## The Cronenberg Saga - Sports Day

Okay okay I've finally got around to writing another installment in the "Humiliation School" (now known as "The Cronenberg Saga") series. I WAS going to continue straight on from the last story (with Suzy being forced to spend the rest of the day naked), but frankly I think the story had reached its natural climax.

I know I had ;)

So, I think I'll start a new scenario in the same world.

If anyone wants to continue the first "Humiliation School" please do. I might get to it one day.

Here's the story...

Sports day was always looked forward to at Cronenberg. It was the one time when the oppressive gray buildings of school were left behind for the large spacious oval. Admittedly it was only a ten minute trip from school (by bus), but a lot can change in ten minutes. A lot can be forgotten.

Unless, of course, you've got some kind of physical reminder.

That was Bridget's problem. She'd gotten into trouble back at school. It was totally unfair too. She'd just been talking but Mr. O'Connor was a hard arse and obviously wanted to set some kind of lame example.

So here she was, short jet black hair, pale skin, little white pair of knickers, tight little bra and a pair of socks and sports shoes, sitting in the bus on the way to the oval. She stood out in stark contrast to everyone else on the bus. All the other girls were wearing the bright blue T-shirts and little red shorts that made up the sports uniform. She was showing far too much skin for her liking.

Her breasts practically strained against the too-small bra. She had to pick TODAY of all days to wear her 'bad' bra and get talky.

Fate was a cruel and evil monkey at times, Bridget reflected.

It wasn't like this was the first time she'd been punished. One time a teacher had noticed she wasn't wearing a bra under her school blouse. Bridget had tried to explain that it had snapped when she was running around the playground but the teacher on duty wouldn't have a bar of it.

Bridget had spent the rest of the day showing her fellow classmates exactly what her bare naked breasts looked like, bobbing freely as she was forced to be topless for over two hours. Bridget hadn't cried, she was tougher than that, but she felt horribly humiliated by the experience. The laughter of her friends alone was enough to make her want to cruel into some Lovecraftian abyss and never return.

But she got over it. Bridget was good like that. Since then she'd never been in trouble, until today that is. And so there she was. Skimpy underwear. Red cheeks. Public oval.

The bus stopped, and the giggling, chatting girls forwarded out of the buses, and onto the lush green of the oval. Bridget came out last, looking around to see if any non-school spectators had come to watch. She couldn't see any, and that was just as well.

It was bad enough that she had to run the many events she'd volunteered for in her undergarments, it would be made ten times worse if she had an audience. She supposed the gray sky and the chill in the air had discouraged most others.

She was glad. Maybe the day wouldn't be so bad after all. Maybe...

Later, the equipment had been set up and the oval prepared for the days events. The grounds were slightly moist and a few girls had mud stains on their red clad bottoms from slipping over. Bridget watched as Sarah, a petite blonde friend of hers, amused herself by sliding along the wetness. She was quite agile at it too until, misjudging a particularly deep puddle; she slid too fast and flew over landing face down in the puddle.

Sarah let out a little squawk of a scream as she splashed down. Some water splattered onto Bridget's bra and knickers. Heads turned. Teachers and students alike. Sarah stood, her clothes made instantly transparent by the puddle. She shook her head and smiled sheepishly at Bridget.

"Good one Sarah." Bridget mocked. Bridget's spirits had been lifted. Sure she was wearing her underwear but so what? It wasn't much less then a swimsuit when you think about it.

"Sarah Fulci, what do you THINK you're doing?" Sarah's head snapped up as Mr. O'Connor stormed towards her.

"Er... I fell over." Sarah said.

"Did you FALL Sarah, or did you slide over?" Mr. O'Connor asked. The tone of the question implied he knew the real answer.

Sarah looked down at her feet: "Um, I guess I slid."

"You guess you slid. Well Sarah, maybe we should teach you a lesson so that you won't slide around anymore, showing great disrespect for your school uniform in the process..."

O'Connor was pontificating like a bad cable-access preacher. He had a fairly large audience and wanted to milk it for all it was worth.

"... and if you don't RESPECT your uniform Sarah..." he continued "Then why should I allow you to wear it?"

Sarah stammered something that sounded like "Garfnug", she had a lump in her throat and her cheeks were burning. Bridget felt sorry for the poor timid thing but realistically it took the attention away from her bare cleavage and that could only be a good thing.

"Sarah, you will remove everything on your body that is wet. Everything, you understand."

Sarah nodded dumbly. She looked around her, the crowd was large. And off in the distance she saw a group of boys at the edge of the oval. Watching. Bridget followed her gaze and saw them too. Oh God...

First Sarah peeled over her sopping wet shirt. There was no question about that. It slopped like a used dishrag into O'Connor's outstretched hand. He nodded smugly.

Sarah then looked down at her shorts. They too were a write off. She peeled the red brief things down her short legs and handed them over. She was standing there, shivering, in knickers, a bra and shoes. Just like Bridget.

Unfortunately her bra was wet. Very wet. You could see her little pink nipples poking through the fabric like eager fingers. Sarah let out a little hitching sob and reached behind her. The clasp popped with a subtle snap and she let the brassiere fall down her shoulders. Sarah's breasts weren't big, but they were pert and enthusiastic. Like peaches. Now they were totally exposed in front of her friends, her teachers and some strange boys. Sarah heard the boys cheer as she handed the bra to O'Connor.

Her treacherous nipples were as hard as rocks. Jutting out with rubbery persistence. Some giggles and gasps at their size. Sarah shrugged. Surely that was all that was wet.

But no... her knickers were damp too. Not to the extent of her other clothes, but undeniably in the category of "wet". Sarah didn't even bother to protest, which Bridget admired. Most girls would start crying or begging which just made the teacher angrier. It was hard to show your most intimate parts to others but sometimes there was no choice. Sarah simply nodded, stuck her fingers inside her knickers and slipped them down.

There was an audible series of gasps and chuckles and everyone drunk in Sarah's blonde snatch. It was such a sweet thing, tight and small, almost dainty. Sarah blushed from her toes to her forehead as she handed over her last piece of material dignity, and stood, unable to block the stares of anyone who cared to look. O'Connor nodded.

"Let that be a lesson. Now you can perform today's events exactly as you are."

"But Mr. O'Connor," Sarah cried, her voice choked with emotion "The first event I have is the high jump. And there's boys watching."

"Well Miss Fulci, you should have thought of that before you started showing your disdain for the uniform. Good day."

Mr. O'Connor walked off, holding Sarah's clothes. Sarah watched in horror as more boys appeared on the hill. Some even moved closer for a better view. She stood stock still and weeping.

Poor thing, Bridget thought as O'Connor brushed past her. But then he stopped and turned to Bridget.

"Bridget," he said "Why is your underwear wet?"

Bridget looked down.

'Oh God...' she thought. "Um, Mister O'Connor, when Sarah slid she splashed me." Bridget stammered.

O'Connor nodded in obvious disbelief. "Hand them over Bridget."

"Hand what over?" She asked, a new dawning horror sweeping her mind.

"Your underwear. It's wet. Just like Sarah's over there. Most likely you were both playing the same silly bloody game."

"I wasn't Mr. O'Connor, I SWEAR!" Bridget cried. Sarah saw the commotion and came trotting over, little tits bouncing in time with each step. She stood in front of Mr. O'Connor, her hands behind her back, her nipples even firmer and redder than before.

"Mr. O'Connor, she's telling the truth. It had nothing to do with her. It was all my fault." Sarah gushed, not wanting to see her friend humiliated in the same way. Bridget felt a wave of affection.

It didn't last long.

"DON'T TELL TALES SARAH! And Bridget, if you won't take them off, I WILL!"

Mr. O'Connor finished shouting and a got a firm grip on Bridget's tiny bra. "NOOOOOOO!" She cried.

Riiiiiiiiiiiiiiiip!!!

Bridget's large pale breasts bounced out like beagle pups as her bra was untimely ripped from her body. She instinctively wanted to cover up but new better. That would only get her into worse trouble. Instead she just turned crimson and gasped as she felt O'Connor's hand grip her flimsy cotton knickers.

"Please Mr. O'Connor, I didn't do it..." Bridget cried.

Sarah jumped up and down, breasts and pussy moving, "Please Mr. O'Connor she didn't do it!!!"

There was a tearing, and a gasp, and Bridget closed her eyes as she felt cold air touch her shaven little cunt.

"This is the worst moment of my life." She reflected with a strange calm. The crowd backed from her as she stood in the middle of the oval. The boys were now whopping and cheering. A shaved pussy was a special kind of spectacle. Nothing was quite as nude as a nude shaved pussy.

"I'm so sorry Bridget." Sarah muttered. Looking down at her own exposed vagina. They stood next to each other, pale little bottoms almost touching as they waited for their events to be called. They didn't have to wait long.

"The High Jump and 1000 metres!" a hoarse voice called.

Sarah walked up to the high jump. She was first. Typical. She'd gathered a large crowd. She tried so hard not to cry as she ran towards the bar, but it was no good. Tears starting coursing down her nipples and stomach. This is probably what caused the accident.

One of her feet left the ground, then the other. Her legs were spread wide open as she was airborne. The crowd gasped. The boys on the hill gaped. A older man walking his dog stared, eyes bulging like an exotic fish. Then Sarah's shoe caught the bar and she tangled.

Tangled and fell, landing face down on her chest, the bar across her back and her uplifted bottom facing the crowd. She was too dazed to move for a few seconds and when she realised that she was showing the crowd an uplifted, spread open little sixteen year old cunt and bottom she almost screamed. She struggled to her feet, closing her spread sex and stumbled off the crash mat.

As she walked back, cheers, wolf whistles and laughter following her, she slipped in a patch of mud a fell on her bottom, her wet breasts still jiggling from the fall. It was then that she really started to cry. Her hands over her face. Her pubic hair soaked by the puddle.

Bridget meanwhile was bent over in the race starting position. She'd been bent like that for what seemed like hours. If she hadn't shaved her pussy it wouldn't have been so bad, but because it was so bare, anyone and everyone behind her had a perfect view of her smooth labia. Then the starting pistol cracked and she ran.

She ran the thousand metres, her bare breasts bouncing, her vagina spreading with every step. To her horror she realised her cunt was getting moist the more she ran. She was being turned on by this bizarre ordeal.

And as she passed, right next to the Hill with the boys, she knew that the wetness running down her legs wasn't just the tears she cried.

She finished third. The next event she had to do was the pole vault.

THE END