was sobbing. Once the thirtieth and final blow fell, her bottom was glowing bright red.  
  
“Right, hurry up and take your shower. You don’t want to miss the bus.”  
“Surely you aren’t going to make me take the bus like this?” Sarah pleaded.  
“Are you backtalking me, young lady?” her father barked.  
“No sir,” Sarah replied miserably, hurrying over to the bathroom. Showering quickly, she tossed on those clothes which she was still allowed, rushed to fix her hair and makeup, grabbed her backpack, and hurried out to the bus stop just as the bus was arriving. In her rush, she didn’t think to grab a sports bra to replace the one she’d brought home from gym the previous day. Climbing aboard, hands folded over her pussy as she felt all eyes burning on her and trying to ignore the whispers and giggles at her expense, she made her way back, looking for an empty bench or at least another girl to sit next to, but the only empty seats were next to boys. As she went, she felt more than a couple hands reaching out to cop a quick feel of her bare bum: some pats, some squeezes, one particularly bold individual even going so far as to give it a solid slap, eliciting a gasp of pain. The bus driver ignored it all, closing the door and preparing to move out. Reaching the back, Sarah gave up and sat next to some boy she didn’t know, probably a junior.  
  
“How’s it going, Naked Chick?” he taunted, “Feeling breezy today?” Sarah did her best to ignore him.  
“Hey! Naked Chick!” he demanded, grabbing her by the inner thigh, mere inches from her pussy, “I asked you a question!” Shrieking at this invasion, she slapped his hand away.  
  
“Hey!” a redheaded girl shouted from the seat across from them, “Leave her alone!”  
“... off, Rachel. Who are you, my mom?”  
Crossing over, Rachel gave the boy a hard slap across the face, then grabbed Sarah’s hand, pulling her over to her seat. There wasn’t enough room for three, and Rachel was already sitting next to a friend, but she motioned for Sarah to sit on her lap.  
  
“Thanks,” Sarah said, feeling uncomfortable sitting on the girl’s lap, especially given her state of dress – or rather lack thereof – but thankful for the rescue.  
  
“I won’t say that I don’t think your punishment is deserved, and I enjoy the view as well as any,” Rachel replied; Sarah suddenly felt even more uncomfortable sitting on the girl’s lap, “But there’s a big difference between looking and touching without permission. That’s Hannah, by the way,” she added, pointing at the mousy girl seated next to her, “She’s my girlfriend.”  
“Hi,” Sarah greeted her awkwardly. The girl didn’t seem to mind her girlfriend having a half-naked girl on her lap, or perhaps she was too shy to say anything, but it still felt wrong to be in such a compromising position with someone who was taken, with her girlfriend sitting so close a sudden turn would send her naked bottom sliding into her lap instead.  
  
The three girls chatted as the bus made its way to school. Hannah and Rachel were both seniors as well, and had been in an open relationship since sophomore year. As the bus tossed Sarah around, she gave Rachel permission to hold her hips to steady her. This evolved into Rachel stroking the outside of her thighs, then the insides, pulling her legs wide open, and finally to Rachel thumbing her clit as Hannah plunged the depths of her pussy with her fingers, all three girls resolutely ignoring the lewd stares of the boy, whom Sarah had learned was named Ryan, and who apparently used to harass the couple until Rachel decided to teach him some manners the previous year.  
“There’ll be more where that came from later,” Rachel told a panting Sarah with a wink when the bus pulled into the school and the students started unloading, before pushing her up on wobbly legs and towards the front of the bus. She seemed unconcerned with the damp stain on her skirt from where Sarah had been sitting.