**Clara Spanked for Wearing a Short Skirt**

by yodo

**One**

Even at an all-girls school, full of pretty students, Clara stood out. She had an angelic face, large breasts, and a large bottom. She was also taller than most students. Today, she wore a pink headband to keep her long black hair out of her bright blue eyes. Unfortunately, her appearance did not match her rotten personality. She bullied almost every student she came into contact with. The students at Greenleaf Academy hated Clara, and she deserved it.

But teachers loved her. Clara knew how to behave when Greenleaf staff were watching and bullied students into doing her assignments for her. She also stole answer keys for tests and quizzes. Some students had tried to expose her bullying and cheating, but none were successful, which made Clara feel untouchable.

Greenleaf's newest teacher, however, presented a new challenge to Clara. Greenleaf was Mr. Smith's first teaching job. His tests were new, and he made the answer keys after his students had taken them. Clara could still force students to do her assignments, but this only made Mr. Smith suspicious of her, as her test scores and homework scores varied greatly. Clara tried to bribe Mr. Smith by flirting with him. Wiggling her big tits and shaking her big butt in his face would surely work, right?

Nope, Mr. Smith was insulted. Clara decided to work harder, not on her schoolwork, on flirting with her teacher. She shortened one of her school skirts (Greenleaf students wore green plaid skirts as part of their uniform). Mr. Smith, rather than being smitten with her thick thighs, told her not to violate dress code again or she would be punished. The next day, in addition to the pink headband mentioned earlier, Clara wore the shortened skirt again.

She sauntered into Mr. Smith's class as the bell rang, and he immediately brought attention to her skirt.

...... "It's fine, Mr. Smith." She walked to her desk.

...... "Put your arms at your side."

...... Clara sighed and did as she was told. Her skirt barely passed her palms.

...... "You're touching skin, just like yesterday. Go to the office and change."

...... "It's fine, Mr. Smith. None of my other teachers care if a skirt is a little short."

Mr. Smith had planned for a situation like this. He turned to the girl sitting closest to the door. "Madison, would you please go to the office and fetch a new skirt for Clara. Just get the longest one they have."

...... "What are you doing?" Clara asked.

...... "You don't want to go to the office. You can change here."

...... "You're a pervert!"

...... "Cut the attitude."

...... "I can't change in here! You can't make me do that!"

...... "I warned you yesterday."

...... "You're disgusting!"

...... "I told you to cut the attitude. Now, I'll be changing you. Come to the front of the class, please."

Clara remained where she was. Madison returned. "Ah, that was fast," Mr. Smith said. "The perks of having a classroom near the office." Madison handed Mr. Smith the skirt. He thanked her and set the skirt on his desk. "Madison, I hate to keep asking favors of you, but would you mind reading from your student handbook?" "No problem," she replied and pulled her handbook from her backpack. "The section beneath the dress code, the part that explains the punishment for breaking it," Mr. Smith told her.

Madison found the page and read aloud, "The dress code for Greenleaf Academy is simple and clearly stated. Therefore, any violation is seen as intentional, and Greenleaf staff may take any disciplinary action they find necessary. Gentle punishments and warnings are advised for new students, who may not be accustomed to Greenleaf's expectations, but harsh punishments may be necessary, especially for experienced students and repeat offenders."

"Thank you, Madison," Mr. Smith said before turning to Clara. Clara was angry and scared. She was finally going to face consequences for her actions, and her classmates were going to witness it. "Clara, come here please." She walked to the front of the room. "Clara, are you a new student?" Mr. Smith asked. Clara remained silent. "Clara, answer me. Are you a new student?"

...... "No." Her teeth were clenched, perhaps in an attempt to sound threatening. It didn't work.

...... "And you violated dress code yesterday, didn't you?"

...... "I don't know."

...... "You did, and I warned you not to do it again."

...... Clara grinned. "I don't know, Mr. Smith. My memory isn't so good, but I'll remember what happened today. I won't wear a short skirt again. Let me just go to the bathroom and get changed." She stepped toward Mr. Smith's desk and reached for the longer skirt. Mr. Smith grabbed her wrist.

...... "I'm going to change you, right here."

...... "You can't do that." She tried to break away from his grasp.

...... "This is going to happen, Clara, whether you like it or not."

...... Clara thought for a moment. "Can I at least change myself?"

...... "If you ask nicely." He let go of her wrist.

...... She still looked angry. "Please, Mr. Smith, may I change my skirt?"

...... "You may."

...... Clara grabbed the skirt. "Please, Mr. Smith, would you mind turning around?" She spoke in an overly polite voice.

...... "No."

...... She tried to hide her anger. "I would prefer it if you did. I'm going to change my skirt. I just don't want you to watch."

...... "I need to make sure your underwear doesn't break dress code too."

...... "Are you fucking serious?"

...... "That wasn't polite. I guess I do need to change you."

Mr. Smith quickly took the longer skirt from Clara's hands and placed it on his desk. He then reached for the skirt that she was wearing. Clara hurled insults at him and feebly tried to keep her skirt on. Mr. Smith easily removed it. Clara was now standing at the front of the room in the top half of her school uniform (a white, short-sleeved, collared shirt) and a gray cotton thong. Clara and her classmates gasped. The students were getting a clear view of her plump butt cheeks. She instantly moved her left hand to her crotch and her right hand to her behind. Her embarrassment made the class giggle.

Clara's face was crimson from embarrassment and rage. Mr. Smith grabbed her upper arms and turned her slightly. He looked over her shoulder and moved her hand to get a view of her backside. "Well, that certainly doesn't meet dress code," he said and let go of her. She went back to her previous position, still failing to adequately cover herself. "And, as this violation is particularly egregious, I believe a spanking is in order."

...... "You're a fucking pervert," she replied.

...... "And with the rotten attitude," Mr. Smith continued. "I believe it should be with the paddle." He retrieved his paddle from its drawer and put it on his desk. He pulled Clara onto his lap as he sat on his desk. She protested, verbally and physically, but it didn't do anything.

Mr. Smith was sitting on his desk, facing his students, with a brat over his lap. Clara's left arm was behind his back, her right trying to cover her cheeks. Mr. Smith removed Clara's shoes. He then grabbed her right wrist and pinned it behind her back. He grabbed her thong with his free hand. She gasped. "Oh please," Mr. Smith said as he removed the garment, "it's not like it was covering anything anyway." The class laughed. Clara's face was burning with embarrassment. Mr. Smith placed the thong on his desk, picked up the paddle, and pressed it against Clara's butt cheeks. She let out another gasp. Mr. Smith then lifted the paddle and began the spanking.

Clara tried to hide her pain as her bare bottom was struck, over and over again, with the paddle. Each strike sent a ripple across her behind and made it more red and tender. She was starting to sniffle and cry now. She glanced at her classmates. Their faces were filled with glee, which made her feel even more humiliated. The spanking continued.

...... SMACK!

...... Clara winced. A tear fell down her cheek.

...... SMACK!

...... The pain caused her to let out a quiet whimper. More tears fell.

...... SMACK!

...... She moaned in pain.

...... SMACK! SMACK! SMACK!

...... The three rapid hits surprised Clara. She cried out and began to sob. Mr. Smith paused for a few seconds and then continued.

...... SMACK!

...... SMACK!

...... "Please!"

...... SMACK!

...... "Stop!"

...... SMACK!

...... "I'm teaching you a lesson."

...... SMACK!

...... "I've learned it! I've fucking learned it!"

...... "Clearly, not."

...... SMACK! SMACK!

...... She screams. Mr. Smith presses the paddle against her tender bottom. Clara winces. Mr. Smith lifts the paddle.

...... SMACK!

...... "I'll behave!"

...... SMACK!

...... "I'm not done. Stay quiet. This will end when I say it does."

The spanking continued until Clara was a blubbering mess. Mr. Smith stood her up, and she faced his desk with both of her hands covering her front. She wanted to use one of her hands to cover her backside, but she thought Mr. Smith wouldn't like that. She also wanted to avoid touching the tender skin. This meant that the class got an unobstructed view of her big red butt, and Clara was completely aware of it. Mr. Smith pushed himself off his desk. Clara was looking at the floor, sniffling and crying softly. Mr. Smith grabbed her shoes and put them back on her feet.

"Clara, turn around and apologize for misbehaving and wasting class time." Clara slowly turned around, still looking at the floor. It took her a few seconds to stop crying.

...... "I'm sorry for misbehaving and wasting class time," she murmured.

...... "Go sit at your desk." Clara looked at him in shock. Her blue eyes were wide open. "Go," he commanded and slapped her bottom. Clara yelped and walked to her desk, in the middle of the room. She winced as her bare cheeks pressed against the wooden seat. She was crying again, sitting bottomless in her desk.

There wasn't much time left in class. Mr. Smith answered some questions about an upcoming assignment and then called Madison over to his desk. Clara heard Madison leave the room. Mr. Smith sat at his desk looking over some papers while the class whispered and wrote notes to each other. Clara couldn't make out what anyone was saying, but she assumed they were talking about her, especially when she heard giggling.

The bell rang, and the class began to leave. Clara remained seated, still looking down. Madison walked in and handed something to Mr. Smith. "Clara," Mr. Smith called as he stood up. "Please come here." Clara looked up. The last of the class were leaving. Mr. Smith walked to the door. "I'm sorry, girls, please wait here a moment," he said to the students who were already arriving for his next class. He closed the door, pulled the curtain over the door window, and turned to Clara. "Clara, come here please." Clara carefully stood and approached her teacher. She looked to the closed door and then back to the floor. "What's wrong?" she asked. "Don't want to humiliate me?"

Mr. Smith couldn't believe it. She was still giving him attitude. "Well, if you'd like, I can bring my next class in and show them what happens when a student misbehaves." Clara didn't respond. "Look at me," he lifted her chin until her gaze met his. "You're going to treat me with respect, or I'm going to bring in my next class, who are all freshmen, and show them an upperclassman's spanked behind."

He let go of her chin, grabbed the skirt sitting on his desk, and put in on Clara. It barely covered her butt cheeks.

...... "I can't wear this! You told Madison to get a long one!"

...... "Madison took the long skirt back to the office and got this one. I wrote a note to explain the situation to anyone who asks. You can have your skirt and your thong back tomorrow, if you come to school in appropriate attire."

...... "This is ridiculous! Can I at least have some panties? Haven't you punished me enough?"

...... "Consider this part of the punishment a threat. I suspect you've been cheating, and if I see any more indications of it, I'll investigate. I don't think you want me to do that, because I might mention it to other teachers. If you've been cheating in your other classes, then the headmistress or Ms. North will be tasked with punishing you."

An investigation would not only expose Clara's rampant cheating, but Ms. North, the deputy headmistress, would make today's punishment look like a slap on the wrist. "I understand," she told Mr. Smith. "Good," he replied. "You may leave now." Clara walked to her desk, and without thinking, bent down and grabbed her backpack. She suddenly felt cool air on her behind and quickly turned around. Mr. Smith smirked. "You might want to be more careful," he advised and held out a pair of notes. Clara put on her backpack and snatched the notes from his hand, but she hesitated when she reached the door.

"You can't stand there forever, Clara," Mr. Smith said. Clara took a deep breath, opened the door, and stepped into the hallway.

**Two**

The hallway was empty, except for the students waiting to enter Mr. Smith's classroom. They ignored Clara and quickly shuffled into the classroom. Clara took a few steps down the hall and jumped when the bell rang. She looked at the notes in her hand. They were marked with Mr. Smith's signature, the time, and the date. They read, "Please excuse Clara's tardiness. She was speaking with me." and "Please excuse Clara's short skirt. She is being punished." Clara hoped that she wouldn't need the second one.

She entered Ms. Wheeler's class. Some of the students, who had been in Mr. Smith's class, began to whisper. Clara quickly tried to take control of the situation. "Sorry I'm late, Ms. Wheeler. Mr. Smith and I were discussing something." Some of the students giggled. "Girls, please," Ms. Wheeler said. "Clara, I'm sure you were talking to Mr. Smith, but I do need to see the note." Clara gave Ms. Wheeler the late excuse. "Note looks good. You can take your seat."

...... "Isn't Clara's skirt a little short?" A student called out. Clara froze.

...... "Oh my god! Clara!" Ms. Wheeler exclaimed, noticing the skirt.

...... Clara was worried for a moment, before her arrogance suddenly re-emerged. "It's fine, Ms. Wheeler. I have a note for that, too." She was tired of letting her classmates make her feel embarrassed. She handed the note to her teacher.

...... "Punished? That seems a little strange."

...... "I think Mr. Smith just wanted to see me in a short skirt."

...... "Clara!" Ms. Wheeler reached behind Clara and gave her bottom a light spank. Clara winced.

...... "Don't fucking touch me."

The class gasped. "I see why you were punished now," Ms. Wheeler said. She turned Clara around. "What are you doing? Do you want to get a good look at my short skirt too?" Clara said before Ms. Wheeler lifted her skirt. "What the fuck?!" Clara turned her face away from her classmates' excited faces and looked back at her teacher.

...... "Oh my, Mr. Smith certainly didn't hold back."

...... "Put my skirt down. You're acting like a pervert."

...... "Watch your mouth, young lady, unless you want another spanking." Ms. Wheeler dropped Clara's skirt.

...... "Can I sit down now? Or do you want to look at my ass some more?"

Ms. Wheeler turned Clara around, stepped to her side, and lifted her skirt again. "What are you doing?!" Clara squealed and tried to cover herself. Ms. Wheeler began tapping Clara's red behind. "Move your hands. Move your hands," the teacher ordered. Clara obeyed. Ms. Wheeler looked to the class and spoke, "Take a good look class. This is what happens when you misbehave. Think about this the next time you want to be rude to your teachers." She released Clara's skirt. "Now you may sit down." Clara walked to her seat and sat down. She tried to hide the pain of sitting on her tender bottom but failed and heard her classmates snicker.

The rest of the school day was uneventful. Clara returned home to find her younger sister, Stacy, and her family's nanny, Lauren, watching TV. Lauren wasn't much older than Clara. "How was school, Clara?" she asked.

...... "Amazing, thanks for asking."

...... "Really? Because I got a call from one of your teachers."

...... "So?"

...... "Mr. Smith told me to make sure that you wore an appropriate skirt and appropriate underwear to school tomorrow."

...... "Sounds like a creep to me." Clara was furious. She hated when Lauren had any sort of leverage over her.

...... "Clara, he told me everything."

...... "And you believed him? How gullible are you? You'll believe anything that makes me look bad."

...... "Oh please, Clara, don't pretend like you don't have an attitude problem."

...... "Only around stupid people who never listen to me, like you."

Lauren turned to Clara's sister. "Stacy, is that how you talk to people?" Stacy shook her head. "Do you call people stupid?" The girl shook her head again. "Do you think your sister should be punished for talking like that?" Stacy's eyes lit up. Lauren turned to Clara. "Come over here, Clara." Clara protested, so Lauren got up and forced her over to the couch. Stacy stood. Lauren sat down and pulled Clara over her lap.

...... "Let me go, you fucking bitch."

...... "Language!" Lauren said and spanked Clara over her skirt. The pain caused Clara to yelp. Lauren then lifted Clara's skirt. Stacy gasped at the sight of Clara's red bottom. "You see this, Stacy?" Lauren spanked Clara again, bringing out another yelp. "This is what happens when you misbehave." Another spank. "You get a red bottom." Lauren dishes out five quick spanks. Clara squeals. There's already tears in her eyes. Her tender bottom makes the slaps feel so much worse.

...... "Stop! Can't you see I've already been punished?"

...... "Clearly not enough."

...... SLAP!

...... Stacy is giggling now, and the little girl's delight is mortifying for Clara.

...... SLAP!

...... "You can't do this!" Clara says through tears. "You're insane!"

...... SLAP! SLAP! SLAP! SLAP! SLAP! SLAP! SLAP!

...... Clara shrieks.

After a few more slaps, Clara is sobbing. Lauren sends her to room. Clara lies on her bed and weeps, thinking of all the people who saw her humiliated today: the students who saw her skirt ripped off, her thong, her paddling, her sitting in her desk with no bottoms on, the students who saw her skirt lifted, her red bottom, her embarrassed face, her crying, and her little sister, who saw her pulled over the couch, skirt lifted, red bottom exposed, and spanked until she was bawling her eyes out.