**Back In Class With Mr. Schmidt**

by Dragavan

**Part 1: The Storm Before the Calm**

After introducing some new class rules to help cut down on the slacking off and disrupting of his class, things seemed to actually break down and get worse. It was as if his attempts at improvement, and he must admit some revenge, had actually turned into some kind of backlash rebellion from some of the students. Even on that second day he had several of them show up to class flagrantly breaking the new rules by wearing next to nothing or showing up late and making a lot of noise when coming into the classroom. Seven people had to be made examples of on that day, taking up nearly two thirds of his class time.

These violations and flagrant attempts to break his spirit about the new rules continued throughout the week. Each day he had to punish and usually strip naked at least a couple of his students. Although he reveled in the horror he saw on their faces when they were first made to physically destroy their violating clothing in front of the whole class, using scissors and other tools, by the end of the week they seemed to be choosing clothing specifically to be destroyed because they didn't seem upset by the act any more, even though the slight embarrassment of being bared before the class was still there.

The only good that seemed to come out of this was that his room was getting fixed up and cleaned like it had never been before. All the walls and floors were starting to shine as if new again, the desks were no longer wobbly, and even the ceiling tiles had been cleaned on both top and bottom. It was starting to look like a fresh new classroom, the way even better than it did when he started here years ago, but animals (as he thought of the students) were becoming far more uncontrollable and unruly. There were always some of them to make an examples of each day, and usually by their own choice.

As the second week started he noticed that things didn't improve, the same group seemed to have made it a goal of theirs to break him and kept getting punished every day. A few jocks and some arrogant sorority types were making things miserable for the rest of them, but he had to stick by the rules he set in place and make them work. He was hard set to break them before he could be broken, so every day he made examples of them and they took their punishment, even as it got worse and worse for them.

Destroyed clothing, dirty and menial chores, pointless punishments meant to embarrass, and more didn't seem to dissuade this group from acting up. One day even had two of them stripped naked, their clothing destroyed, and positioned on the podium as a living lectern for him to stand behind and place his papers on while he taught. Not only was it uncomfortable for the two of them, but it made sure that everyone else in the room would be looking at them the whole time.

He was starting to consider writing even more severe rules with extremely severe and cruel punishments, but knew that doing so would be seen as weakness by the pack and a failure of his rules, so he had to let this play out a little longer. His only other option would have been to admit defeat, but then the animals would take over the zoo and he would never be able to regain any kind of control over the class again.

By the end of the third week he was close to the breaking point and could easily see himself snap at any point, especially after the four of main trouble makers showed up ten minutes late and wearing next to nothing (the two girls in 1-inch wide tube tops and 2-inch wide skirts and the boys in nothing but what looked like a diaper made of an old tee-shirt). He did make the most extreme examples of them he could under the rules already in place. By the end of the class they were all completely naked, having destroyed their tiny outfits as per the rules, and covered in splotches of different colored inks that he knew wouldn't wash out for days, if not weeks.

The weekend was rough, as he dwelled on what he was going to do. If they kept this up any longer he was going to have to do something, but wasn't sure he even cared what any more. If he gave up it would mean his class would remain unruly and nobody would learn anything, but they obviously didn't seem to care about that. Well, that wasn't exactly true. He did know he had a few good students that tried to learn and pay attention, but the others were ruining it for them. He would hate to see them suffer for the actions of the others, but the only other option seemed to be more strict rules that would negatively affect all of them, not just the troublemakers, but that would lead to the rest of the class coming down on them hard to stop making it bad for them. He really didn't want to have to do that, and wasn't even sure it would really work on these guys, but was at wits end.

By Monday morning he still hadn't made up his mind as to what he was going to do and actually dreaded going to class. He tried to put on his game face as we walked into the room, not even looking at the students already assembled there. Besides, they would be the good ones who wanted to learn, as the others didn't come in until closer to the start, or even after it. He set his papers out as he normally did and glanced up at the clock. It was about time to start, but he knew the others would be bouncing in here and making a ruckus in a few minutes anyway.

Clearing his throat he looked up at the class. "Being Monday, we should start with a full roll call. Please stand when I call your name and wait to be told to sit."

This was less of a necessity, as he could clearly see who was left in his class and who was absent by now, but it gave him time to think and waste before the inevitable interruption came in. He would rather be doing something pointless then trying to actually teach when it happened. So one by one had the students stand, sometimes turn around, and then sit back down as he made marks on his page. Of course there were four names absent from the paper, as usual, but they would be coming any minute now.

As he drug this out he noticed that time was getting close and ten minutes had nearly passed. As he made very clear to everyone, especially when they showed up close to the line, that at ten minutes after the doors were to be locked and anyone not in the classroom would be considered to have dropped his class, unless there was some verifiable and documented medical reason for it. It would have been almost too much to hope for that they would do this. He guessed they were most likely standing out side the door and waiting for the last second possible to make their grand entrance.

The clock clicked and ten minutes had passed without interruption. They never came in. He stood there and if the students had been astute enough they might have noticed the change of demeanor in his body and expression, but he quickly locked it down and put his stern face back on before addressing the class. "Mr. Cablin, would you please get up and lock the door?"

Matt got up and locked the door, as he often did at this point in the class, although usually it was much later and after some major disruption. At the same time, Mr. Schmidt stepped off the podium and locked the door at the front of the room, even though few students ever seemed to use it.

Not wanting to give any fodder to the remaining potential troublemakers, or let them see him reveling in his victory, he quickly stepped back to the lectern and looked around at their face sternly. They were all looking up at him and none of them looked to be about to say or do anything. They were paying attention to him and everything he was doing with looks of mild worry, but at least they were paying attention and quiet.

"Good morning class." He said.

"Good morning Mr. Schmidt." The staggered reply came in a cacophony of voices.

He couldn't help but smile at this.

"It seems everyone is finally ready to learn today, but I see some students are missing, so I am going to have to mark them as dropped from this class. Guess we won't have to be dealing with their interruptions again." He didn't have to say this, but wanted to show the class that he won. That he beat them.

Looking over the class, he surveys them as they stare back at him with discomfort and fear. This pleases him. With a cold smile he says, "So, it looks like everyone who is left seems to be there to actually study and learn today. That's good, but according to the rules we still need to make an example out of someone for pushing the line in some way. At least one of you is misbehaving or wearing something more distracting or revealing than the rest. We just have to determine who that person is."

He is pleased to see them all stare back at him in fear, shifting in their seats and adjusting their clothing. Sure, none of them really seem to be that distractingly dressed, but since he won and made these rules, he was going to make one of them suffer nonetheless. After the years of torment unruly students like these have given him, they deserved it.

**Part 2: The First Vote**

Trina couldn't believe they didn't show. She was sure they would have come in as usual, cause a commotion, get in trouble, and make the class time pass quickly as usual. Without her entertainment she may actually have to listen to Mr. Schmidt babble on about whatever old people he was on in his stupid old book. 'And now he still wants to punish someone?' She thought 'Like making us listen to him for an hour isn't punishment enough.'

"I am going let you all have a hand in this." Mr. Schmidt spoke to the class. "You are going to have the chance to put forth those you think should be considered for violations. Those who get nominated will be voted on and the winner of the vote gets punished. Anyone have a nomination they want to put forth?"

Trina looked around at the rest of the class and saw that she wasn't the only one, as nervous eyes were darting all over the place, but none of them spoke up. Trina knew who she wanted to nominate, but wasn't sure she should. 'Stupid nerd bitch.' she thought to herself, looking over at Janie. 'Little whore made me have to strip in the front of the whole class back on the first day of this damn thing.'

After the uncomfortable silence lingered for a moment, Mr. Schmidt speaking again interrupted it. "If none of you have any suspects or refuse to make any nominations, I will be forced to do this the long way and put all of up as candidates. So feel free to speak up if you anyone you suspect of being in violation."

Trina worried for a moment, as it seemed everyone else did, but she did not want to end up being pointed out by anyone else. She was not going to be made a fool of again. This time she was going to get hers. Before anyone else broke she raised her hand and spoke at the same time, but in a sorta nervous broken voice. "Sir, I kinda thought Janie was getting too comfortable and slacking in her ... umm ... dress ... style... sir." Her voice trailed off meekly at the end.

Janie gasped and whipped her head around to glare back at Trina, but Mr. Schmidt spoke up before anyone could say a thing. "Very well. Janie, please come up to the front with me."

The mousy girl, 'Bitch', stood up and made her way to the front, stepping onto the podium where Mr. Schmidt was pointing. She never looked up or at him the whole time. Trina was pleased that she looked miserable and scared.

After Janie was standing there, Mr. Schmidt looked back out at the class and said, "Anyone else have a suspected violation to be noted? Any more nominations?"

Trina was pleased that the class went silent again. 'She is so going to get it.' If nobody else was nominated then it was going to Janie who got punished. 'This class might not be as boring as I thought after all.'

"We can't do this with just one candidate." Mr. Schmidt's voice broke her out of her own thoughts. "If I don't get more nominations we are going to have to have a random lottery, where any of you could end up on stage with Janie. Either I hear a few more names of I start choosing from the list. So, anyone have any suspects?"

He paused a moment and then repeated "Anyone?" in a very different and deliberate voice. Trina wasn't sure why, but this change in his voice made her very nervous.

Moments later she understood, as Janie actually spoke up from her place on the stage. "What about Trina. She's always trouble and I think she only nominated me to be cruel."

Trina was livid, but Mr. Schmidt gave no pause. "Miss Huntington, please come up here and join Miss Appleton."

Trina slipped out of her seat, fixed her skirt, and stomped up to the stage, glaring at Janie the whole time. She ignored the giggles and mumblings of her classmates. '...ing bitch. She is going down. There is no way my friends are gonna let her win over me.' She was fuming as she turned and faced the class, but didn't look up at them. Instead she simply saw red and tried her best to make her face look impassive while planning how she was going to destroy Janie.

She was so angry she didn't even notice that any others got nominated until Carla stood next to her. Looking around she saw that Laura was also up there on the other side of Janie and Mr. Schmit was calling Beth up to join them. Seems that was the last one as the class finally fell silent after Beth stood next to Carla.

She was further startled by Mr. Schmidt speaking to the class again. "It seems we have our candidates for the vote have been selected. We now just have to see which one of these students are going to suffer the penalty for being the least in line with the morals and decency I want to see in this classroom."

He turned to face Trina and the girls. "Please line up at the back of the podium, side by side so they can see your outfits."

They all spread out and lined up, facing the audience of their classmates. Trina tried to keep her clothing straightened and as proper looking as possible, but it was rather short compared to most of the other girls up there with her. At least the cheerleader had on a noticeably shorter skirt. She was still certain she could get out of this with the help of her friends. 'Besides.' She thought. 'Who's she got? Dorks like her don't have friends.'

It sounded like Mr. Schmidt was yammering on about responsibility and stuff again, but Trina was too busy with her own thoughts to pay attention. This was her chance to get revenge on Janie, after all, and she didn't want to mess it up. So she tried to keep her expression pleasant and kindly, but then Mr. Schmidt turned to face them.

"There are five of you up here to be voted on, which means I can't evenly pair you off as I would prefer. So, instead, we are going to have to do this elimination style. I'll be calling you up here one at a time, after the first pairing, and voting will eliminate one of them each round. So, can I first have Laura and Janie up here?"

'What?' Trina thought to herself. 'The two goodie goodies get called up first? That is so not fair.' She is pretty sure her friends will do what she wants, but she tries to subtly nod her head to give them the extra hint. She wants to see Janie stay on stage. She wouldn't mind seeing Laura stay too, but that can't happen in this case.

"Okay class." Mr. Schmidt started. "One of these two girls is more proper than the other and one is more in violation. It's just the nature of how this works. Even if both seem completely good and fair and safe, one of them is slightly less so than the other. That is what I need you all to be voting on, which one is less. So, please take a good look at both of them and how they are dressed while you mull it over."

After a moment he had them slowly turn around, one by one, so the class could see their whole appearance from all angles. Once they were facing the front again he called for silence and stood behind the girls. "When I place my hand over their head I want you to raise your hand if you think they are the one in violation. You girls keep looking forward."

He then raised his hand behind the head of Janie and numerous members of the class raised their hands to vote. He then raised his other hand behind the head of Laura and the rest of the class raised their hands to vote. Trina had little trouble telling which way it went, although the vote seemed rather close. It was obvious that her friends did their job and made sure Janie was going to stay in trouble. Mr. Schmidt knew it too, as he patted Laura on her behind and sent her back to her seat.

'Yes.' She cheered inside her head as Laura took her seat.

"Miss Arnson, please step up here." Mr. Schmidt said next. "You will now be going against Janie in the next vote, but first you need to make the same turns they did to show the class your outfit."

Trina suddenly felt some pangs of worry. Beth Arnson was a cheerleader, and as such was forced to wear a cheerleading outfit. That meant it was far more revealing than most of what they were all wearing, especially anything this nerd girl would dare to wear. Sure, Trina had some friends in class to help see the votes when her way, but the rest could possibly throw that off and Beth was the one who would most likely cause it to happen.

Her worry was then slightly relieved by what Mr. Schmidt said to the class. "As Beth here is a cheerleader and forced to wear the uniform of that position, we can't allow adherence to school rules and school spirit to be a factor in the vote. It needs to purely be on how she carries herself and wears the uniform. More the intent, in this case, than the clothing itself. Please make sure the vote is fair and you take all that into mind when you determine which one of the two are more in violation of our class rules."

'Yes.' Trina smiled to herself. 'He basically told them not to choose Beth. Janie is going down.'

After holding his hands behind their heads and counting the votes it was painfully obvious who won and Trina was very pleased with the results. He quickly patted Beth on her behind to send her back to her seat. That just left Carla and herself waiting to face Janie, which should be smooth sailing from here on out.

Mr. Schmidt then called Trina forth, "Miss Huntington, would you please step up here and show the class what you have chosen to wear today."

She gladly stepped up and did her little slow spin, trying to look demure and pleasant the whole time. She was happy to show off her cute little designer skirt and blouse she just picked up last week just for this class, as they were far more conservative than her usual wear. Both of them fell far lower than was standard around campus these days, but still were attractive and noticeably shorter than the frumpy rags that Janie was wearing. She didn't worry at all. She had her friends and looked great in this, so there was no chance she was going to lose. 'Piece of cake.'

After finishing her turn and standing back in position, Mr. Schmidt addressed the class once more. "Okay, it's now time to vote on these two. Remember that we are going for who is most in violation here, not who is most popular or not. If I suspect any favoritism in these votes I will call the whole thing off and start over... but so far you seem to be doing well, so don't break the streak now."

Trina didn't like the sound of that and gulped. 'They better not let him scare them.' she thought, looking out at her friends. 'Just keep to the plan and all will be good you idiots.'

Once the voting started she saw that her friends still seemed to have her back, as they all voted the same, which she assumed was to get her off the hook. Unfortunately it seemed most of the rest of the class voted the other way around, including both Wendy and Laura, who had previously been on stage. It was too close for her to tell who won. It all came down to the count.

"We seem to have a close one here." Mr. Schmidt said from somewhere behind her. "A difference of only one vote. It seems that Miss Appleton has finally won the right to sit down."

As Janie started to walk off the podium, Trina turned with a shocked look towards Mr. Schmidt. "No fair! Wendy and Laura voted against me and they were candidates... they shouldn't have been allowed to vote. I would have won."

"I'm afraid not Miss Huntington." He said with a stern face. "As they were found innocent of any violation, they have every right to be included with the rest of the class in the voting process. Now I would suggest you quiet down and let this finish or I will take it as you making trouble and becoming the next person to made an example of."

She was fuming mad, but just stood there trying to be as calm and quiet and possible, not wanting to make it worse. But now she just has Carla to go up against, but hoped it was close enough with her friends to make sure she could come out on top.

Carla was already making her turn before Trina even realized it was time for the next vote. She was wearing a simple outfit, nothing fancy or designer like what Trina had on, but it was at least relatively equal in length and exposure. 'Should be good enough to make the voting equal, but still look fair.'

The votes start up and it was frightening, because there was a relatively clear winner and her friends didn't vote for that one. She knew the answer before Mr. Schmidt even said the words. "Have a seat Miss Bowman, looks like Trina will be our example today."

Trina hung her head and tried not to cry.

**Part 3: Trina Pays Again**

Janie couldn't help but smile, at least inwardly, that Trina was standing up on the podium looking miserable. She did try to get Janie stuck up there after all. 'Stupid popular girls always picking on me. At least she's getting what she deserves.'

Mr. Schmidt slowly starts to walk around Trina on the podium, looking her up and down and scowling. She looks scared, but seems to be trying to hold it in. On one pass he drags out a small metal trash can and places it in front of her. He finally stops next to her and turns to face the class. "Miss Huntington here is going to today's example. As we know, the first part of being made an example of is to remove your clothing, so please do that Trina and place into the trash can before you."

Trina starts to shakily reach for the bottom of her shirt and pull it up. When she reaches the bottom of her breasts she pauses and her hands starts to shake even more. After gulping she pulls it up, exposing her large breasts, and slowly pulls it off over her head. When her face reappears, Janie can see there are tears welling in her eyes and starts to feel a pang of sorrow for her, but quickly snaps herself out of it by reminding her what Trina has done to her over and over again.

Trina drops the shirt into the can on the floor before her and hunches forward, starting to shake. She fumbles with her skirt and unclasps the side, letting it fall to the floor, exposing her shaved bald pussy to the class once more. She bends over and picks up the skirt, slipping it into the can with her top. Standing back from the can, exposed for all to see, she waits to see what Mr. Schmidt has in store for her next. Small tears starting to slip from the corners of her eyes.

Mr. Schmidt just stands there and looks at her, saying nothing and looking stern. She stands there, looking increasingly uncomfortable, and shifts from foot to foot. She seems to be trying not to look at him, but keeps glancing sideways at him as if in hopes of him putting her out of her misery.

After several minutes Trina looks up at him with pleading tearful eyes and he simply sternly glances down her body to her feet and back. She looks down and her shoulders slump. She still had on her socks and shoes and Mr. Schmidt did say she was supposed to remove all her clothing. I guess he counted them as well.

She looked around for something to sit on but Mr. Schmidt spoke up. "You are not to leave that spot until you are done. No help and no chairs." Trina sighs and squats down, forcing her to spread her legs slightly to maintain balance, and starts to undo her left shoe.

Janie watches on with the rest of the class as Trina then does the same to her other shoe, undoing it and standing up to kick them both off. She then bends forward to push down her knee socks and step out of them. Picking them all up she drops them in the trash bin and steps back, to stand on the spot the teacher told her originally take.

Since she finally finished, Mr. Schmidt looks at his watch and makes a note on his lectern. He then pulls out something yellow from under it and walks over to look into the can. Janie strains to see what he is holding but can't quite tell. It's relatively small, but seems to be mostly yellow with a blue end, but his hand is obscuring most of it.

"So now that Miss Huntington has finally finished her simple first task it's time to move on to step two." He said, standing next to the metal bin. "So now we have to move onto the step where I make you ruin these unacceptable clothes."

On that he flipped open the blue lid on what he had in his hands and started to squirt a liquid into the bin. 'Oh shit... he has lighter fluid. I thought that looked familiar.'

He then hands her a box of wooden matches and looks at his watch again. "Now you have to do the final step yourself. The longer you take the more you'll have to do in the final part of your punishment."

Trina stares down at the matches and at the clothing in the bin, hands shaking. It seems that the idea of actually burning the clothing is even harder than removing it. After all, it will mean she is truly going to be naked the rest of the afternoon, since she won't be able to talk her way into getting these clothes back. Her stare seems to linger down at the bin as she fiddles with the box and several matches fall out onto the floor.

Finally finding purchase on one she strikes it on the box and it flairs to life, but she doesn't drop it into the bin until it burns her fingers and goes out. Fumbling for a second one she strikes it and quickly drops it, but it didn't light before she did. On the third attempt the match lights and flies into the can, igniting the contents immediately. The flames lick up over the top of the can, but soon die down and out of site, as the contents burn themselves out quickly.

Mr. Schmidt walks over to the can, looks down into it and then at his watch, before dumping his water glass into it to make sure it's out. "Very good. Those are truly dead and gone. Now let's move onto the final part of your punishment." He pushes the can back off the side with his foot. Trina just stands there, looking lost and not even trying to cover up any more, as she awaits whatever he has in store for her next.

Janie looks around the room for whatever he may have her cleaning or working on, but doesn't see anything that either needs to be done or that he could make her work on. She is completely at a loss as to what he will make her do, or may do to her. His cruel streak seems to have grown in the last couple weeks, so it could be nearly anything.

"Step back." He finally says, walking over to the table on the side of the podium. "You will be standing back here as my assistant during today's lecture. You're job will be to hold what I tell you to hold and not move."

He then walks over to the side table and picks up a short wooden board, about two feet or so long, and sets it down at Trina's feet. "Place your feet on each side of the board and don't move them."

The board seems to be slightly wider than Trina's shoulders, which means that she would be standing there with her legs spread wide apart the whole time. Janie starts to feel sorry for her again, but there is nothing she can do now, so she just keeps watching as the teacher waits for Trina to obey. Slowly she slides her feet apart and steps to each side of the board. The lips of her pussy part slightly as she stands there.

Mr. Schmidt then grabs her left arm and has her raise it straight out to her side, hooking the metal clasp of a hanging paper display from it. The display shows what looks like a family tree, but of characters related to Jason and Argonauts. He then walks around to her other side and raises her right arm nearly straight up, placing what looks like a mass of golden wool in it. She stands there in this uncomfortable looking position as Mr. Schmidt pulls her long sandy-blond hair back off her shoulders, fully exposing Trina's large round breasts to everyone again.

He then starts to go into his lesson about the Greek myths surrounding the golden fleece of the winged ram Chrysomallos and how it put Jason on the throne of Iolcus in Thessaly. He goes on about the basic legend and several interpretations of it that have appeared over the years. The whole time pointing out things on the paper display and pointing up at the wool in her other hand.

Janie could see Trina's arms wavering as she struggled to keep the displays held up, but after nearly fifteen minutes she couldn't do it any longer and her left arm fell to her side. Her face was riddled with fear as she looked over at Mr. Schmidt and he shook his head at her. She dropped her face and her right arm as well.

Mr. Schmidt yanked the wool from her hand and grabbed the paper display away from her. "I am very disappointed in you Trina. I was almost done with this part of the display and you were going to be able to sit down, but now you'll have to do another job for me."

"But I can't hold my arms up any more." Trina whined softly. "They hurt too much."

"Don't worry." He said. "This next part won't require you to hold your arms up at all, you can keep them at your sides. In fact, you aren't going to have to do anything but stand still... and not move at all."

She puts her arms down at her sides and looks relieved as he returns to his lectern. He goes back to finishing up what he was saying about the myth of Jason and the Golden Fleece and what it became through time after numerous retellings. He then steps out to face the class directly and asks for their input. "Anyone have some ideas of what the Golden Fleece and the whole myth was representing or possibly a symbol for within the real world?"

Janie raised her hand instantly, as did a couple others, since she was already thinking about some things it could symbolize. Mr. Schmidt called on her and told her to stand before answering. She stood up and then clearly said, "I kind of thought it was representative of how ruling power was handled, passing to the powerful and not necessarily those who actually would do well with it."

Mr. Schmidt smiles and nods to her, waving her to sit down. "Very good miss Appleton." He says as he turns to face Trina, holding a large pen in his hand. Trina's eyes grow wide, but she doesn't move as he pops the cap off and starts to write on her chest in large block letters. He writes the words "Royal Lineage" across the top of her chest in what seems to be a grease pen of some kind.

"That is very astute." He says as he speaks. "That is one of the main things that has been discussed about this particular myth, but that's not surprising since the central focus of the story is that Jason is trying to gain the throne. Anyone else have any possibilities?"

One by one other students put forth ideas and soon Trina's whole front, from her upper chest to the tops of her thighs, is covered with his solid block writing. She is then made to stand there as he points to different ones with his pointer, occasionally tweaking her nipple or poking her in the side with the rubber tip, as he talks about the different interpretations brought up.

Finally the end of class approached and Trina was allowed to leave the stage. Janie saw her trying to rub some of the letters off with a napkin, but it only seemed to smear it a little. Mr. Schmidt also seemed to see this and said, "Not to worry Miss Huntington, it will wash off with a little soap and mild scrubbing. Shouldn't take more than a half an hour tonight."

Trina nodded to him, but Janie could still see the tears starting to roll down her cheeks. 'Man.' she thought to herself. 'She's making me feel sorry for her. If she keeps this up I might actually be on her side next time.'

Janie started to walk over to her, to see if there was some way she could let her know it would be okay, but Trina shoved passed her, saying, "Out of my dork." Then all feelings of sorrow for her dissolved. Janie glared at her as she left the room. 'Sheesh, I hope she gets picked again tomorrow. Would suit her right.’