**Cronenberg Extended Punishments**

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*Summary: Since Judith continues to disobey the rules, she is given week-long punishments. How will this affect her wrestling?*

**Cronenberg: Extended Punishments 1: Teen Rebellion**

"Judith, what on Earth are we going to do with you?" the vice-principal scolded as she looked at the discipline report. "This is the fourth time this week."

"But, Miss Cr..."

"No Excuses!" Miss Cranton was surprised at the severity in her own voice, and quickly calmed herself and tried to remain composed. She liked the school's discipline policy and was sure that she could make it work better. But she was new and knew that she had to take it easy or she wouldn't be given the chance to prove she could make a difference in these girl's lives. "Now Judith, I know you have some strong beliefs, but every week it's something new, a ribbon to protest this, a patch in support of that. I don't want to suppress your creativity, but they are called "uniforms" for a reason. We cant just have every girl running around dressing as she sees fit." Ms. Tash Judith's gym teacher and wrestling coach nodded in agreement. She had reported Judith for constantly coming to class plastered in propaganda.

Judith started to speak, but gave up. She knew when she had lost. "So, I guess it'll be "top-or-bottom" for me today. If I have a choice, I'll take bottom." Not that she wanted to be seen like that, but it was better than having the other girls find out just how much she stuffed her bra. Because, even though she was almost a year older than most of the girls in her class, Her breasts were little more than slight bulges underneath her nipples. She often lost her shirt, but went to great lengths to not let it go any further than that and let her secret get out.

"No, that won't be necessary. It is a minor offense and we like to keep our punishments standard here, they are more effective that way. What is more disturbing for me is your disregard for our punishment system. You are willing to live with the punishment, so you knowingly commit the same violation again and again. I'm going to keep your punishments as they are, but I'm going to try to make the punishments we do give you stick a little more. Here's my ruling and it's final." She picked up a sheet of the official school stationary and started reading, "'For continued flaunting of the school dress code and discipline policies, a special punishment extension will be in place for Judith Franklin. Whenever she receives a punishment for any infraction, it will last for a period of not less than one week. At the end of that time, the teacher in question may remove the punishment if Judith has refrained from repeating the offense. During the week any additional punishments will be levied as usual, with no regard for the uniqueness of her case. This new policy will be in effect for Miss Franklin until the end of this term, to serve as a test for its inclusion in the school punishment policy.' Now, Judith, this will be sent to all of the faculty, so do not try to talk your way out of it. Hopefully this will keep you from trying to exploit the leniency in our policy."

Ms. Tash nodded in agreement. Judith was the star of her wrestling team, and she couldn't have her running around giving the school a bad image. "Good that's all settled," smiled Ms. Tash, "hand over your shirt and hurry off to your next class before you're late." She also knew that Judith wasn't exactly the well behaved type, and it might be fun to see how bad it could get for the girl.

Judith removed the little black tie and solemnly unbuttoned her shirt and handed it to Ms. Tash. "What is that young lady!" snapped Miss Cranton. Judith was shocked at first, but then remembered her little surprise. She thought it would be funny if when she was forced to take her shirt off, she had an identical patch underneath sewn to her bra. That little trick had backfired in a big way. "Well I guess you are going to be topless for a while." Judith slowly removed her bra and laid it on Miss Cranton's desk, never looking up to see the smug expression on her face. Surprisingly, to Judith, Ms. Tash came to her rescue. "Miss Cranton? May I ask a favor? The reason I reported Judith is that I wanted her to look respectable during our meet Friday. So, if at all possible, could she lose her panties instead of her bra? You know, school pride and all that."

Not wanting to upset one of the few teachers that supported her she gave Ms. Tash permission to handle Judith's punishments. "But she can't just leave here wearing that," she said pointing to the patch. Ms. Tash picked up the discarded bra and began roughly pulling out the stitches that held the patch on. Without looking up she ordered Judith to get her panties off so she could leave. Judith did her best to keep her skirt down as she slipped her panties off and laid them on the corner of the desk.

"But this is unacceptable." Judith jumped when she heard this. Ms. Tash was holding up one of the pads Judith used to stuff her bras. "I will not have one of my girls trying to look like some tramp. You just rush on to class, and I will arrange to have some bras waiting for you, when you return to your room, that are more appropriate to a girl with your endowments." Judith was on the verge of tears seeing her hopes of getting her bra back crushed. But she knew better than to argue. She kept her head down and ran to class, weeping all the way, but never looking up to see where all of the snickering was coming from.

Judith's classes were hell that day. She didn't know if more of the teasing came from how small her breasts were, or from how not small her nipples were, combined with the way they got harder and longer the more people laughed at her. Even during class the other students spent more time making Judith discover new shades of red to turn than she did on her lessons. This ribbing didn't go unnoticed and Judith wasn't the only girl to spend the rest of the day topless. But it didn't matter, for most of the girls it was worth a little embarrassment to make the older girl squirm. And those that did mind, well, they got their revenge too, when the teacher wasn't looking they had their fun by giving her nipples quick pinches and twists, and threatening her all along that if she tried to block their hands, they would report her for trying to cover her breasts.

When Judith finally made it back to her room, she was exhausted. She was worn out from crying all day, both from the humiliation, and from the constant torture her tiny breasts had been put through. Her breasts were well bruised around her nipples and and the nipples themselves had never been more red and ached even when she didn't have the misfortune of touching them. She knew she could have complained to a teacher, but she also knew how complaints worked around the school. Chances are if the teacher didn't see what happened, you would both be punished for starting trouble. And she had more to lose than the other girls.

Then Judith saw her new bras had been left on her bed. She rushed to them eager to regain some measure of dignity before the evening meal. Upon picking the first one up, she started to cry. These weren't bras like the other girls wore. These were the training bras like they gave to the grade school girls. Wearing little-girl clothes, for little-girl tits, would be more embarrassing than being topless. But knowing she would be punished for not wearing them, she pulled the little garment over her head. It was tight as it should have been, not like her old oversized ones, and she winced when the material rubbed against her over sensitized nipples. When she looked at herself in the mirror, the image capped off her shame. Because these cheap bras weren't made for support, the material was paper thin, and her large nipples, which through all the pain and humiliation had never gone down, shown clearly through for everyone to see.

**Cronenberg: Extended Punishments 2: The Meet**

Judith smiled to her self as she sat in the locker room getting ready for the meet. She had managed to stay out of trouble for the last two days so she could be dressed like the other girls on the team. She pulled off her training bra and her skirt, the only two things she was allowed to wear, and put on her wrestling leotard. It was very brief and showed off her body clearly, including her large nipples which showed through the tight material. Unlike the other girls, she didn't put on any underwear, because she knew she was being punished, and if she tried to cheat and wear too much... well, she didn't exactly have that much more to lose, especially in front of the other team and all of the students who had come to see the match.

"What on earth are you wearing, Judith." Judith turned around in shock at the sound of Ms. Tash's voice. "Don't worry, I didn't put any underwear on," Judith stuttered as she pulled the top aside to show her lack of a bra. This wasn't needed because her nipples had become erect with fear and made it obvious to everyone that she was bra-less. "Well, that would be fine if you were forbidden to wear a bra, but you should have your bra on, it's your top that you have had taken away." Judith pulled the straps off of her shoulders and stretched the tight bra over her head. There was no way she could wrestle like this, the straps and top of her uniform hung loosely at her waist. She slowly raised her eyes to Ms. Tash, expecting the worst. "That is just unacceptable. Take that thing off." Judith did as she was told, and stood there with her hands by her sides, doing her best to ignore the giggling of the other girls. "Hmm... I guess you can wear your uniform that you use for track-and-field," Ms. Tash shrugged and walked away to finish getting ready for the meet.

Judith was dumbstruck. She was certain that she would be forced to wrestle bottomless, but Ms. Tash had come through for her. But then again, Ms. Tash had been very nice to her recently. She had stood up for her to Miss Cranton, and had even given her permission to remove the little pink bows from her new bras. This last fact she was thankful for as she looked in the mirror at the bra that didn't exactly look like it belonged on a little girl. She was less excited about the shorts. They were made for flexibility and speed, not for coverage. She pulled up on the legs, and gave herself a pretty good wedgie, and almost burst into tears when she saw her dark hairs in the mirror. But this was better than nothing, and she had learned not to complain about your punishments.

"Hey, nice patch," Judith heard from one of the girls behind her. Judith almost fainted. Spinning around, she looked over her shoulder into the mirror and started crying. She had forgotten about the protest she had planned for the mini-olympics held by the local schools (they were sponsored by a local chemical company with some questionable practices) Quickly, she pulled the shorts off and tried to pull the patch off, but the stitching was too strong. Thinking fast, she remembered her practice shorts in her locker. They weren't officially part of a school uniform, but the were the right color. Hopefully, Ms. Tash wouldn't notice. Yea right, Judith thought as she reluctantly joined the rest of the team waiting on the bench.

Judith quietly took her place on the bench and waited for her match to be called. She panicked whenever Ms. Tash looked in her direction, but thankfully she made it to her first match without being noticed. When she got into position on the mat, she made certain to keep her legs closed tightly together. Judith was the favorite at this meet, so her opponent wasn't very good, but Judith was having a hard time because preserving her modesty was ruining her form. In fact, very quickly Judith found herself on her back with one leg pulled up into a cradle. Willing to take a loss, Judith decided to stop fighting and beg Ms. Tash to give her something else to wear, because she knew her coach cared more about winning than about some stupid punishment. But then, Judith felt the sensation of cool air across her sex. Her pulse in her ears kept her from hearing the laughter and frenzied whispering that circulated throughout the gymnasium, but she knew it was there. Suddenly, all Judith could think about was how her position was causing her loose shorts to be pulled aside, giving the audience a clear view of her exposed sex. The thought of losing wasn't so appealing anymore; not if it meant being like this for one more second.

With newfound strength, Judith broke free and was quickly on her knees. Her opponent was in trouble now, the deep red flush that covered her face and chest down to the top of her bra, couldn't be attributed entirely to her embarrassment. She was embarrassed, scared, hurt, angry, and a hundred other things at once. Judith set into this poor girl with a vengeance, and soon was proudly walking back to her bench with her first victory of the night. For the moment, forgetting how soon she would again be required to risk another exposure. And how even in victory, she could feel the eyes of the crowd on her raised rear as she held her opponent to the mat.

Judith was a hit as she returned to the bench. Not only had she won, but she had so thoroughly trounced her opponent, that the other team was visibly worried about the other matches. But her popularity was short lived. As the next girl took the mat, Ms. Tash approached Judith, and stood in front of her starring down. The other girls took this as a hint and moved away to watch the upcoming match.

"That was a good match Judith."

"Thank you, Ms. Tash," Judith replied with only a slight crack in her voice.

"At first you seemed really shy about showing that little fanny of yours, but you finally got on the ball."

A weak "Uh-Huh" was all Judith could muster.

"By the way, what exactly are you wearing?"

Judith wanted to lie, or explain, or anything, but all she said was "My practice shorts." Without being asked, Judith reached into her bag and pulled out her uniform shorts, and handed them to Ms. Tash.

After spotting the offending patch, Ms. Tash just looked at Judith and sighed. "I guess you haven't learned your lesson yet. Again, your choice of attire is unacceptable. I will not have one of my girls out of uniform unless it is part of a punishment." Judith couldn't even cry, she had been expecting this all along. She turned toward the locker room to change, but was stopped by Ms. Tash. "No, right here will be fine," she said holding out her hand and theatrically tapping her foot. Again bright red, Judith released the drawstring on her shorts, and let them drop to the floor. There was cheering coming from the other team and a gasp of surprise from behind Judith as she bent at the waist to retrieve her shorts. Judith returned to her position on the bench, but was again interrupted by Ms. Tash. "And I had better not see another show of modesty out there when you should be concentrating on the match, or I will be very disappointed."

**Cronenberg: Extended Punishments 3: Archenemies**

In her next match, Judith was a wild woman. From the first moment she moved into position, she knew that all eyes in the room were on her upturned ass and exposed cunt. The humiliation of it all caused her to snap. She showed no mercy, and the match was quickly over. Not only did her emotion cause her to fight better, it also cause her to ignore her embarrassment. It was only after the matches that she realized that some of her wrestling positions left her more exposed than if she had just laid down and spread her legs for the crowd. Her matches were easy victories from then on; one moment of embarrassment, and then she was on fire. She was easily on her way to win the match, that is, until she faced Mars. Martha "Mars" Washington was big (she outweighed Judith by at least 15 pounds), mean (reform school material), and the other team's star wrestler.

Big, mean, and smart. That's what worried Judith. Mars always worried her. She wasn't the most skilled wrestler or the fastest, but she watched every match carefully and could spot another wrestler's weaknesses a mile away. Judith approached the mat cautiously, almost forgetting about how exposed she was. Martha was watching closely too. This was an important match; The meet was double elimination, and they were the last two left. She knew these Cronenberg girls weren't normally shy; hell, this girl was showing her cunt to dozens of people. But there was something different about this one. She remembered her past matches against this girl, and something was wrong. When Martha got into place and looked down at her opponent, everything just fell into place. Tits. Whatever you call them, this girl didn't have any... and she used to; or at least it seemed like she used to have them. Judith stuffed her bra, and any girl that would stuff her bra before a big meet, had to be really ashamed of her breast size. Soon Mars had a plan.

The match began, and soon Mars had Judith in a hold from behind. It wasn't the best position to get a pin, but she was close enough to Judith's ear to whisper something. "Hey, You know what? Your tits seemed a lot bigger last time we fought," said Mars, feigning innocence, but making it clear that she had figured out Judith's secret. From her close position behind Judith, Mars felt the heat from Judith's skin as she blushed from head to toe. Now she knew her plan would work. Quickly, Mars flipped Judith over onto her back while winding her hand into the back of Judith's bra and pulling it up to the back of her neck. Judith was in a panic now; her shirt was no longer covering her breasts, but Mars's body was shielding her from view. One quick, out of breath warning from Mars, and Judith understood. "Don't move and nobody'll see." Judith froze and soon Mars was giving Judith the first loss either of them had suffered all night.

Judith was holding her arms wrapped tightly in front of her chest as she walked back to the bench. Judith was so relieved that no one had seen her, that she didn't worry that everyone was watching her small ass, red with rug burn, as she walked back to the bench. Thanks to the look on Ms. Tash's face, Judith knew she wouldn't be relieved long. Ms. Tash yelled at Judith, with that scary, under-the-breath yelling, that is only used by adults to yell at children in public. Judith was so scared that she didn't hear a word that Ms. Tash said, but when she stopped yelling and looked at Judith with her hand extended, Judith knew what was coming. She closed her eyes, took a deep breath and grasped the bottom of her bra, and before she could think about what she was doing, she had handed it to Ms. Tash. "This isn't so bad," she thought, but as she turned around it felt like everyone there was pointing to and laughing at her small breasts.

She was stiff as she walked to the mat, with her arms straight down by her sides and her knuckles white from clinching her fists. This was going to be an easy fight for Martha, Judith just wanted to get out of there as fast as possible, and if that meant losing, then so be it. But Martha got greedy; She wanted to see Judith suffer a little more. As soon as the match started Mars had Judith in a half-nelson and was showing off her modest mounds to the entire audience. Judith was angry now, and she finally started fighting back, but Mars was too strong for her. Soon Judith was on her back and Mars was moving in for the win. Martha's overly large breasts were rubbing against her and suddenly Judith didn't care about winning anymore, and instead of trying to escape, she just grabbed the top of Mars's leotard and pulled with all of her might. Martha jerked up, the added pressure destroying the two thin straps that held her uniform over her breasts. Judith wasn't finished yet. She leapt at Martha, dug her hand into the big girl's groin and wrapped her hand around the suit. Judith's intention was to rip the crotch of the suit open and expose Martha's tights to the crowd, but Martha was too busy trying to cover her breasts, and when Judith pulled, it threw Martha off balance. Martha, who was on her knees, fell forward onto the mat, while Judith was still behind her struggling. From this angle Judith couldn't rip the suit, instead it started slipping away from Martha's groin and sliding down her body. First the top was pulled from Martha's hands and down off her breasts, then over her hips, and the next thing you know, Judith was holding her suit, and Martha was wearing only her sheer tights that ended just above her bellybutton. She was ready to make a dive for the tights when she glanced at her bench. Suddenly she remembered why she was here and before she knew it she had pinned Martha and was headed back to her bench.

The last match was intense. Both girls were good, both girls were mad, and both girls were almost naked. Judith never managed to get the tights off of her opponent, but the wet spot that was spreading across the white tights was good enough. The match wasn't won by skill, or strength, or even embarrassment, but by stamina. Mars finally couldn't fight anymore, and when Judith pinned her for the final time, they both collapsed to the mat and rested in full view of everyone for several long seconds. Soon the winners were being announced and everyone was cheering. They stood at center mat and posed for the applause and some team photos. Martha's suit had been repaired during the last match, but of course Judith was still naked. And she didn't know about the other school, but at Cronenberg, it was editorial policy on the school paper to ignore how any girl was dressed when deciding on photos to publish, and she knew that soon the entire school would be seeing her in all her glory.

Conclusion

Ms. Tash passed back and forth in front of her team. Celebration was in order, because this match had put Cronenberg on track for their best record ever, and it was mostly thanks to Judith. "Tonight's match has caused me to reevaluate the use of punishment during matches. Judith, who is already being punished for some discipline problems, will be our test subject. Judith, could you come to the front of the group. Now, for the next few matches, I will observe Judith, and if her exceptional performance continues... well, you might be looking at the new Cronenberg team uniform. OK! Dismissed."

Most of the girls walked out of their way to pass by Judith as they were leaving. They would say something under their breath, and maybe pinch her nipple, or give her a slap on her ass, or something, but the meaning was clear, "If you do this to us, you're a dead woman."

After the other girls had left Judith started crying to Ms Tash. "Please you can't make me do this, the other girls will hate me if I do well."

"Listen Judith, you can't always go around worried about what other people will think. Some of the other girls might say they hate you, but in reality they will respect you, because you will be a winner. And if you do as well for the rest of the season as you did tonight, your scholarship is assured.." Judith swallowed hard, this sounded good, but she was still nervous. "Besides, I would think you wouldn't want to be the only naked girl out there, and no matter what else happens, you're not going to wear anything else in a match this year."

Judith turned to leave, but saw the schedule on the way out. "Um... Ms Tash, this says next week is PS 128, I didn't know they had a girl's team."

"They don't, but don't you read the papers, thanks to that girl that sued them, they have two girls on the team now and count as co-ed. And thanks to that little scandal from '93 we are technically a co-ed team until 2000, so they are in our division. Judith didn't even see the smile on Ms Tash's face as she turned to leave.

The End