**Danielle's Punishment**

Danielle had been terrified for the last two weeks.  The posh boarding school she attended in rural England had recently endured an outbreak of bad behavior.  Students were caught smoking, drinking, making out, cheating on tests… and the administration had had enough.  Some new policies had been instituted involving punishment, and Danielle knew she would lose her mind if she ever got punished.  
  
       The trouble was… she had cheated on a paper the day before the new punishments were unveiled, not having any idea what the consequences were going to be.  They hadn’t caught her yet, but it was only a matter of time.  She seriously considered running away, but that would be nearly impossible, and if she got caught in the attempt… she couldn’t even think of it.  
  
       Mr. Winters, her English instructor, discovered on a Saturday afternoon that nearly all the text from her paper had been lifted off of a Cliffs notes website.  With a sadistic smile, he filled out the required paperwork, and even got her parents consent by that evening, so eager was he to dole out the new punishment to modest, gorgeous Danielle.  Monday couldn’t come soon enough.  
  
       To Danielle, it seemed like a normal day.  Woke up late, gulped down some breakfast, hurried to first period.  There she sat in English class, finally starting to relax.  After all, it had been two weeks.   If she hadn’t been caught up until this point, she probably wasn’t going to be.  
  
       “Ladies and gentlemen, today I had planned to continue our discussion of Flannery O’Connor’s ‘Wise Blood’, but something else has come up.” There were a few cheers, and Danielle listened raptly, not suspecting what was to come.  
  
       “As you know, we’ve been having a serious problem lately with students misbehaving, and conventional punishments just didn’t seem to be doing the trick.  The new discipline system, controversial as it is, has been in place for fifteen days now, and until this weekend, no one had done anything bad enough to require we actually institute the new punishments.  But that changed on Saturday.”  Danielle’s heart was pounding, but she rationalized it away.  Several people knew that Deena Pargeter had consumed an entire bottle of codeine cough syrup, just for the high it got her.  That’s probably what Mr. Winters is talking about, Danielle rationalized.  
  
       “Class, today you will witness the first punishment,” their teacher announced.  The room erupted into sound as several dark-clad campus security officers wheeled in what looked something like an altered gynecologist’s table.  It was shaped more like a chair for one thing, with a straight back.  There were straps everywhere.  The men secured it to the floor and ceiling, engaging the metal loops used to hold the projector in place.  The classmates talked excitedly and nervously, craning their heads to get a closer look.  
  
       “This chair is meant solely for humiliation as punishment, and it was designed with that in mind.  Notice the straps that hold the transgressor’s legs in place at the ankle, calf, and thigh, as well as the waist, chest, neck, chin, forehead, upper arms, and wrists.  Obviously, we might not feel it necessary to use all the straps at a given time, but we had to be prepared for the eventuality that a student might struggle violently, in which case they would need to be restrained firmly for their own safety.  
       “I’m sure all of you must be wondering who will suffer the first punishment.  Well, I won’t keep you in suspense any longer.  Danielle, please stand.”  
  
       The blood flowed backward in her veins.  For a few seconds, she wasn’t sure she understood the words that had been spoken.  
  
       “Please stand.  If you do not follow instructions, things will be even worse for you.”  Every head in the large classroom had swiveled in her direction.  Trembling violently, she pushed herself to her feet.  
  
       “Ms. Anderson, for the transgression of cheating on your last paper, you have been sentenced to a punishment of complete exposure of your genital areas to your classmates for the duration of this class.  Please remove all of your clothing and come up to the Chair.”  
  
       It was as if she’d gone crazy.  She screamed and bolted, her mind devoid of coherent though.  I have to get out of here!  She ran down the steps in the auditorium-style lecture hall, past her wide-eyed classmates, and was almost to the door when the campus security guards got her.  None too gentle, the biggest one pinned her arms behind her back and began to push her towards the chair.  As it loomed closer, and she imagined herself sitting in it, strapped in, unable to even move, legs spread, her pussy helplessly on display… she redoubled her efforts, kicking and biting like a wild beast.  It took four of them to get her onto the chair.  Tears coursed down her cheeks, and her agonized shouts filled the air as she felt, simultaneously, her wrists being secured straight up above her head, and her legs being strapped against the stirrups, which were still closed.  When they were sure she was secure, they stepped away.  
  
       The room was silent.  Some fifty-odd sets of eyes stared back at her in disbelief.  Her tears made the room swim.  Mr. Winters sighed dramatically.  
  
       “I did warn you that being uncooperative would only make things worse.  I’m sure you’ll discover why,” he said quietly, to her alone.  
  
       “Now, first things first.  As your punishment declares, you are to be on complete display to your classmates.  We shall begin with your shirt.”  Mr. Winters took a place behind the chair.  Danielle could only see his hands as they came around either side, and undid the first button.  Her arms were secured straight above her head, at the wrist and bicep.  She could barely wiggle, let alone prevent her teacher from slowly unbuttoning her blouse.  
  
       Her bra was showing now, a light blue balconet from Victoria’s Secret.  Now her stomach… his warms hands tickled as he untucked her shirt from her skirt, then yanked the sides back away from her body.  
  
       Several of the boys laughed nervously and squirmed in their seats.  
  
       “Now class, I will remove Danielle’s bra.  Watch carefully now, and remember her face as I do this.  It’s all a part of the punishment.”  
  
       “No!  Please, I’ll never cheat again!” Danielle cried as he reached for the clasp on the front of her bra, nestled between her breasts.  His hands paused, his forearms brushing her cleavage.  
  
       “Danielle, you misunderstand.  The goal of this is not rehabilitation… it’s punishment, pure and simple.  It doesn’t really matter how sorry you are.”  And with that, he popped the clasp and gently peeled back the cups.  Her soft white tits were now completely on display.  As the cold air hit her nipples, her body was wracked with sobs, which only made her breasts bounce and tremble provocatively.  
  
       But that wasn’t all.  
  
       “Since Danielle did not comply willingly with her punishment, I’m afraid I’ll have to add to it.  Instead of merely being on display, Danielle’s nipples will be explored for your amusement and her mortification.”  
  
       She screamed.  Several of the boys laughed more openly, hungry expressions on their faces.  
  
       “First, let me compliment you, Danielle.  You truly have lovely breasts.  Now class, watch her reaction as I tickle her nipples lightly.”  He resumed his place behind her, slowly lowering his fingers toward her chest.  She stared down, transfixed, as he came within inches of her little pink nipples.  In a burst of panic, she began to struggle, whipping her breasts from side to side.  With obvious amusement, Mr. Winters placed his fingers just within the arc her nipples were following as she struggled, so that she was tickling herself by moving.  Stunned by the sudden sensation, she froze.  Laughing, he lowered his fingers to her nipples, giving them little twists and pulls.  She yelped and started fighting again, but he held firm to her nipples, and the intense tugging sensation made her freeze again.  His grip grew a little harder, the twisting and pulling more insistent.  She trembled, trying not to fight it, which only seemed to make it worse.  But the sensations were becoming unbearable.  She was whimpering, squirming…  
  
       “Oh please stop!” she finally cried.  For one glorious moment, his fingers stilled.  
  
       “No,” he whispered, his breath hot on her ear.  And his fingers attacked her nipples mercilessly this time.  She screamed and bucked, utterly helpless to stop the strange torture.  It went on for minutes, and slowly, the sensation began to pool in her abdomen.  Finally, he released her.  
  
       “I believe we’ve focused on her breasts for quite long enough.  Let us now move to her underwear.  I will remove it first.”  There were audible gasps from the students, who couldn’t really believe he’d be taking it this far.  
  
       “Please, please, let me go, Mr. Winters!  I swear, I’ll do anything!  Oh please, PLEASE!”  Danielle cried, her pleas turning to screams as he circled around and knelt in front of her legs, still together, though firmly strapped in.  He gazed up at her for a moment… the fierce blush that colored her exposed chest, her hardened, reddened nipples, the tears wet on her face, the humiliation in her young eyes… he nearly came right then.  With a smile, he slowly, lightly slipped his hands up under her skirt, just outside her thighs, and grabbed the sides of her panties.  He felt her squirm, trying to delay the inevitable, so he pulled them off very slowly, inch by inch, watching her horror increase as she felt her pussy exposed to the air.  Now he had them out from under her skirt, resting on her knees.  He stood and walked to his desk, and for a moment, Danielle thought that maybe, just maybe, it was going to stop.  But no, he was walking back… with scissors.  As she begged and pleaded, he cut off her shirt and bra, leaving her completely topless.  And then he snipped her simple, white bikini panties on each side, and pulled their remains off her lap.  
  
       Danielle was sweating and trembling now.  Only her little skirt, resting about halfway down her thighs, protected her pussy from the eyes of all her classmates… and Mr. Winters.  
  
       “Now class, you’ll notice that this chair has a large black knob right here.  This is to spread the stirrups that Danielle’s legs are firmly strapped to.  As I turn the knob, her legs will open wider and wider, until I believe her vaginal lips are fully spread.  Then I will remove her skirt.  Let’s begin.”  
  
       “NO! NO!” Danielle cried, but he’d already begun to turn the handle.  Inexorably, her legs were pulled apart, her struggles utterly useless.  The muscles in her inner thighs stood out like cords, but to no avail.  Further, and further… first, she felt a draft on her pussy.  Then she felt her outer lips gently open, then, finally, her inner lips were open as well, the air cold on her there, where no one save she herself had ever ventured.  The skirt had flopped down in front of her, protecting her temporarily from their eyes and memories, but she knew it wouldn’t last long.  
  
       Finally, with her legs spread almost a hundred and eighty degrees, the stirrups locked into place.  Mr. Winters left his place by the handle, and knelt once again in front of her.  
  
       “Please, sir, please don’t do it!  Please!  I’ll do ANYTHING!  Just please, anything but this!”  she begged, her voice hoarse from crying.  Mr. Winters grinned.  
  
       “Anything?” he queried, softly.  
  
       “Yes!” she cried.  
  
       He appeared to consider the idea for a moment, and as he did, he placed his hand lightly on her inner thigh, just above the knee, and stroked her in a slow lazy circle.  
  
       “The problem, Danielle, is that the one thing I want is to watch you as you realize all these people can see you spread open and utterly helpless to cover yourself.  You can cry and plead, but at the back of your mind, you’ll know there’s nothing you can do.  Absolutely nothing, Danielle.”  And with that, he flipped her skirt up around her waist.  
  
       She wailed and shook, but there was nothing she could do.  For a moment he remained perfectly still, his eyes drinking in her soft pink lips, her trembling muscles, and the smell of… arousal?  Surprised, he examined her more closely, noting that she was indeed wet, not merely damp or moist.  His erection strained.  
  
       And then he stood up, moved to the side, and everyone in the room could stare their fill at Danielle’s naked body.  
  
       “Again, because of her uncooperation earlier, her punishment will be more severe.  Starting with the first row, you will rise and file past Danielle.  You are free to touch her, so long as you do no physical harm.  Because she might be a virgin, and therefore might have an intact hymen, you absolutely may not penetrate her in any way.  If you attempt to, you will be subjected to punishments that make today look like a slap on the wrist.  Understood?  Row one, starting with Andrew, please come down.”