**Jenny Baker in ADP  
by Gojira and Ron**  
Part 1

**Jenny Baker in ADP (Part 1) by Rob**

(Posted by Rob on May 09, 2000 at www.nude-in-public.com)

The following story (in several parts) will tell the story of the Alternate Discipline Plan through the eyes of some of the teenagers who are now "living the plan."

Though very successful in areas where it has been implemented, because of its controversial nature the exact town and state are not being revealed.

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Roni Johnson was a normal 18 year old girl having a normal teenage age chat on-line with a new girl who had just moved into their little community in a south west state. The new girl, Jenny Baker, had only been at school for three days and had just heard about what everyone called ADP -- the Alternate Discipline Plan, or just ADP for short.

Jenny: Is it true?

Roni: Is what true?

Jenny: That with this ADP thing that some kids end up, er, you know -- naked?

Roni: I'm afraid so -- I'm in it myself for the rest of the night -- it is suppose to end by breakfast tomorrow. . .

Jenny: You mean your -- you don't have any clothes?

Roni: Not right now -- I'm completely naked

Jenny: OHMYGOD -- what if someone saw you????

Roni: Then they would see me -- its part of the plan that this British group sold our parents on about four years ago. They call it "alternate discipline" and part of the punishment is that you lose clothing privileges and sometimes, yes, that means you get seen by people other than your family -- which is bad enough -- I have a 14 y/o brother.

Jenny: Aren't you like totally mortified? My kid brother hasn't every seen me naked. I would die!

Roni: I thought I would the first time too. . .

Jenny: How did this all start -- did you know it was going to happen? I can't believe this. I wonder if my parents knew when we moved here!

Roni: Oh, I remember how it started like yesterday. I was 12 and when Dad got home from work on Friday evening he told my mom, and Jeffery that we were going to a meeting a Church. . .little did I know then it would change our lives.

Roni: So like Dad said we were going to this meeting at church and I thought, "whatever" -- the adults were always having meetings to discuss better ways to raise children in this troubled world, blah, blah.

Jenny: And there was no clue what it was about?

Roni: I was like 14 -- I wouldn't have paid much attention. Oh I WOULD have paid a lot more if I would have known. So there are speakers, and the minister is like up there with our principal, and the mayor, and a man and woman from like somewhere in England.

Jenny: How did they even start talking about having to go around naked -- this is like so far out I can't even believe it.

Roni: You are enrolled in our school. You go to our Church (you have to in order to get into MV Christian Academy) and your family bought a house in our neighborhood. Jenny, your parents know and signed papers that they agreed to this plan.

Jenny: You mean?...

Roni: Let me finish with the story and then we'll talk.

Jenny: Shit!

Roni: I start watching the language -- that is one thing they really watch. . .anyway so then this English guy gets up and explains that they think they have a "better idea." He said there are two primary ways that people still punish their kids: 1. Corporal punishment -- spankings and stuff.

Jenny: You get spanked?

Roni: Never did much -- but even less over the past 4 years. And, he said the other way is "loss of privileges." You know stuff like being grounded, you are not going to get to go to the dance and stuff like that. I'm like only half paying attention but I notice most of the parents are like nodding their heads.

Jenny: Go on!

Roni: Sorry -- it was my kid brother coming in to get some thing for his homework -- actually he just wanted to see me bare-ass again. He's a jerk! So, then these English guys say they have experimented with an "alternate plan," and all our leaders have asked us to consider implementing it community wide. For the record we kids didn't get a vote -- only parents.

Jenny: This is getting scary.

Roni: By now, even at 12 I was beginning to listen -- my brother, who was even more of dweeb then, had his earphones into his gameboy and didn't have a clue. It was sorta of funny in a way:)

So the English guy says the "alternate plan" is a form of "loss of privileges and embarrassment or humiliation." He told of a boarding school where there were strict rules and when a student disobeyed they could lose a portion or ALL of their clothing for some period of time.

I was going, 'this can't be real.' Mom and Dad wouldn't make me walk around without clothes. . .

Jenny: So what happened?

Roni: I was wrong -- it was very real. They broke up into like little groups and discussed it and then came back and took a vote.

Jenny: What did they vote on?

Roni: Well at first only to accept the suggestion as an "alternate form of discipline" for parents who wanted to try it within their homes.

But, the big thing was they agreed that if a child in ADP, that's what they started calling it that night, had a loss of clothing period that extended to say, school or church that he/she would have to go that way anywhere in Mountain View -- including school or church.

Jenny: OHMYGOD -- now I am scared. You see we moved here because my parents thought I was like running with, you know, the 'wrong crowd' and they said they had studied this community a lot and thought it would be a great place to raise kids. I have a sister who's 14 and a brother who's ten. They know, don't they?

Roni: I hate to tell you -- but if I were you I start behaving really good. But even then sooner or later we all slip and then off comes the clothes -- or at least part of them.

Jenny: I want to know everything! Tell me all the rules and everything you can think of!!

Roni: OK -- but the first thing you need to know is that I said at first they approved it for parents 'in the home.'

Jenny: Yeah.

Roni: Well after six months -- I had just turned 15 it was agreed upon and I think they even made it like a law -- that ADP could be administered by parents, school officials, approved church officers, and as a juvenile punishment by city officials as well. It's in the back of your student handbook -- why don't you go read it and then check back. I'll e-mail you a story about what my first time was like. I gotta go right now,

Jenny: OK -- bye. . .but try and get back on line. I'm going to go read the stuff now!

Jenny signed off the computer and went straight to her book bag. Pulling the stuff out from school she found her Mountain View Christian Academy Handbook. Looking in the back she found a section entitled: Discipline. The words that followed scared her more than anything she had ever seen in her life:

*The staff and faculty at MVCA reserves the right to employee discipline as best suited to each individual student, and incident thereof. These forms of discipline shall include Corporal Punishment, Loss of Student Privileges, and the Alternate Discipline Plan (ADP.)*

*In recent years ADP has been found the single most effective form of discipline. While ADP is used far less frequently than other forms of discipline in the past, it appears it's effective rate is 98% higher. The following guidelines are used at MVCA in considering the severity of loss of clothing when necessary to use ADP:*

*Physical Violence: Complete loss of all clothing for three consecutive days at all times. Student must continue to participate in school, church and community activities during his/her ADP punishment. Alternate: Expulsion*

*Drugs, Tobacco or Alcohol: Same as above*

*Sexual Harassment: Same as above*

*Destruction of School Property: Same as Above*

*Theft: Same as above*

*Minor Theft (under $5.00 value) Same as above for 24 hours*

*Insubordination: Same as above for 24 hours*

*Failure to wear proper uniform: Loss of outer clothing for balance of school day.*

*Littering: Loss of outer clothing for balance of school day.*

*Failure to complete assignments in a timely manner: Loss of outer clothing for balance of school day. EXCEPTION -- If a student loses his/her outer clothing in one class and has missing assignments in other classes then they may forfeit all their clothing for second infraction and have one day added for each subsequent missed assignment on the day in question -- If student continues to miss assignments after all clothing has been lost, one day will be added until such time as all assignments are brought current at the sole discretion of the teacher(s) involved.*

*Other: Infractions other than those listed above will be handled on a case-by-case basis with the principal or assistant principal having final right of say on all ADP punishments.*

Jenny read and re-read each rule. At her old school she would have had to forfeit her clothes for like a semester. She quickly flipped to the page on appropriate uniforms and read:

*Outer clothing:*

*Tops (Boys and Girls) Pull over polo style top with school emblem in red, blue, white, or forest green.*

*Bottoms: (Boys and Girls) Tan or gray pleated slacks reaching the top of the shoe.*

*Skirts (GIRLS ONLY) Tan or gray skirts reaching to one inch below the knee*

*Shoes: Burgundy "penny style" loafers*

*Socks: Matching pants (Girls may wear panty hose.) UNDER NO CIRCUMSTANCES WILL SHOES BE WORN WITHOUT SOCKS/HOSE*

*Underclothing:*

*Boys: Basic white t-shirt and white boxer or jockey style briefs*

*Girls: White bras and full size white cotton panties -- panty hose with "built in" panties shall be deemed acceptable.*

*Athletic Uniform:*

*Boys: Blue sweat pants, t-shirt top and athletic supporter*

*Girls: Sports bra, panties, blue nylon shorts and t-shirt top.*

*Swimsuits: Issued by the Athletic Department*

*ALL ATHLETIC UNIFORMS WILL BE ISSUED BY THE ATLETIC DEPARTMEMT.*

Jenny was OK on the school uniforms. At least they had some choice of colors. She and her mom had already picked out all of the required wear at the local department store.

The shoes were goofy, but she could live with that. Right now her greater concern wasn't what she would be wearing, but what she might have to take off. . .

\* \* \*

Eighteen year old Roni Johnson sat at the keyboard. She was totally naked as she was currently in ADP -- her community's answer to the discipline problem of today's teenagers. She was writing a letter to her new friend Jenny Baker telling her what it was like the first time she ever lost her clothes as part of ADP. . .

So, like I said, I was like 14 and half I guess when the plan went into force. The first couple of days nothing much happened and then Sunday after church I wanted to go home with a friend. Mom said 'no.' So, I did what I always did, whined to Dad.

He didn't say anything, and just looked at my mother. She sorta of like nodded her head and looked at me and said, 'Young lady, I said no. I think its time for us to find out if ADP works. When we get home I want all your clothes off for the balance of the day."

I was too stunned for words and went and got in the car like immediately. But it was too late. The damage was done. Nothing else was said on the way home and I hoped they had been only bluffing. I went straight to my room and started to change out of my church clothes.

Then I heard Dad knock at the door. Instinctively I yelled, "just a minute." I was standing there in just like my shoes, socks, little bra and panties hanging up my dress.

"Roni," he said as he opened the door, "I wanted to make sure you understood what your mother said. Everything comes off until tomorrow morning. Behave and you can have your clothes back for school."

I started to cry. With the exception of like a glimpse when we changed bathing suits, or after taking a shower, Dad hadn't seen me naked in three of four years.

"Daddy, please. . ." I said in my best little girl voice.

He didn't buy any of it. "Now, sweetheart, everything off," was his only reply.

By now I was sobbing, "No, No, No."

Mom appeared at the door and I looked at her for a reprieve. There was none.

"Roni," she said firmly, but not really harshly, "they told us it would be really hard on you kids the first time. And us too -- it would be so easy to say, 'we'll give you one more chance,' but then you'd never believe us again."

Dad took over, "Your mom's right --- you will be naked between now and 7:00 tomorrow morning. That includes lunch and dinner tonight -- since this is the first time we won't make you go to the Sunday evening services at church, but you will have to sleep in the nude as well. Behave and tomorrow you can put on your school uniform and go to school and all will be forgiven and forgotten."

Jenny ,until it happens to you -- you have no idea of what it was like. I sat there on my bed, tears running down my eyes and started undoing my shoes and taking off my socks.

Still crying I looked up and pleaded with my eyes one more time. No mercy, though my parents really looked like this was hurting them too. I unhooked my bra and let it fall off trying my best to cover what little I had back then.

Then came the nightmare of slipping my fingers in my panties, sliding them down and pulling them over my bare feet.

I was totally naked, embarrassed like you wouldn't believe and humiliated beyond description. But, I have to tell you it was a LONG time before I ever went and whined to my father after my mom had already said no.

Once I was naked the next worst part was going down for lunch and having my brother stare as I walked into the room. I don't think he had ever seen me without clothes on and he just stared at my breasts and my little patch of pubic hair.

Mercifully my parents let me spend the day, except for supper, in my room. My brother tried to find reasons to come in and talk to me just like he did when we were on line tonight -- he's still a dork!

\* \* \*

It was almost bedtime and Jenny Baker, the new girl at Mountain View, had just finished reading the e-mail story of Roni Johnsons'first "ADP" experience.

She was almost in tears at the thought of what might lay ahead for her. At Roni's suggestion she had pulled out the MCVA student handbook and discovered that based on her behavior at her old school she would spend a lot of time, naked, in public -- if she didn't change her ways.

Then she noticed Roni had just signed on as well and she sent her a quick IM. . .

Jenny: Are you going to bed soon?

Roni: In a few minutes -- did you get the story about my first ADP time?

Jenny: Yes. I cried.

Roni: Not as much as I did that first time :) As a matter of fact, I usually still cry when it happens.

Jenny: Does it happen often?

Roni: Well, one thing is we always know how often it has happened, well at least at my house.

Jenny: Why?

Roni: My dad is like real big into record keeping and journal stuff. . .so my brother and I have a "punishment log" for ADP. . .the English people I told you about suggested that too as way "to constantly remind us of the error of our ways." Sheesh. Constantly humiliate us:)

Jenny: So how many times has it happened to you????

Roni: Just a sec...

Jenny: OK.

Roni: Here it is -- counting today this is the 27th time since it started four years ago. . .so about 6 times a year or so. . .

Jenny: Does it happen to everyone that much?

Roni: I dunno so...some a lot less. My good-two-shoes brother has only been in ADP like four times ever. . .some a LOT more. There is a girl at school -- Marge Peterson -- who she like is naked almost as much as she has clothes on:)

Sheesh she's an embarrassment -- some people think she like gets off on being naked in front of people.

Jenny: Roni -- I'm scared.

Roni: Well none of us LIKE it!!!

Jenny: I know, but -- can you keep a secret.

Roni: Sure, but once you are naked there aren't many secrets left.

Jenny: that's just it. I'm totally mortified to be seen without my clothes. Its probably the only reason I'm still a virgin. I can't imagine a guy seeing me like totally naked.

Roni: Its bad -- but you live through it.

Jenny: No one but a doctor has seen me without clothes in like ten years. And I cry every time the doctor examines me.

Roni: Not even like your mom or sisters?

Jenny: NO ONE.

Roni: So do your best and maybe you'll get lucky. My dweeb brother has:)

Jenny: I told you that I sorta, like ran with the wrong crowd at my old school. . .

Roni: Yea

Jenny: That was an understatement! I read the rules. If my old school would have had them I wouldn't have need a wardrobe ALL YEAR LONG!

Roni: OIC

Jenny: Hey, I don't want you to think I'm like a slut or trash, I just wanted to have fun and got into a lot of trouble. Fortunately they didn't do like spankings or god forbid this ADP stuff so I spent a lot of time grounded and in "in-school" suspension. I still have a 4.0 GPA:)

Roni: So maybe you were bored. . .

Jenny: Who knows - I just can't get this having to be naked thing out of my mind. So you are still that way right?

Roni: Right now?

Jenny: Yes

Roni: Yea, I was stupid this afternoon. My Mom picked me up after volley ball practice and I had been having like a real bad day. . . she said something and I mumbled, she asked again, and I mumbled, she asked a third time and I shouted at her --- CAN'T YOUR HEAR ME?

Jenny: Yikes

Roni: Yea, the minute I did it I knew I was in trouble. She looked at me and said, "Young lady," (clue I was in for it) "you have really been out of sorts for the past couple of weeks and I haven't said anything" (she was right) "but I think a little ADP would do you some good. Starting NOW."

That stung.

Jenny: You mean while you were still in the car on the way home????

Roni: 'fraid so. I looked at her. And her eyes had that, 'don't try me' look. I knew that I had a chance to get out of it without having to be naked at school tomorrow if I shut up...so I just looked at her and said, "I'm sorry Mom," and started taking off my volley ball uniform.

Jenny: I would have died on the spot. . .

Roni: Well, remember it has happened to me 26 times before.

Jenny: What time was this? Was it dark yet?

Roni: No, it was like 4:30 so it was good and light and the cars were everywhere. Fortunately in a mini-van cars can't see as much but all those SUV's could look right over at my bare breasts.

Jenny: How long were you in the car before you got home?

Roni: 'bout an hour. She stopped for gas, at the store and then had to pick up my brother from baseball practice. . .so all of his freshman friends saw me sitting there in the car naked. Sheesh -- that's what I hate.

Jenny: This has got to be a nightmare!

Roni: Jenny, it's real -- but I've been to a school and a house where they use to paddle as the number one punishment. In ways this is worse -- but it doesn't physically hurt as bad. But, you remember it a lot longer. I promise you it'll be "yes ma'am", "no ma'am" for me for some time:)

Jenny: So WILL you get your clothes back tomorrow?

Roni: Probably, I hope so!

Jenny: When will you know?

Roni: When I go down for breakfast -- if there is a clean uniform at my place then its over. . .if not. . .

Jenny: And if NOT?

Roni: Well Jenny, I guess tomorrow in English Lit you'll get to see a lot of me. . .that's what I hate -- I haven't had to be in the buff but like three times at school -- though I've lost my outers a few times -- but at least everyone understands and NO ONE will every make fun of you. At least not in front of a teacher.

Jenny: Why?

Roni: It's considered harassment and is an automatic three days completely nude 24/7. . .I need to turn out my light -- the last thing I want is my mom to have any reason not to have a clean uniform waiting for me in the morning. Hey, if I'm not naked (then I'd get driven) do you want to walk to school -- I go right by your house?

Jenny: Sure -- what time?

Roni: If I'm "OK" it'll be about 7:30 -- if not I'll call you:)

Jenny: OK 'night

Roni: Same to you!

After she had signed off Jenny stared at the screen for a long time before getting up and dressing in her floor length night shirt. She didn't sleep in a bra, but kept her panties on. She thought about her new friend Roni a few blocks away going to bed, completely naked and not knowing till the morning if her punishment would end.

She cringed at the thought and climbed into bed pulling the covers up to her chin praying, please don't let it happen to me!

End of part 1

**Jenny Baker in ADP  
by Gojira and Ron**  
Part 2

*Background: Back in 2000, A story called "Alternate Discipline Plan" was posted in the Nude-in-Public.com Stories board. The original author, Rob, posted two parts to the story. Rob sketched out the details of the plan from Roni Johnson's point of view, as she explained it to Jenny Baker, a new student. However, Rob did not continue posting. He left us hanging with Jenny staring after her two friends on the street, saying, "little did she know her own ADP time was approaching... and rapidly!"*

*Two other authors continued the story of Jenny's adventures. Palmetto put a bondage spin on the story by placing poor Jenny in handcuffs because she kept trying to cover herself. Aberrantoff, the next author, continued with a story of Jenny trying to go about the rest of the day with her hands cuffed behind her back. It is my intention to pick the story up here, where Aberrantoff left off.*

*Rob did post the rest of his story. I don't know where he posted it, but I found the completed document on the Cronenberg Academy yahoo group web site. He did not include any of the elements of Palmetto's or Aberrantoff's additions. However, his version of the story ends with the phrase "Permission is hereby given by the author to archive and to use this story on other sites as long as the author (Rob, the roving reporter) is credited." Rob, if you read this, I hereby credit you as the author of the original story. Also, to Palmetto and Aberrantoff, I credit you as authors as well. I am only trying to improve on one of my favorite stories of all time.*

*I will start by including here the text created by Rob, Palmetto, and Aberantoff. They make up the first 4 parts of the story. I will continue from there.*

*Gojira*

**Jenny Baker in ADP (Part 2) by Rob**

At 6:15 the next morning Roni Johnson's alarm clock sounded and she rolled out of bed. Normally she slept in panties and long t-shirt, but since she was in ADP she was completely nude.

She had 15 minutes to get in and out of the hall bathroom before her 14 y/o brother got up. Even though Jeffery had seen her naked many times over the past four years she still hated it. Maybe what she really hated was how he seldom ever lost his clothes. It wasn't that he was that good, he was just so much better at not getting caught -- Or not saying something stupid to parents that would cause loss of his clothing and dignity.

Whatever! She hated that he would come out in a few minutes in boxers and a T-shirt and stare at her naked body.

She set a record in showering, shaving her legs, and attending to other bathroom chores -- but she wasn't fast enough. . .When she opened the door there stood Jeffery. He was now an inch taller than her which made it even more embarrassing. . .

"Morning sis, you are looking really good today," he said with a smirk, "so are you out of ADP or will the whole school get to see you too?"

She walked past him without speaking, went to her room, made up her bed, dried her hair, touched up her nails, checked her home work and then finally resolved she was going to have to find out if she got her clothes back or not.

In her family the general rule was "all or nothing." At school you might lose just your "outer clothing" but if it was a home ADP it was shoes, socks, pants/skirt, shirt, bra and panties.

Unless there were special circumstances your clothing was then restored at breakfast the next day, or what ever day the punishment officially ended. Yesterday, her mother hadn't indicated an "end." By now, Roni knew how to get into trouble and was pretty good at sucking up to get out of it. . .

So last night, even though it had put her more on display, she had volunteered to help her mother with the kitchen duties, and folded all the laundry and even stayed put when a neighbor came over for a visit. Sheesh that was embarrassing too -- the lady had brought her 6 year old daughter who had tugged on her mother's skirt and whispered (loudly) "Mommy, Roni ain't got no clothes on. . ."

Roni rounded the corner going to the breakfast nook in the kitchen. There was breakfast on the table. The table was set. Her dad was reading his morning paper and drinking a cup of coffee. Her Mom was at the stove. And as Roni looked at her chair, her heart sank. There was no uniform there.

She sat down and tried to think positively. This was hard to do sitting naked with your father on the other side of the table. Her Dad never made her feel uncomfortable, at least no worse than she already was. . She thought about her friends, she thought about volley ball practice, she remembered she was suppose to walk to school with the new girl Jenny Baker. . . It had happened three times before and each time she spent the whole day on the verge of tears.

Then she realized her Mother was talking to her and she quickly snapped to the present:

"Roni, your uniform is in the dryer -- it should be dry by the time you finish breakfast. . .I didn't remember until this morning. You've pretty much earned your way out of ADP, just watch the way you talk in the future."

Roni breathed a huge sigh of relief, got up and kissed her mother, and 20 minutes later the completely clothed Roni Johnson was knocking on her new friend's door getting ready to walk the 1/2 mile distance to MCVA. . .

Jenny was relieved for her friend when she heard the knock. She kissed her own mother goodbye, and listened with wide eyed excitement as Roni described how she thought she was going to have to be naked at school.

On the way Jenny pumped Roni for more details. "So if you would have been naked today would you at least got to wear shoes or flip flops or something on your feet?"

"No, shoes and socks are never allowed in any ADP -- even if its only 'outer clothing' they are considered 'outer.' Hey, but in a way being barefoot is better than these goofy loafers," she said with a quick laugh.

"And so you go from class to class like totally naked? You mean you can't like wear a towel between classes?"

"Jenny," Roni replied patiently, "in ADP it means you LOSE all rights to cover your body. They give you a 18" x 24" towel to carry in your back pack that you have to sit on. But to try and 'cover up' in ADP would just earn you less clothing or more days. . ."

"What about if you are like on a team and have practice?"

Roni grimaced and remembered how close she came on this one this morning, "Depends on the Coach. You still have to go to practice -- sometimes they make you just sit there naked and watch. . .our volley ball coach, Ms. Stanhill would have made me practice in the nude. Or at least that's what she's always done in the past. So there you are running and jumping all over the court with your boobs flapping around and showing everything you've got. The boys usually stop and pretend they are taking a break and watch when we have a volley ball girl in ADP. . ."

As they walked onto the campus Jenny stopped because standing not 25 feet away was a boy wearing a back pack and nothing else.

"OHMIGOD!" Jenny said in a loud whisper -- its a boy and he's totally naked.

"Jenny!" Roni replied with a strong whisper, "One, it happens to boys and girls alike and TWO watch your language if you don't want to be dressed like him. . ."

"What did I say???"

Roni looked around and whispered, "You said 'ohmigod' Jenny this is a Church school and they take that 3rd commandment thing about not taking the Lord's name in vain real, real seriously here."

"I didn't see anything about swearing in the rule book!!"

"Trust me on this one," Roni replied, "it didn't say don't murder either. . .If a teacher heard you -- you would as a 'new kid' got ONE warning. If the principal, Mr. Marks, heard you, new or not, it would have been outers off for the rest of the day -- and completely naked for a full day for a second offense. . ."

Jenny clamped her hand over her own mouth and realized just how much she used that expression -- everyone did in California where she was from. . .

A few seconds later the bell starting the day at MCVA rang and the horde of students headed for the entrances. She and Roni were both heading for first period English Lit. As they walked in the room and sat down again she was again startled as a very scared looking girl walked into the room, wearing just her back pack a pair of white panties and her bra.

This time at least she kept her shock inside her mouth. Roni nudged her and whispered, "Looks like Melissa is still in trouble from yesterday -- she lost her outers for missing an assignment. If she doesn't have it and today's work she will be in real trouble. . .

An overview of Mountain View Christian Academy. . .a Church run private school somewhere in the great Southwestern part of the United States. Four years ago they embraced the Alternate Discipline Plan (ADP)as the school's primary punishment vehicle. The results have been outstanding and the concept in now universally practiced in most homes as well as the Church and community of Mountain View as a whole.

Mountain View Christian Academy is a private school with two divisions. Junior High (grades 7,8,9) and Senior High (grades 10,11,12.) There is a Mountain View Christian Elementary School, but it is completely free standing, and at it has been determined that loss of clothing as a punishment (ADP) works better in Jr. and Sr. High than at the Elementary level.

While many school systems in the state have switched to a middle school concept there is no plan for such a change in Mountain View.

Mountain View has 612 students: 303 in Jr. High and 309 in Sr. High -- Their graduation rate is a staggering 99.9% over the past 5 years (about the same time as the school has practiced ADP) Prior to this the graduation rate was still and excellent 91.8%

When outside educators visit ADP is the number one subject of conversation. After over four years the school can categorically declare it very successful and the administrators are always happy to share their results and methods of implementation. . .

On any given day 5% of the Jr. High students (about 15 kids) will be in some form of ADP -- usually loss of outer clothing.

At the Sr. High Level it is usually only about 3% (about 10 youth) but interestingly 8 out of 10 Sr. High kids in ADP are usually completely naked.

The "record" for any one day was when two Sr. High Home Rooms decided to stage a protest in the student common area and kinetically refused to go to class. After repeated warnings and reminders that this was "not a democracy" both classes were ordered into ADP -- complete loss of all clothing for seven days.

For students withdrew rather than face the punishment. . .the other 47 students spent the week at school, home, church and community as naked as the day they were born.

The record for a single year was established last year by Marge Petersen who was in some form of ADP for 50 of the 180 school days. It was noted that ADP was indeed an alternate plan, but that corporal punishment was NOT abolished at MVCA.

When Marge's punishment was intensified to include 20 licks with the standard discipline paddle each time she went in to ADP her behavior improved, dramatically.

Roni Johnson was sharing this information with her new friend, and MVCA's newest student (Jenny Baker) over lunch when they saw Melissa -- from their first period English Lit class walking across the cafeteria.

She looked in somewhat of a daze. She was also totally naked.

Roni stood up and motioned Melissa to join them.

Jenny tried to look away in embarrassment as Melissa sat down next to Roni and across for her.

In a sympathetic tone Roni asked, "What happened, I knew you were in ADP, but I thought it was just outer because you didn't get the English Lit assignment done yesterday?"

Melissa looked up from her tray -- she had obviously been crying. She was a very attractive girl about 5'4" tall and weighing just about 110 lbs. Her long light brown hair was tied in a pony tail and hung just past her shoulders.

She had small to medium size breasts that could have easily passed the old "pencil test." The cool air of the cafeteria was causing her nipples to be very erect and pronounced.

In a barely audible voice she answered, "It's my fault. I worked on English Lit and got completely caught up. The teacher had already give me a green slip to go back to the office and get my outers back. . . but last night I spent so much time on English that I forgot I had two math assignments due."

Roni frowned, "that's a bad break."

Melissa continued, "Yea it is, because Mr. Kirk in Math had already let me slide yesterday since he knew I was going to lose my outer clothes. I didn't get a chance to get to the office before I got to his class so technically. . ."

Roni interrupted, "you were still in ADP when you got to Math."

"Yep. And so when I was now missing two assignments he gave me a yellow and red flag. . ."

"Well," Roni said, "the yellow alone would have got you naked for the rest of the day since you were still in ADP. . ."

"Yea, well you know the drill," replied Melissa as she went back to stirring her lunch, not really wanting to eat anything."

Jenny looked on and finally asked, "So now what?"

"Oh, I'm sorry Melissa this is my new friend Jenny Baker, I've been trying to explain how ADP works to her. . ."

Melissa tried to smile as she looked up and said, "Hi, well now you can show her and I hope she picks it up quicker than I have. . ."

"Melissa," Roni explained, "will now have to be completely naked the rest of today, Thursday and if she is back on track can get her clothes back Friday at the end of school. If not -- then she has to wait till Monday, and according to the rules it means she'd have to stay in the nude for the weekend as well. . ."

Jenny looked aghast, "What about like if you have a date or shopping or even Church."

Melissa shook her head, "My dad doesn't allow me to date when I'm in ADP. As for anything else I have to go to the store with my mother every Saturday and we never miss Church unless we are like, dead. . ."

"So you'd be out like, you know, you are, like right now, like. . ."

"Totally naked in public and private," answered Melissa with a look of chagrin. . .

As the lunch bell rang the three girls, Melissa, Roni and Jenny headed to different classes. For Melissa it was the continual embarrassment of going from class to class -- barefoot all the way up to her neck. . .Jenny, the newest girl at MVCA shuttered at the very thought of what it must be like to be required to remove all your clothing and be naked in front of your class mates. . .And Roni thought back to the first time she was required to be in ADP away from home and spent and entire day naked at school.

Like Roni, Melissa was on the volley ball team, and was relieved that at least today she didn't have to practice in the nude because Ms. Stanhill had an appointment and had rescheduled practice for tomorrow. She would still be naked then as well -- but at least it got put off another day.

Since the three girls lived in the same neighborhood Roni asked Melissa if she was not being picked up would she like to walk home with them.

Her mom worked on Wednesday afternoons and she didn't want to call her Dad. While it was only about a half a mile -- it went on forever when you were walking it stark naked. She welcomed the company.

As they walked they talked.

Jenny asked, "Do you ever like get use to being, you know. . .?"

"The word is naked," interjected Roni, "and no, I don't ever get over the feeling of being so exposed, so humiliated, so incredibly embarrassed. I've had to be in ADP three times at school and each time was the worst day of my life."

"This is my third time too," said Melissa, "and it feels as bad as the first two. Its like every boy I see is staring at either my boobs are my pussy."

"Melissa!" sheeshed Roni, "our privates."

"Bull shit, we are off campus and there are no adults around. That's what the guys call it when they are by themselves I promise you."

"What was your first time like Roni?" asked Jenny. She didn't know why but Roni was like her connection that allowed her mind to process this dramatic change that had taken place in her life. She prayed, and this time really meant it, every night that she would be able to keep her act together and never end up stripped and naked in front of her class mates. But deep in her mind was the sense of dread that it was only a matter of time. . .

Roni started her story, "I was 13 and in the 8th grade -- it was the start of the school year. We had been doing the ADP thing here in Mountain View for about a year and up until then I had been in ADP 5 times -- but all of them were at home. They were all overnights and ended the next morning at breakfast."

"Were they all, you know, er," asked Jenny?

"Total. Butt naked. My parents don't know how to do it any other way. The only time I've ever lost my outers and not my underwear is a couple of times at school."

Jenny shook her head at her friend's candor. Perhaps having naked Melissa with them was making her feel a little stronger.

"So anyway," Roni continued, "it was the start of the school year, I had gone out for and made 8th grade cheerleaders, I was no longer one of the "little 7th graders" I had 'arrived.'"

All three of the girls laughed as they remembered the stages of Jr. High School and how 'immature' they felt Jr. High girls were now -- but they remembered what it was like to get to the 8th grade.

"It had been a good weekend. Our team won on Saturday and I got to go to a party Saturday night at Church. My Mom was a little unhappy that I didn't get my room cleaned first but she didn't say anything."

"When I got home from the party I smarted off a little about how I was too tired to do the dishes, it was my turn, and again neither mom nor dad really said anything."

"To be honest I was sorta hoping that now that I was out of the 7th grade -- and obviously 13 is a LOT older than 12, that maybe the ADP thing would sorta like, go away. . ."

"So what happened?" asked Jenny inquisitively.

"Well," said Roni, "Sunday started going really down hill. I didn't want to get up and we were nearly late for Church; my tweeb brother and I fought all the way to Church; I skipped Sunday School to talk to a couple of the other cheerleaders about something; I fell asleep during the main service; the tweeb was even more annoying on the way home; I complained about lunch; my bed still was not made from Friday. . .by now I had been given 'the look' a few times by my parents. . .I don't know, maybe I was trying them."

"What finally pushed their button?" asked the naked Melissa.

"On the way home from Sunday evening services I pitched a fit because Dad wouldn't stop for ice cream. It got real quiet in the car and he said, 'that's it -- I think you know what's coming when you get home.'"

Melissa cringed and replied, "Don't you hate that feeling, you haven't heard it yet -- but you know its coming?!?"

"As you might imagine," Roni continued, "I shut up real fast. It was almost bedtime so ADP would just mean sleeping naked, or so I thought. . .when we got home my little brother who was 11 then, vanished into thin air and Mom and Dad took me into the living room."

Jenny could feel the tension in Roni's voice even now three years later and said, "If you don't want to talk about it. . ."

"No, its OK," answered Roni, "once we were there Dad looked at me and said, 'Strip. Now.' This was a little different because usually I had to get naked in my room. I started to cry a little as piece by piece I got closer to my birthday suit. Soon I was totally nude standing there. I saw my tweeb brother staring around the corner and wanted to kill him."

"Then they laid the bombshell. Mom spoke up, 'Roni your Dad and I feel you have been really pushing us lately. Depending on your behavior you'll get your clothes back either at 7:00 Tuesday, or Wednesday morning. Keep pushing and we may make it Friday morning."

"I was stunned," said Roni and in disbelief told mom, "I have to go to school TOMORROW."

"We now that Roni," answered Dad, "and you'll be naked, check in at the office and you'll get an ADP pass and towel to sit on. . .but not to cover up with."

"Man I was so scared," continued Roni, "I just sat down on the floor and cried. Tears were falling on my little 13 year old breasts which I thought were developing nicely -- I just didn't want anyone to see them!"

"My mom got up and sat down with me, she hugged me and said, 'Roni, we love you -- you'll get through this and you'll be better because of it.' And all I could think about were the 9th grade football players who had seen me in my short skirts at the football games were now going to see my priv..., er, Melissa's right -- pussy -- that is what I heard them whisper."

"All I remember," said Roni as they walked up to Jenny's house, "was that I wanted to die of shame, and I was still just sitting on my living room floor. The next day, or more, when I was really out there naked for everyone to see was more than I could imagine. . .

"But whether I could imagine it or not," continued Roni, "next morning came all too soon. I got up and showered, shaved my legs and trimmed my little patch of pubic hair -- dried off -- put on what little make-up that I wore back then -- did my hair -- and then took a look in the mirror. And, then I cried.

I looked good. Except that I was as naked as the day I was born. I tried combing my hair to see if it would sorta hide my boobs. . . it didn't, if anything it just pointed them out more!"

The girls had made themselves comfortable sitting on the family room floor of the Baker home. About that time, Marlene Baker, Jenny's Mom stuck her head around the corner and gave a cheery, "Hello -- who are your friends??"

"Mom, this is Roni who I told you about and this is Melissa. She's in ADP right now. . ."

Melissa blushed blood red. It is always more embarrassing when a stranger sees you naked for the first time -- sometimes its even worse when its another parent. . .

Mrs. Baker was somewhat nonchalant as she looked at Melissa and smiled and said, "Melissa it's good to meet you and Roni. I know Jenny has a lot of worries about ADP -- but to be honest its one of the reasons we moved to Mountain View. How long will you have to be naked dear?"

Her question was sincere, but still embarrassing, Melissa blushed as she replied, "If I get my work caught up I get my clothes back Friday afternoon. . .and I will get caught up I don't want to have to spend the whole weekend in the nude!"

"Now that's the attitude!" answered Mrs. Baker, "as long as you are working to get out of ADP, you girls are always welcome at our house. We would like to think that WHEN (she seemed to stress the 'when') it happens to Jenny her friends will be there for her too. . .Now it was Jenny's turn to blush.

Mrs. Baker excused herself and Roni continued with her tale, "So I put it off as long as I could, but I had to go stairs and get ready for the trip to school. Until you've done it you can't know the sheer terror of what it is like to walk out your front door without a stitch of clothing on and knowing that all your friends, teachers, and even strangers will see you that way for the rest of the day!"

Jenny just stared on in disbelief. . .

"The time came and out the door we went. I felt the cool dew against my bare feet -- I was very sensitive of the upholstery in mom's car -- and when we pulled up to school it looked like the whole school was there and all of them were staring at ME!"

Roni shook her head, "They weren't, but when you are naked in public that's what it seems like. I was the first girl in my 8th grade section to earn a full nudity ADP at school and so I did get quite a bit of attention that day. . .

When your parents invoke ADP you have to still go to the office and report the incident and get an ADP pass and a towel. The towel is blue with the letters "ADP" on it. Its 18" x 24" and you have to sit on it whenever you sit down. The rest of the time it has to stay in your book sack, or back pack."

Roni then told the rest of her story of going from class to class, volley ball practice, and a pep rally. Melissa shook her head in agreement -- while Jenny just kept shaking her head period.

Jenny interrupted to ask, "Don't the boys ever tease you even though its against the rules??"

Melissa and Roni both nodded. Melissa spoke up, "Yes! They are supposed to and if you can prove it their little butt will be bare for like three days. But they are very subtle. The way they look at your pussy instead of you. . .or one of them will walk by and cough and say, bare ass -- or cute tits -- but never where you could prove it."

"And then of course there's the hallway," interjected Roni, "we all get pushed around going from class to class -- I promise you, walk the halls of Mountain View in the nude and it seems every boy there will find an excuse to 'bump' up against you!"

The two seasoned girls both just continued to nod while Jenny kept saying those silent prayers, "Oh God, please, please don't let this every happen to me!"

Melissa stood up and said, "Wow, its time for me to be home -- it's been real, but I gotta run!"

"Me too," echoed Roni.

Jenny watched as her two new friends, one clothed and one naked walked out of her house and down the driveway -- her prayers continued till she fell asleep. . .

Little did she know her own ADP time was approaching. . .and rapidly!

End of part 2

**Jenny Baker in ADP  
by Gojira and Palmetto**  
Part 3

*Background: Back in 2000, A story called "Alternate Discipline Plan" was posted in the Nude-in-Public.com Stories board. The original author, Rob, posted two parts to the story. Rob sketched out the details of the plan from Roni Johnson's point of view, as she explained it to Jenny Baker, a new student. However, Rob did not continue posting. He left us hanging with Jenny staring after her two friends on the street, saying, "little did she know her own ADP time was approaching... and rapidly!"*

*Two other authors continued the story of Jenny's adventures. Palmetto put a bondage spin on the story by placing poor Jenny in handcuffs because she kept trying to cover herself. Aberrantoff, the next author, continued with a story of Jenny trying to go about the rest of the day with her hands cuffed behind her back. It is my intention to pick the story up here, where Aberrantoff left off.*

*Rob did post the rest of his story. I don't know where he posted it, but I found the completed document on the Cronenberg Academy yahoo group web site. He did not include any of the elements of Palmetto's or Aberrantoff's additions. However, his version of the story ends with the phrase "Permission is hereby given by the author to archive and to use this story on other sites as long as the author (Rob, the roving reporter) is credited." Rob, if you read this, I hereby credit you as the author of the original story. Also, to Palmetto and Aberrantoff, I credit you as authors as well. I am only trying to improve on one of my favorite stories of all time.*

*I will start by including here the text created by Rob, Palmetto, and Aberantoff. They make up the first 4 parts of the story. I will continue from there.*

*Gojira*

Time passed, as time does. Melissa did get her clothing privileges back the following day. Roni and Jenny continued to be friends, as well as Melissa. Since the three girls had most of their classes together, they got into the habit of studying and doing their homework together, at least a couple of nights every week. Roni gradually got used to the fact that ADP was the accepted means of discipline at Mountain View, though she was very careful - she sure didn't want to participate in that program.

It was in the beginning of October, when the leaves were just starting to turn, that Jenny's life also started to turn - for the worse.

Roni was ready for bed. She sat at her computer to check her Instant Messages one last time before going to sleep. She was hoping to hear from Jenny. She hadn't seen her since lunchtime yesterday, and was worrying a little bit - hopefully she wasn't sick or anything! Sadly, Jenny's inbox only had a few spam e-mails, so Roni sent another quick message to Jenny, and went to bed.

The next morning, after Roni dressed and had breakfast, she left for school. She waited on the corner where she, Melissa, and Roni usually met to walk to school. A few minutes later, Melissa walked up. "Have you seen Jenny?" she asked Roni.

"No, I was hoping you had. I didn't see her in fifth period yesterday, either. I hope she isn't sick."

With a concerned look on her face, Melissa suggested that maybe they should go to Jenny's house, to see what was up. It was only a block from their corner, and they had plenty of time before school, so Roni agreed.

As they turned to walk to Jenny's house, a horrifying surprise met their eyes. Jenny, with a tear-streaked face, was walking towards them, totally naked. The October morning air was chilly, and her nipples were poking straight out in front of her. Jenny was walking with both her hands in front of her crotch.

Roni and Melissa ran to Jenny and hugged her. "Jenny, oh my God, what happened?!"

Jenny, still sobbing, told her story:

"Yesterday, when I was getting dressed in the morning, I realized my uniform skirt was dirty - remember, when I got lasagne on it at lunch the day before? I forgot to have Mom wash it. So, I wore another gray skirt I have, that looks almost like it - it just didn't have the MVCA logo on it. I didn't think anyone would notice."

"I didn't notice it," Roni agreed.

"So any ways," Jenny continued, "between fourth and fifth period yesterday, when I was walking in the hall, Principal Marks stopped me and told me to wait for him at his office. I didn't know what it was about, but I went and waited. When he came in, he sat down at his desk and got out his big rules book. 'According to Student Code 26, Ms. Baker, you are out of uniform. That skirt is not school issued. You will remove all clothing, save your panties and brassiere, and place them in this box for the remainder of the school day.' He pointed at a cardboard shoebox on his desk. I was shaking by the time he looked up at me.

"'But, I didn't have...."

"He interrupted me, 'Yes Ms. Baker? You have an excuse for violating school dress code? This better be good. I am busy."

"I told him about my skirt being dirty, and that I forgot to have Mom wash it. He sat and stared at me for a minute, then said, 'Not good enough Ms. Baker. Take them off." I was so scared to strip down in front of him, even though it was only outers, but he had a look in his eyes. I pulled my shirt off, and tossed it in the box, then I leaned down and pulled my shoes and socks off together. I took a breath, and unzipped my skirt and stepped out of it.

"I tossed it into the box, and turned to go. 'Ms. Baker! Get back here!' Principal Merks yelled. 'Firstly, I did NOT excuse you. Secondly, you are STILL out of uniform. Student Code 26 specifically states that girls shall wear white full-size cotton panties, and a white bra. Your panties are not white, they are not cotton, and they are CERTAINLY not full-size! So, you will leave your underclothing in this box also. Pick them up at the end of the day, and get a towel on your way out.' I started to hesitate, but he slammed his palms onto his desk, stood up, and yelled 'DO IT!!'"

Jenny was sobbing as she told her friends about her ordeal.

"My hands were shaking so badly I could barely undo my bra strap, and I had my panties down to my knees before I realized that I was standing there totally naked in front of the principal. I felt like I was falling, or going to pass out or something. I could feel myself starting to cry. When I dropped my panties into the box, Mr. Marks told me I could go, so I went back out into the office, and the secretary had me sign for a towel.

"When I stepped out into the hall, I started to cry, so I went into the bathroom to wash the mascara off. I guess I didn't realize how close it was to the end of the day, but the bell rang while I was in there. 'Thank God!' I though - I didn't have to go to any classes naked after all.

"But Jenny, " Roni interrupted. "He said your ADP was over at the end of the day. How come you're still naked?"

"It's because of this." Jenny moved her hands from in front of her pussy, revealing pubic hair trimmed into a neat "landing-strip," like a bikini-model's. But what drew Roni and Melissa's eyes was the gold ring peeking out from under the patch of hair. "Mom came to pick me up yesterday, and when I was late, she came looking for me. She saw me when I came out of the bathroom, and she saw this ring."

Roni was shocked. Melissa asked, "When, umm... where did you get that?"

"Remember I told you I used to be kind of wild? A couple of years ago, some friend took me to Myrtle Beach, got me drunk, and talked me into it."

"Why didn't you take it out?" asked Roni.

"Can't. They make clit-rings so they don't come out. Otherwise, it might pop out while you're walking or something. So, when Mom saw it, she was pissed of. She didn't know I had it." Jenny started to cry again. " She told me that since I was so proud of my privates, I could damn well show them to the world for the rest of the week."

"Damn, Jenny. At least today's Thursday, so it's only for two days." Melissa consoled her friend.

"I'm so scared. No-one has ever seen me naked before today."

Roni thought, "Except for the people at the piercing place."

Jenny didn't know it, but things were going to get a lot worse.

The girls had been walking while they talked, and they were now in front of the school. Jenny had one hand over her crotch again, and the other arm she held in front of her breasts as they walked to Homeroom. Jenny sat in the back of the class. She quickly laid her towel on her seat, before sitting down again with her arms covering her chest, and her legs tightly crossed and drawn up..

A few minutes later, Ms. Prinz came in and started to take roll. "Adams?" "Here." "Allen?' Here." "Baker? Baker? Jenny Baker?" "H-here." stammered Jenny. "Pay attention, Ms. Baker. And move your hands. Brown?" "Here."

After roll-call, it was time for Jenny and Roni to go to history class. Melissa had geometry, so she gave Jenny a reassuring look and headed down the hall. Jenny and Roni walked together, Jenny with one hand covering her pussy, and the other holding her book-bag in front of her breasts. As they passed the big courtyard in the middle of the school, Jenny heard a voice call out, "Ms. Baker! Quit covering up!"

"Crap" thought Roni. "That was principal Marks. Jenny moved her book-bag a little to one side, and moved her other hand from her crotch for a minute, but it seemed to find its own way back, to cover her up.

Mr. Simonds' history classes were usually pretty boring - just names and dates and places. When the bell rang to end the class, he told the class, "Dismissed. Ms. Baker, stay a moment." After the students filed out, Mr. Simonds walked to Jenny's desk, where she was still sitting with her left arm over her breasts.

"Ms. Baker, I know you've been warned twice. It is against ADP policy for students to try to cover their bodies. The whole point of the punishment is humiliation. Report to Principal Marks immediately."

"But, I don't..."

"Go! Now!" Jenny, on the verge of tears again, stood and put her book and her towel in her bag. She didn't even realize where her hands were again, until Mr. Simonds yelled, "And move your blessed hands!"

Roni was waiting for Jenny outside. "What happened?"

"I have to go to the principal's office again," Jenny cried, and walked off. Roni worriedly watched her friend's retreating naked back.

"Ms. Baker, I told you. Ms. Prinz told you. Mr Simonds told you. And yet you still refused to accept ADP punishment as it was meant to be. ADP is designed to deter misbehavior, by using humiliation and loss of privileges as motivation. You may not be aware, though, that clothing is NOT the only privilege that can be taken from you. Since you refuse to move your hands from your body, even now, I am taking another privilege from you. For the next three days, you have lost the privilege of using your hands. Stand up, and turn around."

"What? How can you..." Jenny broke off her question as she felt Principal Marks grab her left wrist and pull it behind her back, followed by the right. 'Oh my God!' she thought. 'He's handcuffing me!'

And, indeed, that was what was happening. "These are lined with rubber, so they don't cut into you. I'm sure someone will take notes in class for you, and your parents will surely help you write your homework. Since three days from now is a Saturday, you may have them removed after the school day Monday.

Jenny couldn't believe it. She was going to have to spend 5 whole days, totally naked, and in handcuffs.

After Third Period was lunch. Roni and Melissa had already gone through the cafeteria line, when they saw Jenny come into the cafeteria, carrying her book-bag with both hands behind her. The ring in her pussy was on display to the whole school. She walked over to the table where Roni and Melissa were seated. They could see she had been crying again. "Roni? Melissa? Will you help me get lunch?"

"Um, OK, sure, Jenny." Roni replied. "Why do you need help?" Jenny turned around and showed the other girls her wrists, locked behind her with a pair of black, rubberized handcuffs.

"Holy cow!" Melissa whispered.

"I didn't know they could do that!" Roni was shocked. "Why?"

"Principal Marks said it's because I kept putting my hands over myself. I have to wear them till Monday! I can't itch, I can't type. I can't even feed myself! Ohmygod, I just want to die."

"Jenny, we're your friends, we'll help you. And watch what you say. For all we know, they can gag you, too. I've never seen handcuffs used for ADP." Indeed, by the time Roni got back with Jenny's lunch, there was a crowd of about 30 people, looking at Jenny's handcuffs, asking her about what happened. There was only one other student there in ADP, a boy in 12th grade named Sid. As Jenny was telling her story, he kept looking at her, and his penis was growing noticeably. He was standing to Jenny's right, and when she glanced over and noticed it, Sid's cock grew another inch. He reached to cover it, but Jenny warned him, "I wouldn't, if I were you. Look what happened to me.... I mean, DON'T look AT me."

Jenny finished telling the crowd about what had happened to her, crying through most of the tale. The crowd started to thin out, and Jenny looked to her right again. Sid was still there, looking at Jenny's locked wrists, and his penis was now as hard as it could get - and it was inches from Jenny's face. "Get that away from me, Sid. I mean it! Go away."

"Sorry," Sid blushed, and walked away after looking at Jenny's cuffs once more.

"I think he likes you, Jenny," Melissa whispered to Jenny. Roni giggled, cut up Jenny's salisbury steak for her, and speared a piece on the fork, to feed to Jenny. After the steak, she started to feed her the peas, but Jenny told her she hated peas, so Roni fed her the tapioca she had gotten for her.

"I feel so humiliated, like a baby or something." After the girls finished lunch, it was time for Fourth Period. All three girls had different classes this hour, so they said goodbye and started to split. In order for Jenny to pick her bag up, she had to back up to it, and squat as far as she could, so that her bound hands could reach the handles. She could feel the cool cafeteria air all the way into her pussy, and was glad that no-one had been looking - they would have seen EVERYTHING.

When Jenny joined Roni and Melissa for Fifth Period Science, she hurried over to the lab table where the three usually sat. "Guys, listen. Melissa was right, Sid likes me. After last period, he asked me if I'd go to the Dairy Queen with him."

"Ooooh, he's so cute." "And he's a senior. Jenny, you HAVE to go with him!"

"But, not naked! I couldn't! Besides, I couldn't even use my hands to eat!"

Melissa encouraged her. "Go on, Jenny. It's better than moping around. Besides, we don't have very much homework to study tonight."

Roni agreed. "Jenny, you HAVE to go. He probably won't ask you again."

"You guys really think so?"

"Yes!" both girls chimed at the same time. Roni added, "And tell us tomorrow how it went!"

At that point, the teacher started to write on the chalkboard, and said, "Class, open your books to page 348...."

End of part 3

**Jenny Baker in ADP  
by Gojira and Aberantoff**  
Part 4

“Are you kidding me Jenny? You have to go. Yeah, so you’re in ADP now. You’ll be in it again someday probably. But when will you get the chance to go out with Sid Reaver again? A senior! You’re so lucky!” exclaimed Roni.

The three of them, Roni, Jenny, and Melissa, who had all grown to be fairly close friends since the start of the school year, were standing at Jenny’s locker, helping her get the books she’d need for the night’s homework. Jenny could not get them herself, ADPed to the extent that she was.

“I don’t know Roni. I mean… how could I go to Dairy Queen like this? Ohmygod, I feel like I’m going to just die. I feel like everyone’s looking at me.”

This was not so far from the truth of the matter. While nudity had become a somewhat ordinary thing at Mountainview, handcuffs and clit rings were most certainly not. Girls were making not so obvious glances and guys were ogling Jenny’s completely exposed assets. She did her best to ignore them.

“Just watch the language. Unless you want it to get worse,” said Melissa, shoving Biology into Jenny’s already rather packed book bag. “You going to be able to carry this? Its kind of heavy.”

“Let me try,” said Jenny.

Melissa was right, the bag would have been a struggle to lift if carried normally, over the shoulder. And Jenny, who’s hands had been cuffed behind her for the next five days, was going to have a rather difficult time with it. She took the top handle of it in her hands and could manage to drag it along.

As if being naked and handcuffed was not humiliation enough, she thought, I now have to go everywhere dragging my book bag behind my ass.

And even dragging it soon became a struggle. As the three walked down the banks of lockers, the strap slipped from Jenny’s hands. Jenny looked behind her. The bag was on the ground, and she would have to bend over backwards, completely revealing her inner thighs and labia to anyone passing by, in the process.

She turned back around, hoping to get Melissa or Roni to do it, but it seemed that they were already halfway down the hall, and had not noticed Jenny faltering (she had already been lagging behind them due to the bag and all). She would have to get it herself.

Slowly, keeping her knees as closed as possible, she crouched, feeling behind her for the bag.

Her fingers came in contact with it and soon found the handle. The process had gone easier than she expected. Now all she had to do was stand with it and catch up with her friends.

This, it seemed, was the problem. Jenny struggled to stand, but with the bag in tow, she could not, no matter how hard she tried, bring herself upright. Her legs would have to open more in order for her to get leverage.

Already students were turning away from their lockers to see Jenny’s predicament. There she was, completely and utterly naked, in a sort of crab walk position, on the floor, breathing heavily and flushed with blood red embarrassment on her chest and cheeks.

Better to get this done with as quickly as possible, thought Jenny, and began to open her legs. All eyes watching her immediately went to her vagina, which began to stretch and part with the flexing open of her thighs.

She tried again. Still, it was not enough. She would have to further expose herself. Looking down, she could see her clit ring gleaming in the fluorescent lights.

Jenny could not stand to look at her fellow students watching her. She closed her eyes and further spread her legs. She was sure they could see everything now, and she was quite aware of her anus clenching as she exerted herself heavily, which she was sure could be seen quite easily by her onlookers. She could hear gasps from boys and girls alike, all around her. The entire locker bank had become silent, aside from these gasps. Everyone was watching her now. But none of them would help her. Perhaps they were too stunned to do anything. Perhaps they were enjoying this too much.

She gave it everything she had. She felt herself rising. Nearly there…nearly there…

Then the voice of Sid Reaver said: “You look like you need a hand, Jenny.”

Jenny opened her eyes. There he was, standing over her, not two feet away from her spread vagina, smiling down at her with ice blue eyes.

The bag slipped from her hands.

“Fuck!” said Jenny, and toppled forward, into Sid’s legs. She pushed herself away and picked herself up immediately. She noticed, looking at him, that he was now clothed. Earlier in the day she had seen everything there was to see of him…apparently the duration his ADP had completed. Now he was in jeans and a tank top. Unconsciously, she tried to turn her side to him, to limit his view.

“You know,” said Sid, picking up her bag, “it’s a good thing Marks wasn’t here when you said that. Who knows what he’d do?”

“What more could he do?” asked Jenny.

“Oh, I’m a senior, Jenny, I’ve seen things.”

“What things?”

Sid merely smiled, with those eyes… and threw her bag over his shoulder and began to walk outside.

“Hey! That’s my bag! Where are you going?”

“Come on,” Sid called back, “I’m taking you to get some ice cream!”

End of part 4

**Jenny Baker in ADP  
by Gojira**

Part 5

Jenny Baker was having the worst day of her life. But maybe things were starting to look up...

Jenny was the latest participant in Mountain View Christian Academy's Alternate Discipline Program. "The Program" had started at MVCA a little over four years ago. In the Program, children could lose the privilege of wearing clothing as a method of discipline. For minor infractions, a student would only lose a small amount of clothing for a short time. Multiple or serious infractions could lead to more serious clothing loss, including total nudity for days at a time. And of course, parents were free to administer punishments in the Program at home.

On Wednesday, the principal put Jenny in ADP at the end of the school day. She was technically out of uniform, because her skirt had the wrong logo on it. When Principal Marks made her remove her skirt, he discovered that her panties were not regulation size. He made Jenny strip naked in his office and leave her clothes with him. Her punishment was to last for the remainder of the day, which was only one class. She hid in the bathroom until is was time to go home.

Jenny's mother had come to pick her up at the school. Because Jenny was late, her mother went looking for her, and found her inside, just as she was coming out of the bathroom. When Jenny's mother saw the clit piercing, she went ballistic. Jenny and her mother fought all the way home, and both of them said some things they shouldn't have. Jenny's mom finally said, "since you're so proud of your privates, you can damn well show them to the world for the rest of the week!"

Thursday didn't go any better. Jenny's mom had called the principal that morning to let him know about Jenny's punishment. Halfway through the day, the principal called Jenny into his office to further punish her for trying to cover her nudity. He told her that he was extending the punishment until after school on Monday, and that she would be losing the use of her hands until then. He spun her around and cuffed her hands behind her back. Somehow, with the help of her friends, she made it through the rest of the day. And Sid Reaver, a popular senior, was taking her out for ice cream at the local Dairy Queen after school.

So now, here she was. Trotting through the school parking lot, totally naked, with her hands cuffed behind her back. Her heart was hammering in her chest, and she could barely hear from the blood rushing in her ears. Sid Reaver was walking up ahead of her. He carried her backpack over his right shoulder, and his car keys in his left hand.

School had just ended. There were only a few people in the parking lot that could see her predicament. Even though practically everyone had already seen her naked today, she still couldn't get over the embarrassment. She hunched over as she followed Sid, trying to hide behind the parked cars.

"Where's your car?" asked Jenny.

Sid turned to look at her. She could see his eyes flick up and down her naked, trembling body. She knew he couldn't help it, but it made her feel even more embarrassed. Her cheeks began to flush.

Sid just couldn't believe his eyes. Standing in front of him was a beautiful, naked, eighteen year old girl. Sid had seen plenty of naked girls at the school over the last four years since the ADP program started, but Jenny was something special. Jenny was absolutely beautiful. She had long, dark hair, parted in the middle, which went just past her shoulders. Her eyes were dark brown, almost black. Her pale pink lips were slightly parted, as she tried nervously to catch her breath. Sid watched her perfectly shaped B-cup breasts heave up and down, the small brown nipples slightly hardening in the cool air. She was glistening with a light sweat, probably because she was so nervous. She had her hands behind her back, because her wrists were restrained by black, rubberized handcuffs. Her skin was a light pink from her full body blush of her embarrassment. She was 5'5", about 110lbs. She kept herself trim, but she had a little roundness to her belly. And just below that, a small landing strip of dark pubic hair lead down to her exposed pussy. Glinting in the sunlight, Sid could see the small gold hoop in her clit.

"It's near the edge of the parking lot. I got to school a little bit late today, and all the good spots were taken," he said. Sid turned back around and continued walking, and Jenny followed behind.

After what seemed like forever, but was probably less than a minute, they reached Sid's car. It was a plain looking beige Honda.

"Let me get the door for you" said Sid. Sid opened the front passenger door.

"Thanks," Jenny replied. As she moved into the door, Sid caught a glimpse of her heart shaped ass partially obscured by her chained wrists. Jenny turned to face Sid as he stared at her. She didn't think is was possible to be any more embarrassed, but she felt like her whole body was turning red. She crouched down, bending her legs at the knees while keeping her back strait. She tried to scuttle backwards in this crouched position until she could feel the car behind her with her hands. When she did, she was able to lift herself onto the seat without bumping her head on the doorframe. Jenny sat down on the seat, with her legs facing outwards. Jenny had never tried to get into a car without being able to brace herself with her hands, and it was more difficult that she imagined it would be! She glanced up to see Sid watching her intently, with his mouth slightly open. She realized that he hadn't taken her eyes off her through her whole ordeal.

Jenny swung her legs into the car, and threw Sid a dirty look. "Shut the door, please!" she snapped.

Sid shut her door. A moment later, he opened the back door and tossed Jenny's book bag into the car. He could see her squirming in the front seat, but he wasn't sure what was going on.

Sid walked around the back of his car and opened the driver side door. He stood there for a moment, watching Jenny struggle in the front seat.

"Ahhhh!" screamed Jenny. "This fucking sucks! God dammit!"

"What's the matter?" Sid asked.

"I can't fucking sit in here with these cuffs on!" she shouted.

Sid could now see the problem. With her hands cuffed behind her back, Jenny couldn't lean back against the seat. She was forced to lean forward toward the dashboard, and now she was trying to move her hands to one side, so she could lean back against the seat on her opposite shoulder. He watched her struggle for a moment. He just couldn't believe what he was seeing.

"Don't just stand there, jackass!" she yelled. "Help me!" Jenny had a terrified expression on her face. She felt like she would burst into tears at any moment, but she really didn't want to cry in front of Sid.

Suddenly, Sid had an idea. "Try this," he said. "Sit on your hand for a second." She did. Sid continued, "now try to move your hands under your butt. Maybe you can pull your legs through the cuffs."

Jenny though about it for a minute. She knew she'd get in trouble tomorrow if she didn't have her hands behind her back. But she just couldn't stand the thought of going out on a date with Sid, being out in public, totally naked, without any way to cover herself. "Okay," she said. "I'll give it a try."

Jenny sat in the car seat, trying to work her shackled hands under her butt. It took a few minutes, but she managed to get her hands all the way out to the middle of her thighs. Once she did that, it was easy enough to pull her knees up to her chin and slip the cuffs over her feet. At last, she was free! Even though she still had the cuffs on, at least her hands were in front of her. She immediately covered her breasts with her elbows, and crossed her legs.

Jenny stared out the passenger window for a moment before putting on her seat belt. "Sid, do you have a jacket or something I can borrow?" she asked.

Without a word, Sid reached into the backseat and grabbed his letter jacket. He put it in her lap. She glanced down at it for a moment, not quite believing it was real. Slowly she grasped the collar of the jacket and pulled it toward her chin. For the first time since yesterday, Jenny was no longer totally naked. As she stared out the window, silent tears began streaming down her face. Sid started the car, and pulled out of the parking lot.

Sid could hear Jenny sniffling, but he decided to let her have a moment to collect herself. He remembered the first time he was naked in school, and how terrible it was...

After a few minutes, Jenny coughed to clear her throat. He could see her out of the corner of his eye as he drove. She reached up to wipe the tears from her eyes. "Do you have a cellphone? I need to call my parents and tell them where I am."

"Sure, hang on." He reached into his left pocket, pulled out his phone and gave it to her. Jenny couldn't help but glance over at Sid while he fumbled in his pocket. She could see that his dick was hard through his jeans. She smiled a little bit.

"It's kind of a piece of junk," he told her. "They don't let us have the cool new phones in school because they all have cameras in them."

"Oh my god, I didn't even think of that!" exclaimed Jenny. "What if someone was taking pictures of me!"

As she spoke, Jenny dropped her hands down to her lap, bringing the jacket with it. Sid quickly glanced over. He couldn't help but stare at her pert breasts. Jenny's nipples were a getting a little bit stiff from the air conditioning in the car. She realized that he was looking at her, and quickly brought the jacket back up.

"Don't worry about it," said Sid. "Cameras are strictly forbidden at the Academy. It's not in the rule book, but the last person who brought any kind of camera into the school was expelled."

"But its not forbidden outside the school, is it?" said Jenny.

"Well, no, I suppose it isn't. But that's the whole point of the Program, right? The embarrassment?"

Jenny groaned. "This sucks. I don't know if I can do five whole days like this." Her voice was tinged with panic.

Sid was amazed. "Five days? Like this? Wow, Jenny, I had no idea. That's pretty rough for your first time." He looked over at her again. She was staring at him, wild eyed, clutching his phone and covering herself with his letter jacket. She looked like she was about to start crying again.

"Look, I'll help you through it," he said, to calm her down. "And you friends will too. Pretty soon, all this will be just a bad memory. Hopefully you'll have some good times too."

Jenny slowly turned away from Sid. "Maybe," she replied. She sat in silence for a moment, trying to collect herself. After another minute or so, she seemed to remember what she was holding in her hand. She dialed the number for her house phone. Sid could hear it ringing.

"Shit. There's nobody home yet. I'll have to leave a message," she said. She waited another moment, then Sid heard Jenny say, "Hey guys, this is Jenny. I caught a ride home from school with a friend of mine. We're going to get a quick bite on the way home. I'll be home soon."

The two high school students sat in silence for a few minutes. Jenny asked, "You were in ADP earlier today, weren't you? What did you do?"

Sid sighed. "It was nothing serious," he replied. "I didn't have my homework done for my first class this morning. I lost my outers. Usually, that's not such a big deal. But then I found out when I got to my second class that I had done the wrong assignment. So, bye bye clothes." Sid paused for a moment. "I don't want to say that I'm used to it, but it's happened to me a few times before. So I was sort of prepared for it."

Jenny though about that for a minute. "I'm sorry I yelled at you in the cafeteria earlier."

"What do you mean?"

"You know, when I was sitting with my friends, and you were listening to my story..."

"Oh, right. I'm sorry, too." Sid chuckled. "It's tough not to react like that to your situation. It's kind of involuntary."

"Is it 'involuntary' right now?" said Jenny. Surprised, Sid glanced over at Jenny. She had a big grin on her face. He saw her glance down at his crotch and smile even wider. Sid smiled at her, despite himself.

"Its good to see that you're making jokes already," he said. "You know, you're going to have to clean up your language. I've never seen them use handcuffs before, but I have seen them use gags."

"Now you're just trying to scare me."

"No, really. I've seen some messed up things over the past four years. But maybe we should save those stories for later. We're here."

They had been driving for about ten minutes, and had just pulled in to the Dairy Queen. It wasn't too crowded yet. It didn't seem like there was anyone else there from the high school, but there were two families sitting at one of the picnic tables. Two sets of parents were chatting and eating ice cream while four children, two boys and two girls, ran around the table. The second table was empty, and there was no one in line.

"Can't we just go through the drive through?" asked Jenny.

Sid laughed. "Don't chicken out on me now," he said.

"Sid, I don't know if I can do this..."

Sid sat and thought for a moment. Suddenly, he pulled his tank top over his head.

"Sid, what are you doing?" Jenny was shocked. Sid was getting naked right there in the car in front of her. She'd already seen him naked once that day, but she definitely didn't mind seeing him naked again. His dick wasn't rock hard like it was in the cafeteria, but it was still pretty big. She could feel herself getting aroused looking at it.

Sid turned to her and smiled. "Come on, Jenny, let's go get some ice cream." He got out of the car, walked around to the other side, and opened the door for her. As he stood at the open door, smiling down at her, Jenny couldn't help but look at his dick. It was getting a little bit harder now, and it seemed to be bouncing up and down slightly, probably in time with his heartbeat. She bit her lip and looked up into his piercing blue eyes. His smile never wavered. She held out her hands for him to take. He took her hands in his right hand and helped her out of the car.

Jenny heard the family at the next table gasp. She could hear one of the women mutter "piercing." Jenny pulled her hands away from Sid and they immediately went strait down to cover her crotch. She pushed her biceps toward each other, attempting and failing to cover her beautiful, B-cup breasts. Her whole body began to flush red. She was so embarrassed! How could I let them all talk me into doing this, she thought to herself.

Sid broke Jenny out of her trance. "Come on, just ignore them." He turned and walked up to the counter of the Dairy Queen. Even though she had seem him naked in the cafeteria earlier today, she hadn't seen his ass. Now, he was giving her an eyeful...

After a few steps, he stopped and looked over his left shoulder. He could see that Jenny was staring at his ass. She looked up at Sid, with a guilty look on her face. If it was possible, her whole body turned an even deeper shade of red. He motioned to her with his left hand, and she stumbled up next to him. He offered her his left arm, crooking his elbow toward her. She looked down at his elbow, and looked back up to his still smiling face. Slowly, she lifted her hands and grasped his arm. She saw his dick get a little bit harder when she touched him. Together, the stepped toward the window, and ordered ice cream cones.

Jenny took her cone and turned toward the empty picnic table while Sid paid. He turned around and followed her over with his ice cream, watching her bare ass twitch back and forth as she walked. Sid sat down at the table across from her, setting his keys and wallet on the table next to him. Jenny had already started licking her ice cream cone.

Sid watched her for a moment as she wrapped he tongue luxuriously around the ice cream. She was quite a vision, sitting there naked, in handcuffs, her breasts bouncing as her tongue lapped at the ice cream in her hands. His dick was now at full attention.

Jenny glanced up at Sid. "What are you staring at?" she asked, with a smile on her face.

At first Sid didn't say anything. He was trying to fix this image in his mind. He just smiled at her and put his chin on his hand. "Look under the table."

Jenny leaned over to her right, and looked under the table. She saw Sid's massive erection. Jenny stared at it for a few moments before leaning back up to look at the boy across the table from her. They looked each other in the eye for a moment, before Sid said, "Are you feeling the same way?"

Jenny thought for a moment. "Yes, I am," she said. It was true. She could feel the wind on the lips of her pussy, and sense the wetness there. "But then I remember that I'm in public and everyone can see me, and I start to get all embarrassed again!"

Sid could see her whole body start to blush as she spoke. "Think of this as a practice run," he suggested. "There's not a lot of people here, but it's still in public, right?" Jenny glanced toward the people at the next table, seeming to shrink into her seat. "I know you're having a tough time, but you're doing really great."

"You seem so confident, Sid. How do you do it?"

"Well, like I said, I've been in ADP before. I've been at this school for four years."

"Are you saying that you're used to it?"

"I wouldn't put it that way. It's more about accepting what's happened and just trying to make the best of it. People are going to look at you, no matter what. But everyone in the school has been through the same thing you're going through now."

"The same?" Jenny lifted her hands and shook the cuffs.

Sid chuckled. "Well, not exactly the same. But everyone remembers how much their first time sucked. They're all sympathetic."

Jenny looked down. "Sympathy doesn't really help that much."

Sid thought for a moment. "Look, I'll try to put the word out for people to leave you alone, okay? It won't stop everyone from giving you a hard time, but it'll help a little bit."

Jenny looked up at Sid. "Thanks. I'd appreciate that."

"Why don't we call it a day, and I'll take you home."

"Okay," Jenny sighed. "Wait! Don't you, you know, still have..."

Sid stood up from the bench and snapped up his keys and wallet. Jenny found herself, once again, staring at Sid's erection. And again, she felt herself getting aroused...

They drove back to Jenny's house. Both of them stayed naked in the car. Jenny didn't bother with Sid's letter jacket. She had grown more comfortable with him. For the first time in the last few days, she was feeling happy, like maybe something good would come of all this...

Sid pulled up in front of Jenny's house. They looked each other in the eyes for a moment. Jenny looked down first. "I had a really great time tonight. Thanks."

"I did too, Jenny. Listen, I know how hard this is. If you need to talk, just call me, okay? And maybe when this is all over, we can go out on a real date, with clothes and everything."

Jenny laughed. "Ok, Sid. I'll see you tomorrow." She darted in and kissed him on the cheek. She looked down and saw his cock throbbing. She laughed again. "And try to keep that 'involuntary' under control, huh?" Jenny reached into the back seat and grabbed her backpack. "See you, Sid."

Sid smiled. "See you soon, Jenny."

Jenny got out of the car. Sid watched her practically skip up the sidewalk to her house. That is, until the door of the house opened, and Sid saw Jenny mother standing in the opening...

End of part 5

**Jenny Baker in ADP  
by Gojira**  
Part 6

*Background: Back in 2000, A story called "Alternate Discipline Plan" was posted in the Nude-in-Public.com Stories board. The original author, Rob, posted two parts to the story. Rob sketched out the details of the plan from Roni Johnson's point of view, as she explained it to Jenny Baker, a new student. However, Rob did not continue posting. He left us hanging with Jenny staring after her two friends on the street, saying, "little did she know her own ADP time was approaching... and rapidly!"*

*Two other authors continued the story of Jenny's adventures. Palmetto put a bondage spin on the story by placing poor Jenny in handcuffs because she kept trying to cover herself. Aberrantoff, the next author, continued with a story of Jenny trying to go about the rest of the day with her hands cuffed behind her back. It is my intention to pick the story up here, where Aberrantoff left off.*

*Rob did post the rest of his story. I don't know where he posted it, but I found the completed document on the Cronenberg Academy yahoo group web site. He did not include any of the elements of Palmetto's or Aberrantoff's additions. However, his version of the story ends with the phrase "Permission is hereby given by the author to archive and to use this story on other sites as long as the author (Rob, the roving reporter) is credited." Rob, if you read this, I hereby credit you as the author of the original story. Also, to Palmetto and Aberrantoff, I credit you as authors as well. I am only trying to improve on one of my favorite stories of all time.*

*I will start by including here the text created by Rob, Palmetto, and Aberantoff. They make up the first 4 parts of the story. I will continue from there.*

*Gojira*

[transcript of instant messenger conversation]

Jenny: Hey

Roni: Hey, I was getting worried

Jenny: Sorry

Roni: It's pretty late, r u ok?

Jenny: Not really

Roni: How r u typing? cuffs come off?

Jenny: I pulled my legs thru

Roni: Good idea. How was the date? Tell me all about it!

Jenny: I don't know if I can do this

Roni: Do what?

Jenny: ADP

Roni: It gets easier, honest.

Jenny: idk. feels like it will never end. rents are pissed.

Roni: Why, what happened? Can u call to talk?

Jenny: phones not allowed. took it out of my room.

Roni: sucks

Jenny: they think I'm doing homework

Roni: what happened?

Jenny: Major shitstorm

Jenny: 1 principal called my mom, told her about cuffs

Roni: damn

Jenny: 2 mom saw me come home from date with Sid

Roni: did u leave message?

Jenny: 3 part of ADP in my house is no dates

Jenny: 4 mom said I will leave cuffs on till monday

Jenny: I left message without telling her who I was with

Jenny: life sucks

Roni: Does yr mom know cuffs are supposed to be behind yr back?

Jenny: no, that's the only good part.

Jenny: I'll have to have them behind my back at school, but

Jenny: I can at least kinds use my hands at home and this weekend.

Roni: What about church?

Jenny: Not going

Roni: u have to

Jenny: converting to another religion

Roni: lol

Jenny: can u help me with with books and classes tomorrow?

Roni: of course. You have to tell me about the date!

Jenny: It was great, but also embarrassing. I will give you details tomorrow, promise.

Jenny: Can u do me one more favor?

Roni: sure

Jenny: can u call Sid for me and tell him I cant use the phone?

Roni: no prob

Jenny: thnks. I'm going to bed. c u at bus stop.

Roni: gnight jenny. It will be easier tomorrow I promise.

Jenny: thks. night.

[end of transcript]

That damn piercing! thought Jenny. Spring Break, Myrtle Beach. It was earlier this year. Jenny and six of her girlfriends tricked their parents into thinking they were all going on a church retreat. Instead, they ditched and went on vacation. One of the girls had an aunt who owned a house with a private beach. They all had fake ID's, so they partied all week.

One afternoon, Jenny and her friends were all drinking on the beach. Suddenly, her friend Allison stood up and said, "I don't know about you losers, but I don't want any tan lines." She pulled her bikini top over her head. Her friends all gasped in surprise as they say Allison's pierced nipples sparkling in the sunlight. "Oh my god!" said one of them. "Those are awesome, Allison!" said another. "When did you get them done?"

"I got them last year," Allison answered. "They're awesome. They make my boobs super sensitive, and guys totally love 'em." Allison continued to strip, pulling her bikini bottoms down.

"Come on, ladies, let's see some skin!"

Slowly, the other girls removed their tops. At first, they were embarrassed to be naked in front of each other, but they got more and more comfortable as they continued to drink. A few of the girls even removed their bottoms as well.

As the day wore on, the conversation turned back to Allison's nipple rings. The girls were fascinted by them, and asked all sorts of questions. Allison suggested that they all go get piercings. After all the beers and wine coolers they'd had, it seemed like a wonderful idea.

Jenny only remembered bits and pieces of the night after that. She vaguely remembered going to the piercing place. She remembered seeing one of her friends get a belly button ring, and another get a nose ring. Allison began to tease them girls for not being more adventurous, and convinced the next two girls to get their nipples pierced. Jenny was up last. Allison said, "come on, Jenny, lets do something a little more daring!"

Jenny, drunk off her ass, turned to the body piercer, and said, "I want my clit pierced!"

"Yeah, Jenny, that's awesome!" exclaimed Allison. The other girls cheered her on. "Yeah!", "Go for it!"

Jenny didn't remember the pain. She knew it hurt, but she was too drunk to feel it. But she sure felt it the next morning.

She woke up to a throbbing pain in her crotch and her head. She remembered that she got a piercing, but she never thought it could hurt so much afterwards. She stumbled into the bathroom to look in the mirror. And there it was.

When she asked for a clit piercing, she though it meant a clitoral hood piercing. But that's not what she saw. Instead, the piercer had taken her at her word, and put a small gold hoop through her clitoris. She was almost afraid to touch it, because she could feel the pain radiating from that part of her body. Slowly she reached down, and touched the ring with her index finger.

A shock of pleasure coursed through her. It was intense, more intense than Jenny had ever felt when she masturbated. She moaned and arched her head back. I could get used to this! she thought.

When she got home, she went to a local tattoo parlor to get it taken out. They told her there was a problem. When the piercer had put it in he didn't do it in the right spot. The way it was now, everything was fine. She could leave it in, and it would heighten her pleasure during sex and masturbation. But, if they took it out, she could lose all sensation in the nerve bundles there. It would be as if she had been circumcised.

Every day, Jenny had to decide if it was worth it to keep the damned thing in. Before ADP, it was her little secret. Sure, she was a little bit ashamed of it, but it was so wonderful when she got herself off. But now, with the whole school looking at it, she wasn't sure. Maybe it would be better to take it out...

Jenny began to flick the ring and play with herself. With one hand, she rubbed her pierced clit. With the other, she reached her fingers inside herself. She thought about all the things that happened on her date with Sid, and brought herself to climax. As the multiple orgasms washed over her, she decided that the piercing was, in fact, worth it.

\* \* \*

Roni sighed. Even though she was already eighteen, she still felt nervous calling a boy. She wasn't even asking him out or anything! Why was she so nervous?

"Jenny asked me to do this for her," she said to herself. "I can't chicken out now."

Roni dialed Sid's number. The phone rang a few times before a male voice picked up.

"Hello," said the voice.

"Hi, uh, is, uh Sid there?"

"This is Sid."

"Uh, hi Sid. This is, uh, Roni."

"Who?"

"Um, Roni Johnson, Jenny's friend."

"Oh, right!" said Sid. "I'm sorry, Roni, I didn't recognize your voice. How are you? Is everything ok?"

"Uh, yeah, sure. I'm great." Roni couldn't believe how flustered she was. "Actually, no, it's not. Look, um, Jenny asked me to call you."

Sid laughed. "She's dumping me already, huh?" he joked.

"Um, no. She, uh, wanted me to tell you, um, that her phone priveleges got taken away."

"Oh. I see. I guess her mom must have seen me when I dropped her off. Is she not allowed to date while she's in ADP? She didn't say anything."

"Sid, this is her first time in ADP. I think her parents are making up the, uh, rules as they go along."

"Darn. I didn't mean to get her in trouble. Can you tell her I'm really sorry?"

"Sure. Yeah, I, uh, I'll probably see her in the morning. I'll tell her then."

"Thanks, Roni. Hey, you know, when this is all over, maybe we should all go out and do something."

Roni wasn't sure what to say. Was Sid flirting with her? "What, uh, what do you, uh, mean?" she said.

"I don't know. Maybe you and Jenny and your other friend Melissa? Maybe we can all go out sometime. I could invite some of my buds along, too."

"That, um. Um. That, uh, sounds like fun, Sid." Roni was blushing. "Maybe next week?"

"Sure. After all this ADP stuff calms down."

"Okay. See you later Sid."

"You too, Roni. Don't forget to tell Jenny 'I'm sorry.'"

"I won't. Bye."

"Bye."

\* \* \*

The next morning Roni left early so that she could pick Jenny up at her house. She knocked at the door, and Jenny's mom answered. "Hi, Roni," she said. "Are you here to pick up Jenny?"

"Yes. How is she?"

"I think you know the answer to that question, Roni."

Roni glanced downward, and thought of all the times she was forced to go to school naked. "Yes, Mrs. Baker, I suppose I do."

"You can wait in the living room. She should be down in a minute."

Roni sat down on the living room couch. A few minutes later, Jenny came downstairs, naked, except for her bookbag and a pair of black handcuffs. "You ready?" Jenny said to her.

"Wait, Jenny, what's going on with..."

"Shhh!" Jenny said angrily. "We'll talk outside. Let's go."

The two girls, one naked, one dressed, began their walk to school. Jenny told Roni that she had put her legs through the cuffs during her date with Sid the night before. When she tried to put her legs back through, she found out that she couldn't do it.

"I was stuck for like ten minutes, Roni! It sucked!" she exclaimed.

"Jenny, you've got to watch that language, or you're going to make it worse," Roni replied. "What are you going to do?

"I'm going to skip roll call and go to the principal's office. I'm gonna ask him to take these things off," Jenny answered. "I don't know what I'm gonna say. I suppose I'll just wing it."

"Well, if he puts them back the way they were, I'll help you out today, okay."

Jenny was quiet for a minute. "Thanks, Roni, I appreciate that."

Roni decided to change the subject. "I called Sid for you last night," she said. "He said to tell you he's sorry, he didn't know you weren't allowed to date in ADP."

Jenny laughed. "Well that makes two of us," she said.

"You know, you still haven't told me about the date!"

"I'm waiting till we get to Melissa's, so I don't have to tell the story twice," she responded.

A few minutes later, Roni and Jenny got to Melissa's house. Jenny told them the story of her date with Sid. They were suitably impressed, especially the part about Sid stripping down when they got to the Dairy Queen. They all thought it was very noble of him.

"I think this guy really likes you, Jenny," said Melissa.

Jenny smiled. "Yeah. I kinda like him too. I'm glad you guys convinced me to go on that date."

The girls had just arrived at school, and walked over to their lockers. The other students were still ogoling Jenny, but she did her best to ignore them. She placed her bookbag in her locker.

"I'm going to the principal's office," Jenny said to her friends. "Wish me luck!"

"Good luck!" they replied in unison.

\* \* \*

The meeting didn't go quite as well as Jenny hoped. She stood naked in Principal Marks' office, while he leaned against his desk, facing her.

"Well, Jenny, you still don't seem to have learned your lesson," said the principal. "Hold out your hands."

Jenny held out her hands, and Principal Marks unlocked the cuffs.

"Please sir, I told you! I couldn't sleep with my hands stuck behind my back like that! I only did it so I could get some sleep!"

"Jenny, I know you're lying." The principal smirked at her. "Your History teacher, Mr. Simonds, saw you at the Dairy Queen last night after school with your friend Sid. I'm told that you were eating ice cream with your hands in front of you."

Jenny was crestfallen. She knew now that there was no way out of her punishment, and that it was probably going to get worse.

"Ms. Baker, I told you yesterday that you had lost the privelege of using your hands until Monday," replied the principal. "I'm going to have to make some modifications to make sure you truly understand. Now turn around and stand still."

Jenny did as she was told, and Principal Marks slipped a collar around her neck. It was a plain brown leather dog collar. He fed the strap throught the buckle, and tightened it into place. He turned it so the the buckle was in front, and the metal loop was in the back.

He then picked up a lightweight metal chain leash. On one end there was a large leather loop attached to the chain. On the other end was a clip for attaching the chain to a dog collar. He fed one of the cuffs through the loop, so that the loop was centered on the chain between the two cuffs.

"Put your hands behind your back."

Slowly, Jenny again did as she was told. "Please, sir, I have learned my lesson," she pleaded. "I won't cover myself up anymore. Please don't make me wear those cuffs again!" Jenny's voice was tinged with panic at the thought of losing the use of her hands again.

She felt the cold rubber of the cuffs encircle her her wrists and lock into place. Her heart sank. She could feel the tears welling up in her eyes.

But Principal Marks wasn't done yet. He picked up a length of the leash, and fed it through the ring on the back of Jenny's collar. He then ran the chain down Jenny's back to pick up the excess slack, and clipped the end of the leash through one of the chain links.

When the chain was clipped into place, Jenny could feel pressure on the front of her neck. Whenever she tried to move her arms around too much, their weight pulled against her throat, and restricted her breathing.

"Sir, I think it's too tight," Jenny begged. "I'm having trouble breathing."

"You'll get used to it, Jenny," he replied. He walked back around the naked girl to face her. "This is part of your additional punishment for your disobedience last night. Just be thankful that I'm not extending your ADP for an extra day!"

"But sir, please! I can't breathe!"

"Be quiet!" he snarled. "I think you need one more reminder that insolence is not tolerated at this school!"

The princial walked over to his desk, and opened a drawer. He took something out, but it was too small for Jenny to see what it was. She began shaking with fear. What could he possibly do to make this worse, she thought.

The principal knelt down in front of her, so that he was eye level with her pussy. "Please, sir, don't hurt me," she said. Jenny felt a small tug on her clit ring. She moaned, despite herself, at his touch. Jenny could feel warmth spreading through her body as she became aroused. The piercing made Jenny's clit extremely sensitive to the touch, especially when the ring was pulled.

Suddenly, the principal stood up. "Make sure you stop in my office at the end of the day. We'll talk more then," he said. "Let me give you a hall pass. Open your mouth." Jenny opened her mouth, and the principal put a small yellow piece of paper between her lips. "Off to class, Jenny," he said. "And don't even think about skipping. I'll find out if you do."

End of part 6