**Humiliation School**

by dah

Suzy sat at the back of the class, a smile etched across her face. She pretended to write in her book, but really she was reliving her personal triumph. It wasn't hard to do. Her personal triumph was sitting right in front of her. It was Jackie (the bitch) sitting in her seat without a blouse. Just her little tartan skirt, knee high socks, shoes and a bra. This is how it happened...

Earlier that day Suzy has been running to class, late for a change. Suzy was normally such a good girl. In fact most of The Cronenberg school for girls were good, especially when you consider public humiliation as the punishment. Anyway, Suzy was running, with seconds to spare, when she looked up to see Jackie (the bitch) in the same predicament. Tardiness was not looked upon kindly at Cronenberg, the loss of at least one item of clothing was almost guaranteed.

Suzy and Jackie hit the door at the same time, colliding with a loud thok! Jackie fell, Suzy didn't. Jackie landed on her little bottom and looked slightly dazed as Suzy smiles sweetly, opened the door, and let herself in. She then closed the door after herself, leaving Jackie in the hall. Then the bell rang. Class had begun. Jackie was late.

Suzy was pretty slick for a sixteen year old.

She smiled broadly, like the proverbial cat with the cream, when Jackie entered, head down, and walked up to the elderly Ms. Carpenter. Carpenter was a stern, humorless woman, who seemed to delight in humiliating her students. Only last week she'd made a girl walk around bare breasted for two whole periods for simply not doing her homework. In the middle of winter! The girl's goosepimpled, firm nipples had been streaked with her tears for hours as she walked around, exposed. Carpenter was a woman you didn't want to mess with.

"Jackie Keaton, what are you doing in class late?" Carpenter shrilled as soon as she saw Jackie. Jackie sighed. She knew excuses were of no use.

"I'm sorry Ms. Carpenter, I-" Jackie stammered. Carpenter shook her head, horn rimmed glasses trained like radar on Jackie's blouse.

"You take off that blouse Miss Keaton. Maybe a cool shock with remind you of the importance of punctuality."

Jackie went bright red. Some surreptitious titters of empathy and amusement twinkled around the room. Suzy's smile began to show teeth. Jackie slowly undid the buttons of her blouse and, with shaking hands, spread the white fabric, exposing pert little breasts encased in a modest white cotton bra. Carpenter nodded and snatched the blouse of Jackie's back. Her instinct was to cover herself but she knew that would only result in further clothing sanctions.

She stood in front of the class, shivering and blushing. Suzy leered. Carpenter spoke: "Okay Jackie, you can get this back at the end of class." Jackie sighed in relief. At least she didn't have to walk around all day with no blouse. She sat down, in front of Suzy and...

... that brings us to the present. With Suzy pretending to write and smiling. Then something funny happened. Jackie stood up, ran one hand through her blonde locks and picked up something from her bag. Suzy couldn't see it. She then stood up, but seemed to slip over. Little breasts jiggling. More laughter.

"This just isn't Jackie's day..." thought Suzy. Delighted. Jackie used Suzy's bag to help herself out, hand lingering around the edge. Suzy frowned but didn't pay much attention. She was more interested in seeing what Jackie would do next.

Jackie walked to the front, and knelt next to Ms. Carpenter. Whispering into her ear. "Something's wrong..." Suzy thought. This looks bad.

Her intuition was confirmed mere seconds later when:

"Suzy O'Brien. Could you stand up please?"

Suzy was slightly bewildered but not really nervous. I mean, after all, she hadn’t done anything wrong. Right?

So Suzy smoothed down her dark brown hair, made sure her school tie was straight, stood up and smiled. The redness of her lips juxtaposing with her porcelain white skin.

"Yes Miss?"

"Suzy, could you open your bag for me please?" Carpenter requested.

Suzy nodded. Why not? She knelt down, picked her bag up and opened the flap, showing its contents to Ms. Carpenter and the front half of the class.

A gasp. Long and deep from the class. A wide eyed expression of disbelief from Carpenter. A sly smile from Jackie, who's nipples were no pushing through the fabric of the bra. Suzy felt the pit of her stomach fall away, she looked down into the bag...

What was it? Were her tampons showing? Was it-

OH MY GOD…

Cigarettes. A packet of cigarettes were in her bag. Jackie must have put them in! OHMYGODOHMYGOD!

Suzy spoke in a Tarantinoesque flurry of justification: "Missmissmiss, These aren't mine, Jackie must have put them in when she fell over an-"

"MISS O'BRIEN COME TO THE FRONT OF THE CLASS!"

Suzy couldn't believe what was happening. Three seconds ago she was living in a world of happiness, now... now didn't even bear thinking about... I mean the punishment for smoking was... was...

"Tops or Bottoms Miss O'Brien."

Another gasp from the class. Tops or bottoms. One of the most severe punishments. Basically it entailed removal of all clothing from the waist up or the waist down. ALL CLOTHING. Suzy blinked at Carpenter.

"Suzy do you think I'm being rhetorical? Decide or I'll let the class decide."

"But Miss they weren't my cigarettes!" Suzy wailed, knowing all was lost. Carpenter shook her head. She would have none of this.

Suzy went bright red. She knew that in mere seconds she was going to have to expose her tits, or her bottom and pussy to the entire class. This had never happened to her before. She'd never been punished.

Suzy was a good girl.

"Tops..." She whispered. Eyes downcast. Jackie went back to her desk to watch the show. As Suzy slowly took off her navy blue school blazer and put it on Carpenter's desk. She then undid her school tie and put it next to the blazer.

A buzz of anticipation was starting to sweep the classroom. Eyes were trained on Suzy's firm pert mounds, that seemed to strain against the material of her school blouse. Quite a feel of the girls had fantasies about seeing good little Suzy humiliated in front of the class and it was about to happen...

First the top button, then the next three and finally the bottom button Suzy's blouse spread open exposing large, pale white breasts still hidden inside a silky bra. But not for long. Suzy put her blouse down and reached behind her back...

Snick! The bra catch was opened. Suzy looked pleadingly at Carpenter.

"Miss Carpenter they weren't my cigarettes." She mewled.

The class gasped. She'd just called MS. Carpenter MISS. Carpenter really hated that. REALLY hated that. Suzy as yet hadn't noticed her faux pas and Carpenter was obviously milking the moment. She just stared straight at Suzy. Suzy shook her head, blinked her moist eyes and peeled her bra off.

Two large, pale breasts popped into view. Pert and milky white. Two large, pink erect nipples jutted out like exclamation marks. A collective sigh went around the room and Jackie wasn't surprised to notice were panties were soaked. Suzy's first tears slid down her cheeks, down her neck and off the end of her left nipple.

She'd never been so humiliated in her life. But the worse was to come.

"And now, for addressing me as MISS instead of Ms., your skirt please." Suzy gaped, she turned to Carpenter, her breasts bouncing with the movement. Carpenter's look told her it was in her best interest to keep quiet.

And so Suzy unbuckled her little tartan skirt, and slid it off, exposing long white thighs and a tiny pair of pink panties. Pink panties. Pink.

Carpenter's eyes went wide. Jackie gaped. She couldn't believe it. Suzy wasn't wearing regulation panties! That meant...

"What colour are those panties SUZY???" Carpenter roared. Suzy looked down, her legs awkward as she stood bared before her friends. She took stock of herself, a sixteen year old schoolgirl wearing nothing but a pair of shiny black shoes, white knee high socks and PINK PANTIES!!!???

Why were her panties pink? Oh shit, it must have been her brother Anthony's stupid raver socks! They were red and he'd put them in with her whites!

She tried to stammer this but Carpenter would have none of it!

"You're an insult to your uniform Suzy O'Brien, therefore you won't have the privilege of wearing it..."

'Here it comes...' thought Jackie.

"... Take those panties off THIS INSTANT!"

"NOOOOOO!" Suzy wailed. Her legs crossing in involuntary shame. Not her pussy. Not her little pussy on display for the whole class.

"Furthermore, you can remain like that UNTIL THE END OF THE DAY!"

The class gasped. Jackie laughed. Suzy started sobbing freely. That was four more hours of walking around the school, the halls, the playground, with not a thing to wear.

"Now take those panties off or I'll send you home nude!"

This was a serious threat. Though no girl had ever been punished that severely (in fact previously only two girls had ever been required to be nude), there was in the school rules a clause where girls would be chaperoned home by a teacher, if they were totally naked.

The threat of that urged Suzy's thumbs into the elastic of her panties. She pulled them out... and dropped them to her ankles. They piddled around her immaculate shoes.

And there it was, Suzy's bare little pussy, covered with a tiny tuft of brown hair. She wept as the class drank in the vision of her little pink sex and her large, form breasts. Then her tight bottom as Carpenter made her turn around in front of the class.

"Now Miss O'Brien, you can get your garments after today's classes, but I think it's going to be a very long day."

Jackie agreed. As she watched the stark naked, weeping, exposed, humiliated Suzy walk back to her desk. She'd ensure it was a very long day...

**Humiliation School - the Afternoon**

**Humiliation School - the Afternoon, Part 1**

Suzy walked with her fellow students to Miss Copoletta's art class. All the other students were fully dressed, except for Jackie who was still buttoning up the blouse she had just retrieved from Miss Carpenter. MS Carpenter, Suzy corrected herself. That mistake was why she was walking through the halls without her skirt or panties. She had caused Jackie to be late for Miss - MS, MS, MS Carpenter's class and Jackie had lost her blouse for the one class. But Jackie's revenge of planting cigarettes in Suzy's purse meant Suzy had lost her blouse AND bra, and not just for the class but for the entire rest of the day.

The corridor was kept cool enough to allow a fully clothed student to walk through it briskly without becoming too warm. It was far too cool for a naked young girl. Suzy felt the goose pimples rising over her entire body, but particularly on her breasts.

"You look awful chilly, Suzy!" Jackie's loud comment caught the attention of the entire class, and Suzy started to cry again as every head swung round to gaze at her nakedness. Suzy tried to distract herself, and wondered about the note that had been delivered to Ms. Carpenter (she'd got it right this time) just before the end of class. Normally they would be heading for the cafeteria, for their late lunch, but Ms. Carpenter had told them to head straight to art class, which was normally the first class after lunch.

They quickly found their seats in Miss Copoletta's room, and Suzy sat with her elbows on the desk, trying to hide her breasts behind her arms. She snuffled a bit, trying to hide the fact she had been crying. Miss Copoletta was the nicest teacher in the school, as well as the prettiest. Suzy wished she wouldn't see her naked, but knew there was no hope of that. Ms. Carpenter had said that she was to stay naked for the rest of the day, and once a teacher had applied a punishment no other teacher would ever reduce it.

At various times in the past, seven girls had appealed punishments that they felt were too harsh. Two appeals, the lucky ones, had been dismissed, four had had the time doubled from one period to two, and the seventh one, who had had her blouse removed for the first period of the day, returned to that class naked and had to stay that way for the rest of the day. Suzy was not going to try an appeal.

When she heard the yardstick tap on the desk, she looked up at Miss Copoletta standing at the front of the class. She was wearing a light white dress, that contrasted nicely with her dark hair. The skirt floated gently around her knees as she gave her announcement.

"Class, we have a extraordinary opportunity today. That great photographer, George Westwere, or 'Big Daddy' Westwere as he is better known has agreed to give this class a seminar on photography today, as a special favour to me." The class knew she had led a rather bohemian existence before becoming a teacher, and wondered just how she knew 'Big Daddy'. "To accommodate this seminar, the rest of your classes are cancelled for today, and you will be spending the rest of the day in a special arts class."

Suzy was ecstatic. She wouldn't have to wander around the school any more today. She could sit at her desk and hide herself. She saw that Jackie was looking at her, so she gave her a real smirk. Jackie still had her revenge but not as good a revenge as she had expected. Suzy smirked again, as Miss Copoletta continued her announcement.

"We don't have time for lunch at the moment, but we will have a small snack in a just a few minutes. We must leave at once if we are to get to the Art Gallery in time. The bus is at the main doors. Quickly now. You can leave your books here, we won't need them."

OHMYGODOHMYGOD! Suzy couldn't believe her ears. They were going into the city. Strangers would see her tits, her bottom, oh god her little pussy. The art museum wasn't even in the local town, but in a nearby city, OhMYGod. She saw Jackie's wicked smirk, and knew that she would find a way to torture her even more.

She buried her face in her hands and sobbed as the rest of the class got up and streamed out the door. Suddenly she felt a hand on her shoulder. She looked up into Miss Copoletta's gentle eyes.

"You must come with me at once, or I'll have to punish you, and neither of us wants that." The gentle voice gave her enough courage to bring her sobs under control, and in a couple of seconds to stand up. Miss Copoletta held out her hand, and Suzy took it gratefully. "We must run." Miss Copoletta did not quite run through the empty corridors, but she walked so fast that Suzy, with her shorter legs, had to trot to keep up with her. As she swept out the front door and trotted over to the bus, Suzy realized what a spectacle she made, with her large breasts bouncing with every step.

When she got on the bus, Miss Copoletta took the aisle seat right behind the driver, and Suzy looked around for a seat as deeply buried in the bus as possible. She blushed when she realized that only one seat was left, the front aisle seat, right across from Miss Copoletta. She froze, standing there at the front of the bus. She knew that with the windows in the door, her naked titties would be visible to anybody standing near the bus at every stop they made.

The driver leaned over and pulled the lever that closed the door. "Please sit down, miss." Suzy jumped, then realized the driver was staring at all her private areas. She rushed into the empty seat, giving him - OHGODOHGOD, the driver was a MAN - giving him a perfect view of her tight bottom as she swung round to sit down.

Miss Copoletta distributed the snacks she had mentioned, a bun, a carrot and celery sticks, and a small carton of milk for each girl. Suzy ate the food and drank the milk mechanically. She really didn't taste it at all. She was numb with terror.

As the bus reached the city and started through the stop-and-go traffic, Suzy's fears of being seen through the door increased. The bus seemed to hit a red light at every intersection.

"I can't believe how brave you are." Suzy looked at her seat companion. "I'm Catherine. Our class has art class in the period just before lunch. Miss Copoletta told us that two classes would be combined for the rest of the day."

"Hi, Catherine, I'm Suzy. What do you mean by brave?"

'I'd die if I had to be starkers even just in one class. In your position, I can't think what I'd do, but I know I'd be weeping at the very least."

Suzy smiled gratefully at the pretty red-head. "Thanks for the support. This really shouldn't have happened, but I was framed. There's nothing I can do about it now, although I think it is numbness from fear, not bravery that keeps me from crying." She needed something to keep her mind of her situation, and the girl beside her might be a real friend. "You have a lovely accent, and that word you used - starkers; are you from England?"

Catherine and Suzy fell into that deep conversation that only new young friends can have. The next quarter hour just flew by. Finally the bus pulled into a parking lot that had a special arrangement with the school. The students all piled out of the bus, and started down the street to the Art Gallery. Fortunately for Suzy, they were only two blocks away, and there were no pedestrians on this side of the street. She walked in the middle of the group of students, on the side of the sidewalk furthest from the traffic passing on the street. It felt weird, and humiliating, to be walking down a city street wearing nothing but a pair of shiny black shoes and white knee high socks.

**Humiliation School - the Afternoon, Part 2**

Suzy breathed a sigh of relief as the double class crowded into the lobby; at least this was a bit more private. Miss Copoletta talked to the guard at the information desk for a minute, then on the phone for another minute.

"Well class, 'Big Daddy' Westwere is still very busy, arranging the display of his works, so he suggests we look at some of the classical paintings and sculptures while we wait. He wants you to look at their work as realistic portrayals, so that you can compare his photographs. Follow me."

She led them into one of the largest galleries in the building, the walls were covered with paintings, mainly of nude women, and there were also several nude sculptures.

"None of these statues has tits nearly as large as Suzy." Jackie's voice rang out loud and clear, and tears sprang to Suzy's eyes again.

"Yeah! But this painting does. In fact the face and boobs both look like Suzy." Suzy recognized the voice as that of one of Jackie's cohorts, and the tears rolled down her face. One of them dripped off her chin and fell right onto her right breast, rolled down to the nipple and then dropped to the floor. Suzy decided she would NOT let Jackie get the best of her, and forced the tears back, then gently wiped the remaining drops from her eyes.

"So you're saying Suzy really is pretty as a picture." Catherine's English accent was unmistakable. Jackie's friend started to make a nasty answer, but couldn't think of one, and just worked her jaw like a fish.

Miss Copoletta added, "You two girls are quite right; Suzy has a face and a figure that any artist would be delighted to paint." Suzy's heart swelled with joy that her new friend and her teacher would both stick up for her that way. She stood straighter, threw her shoulders back and vowed that she would not let herself be embarrassed again that day, but take her punishment proudly.

Miss Copoletta lectured the students on various elements of the paintings and sculptures. Luckily for Suzy only a few other people entered the gallery while she was there, and she bore their gazes stoically. None of the adults made any comment on her state of undress, probably because of the uniforms the other girls were wearing. Even though Cronenberg School was not actually in this city, its reputation was not unknown.

After forty-five minutes or so, a guard appeared and indicated that Mr. Westwere was ready for his seminar. They all trooped through the building to the special photography exhibit on the third floor. This gallery was about half the size of the other one, but was still large enough that the girls did not form a crowd in it.

From the nick-name 'Big Daddy', Suzy had expected a large man, possibly coloured, and was shocked when it turned out that he was oriental, and was definitely less than five and one-half feet tall.

He described the feelings that lay behind several of the photos on the walls, then, taking his place on a small dais with a lectern at the far end of the room from the entrance. He then started to talk to the girls about some of the techniques required to bring out all that he wanted from the subjects. As he started to discuss light and shadow, he suddenly broke off, then said, "This is far easier to demonstrate than talk about. Miss, will you please step up here?" Suzy jumped. He was pointing directly at her. She looked at him questioningly and put her fingers to her chest. "Yes, you. The nude young lady. You are dressed perfectly for this demonstration. Step up here please."

Suzy saw Miss Copoletta nodding at her, so she sighed and tripped forward to the dais. She had come directly to the front, and the steps were over at the end, so Mr. Westwere reached down a hand to her, and gave her a quick pull. She stepped up, realizing how this large step would display her taut buns to the entire class. 'Big Daddy's' pull was just a little too strong and she stumbled forward into him. His arms clasped her body to keep her from falling, and she could hear catcalls from her classmates as she straightened up.

She blushed and shivered when 'Big Daddy' touched her rib cage as he talked about light and shadow, showing where the shadows from the ceiling lights fell, and explaining how it was important to lighten the shadows so details would show up on film, but how they were necessary to give depth to the picture and ensure that her "beautiful, firm, big breasts" would be properly modelled on the final picture.

She stood there, humiliated, yet somehow pleased to be recognized as so pretty by such a famous artist. After about twenty minutes, the room was suddenly invaded by a whole troop of people. Miss Copoletta obviously recognized at least some of them, as she ushered the school-girls to the back of the room. Mr. Westwere, however, said to Suzy, "This will only take a few minutes. Just stand here, and we'll get back to the seminar in minutes."

Suzy wanted to cover herself with her hands and crouch down, but she knew that this was against school policy, so she stood near the back of the dais, arms at her sides, her large white breasts and inexplicably wet pussy lips on full display to the crowd of strangers, both men and women, during the introductory remarks of the museum curator, the long-winded welcome of the mayor and Mr. Westwere's thank-you speech. The ceremony took nearly forty minutes, the longest forty minutes of Suzy's young life, with the entire crowd standing right in front of the dais; Suzy even imagined she could feel their breath on her body.

After the ceremony ended, and the display was declared open, the students moved back up to the dais and Mr. Westwere continued his seminar, using Suzy for demonstration. A high proportion of the ceremony guests had stayed behind to examine the 'Big Daddy's' oeuvre, but Suzy noticed that a number of the them were spending as much time gazing at her body as at the photographs on the wall.

This portion of the lecture took nearly another hour, and she was extremely happy to step down at last, and be at least partly hidden by the bodies of her classmates. Her nightmare was almost finished.

Miss Copoletta led them to the lobby, then, just before stepping outside, turned to the group and explained, "I know you must all be starved by now. We have had no lunch, and the seminar was longer than we expected. However, the school has made arrangements with a small restaurant nearby. We will be stopping there for a meal before heading back to the school. You will all be having soup, a sandwich, milk and a dessert, but you may choose which of each you wish. Now, follow me."

They trooped out of the museum, and Suzy shuddered as Miss Copoletta led them away from the parking lot where the bus was parked. There was more traffic on the street now, obviously the evening rush hour was about to begin.

Catherine walked beside her, and the two talked about the exhibit, trying to keep Suzy's mind off her current predicament. It was only a few minutes until they arrived at the restaurant, though it seemed much longer to Suzy.

Miss Copoletta was met just outside the door by a waiter, and after a minute's conversation called out to the girls, "The restaurant is full right now, but rather than make us wait, they are opening this patio. Find seats at once."

Suzy started to move as far in to the patio as she could, but Jackie and her friend blocked her way and forced her over to a small table right against the railing by the sidewalk. Suzy saw she was trapped, and sat down at the table, the steel chair very cold on her bare ass, realizing that she would be fully visible in just her shoes and socks to anyone walking or driving by. Jackie had certainly made sure of her vengeance, and sat a neighbouring table so she could enjoy it to the fullest. Luckily for Suzy, Catherine sat in the chair across from her. Without her friendly chatter, Suzy would not have survived, she was sure. They gave their orders to the grinning waiter, and Suzy slowly relaxed; she knew she would be OK; the worst was definitely over. The soup arrived shortly, and as they started to eat it, Catherine was talking about her home, and how she missed it, how she envied Suzy being able to see her mother every day.

"Isn't that your Suzy?" Suzy recognized the shocked voice, it was Mrs. McCready, her gossipy next-door neighbour. Now her shame would be all over the neighbourhood by nightfall. She looked up to see Mrs McCready and OHGODNO, her mother. She remembered now her mother had mentioned she was going to go to the city for the sales.

"Suzy!!" Her mother's voice was more angry than shocked. "We will talk about this tonight at home." As her mother and Mrs McCready walked past her, she realized just how wrong she had been. The worst was definitely yet to come.

The End