My Freshman Nightmare

I don't know how it all started exactly and I have no idea when my nightmare is going to end. When you hear my story, you will probably immediately wonder why I don't just end my torment myself. Just walk away. I wish I could answer that. I think about it every day.... 100 times a day.... And yet I allow it to continue because the part of me that wants it to stop is over-powered by the part of me that needs it to happen.

I sometimes think I've been hypnotized or maybe it's like Stockholm syndrome, where I sympathize with my tormentors. All I know is that once my roommate Amy entered my life, there was no turning back.

I guess I should begin by saying my name is Beth Smith and I am a freshman in college, but I am also a 36-year-old woman. I was one of those girls who married right out of high school and gave up my dream of going to college because my ex-husband was a male chauvinist who didn't believe women needed a career.

He would constantly belittle me to "keep me in my place" and I'm sure that probably contributed to my inability to stand up for myself and my inclination to being dominated. Even though I was unhappy in my marriage, there was an odd sort of comfort zone in letting someone else control every facet of my life.

He always told me I was lucky he had married me because I wasn't exactly "a looker" and I couldn't really argue with him. I have a reddish-blond hair, a fairly plain face with fair skin and freckles (I am often told I look like Sissy Spacek). I wear glasses and wasn't blessed with big boobs or anything. I'm not flat chested, but they are pretty small.

I have been told, even by my ex, that my legs are nice and I have a pert little "bubble butt." Probably my best feature is my feet, though. Delicate and well-proportioned with slender toes. Basically, from the waist down I was fine, but from the waist up, nothing to brag about. At least, that's what he always said.

So it was only a matter of time (actually about eight years) before he dumped me for another woman. I was devastated at first despite his treatment of me because my comfort zone was gone. But then I discovered a new quirk to my personality. I found I was increasingly attracted to women.

I soon began frequenting lesbian bars and hangouts and found myself pursued by several rather "butch" type women, but the women I was attracted to myself showed little interest in me. It was frustrating and I eventually got involved with one of the more manly type women and I have to admit she treated me well. Her name was Leah and she was very protective and took care of me, but I found myself secretly almost craving the domination I had experienced with my ex-husband.

I would drop hints to Leah that she could be rougher with me and that I would do whatever she told me to do, but she would just brush it off and tell me I was free to do whatever I wanted. She gave me the confidence to pursue a college degree, but the decision to do so was followed by the decision to break up with her. I wanted to be free to pursue others in college and maybe find some pretty young thing I was attracted to that I could share a relationship with.

I enrolled at the university in the next town and soon found myself surrounded by beautiful young girls, but alas, they all looked at me like I was some sort of freak. A 36-year-old frumpy little thing, living in the dorm with them. I was soon the butt of endless jokes, the majority delivered by my own roommate, Amy.

The really sad thing about that is that I fell in love with Amy at first sight. Golden blond hair, perfect cheekbones, flashing blue eyes, a deep, brown tan, killer body... the works. I was almost tongue-tied the first time we met, I was so awe-struck. Amy, on the other hand, could barely contain her disdain for me. But I didn't care. I was thrilled that we were going to be sharing a room every day and every night.

I thought maybe I could win her over by doing things for her. It started with offering to do her laundry, which she readily accepted, and before I knew it I was doing all her laundry and all the cleaning and often found myself doing her homework. But I was more than happy to do it just for the occasional almost friendly remark. I never really hoped for a "thank you," and was satisfied with the occasional "Oh, that's cool. Great."

During our growing relationship, bizarre as it might seem, I was also trying to seduce her. I would bare my feet and legs at every opportunity since I knew they were my strongest feature and once Amy let me give her a massage and it was all I could do to contain myself. What I didn't realize was just how much Amy was catching on to my true desire and what she planned to do with that information.

The moment of truth that forever changed my life came on a Saturday night. I had decided to go for broke in my seduction and emerged from the bathroom in our room wearing a thin baby blue T-shirt that just barely covered the bottom curve of my buttocks. It was the only item of clothing I was wearing. No bra. No knickers. Legs and feet bare. I was trembling with anticipation and blushing to spite myself.

I began my usual dusting and cleaning routine as Amy lay on her bed reviewing the homework I had done for her earlier. I knew that every time I reached my arms up or bent over, the shirt would hike up and reveal glimpses of my bare bottom and hoped this would entice Amy. At one point, I was just a few feet in front of her with my back turned, reaching up to move some clothes around on a high shelf and realized the hem of my shirt had moved up to just at the small of my back, giving Amy a "full moon."

I glanced at her reflection in the television set and confirmed she was looking and blushed. I am normally a very modest person who dresses conservatively (hence my frumpy image) so my present attire was really embarrassing for me, but I felt I had to do something to get her attention.

Little did I know how much of her attention I was about to get and how soon I would regret it. And am still regretting it, and craving it, on a daily basis ever since.

As I was about to return to the bathroom to try to calm my nerves, Amy, who was wearing white tennis shorts, a tank top accentuating her beautiful breasts and ankle socks, suddenly stood in front of me holding out a dollar bill.

"I'm thirsty, Beth. Go to the lobby and get me a diet coke." It wasn't a request, but then Amy's demands never were nor would I ever consider not doing it.

But I cringed at the thought. On a Saturday night, the lobby would be packed with girls and guys visiting. It was an all girl's dorm and the guys weren't allowed in the rooms after 8 p.m., but could sit and visit the female residents at the tables and sofas scattered around the lobby. There were probably 40 or 50 people down there.

I had made the mistake of wandering down there once to get a newspaper in my ankle-length flannel robe and grandma slippers and had to endure the snickers and rolled eyes of my fellow residents. One of them even said, "Hey grandma, nice outfit." It was humiliating. But if Amy wanted a soda, I would just have to endure the embarrassment and go.

I was reaching for my robe and looking around on the floor for my slippers, when Amy suddenly snapped, "Did I say anything about putting your robe on? I said go get me a coke."

I froze and looked at her with deer in the headlights eyes, I'm sure. She just smirked and continued, "You've been flouncing around our room dressed like that so you can just flounce your little pasty white butt down there and get me a coke. Now!"

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Like I said, this was the moment of truth. I could have told her to fuck herself. I could have just ignored her. I could have reacted 100 different ways, but instead, with tears starting to form in my eyes and my lips trembling, my only response was a meek, "Yes, Ma'am."

I walked toward the door, my legs feeling like wet noodles and my heart pounding. Was I really about to walk down the hall and down three floors to a crowded lobby wearing nothing but a tiny T-shirt? As terrifying a prospect as that was, it was like I had no choice in the matter.

"And don't fuck around either," Amy barked. "I'm timing you and if you're not back in 5 minutes or if my coke is even the tiniest bit warm, I will warm that little backside of yours. Then you'll have to do the rest of my homework standing up!"

Moment of truth? This was a line in the sand and once I crossed it there would be no turning back. I was a grown woman, almost twice her age, and she was threatening me with a spanking! Again, I could tell her she was crazy. I could probably report her to the RA or something. At the least, I could pack my stuff and request a new roommate. But the thought of leaving her was too much to bear.

So, feeling like the floor was about to open up and swallow me whole, I just nodded, my eyes downcast, and stammered, "Yes, Ma'am. Ri... Right Away, Ma'am" and stepped out into the hall.

I was relieved to see the hallway was momentarily deserted as I padded on bare feet toward the stairs. There was no way I was going to take the elevator and risk having to ride down with others in my nearly naked state of dress. I was already dreading the reaction I would get in the lobby. Oh God, I thought, why am I doing this? How did this happen? But at the same time, in a weird way, I was aroused....

Just as I neared the stairwell, two girls came around the corner. I recognized one, Stacy, from one of my classes and knew she had always talked about me behind my back. Her reaction to seeing me was to stare wide-eyed for about five seconds and then she covered her mouth to stifle a laugh. Mind you, there were other girls who were known to walk the halls semi-clothed, but I knew she was stunned to see me doing it. She whispered something to the other girl as I scurried past, my eyes focused on the floor tiles, and I heard the other girl giggle.

I could feel my face burning and would not have been surprised to learn I was blushing from the crown of my head to the tips of my dainty toes. I fought back the urge to burst into tears as I bolted down the stairs, the concrete steps cold and unforgiving under my bare soles. I kept tugging on the hem of my shirt as if that would make it longer somehow, but knew it was hopeless. Why did I wear this shirt?

I peeked out the first floor stairwell door into the lobby, hoping against hope it might be a slow night. No such luck. There were dozens of couples scattered all over, chattering away. And it was about 50 feet from the door to the coke machine and my path would take me directly across one end of the lobby in full view of anyone bothering to look. I was trembling all over and felt like I would throw up.

My immediate temptation was to run to the machine, get a coke as fast as possible and run back, but I knew that would only draw more attention to myself. I would have to try to be as casual as possible. As casual as one could be when she was practically bare-assed naked and about to walk into a room full of people!

Taking a deep breath, I eased the door open and walked toward the machine, trying not to look at anyone because I knew if I made eye contact I would die of shame! I just put one foot in front of the other, immediately noticing the contrast between the cold concrete of the stairwell and the warm carpet of the lobby. I didn't even make it five feet before I heard a male voice to my right say "Whoa," and glanced over before I could stop myself.

A guy in a football jersey sitting next to a cute brunette was leering at me and I couldn't help but notice his date was looking at me with total disgust. "Jesus," she muttered, crinkling her nose and then looking away . "I knew that bitch was crazy," she whispered loud enough for me to hear.

I felt my face burning even hotter as I made it to the machine. I could sense dozens of heads turning in my direction and heard murmurs and whispers and muffled laughs all around. My legs were trembling so hard I knew that everyone could see it. My knees were practically banging together. My feeling of terror and humiliation only grew as I realized the dollar bill receptacle was near the top of the machine! I am only 5 feet, 2 inches, so I would have to stand on tiptoe to reach it and my shirt was going to hike up as far as it did back in the room. Then again, that was what got me in this situation in the first place so maybe I deserved this.... Damn, I thought. Amy has really messed with my head!

With no other choice, I flattened the bill out and reached up, stretching up on my bare toes. I had to use one hand to steady myself against the machine as I used the other to slide the bill in so I could do nothing to stop it as my shirt eased up to the small of my back. Immediately, there was a small chorus of wolf whistles and I noticed a few of them were female.

Oh God, I thought, as tears started rolling down my cheeks. I am showing my bare ass to about three dozen people right now! As soon as the dollar bill was sucked in, I dropped back down and grabbed the hem of my shirt to pull it down as far as it would go, which unfortunately wasn't far at all. I heard whispered comments bouncing around, such as "slut" and "tramp" and "Who does she think she is?"

As the coke rolled down to the bottom receptacle, I bent over to grab it not even thinking about how my shirt would again hike up. This time there was applause as I bared my cheeks to the throng. Tears streamed down my red-as-a-beet face as I turned and ran to the stairwell door as fast as my little bare feet would carry me. I was sobbing as I bolted up the stairs back to the third floor.

I had every intention of running full speed back to our room, but as I peeked out the door, I noticed Stacy and another classmate of mine, Debbie, standing near the water cooler between the door and the hallway leading to our room. While Stacy would mock me behind my back and give me ugly looks, Debbie was much more open and vocal with her disdain. I knew if she saw me now, she would make a big, humiliating scene with me as the blushing star!

Thinking fast, I went back down the stairs to the second floor and then ran down the hall to the opposite end of the floor. I passed several girls along the way, who looked with surprise as I darted by. I'm sure I was a sight to see. Red-faced, crying and practically naked! I didn't even think about the coke in my hand as I ran, arms pumping wildly. I made it to the stairwell at the other end and then ran up to the third floor and was able to dart around to our room.

I ran in as Amy was coming out of the bathroom. She looked at me and laughed. "Did we have fun?," she asked. I wanted to punch her. I wanted to tell her to go to hell. But I couldn't. I had no power where she was concerned.

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Instead, I meekly handed her the coke and said, "No, Ma'am. It was embarrassing."

"You should be embarrassed, running around like that. You look stupid!," she said, as she took the coke.

She opened it as she brought it toward her mouth and it suddenly spewed! Coke went all over her face and hair. I had apparently shook it up during my panicked run through the hallways and up the stairs. Amy stood there with a stunned look on her face and I couldn't help but smirk a little. I would soon be regretting it, though. And how!

Slamming the coke down on her dresser, I watched in horror as she grabbed a large, wooden-backed hairbrush and turned toward me with hatred in her eyes. "I think it's time we clarified our relationship once and for all, little lady!," she hissed.

Then she grabbed a handful of my hair and pulled me toward her bed and before I knew what was happening, I was facedown over her lap and she was roughly pulling my shirt up almost to my shoulders. I felt her knee digging into my crotch and my naked bottom was thrust upward as my face was shoved into the blankets. I was trying to catch my breath when my ass exploded! That's the only way to describe the immediate and agonizing pain being rained down on my poor defenseless butt cheeks.

She was slapping my naked buttocks with the hairbrush in rapid fire fashion, up and down, back and forth, and it was obvious she was swinging it with all the force she could muster. As small as I was, I could have resisted and maybe got away from her. But instead, I gripped the blankets with both hands, my knuckles white, and bit down on the nearest chunk of blankets to muffle the sobs and groans that were soon bursting from me. I dug my toes into the blankets at the other end and basically held on for dear life!

My natural instinct was to try to squirm or wiggle my bottom away from her attack, but instead I found myself arching my back and thrusting my bottom toward her as a thousand different emotions swarmed through me. The main feeling, of course, was complete and total, gut-wrenching humiliation. I was a grown woman being spanked on my bare bottom by an 18-year-old girl! Not just spanked either. I was getting my rump roasted! I was getting the blistering of a lifetime and the truth was, it was my first spanking ever. My parents never spanked me and as verbally abusive as my ex-husband had been, he never laid a hand on me. I had actually fantasized about Leah spanking me a few times, but it was of the more erotic variety. This was not an erotic spanking. I was being punished and I was bawling my eyes out!

Amy must have sensed something in me as I thrust my rapidly reddening bottom upwards and grew even more angry. "What? You think this is foreplay, you little lesbo slut? Well, here, let me clear it up for you!"

With that, she began concentrating all the blows on the part where the bottom curve of my butt met the tops of my thighs. In other words, the part of my bottom that would bear all the weight when I tried to sit. And it was becoming painfully obvious that sitting down was not something I was going to be able to do anytime soon. If ever again....

Despite the blanket I had stuffed in my mouth, my sobs and cries of anguish were becoming louder no matter how hard I tried to be quiet and to my horror I heard murmurs and whispers coming from the other side of the bedroom door and glancing in that direction, I could see shadows moving around under the door frame. The other girls were listening and it was probably fairly obvious what was going on. How could they miss the sound of wood hitting bare flesh and my vocal reactions!

My humiliation increased ten-fold as I knew I would have to face them all afterward, aware they knew I got a bare-bottomed spanking! And that I blubbered like a baby through the whole ordeal! I began to beg Amy to stop. Beg? Hell, I was groveling at that point, my anguished voice sounding foreign to me as I heard myself promising to be a good girl and other humiliating pleas and I could hear laughter on the other side of the door as the gathered witnesses listened to my pathetic whining.

"I'll stop when I'm damn good and ready to stop," Amy hissed. "And right now I'm thinking your little uppity behind could be just a little redder and a WHOLE lot sorer."

She continued to bring the hairbrush down on my quivering bottom as I buried my tear-stained face in the blankets to stifle the sobs racking my entire body. Finally, just when I felt my ass would literally burst into flames, she stopped and unceremoniously rolled me off her lap and onto the bedroom floor where I lay in a sobbing, trembling heap for several seconds.

"Don't get too comfortable down there," Amy said, chuckling. "You still got to go back down and get me another coke. And I wouldn't recommend shaking this one up unless you'd like to have a repeat of tonight's entertainment every single night this week!"

Rising painfully to my knees, tears still rolling down my flushed cheeks, I clasped my hands in front of me in the traditional begging stance and pleaded with Amy.

"Please, don't make me go back to the lobby!," I whimpered. "Everyone will see my bottom and know I've been spanked. I've already been humiliated more than I can take and that would be too much. Please!"

Amy, hands on her hips, just shook her head. "I'll decide how much humiliation you can take, Beth. Not you. It would do you good to remember that."

Choking back another sob, I tried a last ditch effort to at least preserve some shred of dignity. "Can I at least have my robe and slippers? I promise I'll be quick and won't shake your coke."

But it was not to be. Amy just smirked at me and shook her head again. "Sorry, missy. No robe. No slippers. And if you keep stalling, I'll just have to take your shirt too. How would you like that? You can just walk down there naked as the day you were born, with your blistered ass glowing!"

Panicked, I quickly shook my head and rose to my feet. "No, no. Please. I'll go. I'm sorry."

Clutching another dollar in my hand, I walked to the door, my hand shaking as I reached for the knob, dreading the greeting that awaited me on the other side. It was as bad as I feared. There were about 20 girls lining the hallway, all smiling and smirking. Some at least had the decency to cover their mouths, but the glint in their eyes gave away the fact they were trying not to laugh as well.

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I kept my head down and started walking and thankfully, they parted to give me room as I padded past them, my bare feet making no sound on the carpeted floor. I had never felt so humiliated in my life. My face was burning, my ears were buzzing and it I was having trouble breathing. It was like a bad dream and I kept waiting for my alarm to go off and end my misery, but instead, it just intensified.

Suddenly blocking my way, Debbie put a hand to my chin and lifted my face up to look into her sneering, malicious eyes. "Excuse me, miss. But I'm the hall monitor and I need to see your hall pass!"

This was greeted by giggles, guffaws and murmurs from the girls still crowding around me on all sides.

"I... I... don't have one," I stammered, fresh tears rolling down my face.

"Oh no," Debbie said, in mock surprise. "Well, ordinarily, I'd throw the book at you, but seeing as how you have already been, uh, educated in the proper methods of conduct around here, I guess I can cut you a little slack."

"Th..thank you," I stammered, but then she grabbed my arm and turned me around. "So I'll settle for a red check! Let's just see how blistered your little fanny is!" and then she roughly lifted my shirt up to the small of my back while shoving me into the wall so everyone in the hall could see my bare backside. I didn't even try to resist, just clinched my eyes shut and moaned softly as another wave of humiliation washed over me.

I heard whistles, gasps and other comments from the assembled throng about the condition of my poor little bottom. I also caught a compliment or two. "Cute little butt there, Dorothy," one said. "I bet you wish you were back in Kansas."

Debbie held me pressed against the wall with my shirt lifted for about two minutes, so everyone who wanted to see my tortured buttocks could get an eyeful. I just stood there, my forehead resting on the wall, crying softly. Finally, she released me and pushed me toward the stairwell.

"Better hurry up, little slave girl," she taunted, giving me a painful swat on my bottom in passing. "You wouldn't want to piss off your mistress again."

This time I ran to the stairwell door and then, sniveling and whimpering, I darted down the steps, my feet slapping the concrete loud enough to echo off the walls. I was so glad to get away from Debbie and the others that I almost forgot the fate that awaited me downstairs. The lobby was still filled with girls and guys that I would once again have to expose my bare bottom too, only this time there would be no mistaking the fact I had just endured the spanking of my life!

I tugged the hem of the shirt down again in a futile attempt to create more coverage, but you could still see the bottom curve of my buttocks. And it was fire engine red! As were the upper backs of my thighs. Reaching back to rub them I could literally feel the heat rising off my cheeks. I can't remember any part of my body hurting more than my butt did at the moment.

Trying to compose myself, I wiped my tears away and nervously edged the door open and peeked into the lobby. There were still dozens of would-be spectators in there. I took a deep breath to fight off having another crying jag and walked out, padding toward the coke machine as nonchalantly as possible. I barely made it 10 feet before a female voice shouted, "Oh look, she's back!" and once again I felt all heads turning in my direction. Oh God, I thought. Hold it together. If I stopped to think about everything that had happened up to that point and what was about to happen, I would lose it completely.

I tried to imagine I was dressed normally, but it was hard to do because the feel of the carpet under my bare feet and the material of my shirt rubbing against my oh-so-tender behind kept snapping me painfully back to the reality of my situation with all the mind-numbing humiliation that came with it. Don't start crying, I told myself. Because I knew at this point if I started I would be unable to stop. I finally reached the coke machine and once again stretched up on tiptoe to insert the dollar.

This time there were no wolf whistles, just gasps and then snickers. Please God, nobody say anything, I thought, but evidently God wasn't on my side either. Immediately I heard a sneering female voice say, "Well, either little miss priss got a major sunburn in the last 30 minutes or somebody paddled her little ass!" With that simple remark, the room exploded into laughter, all directed at me.

The tears started flowing and at that point, I figured my shame was complete so I bent over to retrieve the soda, knowing full well I was once again exposing my red bottom to the crowd's scrutiny and then turned to run back. I kept my vision focused straight ahead and tried to ignore the numerous comments all around me, but then a much louder and sterner voice quickly hushed all the whispering.

"MISS SMITH! Just what do you think you are doing?," the voice snapped.

I jerked my head in the direction of the very authoritarian voice and saw Ms. Reynolds, the dean of girl's housing whose own living quarters were just off the lobby.

"Why are you dressed like this in public? It is a violation of school policy," she said, stomping over in her black high heels. She was wearing a dark blue dress that came to below her knees. Very formal and proper attire for a dean while my outfit was anything but.

"I... I... just needed a coke," I stammered, suddenly fearful that I could be facing troubles other than a sore behind for my actions. What if I got expelled or something? All the night's humiliations would have been for nothing if I was forcibly removed from Amy's room.

"The issue at hand is not your need for a beverage," Ms. Reynolds said, glaring at me. "I believe the issue is what you are wearing, or should I say, NOT wearing. Such as shoes or pants. And it looks like you're not even wearing undergarments."

With that, she suddenly yanked my shirt up exposing my privates before I could throw my hands down to cover myself. There was a chorus of wolf whistles at that and one male said, "Well, at least we know she's a real blond!" which was met by a smattering of applause.

Ms. Reynolds, who towered over me, was seething. To make matters worse, she was about 28 meaning she was younger than me, but I certainly didn't feel like her elder now. In fact, I felt about 10-years-old as she glowered down at me.

"You should be ashamed of yourself!," she shouted for all to hear. "A woman your age acting like this. What are you thinking?"

I tried to answer, but only a squeak came out. I was so humiliated I couldn't even form words. I was still desperately trying to keep my crotch covered as she was still pulling on my thin shirt.

"Well, just come with me then," she said, and grabbing a handful of my shirt at the shoulder, she started stomping toward her quarters, and it was all I could do to keep up, scampering along. Unfortunately, the grip she had on my shirt caused it to hike up to about waist level so my crotch and my blistered bottom were on full display to the entire lobby as she dragged me along.

"Ms. Reynolds, please," I sobbed as I frantically tried to cover my privates with my hands. Evidently, it made for a amusing sight because there was riotous laughter in the lobby, echoing at me on all sides. The laughter was mixed with applause and cheers. It was as if the whole world had conspired with Amy to bring about my total and complete humiliation.

After what seemed a small eternity, we made it to her door and she shoved me into the entryway of her living area. I was still sobbing as she slammed the door behind us and stood there, hands on hips, glaring at me and apparently waiting on some explanation for my behavior. I could have told her about Amy I suppose, but at that point, I doubt she would believe me. A grown woman forced to do the bidding of an 18-year-old, meekly submitting to a painful bare bottom spanking, parading around half naked in public? And why? Because Amy wanted me to.... Because I was in love with my tormentor. Because some part of me got off on being humiliated?

"I'm sorry, Ma'am," I whimpered. "I just woke up and was getting a coke and didn't think..."

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"I guess not," Ms. Reynolds said. "Well, I think maybe I've got a way to make you think. Monday afternoon at 3 p.m., I'm putting you on grounds duty. I want every speck of trash, every cigarette butt, every gum wrapper picked up for the entire quad in front of this building.

Smiling evilly, she added, "I picked 3 o'clock because that's the busiest time of day. I want everyone to see what happens to students who strut around like little tramps!"

I nodded, my eyes downcast, trying to resist the overwhelming urge to rub my backside which was still on fire. "Yes, Ma'am," I said meekly. "Whatever you say, ma'am."

Satisfied, she nodded toward the door. "You may leave now and I suggest you march your little bare butt back to your room this instant! If I ever catch you in the lobby dressed like that again, there will be hell to pay, understand?"

I nodded, tears flowing again, and walked out the door. The walk back to the stairwell past the gathered throng was the longest of my life as they continued to laugh and point and make rude comments. I had dropped the coke and was thankful to see it was still there and still relatively cold. As I made my way up the steps, I tapped the top continuously hoping it wouldn't foam up again and thankfully, when I gave it to Amy it didn't.

I flopped down on the bed, facedown of course, and began crying softly. Amy came over and started rubbing the small of my back. I was experiencing a rush of conflicting emotions at that point. I had been completely humiliated, but I suddenly felt closer to Amy than I had since I moved in.

"There, there, Beth baby," she cooed. "That wasn't so bad. You did really well for your first spanking."

I felt a shiver pass through my entire body and I managed to turn my head back to look at her, perched on the edge of my bed, and ask in a quivering voice, "F..f..first? But... I...."

She laughed. "Well, baby, now that I've seen what an excellent disciplinary tool it is for you, I think it will probably be a consistent part of our little relationship, don't you?"

I stammered in growing terror. "But... I.... I don't like..."

"OK, how about this? If you do everything I say, exactly like I say all the time, without question or hesitation and never do anything to irritate me or displease me in any way, maybe we won't have to do it again," she said.

But then she laughed. "But, come on, Beth. Get real! There's no way that's going to happen! No... I think you'll be spending a lot of quality time bottoms up over my lap this semester. I mean, I really think it's good for you and besides, I enjoyed the hell out of it. I know it sounds kinda mean, but blistering your little tush was the most fun I've had since I've been at this stupid school. Watching you squirm and cry! Man, that got me so hot!," she said. Then chuckled, "Not as hot as your little backside got, of course, but pretty hot."

I was sobbing openly again and tried once more to salvage some tiny shred of dignity in what was promising to be a nightmare existence.

"OK, ma'am," I whimpered. "But can't we keep it private?," I asked, thinking again of the humiliating gauntlet I had endured both in the hall and in the lobby.

"It's a little late for that, don't you think?," she said, giggling. "I mean, I challenge you to find anyone in this whole dorm who doesn't know you got a spanking.

"Besides, as much as I enjoyed the act of spanking you, I really enjoyed the look on your face when you were being humiliated in front of everyone. I mean, my God, when Debbie red checked you in the hall. I was watching and saw the expression on your face. The total, complete shame you were going through. It was priceless!

"No, secrecy is not an option. In fact, I think your next bottom warming should be a little more public. Why should I be the only one to enjoy the show you put on. That seems selfish of me.

"So mind your Ps and Qs, little darling. Because one little slip up and you'll find yourself the star of a public, painful and oh-so-deliciously humiliating one-woman extravaganza!"

I cried myself to sleep that night with dreams of the ordeals to come....

More to come.....

*My Freshman Nighmare 6*
Thu Oct 7, 2004 17:04
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My Freshman Nightmare 6

The next few days passed without any further confrontations with Amy, although I suspected she was just giving me time for my sore bottom to heal. But I did suffer several humiliating moments beginning that Monday when I was in visible discomfort every time I had to sit down in class, much to the amusement of my classmates. Apparently, word had spread about my "session" with Amy.

I also had to endure the embarrassment of picking up trash in the quad with the knowing smirks and snickers from my fellow dorm residents who knew I was being punished for my half-naked lobby jaunt. And while Amy didn't send me on any further lobby expeditions that week, she did establish a dress code for our room. She threw away my robe and slippers and made it a rule that I was only allowed one item of clothing at all times as soon as I got back to the room at the end of classes. She had also thrown away every bra I owned, reasoning since my breasts were small, I didn't need one anyway.

I opted for the top to an oversize and very comfy pair of pajamas I had, thankful that the hem reached to just above my knees. But my relief was short-lived as she altered my chosen outfit almost immediately. She broke out her scissors and cut off the sleeves to make it almost a tank-top, cut the neck line and, worst of all, trimmed the hem so that it once again just barely covered my bottom and crotch.

And then she bought me a present, but it wasn't cause for celebration. She had purchased a solid wooden ping-pong paddle and had one of her art friends put a drawing on it of a red-headed girl bent over a lap and getting a blistering spanking, her bright red bottom arched upwards and tears streaming down her anguished face. In bold red letters, it read, "Beth's Bottom Burner."

"You better behave, Bethie dear," Amy taunted. "I'm really anxious to give this a try. I can't wait to see how red I can get your little tush with this baby."

Unfortunately for me and my tush, she didn't have to wait very long. It was an understood rule in our room that Amy got to use the bathroom first in the morning and she could take as long as needed to get ready and then, and only then, I was allowed to get ready. This, of course, often made me late for class, but I wouldn't have dared suggest otherwise and risk Amy's wrath.

One morning I was running late as usual for class and I thought I had heard Amy in the shower earlier. Plus, she wasn't in the room so I assumed she had already got ready and left. This turned out to be a very bad assumption on my part. You know the saying, when you assume you make an ass out of you and me. Well, I made an ass of myself and it was my ASS that ended up paying for it. Big time!

I had showered quickly and was stepping out of the bathroom wrapped in a towel only to find Amy standing there glowering at me, almost trembling with anger.

"You bitch! How dare you hog the bathroom when you know damn well I need to get ready! Now I'm going to be late for my first class! Evidently, you forgot our little agreement about you being obedient at all times."

I felt a shiver run down my back and my terror only grew as I realized Amy was holding the dreaded paddle in her hand. Slapping it against her palm, she said, "I guess you need a little reminder about the rules. Now, lose the towel. You won't be needing it."

I tried to get my mouth to work, but was practically stuttering I was trembling so hard. "I... didn't... I thought you were gone... Amy, I didn't mean to-"

She cut me off with a raised palm and then pointed at my towel. "I don't want to hear it. Drop the towel."

Feeling about two inches tall, I meekly complied and untied my towel, letting it slide down my still wet body to the floor, leaving me completely naked from head to toe. Suddenly filled with shame, I threw an arm over my breasts and another splayed hand over my crotch.

Instead of grabbing me like the first time, Amy just sat on the edge of the bed and motioned me over and I complied, "assuming the position" across her waiting lap even as tears began to roll down my cheeks. My butt had finally stopped smarting from my last encounter and now I was about to be blistered again!

"I remember reading somewhere that a spanking hurts a lot more if your butt is wet," Amy said. "Let me know if that's true." And then the paddle came crashing down on my left cheek and then my right.

Amy got her answer about the extra stinging power of paddling a wet target because I was sobbing by the sixth swat and blubbering like a baby by the time she had hit me a dozen times. And then suddenly she stopped.... I was just about to begin a futile attempt at begging for mercy when she ceased.

"Damn it. I really am late," Amy said. "We'll just have to finish this up later," she said, patting my bottom with her hand. "And, don't worry, I'll make sure to throw in a few dozen extra swats for having to postpone your punishment."

Then she dumped me in the floor again like before. She told me to stay put while she got dressed and ready for class, so I knelt there in the floor, my very pink and stinging bottom resting on my bare heels and my arms crossed over my breasts. I was trying to hide the fact my nipples were rock hard.

Despite the pain to my posterior, I was suddenly overwhelmed with a sense of relief. Not only at the fact that she had stopped the spanking while I could still conceivably sit without wincing, but the promise of a humiliating public spanking had not happened. As embarrassing as it had been to stand there naked and then get spanked again, at least I didn't have an audience.

I finally made it to my own class and the rest of the day continued to pass without incident. I was still getting smirks and whispered comments from many of my fellow classmates who had either seen my degradation or heard about it. I would always blush at the attention, but had reached a point where I was kind of numb to it all. That was about to change though as I made it to my last class of the day.

I first noticed the normal teacher, Ms. Drake, was not there and instead Tasha, a graduate student, appeared as if she was going to be filling in. This didn't sit too well with me, because not only did I really like Ms. Drake and enjoy her teaching, but Tasha was one of Amy's friends who was always talking bad about me. I decided to sit toward the back and hopefully she wouldn't notice me.

My slight nervousness turned to terror when Amy came strolling in and waved at me in the back with a evil grin on her face. She talked briefly with Tasha and then locked the door and lowered the blinds. Moving back to the front of the room, she pulled out a chair and sat down and started digging in her purse. When she pulled out the paddle, my heart dropped into my stomach!

*My Freshman Nightmare 7*
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Freshman Nightmare Part 7

With an equally evil smirk on her face, Tasha said to the class, which included about 30 students, half male and half female, "I'm afraid there will be a slight delay in starting class today. My friend Amy has some unfinished business with her roommate to take care of but it shouldn't take more than 10 or 15 minutes."

Amy flashed a big smile and motioned at me with a crooked finger. "Come on now, Bethie. I hate we have to do this in front of your whole class, but I'm on a tight schedule these days."

I am amazed I was able to stand up, my legs were shaking so hard, and I suddenly seemed to have forgotten how to breath. I should just tell her no. This was insane. She couldn't seriously expect to spank me in class, in front of all these people. But with the paddle twirling in her hand, I couldn't imagine any other scenario.

"Amy.... I... You can't...," I said, my voice cracking even as the blood rushed to my face. But Amy just crooked her eyebrow as if to say, "Oh, really. I can't," and then pointed the paddle at my feet.

"Shoes and socks. Get them off. Now," she snapped. I was trying not to look at anyone but her, but could sense gasps and movement, mixed with more than a few snickers and giggles. You could literally feel the realization of what was being proposed moving through the crowd on either side of me. I heard one female whisper, "Oh, my God. Is she really?..." with just a little too much enthusiasm in her voice for my liking.

And yet, I found myself kneeling down and struggling to untie the laces of my tennis shoes, my fingers trembling so bad it made dealing with even simple knots a monumental task. I sniffled as my eyes started to cloud with tears. How could this be happening? Why was I going along with it?

I finally managed to slip first one shoe and then the other off and then slid my little ankle socks off and shoved one in each shoe. Standing back up, I placed the shoes on the seat of my desk and tried once more for mercy, giving an imploring look of sheer terror at Amy, but her face showed nothing but impatience mixed with mild amusement. There wasn't even a hint of mercy or compassion there.

I stood there awkwardly in my bare feet, thankful I had at least taken the time to paint my toe nails the night before. I was dressed in blue jeans and a short sleeved white blouse. I prayed that she would just punish me clothed, but knew without asking the removal of my shoes was a prelude for the big humiliation to come. Amy wasted no time in confirming my worst fear.

Pointing with the paddle again, she said, in a voice that all could hear, "Now your jeans. Off. Completely."

I clinched my eyes shut for a moment to at least slow the flood of tears threatening to start rolling down my face and managed to unhook the button on my jeans despite the continued trembling in my hands and fingers. My face burning with shame, I unzipped my fly and worked my jeans down my hips and then down my bare legs until they pooled around my feet. I stepped out of them and then surprised myself by grabbing them and then neatly folding them before laying them on top of my shoes. At that point, I guess I was just trying to delay the inevitable humiliation awaiting me at the front of the room. Humiliation that I guessed was going to be far worse than anything I could have imagined in my worst nightmares.

I was at least relieved to note my blouse did an adequate job of covering my crotch and my quivering bottom, clad modestly in white cotton knickers. I had a sinking feeling my shirt would be lifted and knickers lowered once I was over Amy's lap, but for now, I was able to preserve a little dignity. But Amy once again upped the ante in my humiliation game.

"You know, this is a new skirt I'm wearing," she said, looking down at her tan leather skirt which gripped her magnificent figure and left her long, tan, beautiful legs exposed to all admirers, including me.

"I don't want to chance little Beth getting excited during our attitude adjustment session and, uh, how should I say this? Leaving anything behind to mark her passing?," she said, covering her mouth to stifle a giggle. Several females went "ewwww" and several males exchanged knowing glances.

"So, I think you should hand me your blouse and I'll use that as a buffer, just in case," she said, holding out her free hand \_ the one not holding the fearsome looking paddle \_ for my blouse.

I froze and stood looking at Amy in shock. When I finally managed to get my lips to move, I begged, "Please, Amy. Not my shirt too. Please!"

Amy's smile disappeared and she gave me a stern look. "Listen, little lady. I have been very patient with your little slo mo strip tease so far, but I've got shit to do. And lighting a fire on your little rump is just a small, albeit very enjoyable, part of my afternoon. So get your fucking shirt off and hand it to me. Now!"

Startled by her anger, I began fumbling with the buttons of my blouse even as I noticed 30 sets of eyes all fixed on me. No one was making a sound at that point. I was the complete center of attention. And I was about to lose my mind! One part was screaming for me to just grab my clothes and run out of the room and keep going until I was in another town. But the other part was apparently reveling in the humiliating shame of it all and urged me to make my fingers work faster.

I unbuttoned the last button and then hesitated, my still trembling hands on either side of the shirt, as I finally slid it off my shoulders and then folded it in my hands. I desperately wanted to cover my erect, but still pitifully small breasts, but I knew Amy would tell me to stop and I thought maybe standing there obediently holding my blouse while naked except for my knickers would preserve some shred of dignity.

Then a voice chimed in, "Nice granny knickers!," and I immediately broke down crying. I managed to hand the blouse to Amy as the sobs wracked my chest. I stood with my hands clinched into fists on either side, my little breasts heaving as I continued crying unabated. Amy just watched for a moment and then said, "Gee, all that and I haven't even started the spanking yet! I can't wait to see what she does when I do start."

Positioning my blouse across her lap, Amy again motioned at my waist with the paddle. "Still got one last item to go," she said. "Drop them. To your knees."

*My Freshman Nightmare 8*
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Freshman Nightmare 8

The tears rolling down my cheeks at least made my vision blurry enough that my classmates, who were all apparently leaning in to get a better view, were just a haze of faceless heads. I ignored the whispered, "Here we go!," and "Oh man, this is so fucking cool!," as I meekly slid my knickers down to my knees. I resumed standing, fists still clinched at my sides, aware I was now, for all practical purposes, completely naked in front of a classroom filled with fellow students. Classmates who were no doubt taking in every minute detail of my bare bottom, my pert little breasts, my patch of pubic hair and what lay below.

I didn't have time to fully appreciate the massive shame that was washing over me in that moment because Amy was motioning me over like she had done that morning and once again I moved to comply and "assume the position." My movements were hampered by the knickers around my knees, forcing me to waddle forward, my bare feet sliding on the cold floor. The silence in the room was suddenly shattered by an explosion of laughter from all sides.

"Quack! Quack!," one female voice sneered and others joined in as I made my duck-like way to a position draped over Amy's waiting lap. My temporary relief at being able to hide my face as my hair fell down around it ended a moment later when the paddle came crashing down on my trembling buttocks. My head snapped up and I let out an anguished "UH!" that set off a chorus of titters from the girls in the room.

Amy wasted no time with warm-up spanks. She just started raining down one blistering swat after another onto my squirming bottom. I tried to be still, but the pain was even more intense than my first spanking. That paddle seemed to cover an entire buttock at a time with each stinging blow and in just a few moments it felt like my ass was on fire! Any attempt at being stoic and brave went out the window quickly and I was blubbering and sobbing and saying, "I'm sorry. I'm sorry," over and over although after awhile it became just an incoherent moan.

My toes were drumming the floor in time with the swats which caused my knickers to begin slowly sliding down to my ankles. I don't know why, but for some reason I couldn't bear the thought of losing them completely. Not that they were covering anything at all, but somehow the loss of them would leave me totally naked in front of the entire class. Why it mattered, I don't know. But despite my best efforts to keep my feet still, they finally slid off and onto the floor and I whimpered.

I saw a sudden movement out of the corner of my eye in the direction of where my knickers landed, but between the tears streaming down my face and my sweat covered hair in my eyes, I couldn't see who it was or what they were doing. I would find out soon enough and my humiliation and degradation would be complete.

"I hope this teaches you a lesson, Beth," Amy sneered. "The next time you decide to disobey me about something, I hope you remember the shame of getting a bare bottom spanking in front of your entire class. I mean, think about it. They are all looking at your beet red bottom and watching you cry and squirm and beg. You couldn't look or act more totally pathetic if you tried."

The verbal and paddle onslaught continued as I hung my head in shame and let the tears flow.

"I mean, everybody got to see those tiny little titties of yours and your little snatch. And with all the squirming you've been doing, I bet they got to see a lot more of it than you would have hoped. Now, I have to admit. You do have a pert little bottom. Kind of cute. Must be why I enjoy blistering it raw every chance I get!"

It wasn't hard for me to pretty much ignore most of Amy's insults because most of my attention was focused on the mind-numbing pain being inflicted on my now throbbing bottom, which was starting to turn purple in spots in addition to the overall fire engine red. Just as I thought I was about to cross some threshold and possibly pass out or something, Amy stopped and thankfully didn't dump me in the floor as she had on previous occasions. She just tapped me on the shoulder and nonchalantly said, "OK, We're done. Get the hell off my lap," which elicited considerable laughter from my captive and enthralled audience.

As I stood up, I immediately began rubbing my enflamed backside and bouncing back and forth on my bare feet. This produced not only additional laughter, but a humiliating round of applause. To complete the moment, Amy actually stood up and bowed. I was suddenly conscious of my nudity again and this time threw an arm over my breasts and a hand down to cover my crotch. This only sparked more laughter from the sea of faces surrounding me and one male voice said, "It's a little late to cover up now!"

I immediately scanned the floor for my knickers, intending to put them back on as quickly as possible, but they were gone. A glance over my shoulder confirmed my worst fear. My jeans, shoes and socks were gone as well. A few snickers from a group of girls on the right side of the room led me to believe they were probably responsible and I turned to them, sobbing, "Where are my... my.... clothes?"

They had been covering their mouths to stifle their laughter, but now they burst out in hysterics. "Gee, old lady, I don't know.... What did they look...look...look.... like?"

I turned to Amy with a pleading look in my eyes, but she only shrugged. "Sorry, babe. I guess it just sucks to be you today. Here's your blouse back." And then she threw it toward me and as I reached up to catch it with both hands, I once again exposed myself, naked as the day I was born, to all the eyes in the room.

I was still sobbing as I pulled the blouse on, thankful for the coverage it offered, but it could do nothing to stop the leering looks or the laughter of an entire room full of my fellow students who had seen me not only naked, but getting a spanking! I knew I would have to face these same people every day for the rest of the year, knowing they had seen witnessed my humiliation at the hands of Amy.

Amy patted my shoulder and said, in a surprising gentle voice, "I'll see you at the room tonight, Bethie. Sorry again we had to do this in public, but you know you had it coming for your behavior. I just hope you think twice next time."

Lowering my eyes as I finished buttoning my blouse, I mumbled, "Yes, Ma'am," which brought more snickers from my audience. At that point, Tasha spoke up, "Ok, enough with the entertainment committee, let's get our class started. Ms. Smith, if you would please take your seat."

"What about my clothes?," I asked, my voice a whimper. Tasha, sighing impatiently, addressed the room: "Did anyone happen to see what happened to Ms. Smith's clothes? Anyone? Anyone?"

Everyone giggled at the "Farris Beuller" reference, but no one spoke up about the location of my clothing. Tasha shrugged and said, "Oh well, it's a mystery. But, meanwhile, I need to have class. So, allow me to repeat myself, SIT DOWN!" she snapped.

*My Freshman Nightmare 9*
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Freshman Nightmare 9

I scampered to my seat and eased into it \_ for about 1.5 seconds. Then I arched my bottom up and squealed, "Ooh! Ooh! Ooh!" which resulted in a literal explosion of hysterics on all sides. Amy had once again focused most of her blistering attack on my "sit spot" along the lower curve of my buttocks, so the mere touch of the desk chair against my flaming bottom was pure agony.

Standing up and rubbing my backside again, I whimpered, "I...I...I... can't sit, Ma'am. It hurts."

Some of my classmates, especially the females, were literally doubled over laughing as my face burned almost as hot as my ass. Tasha, even more impatient, snapped, "Well, you can't just stand there in the middle of the room! What do you suggest?"

I just shook my head, tears rolling down my red cheeks, wishing I could just crawl under her desk and disappear. Suddenly, a cute little black haired girl to my right raised her hand and after Tasha nodded at her, she pointed to the corner of the room behind Tasha's desk.

"Why not make her stand in the corner? She was being punished, after all," she said. I cringed because the girl making the suggestion looked all of about 17. And she was suggesting punishments for me. Punishments that Tasha was more than happy to accept.

Smiling broadly, Tasha said, "Excellent idea, Linda." Then glaring at me, she said, "Well, you heard her. Get in the corner and I want your nose touching the wall and your ass facing out!"

Padding to the corner on my dainty bare feet, I was actually almost relieved at the chance to hide my face from my peers. Until Linda had another bright idea. Standing up, she asked Tasha, "May I make one more little adjustment?" Tasha nodded her assent.

I felt Linda come up behind me and felt the back of my shirt lifted up to the small of my back, where she pinned it in place, leaving my newly reddened, sore, bottom fully exposed to the entire room! I had just enough left in me for another sob of humiliation and then leaned in, nose to the wall, and cried softly for the next 45 minutes until the class ended.

And as humiliating as those 45 minutes were, I could only imagine what the walk back to my dorm, across almost the entire campus, clad in nothing but a thin blouse, barefoot, was going to be like. Something told me my bad day was just beginning......