**CATHERINE’S STORY**

by Hugo Rune

"Well, what do you think?" asked Catherine as she turned and modelled for her roommate Emma, the morning sun accentuating her curves and hollows, and setting the red mane of hair which cascaded down her back aflame with colour.

"They're beautiful!" replied the girl seated on the bed, admiring her friend's new matching bra and panties. "Where did you get them?"

"My older sister Ellen sent them to me as a late birthday present - she's so cool - Mum would freak if she knew I'd got anything like this!" Catherine stood in the middle of the dorm room she shared with Emma. In addition to the day-students who made up the majority of girls at the college, the Cronenberg School for Girls housed a number of boarding students who lived in rooms on campus. Such was the good reputation of the school it attracted a number of out-of-state (and even international) pupils whose parents were willing to pay the extra fees to ensure their daughters received the best education. Catherine herself was from England, where her family still resided. She was a long way from home at only 15, but her mother - an American - had attended the Cronenberg, and wished her youngest daughter to receive the same character-building education that only it could provide.

Catherine turned to look in the full-length mirror that stood in the corner of the room, delighted with the daring new lingerie. The set was made of ivory satin; the glossy material practically glowed next to her pale creamy skin. The panties were shockingly high cut in the leg, running from close to her crotch to the crest of her hip, making her legs look fabulously long and sleek. She turned side-on to the mirror and followed the hem of her panties with her finger as it curved over her hip and bottom, leaving fully half her bottom-cheek exposed. Turning back she blushed as she studied the lacy front panel more closely, the waistband swooped *perilously*low, revealing the soft contours of her bare tummy. What's more, the lace was so sheer she could see the sparse red curls of her hair "down there" through the material! The modest girl had to fight the impulse to cover her crotch with her hands, even though only she and her best friend were present. Painfully shy, she had always admired her older sisters daring, but didn't know if she could ever wear this lingerie, even under her clothes, without blushing scarlet. Never mind her mother, the teachers here at school would have fits if they even suspected she owned such outrageous items of clothing

Sitting behind her, fully dressed in the school uniform, Emma tucked a stray lock of raven hair behind her ear and watched her friend in the mirror with good-natured envy;

"That bra is gorgeous," she thought. Her friends B-cup breasts were barely decent within a demi-cup bra of the same ivory satin, the narrow straps of which swept down to the sides of her ribcage leaving the smooth expanse of her chest bare, except for the sprinkling of freckles, which to a lesser extent appeared all over Catherine's body (except the pale globes of her backside, as her friends teasingly pointed out in the showers). The tops of the bra cups were edged in lace, only just concealing a pair of girlish nipples of the palest pink. Emma let out a small sigh. Though she too was only fifteen, her own curves were lush and full, and although her voluptuous figure would be enough to inspire delight in any boy, she couldn't help but be jealous of her friend's svelte frame.*She* could never get away with wearing such a flimsy bra, she thought, not with her large chest. But she had to admit her friend looked fantastic. The only fault Emma could find in the ensemble was that the cups of the bra were a little large, so that Catherine's perky mounds sat in them a little loosely. It hardly mattered though, Catherine's young breasts needed little support, and Emma expected her friend’s chest would fill out with time.

Time, TIME! Emma looked down at her watch.

"*Catherine, look at the time!* It's only twelve minutes to first lesson!!" Startled out of her dreamy self- admiration, Catherine cried out *"Hell!"* and flung open the wardrobe. Panicking she began to pull on her blouse, and then slipped on her grey school skirt.

"Here, help me with my buttons!" she cried as she started to knot her school tie.

"Wait! Your underwear! You'll have to change it!!" yelled Emma. Both girls knew just how strict the uniform codes were at their school.

"No time, No time! Besides - no-one will know, we don't have Gym today, and I *never* get in trouble." This last was a reference to the unique punishment system at the Cronenberg. Holding that corporal punishment was barbaric, the school long ago decided that public humiliation was a more humane, and ultimately more effective deterrent to misbehaviour. Indeed many girls whose petty misdemeanour had resulted in them spending the day bare from the waist up (or waist down for more serious transgressions) would have almost preferred a few whacks of the cane to their prolonged shame.

"You're crazy." Emma muttered as she helped her friend get dressed, her fingers occasionally brushing against soft, warm skin as she hurriedly buttoned, tucked and smoothed. "There, now I've got to get going - will you be ok?"

"I'll be fine, they don't do spot checks you know!" laughed Catherine as she finished dressing, tying the laces of her flat-heeled school shoes and buttoning down her blazer.

"I wouldn't put it past them!" Her friend teased as she dashed out the door, "Just don't be late!"

The sudden reminder of the consequences of tardiness put wings to Catherine's feet.

Dashing through the corridors of the dormitory building Catherine prayed she wouldn't be tardy. She figured she was in no real danger of arriving late, but not having a watch she didn't want to take that chance. As she sprinted down the stairs, her grey knee-length skirt flapped wildly about her flashing thighs, and her ponytail of flaming red hair, which normally hung low enough to brush the swell of her buttocks, swished and bounced in her wake. She jumped the last few steps and burst around the corner of the ground floor corridor too quickly to avoid the bundles strewn in her path

Today was laundry day and the housekeepers were stripping all the beds of their dirty linen to replace them with fresh. The sheets due for washing were left in the corridor outside the rooms to be collected later, and it was one of these which tangled itself about Catherine's feet, tripping her over. Due to her speed, the young girl flew almost five feet in a horizontal dive before landing with a soft thump, face down in a heap of white linen.

"Goodness child, are you all right?" asked a voice.

*"Uhhhhh..."* Dazedly Catherine rolled onto her back before focusing on the figure that had just emerged from one of the rooms, at the same time she recognised the voice as belonging to Mrs Clare, head housekeeper and mother hen to the boarding girls.

"My but you did take a tumble, can you stand up?" Coming quickly to her senses Catherine took stock of her situation; Glancing down she was horrified to see her skirt was bunched around her waist, her bare legs splayed apart from her fall, placing her decidedly non-uniform panties in plain view! The pose could not have been more revealing if it had been deliberate! Hastily she brought her legs together, snatched her skirt down to her knees and bounded to her feet. Avoiding looking at the older woman's face Catherine began to stammer out a reply, hoping against hope that the matronly housekeeper hadn't noticed her risqué underwear.

"I'm fine Mrs Clare, I'm ok, I'm not hurt, sorry I was running, I'm in a hurry, I don't want to be late for lesson, May I go please?" Mrs Clare was generally a soft touch. Not being a teacher she had less demand for discipline among the girls and rarely issued clothing penalties to girls in her charge. This didn't mean she had any tolerance for deliberate contravention of school rules however. Catherine risked a glance at the woman's face and her heart sank at the disapproving frown she saw there.

"Just a minute girl, what are you wearing under that skirt?" came the dreaded question. Arms now folded beneath her breasts, Mrs Clare now seemed a lot less concerned with the young girl's well-being. Though she wanted to curl up and die, Catherine knew it was no use lying. Instead she got busy with excuses.

"Please miss I was only trying them on in my room, but then I was late and I didn't have time to change, and I didn't want to be late so I thought it wouldn't matter, I never meant to wear them to classes..."

"Rules are rules Catherine, I thought all my girls knew that, now raise your skirt..... higher...... turn around......" Mrs Clare shook her head and tsk'd in disappointment as she watched the 15 year old follow her orders, arms raised to her chest, her skirt bunched in each hand. The girl was wearing the most shocking underwear, in satin and lace, what little there was of it. Impractical too, she thought as the girl shuffled through 360 degrees. With all that running the back of the panties had practically disappeared between the girls bottom-crack, leaving the whole of her cheeks bare in a most lewd display - and as for the front, the lace was so sheer you could read newspaper print through it, never mind being able to see the downy growth of ginger hair which barely concealed the girl's privates. Some hair even peeked out of the lacy hem where the crotch had ridden up in front. And such a pretty young girl too, Mrs Clare sighed, she might *well* blush

This was an understatement. Catherine's face was beetroot red; she was mortified beyond belief! Her lower lip began to tremble as she noticed other members of the housekeeping staff emerging from the rooms to witness what was going on. Two Hispanic girls in their twenties, wearing maid's uniforms, appeared in a doorway, their eyes widening in shock and then glee as they saw the beautiful young redhead turning about with her skirt raised nearly to her chin. Because the skirt was cinched at the girls waist, and the brief panties merely followed the contours of Catherine's hips, this left a broad band of bare midriff exposed to the gaze of the two young maids. Whispering to each other, they giggled silently, one of them winking to Catherine her approval of the scandalous panties, which only deepened the girl's shame.

"At least there are no men about," she thought. Since coming to the Cronenberg school the idea of being exposed before a member of the opposite sex (a real possibility, many of the classes were taught by men), had been enough to keep her an ideal pupil, never putting a single foot wrong, and now *this* had to happen. Catherine dreaded hearing whatever punishment Mrs Clare decided to hand out.

Luckily for her, Mrs Clare's kindly nature was winning out over her shock and disapproval. She did not wholly agree with the punishment policies of the school, thinking them often unnecessarily cruel, especially when the girl was as shy and modest as Catherine. But the girl couldn't be allowed to believe it was acceptable to wear such things, and the breaking of established rules must never go unpunished.

"Please remove those panties Catherine. You know the uniform in this school, panties are plain white cotton - of a *respectable* cut. I'm severely disappointed in you." Closing her eyes to hide her shame, Catherine peeled the panties down her legs, tugging them free from where they were bunched between the cheeks of her bottom she pulled them to her feet and stepped out of them. "Now, hand them over." She handed the scrap of warm satin to Mrs Clare and waited for what was coming next. "You may have these back at the end of the term, I won't permit you to have them while you're staying under my roof. I'll let you keep your skirt on for now, though I don't know why I should, but you must spend the rest of the day without underwear. I'll be locking your room 'till this evening to make sure you don't sneak back to put any on. Make sure it's white cotton from now on, or I'll strip you buck naked I swear! Now be off with you, and you might still get to lesson on time!"

Catherine blinked twice before scurrying off to class. She couldn't believe she was still wearing a skirt, she'd been so sure she'd have it confiscated too! Still, being without panties all day was going to be no picnic, especially in this cold climate - but it could have been so much worse! She thanked her stars that Mrs Clare was too much of a prude to imagine that Catherine might be wearing a bra equally as revealing as the confiscated panties. If that had been found out... Catherine's mind refused to consider the consequences. Hurrying to class she was *very* conscious of the way the hem of her skirt was flipping around, and she took great care not to trip. Even so she made it to the door of the classroom, smoothed her skirt and composed herself before calmly entering. As she shut the classroom door and made her way to her seat, the bell sounded the beginning of another school day. The teacher sitting at the front of the classroom arched an eyebrow at Catherine suggesting she had escaped a reprimand by the skin of her teeth.

Plopping quickly into her chair, Catherine nearly yelped as the bare skin of her pert bottom made contact with the cool wooden seat. Blushing furiously she reached back and smoothed her skirt under her legs, so that there would at least be *something* between herself and the chair. Despite her vulnerable predicament, she tried to quell the butterflies in her stomach and allowed herself a small sigh of relief. She couldn't help feeling elated. If she could just settle down, the worst of the day seemed to be over. With her skirt clamped firmly between her knees she listened as the teacher began the day's first class.

That's when Catherine, with a sinking feeling, remembered what other classes she had that day......

At the Cronenberg School for Girls, Dancing was considered a vital part of any young girl’s education. It fostered grace and elegance, and taught fitness and discipline. All girls had one class a week with Miss Adler, the school's qualified dance instructor, learning the basics of tap, ballet and modern, and recently they had begun lessons in Ballroom. At first the headmistress and governors of the school had tried to prevent Miss Adler giving lessons in Ballroom dancing, because there is no way to teach Ballroom without partners - and *partners* meant boys. Those in charge of the Cronenberg School tried to see that their girls had as little to do with boys as possible, and thus the idea of inviting groups of teenage boys from the nearby Terence Gilliam Boy's School to take part in lessons with the girls was viewed with outrage by many of the more traditional members of the staff. But Miss Adler had insisted and the school, knowing it could not afford to lose such a skilled instructor, had relented. And so in the last few weeks, dancing lessons had gained an exciting new twist for the girls...

The Dancing lesson on Tuesday afternoon was normally one of the highlights of Catherine's week. She loved moving to the music, letting her mind go and expressing her feelings through the rhythm. In addition, though she blushed to admit it, the new lessons in Ballroom dancing were her favourite of the course. Though there had been no close-dancing, and everyone was under the watchful eye of Miss Adler, it was still thrilling for Catherine to dance in the arms of a boy her own age. With one set of hands holding, and another on each other's hips, it was by far the most intimate experience of Catherine's young life. Thrilling, but also nerve- wracking for the shy young thing. Whenever she made eye contact with her dancing partner, a blush would spread on her cheeks and she would bite her lip and have to look away. The first week she had to stop for a few minutes to quell her fit of nervous giggles, though she managed to convince Miss Adler she was merely out of breath. Yes, ordinarily she looked forward with eager anticipation to the week's lesson, but today was different.

As Catherine entered the studio, walking stiffly upright, she felt as if there was a neon sign reading "NO PANTIES" across her forehead. When Miss Clare had confiscated her underwear earlier in the day she hadn't thought it so bad, until she remembered she would be spending an hour and a half in a room with fifteen boys her own age! What if one of them should find out? She couldn't imagine how anyone would, but the possibility terrified her. Now she couldn't meet the eyes of anyone in the room, not even Brian, the tall dark-haired boy who had been her partner since the lessons began, and who gave her a sweet smile whenever she arrived for the lesson. Then she saw Emma across the room and made her way over. Emma was on one knee tying the laces of her dancing shoes, and Catherine dropped down to join her.

"Hi," said her friend "have you heard, we're starting a new dance today. I'm glad, the waltz was getting a little boring." Catherine said nothing and started changing into her dance shoes. "Say, are you still wearing your new underwear? I bet Brian would like it!" She teased.

"Uh, not exactly." mumbled Catherine, unwilling to reveal her embarrassment even to her best friend. She needn't have worried though, because at that moment as Catherine swapped knees to begin on her other shoe, Emma was granted a full view up her friend's skirt all the way to...

*"Catherine! What happened to your panties??"* hissed Emma hardly able to believe she'd just caught sight of Catherine’s barely-there muff and, because of the way her friend was kneeling, even the lips of her virgin pussy, slightly parted! Her eyes moistening with tears of shame, Catherine explained how she had lost her panties, and confessed her fears about the upcoming lesson. "Don't worry you'll be fine, no-one will know. Just, uh, be careful how you kneel in future!" Flushing crimson Catherine stood up and joined the rest of the class with Emma by her side, bolstered by her friend's reassurances.

"To warm up," announced Miss Adler "we will begin with a waltz, which you should all have mastered by now." she added with a small smile "Partners please!" Emma whispered "good luck" to Catherine and made her way over to Roger, her dance partner. Placing her hands over her jittery stomach Catherine tried to smile as she saw Brian approach. There was a heart stopping moment for her as Brian took her hand and placed his other gently on her hip. *"What if he can feel I haven't got panties on!"* she thought.

The moment passed though as Brian showed no unusual reaction, and when the music began and they started to dance, she felt her fears begin to subside. Her confidence was helped by the fact that Brian seemed to have trouble meeting her gaze, he kept his eyes downcast throughout almost the whole dance. Seemingly fixated on the floor.

"It's as if he's as shy of me as I am of him" she thought, and that thought made her feel warm and tingly inside. She lifted her head up and began to smile from a sense of pride, rather than nervousness. A new and unfamiliar feeling of herself as an attractive young girl began to envelop her, at the idea that this handsome young boy might feel nervous about dancing with her. Indeed, though she would never have believed it, she was one of the most beautiful girls in the room, and Brian was envied by his friends for being lucky enough to have her as a partner. It was only as the dance ended and they stepped apart to bow and curtsy to each other that Catherine was able to look down and see exactly what had occupied her partner's attention throughout the dance.

It took her a moment to work out what she was seeing. It seemed as if Brian had fixed a tiny square of mirrored glass to the toe of his right shoe. Why on earth he might do such a thing was beyond her for at least three seconds. Then she realised that standing so close to each other, with the mirror he would have been able to see right up her skirt! He must have seen EVERYTHING!!!Catherine's fantasy castle came crashing down about her ears. Her warm feelings of pride and contentment evaporated, to be replaced not by shame or embarrassment, which surprised her, but a seething anger at this crude, cruel, smirking *BOY!*

"You *PIG!*" she yelled, and pushed at him. Startled by her reaction, Brian couldn't keep on his feet and fell on his back. He did keep his wits about him though, for as he landed he swiftly palmed the mirror from his shoe and swept it into his trouser pocket before anyone could see. *"AAUUGGH!!"* Catherine screamed and curled her hands into fists advancing on the supine boy.

"Stop this INSTANT!" Miss Adler's voice cracked across the room like a whip. "What is the meaning of this outrageous display? Catherine, explain yourself at once!" Stopped in her tracks by the powerful command of her teacher, but still in the throes of a violent passion, Catherine whirled to face Miss Adler.

"Miss, He - He's been looking, up my SKIRT!" she cried. "All the time we were dancing!"

"Really?" asked the teacher, puzzled "Does he have eyes in his knees, that he was able to do this? Talk sense girl!"

"No! He had a mirror - on his shoe, he was looking in the mirror the whole time!" Now Catherine's anger was dissipating, and her more familiar feelings of shame and embarrassment began to return in full force. The thought that this boy, who she had liked and wanted so much to like her, that he had seen up her skirt without her knowing! Bad enough if she had been wearing panties, but it had to have been today! He must have seen her privates, and even her bottom the way his feet wove between her legs as they danced. Catherine wanted to die of shame when she thought about his eyes feasting on her lightly furred pussy. The other girls used to tease her in the showers because her hair down there was gingery while theirs was dark brown or black. They didn't tease the blonde girls, only her. Oh what must *HE* have thought?? She wanted to *die..*

"I see no mirror," said Miss Adler interrupting Catherine's self-crucifixion. "What?" thought Catherine, her thoughts unfocused - she didn't realise she had spoken aloud. "I said I see no mirror on this boys shoe, where is this supposed mirror Catherine?" Miss Adler was annoyed at this interruption to her lesson. A consummate professional, she had very little tolerance for fussing and silly behaviour. And having had a career in the liberal world of the arts, she had no patience for shy "blushing rose" types like Catherine whom she believed were soppy and childish. In addition she believed wholeheartedly in Cronenberg's discipline policy, which in her view tended to teach these girls that excessive modesty was just making a rod for your own back. In other words, the more a girl fussed about her modesty, the worse she suffered when undergoing forced exposure. In the long run she hoped these girls learned that body-shame was an unnecessary concept, and a common-sense attitude to nudity was best in the long run. (In this view, as in others, she differed from the Schools governing body). She fully suspected that the girl was making all this mirror nonsense up, probably because the boy had stolen a peck on the cheek and she was shocked because she enjoyed it! But still the child persisted.

"Miss it's in his pocket, he put it there when he fell! Make him turn out his pockets!" tears were welling in Catherine's eyes now that the backwash of her emotions had hit her, and her voice was trembling also.

"Is this true?" Miss Adler asked. Though she hardly expected an admission of guilt even if it was.

"No Miss Adler, look." said Brian, still on the floor though now propped up on one elbow, as he turned both pockets inside out and opened his hands to show there was nothing in them. Unbeknownst to Catherine, Brian had found a hole in his trouser pocket, and in a moment of inspiration instead of pocketing the mirror, he had slipped it through the hole and tucked it into his briefs. It was hardly comfortable, especially considering the raging hard-on he had after seeing Catherine's naked ass and pussy. He never imagined when he concocted his plan to see up her skirt that she'd be "sans panties", as he and his friends jokingly described their fantasy girls. The boys of his school had heard some pretty wild tales about how they punished girls at the Cronenberg, and now he began to believe they were true. He knew that the sight of her upside-down ginger pussy *(ginger! wait till he told his friends!)* would be etched in his mind forever.

Catherine was feeling much the same way at the sight of Brian's empty pockets. "But, but he DID have a mirror Miss Adler! I'm NOT making it up!" She couldn't understand how he had managed to make it disappear though; and she had a terrible feeling about the way Miss Adler was regarding her with growing irritation.

"Catherine, you know I do not tolerate lying, and if you make an accusation without proof you do not deserve to be believed. I don't know what caused all this fuss and nonsense but it ends here! And to stop you worrying about boys looking up your skirt I suggest you dispense with it entirely! That ought to make you think twice about disturbing my lesson with trivialities in the future! Hand it over, NOW Catherine!"

Catherine could barely hear the shocked gasps of the girls and the eager mutterings of the boys above the blood pounding in her ears. She hadn't registered anything after her teacher had said "..... I suggest you dispense with it entirely!...." and now her vision began to blur around the edges as she locked eyes with Emma, and saw her friend's mouth in a wide "O" of disbelief. Only Emma knew exactly how much losing her skirt would mean. Even Catherine was having trouble taking it all in!

In her shock, Catherine had forgotten that one other person knew exactly what was about to happen. Brian's face was flushed and his eyes sparkled in anticipation as he pulled himself up into a sitting position. This could be about to become the greatest day of his life!....

"Well?" snapped Miss Adler, "I'm waiting.." Her face a picture of wide-eyed horror, Catherine gripped her skirt in both hands - terrified to the point of paralysis by the thought of losing it. The prospect of her female classmates watching her strip to her panties would alone have been enough to drive her to distraction, but half of the class was made up of boys her own age - and even*that* wasn't the worst of it!! Catherine finally summoned up the strength to speak; her only hope remained in appealing to her teacher’s mercy.

"P-Please Miss, I c-can't take my skirt off... I just CAN'T!!" she wailed. The other girls in the class began to mutter in shocked amazement and Miss Adler's brows darkened in annoyance. One of the things all pupils at the Cronenberg School for Girls quickly learned is that arguing or appealing once punishment had been delivered only brought a stiffer penalty. Catherine was doing herself no favours - no favours at all!

"Did I hear you correctly girl? Do you presume to argue with me? I've never heard such impudence! What on earth makes you think I should change my mind??" That was indeed the question, and answering it was the most embarrassing situation Catherine had faced in her 15 years, but she had to try, try anything to avoid what was coming. Hanging her head down in shame, grateful for the few locks of hair which had escaped her ponytail earlier and now hung forward to further shield her face, the poor, frightened and modest little girl closed her eyes against the sight of the crowd which now surrounded her and said in a quiet, trembling voice - little more than a whisper.

"Please Miss Adler .... I’m not w-wearing any panties."

"I can't hear you child, speak up!"

"I'm not wearing any PANTIES!!" she shrieked, her head snapping up to show glistening tears now running freely down her scarlet cheeks. Unable to contain her humiliation at being made to admit such a thing in front of all the other girls and boys, Catherine held herself tightly and shivered as uncontrollable sobbing shook her slim frame.

Miss Adler on the other hand merely pursed her lips in frustration. True, she hadn't meant to punish the girl so severely, but no teacher could hope to maintain discipline once seen to go back on her word. Plus the child had brought it on herself, imagine attending her lesson without wearing any underwear! The girl was clearly not the wilting flower she pretended to be, Miss Adler couldn't believe Catherine could be so brazen! Well, perhaps this would serve as a sharp lesson not to use her dancing class as an opportunity for shameless thrill-seeking!

"Well Catherine, you are in a pickle! But that is neither here nor there - your punishment was to remove your skirt, which you will now do without further delay, or there'll be worse to follow mark my words! And for Heaven's sake pull yourself together!" The last was delivered in a sharp bark, for Catherine's pathetic whimpering was grating on the teacher's nerves. Amazingly it seemed to work as the girl hitched her last sob and wiped her eyes. Though her chin still trembled, her hands began to move towards the buttons of her skirt.

Catherine now felt she was beyond tears. She had the strangest feeling, as if she was far away watching all this happen to someone else. Her dreamlike state was reinforced by the fact that the dance studio was completely silent. The boys who had at first balked when they heard they were required to attend dancing classes at a girls school now thanked the gods that they had been allowed to be here to witness this event. With eager eyes and baited breath they waited. The girls were too shocked to speak, some held hands to their faces, or covered their mouths in amazement at what Catherine was being forced to do. Some shook their head in sympathy, and Emma felt tears brimming for her best friend's plight. Though there were a minority of mean spiteful girls who watched with the same eagerness as the boys for their classmate's humiliation, the one emotion which they all shared was relief that it wasn't happening to them.

Now Catherine watched detachedly as her numb fingers, seeming to move of their own accord, began to fumble with the first button of her skirt. The loss of tension around her waist as it popped free, felt to her like a bridge support snapping under her while she crossed a gaping chasm. She very nearly smiled at the colourful image as, like an automaton, she moved onto the next button. Though the skirt was tight over her hips, it was looser once it reached her thighs, and after another two buttons the skirt would drop to the ground of it's own accord - freeing Catherine, so she felt, from the burden of taking an active part in her own humiliation. But unfortunately she wasn't moving fast enough to suit Miss Adler.

"That's enough buttons girl, now slip off your precious skirt and give it to me, you can have it back at the end of the lesson, and thank me for being generous!"

These sharp words popped Catherine's bubble of detachment and in a flood she became acutely aware of everything around her. Her face felt like it was on fire as she placed her hand on her hips and began to slide the skirt downward. Though her mind was screaming at her to get it over quickly, in the same way we are told to remove a sticking-plaster with one sharp pull to lessen the pain, she couldn't will her arms to do it. The soft glide of the skirt over her hips and buttocks seemed to take an eternity. First her blouse pulled free of the waistband - because it was rumpled and bunched from being hastily tucked in, it hung no lower than the small of her back and her bellybutton, doing nothing to help shield her modesty. The cute dimple of her navel was the first thing to be revealed followed by an ever-widening band of smooth, gently-sloping stomach. The tiny freckles that dotted her tummy made the skin seem somehow even more naked and vulnerable.

.....Catherine's mind, perhaps seeking escape from contemplating her current situation, suddenly conjured up an old memory of the time shortly after she arrived at the Cronenberg, when the other girls in the dorm, Emma included, held her down on her bed and told her they were going to perform "tickle torture" on her. When they pulled up her blouse to expose her tummy, the creamy skin quivering from uncontrollable giggles, they laughed with delight at the smattering of freckles across the soft expanse. To Catherine's horror one girl laughingly suggested they play "Join the dots" to which the others agreed, and out of nowhere it seemed a bunch of felt-tip pens appeared. The girls decided to see how many rude words they could form by joining up the innocent freckles on Catherine's tummy. They were very good at it, and by the end she was gasping for breath from the feeling of the firm nibs across her sensitive skin, and to her shame her stomach was covered with dozens of words that Catherine wouldn't have admitted to even*knowing!* It was a long time before they faded, and that week Catherine was mortified that the gym teacher would discover them and make her walk around with her midriff bare for everyone to see!.....

Catherine thought she could feel the tips of those pens once more crawling over her stomach as it was slowly revealed to the watching class. At the rear, the top of her skirt now began to ride the firm curve of her bottom, lower and lower, until in the middle a gentle valley appeared, quickly narrowing to form the tight crease between her buttocks. Catherine skin was now damp with nervous perspiration, and in the small of her back a tiny bead of sweat broke free and trickled down between her cheeks making her ass twitch involuntarily. She wished she didn't know what was happening, but even without looking, the brushing of her skirt over her skin told her *exactly* how much she was revealing. At the front the skirt now hung very low, lower than the skimpiest panties, until inevitably the first wisps of reddish hair peeked above the grey material. Catherine heard gasps from boy and girl alike and bit back more tears. Her worst dreams were coming true as more and more of her immature bush was revealed to full view. She found herself wishing she could have a thick growth of dark hair down there like Emma's, anything to make her feel less naked. For she knew that those standing close enough would easily be able to make out the cleft of her vaginal lips beneath her fair hair.

Catherine's arms were now straight down by her sides, having slid the skirt as far as she could. She was now forced to bend at the waist to slide it the last few inches, giving a full moon to those standing behind her, though thankfully concealing her pussy, however briefly, in shadows. Her skin now glistened with perspiration, and the pale cheeks of her ass gleamed in the bright lights of the studio, as they were gradually uncovered. As it finally made it past the swell of her buttocks, her skirt at last slid free of her fingers and dropped to the floor. Trying desperately to ignore the people around her, Catherine stepped to the side and squatted down to retrieve the skirt. Then from behind her came a soft, low whistle - impossible to know who gave it. At once the indignity of Catherine’s pose crashed home to her, and flowing from her neck down, like a sunset, a scarlet flush crept over her entire body. Spurred to action she swiftly straightened with the skirt in hand, walked over and gave it to Miss Adler. She still didn't trust herself to speak, but was finally able to tug down the rumpled tails of her blouse in an attempt to cover herself. Even though the blouse was a little large, it couldn't hang low enough to give Catherine more than the barest feeling of relief. Shorter than the shortest micro-mini, it skimmed the bottom of her ass-cheeks and barely made it below the lowest tufts of her pubic hair, and this was while standing stock-still. She knew that every time she moved she would be treating the class to teasing glimpses of her private flesh, but at least she wasn't completely exposed all the time. Tapping never-before found reservoirs of strength, Catherine attempted to compose herself and make the rest of the lesson as bearable as she could under these circumstances. She just hoped it would pass quickly!

"Now, everybody back to the lesson." Miss Adler resumed her instruction. "Today we will begin learning a new part of the ballroom dancer's repertoire, the Tango." Excited murmurs greeted this announcement, the class was eager to move on. Catherine however couldn't help feeling nervous. She had only heard of the Tango, never seen it, and she didn't know what it entailed, which only set her worrying. "James, join me and we will demonstrate." James was the only one of the boys who had actually volunteered for the dancing lessons, though really he didn't need them having trained from a young age, for which his friends teased him at every opportunity. Miss Adler usually asked James to dance any new dance with her initially, to demonstrate the steps to the others, which as the music began, they now did.

Standing almost nose to nose, the teacher and her student each clasped one arm out straight to the side and placed the other on the small of their partners back. This stance was much closer than any of the dances the class had learned previously. Then at the prompting of the music, they faced to one side, cheek-to-cheek and advanced in a graceful stalking stride across the room, their hips touching, their legs brushing with each step. Then as one they swivelled an about face, switched arms and advanced the way they had come. When they returned to the place they began, James held out one arm, spinning Miss Adler, before reeling her in to clasp her against himself. For the finale Miss Adler bent backwards over James' arm, while he stood ramrod straight, holding her up. This pose pressed their pelvises tightly against each other, a fact that the boys whispered to each other with excited glee. The girls did the same, though with more blushes, and professing that they didn't know if they could *ever* do something like that!

For Catherine of course, standing bare-legged in only her shirttails, the reaction was quite different. So many thoughts were crowding her head she found it difficult to register them all. Her first reaction was how beautiful and full of passion the dance was; which led to thinking, despite her shyness, how much she would have enjoyed dancing it with Brian before his actions this lesson; which of course brought home to her exactly what was going to happen here today! In her minds eye she could see herself and Brian replacing James and Miss Adler, parading across the room, she naked from the waist down, their torsos pressed together, arms about each other's waist.... It was too much! She startled herself by letting out a little mewling sound, like a kitten, at the thought of it. Thankfully it was too low for anyone to hear. Even so she turned to look at Brian who had been standing close beside her since her humiliation began, just in time to see him mouth one word.

*"Jackpot!"* He whispered as he watched the demonstration end, his eyes wide and shining.

Miss Adler strode to the raised platform from which she supervised the class, as James returned to his usual partner. Clapping her hands she addressed the assembled pupils.

"Now, partners please, and we will begin practice; Individually at first, one couple at a time, so we can all watch and learn from each other's mistakes." Looking around the room, it was obvious to Catherine that there was not enough time left to the lesson for every couple to take a turn practising. Hope clutched at her chest when she thought she might not have to go through such an ordeal. Surely Miss Adler would not be so cruel as to choose her this time. And next week she would be fully clothed once more, with only the memory of her shame to trouble her. She could never bring herself to enjoy dancing with Brian again, but hopefully this lesson she would be allowed to simply stand and watch, and try to forget she was naked from the waist down.

Miss Adler had other ideas however. Though she was a fair-minded teacher, when she handed out punishment she saw to it that's exactly what a pupil received. If this girl chose to go around without panties, Miss Adler would show her just what that entailed! It never occurred to the teacher that Catherine's panties had been confiscated as punishment. At the Cronenberg stripping was done from the outside, beginning with the blouse or skirt. So to her mind only Catherine could be responsible for her lack of underwear, and deserved to be made an example of!

"Catherine, Brian, you will begin. Take up the stance as you saw."

If it been up to her alone, it is doubtful that Catherine could have willed herself to move. But, unable to completely conceal his grin, Brian stepped up beside her, took her hand and moved to lead her to the middle of the dance floor. Before she could protest, Catherine was pulled into motion, forced to stumble after her partner as he set a quick pace to the open floor. Those first few steps she was lucky to keep her feet, before being made to trot after the boy and finally regaining her balance. Each swift movement caused the tails of her blouse to swish and shimmy. The buttons in front did not reach all the way to the hem, leaving a gap of several inches which would flap open and closed as she walked, providing tantalising glimpses of the treasure it barely concealed. Finally they stood face to face, apart from the rest of the class. Brian took her unresisting hand and held it out straight to the side, and with breathless delight placed his other hand on the small of her back, resting atop her blouse. Catherine felt she had no choice but to place her own arm about his waist. Her heart fluttering, she tried to make herself believe she was fully clothed, that this was a normal lesson. Only that way could she keep her composure.

Already however, the boys and girls observing the pair were left in no doubt as to Catherine's true state of attire. The combination of her outstretched arm, and Brian's hand pressing the blouse to her back, had raised the hem of the garment several crucial inches. From behind, the twin mounds of Catherine's firm bottom peeked from beneath the blouse, and it was apparent to all that this was only a taste of what was to come. A subtle change had taken over the class, the boys and girls standing closer to each other than they normally would, many holding hands, a heightened colour in their cheeks. They all waited, though the girls at least would not have admitted it, in bright-eyed anticipation of the upcoming spectacle.

All too soon the music began. Brian's head snapped to the side, and Catherine followed suit, determined to give of her best despite her shameful condition. As they turned to begin the dance however, Catherine felt her blouse draw up over her bottom, exposing fully half her ass. Her concentration shattered, she lost the rhythm and what should have been a graceful stride became an awkward scurry. Any hope of Catherine's that this would be a brief exercise was quenched when she heard Miss Adler call them to halt. Though they had stopped Brian did not release her from his arms. When the dance began he had taken the opportunity to gather more of her blouse in his hand and now the hem did not drop back into place even when they were still.

"No no no girl, where's your rhythm, your poise? - Like this!" So saying, the teacher forced the couple's arms out straighter, turned their heads roughly to one side and placing a hand on each of their backs, forced their bodies together. Brian gave a grunt, as Catherine felt something press against her pelvis, and she realised with horror what the bulge was. His *THING* was touching her! Right between her legs! And her small breasts were now squashed against his chest. Just then the music began again, and in her shock Catherine found the grace she had lacked. Moving swiftly forward she struggled to hold onto herself despite the insistent messages battering at the walls of her concentration. She was aware of how revealing the long strides she was forced to take were to everyone. She was painfully conscious of her hip and torso pressing against her partner's. Her only consolation was that Brian was shielding most of her front, making it difficult for anyone to see her pussy. That thought almost made her clasp him even closer.

All of a sudden Miss Adler called "Turn!" and with a dancer's discipline, Catherine's body responded. A distant part of her mind screamed when, as they changed hands, she felt Brian placed his hand on her back *UNDER* her blouse! His hand felt like a spider on her bare flesh as it crept downward from the small of her back until it rested on the swells of her buttocks, and she realised that her blouse was now raised up above her ass, above her bellybutton, as when she first removed her skirt. Only now she was parading back and forth under the unblinking eyes of her classmates. Catherine now imagined she could feel those eyes crawling on her skin, tickling. Her sense of touch seemed to have been magnified a thousand fold, she felt the swish of her legs as she paced the floor, the warmth of her hip against Brian's, the cool air against her burning skin as they danced, her firm breasts moving against the boy's body. Again Miss Adler called "Turn!" and as she did Catherine once more felt Brian's bulge against her midriff. The poor girl was in a state of complete confusion, only her natural instincts kept her moving in time to the music. In her feverish state an unfamiliar tingling began to be felt in her loins. She was strangely conscious of the sensations coming from her nipples, which now seemed to be standing up, though she was not at all cold. To her eternal shame and terror it dawned on the young girl that she was becoming aroused. The incongruousness of the feeling amazed her; she didn't feel in the least bit sexy! But the physical sensation was unrelenting, her heart was beating wildly, her skin flushed and damp, her breathing quick. "Oh please let this end soon!" she thought.

But again Miss Adler called the turn, and there was no hope for Catherine. With each sweeping stride she now felt her pussy lips parting and rubbing, the smooth scissoring of her legs sending a constant flood of unwelcome stimulation. Her nipples, now at their stiffest, sending signals with every small movement against Brian's torso. Her ponytail, whose length she was so proud of, now became her nemesis as the feathery ends tickled the tops of her bare bottom-cheeks in a maddening caress. Her eyes tight shut against her shame, Catherine's tears leaked down her cheeks even so. All at once Miss Adler called "And... Finish!" and like a rag doll Catherine allowed herself to be spun out, flashing her charms to everyone present, and then crushed against Brian's body, to finally hang limp in his arms, her loins ground against his "thing" - seeming like a log against her hyper-sensitive flesh. Catherine now began to shudder with relief; finally she thought it was over. She straightened as Brian released her, and stepped back. He took the opportunity to get a good look between her legs, then looked at his own crotch…

"*Jeez!!* What have you done to my PANTS??" He called out loudly. Causing everyone around to study the front of his trousers. Catherine began to shake her head in horror as she saw that the boy’s crotch was smeared with streaks of clear, sticky fluid. With trepidation she looked down at herself and nearly screamed at what she saw. The normally wispy curls of her pubic hair were now matted and glistening with her own juices, the outer lips of her vagina were parted lewdly to reveal the ruby flesh within and her little clitoris, normally so shy, was now brazenly peeking from beneath his hood. Evidence of her unwilling excitement became apparent to everyone in the room. Even the tops of her inner thighs were slick and gleaming. In the final clinch of the Tango she had rubbed this mess all over Brian's school trousers! Catherine put her hands over her face and wept, moaning "No, no... It isn't true." trying to convince *herself* as much as her friends and classmates. Shielding her eyes did not completely block out awareness of her situation however, as her nose could now detect the strong musky scent of her arousal, and she knew it would also reach the noses of those nearest to her. Shocked giggles and scandalised laughter now arose around the room from boys and girls alike. Even Emma found she could not contain her amazement, tinged with wicked glee. Her eyes sparkled and a nervous grin split her face as she witnessed this transformation in her best friend. The laughter died however when Miss Adler strode down from the dais to appear in their midst.

The stern teacher took in the sight of the 15-year-old girl covered in her own sexual juices without batting an eyelid. But inwardly she was seething. Rather than being chastened by her ordeal, this hussy appeared to have revelled in the exposure. She was evidently some kind of *exhibitionist!* To the instructor’s no-nonsense outlook, gaining sexual gratification from nudity was as bad as excessive modesty. Why couldn't these children think of their bodies as natural? She marched over to her own bag and returned with a handful of tissues, which she thrust at Catherine, hissing:

"Clean yourself up girl, you’re a disgrace!"

And so, the shyest, most modest pupil at the Cronenberg School for Girls took the proffered tissues and began to wipe away the traces of her shame, surrounded on all sides by girls and boys her own age, who drank in the spectacle without mercy. Shuffling her feet apart she began with her thighs, mopping up the moisture her traitorous body had produced. Cringing with embarrassment, she found she had to bend forward and splay her legs even wider to reach all the liquid between her thighs, before moving on to the sticky red curls of her pussy hair. As she rubbed her most intimate area in an attempt to clear up the worst of the mess, she kept her head down, trying to shut out the presence of those crowding round her. So she hardly registered what her teacher was now saying.

"Since your punishment so far seems to have left little impression on your conscience, we shall see if losing your blouse is enough to bring you to your senses. I have never known a girl so shameless Catherine, you may be sure the Headmistress shall hear about this!"

Catherine nodded dumbly as she continued to wipe her pubic fuzz free of her fluids with the now soggy tissues. Her mind refusing to acknowledge the action she was being made to perform before her peers. In her self-pity, the fact that she was still wearing her sexy new bra had completely slipped her mind.

Out of the corner of her eye, Catherine saw Emma whispering something in her partner Roger's ear. For some reason his eyes lit up like he'd just heard next week's winning lottery numbers......

**ROOMMATES**

"Hushush, it’s all right. Catherine, it's ok, hush now." In the velvet twilight of the early morning, Emma sat on her best friend's bed, cradling her in her arms. She had woken to find her friend in the throes of another nightmare, which had afflicted her several times since her dancing-class ordeal a couple of weeks ago. Now Emma held her tight, rocking her gently back and forth and stroking her long red hair to soothe the frightened girl and to slow the sobs that shook her slender frame.

Emma's throat was thick with her own tears of sympathy as she remembered her best friend's humiliation that day, which had seemed to escalate mercilessly without hope of ending. She vividly recalled the look on Catherine's face when, after being forced to wipe her groin clean of her own girlish juices in front of an unblinking crowd, she began to slowly unbutton her blouse as ordered, and finally recalled the nature of the bra she wore beneath. By then though, it was too late, and when Miss Adler caught sight of the satin-and- lace confection her face had grown as dark as thunder. In an icy voice the outraged dance instructor had told poor Catherine to remove the non-uniform bra also.

So the lovely girl, who Emma knew was nervous even when getting changed for gym, was made to reveal her jutting young breasts to the avid class, who devoured the sight of the creamy, freckled skin topped by a pair of rose-pink nipples - more crinkled and erect than Emma had ever previously seen them. Now entirely naked, save for her white knee-length socks and black dancing shoes, Catherine had remained that way for the remainder of the lesson, whilst the rest of the class watched each other practising the Tango. Though it was Catherine, of course, who was the true subject of their intense scrutiny. Emma recalled how she had stood, tall and silent, with her chin held high and a strangely calm, almost serene expression on her face as she seemingly managed to ignore those around her. Emma had once more been struck by her friend's beauty, as she had been that morning when Catherine modelled the lingerie that was to cause her so much grief.

When the bell at last sounded the end of the lesson and the school day, Catherine's clothes, minus the bra, had been returned to her. Surprising everyone, the girl had not hurriedly snatched them to cover herself or begun dressing in panicky haste; With the whole class watching, she had calmly folded her clothing over one arm, and walked naked out of the door.

As one, the remaining boys and girls moved to the tall windows to watch the girl emerge outside, and stride gracefully away across the campus lawns, her nude body bathed in the rays of afternoon sun. Entranced by the smooth play of muscle in her buttocks and thighs as she walked in golden light, the whole class saw Catherine reach up one hand to unbind her ponytail and shake loose her long mane of hair until it cascaded down her back like a curtain of flame. Emma did not know where her friend had found the strength to conquer her acute embarrassment and put forth such a display of beauty and dignity, transforming the mocking laughter of her peers into open-mouthed stares of awe. But as she watched the now-distant figure enter the doors of the dormitory building, she felt grateful, and proud that Catherine had managed to salvage some small victory for herself.

...Emma found her later, slumped against the door to their room, still naked and crying quietly. It seemed that Mrs Clare had been true to her word and locked the room until the evening, and once alone, Catherine's self-possession had leaked away. After sitting beside her and sharing a few tears, Emma helped her friend get dressed and taking her hands, pulled her to her feet. Persuading a sympathetic neighbour to move down to the common-room for a few hours, the two friends sat alone in her room, their arms about each other, one consoling the other, until they were able to return to their own; where Catherine had slumped upon her bed and fallen quickly into a deep sleep.

Since that day, Emma had been amazed at her friend's recovery. Though more subdued than before, Catherine's calm demeanour seemed to provide her with the strength she needed to make it through the difficult days that followed. Taunts and jibes visibly distressed her, but thankfully there were fewer of these than Emma might have feared. Now the only sign of how deeply affected her friend was by her ordeal were the nightmares, such as this one, that occasionally caused her to thrash and moan in her sleep.

As Emma murmured soothing words, Catherine grew calmer and more sleepy, her head pillowed on Emma's soft breast. Looking down Emma saw that Catherine's nightshirt had become bunched about her waist during her struggles with the bad dream, her smooth rump appearing milky-white in the pale moonlight. Tenderly, though her friend would never know, Emma smoothed the shirt over Catherine's rear to protect her modesty, before gently laying her down and drawing the covers up about her shoulders. Satisfied that her best friend was once more sleeping softly, Emma returned to her own bed and lay down, lost in her own thoughts.

In her heart, Emma knew that part of her concern for her best friend's feelings grew from a deep sense of guilt... She could not forget how, at the time when Catherine was suffering the worst humiliation of her life, Emma's own emotions had been running high. She recalled with shame how tightly she clutched Roger's hand, her breast pushing against his upper arm. The two of them tense and bright-eyed at the unfolding spectacle. Though she knew her best friend was innocent, that Brian had to have been hiding a mirror somewhere on his person, she hadn't spoken up in Catherine's defence, hadn't even tried to help her. Instead, when she realised the dance instructor was about to discover Catherine's new bra and take that from her too, she had whispered this to Roger in advance like a piece of juicy gossip, pleased at the way his eyes had lit up in anticipation. She told herself she had been caught up in the mood of the crowd, that there was nothing she could have done to stop the events from running their course, but that didn't soften the sharp sting of remorse. Not having the courage to confess her feeling on that day, Emma knew the only way she could make it up to her friend was to take special care of her, and make sure she protected her from such embarrassment in the future.

With these thoughts in mind, Emma herself drifted into gentle sleep until the morning....

**EMMA’S STORY**

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For Catherine and Emma, standing with the throng of uniformed girls milling outside the school's main entrance, any opportunity of venturing off-campus was a thing to be savoured. Being boarders, the two girls did not go home at the end of a school day, but lived in rooms on campus. Although the grounds were beautiful, and there was a T.V. room and other entertainment, after a while *anyone* would begin to thirst for a change of scene. Even most boarding pupils got to go home every weekend or so, but both Catherine and Emma lived sufficiently far away to make this impossible, which was one reason they became such close friends. Now as they waited by the hired coach for their teacher Mr Griffin to arrive, Catherine chattered excitedly to Emma about the museum exhibition they were going to be visiting that day. Caught up in her friend’s enthusiasm, Emma was happy to see her so animated; more so than she had been since before the dancing-class incident had damaged her fragile confidence. She hoped that this break from the familiar walls of the school would be a breath of fresh air to help Catherine shed some bad memories. Emma tried to tune in on what her friend was saying…

"....and Mr griffin says that some of the exhibits are from around 4000B.C. - that's nearly 6000 years ago! I didn't even know there \*were\* any people back then!" Emma smiled at her friend's bubbling eagerness, until a snide voice spoke up sharply behind them.

"Don't get too excited Ginger, you know what happened *last* time!"

With a shocked gasp Catherine's hand clutched herself between her legs - remembering the shame of her quite obvious and *copious* arousal during Miss Adler’s Dance lesson - as if the girl's cruel words could somehow have become reality. This involuntary reaction caused mocking laughter to arise from the tight knot of girls centred around one called Jessica, blonde and willowy, she possessed a spiteful meanness and was always accompanied by a group of those who mistook meanness for strength. The name "Ginger" was a reference to Ginger Rodgers, which had quickly become Catherine's nickname among Jessica's type, due to her exploits on the dance floor they laughingly said, as well as a low reference to the colour of her pubic hair. "See girls – she’s feeling horny already!" More laughter.

Emma however wasn't amused as she saw her friends chin trembling to hold back tears.

"Watch your mouth, you Bitch!" she hissed, outraged that someone could inflict such casual wounds on someone so vulnerable.

"Oh *please..*" replied Jessica and turned away, as if Emma's threat was beneath her notice. Glancing at Catherine, who in her embarrassment had not remembered to remove her hand from her crotch, Emma knew she could not let this girl get away with hurting her friend. Without emitting any cry she leapt at Jessica and shoved the startled girl off her feet. Jessica landed on her rump, her skirt flying up to bare the crotch of her white panties. Glaring daggers at Emma, she covered herself and made to launch herself at the raven-haired girl. But glancing beyond her foe, her warlike expression suddenly changed into one of trepidation. With a sinking heart Emma guessed what the recumbent girl had seen.

"I was under the impression that this was a school for young ladies." Spoke the sudden voice of Mr Griffin, with dry annoyance "Nowhere do I remember hearing that it was the custom of young ladies to engage in common brawls. Until you can behave with proper decency, you shall not have the privilege of decent attire. Am I understood?"

"Yes, Mr Griffin." The two girls mumbled in unison. Though unsure of the specifics, they each had a pretty good idea of what was coming.

"You will both surrender your blouses, they will be returned when we get back to the school this afternoon." The teacher paused to look at his watch. "Since we are short of time you must undress on the bus and see that the items are passed back down to me, understood? Now, Everybody on board!"

Making her way down the aisle of the bus Emma's heart began to quicken at the thought of her imminent disrobing. Though not uncommonly shy, she was more than a *little*self-conscious about her breasts… Their size, large for her age, had attracted frequent teasing comments in the showers after gym. Consequently Emma tried never to draw attention to her impressive chest, wearing baggy clothes, and too-large blouses during school. This had the unfortunate side-effect of concealing her tiny waist, making Emma appear heavier than she was in truth, which she didn't really mind as long as her large boobs weren't too apparent. Now however, about to be one of only two girls stripped to their bras among nearly thirty other fully clothed pupils, Emma knew her chest was about to be the centre of attention. The fact that they would shortly be heading into town had yet to fully sink in, as she stooped to take her seat.

"Wait, I'll sit by the window, you'd be better sitting in the aisle seat."

Startled by the first words Catherine had spoken since Jessica's spiteful remark, Emma soon saw the sense of it. She certainly didn't want to be sitting next to the large window - the sill of which only came as high as a seated person’s waist - clad in only her bra! Gratefully she took the aisle seat next to Catherine, and with a deep breath began to undress.

After unbuttoning her blazer - she had a tough time removing it while sitting down before folding it and placing it in her lap - she whisked off her tie and did likewise. Acutely aware of several eyes upon her, Emma took a moment to steel her nerves. *"Ok, you're just getting changed for Gym"* she tried to tell herself as, beginning with the collar, she nevertheless undid the buttons of her blouse with slow reluctance.

*……..The first button to be undone reveals the smooth hollow at the base of her swanlike throat, which flexes as she swallows nervously.*

*The next uncovers the graceful ridges of her collarbone, slender and fragile-seeming.*

*The gap between her blouse widens slightly to merely hint at the sloping contours of her chest - though it is clear their discovery is imminent. Her warm skin is white as porcelain, unblemished as new-fallen snow - the white cotton blouse now seeming dishcloth-grey next to what it had concealed.*

*With the next button a valley forms, soft-swelling hills on either side; they gently rise and fall in time with her breathing.*

*The next, the valley deepens into curving shadow, it's smooth walls formed by twin mounds of sweetly-scented flesh.*

*On undoing the next button, white cotton moves aside to reveal white cotton beneath, the material of her bra concealing the further mysteries of her young bosom.*

*Past this intimate garment lies more hidden flesh as another button reveals the milky softness of her stomach.*

*Now the tails of the blouse are pulled from the waist of her grey skirt, the last button is undone, and the blouse falls away to uncover her deep, exquisite navel, and what was until now a narrow gap down the middle of her slim torso widens to reveal the full splendour of her upper body. Her delicate waist, the subtle mound of her tummy, the almost-hidden contours of her ribs beneath the perfect symmetry of her chest.*

*The last of the blouse is shrugged aside to reveal smooth white shoulders of expressive beauty, and slips freely down two graceful arms……*

*"Damn,"* thought Emma as she tried to slip the shirt off her arms, *"I forgot the cuffs!"*

Her arms now effectively bound behind her back, hands trapped in the narrow, turned-out sleeves, Emma began struggling to free herself. Each tug of her wrists, each shrug of her pale shoulders caused her newly-exposed chest to jiggle and shimmy within her bra, eliciting smiles and laughter from those girls who had turned to watch her comply with Mr Griffin's instructions. Due to the confined quarters, Catherine could not do much to help her friend. Blushing a delicate pink from the ridiculousness of her position, Emma was confounded, until arching her back (which caused her to thrust out her chest, her breasts swelling magnificently against the confines of her bra, allowing the outline of her soft nipples to be briefly defined through the white cotton), she managed to get her fingers to one of the cuff buttons, freeing one arm and then the other. Breathing heavily from her exertions she was ashamed to hear applause from those around her, and joking approval of her skills as an escape artist. When one girl observed that Emma had nearly escaped from her *bra*, everyone laughed, and Emma wished she were a million miles away.

Summoning up her courage, she handed her bundle of clothes to the person in front, and watched as it was passed hand over hand towards the front of the bus, feeling very much as if a vital safety line was slipping out from between her fingers. The rumble of the bus' engine as it started sounded to her like ominous thunder, she was no longer looking forward to this trip to the city.

Across the aisle another bundle of clothes began its journey to the front of the bus. Folding her arms under her small breasts, Jessica narrowed her eyes, determined to see that Emma lived to regret getting her into trouble - regret it deeply!

Changing gear, the bus turned out of the school gates and began the journey into the city.

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As the coach pulled up to the entrance of the museum, Emma's feelings of trepidation, which had been mounting since they left the school, reached their peak. Up till now though it hadn't been so bad, on the freeway into town they had been travelling fast, and being in an aisle seat, she didn't think anyone outside could have seen her. Now though she could see the city streets were busy with pedestrians, and she finally realised how different her situation was from most punishments she had witnessed. She was far from the safety of the Cronenberg School campus, where such things were almost accepted as normal. Today it wouldn't only be her fellow pupils seeing her dressed in only her bra and skirt, but complete strangers - men and women of all ages!

The hiss of the door opening made Emma jump, and in an eager tide her classmates began to pour off the bus. In the midst of her panic, Emma felt a hand slip into hers and give a gentle squeeze. Turning she saw Catherine give her a reassuring smile, and Emma felt ashamed of her fear when she recalled how much worse Catherine's ordeal had been. Compared to that, losing one's blouse was nothing really - no matter who saw you. …So she tried to tell herself as she disembarked.

She was unprepared for the chill, which met her as she emerged onto the sidewalk however. Though the clear spring morning had lost some of it's earlier briskness, the crisp air raised goosebumps on her bare flesh, and it was only now she was standing in the open that she realised *how much* bare flesh there was! Her white-cotton bra held her large bosom well, but it was not a sports bra, and did not do much to conceal her impressive cleavage and the upper swell of her breasts. Looking down she saw that her skirt, without having the bulk of her blouse tucked into it, was no longer snug about her waist, and loose, it hung *much* lower - exposing much of her smooth stomach which trembled with her chattery breathing. Indeed, only her flaring hips prevented her skirt sliding any lower and falling to the ground! Unfortunately this skirt had been chosen for Emma to "grown into", and as such would not button any tighter than it was, she would just have to put up with it riding her hips, not much higher than a hula skirt! Despite the chill wind, her skin was damp with nervous perspiration, which made her shiver all the more.

In the edges of her vision, Emma was aware of people passing by turning their heads to stare at her with expressions of amused disbelief. The fifteen-year-old girl was mortified at being the centre of such unwelcome scrutiny. She knew it was her boobs that were the focus of their stares. Her hourglass figure - unusual for a girl her age - now revealed to anyone who cared to look. She bet Jessica's boyish frame was not attracting nearly so much attention. Looking over to where the spiteful blonde was standing, Emma was chagrined to see that Jessica stood in the centre of a circled formed by her cronies, who surrounded her like a group of Secret Service agents, preventing anyone from getting a good look. Emma, not being so popular, was left exposed to the gazes of all comers, as well as the biting wind.

The cold was also affecting Emma's nipples, making them hard and achy, a fact which was not lost on the girls around her, as they formed twin bumps which showed clearly through the material of her bra. She was unaware of this added humiliation until someone called it to her attention with the words:

"Hey Emma, don't you know it's rude to point?" As laughter burst out all around her, Emma saw to her shame how her nipples stood proudly revealing their contours through her bra. With a squeak she cupped her hands to her breasts to conceal them and tried to will the erect tips to softness, thinking maybe the warmth of her palms would relieve some of the cold's pinching.

"Hsst! You're covering up!" whispered Catherine in a warning tone. Looking at her friend, Emma was momentarily confused by her words until she remembered one of the Cronenberg School's cardinal rules regarding punishments - *No Covering Up*. Clothing penalties were meant to be endured without complaint, and any attempt to lessen or conceal one's exposure was seen as an attempt to escape punishment and only brought further penalties. It was vital therefore not to even look like you might be trying to cover yourself. Her heart in her mouth, Emma looked over to Mr Griffin. Fortunately he had his back to her, and was beginning to lead the group into the museum. Nevertheless Emma forced herself to remove her hands from her chest, her nipples no less stiff, and let them hang loosely by her sides as she mounted the steps to enter the museum.

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The marbled interior of the building was only marginally less cold than outside, and the echoey-quiet solemnity of the Museum made Emma feel even more exposed - like being naked in church. As the teacher led the class to the exhibits he wished them to see, Emma was aware of whispered comments and gasps of amazement from the people they passed - all kinds of people: a couple in their twenties, the girl elbowing her partners ribs when she saw him staring; a group of university students, the teenage boys and girls laughing at her distress; even an old priest whose, eyebrows nearly hit the ceiling when he saw her - Emma tried to ignore them all.

Out on the street people’s stares had at least been brief, as they hurried by to wherever they were going. In this large open-plan building however, they wandered around her slowly on all sides, pretending to study the exhibits whilst all the time directing avid glances at the poor half-dressed innocent. It continued while Mr Griffin began lecturing the class on prehistory, and Emma found it impossible to concentrate on his words. She felt as if she were an exhibit herself, on display for all the visitors. She had to grip her skirt in an effort to prevent herself from clutching at her body. Hanging her head she wished the visit could be over soon so they could return to the School, heartbroken that this day she had looked forward to was now so unbearable. With her head down, she no longer had to see the insistent stares of those around her, but her vision was now filled by the sight of her own magnificent bosom, hammering home awareness of her denuded state. The bra she wore seemed so much *smaller* than she remembered it, and she hadn't ever thought the stiff buds of her nipples could show through the material so much!

Emma felt a moment’s hurt when she looked to Catherine for reassurance and found her friend engrossed in listening to the teacher. Selfishly she felt a little betrayed that Catherine was enjoying herself, and had seemingly forgotten her. Feeling very alone, she tried to blot out her surroundings in an effort to make the time pass more quickly, and it seemed to work as they moved from exhibit to exhibit; Emma following on autopilot - the teacher's voice little more than background noise; until she was pulled back to reality when a girl - one of Jessica's friends - said to her:

"Don't look now, but you've got a fan club." and flicked her eyes upwards.

Looking up, Emma was horrified to see dozens of people lining the railings of the upper floor balcony that looked down on where the class stood. Mainly composed of college students, some of whom she'd seen earlier, they waved and blew kisses when they saw her notice them. She realised that from their vantage-point they would have a spectacular view of her generous cleavage, and there was no way to turn to avoid their eyes. Her own eyes blurring, she lowered her gaze she tried to blot them out but the knowledge of their constant stares wouldn't go away…

The rest of the visit passed tortuously slowly for Emma as she was dragged around the museum, until at last they were once more gathered in the lobby. Mr Griffin told them to wait there while he went to check whether the bus had arrived. Emma started to move over to join Catherine again when she felt a tug at her foot. Looking down she saw that someone had stepped on her lace and it had become undone. What she didn't know was that it had been one of Jessica's gang, nor did she realise they had closed behind her as she bent to retie her lace. Emma blushed when she saw how her crouched posture, arms forward, displayed her cleavage more fully than ever to those passing, and she hurried to finish tying.

She didn't move fast enough however. For behind her Jessica, taking advantage of the teacher's absence, carefully placed her foot on the trailing hem of Emma's skirt and reaching down, with a deft flick of her fingers unsnapped the clasp of Emma's bra. The back straps sprang apart like a slingshot, and Emma felt the cups loosen their tight hold on her tits. The shoulder straps, with the sudden loss of tension, slipped off her shoulders and because of the way she was bent over, the bra fell away from her chest and hung by its straps from her elbows. With a shriek that turned everyone's heads toward her, she leapt to her feet clutching her bare breasts, the creamy flesh spilling out all over as she mashed both arms to her chest. What's more, with Jessica's weight firmly on the hem of her skirt, that sudden upward bound had caused it to be tugged down past her hips until the waistband was pulled tight around the fullness of Emma's bottom, the buttons strained to bursting. Mercifully the seams held and the skirt's hem was dragged free from under Jessica's foot, but it was small consolation. If the item had previously resembled a hula skirt, now it was positively indecent!

Under dozens of shocked and delighted stares, Emma found herself in a quandary. With her bra hopelessly entangled in her arms, the only way to get it back on would mean uncovering her breasts while she rearranged it. Worse, she could feel that the tight band of her skirt had rucked her panties down along with it. From the feel of cool air on her skin, she could tell that perhaps two or three inches of the deep crease between her bottom cheeks was on display, her firm flesh bulging against the constriction of the straining waistband. She was conscious that if she flexed her buttocks too strongly in moving, she would surely pop the buttons and lose the skirt completely!

Unable to face such a prospect, Emma remained slightly hunched over in frozen agony while all those around her laughed and pointed. Looking down past the tangle of arms, brassiere and titflesh, she was horrified to see that her skirt rode so low in front it was barely higher than her pubic mound! Indeed she could make out the first, downiest hairs of her dark bush peeking above the grey material. She prayed no-one else could make them out, but still the whole of her lower tummy and the beginning creases where her thighs met her hips were visible to everyone present. The most terrible thing is she was incapable of doing anything about it! To move her arms meant showing off her breasts, and she couldn't even walk away her skirt was so tight! She was going to have to stay like this *forever!..*. The flash of a camera bulb made her flinch, and it was followed by more. Closing her eyes she bit her lip and tried to stop the tears from coming. Until she felt someone gently drawing the bra straps up her arms…

Opening her eyes she watched mutely as Catherine began to straighten out her bra, lifting Emma's arms slightly to free the bunched material, her knuckles gently brushing against the soft flesh of Emma's bosom. After a little tugging the cups were once more loosely in place over her mounds, and as Catherine moved behind her to fasten her clasp, still without saying a word, Emma felt pathetically grateful to her friend. She had to breathe in deeply, and squeeze her backside tight, and even then she needed Catherine's help to tug her skirt back up around her waist. There were some amused boos and jeers before the crowd of onlookers finally broke up. The skirt felt looser than ever after it's punishment, but as low as it might hang, Emma was grateful for it to be even *that* high! To her dismay, she could feel that under her skirt, her panties were still rolled down nearly past her ass. Trying to be inconspicuous about it, she pinched at her panties through the material of her skirt, and with small movements managed to tug and straighten until the panties once more covered her as they should. It was as she was smoothing her skirt over her hips and rear that Mr Griffin returned and told them the bus was indeed waiting, and they should follow him.

"I need to use the bathroom, wait for me on the bus." said Catherine and gave her best friend a hug. "It's going to be OK" she whispered in Emma's ear before walking off. As she boarded the bus Emma realised her friend was right, it was nearly over now - she had endured her punishment and though it would take her a long time to live it down, soon they would be returning to the school. As she reached her seat Emma realised she would have to wait for Catherine to return so she could sit in the window seat again for the return journey. Soon however she was the only girl standing, and drew the eye of Mr Griffin.

"Don't stand about talking Emma, get in your seat!"

"But sir, Catherine sits in the window seat, I...."

"Nonsense!" Mr Griffin cut her off. "One seat's like any other. Now sit down before I lose my patience!" Swallowing her protests Emma slid into the window seat as another bus pulled into the parking space beside theirs. At that point Catherine and two other girls returned from using the bathroom and Mr Griffin began to move down the bus conducting a head count. Smiling a mute apology to her friend Catherine had no choice but to take the aisle seat. Emma simply shrugged, trying to put a brave face on this additional difficulty, and looked out of the window in an attempt to distract herself. …This proved to be a mistake.

On the other bus parked only a few feet away dozens of boys who looked to be about ten or eleven years old were pressing their faces to the window and leering at her! Turning away with a shocked gasp, Emma could only sit and suffer their insolent points and stares. She looked to Mr Griffin hoping he'd hurry his count so they could leave. She heard drumming on the windows from the other bus, and against her better judgement looked across. To her horror one of the boys was had drawn a skilful caricature of a half-naked girl with enormous tits, obviously meant to be her, and was holding it up to the window for her to see! This cruel jibe was unbearable on top of all her previous humiliation! In her outrage, Emma's arm instinctively flew across to cover her bra and she slapped another hand to her cleavage to hide it from the ogling stares of the younger boys. Trying to make herself as small as possible, Emma felt Catherine nudging her with her elbow, softly at first but with mounting urgency. She looked at her friend in confusion, and followed Catherine's urgent gaze, which turned to trepidation as Mr Griffin reached their position in his head count. He looked down at Emma, and a frown darkened his face, his eyes flicked to the window and back to her, growing only more stern. Emma couldn't understand what was wrong until a small voice in her head reminded her; "No covering up!" Slowly she let her arms drop away from her sides, afraid to meet Mr Griffin's eyes. She knew however it was too late….

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"Are you unhappy with the penalty I gave you Emma? Perhaps you seek to disagree with my decision? Have you taken it upon yourself to ameliorate your own punishment?" The teacher seemed genuinely angry at what he saw as an attempt to thwart him. One of the strictest teachers at the Cronenberg School, Mr Griffin applied the school's punishment code fairly, as he saw it, but without mercy, and he had no tolerance for anyone he thought was trying to bend the rules.

"No, Mr Griffin." If Emma hoped to soothe her teacher with a display of meekness she was to be disappointed.

"Since you are so adept at circumventing punishment, we shall have to make it more difficult for you. I think you can do without that brassiere."

If the teacher said anything to follow this statement, Emma didn't hear it. The noise around her retreated to a hollow underwater-murmur, her vision went fuzzy and her head swam with sudden dizziness, it seemed hard for her to get enough breath and she wondered calmly if she was going to faint. She was brought back to consciousness however by a mounting pain from her chest that pushed through the fog of her detachment. Looking down she was startled to find that she was clutching her own breasts with both hands, and had been squeezing them tightly through her bra, such was the subconscious terror she felt at the thought of exposing them! With an effort of will she unclenched her fingers and quailed at the look of impatience on Mr Griffin's face. Avoiding his eyes, she involuntarily glanced out of the window. Though the boys on the other bus couldn't hear what the teachers had said, they were aware that something was transpiring between him and the half-naked girl, and they watched unblinking.

Their vigil was rewarded as Emma, part of her amazed at what she was doing, leaned forward in her seat and with trembling hands, reached behind her back to release the clasp of her bra. Once more she felt the terrifying release of tension around her ribcage. She heard renewed drumming on the other coach's window and knew the snotty little boys were drinking in the sight of her undressing. Her mouth was dry with fear, her skin misted with sweat. Surely he wouldn't make her do this, she thought; but afraid to delay she forced herself to draw the shoulder straps down and off her arms until she merely held the cups in place. However much she tried to rationalise her impending deed, her traitorous mind bombarded her with all the things she didn't want to think of:

No male had seen her naked since puberty wrought such drastic changes on her body, even her family doctor was a middle-aged, maternal woman.

She was not yet comfortable about her new body shape, especially when all the girls in her class seemed to have chests so much smaller than hers.

At only fifteen, she felt ashamed of her over-development, yet she knew it wasn't only the *size* of her breasts that made their appearance unusual and distinctive….

It was this thought that preyed most on her mind, as with a drawn out shuddering breath she let her hands, and her bra fall uselessly into her lap…

The full shape and perfect symmetry of the young girl's unfettered breasts were now revealed to the covetous gazes of all present. In the eyes of the girls immediately around her, there were a number of different emotions. Some felt pity for her plight, others a kind of nervous amusement, some a vindictive glee. One or two seemed annoyed at her, and if Emma had been thinking clearly, she might have detected their jealousy of her endowment, which would frankly have amazed her. To those girls who were not in Emma's Gym class, not to mention the male teacher standing over her, and the score of young boys on the neighbouring bus, there was an *additional* revelation which her bra had hitherto concealed; public knowledge of which now caused Emma the deepest shame…

The circles of darker skin around Emma's nipples were *huge*. There was no other word for them. In mouth-watering contrast to the creamy-pale skin of her nude upper body, her areolae (Emma had always thought that was a beautiful word) were broad perfect circles of a milky chocolate colour, nearly covering the face of each breast. Sitting with her eyes closed in tearful denial, Emma recalled the time shortly after she moved into the dorms, when the older girls found out about her unusual nipples and forced her to stand against a wall to have them measured. The group of senior students had been delighted at her acute embarrassment upon being told they each measured over five inches in diameter. Since then they had caused comment in any girl who saw her naked, some teasing, some plainly fascinated, it was another reason that the otherwise confident girl was so self-conscious about her breasts, and now she sat where anyone who cared to look could see her in all her glory. …Far too many had already.

Suddenly unable to sit still any longer, Emma gathered up her bra and thrust it at the teacher standing over her. She quickly regretted her boldness, as leaning forward with an arm outstretched caused her tits to sway freely with her movement. She was briefly disconcerted to find Mr Griffin was indeed looking at her breasts, but then he shook himself and took the proffered piece of underwear without comment, before continuing to count the pupils on the bus. Once the girls around her settled back into their seats, Emma realised she hadn't heard any noise from the other bus since she removed her bra, and in the same way someone compulsively picks at a scab even though they know it's going to make it worse, she found herself forced to look across at the other bus.

It was obviously what they had been waiting for, as a resounding cheer went up from them as well as massive applause. Emma had never felt so powerless in her life than under the eyes of those obnoxious little perverts. Then as the applause died away she found out that the artist whose caricature had been responsible for her current situation had not been idle since. A new cartoon was held up to the window, showing her charms in their newly revealed detail, each large areola carefully shaded in. What caused her the deepest dismay though was the accompanying caption written in large letters across the top. It was just one word:

*"HEADLIGHTS!!"*

It was a horribly wicked reference to the great twin circles of her nipples, and as laughter erupted all around her and girls craned to look out the windows, Emma knew her other classmates hadn't missed it. A voice that could only belong to Jessica called out triumphantly:

"Hey Emma, I think you've got a new nickname!" and was rewarded with redoubled laughter and what seemed like unanimous agreement. She heard snatches of other pupils still gleefully discussing the hurtful drawing:

"You have to hand it to that kid, he has talent!"

"Yeah, but even Emma's tits aren't *that* big."

"Look, he's even signed it - what's it say?"

"Looks like *'Biker'* or something. Hey, D'you think he can draw men's bodies as well as he drew Emma?"

"Grace! You're terrible! You \*would\* think of something like that..."

The rumble of the buses' engine coming to life thankfully drowned out the invasive conversations, but meant much more to Emma, *"At last,"* she thought, *"We're going home!"* The thought was like a cool balm on her tortured nerves. Ignoring the enthusiastic farewell waves of the young boys (some of the other girls waved back) Emma felt relief wash over her in waves as the bus pulled away. Soon they were moving at some speed down a clear road, and she permitted herself to start relaxing. Which is why she was only curious, not nervous when she saw Mr Griffin stand up at the front of the coach and begin to address the group.

"Now girls, I have something of a surprise for you. While we were in the museum I learned that there is a "hands-on" science exhibition currently open across town, it won't be here very much longer and I thought it might be fun as well as educationally valuable for you to visit it. There will be lots of exciting things to see and do I'm sure. I've had a word with the driver and he's willing to take us the extra journey, so it looks like you day trip has been extended!" A huge cheer rose up from the passengers at this announcement and excited babbling broke out all over.

Emma though felt only confusion. The trip was over - they were going back to school now weren't they?? They were going back to school - they had to be. They HAD to be!!!

WHY was Catherine looking at her with such deep sympathy???

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For Emma, the bus ride across town seemed one long nightmare. She thought she had been distraught on the journey from school, when she at least had some vestige of modesty, and had sat next to the aisle, and the bus had sped along the freeway - mostly immune to outside eyes. Now she was painfully aware of how naive she had been, and how little she had previously tasted of humiliation.

It wasn't enough that she was now sitting right beside the window, the sill of which did not shield her past her waist, nor that the bus seemed to crawl through heavy traffic, the sidewalks seemingly crowded with pedestrians, and that every traffic light seemed to be against them. If only, *if only* she had still been allowed to wear her *bra!.......*

Sitting up straight with her arms by her sides, hands gripping her thighs hard enough to dent her creamy flesh, the young girl stared straight ahead at the chair-back before her; trying vainly to forget she was naked from the waist up. But from all her senses she received constant merciless reminders of her shame:

Her ears burned with the constant hum of low conversation, words like "tits", "huge", "nipples" and worst of all *"Headlights"* - Oh that horrible drawing! - ebbed and flowed on all sides. Her new nickname was always followed by an outburst of giggles until she felt the whole world was laughing at her.

Whether it was the sight of her classmates peeking between the seats, or the glimpses she saw through the window of heads turning, fingers pointing, faces expressing laughter, amazement and disbelief: her eyes too, though they glimmered with tears, did their share of chipping away her composure - such as it was. Occasionally she would see cars swerve and start, as their drivers became too distracted, every toot of a car horn seemed aimed at her. She was reminded of her feeling in the museum; that she was just another exhibit for people to stare at, only now she was behind a glass screen for all the world to see. Emma closed her eyes, causing the brimming tears to trickle down her hot cheeks.

Without the distraction of visual stimulus however she became only more conscious of her half-dressed body. She could feel the constant rumble of the engine send tremors through her heavy breasts. Without the support of her bra, every start and stop, every bump and hole in the road caused her boobs to jump and joggle and bounce outrageously. It felt like they were never completely at rest, and the constant movement made it seem her tits were *demanding* everyone's attention. Never had the young girl felt so betrayed by her body.

There was yet *another* betrayal the innocent girl could feel, even with her eyes closed. For early in the trip one girl had laughingly asked if she was too warm, since she didn't seem to want much clothing, and within a minute all the girls had gleefully opened the top hatches of their windows, until a constant cool breeze blew through the bus - with horribly predictable results. The hard achy feeling had returned to Emma's nipples, the cold air making it feel like they were being pinched by icy fingers.

At last she forced herself to open her eyes, and looking down confirmed her fears, and more. In the centre of the large areolae, which caused her so much embarrassment, her nipples jutted out almost *freakishly* without the material of her bra to contain them - she doubted if any of the other girls had seen anything to compare with the show she was giving them. Her throat tightened until she thought she would choke on her shame.

Turning to what felt like her only friend, Emma found even Catherine seemed captivated by her breasts, her eyes locked on Emma's chest region.

"Please, don't look at me... I can't bear it! ...Please?" Catherine looked away guiltily before meeting Emma's pleading gaze.

"I'm sorry.. I mean, I've seen you naked before, it's just I.. I'm sorry." pausing Catherine took her friend's hand in hers "I know what you're going through - more than anyone... I didn't mean to hurt you.."

Emma's reply was drowned out by a sudden rise in the level of conversation around them, and the bus came to a lurching halt, which further undermined Emma's dignity. They had pulled up outside on of the city's art galleries, which now had a banner above the main entrance, reading*: "DISCOVERY! - The Hands-on Science Exploratory".*Emma hadn't allowed herself to think about this moment, and now found herself unable to comprehend the enormity of the ordeal she faced.

Trying to ignore the pain of her best-friend's hand crushing hers in it's panicked grip; Catherine stroked her arm soothingly. Hoping that Emma had the strength to get through the day.

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Standing on the sidewalk with the rest of the class, Mr. Griffin watched as Emma, reluctantly left the safety of the bus, with tentative steps and much glancing to see if the coast was clear. It was unfortunate how her punishment had escalated, especially since she was one of his most well-behaved pupils, but he had acted in accordance with the school rules, and it would serve to remind all the girls that he didn't make exceptions under any circumstances. Besides, he found punishment was often more effective if it was thought to be undeserved; it acted as a deterrent against genuine misbehaviour. Looking at Emma standing half-naked in a public street, constrained from even trying to cover herself by fear it might result in worse, he doubted that this was one girl who was going to give him trouble any time in the foreseeable future....

For Emma's part, she was having enough trouble coming to terms with the present without contemplating the future. How could she have come to this; standing out in the open, with the breasts she had always tried to conceal now bared to the world? She tried to lose herself in the throng of girls, but they parted in front of her like mist and with barely hidden grins moved aside as if she was contagious, so that whichever way she turned she seemed always at the edge of the group, facing outwards. How could they all be so cruel?? She tried to convince herself that she probably wasn't as conspicuous as she imagined, but as the bus pulled away she caught sight of her own reflection in a store window across the street, and such illusions were irretrievably shattered.

Even at such a distance she could see what a spectacle she made: Her alabaster skin - so much of it to see! - made her seem almost ethereal against the urban backdrop; Contrasting this, her long black hair, dark eyes and the large creamy-brown circles of her nipples also seemed designed to catch the eye.

Studying her mirror image, Emma was all of a sudden overcome by the curious feeling that her ghostly counterpart was the *real* Emma, and she was just another onlooker. She briefly forgot the feelings of fear and embarrassment, which now belonged to the girl across the street, whose brief school skirt hung from her hips.

*"This is what everyone is seeing when they look at me,"* she thought, taking in the sight of her own buxom breasts and tiny waist as if seeing them for the first time. She turned slightly to view her profile: *"No wonder they all stare so!"*

This last thought was a little too close to home, and all of a sudden Emma was jerked back to reality. She cringed when she saw the dozens of people watching her while she had practically been posing for them. Looking round she was panic stricken to find the other girls had begun to enter the exhibition, she was practically alone on the sidewalk with all these strangers. Only Catherine hung back, looking at her with a puzzled expression, as well she might. With a small inarticulate cry, she swiftly turned and all but ran up the steps of the main entrance. Her mind screamed when she realised how her jogging made her breasts fly and slap about to the delight of her audience, and her face flushed scarlet from her hairline to her throat. She was sure she never *used* to blush; now it seemed it was all she ever did. Trying to calm her wildly thumping heart, she joined the crowd of her classmates making their way through the doors.

Emma's first thought on entering the exploratory, was that she had stumbled into a wonderful haven; there were so few people about! She figured it was because this was a weekday, and during working hours too, but for whatever reason, the girls practically had the place to themselves. One of the few other people around, the young woman in the reception booth 's eyes went wide with amazement when she first caught sight of Emma, but narrowed into disapproval before she crossed her arms under her chest, bringing her own sizeable breasts into prominent display. Emma realised with disbelief that the woman was trying to *compete* with her! Did she think Emma was dressed like this by *choice???*

Shaking her head, the young girl made her way into the cavernous hall. Though she could hardly forget her predicament, the sight that met her eyes was almost enough to make her do so. There was so much cool stuff dotted around the hall to look at and try out, which many of the girls were now doing. There were two huge things like satellite dishes facing each other at opposite ends of the hall, a whisper spoken into one of them could be heard at the other one all the way across the room, simply by reflecting and focussing the sound. There was a Van der Graf Generator, a thermal image camera, a kind of drum that sent a cushion of air towards a metallic sheet when you thumped it - so you could see the impact. Plus a dozen other interesting experiments. Against one wall there was even what appeared to be a giant videoscreen.

"With all this to occupy everyone's attention," thought Emma "I wouldn't be surprised if they forgot all about me." She looked around "Especially since our class seems to be about the only people here.." With these small comforts, the topless pupil made her way to the nearest experiment.

*...A little was across town, another bus was making its way to the exhibition centre. Along it's side it bore the legend;*"Terence Gilliam School for Boys".*The driver changed up a gear, and the bus continued towards its destination and a slightly faster pace...*

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As Emma had hoped, the exploratory seemed far to interesting for her classmates to waste the opportunity teasing her, even though she *was* completely naked from the waist up. After all, you saw this kind of punishment issued to least one girl every fortnight or so at the Cronenberg. Although Emma was hard-pressed to remember anyone ever undergoing such a punishment while on a field trip!

Though the feel of the air against the bare skin of her breasts was constantly impinging on her mind, and though she still felt nervous enough to flinch at any sudden sound, Emma tried to drum up some enthusiasm as she strolled around the exhibits with Catherine. They stopped at one point to watch a classmate who was trying out the Van der Graf Generator – she was standing on an insulated block, with her hands on a metal dome under which a belt was spinning, being brushed by a metal comb. As they watched, every strand of the girl’s long hair slowly stood on end until her head resembled a dandelion! Her classmates all giggled, and one (rather unintelligent) girl asked:

"How does it work?"

"It builds up static in your body," said the girl on the block, "watch this!" And before Emma could react, the girl took her hand off the generator and reached out to touch a finger to Emma’s prominent right nipple!

The other girl’s hair at once fell back around her shoulders with the release of the static charge, and Emma squealed as the tiny electric shock stung her sensitive teat! She jumped back and clutched a hand to her breast to rub the tender flesh while those around her laughed. She cast a hurt glare at her vindictive classmate, and then hastily snatched her hand away when she realised that she had been instinctively massaging her nipple between her fingers – in full view of her peers!

Summoning what dignity she could, Emma did an about-face and headed away from the group. Just in time to see the entrance doors swing open in front of her! As fate would have it, the milling groups of girls drifted aside at that moment, leaving a clear corridor of sight between Emma, who stood alone in the middle of the floor, and the group of newcomers.

The first bunch of figures to enter stopped dead in the doorway, stunned by the sight of the semi-naked teen, causing those who followed to bunch up behind them, pushing and shoving until they too were mesmerised. Emma was similarly frozen in shock at the sight of these unexpected new witnesses to her humiliation. At first the only thing that registered was that they were a large group of boys around her own age. Then she took in the uniform they were wearing, and she recognised it as that of the Terence Gilliam Boys’ School! In disbelief she looked at their faces, and to her horror recognised many of the same boys from their mutual weekly dancing classes!! The final blow that broke Emma’s paralysis came when she locked gazes with Roger; the boy who was her dancing partner, and with whom she had been developing a shy flirtation over the course of the weekly lessons! What was he doing here? What were *ANY* of them doing here????

"noooo… NOOooo!!" Emma moaned, and panicking, she tried to backpedal and turn about at the same time. Tripping over her own feet, she fell on her ass with a bump causing her nude breasts to bounce most violently! Her legs continued pumping, instinctively trying to propel her away from the crowd of schoolboys, which resulted in her giving repeated flashes of her panties as her skirt was thrown up above her knees. After a few moments she found her feet, then turned and fled away from the object of her terror, under the eyes of boy and girl alike.

There was nowhere really to hide in the open-plan hall, but Emma spied a small alcove in one corner and made a bee-line for it. Before entering she turned around to look back out on the hall, to find (not unexpectedly) every eye still upon her. Backing into the alcove, she prayed that they would allow her to stay out of sight. With her heart hammering and her throat thick with a mixture of emotions, she turned her back on the rest of the hall and surveyed their interior of the alcove.

Her mind still awhirl, Emma was confused at first to see an image of herself on a small TV, set into the wall! Then she spotted the video camera mounted in front of her, and Emma couldn’t help but be amused at seeing herself on television, though she blushed to see her own naked breasts live on the small screen! Emma’s mind seized on this new phenomenon, perhaps in an attempt to block out what was waiting for her outside this tiny alcove. Fighting back a giggle – her emotions were going up and down like a yo-yo – Emma waved at the camera and even turned from side to side to briefly model her breasts for her own private amusement. In her giddy state of mind, the two classes of pupils out in the main part of the hall could have been a million miles away at that moment…

That is until she heard Catherine’s voice crying out in alarm.

"EMMA!! *NO!!!……*."

Emma looked back over her shoulder to see her best friend running towards her, waving both hands as if in warning. Emma’s brows lowered in confusion and she turned back to study the camera, and the image of herself on the small TV, wondering what Catherine was trying to tell her. Then she heard the wolf-whistles and catcalls begin to rise in the main hall, and a horrible premonition began to creep over her as she remembered one of the first things she had seen upon entering the hall… Namely the huge video screen that stood against one of the walls. The question that hadn’t occurred to before her was where exactly did it get it’s feed from?

She was horribly afraid she had just found the answer.

Looking back over her shoulder she saw her worst fears confirmed on the giant screen that she had failed to focus on when Catherine shouted her a few moments ago. There she was, in all her glory – her tits filling the screen, every detail magnified enormously, to be drunk in by the Terence Gilliam boys. Why, each of her dark nipples alone appeared almost two feet in diameter, for all to see!!

The next thing Emma was aware of, Catherine was grabbing her by the shoulders, and spinning her around away from the video camera. Cupping her friend’s chin in her fingers, Catherine lifted her Emma’s head until she could look into her eyes, saying quietly:

"Girl, I know there’s a saying ‘If you’ve got it, flaunt it!’ but you can take a thing *too* far you know!…" She cocked an eyebrow, and the twinkle in her eyes showed she was only gently teasing. Emma hitched a sound that was half laugh - half sob.

"I don’t know… This place – everything seems to be conspiring against me. I can’t think straight; I don’t know what to do!! Oh Catherine, there are boys here – *Roger* – looking at me! What am I going to do??"

"Well," Catherine sighed, "I guess there’s not much we can do.. The only thing I can tell you is to keep your head held up, and um, don’t let them see you’re afraid if you can help it. ….Oh, and it might help you to keep this thought in mind; keep telling yourself -" and here she leaned forward to whisper quietly in Emma’s ear, "- you have abeautiful pair of tits!.." She stepped back with an impish grin.

Emma gave a self-conscious laugh, which turned into a giggle, which turned in to a sobbing laugh that made her breasts jiggle and shake. After a few moments she got herself under some kind of control, and wiped away the few tears that sparkled in her long eyelashes. Slipping her hand into Catherine’s, she gave it a grateful squeeze, and received a squeeze of reassurance in return.

"Come on," said Catherine, "the other’s are gathering over by Mr. Griffin – let’s go see what’s going on.." On saying this, she led the reluctant brunette back out into the lion’s den…

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Emma nearly balked when she realised that not only were her own classmates standing in a group waiting for the two girls to join them, but the boys of the Terence Gilliam School were assembled alongside them… Without exception, every eye was trained on Emma – on her chest – as she made her way across the floor, and that included the two teachers. The woman in charge of the schoolboys seemed young and quite pretty, but the stern look she aimed towards Emma carried disapproval rather than sympathy. Taking up a position with Catherine, as far away from the boys as possible, she still found it was impossible to avoid their stares completely. She schooled herself to take deep, calming breaths to steady her nerve. Unfortunately this had the drawback of causing her boobs to rise and fall dramatically with each breath, a sight which she was sure nobody could be missing!

Emma’s chin trembled constantly, and the corners of her rosebud mouth quivered to hold back the sob that threatened to wrench from her chest. Her vision went swimmy as tears pooled in her eyes. Like all teenaged girls, Emma had fantasised about being intimate with boys. In those night-time moments before she drifted off to sleep, she had imagined what it would be like to share the mysteries of her body with a boy she cared about; to let him see, let him *touch…*

She had never pictured a scene like this! - Half undressed in a crowd of her classmates; Her naked tits on display to well over twenty fully-clothed boys, whose attentions were far different from those of the tender, caring lover she had dreamed for herself. The expressions she could see out of the corner of her eye resembled a collection of grotesque gargoyles. The greed and naked lust painted across the boys’ faces wounded her like physical blows. Briefly she caught Roger’s eye, and her heart broke to find that he too was staring at her endowment with an open-mouthed expression somewhere between awe and amusement. Sweeping aside the remnants of her shattered girlhood dreams, Emma tried to tune in on what her teacher was saying.

"Now girls, and boys," he added, "I have just been told that there is a small Planetarium room through these doors which runs a film about the Galaxy and our Solar System that sounds very interesting. It lasts about 20 minutes, and since neither of our classes have the time to wait after the other has seen it, Miss Williams and I have decided that both classes will be allowed to view the show together. It will be pitch dark once the film begins, but understand this; I will not tolerate ANY messing about once the lights go down – do you hear me?" There was a chorus of Yes, Mr Griffin’ from the girls’ and ‘Yes, Sir’ from the boys, "Good. Now Miss Williams if you would be so kind as to lead your class in first." It was apparent from his authoritative grandstanding and courteous manners that Mr Griffin was trying his best to impress the pretty young teacher from Terence Gilliam High. From the rather cool look she gave him as she led her class into the planetarium, it wasn’t clear that he was succeeding. When all the boys had entered, the girls and their teacher began to file into the room. Emma was among the last to go in.

The room she now found herself in was completely circular, with a domed ceiling painted white. It was smaller than she expected, with no seating. There was just about room for the two classes to stand in roughly separate groups. Emma couldn’t help wondering, since there was no television or movie projection screen, just where the "film" was going to be shown. She prayed it would start soon and provide some distraction from the entertainment she herself was providing! Just then the lights went out completely, and Emma breathed a sigh of relief. For the first time since her ordeal began she was safe from he eyes of others. She could feel the tension in her muscles slowly lessening. Above her head, on the ceiling, various stars began to appear, and Emma finally realised where the film was going to be shown.. An authoritative voice began to talk about things astronomical, and Emma began to let herself be entranced by the cosmic display being projected onto the ceiling above her.

Not all her classmates were so similarly attentive however, some had other things on their minds.

*Though the light from the ceiling display was not enough to see more than shadows by, Jessica and her friends had no trouble making their way quietly over to where they remembered Emma to be standing. Their desire for so-called vengeance by no means yet abated; all at once they pounced.*

When Emma heard shuffling movement unseen around her, she was too engrossed in the show to really pay any attention, but then she suddenly felt a hand stroke her bottom in the darkness and give a little squeeze! She yelped and turned around to put her fleshy rear out of reach, but from behind her again, someone ran a finger down her spine causing her to twist about once more. Then the attacks came from all sides: her bottom was pinched, her ribs were poked, burrowing fingers tickled her soft tummy. ….Emma didn’t know who could be doing this to her, and surrounded by blackness, her frightened mind presented only one explanation: She had somehow become surrounded by *boys*who were groping at her exposed flesh!! Then a hand clutched her left breast and squeezed it firmly, and she squealed and jumped away, her panicky sobs disrupting the steady monologue of the still-playing film. The insistent hands followed her however and renewed their torment whilst she twisted and turned, becoming completely disorientated in the near-total darkness. Finally, when she felt someone’s hand slide up between her legs *under her skirt* and goose her through her panties, while another pair of hands tweaked and tugged both her nipples simultaneously, Emma panicked completely and made a run for it jostling her way out of her ring of tormentors…

She managed to run only a few steps in the darkness before she barged into a new group of bodies and immediately lost her balance. Falling, she tried to clutch at the people around her for support, but only succeeded in bringing several of them to the floor with her. Then she felt unseen hands on her body once more, and immediately she knew how greatly she had been mistaken before – this time they really WERE boys hands all over her! Not in the earlier cruel, attacking manner of those she realised must have been Jessica and her gang - but *exploring,* feeling, trying to figure out what they were touching... It was maddening, and Emma could only roll back and forth on the floor sobbing and trying to evade their grasp.

All of a sudden the commentary wound down and the lights came up. Blinking in the unaccustomed brightness, Emma ceased her struggles as those around her became still. She could see that Mr Griffin had flipped a switch on the wall ending the show prematurely. Emma’s blood ran cold when she saw the expressions that he and his fellow teacher Miss Williams were directing at her, not to mention the fact that she was once more the sole focus of two classfuls of pupil’s attention. Gathering her wits she took stock of her situation and groaned.

…She was lying on her back, partly on top of a boy from Terence Gilliam, with a couple of other boys close beside her, one of them nearly had her breast in his face!! Her skirt had become completely bunched around her waist exposing her panties to full view. To her horror, from the feel of things she thought that her panties too had become twisted around a little, and may not be covering her completely! Hastily she dragged her skirt down and sat up, at the same time she suddenly remembered exactly *which* pair of her panties she was wearing today and shuddered – she didn’t even want to think about *that*right now. Miserably she bowed her head and folded her arms in front of her, not really caring that she might be "covering up" – she doubted it could make her punishment any worse than whatever Mr Griffin was planning right now, from the look on his face.

Indeed Mr griffin was nearly incandescent with anger. It seemed Emma had taken advantage of being in the dark with a group of boys to indulge in a little "youthful experimentation", which had inevitably got out of hand. He hoped that this would serve as a lesson to the foolish girl to steer *well* clear of boys in future - at least until she was no longer his responsibility. If this had been an isolated incident he would perhaps have been persuaded to say that her humiliation and mistreatment at the boy’s hands had been punishment enough, but as it was she had disrupted the show for the rest of the class, and more importantly embarrassed him in front of a colleague, and a very attractive one at that. As if prompted by his thoughts, Miss Williams spoke up:

"Really Mr Griffin, if you find it so impossible to control your charges, the least I ask is that you keep them from corrupting my pupils!" and with that she led her reluctant class out of the room and into the main hall, with the boys giving many a backward glance to the semi-nude girl still seated on the floor.

"Emma, stand up and stop that snivelling. I should have thought that the punishments I have issued you thus far would have been more than enough to curb your disruptive behaviour, but you seem to be taking it all in your stride!" Mr Griffin’s voice bespoke his tightly-controlled anger, Emma didn’t think she had ever seen him look so furious! "One way or another we are going to rediscover your sense of modesty, girl. We shall see if forfeiting your skirt will help you to relearn shame. Be warned Emma, I am prepared to take this as far as is necessary until you once more behave as befits a girl of the Cronenberg School!"

It was all so unfair.. Losing her blouse in the first place had been more than enough to make Emma toe the line until the end of her school career – but since t

Shakily, Emma got to her feet. With steady breaths she was able to stop her tears, though her eyes were full and glimmering, her long lashes clinging together and her cheeks wet with those already shed. Silent sobs still shook her shoulders, and sent shudders through the firm flesh of her unsupported breasts. Standing in the middle of the circular, domed room, surrounded on all sides by her classmates, she began to clumsily undo the buttons on her skirt. With each one the garment dropped a little further down her hips, making her clench her eyes shut in miserable anticipation, until after the fourth button it suddenly fell into a puddle round her feet. Emma's heart beat once, twice, and then the giggling started, the muffled laughter, as Emma knew it would, when the other girls saw the state of her panties…

….Every girl has them - "last resort" panties, "emergency underwear"; the old pair at the bottom of the drawer you keep meaning to throw out but never do, and every so often you run out of clean undies and end up having to wear them - like today….

Emma's pair were a particularly sorry case. She'd had them maybe a couple of years now, and they hadn't been that great when new - only a cheap white cotton pair, the kind that comes in packs of three or so. She remembered buying them shortly before her body began to change from girlhood to womanhood and filled out so spectacularly - so that almost from the outset they were really too small for her. Now in addition, the elastic was mostly shot and the cotton material all stretched out of shape. Bitterly she remembered how Catherine used to tease her that she had the only pair of panties in the world that managed to be both much too *small* and much too *loose* at the same time….

Now, under the bright lights in the enclosed planetarium, Emma tried to adjust the far too brief garment to cover her as best she could. It was useless - the waistband of her panties cut straight across the widest part of her hips, exposing the sacral dimples at the base of her spine, and a good amount of her ass-cheeks and bottom-crease. If she tried to tug the panties up to cover her behind, they rode down in front to expose her silky black pubic hair in front. When she foolishly tried to stretch the panties to cover her front*and* back at the same time, the crotch material immediately slipped between her fleshy pussy lips and up between her buttocks, increasing her exposure tenfold and causing her fellow pupils to practically collapse with laughter! The only one not laughing was Jessica, although the evil smile and contemplative gleam in her eyes at that moment should have upset Emma far more, if she had seen it. With a face like a post-holocaust sunset, Emma delicately unpicked her panties, running her fingers under the legbands, and smoothed them out until they were back where she first started.

She needn't have attempted to adjust the uncooperative item in any case, thought Catherine, as she watched her best friend's newest humiliation; for after so many trips through the laundry, the thin white cotton was so washed out and sheer as to be almost transparent. So that even where they covered her, you could still clearly make out the crack of her ass through the material, not to mention the well-defined shadow of her generous bush in front. Catherine debated whether to tell Emma just how visibly she was exposed, but figured it could only upset the poor abused girl even further. Instead she simply walked up to her friend and gave her a brief hug - quick enough that Mr Griffin couldn't accuse her of trying to shield Emma from her punishment. Then she picked the discarded skirt up from the floor, saving Emma the embarrassment of bending over to get it, and gave the item to the teacher who carefully folded it over his arm.

"Now, I am going to go and find Miss Williams, so that I may apologise for Emma's scandalous conduct, and to see if I can convince her that it does not reflect the behaviour of Cronenberg girls as a whole. You can all help by conducting yourselves properly while unsupervised - I would hate to think that you cannot be trusted to behave as young ladies should for a few minutes while I confer with another teacher. Any ruckus and I will make all of you wish you were in Emma's shoes right now!"

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The subdued class filed out into the main hall and began to explore the hands-on displays once more. Emma, who had been hoping that the Terence Gilliam boys might have already left, was crushed to find them all still milling around the room. Their eyes widened in further amazement when they saw her emerge dressed in only her shoes, socks and the sorriest pair of panties any of them had ever seen. They had a hard time deciding whether to ogle her magnificent breasts, or stare at where her underwear rode below the curve of her stomach, barely covering her pubic mound. It was apparent however that Miss Williams had also given her class a talking to in the mean time, because none of the boys approached the denuded girl, and they all tried to give the appearance of being engrossed in the exhibits - while all the time squinting at Emma to try and make out the details of her anatomy beneath her diaphanous underwear.

Although Emma felt as if her legs were made of rubber, and though she clung to Catherine's hand as if it were a lifeline, she thought that if things stayed the way they were, she would be able to cope with the stares until it was time to go. At least things had calmed down a bit, and both classes were keeping their distance. She should have realised though, as she saw Mr Griffin lead a reluctant Miss Williams into the coffee shop that adjoined the exhibition hall, that this was merely the calm before the storm.

As soon as the door swang shut on their teachers, the two classes - boy and girl alike - turned towards Emma with such a predatory gleam in their eyes that she took a step backwards and swallowed nervously.