**Misty Jones**  
by Mikey

**Girlfriend's Arrest**‏

It was a long day. As we sat in our fifth period Civics class. My girlfriend and future wife. Misty Jones was yawning and dosing off. All of a sudden the door opened. Mrs. Beasley the assistant principal was standing there. Scanning the classroom. She looks at Misty.  
   
"Misty Come with me!"  
   
"What did I do now?"  
   
"You will find out soon enough."  
   
She gets out of her desk and puts on her coat. And gathers her books. She follows Mrs. Beasley. Thinking she would be going to the office. But she's led to the parking lot. At her bright yellow Ford Mustang stood a deputy sheriff. With a large dog.  
   
"We need you to unlock your car."  
   
"Theirs nothing in their for you."  
   
"The dog says otherwise. "  
   
Misty tosses him the keys. He opens the door. The dog jumps in to the car and finds. A quarter bag of pot under the seat.  
   
"That's not mine!"  
   
"That don't matter. It's your car. Your under arrest."  
   
The students are changing classes and staring.  
   
"Hands on your head spread your legs."  
   
Misty submits to the search. Humiliated in front of the whole school. Mrs. Beasley searches her. She is then hand cuffed. She is led back inside the school. All the students parted out of the way allowing them to pass. Silence except for the erotic click of my girlfriends high heels. Which echoes throughout the building.  
Out the back door thinking she would be put in a police car and taken away. She would all most welcome that. To get away from the other kids. She was led to a portable classroom. 'Trailer' Out by the woods line.  
   
In the old days. Before political correctness. This is where the retarded kids were kept. So they would not be a distraction to everyone else.  
   
Inside the trailer her mother was waiting. Along with another lady. Dressed in a police uniform and a doctors coat. They were standing in front of a large metal exam table. Complete with stirrups. A jar of Vaseline was also on the table. .  
   
"You Bitch!...You set me up!"  
   
"Misty it's for your own good!"  
   
You see Before me and Misty were dating. She was a straight A student. A fun and outgoing 16 year old. that was a cheerleader. And on the track team. She was college bound with her whole life a head of her. But her mom did not like me and was trying to brake us up.  
   
She claimed she was tired of the lying. The smoking and drinking and staying out all night. And when the elders of the church were questioning her about rumors of Misty having promiscuous sex. She decided something had to be done. So she called the authorities.  
   
The lady in the doctors coat looked Misty over from head to toe. As the hand cuffs were removed. Dressed in a pink Panama Jack tee shirt., Blue and gray Gasoline jeans. And her 4 inch peep toe pumps. This was typical 1980's fashion. Mrs. Beasley took hold of Misty's coat.  
   
"What the hell are you doing?" Misty yelled  
"Shut up! Young lady. You are under arrest and will do what I say!" She puts on a pair of latex gloves. The coat is taken and tossed out of the way. She then took Misty's purse from her and dumped it out on to the table. Makeup,billfold,hair brush,cigarettes,lighter and birth control pills. She pawed through the stuff. Tossing the cigarettes and lighter in to the trash. Her mom stared at the birth control pills.  
   
"I knew it! You have ben screwing around!"  
   
"Mother The doctor gave them to me to regulate my period. Don't you remember that?"  
   
"Don't worry I'm a doctor and I will find out for you. Now empty your pockets. Take off your jewelry." Misty looks at her mom with an angry look.  
   
"I'm waiting!"  
Misty takes off her pink Swatch watch,Wide gold necklace. She then takes out her hoop ear rings. They watch her place her foot in a chair and takes a ankle bracelet off. She takes some change and a cigarette lighter from her pockets.  
   
 Mrs. Beasley slides a metal chair over to Misty.  
   
"Sit down! We are going to examine you."  
   
"Examine me?...Why?"  
   
She sits. Her legs slightly spread. Her mom looked at her daughters labia majora ' camel toe' with concern. As it bulges in her tight jeans.  
   
"Open your mouth. Say Ahhh." Mrs Beasley demands.  
   
She shines the light in to her mouth. She proceeds to her ears. She takes the pair of sunglasses that were resting on top of her head. Then the ponytail holder was taken. Misty's long,thick and feathered blond hair falls down her back and across her face.  
   
"Looks like it's time for you a hair cut."  
   
"She's going to get one at the detention center." The doctor said.  
   
"Raise your arms."  
   
"Ugh....This is so embarrassing!" Misty complained  
   
As her shirt was raised and removed. She looked down to watch her boobs spring free as the white bra falls down and off her arms. At the time she was a 38 C. With huge light pink areolas. Her nipples became erect as the cool air hit them. She attempted to fold her arms across them to hide them.  
   
"Put your arms down!" The doctor demanded.  
   
"Mother I hope your happy about this!"  
   
"Shut up!"  
   
Misty watches as Mrs. Beasley kneels down in front of Misty, Looking at her high heels.  
   
"I see she dresses like a slut."  
   
"That boyfriend of hers bought those for her."  
   
Mrs. Beasley gently pulls the sexy pumps from my girlfriends feet and inspects them. She also examines her nylon clad feet.  
   
"'I'm going to throw those away. While she's gone."  
   
"Don't do that. She wears the same size as me. My husband will love seeing me in these."  
   
"I hate you!...Your such a bitch!" Her mom slaps her.  
   
Misty cries. Her tears streak up the packed on makeup that's on her face.  
   
"Stand up and finish striping down!"  
   
They watch as she sucks in her belly and unsnaps her tight jeans. She slowly unzips them. Her white bikini panties comes in to view. Her mom looks hard at the sun tan colored thigh high nylons her daughter is wearing.  
   
"Do you keep your heels and hose on. When you screw your boyfriend?"  
   
"I told you I don't do that!"  
   
She sits and peels the nylons from her creamy pale legs.  
   
Last she takes off her white bikini panties. Her mom discovers she's ben shaven her pubic hair.  
   
"When did you start shaven down there?"  
   
"That's none of your business! "   
   
"Now get up on the table. Put your feet up in the stirrups."  
   
The doctor opened the jar of Vaseline and scooped her fingers in to it. She then inserted them in to Misty's vagina. She probed her pussy several times. She inserted one in to her rectum. She then takes a speculum and spreads her open. Her mom looks over the doctors shoulder at her daughters gaping sex hole.  
"What do you think?"  
   
"She's no virgin. That's for sure. Her hymen has ben broke."  
   
She pulls the speculum out.  
   
"Check this out."  
   
She adds some more lube. 4 fingers go in real easy. Misty grunts. She puts her thumb in and pushes. Her whole fist goes inside the sloppy wet hole. All the way up to her wrist watch.  
   
"Someone with a big one has ben banging her." The doctor comments.  
   
"I want her to have a punishment she wont ever forget!"  
   
"I can make that happen." Mrs. Beasley says.  
   
The doctor pulls her fist out.  
   
"Okay off the table."  
   
Mrs. Beasley picks up the hand cuffs. And puts them on to Misty.  
   
"Lets go!"  
   
"Can't I get dressed first?"  
   
"No you can't"  
   
She then takes a black marker and writes slut across her chest and across her back. She is then led outside She cries and begs her mother not to do this.  
   
It was a Friday afternoon. The school was having an pep rally in the gym. Everyone was there. The crowed went silent. As soon as she entered the gym. She was marched up on to the stage,  
   
"Listen up everyone! Misty has ben a bad girl! This is what will happen to you if you whore around!...Any questions?"  
Everyone looked on in shock. She was then led outside. Hoping for a ride in the police car to the jail. She wasn't going to get it. She was forced to walk naked all the way to the police station. The gravel and broke glass cut and bruised her bare feet.  
   
In the court yard at the town square were some stocks. She locked Misty's head and hands in to the torture device and left her there for the entire weekend. She was then made to attend school in the nude for the next week.  
   
the end

**Girlfriends arrest #2**  
   
It was a Saturday night at the mall. When my girlfriend Misty and her friend Shirley were arrested for shoplifting. They were both taken to the police station and placed in a holding cell. Both of there parents were notified. And they refused to come and get them.   
   
Misty was suppose to spend the night at Shirley's house and go no where else. Shirley's brother dropped them off at the mall. They said they were going to the arcade to hang out with friends.He was to pick them up at 10:00. Instead they went to the Music Land. Records and tapes and tried to steal some tapes. Shirley had a Metalica tape and Misty an Ozzy Osbourne tape. They were caught as they walked out the door. The alarm went off and the mall cop showed up.  
   
This does not seem like a serious offense. But Misty and Shirley have ben in and out of trouble for the last couple of years. There parents and the local police were tired of it. A little time behind bars may do them good.  
   
The police station in our small town did not have a youth detention center. So they would have to wait in the holding cell until Monday. And see the judge. Monday morning finally came. They were both escorted in to the court room. The court room was full of spectators. Both there mothers were there. They both were embarrassed. As there names were called. Knowing everyone was watching.  
   
Judge Roberts looked through there files. They were both 17. There arrest records went back to age 15 Some of the other offenses were skipping school,fighting,drug possession and one for drunk driving. Judge Roberts was amazed both of them fell through the cracks. So to speak.   
   
" 90 Days for both of you at the county youth farm."  
   
They both began to cry. There tears streaked there overdone makeup. The bailiff took there purses and handcuffed them behind there backs. They were taken outside where a white van was waiting. The van had wire mesh over the windows. They knew there was no escape. They both sat silent for the ride. It took about an hour and a half. They looked out the window at the rural Mississippi country side. Cows,Chicken houses,Cotton fields Once in a while a share croppers shack. That's ben weathering away since the civil war.  
   
They knew they were getting close. Boys on the side of the road in striped prison garb. Chained together at the ankles. Were cutting the high weeds with swing blades. A guard on horse back was watching over them. With a pump shot gun.  
   
"In a couple of weeks. We might see ya'll out there." The driver of the van yelled out.  
   
They passed some cotton fields. Boys and girls were bent over picking cotton by hand. Just like in the old days. The detention center comes in to view. The van pulls off the road and drives through a gate. It stops at a brick building. A sign over the door said intake. The yard was fenced. The teen age boys whistled and yelled at the two blondes. Still attractively dressed in the clothes they were arrested in Saturday night. Looking more like they were going out on a date. Instead of coming to prison. A loud buzzer sounded. The heavy steel door opened. It slammed and locked behind them. Everyone stopped and stared as they were led down a long brightly lit hallway. The loud erotic click of there high heels echoed throughout the building. With every step on the waxed tiled floor.   
   
They were taken in to the women's processing room.They were stopped at a desk and told to wait. They looked around the room nervously. Noticing the open shower stalls,toilets. No privacy here they thought. A large yellow trash can got there attention. A pair of ladies pantyhose and a white bra hung over the side. Around it lay a few pairs of panties and socks.   
   
A large busty no nonsense woman walks in.  
   
" Welcome ladies. I'm the Bitch in charge. But you will refer to me as Boss! Do you understand?"  
   
"Yes ma'mm."   
   
She took both there purses and dumped them out on to the table. She pawed through there stuff. Tossing there cigarettes, lighters and birth control pills in to the trash can. She then raked the rest of there stuff back in to there purses. The purses were placed in boxes that had the girls names on them. She then removed there hand cuffs.  
   
"Take all your jewlery off."  
   
They both parted with watches ear rings, Gold chains and rings.  
   
" Don't forget the ones in your tongues. Any more? Take them out."  
   
Misty lifted her shirt and took one from her belly button. She bent down removed an ankle bracelet.   
   
They were both fingerprinted and photographed.  
   
"Okay up against the wall. Spread your legs nice and wide."  
   
She started with Shirley. Misty looked over and watched. As the boss lady started at her shoulders. Under her arms around her chest. Groping her breasts over the hot pink tee shirt. Shirley was wearing a pair of black stirrup pants. These were popular in the 80's. Moving down her body she squeezes her crotch. Her hands move over her ass. She kneels and runs her hands over her legs. Her hands and fingers caress her nylon clad ankles, Running her fingers under the stirrup part of her pants. She stands and slips her hand in to the elastic of her pants. She looks inside at the front and back of her pink panties. She lets the elastic go and moves over to Misty.  
   
Starting the same way at her shoulders over the gray sweatshirt she's wearing. Like Shirley her breasts were fondled. Her crotch and ass were groped. Down her legs over the tight acid washed Guess jeans she's wearing. She stands and reaches around her waste. Misty sucks her chubby belly in. Allowing her jeans to be unsnapped and unzipped. Her black satin panties were checked. She to was slapped on the ass. Misty started to fasten them.  
   
"Oh no you don't. We are not finished. Turn around and face me, " She looks them over from head to toe.  
   
"Nice and slow take your shirts and bras off. Toss your bras in to the trash can."   
   
They both did as told. They handed there shirts over. They were placed in the box with there purses. Misty wore a lacy black bra. Shirley a basic white one. They were tossed in to the trash. Both girls nipples became erect as the cool air hit them.   
   
"Now raise your arms." They both raised there arms. The boss lady inspected under there arms.  
   
"Pinch your nipples and lift your tits." Under there breasts were checked. They were then photographed topless.  
   
"Now both of you sit up on this table. I'm going to give you a physical exam."  
   
They sit side by side with there feet hanging down. Watching her put on a pair of latex gloves. Misty is on her right. She gets checked first.  
   
"Open up say ahhh." She shines a light in to her mouth. She moves to her ears. Her breasts are then fondled She weighs them in her hands, She is a 38 C with puffy pink nipples. With huge areolas about 3 inches across. She then listens to her hart with a sythiscope. Her blood pressure and pulse checked. Reflexes are checked next. Misty was still wearing her a pair of 4 inch black peep toe pumps. The lady pulls them from her feet. They are checked and her shoe size recorded. They were placed in to the box. She then examined her feet. Locking her fingers together under each foot and having her push against them. Testing her leg strength. Her sheer black nylons went along with the black bra and panties.   
   
She moved to Shirley. Her physical exam was just like Misty's.  
   
"Okay finish striping down. Throw your panties and stockings in the trash."   
   
Both girls sat in folding metal chairs and pealed there thigh high nylons off. Shirley's were a nude color. They parted with there panties last,   
   
"Bend over the table."  
   
She lube her fingers and inserted them up Misty's pussy first. Working 3 fingers in and out.  
"Your a little on the loose side." Misty blushes.  
   
Two fingers go up her ass. Misty grunts and grabs the table. She takes off the gloves and puts a fresh pair on to check Shirley. When finished. They are directed to the shower. She picks up a pump up sprayer. And sprays them with insecticide to kill body lice.  
   
"Wash everything. And get all that makeup off. You both look like a couple of whores."  
After they were clean. They were handed throw away razors.  
   
"Shave your legs and your pubic hair."  
   
After there shave they dried off. They were both weighed on a doctors scale. Shirley weighed barely 100 Lbs. Misty a chubby 140 Lbs. They were both had nude mug shots taken. There height was recorded. Shirley was 4 ft 8 Misty was 5 ft. The lady compared there pictures from the ones taken when they came in.  
   
"See how much you can change in here?" She shows them there before and after pictures.  
   
"You will have to earn your clothes. You will stay nude for now."  
   
They are taken to the front lobby and locked in a holding cell. So everyone can see them Humiliated they cried and tried to cover themselves. While everyone stared.   
   
The end

**The Halloween Costume**

16 year old Misty Jones is in trouble again when she wears an inappropriate Halloween costume to school.  
   
Misty and her clique of so called friends thought it would be cool to dress in sexy costumes for the Halloween party. She decided she would be a sexy witch. Her outfit consisted of the pointed witches hat, Black dress with a see through top, Black thigh high stockings, garter belt, Black high heeled boots. She covered it with a black leather trench coat, To get through the day.  
   
She knew this type of dress was against the rules. The party was at the end of the day, So she assumed if somebody said something about her dress. She would just leave. Of course she was the only one that dressed this way. Everyone was interested in the outfit she kept covered by her long coat.  
   
In our first period class. Mr. Roberts separated us for talking. I sat across the room from her. My eyes were focused on the high heeled boots she wore. Crossing and uncrossing her legs, She knew I was looking, Along with others. Feeling sexy and daring, She opened the coat a little, Allowing her stocking tops to show, Along with the black thong. She pulled the thong to the side exposing her freshly shaven pussy. Teasing me she licked her lips. All of a sudden Rachael raised her hand.  
   
"Mr. Roberts Misty is flashing her pussy."  
 Everyone stops what they are doing and stares at her, She feels embarrassed.  
   
"Misty lets go to the office, You can explain your actions to Mrs. Beasley."  
   
In the office, Mrs. Beasley was informed on Misty's actions. She looks Misty over from head to toe.  
   
"Take your coat off, I want to see what your wearing."  
Misty slowly takes off her coat, She hangs it on the back of the chair. Both Mrs. Beasley and Mr. Roberts stare at Misty, Her D cup breasts, erect nipples and huge areolas are easy to see through the sheer dress.  
   
"Young lady!...You know good and Damn well!...That is not the kind of dress you wear to school!"  
"Yes ma'am." She says looking down. The erection in Mr. Roberts pants. Catches her eye, She stares at it, Wondering how big he may be.  
   
"Take it off!" Misty looks at her with a shocked look.  
   
"Take what off?"  
   
"Your dress, It does not meet the dress code. So take it off!"  
   
"Ugh!...But Mrs. Beasley!"  
   
"No butts, You want to show your tits off!...I'm giving you a chance to."  
   
Misty takes the pointy witches hat off. Mrs. Beasley takes it. She slowly lifts and takes off the dress. As Mrs. Beasley takes the dress, Misty picks up her long coat.  
   
"Oh no you don't!...We are not finished yet!...Take your boots off."  
"Theirs nothing wrong with my boots."  
   
"I will be the judge of that!...Take them off now!" She unzips and takes them off. Mrs. Beasley takes them and stands them up on her desk, Next to the witches hat.  
   
"Now take everything else off!"  
   
"In front of a man?" Misty yells out.  
   
"Yes strip everything off!"  
   
She sits in the chair and peels off her sexy sheer black nylons, Exposing her creamy, pale thighs, legs. She stands and drops her garter belt and thong, Standing naked, embarrassed and humiliated, She folds her arms across her busty breasts, Trying to cover them. Mrs. Beasley picks up her paddle from behind her desk.  
   
"Bend over!" She administers 10 hard licks with the paddle. Tears run down Misty's face, Streaking her makeup ,As the stinging pain of the punishment is inflicted on her.  
   
"Okay You can go to class now!" Once again Misty reaches for her coat.  
   
"No!...You will stay naked!...By the way I'm calling your mother." Misty collected her books and walked out. Trying to cover herself with her books. Everyone laughed and teased her all day. Comments were made all day long about her big tits, chubby belly, Fat ass and thick thighs. At lunch she sat alone. In the hall some would grab her ass, Some would slap her ass. Girls would make comments referring to her as a tease, slut or a whore.  
   
And then 3:00 finally came. Misty exited the school. She found her moms car parked out front. It was locked, She stood next to it freezing and humiliated, As the teasing continued. About 3:15 her mom exited the school carrying Misty's outfit. As she passes the dumpster she throws the costume and boots away.  
   
"Hey!...Don't throw my boots away!"  
   
"Shut up!...Get in the car!" Misty sits silent on the ride home. Knowing her mom is pissed. As they get home Misty runs to her room, Locks the door and quickly puts some cloths on. Her mom walks to the back yard, She brakes a switch from a yellow bell bush and rips the leaves off. She goes to Misty's room, Discovering the door is locked. She busts it open. Misty runs, Trying to get away. Before she gets out the door. Her mom grabs her arm, She snatches her blue jeans down and rips her panties off. Misty is put over her moms knee and whipped with the switch.  
   
"Don't you ever!...Embarrass me like that again!" The savage beating continued until her fat ass was blistered red.  
   
"And you are also grounded!" Her mom grabbed her phone ripping it from the wall. She stomps out leaving Misty crying on the bed.

**Caught and Punished**

17 year old. Misty Jones. Found herself in trouble again. Skipping school, Is a serious offense, That should be dealt with swiftly, And harshly.  
   
Nobody had seen Misty since before lunch. She had just disappeared, Without saying a word to anyone. And that was hours ago.  
   
Everyone had been looking for her. Her parents, The teachers, And the police. Me being her boyfriend, I to was concerned. She usually tells me everything she's doing.  
   
As I sat in our last class of the day. A Sheriff's deputy car, Parked in front of the school. Everyone stopped what they were doing to watch. He helps Misty out of the back seat of the car. Her hands were cuffed behind her back. The deputy escorts her in to the principals office.  
   
" Good you found her. Where was. She? " Mrs. Kim Beasley said.  
   
" Found her at the arcade, Playing Pac Man. "  
   
" You know If you put as much effort in to your studies, That you do those video games, You wouldn't be in this kind of trouble again. "  
   
Misty just stood there, Giving Mrs. Beasley one of her dumb looks.  
   
" Can you take the handcuffs off now? This is so embarrassing. "  
   
" Embarrassing? Young lady I'm going to give you something to be embarrassed about. "  
   
Misty watches as Mrs. Beasley looks her over from head to toe, Focusing on how she was dressed. Wearing a red hoodie, which was zipped up, Concealing Misty's large breasts. A pair of tight jeans. A pair of red 4 inch high heeled pumps. And nude nylons.  
   
Mrs. Beasley licked her lips. With an evil smile on her face. She picked up the phone, And called Misty's Mom.  
   
Mom was really at her wits end, With Misty. She had been skipping school. And failing many of her classes. She had been staying out late. Smoking, Drinking, And being promiscuous.  
   
Mom really needed someone else to deal with Misty, So she let Mrs. Beasley decide the punishment.  
   
Mrs. Beasley hung up the phone. Misty watched her bring out the paddle, From behind her desk. Misty thought good, three licks with the paddle. And it's over with.  
   
" What class are you suppose to be in right now? "  
   
" History Why? "  
   
" Lets go. "  
   
" Can't we take care of this in here? " Misty asked nervous and concerned.  
   
" No! I'm going to give you something to really be embarrassed about. "  
   
Misty all of a sudden, Felt sick at her stomach. From our classroom window, We watched the three of them, Leave the office. The deputy Sheriff firmly held Misty's upper arm. Down the sidewalk, And in to the building, Where our class was.  
   
There wore lockers. And open doors, Where others watched, As Misty was being curtailed down the hallway. The clicking and clacking of my girlfriends high heeled shoes, Echoed loudly throughout the building.  
   
Finally she reaches our classroom. Everyone stops, What there doing to watch Misty. She stood next to the teachers desk. while Mrs. Beasley, Mrs. Thomas, Our history teacher. And the deputy. Conversed quietly.  
   
I just sat there. Looking at my girlfriend. And found myself becoming aroused. Being 17 myself. Full of raging hormones. It was hard to control. My penis was growing in my pants. As I looked her over with pure lust.  
   
The deputy removed her handcuffs. He then stood at the door. In case she tried to run.  
   
Misty stared at the paddle, That lay on the desk. Mrs. Beasley picked it up.  
   
" Before I paddle you, I'm going to need you to undress. "  
   
The shocked look on Misty's face was priceless.  
   
" Please Mrs. Beasley. Not that! "  
   
" I told you I was going to give you something to be embarrassed about. Now! Strip down! All the way! "  
   
" Everything? " Misty asked, Her lip was quivering. Misty watched Mrs. Beasley's eyes, Scan over her body again. Down to her feet, And back up. Looking her right in the eyes.  
   
" Yes Misty. Everything. You can start, With your hoodie. Unzip it, And take it off! "  
   
Misty sighed as she unzipped it. Under it, She wore a tee shirt. Under that, She was bra less. Her thick puffy nipples poked through the shirt. Her big 40 DD breasts moved freely as the hoodie come off. She was bigger than many girls in our class. And all the boys liked looking at Misty's breasts.  
   
" No bra today? " Mrs. Beasley asks.  
Looking at them, As Misty tries to stall.  
   
" Would it make a difference? "  
   
" Not really. You would have to take it off anyway. But since we're on the subject. Have you had sex today? "  
   
The class erupts in laughter.  
   
" No! " Misty yells out, Crying. Mrs. Beasley looks at me, As I hide my face, Behind my hand.  
   
" Take your shirt off! "  
   
Misty turns her back, To the class. And raises her shirt.  
   
" No! No! Turn back around! Face the class. "  
   
The shirt comes off. Mrs. Beasley snatched it from her. Misty tries to cover herself with her hands.  
   
" Hands down! So everyone can see them! "  
   
The class was laughing hysterically. Whistles and cat calls, From the boys, Was also heard.  
   
" Your nipples are erect. Do you find this to be a rousing? "  
   
" No! Are you happy now? "  
   
" No! Your just half way done. Shoes next! "  
   
Misty took each one of the sexy red pumps off, They were placed on the teachers desk.  
   
" Don't stop now! "  
   
Misty sucked her belly in, And slowly unfastened the snap, To her tight jeans. Then pulled the zipper down. Her white bikini panties, Comes in to view. The jeans are lowered, And removed.  
   
Left only in her nude thigh high stockings and panties.  
   
" Ain't this good enough? " Mrs. Beasley slides a chair over. So Misty can sit down.  
   
" I want you naked! " Misty sits in the chair, And peels down her nylons, From her creamy pale legs. They to were taken from her.  
   
" Slip those panties off, And the worst will be behind you. "  
   
Misty stands, Hooks her thumbs, In to the elastic of her panties. As they come down, Everyone stares at her shaved pussy.  
   
" Now bend over the desk! "  
   
Mrs. Beasley positions her, So the class, Can see the expressions on her face, While she administers the paddling. The licks of the paddle got harder, And harder. Misty had that hot stinging feeling. Tears run down her face, Streaking her makeup. It felt like an eternity for Misty.  
   
 Finally the paddling stopped. Misty wiped her eyes, And reached for her panties.  
   
" No! You stay nude! Have a seat! " She sits in her desk, And puts her head down crying. While everyone else continued to laugh at her.  
   
When the bell finally rang, She was then allowed to dress and go home.