**Caught Cheating 9: Make-Up Credit**

by Longtime Lurker

Arriving in the commons before classes, Mr. Johnson, standing by the door, pulled Sarah aside.

“Miss Hendricks?”
“Yes, Mr. Johnson?”
“A moment, please.”

Sarah followed her history teacher into his classroom, dreading what new humiliation he would surely bring, but also relieved to be away from the rude comments and the staring eyes of her fellow students on her ass and pussy.
“You’ll remember, of course, that you received a zero on yesterday’s test on account of your academic misconduct. The semester’s young yet, but that test did reflect a substantial portion of your grade. It will be difficult for you to recover from.”
“Yes sir,” Sarah replied miserably.
“While your cheating was inexcusable, I do not wish for you to fail this course, especially so close to graduation. So, I have a proposition for you: Ms. Robyn is teaching a course on historical art styles, and this morning her students are covering Renaissance art. If you were to model for them, I will give you the chance to retake the test for half credit next week. We’re just watching a movie today, so it’s not like you’ll be missing anything important.”
“I’m guessing this would be a nude painting?”
“Yes, I would ask you to leave your remaining clothing in my classroom for the duration of the period. You will have the opportunity to retrieve them before your next class period.”
“Why couldn’t I just undress when I get there?”
“Because you are still being punished, and the humiliation will take the place of the hit to your grade.”

Sarah bit off a tirade on the man’s lechery. After all, her temper had gotten her into worse trouble multiple times yesterday. She instead replied “I don’t know …”
“Would three-quarters credit make up your mind?”
Sarah bit her lip. It was humiliating enough to be walking around with her ass and pussy out in the open for the world to see; she had hoped to at least keep her breasts private. But on the other, hand, Mr. Johnson was right. She was not actually a very good student. Without her little trick, that test might well make the difference between a D and an F, and if she failed this class, she wouldn’t be able to graduate in the spring. “Fine, I’ll do it.”

“Good! Then go ahead and remove your shirt, bra, shoes and socks, and leave them by my desk.”
Sarah reluctantly did as she was told. Being half-naked was bad enough, but feeling her nipples crinkle in the cold AC added an extra layer of humiliation, and her bare feet on the cold tiles of the floor served as another reminder of her complete and total nudity.

“Right then, off you go!” Mr. Johnson announced, swatting Sarah on her by now much-abused bottom. Sarah yelped, but made her way out, running to try to get to Ms. Robyn’s room before the bell rang and the entire student body pushed into the hallways, with everyone seeing even more of than they already had. Remembering that she would have to cross the commons to get to the art room, however, Sarah ducked into a bathroom to wait for the crowds to die down. And just in time too, as the bell rang right as the door slammed closed behind her.

**Caught Cheating 10: Nude Modeling**

As she heard the crowd die down, Sarah poked her head out the door. There were still a few stragglers who would see her, but she didn’t want to find out what the repercussions would be for her being late. After all, so many of her teachers seemed to relish any excuse to heap extra punishment on her. She didn’t think Ms. Robyn would – she hardly seemed to notice Sarah’s half-dressed state yesterday – but she didn’t want to take the chance. So, she braved the few stragglers, and ran past them to the art room, bare feet slapping on the tile floor, tits bouncing around unfettered. Arriving in Ms. Robyn’s class, unfortunately, she was the last one in, arriving just before the bell, flushed and short of breath.

“Ah, Miss Hendricks!” Ms. Robyn said brightly, as everyone stared at the naked girl. “I’m so glad you agreed to help out today! Took a moment to ‘enjoy’ yourself before class, I see?” she added with a wink.
“No! I –” Sarah protested, but Ms. Robyn cut her off. “Alright then, class, today we will be practicing Renaissance-style nude figure drawing. I had initially intended for us to use stock images to study the figure, but since Sarah here so generously volunteered, we will have the good fortune of using a live model today.”

Ms. Robyn then had Sarah sit down facing the class and braided her hair into a ring around her head. She found sitting nude while the woman toyed with her hair to be quite a sensual experience, and, despite herself, found herself feeling quite aroused. She hoped that no one would notice how wet her pussy was. Between this experience and her encounter with Rachel and Hannah on the bus, Sarah realized she had discovered feelings towards other women today that she hadn’t known – or rather had suppressed -- the day before. Finishing the task a few moments later, Ms. Robyn directed Sarah to recline on a couch she had prepared. She had her cross her legs and hold a bundle of roses in one hand. The other, thankfully, she was instructed to use to cover her pussy, although, in an ironic inversion of her usual state, her breasts were left bare. Had Sarah actually paid attention in history class, she may have recognized that she was modeling Venus of Urbino.

“While we’ll be filling out the details later, for now, I want you all to sketch Miss Hendricks here. Observe her closely. Take note of every curve of her body. Pay close attention to the interplay of light and shadow across her breasts, her legs, her abdomen.

Sarah wilted under the close scrutiny of nearly two dozen students examining her naked body. Her face burned. But the position was not too uncomfortable to hold, even for half an hour, and Ms. Robyn marked her position and allowed her a five-minute break to stretch before returning to the final fifteen minutes. Getting up from the couch, she crossed her free arm over her chest, as if the class’s eyes hadn’t spent the last thirty minutes glued to her bare breasts and made her way over to the back of the room for some privacy. Finding that those piercing eyes followed her, however, Sarah resigned herself to facing away from them, letting them get a good luck at her bare back and bottom – perhaps not the most rational choice, since those areas had been hidden from scrutiny for most of the period, but she was loath to expose her pussy any more than she had to, and it was easier to not have to see the lecherous eyes of her fellow students watching her. She had been tempted to merely cover herself up as best she could for the duration of her break, but holding the same position for half an hour, she had found herself cramping up, and not stretching would add an extra layer of torture to her modeling. Returning to position, the rest of the class passed uneventfully. When the period ended, she darted out and hid in the bathroom until the worst of the crowds had passed, then sprinted back to Mr. Johnson’s room to retrieve her clothes. The teacher wasn’t there, but she saw her shirt hanging from the back of his chair, her shoes underneath with her socks tucked neatly inside.

Sarah gratefully grabbed the items, but, to her horror, realized her bra was nowhere to be found. She cast around everywhere for it, checking under the chair, under the desk, everywhere in the classroom. It was simply gone. She winced as the bell rang, realizing that she would once again be late to Mrs. Rydzel’s class. She realized that, bra or no, she had been prolonging her nudity unnecessarily, and hastily pulled on her few remaining clothes. She hoped that her missing bra wouldn’t be too obvious under her shirt. She raced off towards class. While her shirt provided more support than nothing at all, her unfettered breasts did bounce around a fair bit. She arrived in class several minutes late.

**Caught Cheating 11: Math Again**

Mrs. Rydzel glared at Sarah.
“Hmph! Late again I see! And …” She looked at Sarah’s chest, her shirt, dampened by sweat, clinging tightly and outlining her nipples, “Did you leave off your bra? You shameless hussy! Not content showing off your bottom and genitals, are you? Insisting on showing more? Fine, then, I’ll grant you your wish: take off your shirt!” Sarah protested, insisting that she could explain, but Mrs. Rydzel was having none of it. She grabbed Sarah’s shirt by the collar and began tearing it off, popping off several buttons. Sarah unfastened the remaining buttons herself to avoid further damage to her sole remaining article of clothing and allowed the stern matron to wrench the shirt off her arms.

“I think another fifty spankings will do you good, or are you going to enjoy that too, you whore? No matter. Bend over!”
Sarah sobbed as she obeyed. She had just gotten back some semblance of decency, and it had been so quickly wrenched away from her again. And she found herself once again presenting her naked ass for beating. At least this time she would get to keep her shoes, small comfort though they were.

“Count them!” Smack! “One!” Smack! “Two!” Smack! “Three!”
This time around, no matter how hard she sobbed, Sarah kept an accurate count. The last thing she wanted was more spankings. Concluding with fifty, Sarah was allowed to straighten up and rub her once-again reddened bottom. Mrs. Rydzel pulled a chair for her in the front of the room, facing the class, and forced her to sit there – after all, if she wanted to show off so bad, by hell was Mrs. Rydzel going to make her show off. She ordered Sarah to spread her legs and tied her ankles to the legs of the chair, and had her clasp her hands behind the chair’s back and tied them together there. Sarah had no choice but to remain like that, completely on display, for the rest of the class period.

A few minutes before class was over, Mrs. Rydzel released Sarah and had her sanitize the chair and put it back in place, before making her turn around and clean the whiteboard. When the bell rang, Mrs. Rydzel finally gave Sarah her shirt back, admonishing her to make sure she was properly dressed for class next time – or at least, as properly as she was allowed – or else she would contact Principal Sheppard about taking Sarah’s shirt away permanently next time. Sarah gratefully put her shirt back on, although she noticed to her dismay that the damage was quite severe, and the entire top third of the buttons were gone, revealing substantial cleavage – indeed, she’d have to be careful to avoid her nipples slipping out. But it was still better than nothing, and besides, she’d soon be changing into her gym shirt anyway. Sarah gathered her things, and made her way to the locker room.

**Caught Cheating 12: Gymnastics in Gym**

Arriving in the locker room, Sarah winced when she opened her locker and saw only a single item there: a shirt. In the chaos of the morning, she had forgotten to bring a new sports bra with her to replace the one she had brought home. She hadn’t put her regular bra back in the locker either; presumably it had been stolen from where she had left it on the bench, as the lost and found bin was empty. She regardless exchanged her blouse for her now more-modest gym shirt, and made her way out to the gym.

“Miss Hendricks, why don’t you lead us in warmups again today?” Coach Maynard was not asking. Sarah reluctantly led the class once again, her tits bouncing uncomfortably under her shirt as she led the run. Jumping jacks were even worse, the class watching her breasts bounce around unfettered, making her lack of a bra painfully obvious. Stretching followed, once again giving her classmates an excellent view of her anatomy.

“Okay then, today we’ll be starting a gymnastics unit. Miss Hendricks?”
Sarah stiffened. She knew she wouldn’t like what came next.
“Don’t you have a bit of gymnastics experience? You used to be quite active in the sport, weren’t you?”
“Yes sir,” Sarah replied glumly. She knew where this was going. “Why don’t you help me demonstrate the moves?”
Sarah knew protesting would be pointless, so she meekly followed along.
“Why don’t we start with a basic handstand. Miss Hendricks, please remove your shoes and socks and come stand on the mat.” Sarah did as she was told. “Good, now show us a good handstand.” Sarah performed the maneuver, but found her shirt falling around her armpits and face, baring her breasts and causing her to stumble and fall over.

“Oh yes, that’s a good reminder: you’ll want to tuck your shirt in to keep it out of your way. Miss Hendricks, since that won’t be an option for you, hmm … go ahead and take your shirt off and put it over by the bleachers.”
“Sir, please …” Sarah begged.
“Now, Miss Hendricks,” Coach Maynard ordered. Sarah reluctantly parted with her shirt, leaving her once again completely naked in school. “Now let’s try that again.”

Sarah demonstrated the handstand, and then stood as a model as Coach Maynard instructed her classmates in the technique, pressing on her bare back and bottom to demonstrate the rigidity of her stance, and holding her leg by her upper thigh, uncomfortably close to her bare pussy, to stabilize her as he had her demonstrate in slow motion how to properly kick off the ground. He had her stand facing away from the class, letting them get a good look at her pussy as she spread her legs to lever up, and making her face them, bare tits and all, when she moved to her upside-down stance, breasts dangling. Mercifully, it was now time for her classmates to try, although Coach Maynard had her go around and correct her classmates’ form, often necessitating her to grab onto them, preventing her from using her hands to cover herself. At the end of class, Coach Maynard dismissed the class to the locker rooms, holding back Sarah to inform her of which exercises she would be expected to demonstrate over the rest of the week so she could brush up on them as needed. It was only then that she was permitted to go grab her shoes and socks. When she looked in the bleachers for her shirt, however, it was gone! She demanded to know where it had gotten to, but Coach Maynard ignored her. One of the boys had probably snatched it; her odds of getting it back were basically nil. Not wishing to prolong her nudity any longer, she gave up and rushed back into the locker room, carrying her shoes with her – she’d worry about putting them on once she was decent, or at least as decent as she could be.

While her damaged shirt would provide some welcome cover, it would be sparse. She resented whoever had stolen her gym shirt and the superior cover it provided, and fantasized about her life before yesterday, fully covered in a complete uniform – a mere two days ago she never would have dreamed that she would soon be fantasizing about something so simple as being decently dressed. Glancing at the bench, however, she saw, like a mirage to a weary desert traveler, a shirt. A large shirt. Big Bertha’s shirt, left unsecured while the girl showered. The cruel nickname the girl had been given was nevertheless apt: she was unusually tall for a girl, taller even than Sarah, and, the source of a great deal of bullying, quite round about the middle. Her large size meant that her shirt would not only decently cover Sarah’s breasts, unlike her own, it would fall quite low on the much-smaller girl, covering her bottom and pussy completely. Sarah took the shirt and abandoned her own, buttoning up the sizable blouse. It was damp and smelly from the girl’s sweat, but at this point, Sarah didn’t care. It was the most decent she had been all day.

**Caught Cheating 13: Lunch Period**

Sarah really didn’t want to head into the cafeteria, but by this point she was starving. She hadn’t had a chance to have breakfast today, and she had skipped both lunch and dinner yesterday; it had been over a day since she’d eaten last. She went through the lunch line, ignoring snide comments and the occasional bold lecher flicking up her shirt tails to bare her bottom or pussy, and made her way to an empty table, a crowd following her. But she was intercepted by Principal Sheppard. He looked angry.

“Miss Hendricks, my office!”
“Sir, I –”
“Now!”

Sarah reluctantly put her tray aside and followed the principal into his office. Big Bertha was sitting, wearing her sweat-stained gym shirt with her skirt, arms folded. “Lying, cheating, and now stealing another student’s property?”
“Sir, I can explain.”
“I think the matter’s quite self-explanatory. You stole this poor girl’s shirt, the same girl you and every other girl bully mercilessly. And why? So you can cheat your way around the rule!” He flipped up the shirt tails covering Sarah’s pussy. “You cheat the rules, again, and decide that your needs and desires are more important than Miss Groening’s. Give her her shirt back, this instant!”
“Sir, I –”
Principal Sheppard slapped her across the face. “Now!”
Sarah reluctantly unbuttoned the shirt, returning it to Bertha, who left the room with a humph. She stood naked before the principal.

“You flaunt the rules, you will be punished. Starting now, you are no longer allowed to wear any clothing on school grounds, top or bottom. In addition to your existing detention, you will henceforth be required to carry water and towels for the football team for the rest of the fall, the basketball team over the winter, and the baseball team in the spring. You will be required to be naked for all of these activities.”

When she heard this sentence passed down, and sure, based on his previous attitude, that her father would be extending the same punishment at home, Sarah was overwhelmed. Already weakened by hunger, she fainted.

**Caught Cheating 14: English**

When Sarah regained consciousness, she found that her shoes and socks had been removed, but she was still laid out bare on the bare floor of the office, the cold of the tile seeping through her skin. She sat up and donned her shoes, the only cover available to her, and rubbed at her bare shoulder where she had fallen on it. It was moderately bruised, nothing that wouldn’t fade in a couple days. But when she realized that it was bare and remembered why, she almost fainted again. Principal Sheppard was nowhere in sight.

“You’ve been out a few minutes,” the receptionist remarked. “You ought to hurry if you want to make it to your next class in time. Principal Sheppard will accept no excuses for tardiness.”

Sarah groaned, just as much at missing her fourth meal in a row as at the upcoming humiliation. To be honest, at this point her hunger was beginning to dull her to her degradation. She hurried to Mrs. O’Donnell’s class. She was one of the last to arrive, just before the bell. Mrs. O’Donnell stopped her as she attempted, quietly as she could, to slink to the back.

“One moment, please, Miss Hendricks.”
Sarah obediently stopped in her tracks, facing the class.
“Class, as you can see, you’ll be seeing even more of Miss Hendricks than expected. As I said yesterday, you will be seeing her around plenty, so I’ll give you one minute to get a decent eyeful of her breasts, then I will expect you to pay attention.”

Sarah stood at attention as directed and allowed her classmates to devour the new sight of her bared tits as well as the slightly more familiar one of her naked pussy. When Mrs. O’Donnell gave her leave, she scurried to her seat, her classmates turning to drink in her retreating rear, then snapping back forward when their teacher cleared her throat to signal that the fun was over for now. Sarah would have found the discussion of Puritan culture dull and difficult to focus on even in the best of circumstances; in her current state, she couldn’t focus in the slightest.

“Miss Hendricks?” Mrs. O’Donnell snapped her out of her listless stupor.
“Sorry, what?”
“I do not like repeating myself, Miss Hendricks. I asked you what you thought the significance of the rose bush was.”

Sarah cast about the classroom, lost, and feeling the burn of her classmates' eyes on her bare breasts, even though her bottom half was relatively sheltered from view under her desk. What rose bush? What prison? In truth, she hadn’t even realized that they’d started on the book proper.

“I … I …”
Mrs. O’Donnell sighed and asked if anyone else would volunteer an answer. No hands went up.

“Well then, Miss Hendricks, since you pay so little mind to your own education, perhaps you can at least be used as an aid, rather than a hindrance, to those of your peers.” She turned to announce to the class: “Whoever receives the highest score on tomorrow’s quiz will get to share a seat with Miss Hendricks for the rest of that class period. You will now read chapter 2 quietly on your own for the rest of the period. If you finish early, you may work on coursework for another class.”

Hannah, who was in the class – although, given her quiet nature, Sarah had never noticed her before today – turned around and winked at Sarah before burying her head in the novel. Sarah went to read the first chapter to catch up, hoping that if she was the one who received the highest score, she would both prove Mrs. O’Donnell wrong about her, and discourage her from proposing similar competitions in the future. Although if Hannah won, perhaps that wouldn’t be so bad … In any case, she could scarcely make out a sentence before her eyes skittered along the page, unable to focus over her growling stomach and aching pussy. When class ended, she had scarcely made it past the first page. She waited for her classmates to file out before her. Hannah remained seated until they were the last two in the room. As Sarah walked past her, she got up and unexpectedly grabbed and twisted Sarah’s nipple, eliciting a moan.

“That’s just a preview of what you’ll get all class tomorrow when I ace that quiz.” The girl was unexpectedly bold. “I’m disappointed in you for messing with Bertha, but I’m glad it ended up with your tits out. I’m sure Rachel will be equally pleased with this development.”

She ran her finger along Sarah’s slit, then smacked her, hard, on the bottom. “Off to class with you now. Wouldn’t want you to be tardy, now would we?”

Sarah obediently scurried off. Hannah watched her retreating bottom for a moment, then turned and hurried to her own class.

**Caught Cheating 15: An Anatomical Demonstration**

Arriving in biology, Mr. Fredericks asked for Sarah to come to the front of the room. Her excitement from her encounter with Hannah had subsided quickly, and she had reverted to a state of listlessness.

“As you will all recall, yesterday we discussed the male component of the reproductive system. I had originally intended to use models to discuss the female half as I had with the male, but since we have an exquisite specimen of female anatomy already on display, I figured, what’s the harm in using that? Miss Hendricks, take a seat on the counter there please, and spread your legs as wide as they will go.”

Sarah was too exhausted to object. She did as she was told without question, bracing herself for her next humiliation.

“While the external genitalia of the human female is often inaccurately referred to as the ‘vagina’, in truth this term refers exclusively to the passage from the external genitalia to the uterus, only the opening of which is visible, here,” Mr. Fredericks lectured, pulling apart Sarah’s inner lips and sticking the tip of his finger into the cavity. Even as dead to the world as she was, this elicited a gasp from Sarah. “The external genitalia is properly called the ‘vulva’. While many of the boys in the room might mistakenly believe, based on your own anatomy, that girls urinate out of their vaginas, this is not actually the case; urine actually comes out of a smaller separate opening called the urinary meatus, here,” he fingered the mentioned part of Sarah’s anatomy. Despite everything, she found herself getting increasingly aroused as the man poked and prodded at her pussy. “The external genitalia consists of the mons pubis, the prominent lump of flesh over the pubic bone, where the bulk of the pubic hair grows, although, as you can see, Miss Hendricks opts to shave hers. The mons splits into the labia majora, the fleshy outer lips of the vulva,” he pinched and pulled on the mentioned organs. “And within are the labia minora, the soft, pink inner lips, here,” he shifted his ministrations. “These are much more sensitive than the outer lips. Nestled between is the clitoris, here.” Sarah gasped as Mr. Fredericks flicked her bean. “It is the most sensitive part of the female anatomy, and a prime erogenous zone. Generally, the clitoris remains mostly hidden under this flap of skin here,” he tugged on Sarah’s clitoral hood, “But it engorges when a woman is aroused, as Miss Hendricks clearly is.” Sarah blushed beet red at the comment. “While signs of female arousal are less obvious than a male erection, this is potentially one of them. Another common one is for the vagina to begin secreting fluids, which lubricates it in preparation for sexual intercourse. As you can see, Miss Hendricks is positively dripping. Another sign is a hardening of the nipples; you could put your eye out on Miss Hendricks’,” Sarah gasped as he tweaked one, “Although the female nipple also hardens in response to cold, such as that one may feel sitting naked in an air-conditioned room.” Even through her haze, this was all starting to become too much for Sarah. She fainted again.

**Caught Cheating 16: The Nurse's Office**

When she came to, Sarah found herself in the nurse’s office.

“Well, Miss Hendricks,” the nurse remarked, “You seem to be fainting an awful lot today, and I don’t think it’s just from running around naked. Your vitals reflect low blood sugar, as if you haven’t been eating. What’s going on here?”

“Well …” replied Sarah, “Just, in the chaos of the past two days, I haven’t had a chance to get a decent meal.”
“Uh huh. Not a single chance in over thirty hours?”
“Well … I skipped lunch because …” she didn’t want to admit that it was to cry, “Because …”
“Because your nudity suddenly made you self-conscious about your body? Knowing it would be on display suddenly made your ass seem fat to you?”
“No! Of course not!” While she would much rather keep it hidden than on display like it was now, Sarah was well aware that her body was the envy of her peers.

“Alright, fine then. But you need to eat. And if you keep skipping meals, I will force-feed you if I must. Now I can’t get you a full meal right now, but you WILL eat these granola bars. They should at least get your body out of starvation mode. Eat a big dinner tonight, and preferably a big breakfast tomorrow.”

Sarah gladly accepted the food and wolfed it down. She was still ravenous, but it had at least taken the edge off. Despite her objections, the nurse insisted on giving Sarah a pamphlet about anorexia and the terrible toll it can take on the body, and had her sit in the office through the end of sixth period, giving Sarah a pass from art. With the edge of her hunger taken off, she found another form of hunger welling up from the sidelines. The nurse released her to go to detention. On the way, though, she was accosted by Rachel, on her way out to the bus.

“Well then,” the girl remarked, “Someone looks all hot and bothered. And I like the new top! Or rather … lack thereof.”
“I’ve been at a dull throb all day,” Sarah confessed. “The nudity’s been getting to me, and you aren’t the only one who’s toyed with my pussy today.”

“Well, I can certainly help take the edge off.”

With that, Rachel dragged Sarah into a nearby vacant classroom. She was scarcely past the doorframe when she latched onto a tit with her mouth, sucking, licking, and biting at one of Sarah’s nipples, while she groped at her bare ass with her hands. Sarah gasped and moaned, her body afire in response to the rough treatment. Rachel switched her ministrations to the other nipple for a bit, then threw Sarah onto the floor, wrenched her legs apart, and viciously attacked her clit. Within a few minutes, she was gasping out a long-awaited orgasm.

“I’ll be expecting you to start returning the favor at some point,” Rachel remarked with a wink, departing to leave a panting and sweating Sarah to gather her wits. With a start, Sarah realized she would be late to detention if she didn’t hurry. Hard nipples still wet with Rachel’s saliva, pussy still dripping, still visibly flushed, Sarah sprinted down to the principal’s office, unfettered breasts bouncing around wildly.

**Caught Cheating 17: A Trip to the Airport**

Detention was fairly uneventful. The football team didn’t have practice today, so Sarah only had to clean the bathrooms. It somehow felt grosser to be in the boys’ bathroom naked, but there was no one around to see her breasts sway as she reached up high to clean the mirrors or leaned over to scrub out the sinks. Soon enough, she was reporting back to the principal’s office to wait for her father to pick her up. He arrived shortly. He had apparently been informed of the new addition to her punishment, as he made no remark on her top half being bared to match the bottom.

“Your mother’s due back from her business trip shortly,” he stated. “We will be picking her up from the airport. She’s already been informed of your state of dress.”

Sarah gasped at this. Being naked in school was humiliating enough, but going to a busy public space completely bare? It was unthinkable!

“I can’t go out in public like this!” Sarah objected.
“You can and you will, young lady. I don’t have to patience to argue with you.”
“Couldn’t I just wait for her at home?” Sarah pleaded.
“Absolutely not! You are going to the airport, or you are spending the night in the yard!”

That shut Sarah up. The thought of laying naked in the grass, bare to the world and to the cold, all night long, made her shiver. She meekly followed her father out to the car, sat on the small towel he provided, and crossed her arms and legs, trying to preserve as much modesty as her nudity would allow, on the drive up to the airport.

Arriving, she held one arm across her breasts and the other shielding her pussy, hunched over to limit her exposure. Unfortunately, there was nothing she could do about her backside. She cringed as a man whistled at her as she followed her father into the building, and as a woman covered her children’s eyes, glaring at her disapprovingly. As she feared, once she entered the bustling concourse, a woman who saw her gasped, drawing the attention of others. Chatter grew as every eye gradually turned to fix on her. She wilted under the attention. A security guard saddled up. Sarah feared she would be detained for her display, but was also hopeful that he would force her to put something on, finally end this humiliating chapter. While her worst fears were not realized, her hopes, too, were dashed.

“Move along everyone! Nothing to see here!”

The man paid little heed to the cause of the disturbance; he was only interested in breaking it up so that the orderly flow of traffic would resume.

Soon thereafter, her mother approached, dressed in pumps, a black pencil skirt, and a white blouse, carrying two suitcases. Putting the cases down, she kissed her husband, then looked her naked daughter up and down with a disapproving eye.
“So, you’ve been getting into trouble at school?”
“Yes, Mother,” Sarah replied meekly.
“Lying, stealing, cheating. I taught you better than that, didn’t I?”
“Yes Mother,” Sarah replied again.
“Well, do you have anything to say for yourself?”
“No Mother,” Sarah replied, on the verge of tears. Clearly, she would be receiving no sympathy from this corner.
“Then perhaps running around naked will do you good. Better a hussy than a delinquent.”
Sarah did not respond to this.

“Sarah, get your mother’s bags,” her father ordered.
Reluctantly, Sarah peeled her arms away from her breasts and pussy to grab the suitcases. While carrying them, there was no way for her to cover herself. Like a naked bellboy, she followed behind her parents as they went back out to the car. They made no move to help her as she loaded her mother’s bags into the trunk. Her father took the towel from the passenger seat and laid it down in the back for Sarah to sit on, before climbing into the front with her mother. Sarah took her seat and slumped down, relishing in the relative privacy of the car.

**Caught Cheating 18: Going out for Dinner**

When they arrived home, Sarah’s father grabbed one of her mother’s bags, and her mother grabbed the other. “We’re going out somewhere nice tonight to welcome your mother home,” her father announced. “We’ll be leaving in one hour, once your mother’s had a chance to unpack and change. I expect you to have fixed up your hair and makeup nicely and changed into your heels by that time.”
“Going out naked?!” Sarah exclaimed.
“Yes, the rules have not changed.”
“I – I don’t know,” Sarah replied, not wishing to antagonize her father, “I’d be perfectly happy staying home and making something for myself …”
“We are going out to dinner as a family. Your options are to eat with us, or not at all.”

Not at all might well have been a tempting option for Sarah, but as her stomach growled, she knew she wouldn’t be able to stand missing another meal. “Okay, I’ll be ready in an hour” she replied meekly.

Without anything to change into, Sarah found she was ready to go long before her mother. Taking off her casual school makeup and reapplying heavier eyeliner and some lipstick, brushing and blowing out her hair, checking to make sure that there was no unsightly stubble on her legs, armpits, or pussy – even more important with how on display they were – changing out her shoes and socks for a pair of heels, feeling somehow even more naked with the last scraps of fabric on her body replaced with hard leather and with so much of her feet open to the air, all of this left her a decent half an hour to wait for her mother. Sitting on her bed, she was tempted to put something on, just for a little bit before she had to endure her next round of humiliation, but decided against it, knowing she would barely be dressed before she would have to begin steeling herself to strip naked again. She tried to work on homework, but found that she couldn’t focus. So she ended up getting up to pace nervously around the room. For more comfortable walking, she took off her heels, the feeling of the carpet on her bare feet emphasizing her complete and total nudity, but she was just in her room, nothing wrong with being naked in here. Or so she tried to reassure herself.

After an agonizingly long wait, she heard her parents’ door open and close. Quickly slipping her heels back on, she went out to meet them.

The three got into the car and departed. The mother, dressed in a satiny black dress, knee-length, with a gold necklace. The father, dressed in a sharp black suit, a white shirt, and a red silk tie. The daughter, dressed in nothing but heels. Sarah tried to slump down, out of view of the windows, but her mother reprimanded her. “Sit up properly, young lady!” she chastised. Sarah reluctantly straightened up, arms folded protectively over her bare breasts, legs crossed to cover her bare pussy as much as possible. “Uncross your arms!” her mother demanded, “I will not abide by you sulking the entire evening.” Sarah reluctantly bared her breasts and clasped her hands in her lap.

Arriving at a nice Italian restaurant, Sarah’s mother would not permit her to cover her breasts, but made no comment at her clasping her hands in front of her pussy – after all, it was a perfectly lady-like posture, not one that would have looked out of place at all if she had been clothed. The hostess at the counter looked shocked as the naked girl approached with her parents. “Table for three,” Sarah’s father said. “And would you be so kind as to provide a small towel for our daughter to sit on?”

“Uh … yes – yes, of course sir,” replied the flustered hostess, staring at the naked young woman. “I’ll call you up as soon as a table opens. You may take a seat in the waiting area until then.”

Sarah’s father and mother took their seats on a plush leather bench, but made Sarah stand. She felt the eyes of the other patrons all staring at her. Thankfully, it was only a few minutes before the hostess led the family to a table towards the back of the restaurant. While this required Sarah to cross the entire floor, bearing stares and murmurs the whole way, they were at least relatively out of the way once they were seated, and mercifully, the table provided Sarah with at least a small degree of cover. And, providing just as much relief to Sarah as the chance at a small amount of modesty, there was a big bowl of breadsticks on the table. The starving girl wasted no time digging in, ignoring her mother as she chastised her for spoiling her appetite.

When the waiter arrived to take their orders, he had apparently been forewarned about Sarah’s state of dress – that is, that she wouldn’t be – and put in a valiant effort to keep his eyes off her exposed breasts. Sarah’s mother ordered shrimp scampi with a white wine, her father spaghetti with red. Sarah, considering which item would likely be the most filling, decided to go for a meat lasagna. Her father told the waiter that she would be drinking water. The waiter returned shortly with their drinks and another bowl of breadsticks, which Sarah greedily demolished despite her mother’s glares. A while later, he came back with the food. Sarah tried her best to eat with decent table manners, but hunger won out, and she ate quickly and sloppily, spilling some sauce on her breast. Her mother, visibly annoyed, reached across with a napkin to wipe it off before Sarah could. As the three finished their dinner, Sarah’s mother told them to meet her outside and left, leaving Sarah and her father to silently await the check.

**Caught Cheating 19: A Naked Walk**

Paying the bill, the naked girl and her father went outside and looked around for Sarah’s mother. After a few minutes, they saw the woman crossing the parking lot from a nearby pet store, for some reason.

“Sarah, give me your heels,” her mother demanded.
Sarah was confused and reluctant to part with her only cover, worthless though it was, but obeyed. Taking Sarah’s shoes, her mother pulled a collar out of her bag and fastened it around Sarah’s neck, clipping on a leash.

“Mom, what the hell –”
“Language, young lady! But you’re not one, are you? Since I’ve gotten back, you’ve acted like nothing but an ill-mannered dog. Well, if you’re going to act like a dog, for the rest of this evening, I’m going to treat you like a dog.”
“Mother, you can’t be serious –”
“A well-trained dog does not bark. And how can I expect you to act like a well-mannered young lady if you can’t even act like a well-trained dog?”
Sarah fell silent and cast her eyes to the ground, the rough asphalt beneath her bare feet making her feel her humiliating nudity more than ever.
“Good. Now, we’re going for a walk. Dear,” she turned and addressed Sarah’s father, “Kindly toss Sarah’s shoes in the car. We’ll be taking a stroll around the park.”

Sarah’s father took the heels and tossed them in the backseat, then the family set off, father and mother walking together, mother leading daughter behind. At first Sarah tried to cover herself, but her mother cleared her throat meaningfully. Folding her hands in front of herself, Sarah once again received a disapproving “ahem”, and resigned herself to holding her hands awkwardly at her sides; clearly, she would not be allowed to cover herself in even the most insignificant way. They took the sidewalk down to a nearby park and walked along it. Given the time, few others were out, although the few who were stopped dead in their tracks, staring slack jawed at the spectacle of a middle-aged couple leading along a teenage girl, completely bare except for a collar. Completing the circuit of the park, the couple pulled Sarah back to the car. Sarah’s mother grabbed the girl’s shoes from the back, holding onto them rather than giving them back to her. She unclipped the leash and had Sarah climb into the back seat. The girl sat silently, but completely upright, afraid to antagonize her mother any further, until they arrived back home.

Sarah’s mother did not reattach the leash to lead Sarah back into the house, instead allowing her to walk back in on her own. Once inside, Mrs. Hendricks removed the collar from her daughter’s neck.

“In spite of a rough start, you proved yourself capable of behaving yourself as a dog,” the woman told the girl. “I’ll now give you another chance to behave yourself as a young woman.”
“Thank you, Mother,” Sarah replied meekly. Her mother handed her back her heels and allowed her to go up to her room. Sarah put the heels away and went to take a shower, mostly to get the dirt off her feet. She didn’t take the chance of wrapping a towel around herself, lest either of her parents saw her, and walked naked back to her room. Once inside, though, she felt that she would be safe donning clothes, trying to feel as covered as possible. She put on a pair of panties, a bra, a pair of sweatpants, a hoodie, and a pair of socks, relishing in the feeling of the fabric against her flesh, against her breasts for the first time since this afternoon, against her pussy for the first time since early this morning, even against her feet, though they had been bare for a comparatively short span. She had planned to work on homework, but she had had an exhausting day, and so made a note to herself, reminding herself in the strongest terms to strip off before leaving her room tomorrow morning, and went to bed.

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