**Red Fannie Annie A Hooked6 Tale**

**Chapter 1**

This is one one of my favorite tales told by Hooked6. This is not my own, but I think more people should read it.   
  
I had just walked in the door from early dismissal from school when my step-mother shouted at me from the living room, “Annie, you march yourself upstairs and get ready for your punishment. Three o’clock young lady, that’s when I’ve decided your punishment will be given, three o’clock.” She then pointed menacingly towards the stairs.   
  
“BUT MOM . . . I haven’t done anything! I just got home!”   
  
Without saying a word she held up the letter I had written to Billy Edwards, a boy in my class that I really liked agreeing to meet him at the movies for a date on Saturday. I was forbidden by my mother to date until I was at least 15 and then only with her approval and oversight. I had hidden the note in my underwear drawer in the hopes that she wouldn’t find it. In retrospect I guess that wasn’t such a great place to put it as it made me look all the more guilty.   
  
Upon seeing her holding my letter my heart sank. “Oh . . .” I replied meekly looking at the ground. If she only knew how many times I had hung out with Billy alone at the park she’d kill me. “But mom, I was just pretending, you know, imagining what it would be like to go out on a date. Billy never really asked me out and anyway, besides I’d never do such a thing. I was fantasizing that’s all. You know I wouldn’t disobey you.”   
  
“I know no such thing young lady and just to make sure that you know that I mean what I say you’re going to get punished. I’ll not tolerate such a flagrant disregard for my rules in this house.”   
  
“THAT’S NOT FAIR! I didn’t DO anything!” I said screaming at the top of my lungs with all the emotional protest I could muster.   
  
“For talking back and arguing with me you’ll get 20 extra plus another half hour of corner time added to your usual. Now get upstairs and get ready.”   
  
There was no use in arguing as it would only make things worse for me and I’d never win anyway. I stomped my way upstairs and entered my room. I started to slam my door in anger but at the last moment I thought better of it fearing what my mother would do if I did and decided to close it gently.   
  
I loved my dad to death but I couldn’t believe when he announced that he was going to marry again after my mother died. My step-mother almost immediately insisted that I call her “mom” from the first day that I met her, which only resulted in me hating her for it. She wasn’t bad really. In fact, in most ways was a very congenial person. She was well liked in the community and seemed to have an endless supply of friends.   
  
Still, she had very arcane ideas about discipline – ultra-strict in fact. I had never been spanked before until Miss Alice, the name I used to call my step-mother before she insisted on “mom,” came into my life. My dad went along with her demands that I be treated no different than her natural daughter. I could see how important she was to him and I wanted to make things work – more for his sake than my own. When I was 12, the spankings started. Okay, I’ll admit I deserved most of them. My dad said that I was just pushing the boundaries to see what I could get away with and discipline wasn’t something he was good at – especially for his “little girl” so he left that in the hands of his new bride. He didn’t want me to turn out to be a spoiled brat and that a little structure would be good for me at this time in my life with all the changes going on.   
  
Things got worse when daddy’s company put him on the road a lot. The job paid more because of the travel but that meant I lost my most valuable ally at home during desperate times. Whenever I complained on the phone about how I was being punished he always pleaded with me to just accept her decisions and try to get along – that I would be doing it for him. I loved him so much I usually would give in and accept my chastisement. That didn’t mean that I was a good teenager by any means as I was usually angry all the time complaining about how unfair life was and about how I looked. I whined about my clothes and about not being able to wear what the cool kids were wearing – stuff like that. I was at that awkward age and puberty was terribly slow in completing my metamorphosis from a child to a woman.   
  
When I turned 14 spankings evolved into a bizarre ritual. My step-mother seemed to think that mere spankings were having little effect on my behavior. My dad told her that drama was just part of an influx of hormones at my age. I just thought she was just crazy and unfair.   
  
Before my spankings she would send me to my room to think about what I had done. Knowing what was coming and having to wait for it was stressful. But that wasn’t bad enough. Spankings then went from old-fashioned hand spankings to ones delivered with a strap. Then the pain factor increased exponentially when she decided that they should also be given on the bare behind. Strap on skin hurt a lot more than leather on a pair of blue jeans.   
  
Then she added a little humiliation to the mix. She came up with the idea of a punishment outfit that I had to change into before my sentence was carried out. Waiting in my room in that outfit really put me in my place. But the last straw as far as I was concerned was when she allowed my step-sister Katie to watch. On paper she was a year older than me and nature had been really kind to her in the boob department. She had perfect skin, a face that had “cute” written all over it and was probably one of the most popular girls at my high school. She had way more privileges than me – ostensibly because she was older – but only by 5 months! I hated her for it too and she knew it. She was always rubbing it in my face about how much more mature she was than me. Having her watch me get punished was so humiliating. She taunted me about it too. Oh, and lets not forget the corner time – time spent after my whipping standing in the corner with my panties down at my ankles and my red bottom on display for Katie to make fun of. It was usually only a half hour but today I just earned another 30 minutes so I’d have to stand still, bare-bottomed like for an HOUR!   
  
They say bad news travels fast and today was no exception. Katie came bounding into my room all smiles, “Someone’s getting a whippin’ . . . someone’s getting a whippin’.”   
  
For someone who bragged about being so mature she sure didn’t act like it.   
  
“Shut up. Why don’t you crawl up under a rock and die.”   
  
Katie sighed playfully. “Some people just never learn. I used to be like you but I have long since grown into a mature woman.”   
  
“Stop making yourself out to be an adult. You’re only a few months older than me.”   
  
“Yeah, well who’s getting a whippin’ and who gets to watch, hmmm?”   
  
It was hopeless to debate the issue with her. The more I talked the more ammunition she had to ridicule me. Instead I just pretended that she wasn’t even there and sulked on my bed.   
  
After listening to a few more insults and pointed jabs at my character my step-sister grew bored and left.   
  
My punishment outfit consisted of a Navy Blue T-shirt and a pair of panties. The T-shirt stopped about one inch down below my butt. After my paddling I was made to stand in the corner facing the wall while holding my shirt above my backside exposing my shame to my family.   
  
When three o’clock came around my step-mother called up to me with the simple phrase, “Annie, it’s time.”   
  
I slowly made my way down the stairs into the front room where I had to stand and listen to a lecture about my misdeeds and how my mom hated to punish me but that I left her no choice; that as a responsible parent she HAD to do this, blah, blah, blah.   
  
After she verbally berated me I was told to bend over the arm of a chair in the middle of the room. Mom then lowered my panties much to Katie’s obvious delight and began strapping my behind counting out each stroke. Normally I would receive 15 strokes for minor infractions and 20 for something really bad. I knew that I already had 20 extra strokes coming but I didn’t know if I would start with as she never said and I knew better than to ask.   
  
Mom would start lightly at first but as she neared the end her strokes would be really very painful. Today I was lucky – 15 regular strokes followed, then by 10 medium strokes and finally by 10 incredibly hard ones. My butt felt on fire when she was through. The fact that my step-sister laughed through the whole thing made my suffering even worse.   
  
When mom let me up I had to waddle to the corner of the room with my panties at my ankles, face the wall and then hold up my shirt – today for one hour. I was always afraid that somebody might come over but no one ever did. Still it was the fear that it might happen that scared me to death. Today, however, all that changed. After I had served about 45 minutes of my corner time there was a knock at the door.   
  
I panicked! That had never happened before. I quickly bent down to pull up my panties and started for the hallway to get out of sight.   
  
“Where do you think you’re going?” my mom asked sternly. ‘You’re not finished with your corner time yet. Get back where you belong!”   
  
“BUT MOM . . . You don’t really expect me to stand there showing my butt to a stranger do you?”   
  
“MARCH,” she commanded pointing to the corner.   
  
“You CAN’T BE SERIOUS?! “   
  
“Would you rather I whipped your ass again while they watched?”   
  
My face about hit the floor and my legs began visibly shaking! That was a mistake. I could see in my mother’s eyes that she now knew my biggest fear – that someone would see me!   
  
I tried to take a step but I found that I couldn’t move at first. My legs were like jelly. Just then there was a second knock at the door, this one louder than the first. “You have two seconds to get back in that corner, young lady.”   
  
No need for a second warning. I was there holding my shirt up in one second. I could tell from the tone in her voice she was serious.   
  
My body was shaking all the more now, like it was freezing in the room. I couldn’t help it. I was about to expose my red, naked behind to some unknown person. There was no way whoever it was could miss seeing me. The corner that I was standing in would be in view as soon as the front door was opened even a crack! There was no hope that she would open it just a little to spare me my shame. Once it was open, they’d see me!   
  
I heard my mom’s hand turn the deadbolt to unlock the door. “Mom,” I whimpered, “please . . .?”   
  
My plea was ignored as the sound of the door opening confirmed. “Package for a Mrs. Alice Swanson,” a man’s voice said followed by an audible gasp that made me want to die. He had seen me! At least it wasn’t anyone that I knew! It was only the UPS guy – but a MAN had seen my BUTT!!! “Sorry, he said. “I didn’t mean to interrupt.” His apology only made my humiliation worse – much worse. I knew that HE knew that he was looking at me and realized that he shouldn’t be.   
  
“That’s quite alright,” my mom said with a certain amusement in her voice. “My daughter just learned one of life’s little lessons.” I heard the man make a nervous laugh confirming that he had to be still staring right at my naked backside. My mom then asked him where she needed to sign. “Um . . . right here, ma’am.” I heard some scribbling followed by the man thanking her and my mom bidding him good-bye. The whole thing lasted only a minute or two but it seemed liked a lifetime to me.   
  
After the door closed I wanted to faint dead-away. My mom just began humming gleefully as she passed me by examining the package she had just received. She NEVER hummed or whistled a tune – not in all the time I had known her, anyway. I think her humming was what worried me more than the UPS guy. Things could only get worse.

**Chapter 2**

Needless to say I was on my guard the next several days and tried to stay out of trouble which wasn’t that easy for me as my temper was my biggest downfall. For the last several months even little things seemed to cause an outbreak of anger or make me say things that I’d regret. Curse words that I’d never used seemed to blurt out of my mouth at the worst possible times. Given what had happened with the UPS guy I was determined to avoid a repeat of that performance.   
  
It worked, at first. Even my step-mother seemed to notice an improvement in all the drama around the house and made a point to say so. Alas, changing a leopard’s spots isn’t an easy thing to do and it wasn’t long before I found myself in an argument with my step-sister Katie over something stupid. I called her an “F\*\*\*ing Bitch” just as my mother rounded the corner.   
  
“ANNIE SWANSON!” she exclaimed, “What did you just call your sister?”   
  
“Nothing, mom . . .”   
  
“NOTHING?!”   
  
I could literally see the glee in Katie’s eyes as she knew I was in big trouble this time. Always the helpful one she spoke up, “She called me a . . .”   
  
“NEVERMIND, I heard what she said. We don’t use such language in this house! Annie, you march yourself up to your room this instant. You have one hour to think about what you’ve done. Now MOVE!”   
  
I skulked out of the room and meekly headed up the stairs mentally kicking myself the whole time. How could I have been so stupid?   
  
I threw myself on my bed and sulked.   
  
Just then Katie came bounding into my room all smiles and holding a bag.   
  
“What do YOU want?” I snapped flippantly.   
  
“Is that any way to talk to someone who’s bringing you a gift?”   
  
“I don’t need anything from you. Now scram.”   
  
“Oh but you DO, little sister. Mom told me to give this to you. It’s your new punishment outfit.”   
  
“What . . . new outfit?”   
  
Katie snickered as she handed me the bag. “Mom said it was time for a new outfit and she let me pick it out. Make sure you wear this when you come down.” She laughed out loud and then left the room.   
  
I opened the bag and pulled out the shirt and panties. The panties were a light green color, all cotton briefs with teddy bears plastered all over them. They looked so juvenile! It figured they’d be something embarrassing as my step-sister picked them out. I decided to just get it over with and put the new outfit on. After shutting my door I stripped off my clothes and put on the panties. They were a least a size too small and my vulva was clearly outlined in the cotton fabric as a result. They were hideous! I took the shirt from the package and slipped it over my head and almost died. The shirt was almost totally transparent! It was made out of a delicate white almost sheer-like material that fit tightly against my chest – it too seemed to be a size or two too small. My small boobs and more importantly my nipples were easily seen!! To make matters worse, the shirt only came down to just a couple of inches above my belly button leaving it exposed as well as ALL of my embarrassing panties! If I got corner time, I wouldn’t have to worry about holding anything up, that’s for sure.   
  
I ran to my door and yelled downstairs, “MOM! I can’t wear this! “   
  
“STOP YOUR WHINING AND DO AS YOUR TOLD, YOUNG LADY. DO YOU HEAR ME?” she shouted back up at me from somewhere below. Any hope of this being some crude joke on Katie’s part was dashed by her response. This outfit was clearly designed to serve only one purpose – to humiliate me.   
  
Once again I threw myself on the bed and continued to sulk. I could only imagine the fun my step-sister would have tormenting me in this outfit. I couldn’t believe mom would do that to me and let that spoiled brat pick this out!   
  
All too soon came the familiar, “Annie, it’s time.”   
  
I reluctantly made my way down the stairs. This outfit was horrible! I was already ashamed of my small underdeveloped chest and usually did my best to hide how I looked by wearing loose tops. Now that brat Katie would be able to see it all and mock me. She and her C-cup boobs! I wasn’t even what I’d call a good A-cup yet. This was going to be horrible. I just knew it.   
  
Then I heard voices coming from below – not my family’s voices but those of others I couldn’t quite make out. We had company! I stood frozen on the steps not sure what to do. Surly my mom wouldn’t punish me when company was over. I started to turn around and head back to my room when I heard her calling again, this time in a sickly sweet voice, “Annie, it’s time.”   
  
Seriously? She was going to punish with people over?!   
  
“ANNIE MARIE SWANSON YOU GET YOUR LITTLE BUTT DOWN HERE THIS INSTANT!”   
  
The tone in her voice left no doubt that I was trying her patience. “Yes, mom” I replied with my voice quivering. I raised my arms to hide my chest and unwillingly continued my journey. As I rounded the corner of the staircase I saw my neighbor Mrs. Hansen and her 10 year old son sitting on the couch smiling at me.   
  
My step-mom came over and took hold of my hand and dragged me to the center of the room and made me stand with my hands by my side. I was so humiliated watching my neighbors look me over. “Annie, you know Caroline and her son from next door. Well they just happened to pop over for a quick visit before going to town. I told them that you were going to be punished and she thought it might be a good lesson for her son to see what happens to children who are disobedient. He thinks he’s too old for spankings. I said that you were older than he was and still got spanked. What do you think, dear, are you too old?”   
  
I lowered my head in shame. How could I be too old for a spanking standing there in my teddy bear kiddie panties? “Ah, no ma’am,” I replied meekly still looking at the floor.   
  
The rest of her lecture was a blur and basically pure babble as I wasn’t listening to a word. Oh she prattled on about my name-calling and junk and the usual how she hated to do this, blah, blah, blah again. All I could think about was that this boy was looking at my chest and how at any minute they both would see my naked butt and the shame of my paddling! I wanted to die. I looked over at Katie looking at my body with a huge evil grin on her face and then I wanted HER to die! She made a point to cup her breasts with her hands and push up on her boobs a couple of times making them jiggle just to mock me. It worked too as I felt so inadequate at that moment knowing that everyone on the room could see what I had – despite the fact that I was supposedly covered and decent by wearing this poor excuse for a top. It wasn’t lost on me, staring at my step-sister, that SHE was the one who picked this outfit out for me to wear. I loathed her.   
  
I was snatched back to reality when my mom jerked my hand, “Annie, you heard me, turn around and face the window.”   
  
“Huh?” Was she saying something to me? “Turn around . . . but, what about the chair?”   
  
My mom pointed out that Katie was sitting in it so that she would just have to improvise. She then turned me around so that my rear end faced the two visitors about three feet away on the couch, bent me over at the waist and began removing my panties! She didn’t yank them down either. It was a slow, methodical stripping. She put her fingers into the elastic waistband and ran her fingers from side to side as if the material was somehow magically stuck to my skin and she had to loosen it before proceeding. Feeling her fingers above my cheeks sent a shiver up my spine. She was dragging this out on purpose. Even I could feel the tension in the room as everyone waited for what was sure to come. She then lowered my panties exposing my cleft between my cheeks and stopped about half way down my butt pausing long enough to explain that she felt spanking on the bare skin was a much more effective way to drive home the point that this was supposed to remind me of my place. The delay only made the whole experience much worse. I would have rather she’d quickly done the deed and got it over with.   
  
I couldn’t believe it. She couldn’t have picked a worse position to punish me in. It was bad enough that they were going to see me crying and getting strapped but did they have to get an up close and personal view of my private place? The cool air of the room that hit my skin as my panties were ever so slowly lowered immediately enhanced the difference between what part of me was exposed and what part was still covered. Finally they were on the floor. I heard the little snot of a boy behind me giggle when my intimate spot was revealed only to be hushed by his mother.   
  
15 swats was delivered fast and furious, so hard that they made such a “slapping” sound when the leather hit my skin that it almost took my breath away. Needless to say I wasn’t merely whimpering as I usually did, I was bawling my head off. But the discomfort didn’t really matter. No, what bothered me the most was that a BOY was seeing me half-naked AND watching my humiliation.   
  
“30 minutes corner time,” my mom announced when she was through and directed me to my usual place against the wall. Shuffling over to the wall with my panties gathered up around my feet made me look ridiculous. I heard that little snot of a boy start giggling again as I stood there with my nose to the wall only this time his mother didn’t reprimand him. “Hands on your head,” my step-mom called out, which had the effect of raising my shirt even higher up my back adding to my embarrassment.   
  
Our neighbors continued visiting for some time longer as Mrs. Hansen told her son that she was going to start doing the same thing to him if he didn’t straighten up. My mom joined in extolling the virtues of the strap and the two ladies seemed to relish the conversation all the while I was baring it all in my corner! I felt like such a dork standing there with my panties gathered up around my ankles.   
  
Finally they left and soon afterward my time was up and I returned to my room. The look in Katie’s eyes was so gleeful that I knew I hadn’t heard the last of this. It turns out that I was right.

**Chapter 3**

For the next week or so I was very careful not to earn a repeat of my punishment. Katie teased me daily about how shocked she was at how much I still looked like a little kid and about how red my butt was that day as I stood in the corner. She never missed an opportunity to rub it in. Even though she did her best to goad me into a fight I resisted her temptation and just pretended that it didn’t bother me at all. It did of course, but I dared not fall into her trap.   
  
As the days progressed that awful memory soon faded and I went back to being the old moody, self-absorbed person that I was. One day our school announced that the Letterman’s club was selling special spirit T-shirts with our team logo on Friday only. I wanted one so very badly. I had some money saved but I was still $5 short. I decided to borrow five one dollar bills from the cookie jar in the kitchen that mom kept her spare cash in. I had done that before and always replaced what I had taken. Well, almost always . . . okay, I did once but I meant to repay what I had taken the other times. I guess I looked at it as a short term loan. I had no intention of stealing the cash this time and planned on replacing it with my allowance that I got on Saturday.   
  
The shirt was fabulous! I really loved the color and the design but the best part was that since the sale was for only one day not many kids had them so I felt “cool” and popular for a change since I had managed to get one.   
  
I wore the shirt home and mom immediately asked me where it came from. I explained that I bought it with money that I had saved. She seemed pleased that I had used my own money for it rather than begging her to buy it for me and she said so. She looked the shirt over and commented on how nice it looked on me and remarked on how proud she was that I had gotten it on my own and that it was a sign of how mature I was becoming. It was one of those happy parent-daughter moments that she was good at. Like I said before, she was really a congenial person most of the time.   
  
The next day, Saturday, I was sitting in my room after breakfast listening to tunes on my i-Pod when my step-mom burst into my room holding my new school T-shirt in one hand. I immediately took the ear-buds out of my ears and turned off my music.   
  
“Tell me again, Annie, how did you get this shirt?”   
  
Swallowing hard I replied, “I bought it with my own money that I saved.”   
  
“Annie . . .”   
  
“I did. I used the money I’ve been saving for the last two weeks.”   
  
“Annie . . .” she said again as if she didn’t believe me and was waiting for me to change my story. She then pulled out the cookie jar from behind her back and waved it at me. “Are you lying to me?”   
  
“Well, no ma’am, I used most of my money I swear. It cost $30. I had most of it but was $5 short so I borrowed $5 yesterday and was going to repay it after I got my allowance this morning.”   
  
“So you admit you STOLE $5 from me.”   
  
“No! I borrowed it. I was going to put it back, honest.”   
  
“Taking something that doesn’t belong to you without permission is STEALING not BORROWING. I can’t believe you!”   
  
“I’m sorry, mom. I should have asked first but you weren’t around and II had to get to school. They were only selling . . .”   
  
She cut me off before I could finish explaining. “You’re right, you should have ASKED first. You should ALWAYS ASK before just taking things – something you’ll soon learn.” She tossed my new shirt at me and it landed on my head. As I pulled it off she continued, “You’ll be punished at noon today young lady – high noon.” She chuckled at her western cliché. “Wear that shirt down since you wanted it so badly that you had to STEAL to get it. And, wear your punishment panties like normal. Until then, get changed like I said and sit up here and THINK about what you just did.”   
  
She left the room in a huff. Great – three whole hours to dwell on my punishment. I wished my dad was here.   
  
I did feel bad that I had disappointed her after she was so proud of me yesterday. Leave it to me to screw up a good thing. I guess she was right, though. I really should have asked first. It was a good thing that she hadn’t asked me if I had ever done something like that before. I really would have lowered her opinion of me if she had.   
  
Around 9:30, I heard a car door slam outside. I looked out my window and saw my step-sister going out to greet a girlfriend of hers and two older guys I recognized from school, 11th graders I think. The car must have belonged to one of them. They visited a while in the front yard then they all got into the vehicle and left. Oh to be able to date, I thought. Katie had said she was going downtown with friends today to see something or other. I think it was just an excuse to hang out away from the prying eyes of her mother. Katie always seemed to have more freedom than I ever did. Maybe it was because she was 15 or maybe it was because my step-mother showed her favoritism. I really didn’t know for sure. Meanwhile I was stuck in my room with nothing to do.   
  
I kept watching the clock. It seemed like it would never move! About 11:00, I heard a car door slam. I didn’t even bother getting up from bed as I figured it was just my sister returning from her trip. Still another HOUR to go; damn this was murder. It was the longest time I ever had to wait. I didn’t feel like listening to music so there was nothing left to do but sulk and listen to the cars traveling up and down the road.   
  
“Annie, it’s time,” my step-mom called upstairs in that disgustingly sweet voice of hers. I think she did that just because she could tell that it irritated me. She was perceptive that way – reading people. I took comfort in the fact that my new shirt was large and opaque unlike that transparent thing Katie had picked out. At least some of my dignity was still intact. Katie was going to be disappointed today and that thought bolstered my resolve not to let things get to me.   
  
Grudgingly I left me room and slowly walked down the stairs. Just before rounding the corner of the staircase and entering the front room, I heard a girl giggling, “Is she really going to get spanked . . . right in front of us?”   
  
HOLY CRAP! There were people here!   
  
I heard Katie enthusiastically answer, “That’s right. She is. You’ll see.”   
  
My step-mom spoke up, “You’re welcome to stay. Annie needs to learn a lesson.” Then her tone changed to one more serious than before, a bit menacing in fact, “And YOU ALL might learn something from this as well, which is why I don’t mind if you are here.”   
  
“YOU ALL?!” How many people were in that room?   
  
“Annie, I said it’s time.”   
  
There was no putting this off. My heart was racing not knowing what to expect. As I took a deep breath and exhaled slowly to calm my nerves, I walked around the corner wall separating the stairs from the front room.   
  
I gasped quite loudly as sitting there were Katie, her girlfriend and the two 11th grade boys from school. They were all smiling from ear to ear looking at me!!   
  
“Right over here, Annie,” my step-mom directed as she pointed to the center of the room. Our guests were seated all around the room and everyone was focused squarely on me!   
  
My legs were trembling as I crept along the carpet making my way to the appointed spot. My step-mom put her arm around me and made me face the wall and the couch where the two boys were sitting. Katie and her girlfriend were in the chairs next to the window on the opposite side of the room.   
  
“Annie here has done something really stupid that if done to someone else she’d be in jail right now – she stole money from me.”   
  
The two boys’ playful expressions turned suddenly serious as they continued to listen to my mom. I had to admit hearing her make her case really did make me sound like some sort of delinquent.   
“And just WHY did she do that, you ask? She STOLE that money to buy THIS!” My mom suddenly grabbed hold of my shirt and pulled it forcefully to the side to make her point, “A SHIRT which she just HAD to have.”   
  
As she talked she was pulling my shirt this way and that while she emphatically used her arms to speak. I clung desperately to the bottom of the shirt in an attempt to conceal my Teddy Bear Kiddie panties from the boys.   
  
My mom noticed what I was doing and remarked, “Just LOOK at her hanging onto this shirt as if it was her prized possession. Well, I’ve got news for you sister, that shirt is nothing but an ill-gotten good and if you think I’m going to let you keep it you’ve got another thing coming.”   
  
To my absolute horror she produced a pair of scissors from seemingly out of nowhere and began to cut the material on the side of the shirt, starting at the bottom and heading right towards the top!! She was going to cut the shirt right off of me!!   
  
“MOM NO!!! PLEASE god, NO!!!!!!”

**Chapter 4**

The room got deathly quiet. The shocked expressions on the boys told me that not even they knew that my mom was going to do such a thing! I looked over my shoulder and Katie and her girlfriend looked about the same way, though it wasn’t long before Katie broke into a HUGE smile when she saw me looking at her.   
  
I tried to wiggle away in protest and I pleaded, “Mom no, please, I’m begging you. . .”   
  
“This shirt will end up in the garbage. I’ll not have you keeping such a thing that you got by being a thief! You’ll not profit from your crime.”   
  
I yanked the material right out of her hand, “I DON’T CARE ABOUT THE SHIRT! You can burn it for all I care, just let me keep it on for now!”   
  
My comment took my mother aback for a moment. She had this puzzled look on her face as though she was just now being made aware that it wasn’t the shirt I cared about. I thought that maybe she realized what she was doing and was going to spare me that indignity.   
  
The room remained quiet as my mother just looked at me for a moment or two. I dared not speak in case I said something to change her mind. We just looked at each other, each of us studying the face of the other. All I could hear was the sound of the large clock on the wall ticking away the seconds as she pondered the situation.   
  
“Oh . . . I get it,” she finally said with an amused look on her face. “You don’t want these boys looking at your little boobies.”   
  
Her comment made everyone laugh but me.   
  
“Well that’s too bad. Perhaps that will teach you a lesson better than just a plain old-fashioned strapping. This shirt has got to go. You can choose your sin, little girl, but you can’t choose the consequences.”   
  
“I AM NOT A LITTLE GIRL!” I snapped angrily realizing that she was intent on furthering my humiliation by stripping me of my shirt. My step-mom immediately reacted to my disrespectful outburst by slapping me across the face. I was stunned. No one had ever slapped me on the face. I was so shocked that I just stood there as my step-mother continued cutting the material away from my body as the eager eyes of the boys looked on. As more and more skin came into their view, the bigger their stupid grins became. As she cut away, I pressed the material in front of me against my chest in the desperate hope that she would somehow miraculously change her mind. Finally enough of the material had been cut for her to suddenly pull the garment out from under my hands and away from my body completely. I was TOPLESS! I forced my arms tightly against my chest hiding what I didn’t want them to see.   
  
My mom grew impatient and tried to lower my arms to my sides but I had the advantage. “Fine, be that way. Boys, come hold her arms down for me.”   
  
The boys started to get up but the last thing I wanted was to wrestle with them and get “groped” in the process so I relented and lowered them myself. My mom then motioned for the boys to stay seated and kept me standing there for several minutes without saying a word.   
  
Just when all my attention was focused on what the boys were looking at – my pitiful boobs, I heard Katie’s girlfriend laughing from behind me as she exclaimed, “Aw . . . Look at the cute Teddy bear panties!”   
  
I immediately saw both sets of eyes on the boys dart down to my underwear. It was maybe a nanosecond before they too broke into giggling.   
  
My step-mom began her usual lecture on the evils of crime and how reluctant she was to have to do this, yada, yada, yada . . .”   
  
She then began playing with the waistband of the back my panties with her fingers running them around inside this way and that as she continued talking. Every once in a while she’d pull them pretty far away from my butt showing some skin to the girls behind me as I faced the boys. She teased me like that for a while pulling and tugging at my panties sometimes lowering them in back pretty far before letting them rise up again in her grasp, keeping me wondering just when the exact moment would come when I’d be stripped bare. Surely she was going to bend me over a chair or something before pulling them down. She had never had me just stand here like this for so long.   
I was drowning in my own misery when suddenly I felt a quick tug and they were off! I immediately used my hands to cover myself but it didn’t matter. My step-mom spun me around to face the girls letting the boys see my naked behind. I almost tripped as she spun me around so fast as the panties were still around my ankles.   
  
“She looks like a LITTLE girl to me,” Katie taunted, making everyone laugh all the more. Even mom laughed at her comment before bending me over at the waist giving the boys a free shot into no man’s land.   
  
I was in the middle of the room facing the window about 5 feet away from the couch bent over with my hands on my knees. My mom stepped to the side and picked up a strap that belonged to my dad and began snapping it in the air. Just the sound of her doing that made me cringe.   
  
Then the first sting landed across my bare flesh. “One,” my step mom said softly, but loud enough for the boys to hear. The next swing was incredibly hard, the force of which nearly tipped me over.   
  
“TWO!” both boys said excitedly in unison making the girls chuckle.   
  
After the next swing the entire room shouted out gleefully, “THREE!”   
  
By the time “TEN” was shouted tears were rolling down my eyes. By ‘EIGHTEEN,” I was openly crying some from the pain but mostly from the humiliation of it all. Mercifully she stopped at twenty. That was all she was going to do. When she stepped away from my butt and put the belt down I could swear I heard a couple of voices say, “Awwwww,” as if they were disappointed that my punishment had come to an end.   
  
Mom came over and straightened me up. I wanted to desperately rub the stinging from my aching flesh but I knew better than to do that as she would only start wailing away at me again.   
  
“Thirty minutes . . .” she announced and I started for the usual corner but she grabbed hold of my arm and stopped me and held me in place. “You’ll do your time right here sister facing the window with your hands on your head. Katie, you keep track of her time. I don’t want her to move a muscle before 30 minutes are up.” She pointed towards the floor with her finger, “Step out of them.”   
  
I slowly complied with her request as tears were still streaming down my cheeks. I couldn’t believe she was making me step out of my panties. Having them at my ankles was embarrassing, but somehow they kept me from feeling completely naked. Once I had done that, she reached down, pickled them up and put them in her pocket.   
  
She looked at me, smiled and said, “Now boys, Annie is not permitted to move or to talk during this punishment time . . . and don’t you DARE even THINK of touching her or you’ll end up just like she is.” She then started heading towards the kitchen but as an afterthought turned back towards the room and added, “But feel free to tease her all you want.” She then left the room chuckling wildly.   
  
There I was standing there in the middle of the room now COMPLETELY bare, hands on the top of my head facing the window. Then it dawned on me that the curtains were open and anyone passing by on the sidewalk outside could look right in and see me!!   
  
Once my step-mother had left the room everyone gathered in front of me. One boy took my mother’s instructions to heart, “How old did you say she was, Katie? NINE?”   
  
Everyone laughed, “No, she’s only a couple of months younger than me!”   
  
Katie’s girlfriend, I still don’t know her name, said, “Don’t worry, sweetie. Maybe they’ll grow in a year or two. Let’s hope so anyway because if they haven’t blossomed by then it looks like you’ll be stuck looking like that.”   
  
There was more laughter all around with people making snide little comments but nothing they said after that was as bad as the remarks about my boobs.   
  
Then suddenly my step-sister came up to me and said, “I heard mom telling the boys that they couldn’t touch, but she never said anything about me.” Then without warning she reached out and tweaked the nipple on my left breast, pinching it hard as she twisted her fingers around that it was all I could do to keep from shouting every obscenity in the book. Everyone thought that my facial expression was hysterical when she finally did let go.   
  
The gang then sat down and continued chatting about dates and kissing and stuff like that – just to make me jealous I supposed. As they continued their indirect teasing of me I stood there looking out the window trying not to make eye contact with any of them. It was then I spotted several people walking by one the sidewalk. My eyes widened and I silently prayed that they would pass by without noticing me through the window.   
  
Katie saw the look on my face and quickly jumped up from her chair. “What’s the matter, Annie? What are you looking at?” She then turned around and gazed outside and saw for herself. “Hey guys, check it out. There are people out there!”   
  
It didn’t take long before everyone was looking outside and the teasing started again. “Maybe we should do the neighborly thing and invite them in for refreshments or something.” One boy said. The other boy quickly added, “Yeah, after all, it is hot out there.” My legs began to shake as I couldn’t tell if they were serious or not.   
  
It didn’t matter. As they were all teasing and talking about what they would like to do there was a knock on the door!!!   
  
Everyone suddenly stopped talking and looked at me a bit perplexed. I wasn’t sure but I think they really didn’t know what to do at that point. Kidding was one thing but this was something else altogether.   
  
  
The gang just looked at each other and back at me. Whoever it was at the door now rang the doorbell.   
  
One of the boys whispered to Katie, “What do we do?” She just shrugged her shoulders.   
  
“WOULD SOMEBODY GET THE DOOR, PLEASE,” My step-mom shouted from the kitchen.   
  
One of the boys whispered again, “Is she serious?”   
  
“I guess so,” Katie whispered back.   
  
“But what about her?” he asked pointing at me.   
  
“Well . . . her time isn’t anywhere near up yet and my mom knows that so . . . .”   
  
“We answer the door!” Katie’s girlfriend exclaimed excitedly obviously thrilled at the prospect of exposing me to yet more people.

**Chapter 5**

My step-sister’s face was full of delight as she realized the opportunity that just presented itself. “Oh this is rich!” she said as she got up and came over to me. She playfully reached up and pinched me on the cheek. “Now remember little sister, don’t move a muscle! Your time isn’t up yet.” All the others let out a nervous giggle as they watched my step-sister skip towards the front door.   
  
She no sooner opened it when three boys from school, more eleventh graders, burst into the room, “Hey Karl, we saw your car and . . . HOLY CRAP!! She’s NAKED! “   
  
Everyone laughed at the boy’s comment. “You’re having a party and you didn’t invite your best buds?! What’s up with that?”   
  
Katie grinned from ear to ear and beckoned the boys in for a closer look. “My step-sister, Annie, just got a whippin’ for stealing. Check it out. See how red her ass is?”   
  
The boys all gathered around my backside and began ogling my stripes. “Man! That must have hurt!” one boy said as he pulled out his phone and raised it up to take a picture of my butt.”   
  
“No pictures, boys. No touching either,” My mom said as she suddenly came into the room, “But you can look all you want.”   
  
“Good morning, Mrs. Swanson,” one of the boys said in an overly polite tone. “We’re sorry. We didn’t mean to intrude. We just stopped by because we saw Karl’s car out front and wondered if . . .”   
  
“That’s alright, boys. You don’t have to apologize. The world doesn’t stop revolving because Annie made a bad decision and had to suffer the consequences.”   
  
My mom then continued with her usual morning routine of straightening up the room as everyone looked at me in silence. Finally my mom spoke up, “It’s okay, guys. You can talk. Say what’s on your mind. Don’t mind me.”   
  
Of course everyone was too wary of my mom to actually say anything so they just sat there quietly on their best behavior as my mom finished her work. But as soon as she left the room, everyone started all talking at once.   
  
“You should have been here earlier . . .” Katie said excitedly.   
  
“Yeah we got to watch get a blistering! It was so cool!”   
  
The comments then came in rapid fire succession: “That’s awesome, DUDE. Were you here the whole time? SWEET!” and “How long has she been like this” to repeated remarks like, “Damn! I can’t believe she’s actually NAKED and your mom is making her stand here in front of us like that. This is way better than television!”   
  
Katie of course just HAD to explain everything and I had no choice but to stand there as she went into every little detail of what had happened that morning. It was like I had to relive my humiliation all over again!   
  
“Just look at how cute her butt is!”   
  
This went on for about ten minutes when the doorbell rang yet again!!   
  
Katie’s eyes grew wide with anticipation,” Who on earth . . .?”   
  
“Oh,” one of the newcomers said, “I hope you don’t mind. I texted a few friends of mine and told them to get over here right away if they wanted to see Annie naked!”   
  
“YOU DID WHAT?!” I exclaimed angrily.   
  
“ANNIE MARIE,” my mother’s voice bellowed from behind me. “You know darned well you’re not supposed to talk during corner time! That’s another 15 minutes, young lady for talking.”   
  
“But MOM! That’s not fair! That moron called people to come over! He can’t DO that!!”   
  
“Who says? Are YOU making the rules now? I don’t think so.” She said sarcastically. She then came around in front of me and looked me in the eyes for a moment as the doorbell rang a second time making me jump a bit.   
  
As she looked at me as I stood there with my hands on top of my head literally trembling now, her expression softened and almost appeared warm or compassionate, “You’re scared aren’t you?” she asked in a soft, sympathetic tone, almost as if she could sense my fear.   
  
Since I wasn’t supposed to talk I just nodded my head.   
  
“This really bothers you, doesn’t it - people seeing you naked and punished like this?”   
  
I nodded again; almost relieved that she was finally beginning to understand what she was doing to me.   
  
“I imagine it’s especially hard when it involves people you may know from school.”   
  
Once more I nodded vigorously in agreement as the doorbell rang several more times in quick succession, as if the person at the door was growing impatient.   
  
My mom gave a little knowing smile as she stepped back away from me. “Good, maybe this will teach you to use better judgment so that this won’t be necessary again. Let whoever it is in, boys.” And then speaking to my step-sister, “Add 15 more minutes to her time, Katie and make sure the newcomers know the rules.”   
  
“Yes mom!” she answered eagerly.   
  
When Karl opened the front door, two girls and another boy came in that I also recognized from the junior class of eleventh graders. They too were ecstatic to see that what they were told in the text they had received was correct.   
  
“My Gosh . . .” one girl said as she came over looking at me with a smirk on her face, “Guys, she goes to our school! I know you. You’re Annie Swanson!” I’ve seen you around campus a lot.” Her wicked grin sent a chill up my spine that spelled trouble for me!”   
  
I knew that girl quite well. Her name was Lisa, a senior, and she had the reputation of being a real bitch at school always picking on the underclassmen whenever she felt like it. Of all people to see me this way!   
  
Once again I had to endure a round of teasing from these new arrivals and how they couldn’t wait to tell everybody about it on Monday.   
  
“It sounds like you’re going to be pretty popular at school, little sister,” Katie teased.   
  
“LITTLE sister is right,” the other new girl said. “Are you SURE she’s in high school?”   
  
Listening to their comments all the while standing naked in front of the window watching the occasional neighbor pass by hoping like heck that they wouldn’t look in or that the moron who liked to text wasn’t busy with his fingers again on his phone’s keyboard made that extra fifteen minutes seemed like it lasted for hours! Though I couldn’t see a clock from where I was standing, I kept looking at my step-sister trying to let her know that I thought my time was up. She just smiled back at me. Though I had no proof, I was certain that she was prolonging my time well past the appropriate length just to humiliate me.   
  
Finally my mom came back into the room and announced that I finished and that I could go to my room. Of course she had to lecture me in front of the all the people from school for another five minutes like I was a little girl making me feel like I was only 5 years old. As I started for the stairs I had one consoling thought – at least these newcomers didn’t see me in those horrid kiddie panties!   
  
“Oh Annie . . .” my mom called out almost singing my name. “Don’t forget your underwear.” I turned around and there she was dangling those idiotic teddy bear panties in front of the whole room! Everyone laughed hysterically. I wanted to die!   
  
Those few steps towards my mother to retrieve those ridiculous panties were some of the hardest steps I ever had to take. I could just see the smiles on everyone’s faces as I marched myself silently back into the room to take them from her to choruses of “Awww, look at the little girl underwear. Aren’t they CUTE? Some day when you grow up you can wear real big girl panties.”   
  
The following Monday I arrived at school and I no sooner entered the building where my locker was when I heard Lisa shout out at the top of her lungs – “LOOK, It’s RED FANNIE ANNIE!” Everyone laughed and it became clear that the story of my punishment was all over campus! I blushed terribly and tried my best to ignore the comments, but that wasn’t always possible.   
  
“Hello, RED,” a guy said teasingly as I changed classes later that morning. It sounded like an innocent comment – IF I had red hair which I didn’t. I knew what he meant so I snapped back, “SHUT THE HELL UP!” That was a mistake as my comment was overheard by a teacher and I was reprimanded on the spot and made to apologize, much to the delight of the boy.   
  
I soon learned that it was best just to keep my big mouth shut and pretend that it didn’t bother me. That was easier said than done, however, especially for me with my hot temper. Whenever I heard someone calling out, “Hey, there’s RED FANNIE ANNIE,” All I wanted to do was punch the bastard in the mouth.

**Chapter 6**

The next morning I felt horrible. I was so depressed I didn’t want to go to school and face the crowd again. I told my mom that I was sick and felt like I had the flu or something. Naturally she felt my head, took my temperature and gave me the once over. The thermometer said my temp was normal so I told her that I was really nauseated and felt bad. I knew that I didn’t have a fever.   
  
“She’s just trying to get out of school, mom,” Katie offered as she passed by my room.   
  
“That’s what I thought too,” my step-mom answered back.   
  
“No mom, I’m really sick, honest. Do you think I’d risk another spanking so soon?”   
  
“Well . . .”   
  
“I just need some sleep. I won’t be able to concentrate on anything feeling this way and besides, the school nurse will probably call you to come from work and take me home anyway.”   
  
My step-mom looked me over carefully. “Fine; if you’re really sick you need to go and see Dr. Henderson. I’ll call him and make an appointment for you before I go to work, but if he says your normal – watch out sister, that’s all I can say.” She then stormed out of the room telling Katie to get ready for school as they had to leave shortly.   
  
I collapsed back on the bed. I knew Doc would probably not find anything wrong with me but I really couldn’t face that crowd of bullies again today. I needed time for all this to blow over. At least I was going to get that. I’d have to deal with whatever the doc says later.   
  
Just before my step-mom left to take Katie to school she came back upstairs. “I’ll be home at lunch to take you to the doctor’s office. You’d best be here ready to go when I get here, understand?”   
  
“Yes ma’am.”   
  
I slept for several hours and just did happen to get up in time to take a shower and get dressed. Mom came home just as I was coming down the stairs. Seeing her I immediately put on my sickly look and dragged myself into the front room and collapsed on the chair just for show in order to sell her on the fact that I was sick. I could have been an actress I thought as I figured my performance was pretty convincing if I had to say so myself.   
  
When we got to the car I saw Katie sitting there in the front seat. “What’s SHE doing here?” I asked flippantly.   
  
“I went and got her from school and gave excuses at the office for both of you. I have to make up this time that I’m missing at work because of you so I won’t be able to pick her up when school is out. I’ll save time this way by taking you both home after your appointment rather than making another trip to school later just to get Katie.”   
  
Great . . . that’s all I needed was to have my step-sister messing about at home later on while mom was back at work.   
  
Doc Henderson’s office was in an old house off a residential street rather than in one of those professional buildings. The waiting room was in really what used to be the home’s living room before Doc moved in and remodeled a bit. He was an old man who never said much – just grunted a lot when he examined you, but I liked him. I think he was gruff on the outside but deep down he was really an old softy.   
  
When we got there at 12:30pm, the waiting room was completely empty. “Good,” mom said seeing that no one was ahead of me. “You should be able to get in and out right away and I can get back to work.”   
  
Just then a fairly young-looking college-aged girl in medical scrubs appeared at the counter, “Hello Mrs. Swanson. Just sign in. As I’m sure you know the office is closed now for lunch. As we are working your daughter in without an appointment, I can do the preliminaries while we wait for Doc to get back, which is usually around 1:30 or 2:00 depending on his moods. He’s already left me instructions of what he wants based on your phone call this morning so we can save some time by doing those before he gets back.”   
  
“TWO O’CLOCK!” my step-mom exclaimed. “I can’t be out of work that long! I thought her appointment was for 12:30pm. Heck, if the doctor doesn’t get here until 2 and then takes his usual time examining her I might as well miss the rest of the day’s work and I just can’t DO that.”   
  
“Well . . .” The girl at the counter said politely. “I can understand your position. Listen, I have an idea. My sister is helping us out today and will be leaving early. Why don’t you sign the forms and go back to work and I’ll arrange for her to take your daughter home when she leaves. Would that work for you?”   
  
My mom looked thrilled at the idea. “That would be WONDERFUL! Are you sure she wouldn’t mind?”   
  
“Oh no, In fact she doesn’t live that far from you anyway. I’m sure it would be just fine with her.”   
  
“You’re a life saver, thanks!” She then signed all the permission to treat forms and left, leaving Katie and I into the waiting room.   
  
I just barely sat down when I saw Lisa, the senior high bitch that witnessed my shame the other day shuffling papers behind the counter.   
  
“What’s SHE doing here,” I asked the medical girl who was still at the counter.   
  
“Who, that girl?” she asked pointing towards Lisa. “That’s my sister, Lisa. She helps out with the paperwork during her Health Career’s class for school. Do you know her?”   
  
Before I could answer, that bitch spotted me. “Well, if it isn’t RED FANNIE ANNIE!” she said quite loudly.   
  
The medical assistant began laughing, “So you’re Red Fannie, Annie? I’ve heard all about you.” She then came around the counter and still giggling over her discovery of my identity said, “Come on - let’s get you started before my sister picks on you some more.” She started leading me to an exam room leaving Katie and Lisa to keep each other company in the waiting room, which was fine by me.   
  
Now I must explain the way Doc’s office is set up. The exam rooms are to the right of the waiting room – one is located just off the waiting room and two more are down a short hallway ending with the scale and eye charts. To the left of the waiting room are rooms for a lab area, an x-ray machine and some kind of treatment room of some sort. It’s an efficient use of space for a small house but the design leaves much to be desired from a patient’s point of view.   
  
Clarissa, the medical assistant’s name, led me to the first room – the one right off the waiting room. Once inside she said, “Like I told your mom, Doc left a list of things he wanted done before he got back so let’s get started. Go ahead and take off all your clothes and I’ll be back to get started.   
  
“ALL my clothes, what for?”   
  
“That’s just the way we do things for someone with an unknown ailment. It makes it easier for Doc. I’ll be back in a minute or two.”   
  
I started to undress and once I was naked I looked around for one of those silly paper gowns Doc always used but I didn’t see one. I was about to call out when Clarissa walked back in the room carrying my chart.   
  
“Um, there are no paper gowns in here.”   
  
“Really?” she said as she began looking through the drawers. “That’s odd. I’ll have to get you one in a minute. Let me go ahead and get your temperature and blood pressure first.”   
  
I sat on the exam table as Clarissa put the thermometer in my mouth and began wrapping the BP cuff around my arm. It felt silly sitting there naked in front of her but she was a professional and this probably wasn’t a big deal for someone who cares for sick people all the time. Besides, after all that her sister Lisa probably told her, I didn’t want to look foolish by acting like a little kid by complaining.   
  
When she was through taking my vitals she began asking me all sorts of health questions about my symptoms – some of which were rather embarrassing and then jotted my answers down in my chart. Finally she said, “Come on; let’s get your height and weight. She then opened the door and started walking out down the hallway towards the scales. I managed to stop her before she got too far. “I’m naked here. Can I get a . . .”   
  
“Oh it’s just us girls here. The waiting room is completely empty and this will only take a minute. Besides, from what I understand both Lisa and your step-sister saw plenty of your naked the other day.” Her smile made me blush as she obviously really did know the whole story. She then grabbed my hand and started pulling me out of the room. Lisa and Katie saw me walking down the hall completely bare and began to giggle.   
  
This was so embarrassing. Still I didn’t want to appear as though it bothered me lest they tease me all the more so I tried to act nonchalant as Clarissa marched me off down towards the scale at the end of the open hallway. She dutifully recorded my height and weight then checked my chart.   
  
“Oh yes, Doc wants an abdomen X-ray too. Follow me.”   
  
“An X-ray?”   
  
“Yes. It’s no big deal and it will show up any problems with your bowel or whether you’re constipated or even if you have a kidney stone, things like that. Don’t worry, it’s painless.”   
  
It wasn’t the pain I was worried about. Once again I had to come into the still empty waiting room and make my way all the way across to the opposite side and enter the X-ray room.   
  
Once in the room I asked her about my gown but she informed me that she’d get it in a moment and the X-ray would look better without one anyway. Since I had never had an X-ray before I figured I’d better do as she said. It took her quite a while to set up and take the exposure then she went outside somewhere to check the image, leaving me naked and on the table. I didn’t know how long things like this normally took but it seemed like quite a while before she came back. When she did she told me that I could go back to my exam room. I opened the X-ray room door and noticed that the waiting room was now almost full of people!!

**Chapter 7**

I immediately closed the door so that it was almost shut and then peeked through the crack and saw Lisa manning the front desk dealing with checking people in. “Clarissa, I can’t go out there. There are PEOPLE in the waiting room! Where did they come from?”   
  
She looked out the door. “Well, that happens sometimes. People come early even though the office is still officially closed so they can get a jump on the paperwork. Now let’s get on with the rest of the things we need to do. Besides, there aren’t THAT many people yet. Just wait a little while and you’ll really see the room fill up.”   
  
“Yes, but . . . I’m naked!”   
  
“Well, that’s all the more reason to hurry up and finish before the place really heats up. It’s unfortunate but it can’t be helped. Who knew that this would turn into a busy day? You can’t hide in here forever, you know.” She then grabbed my hand and literally pulled me out of the X-ray room and walked me across the open waiting area as the patients watched. No one said a word but they ALL looked! I was scared to death! I tried to cover myself as best I could without looking ridiculous. I was naked in front of all these strangers!!! It wouldn’t have been so bad if I was proud of my body, but I wasn’t! I looked like a little kid and I sure as heck didn’t want people seeing what I had or didn’t have!   
  
She was just about to put me back in my original exam room when she suddenly stopped. “Hold on a moment. I think you’re supposed to have some lab work too.” She then left me standing there right in the middle of room as she went up to the desk and began fumbling through some paperwork. “Clarissa!” I protested in a panicked whisper! But she ignored me and went about her work. I anxiously looked around at the people in the room. As soon as they saw me looking at them they averted their eyes and pretended to read or found something else to occupy their attention. But the moment I looked back at the main desk I could tell they resumed their staring. “How could she do that to me?” I thought silently to myself.   
  
Lisa looked up at me with a wicked grin. She was up to something. I just KNEW it. I could feel it in my bones! That was the same grin she had when I was being punished at home. She obviously loved this and that was really getting to me.   
  
People were watching me and whispering amongst themselves. It was all so embarrassing yet this was all so seemingly innocent in an odd sort of way. That is until I heard a little boy say, “Mommy that girl has no clothes on.” I looked over in the direction of the voice and saw him pointing at me.   
  
“Hush, now,” the mom told him and forced him to look at the kid’s book he had been reading before I had entered the room. “She’s waiting to see the doctor.”   
  
“Oh . . .” the little boy said innocently and went back to his book.   
  
Clarissa continued shuffling papers as I awkwardly stood there totally bare. I could have sworn that she was doing that on purpose just to prolong my embarrassment. “Oh yes, here it is,” she finally announced to the room as she held up a piece of paper presumably indicating what I was supposed to have. “Follow me, Annie.” She said motioning me to follow her back across the waiting room to the lab area. I could almost feel the stares of all those eyes looking at my butt as I left the room. Gawd, I hoped there were no remnants of the stripes I had received over the weekend. That would be horrible! Imagine all those people seeing that I had received a whipping! It was almost too much for me to cope with. I hadn’t looked at my backside since that day it happened and then it looked awful! I could feel my face flushing the more I thought about it.   
  
Clarissa sat me down in a chair and proceeded to draw my blood into one of those vials. She was surprisingly good at it and it didn’t even hurt. She then gave me a small plastic jar with a lid and said, “I need a specimen.”   
  
“A specimen of what,” I asked totally confused.   
  
She laughed at my naiveté. “Just pee a little in this cup and then give it back to me.”   
  
“What here . . . in front of you?”   
  
“No silly. I’ll leave you for a moment so you can have some privacy.” She then left. I had never given a specimen before so I stood there awkwardly in the lab area wondering how I was going to do that without peeing on the floor. Since she had said she only needed a little I decided to just bend forward a little, spread my legs and hold the cup up against my vulva and try to squirt just a little into the cup without making a mess. Of course once I started I discovered that stopping was harder than I thought it would be. The cup was half full when I tried to stop the first time but all I managed to do was slow it down a little.   
  
As I was looking between my legs holding that cup watching it fill higher and higher, Clarissa brought a teenage boy back to the lab area. I was so shocked seeing him standing there looking at me that I clenched my muscles tight which resulted in one big squirt splashing into the cup spilling a good bit onto the floor before I managed to stop. I was so embarrassed I didn’t know what to do!   
  
“What are you doing, Annie? You’re supposed to use the restroom behind you not give a sample in the middle of the room!”   
  
I looked around and sure enough there was indeed a restroom door right behind me. I felt so stupid! All I could do was sheepishly say, “Oh . . . sorry.” I was so humiliated at my own ineptitude.   
  
Clarissa sighed as though she was a bit put out and took the cup from me, labeled it and set it on the counter. “Why don’t you go back to the exam room while I finish up here drawing this boy’s blood?”   
  
“By myself?” I realized just how childish my question was as soon as it left my mouth. “Oh, okay.”   
  
With more than a little apprehension I left the room and made my way back across the waiting area. It was hard to do with an escort. It was darn near impossible to do on my own! When I entered the exam room I was in before, there was a middle aged man sitting on the table. My exam room was occupied! “Oh, excuse me,” I said instinctively and backed out of the room not knowing what else to do.   
  
Lisa was behind me giggling. “What’s the matter little girl, did you get lost?”   
  
“No,” I snapped back in a firm whisper. “There’s someone in my room!”   
  
“Oh, I’m sorry. I forgot about you. I filled up all three rooms with other patients.” She said plainly. “You can wait out in the waiting room if you like.”   
  
“Are you out of your mind?!”   
  
“I guess you COULD wait up here at the desk with me, I suppose.”   
  
“Fat chance,” I said trying desperately to cover myself with my arms as I was still in full view of the people in the waiting area. I decided to see for myself if all the rooms were indeed occupied and to my horror, they all had patients in them!! Not wanting to prolong my exposure I spotted a small staff kitchen area at the back of the hall and I dashed right into it.   
  
I was there for about two minutes before old Doc Henderson came in the back door of the office and saw me. “Young lady, just what do you think you are doing?”   
  
I was at a loss for words. All I could do was mutter ridiculous half-words that made no sense. Just then Lisa came around the corner and explained that I was supposed to be getting ready for an exam and there was a mix-up and all the exam rooms were filled so she chose to wait here.   
  
“Well, get someone OUT of one of the rooms so I can examine her. She looks cold!” He barked impatiently. He was obviously in no mood for such foolishness and his usual gruff manner came shining through.   
  
“Right away,” Lisa said and left. Finally she came back and took me back to the original exam room off the waiting area leaving me naked with no gown for cover. Doc came in and looked me over. “What’s the matter with you? Wait, don’t tell me. You’re allergic to clothes.” I just looked at the floor totally humiliated. “Well never mind. Let’s get on with it.” He then did his usual exam, listening to my chest, looking in my throat and asking me dozens of questions. Most of the time I had to make things up as I wanted to at least try and appear as though I might be sick so I wouldn’t get punished at home for faking an illness just to stay out of school.   
  
“I can’t find anything wrong with you. Are you sure you are really sick?”   
  
“Are you sure I’m not?”   
  
“Listen, Missy, see that diploma hanging on the wall behind you? It says that I know what the hell I’m doing. I can find nothing wrong with you. Get dressed and you can go. I’ll have my assistant telephone your mom and give her the good news . . . Damn teenagers.”   
  
I hoped off the table as he started to leave the room. He suddenly turned around and looked me square in the face. “I sure hope this doesn’t mean you’re in for another rump roasting like your last one!” He chuckled a little and left the room.  
  
Holy Crap! Did he know about my last one? Who told him? Then I saw my backside in the mirror hanging on the wall. “Oh . . .” I said aloud. He could see for himself as my butt still bore the marks from the other day. That meant that all those people in the waiting room also knew about my whipping as well!   
  
That reminded me that when my step-mom finally found out that I was faking it, I was going to be in for it again! This day couldn’t get any worse.   
  
I then realized that I didn’t have my clothes! They were missing from the room! I looked around everywhere but they were nowhere to be found. “That damn Lisa,” I thought. I was going to kill her!

**Chapter 8**

Lisa and my step-sister came into the exam room. “Are you ready to go?” Lisa asked. “They need the room.”   
  
“Where are my clothes?”   
  
“Clothes . . . I don’t know. What did you do with them?”   
  
“Very funny; now hand them over!”   
  
“I honestly don’t know what you are talking about. Now let’s go. If you want a ride home with me we have to leave now.”   
  
“I can’t go like this!”   
  
“Well you shouldn’t have been so irresponsible.”   
  
“That did it,” I said angrily and charged right for her. I wasn’t about to take that from anyone. If I was going to get my butt blistered anyway, I might as well teach that bitch a lesson. Then I saw her waving a paper with Doc’s letterhead at the top.   
  
“I wouldn’t do anything rash if I were you.”   
  
I froze in place. “What’s that?”   
  
“Katie told me about you faking it to get off from school so you wouldn’t get teased and how if your mom found out that you weren’t really sick you’d be in for it when you got home.”   
  
“Yeah . . . so, what’s the paper?”   
  
“It says that you are suffering from a stomach virus and it excuses you from school for the next two days, that’s what it says.”   
  
“How on earth . . . Did Doc write that? He didn’t think I . . .”   
  
“No, I wrote it on his stationary and used his signature stamp. So what’s this worth to you?”   
  
I was dumbfounded. “What do you mean?”   
  
“I mean I went out on a limb for you here by typing this. I could get into big trouble so I want to know what I get out of this if I give it to you.”   
  
“I don’t have any money. Ask Katie, she’ll tell you. I’m broke.”   
  
“Oh I don’t want any money.”   
  
I swallowed hard as I looked at the pair of them. They were both grinning from ear to ear and that wasn’t a good omen. It’s hard to negotiate when you’re naked. Just then Clarissa knocked on the door telling us to hurry up as she really needed this room. “What . . . um . . . what DO you want?”   
  
“How about I take you home just like my sister told your mom that I would . . .”   
  
“Okay deal!” I said quickly.   
  
“Not so fast, sister. I wasn’t finished. How about I take you home but we are going to do it MY way and I don’t want any arguments from you. I want your complete cooperation. Work with me and I’ll give you this paper.”   
  
I was devastated. I knew darn well that if I agreed there was no telling what Lisa had in mind. I did know one thing however, without that paper my hinny was going to really get it along with some almost certain naked corner time.   
  
Lisa must have seen that I was struggling with this so she spoke up, “And . . .”   
  
“And?”   
  
“And I’ll promise NOT to tease you at school and I’ll even throw in that I’ll tell anyone I catch doing that to leave you alone. How’s that sound?”   
  
Wow, that was really something to consider. I certainly could use a free pass for a couple of days off from school and with Lisa promising not to tease me and to get after those that did it was very appealing. The letter would also get me off the hook with my mom too. Still, I just didn’t trust Lisa. Everything I knew about her spelled trouble.   
  
“But I must point out that if you don’t agree you’ll find your own way home and I’ll make your life a living hell – starting with calling your mother to tell her you’re a phony.”   
  
“Agreed. I let you take me home. Now can we please get me something to wear so I can get out of here before Doc gets really upset with me?”   
  
“Ahem . . . we’re doing this my way, remember? You’re going as you are.”   
  
“WHAT?!”   
  
“We can leave by the back door as my car is parked out back. Now let’s go. I’m on a schedule here.”   
  
“You’ve GOT to be kidding.”   
  
“No, I’m not and if you give me one more outburst like that or argue with me trying to get me to change my mind the deal is off. Now let’s go.”   
  
She then opened the door and Katie ushered me out holding one of my hands and Lisa held the other in full view of a now VERY packed waiting room. Down the hall we went and exited the back door. It was a frightening feeling being outside without any clothes at the mercy of those two girls. Lisa had Katie and I sit in the back seat while she drove. The first thing I did was to check to see if there was anything in the car that I could use to cover myself in case of an emergency, but Lisa kept her car meticulously clean. There wasn’t anything, anything at all.   
  
I sat quietly in the back covering myself with my hands as best I could. All those cars, I thought. A driver in any one of them on the road could look over and see me. It WAS broad daylight after all.   
  
As we drove along Lisa suddenly broke the silence. “Annie, do you know what a Chinese Fire Drill is?”   
  
“Um . . . no . . .”   
  
Katie interrupted to explain, “It’s where the driver of a car suddenly stops the vehicle and yells CHINESE FIRE DRILL and the passengers all get out and run around the back of the car exchanging seats with the person that sat next to them. You have to do it very fast before the driver pulls off and leaves you.”   
  
“Ah . . . why are you asking me this?”   
  
Lisa laughed out loud, “Because we are going to do one.” For no apparent reason she suddenly stopped the car in the middle of the road as the cars behind her were forced to do the same and yelled, “CHINESE FIRE DRILL.”   
  
Katie was laughing her head off as she quickly opened her door and jumped out.  
  
“GO, GO, GO, GO!” Katie yelled as she exited the car. My adrenalin was pumping furiously throughout my body as I suddenly found myself opening my door and getting out of the vehicle! I couldn’t believe what I was doing. I was naked in the middle of a public street with like maybe 10 cars stopped behind ours all looking at me as I ran around the back of Lisa’s automobile. As I rounded the trunk I saw a really cute guy vigorously waving at me which made me almost panic out of fear. Seeing Katie hop in her side of the car and slam her door brought me back to reality and I started to move again but it was too late. Lisa started driving off!   
  
I screamed bloody murder and began running after her car to the now very audible hoots and hollers of the other drivers! “STOP . . . DON’T LEAVE ME,” I shouted as she crawled forward.   
  
The people behind me got a great view of my bruised rear end jiggling as I ran and the drivers in the oncoming traffic lane saw my less than impressive chest not jiggling much at all!! I was mortified!!   
  
After traveling maybe 150 feet Lisa stopped and waited for me to catch up! I wasted no time in hopping inside and screamed at her to get the hell out of there, which only made the two of them laugh hysterically. She eventually started driving again to the sounds of a multitude of honking horns! I was gasping to catch my breath I was so overcome with fear, shock and embarrassment.   
  
“That was wicked,” Lisa exclaimed excitedly. “We’ll have to do that again sometime.”   
  
I was scrunched down in the backseat for several minutes before Lisa insisted that I sit up. When I did the honking had all died down and things seemed pretty normal again – except for the fact that Lisa and Katie were still laughing their darned fool heads off.   
  
Then I saw it. My high school!! Lisa was headed right for our school with me naked in the back seat!

Top of Form

Bottom of Form

**Chapter 9**

“What are you doing?!” I exclaimed.   
  
Lisa laughed, “I have to check-in at school. I am only allowed at the doctor’s office during lunch and my regular Health Careers class. I can’t just leave the office and go home after I’m done. I have to turn in my signed attendance card each day after work otherwise the school will think I skipped class or something.”   
  
“But . . . I’m . . .”   
  
“Yeah, naked . . . sorry about that but that’s not my fault. It had nothing to do with me.”   
  
“LIAR!”   
  
I immediately scrunched up into a ball as Lisa pulled into the parking lot and began driving around in circles. “Look at all these cars. I’ll NEVER find a parking space. I HATE it when I leave and some idiot takes my parking place while I’m gone.”   
  
Being ever so careful I peeked over the door ledge to see how many students were about but mercifully they were all in class and the lot seemed deserted as far as classmates were concerned. Lisa finally found a spot 4 rows back from the school building sandwiched between two cars. At least she didn’t just pull up next to the sidewalk and run inside leaving me practically out in the open.   
  
“You two try and stay out of trouble while I’m gone. I’m late for class as it is.”   
  
“Late for class . . . you mean you aren’t just going to run in and drop off your attendance card?”   
  
“Heavens no, I still have my last class to attend before school is out, silly. I told you at the Doctor’s office that I was on a tight schedule. You’ll be fine here. I’ll be back as soon as I can and then we can leave.” With that she got out of the car and began heading towards the school buildings.   
  
Katie was all smiles. “You sure do like to show off that body of yours, don’t you? Do you realize that the entire freshman class is sitting in various rooms not 200 feet from where we are and here you sit totally naked? What’s it feel like knowing that you might just be seen totally bare by the entire school?”   
  
“SHUT UP! Just shut up.”   
  
“Is that any way for you to talk to your BIG sister? Why if I didn’t think you were just kidding around I could start yelling out the car window.”   
  
“DON’T YOU DARE,”   
  
Katie rolled down her window and stuck her head outside. “Tell me that I’m prettier than you and that you wish you could be like me.”   
  
“Drop dead, you retard. I’m not saying any such thing.”   
“HEY EVERYBODY, ANNIE SWANSON IS OUT HERE NAKED!! COME AND LOOK!” she screamed at the top of her lungs out the window.   
  
As she took another deep breath to yell again I quickly said, “You’re prettier than me and I wish I could be like you.” It was a good thing our school was made out of concrete block and double insulated windows. I was pretty certain that nobody had heard her, but I couldn’t be sure.   
  
“I couldn’t hear you very well. Did you mumble something?”   
  
“I said you’re prettier than me and I wish I could be just like you.”   
  
Katie giggled with satisfaction and pulled her head back into the window. She persisted in making crude comments about my body and about how awkward I was around boys. She could easily carry on a conversation with any boy about any subject. I, on the other hand, seemed to choke on my words if I ever had to talk a guy. I seemed to get all self-conscious and unable to get the words out.   
  
“Hey, isn’t that Billy Thompson walking to the office?” she asked pointing to a boy carrying a folder of papers. “Don’t you like him?”   
  
“That’s not funny, Katie. Don’t you DARE . . .”   
  
“What . . . here’s your chance to get to know him better. The school Sadie Hawkins dance is coming up and I know for a fact that you don’t have a date. Should I call him over so you can ask him? I wonder what he’d think if he saw what you really look like without clothes. Do you think he’d like what he saw?”   
  
“Oh god no, Katie, please.”   
  
  
“I think I should. After all it’s an older sister’s prerogative to look after her younger sibling. The way I look at it I’d be doing you a favor.”   
.   
“How about I do you a favor instead and do your homework tomorrow?”   
  
“You’d really do my homework for me . . . all of it?”   
  
“Yeah, maybe for the rest of the week . . . please don’t call Billy over here.”   
  
“Okay.”   
  
“Okay that’s it? No tricks?”   
  
“No,” she said playfully, “would I do that to you?”   
  
I just sat there as she stared at me. “Still, wouldn’t it be fun to let him see what you look like? The way you seem to like running around naked all the time I thought you’d jump at the chance. It might improve your popularity around campus you know.”   
  
“No thanks. I’m fine just as I am.”   
  
After listening to my step-sister’s taunts for what seemed like forever, I finally saw Lisa coming out of one of the buildings and heading towards the car. “Thank goodness,” I said under my breath. “At least we can get out of here now before the final bell rings.”   
  
“RIIIIIINNNNNNNNNNNNNNNNNNNG,” the final bell sounded ending the regular school day. Kids began exiting all the buildings and scattering all over the campus and here I was sitting in the parking lot without a stitch to cover myself. I wanted to scream for Lisa to hurry the hell up before I was seen but I was too afraid that somebody I knew would hear me and come over to say hi.   
  
Lisa got within 5 feet of her vehicle when somebody called out to her and she stopped to talk. It was some boy she knew and there they stood chatting – close enough that if the boy looked over he’d see me for sure! I don’t think my heart beat once during the entire time they were gabbing. He finally went about his business and Lisa climbed in the car and put her keys in the ignition!   
  
Students were EVERYWHERE meandering among all the parked cars! It was only a matter of time before someone came to get into one of the vehicles next to ours and spot me! The news would be all over school – “Annie Swanson streaks school!” I was beginning to panic. My gut told me to run but my body was frozen with fear.   
  
“Did you miss me?” Lisa teased as she began backing the car up out of her spot.   
  
We were finally out of the parking lot and stuck at the traffic light about a block from the school. So far so good, I thought. I had done the impossible and managed to be naked on campus for more than an hour without being seen. It was kind of thrilling in a way, but not something I’d ever want to do again! EVER!   
  
Then Lisa screwed the whole thing by yelling,” CHINESE FIRE DRILL!”   
  
“GO,GO,GO,GO!” Katie said as she opened her door excitedly.   
  
Survival instinct took over along with the fight or flight of the adrenalin rush I just experienced because of all the yelling and I got out of my side of the car, ran around back totally naked but hiding my face as much as I could as several cars honked their horns indicating that I was indeed seen. I jumped in the opposite side of Lisa’s car before she had the chance to drive off! What a RUSH!!   
  
As we sped away from the school, Lisa kept complimenting me on how much she admired my courage and that she thought I was much more fun than my step-sister. Hearing what she said made me swell up with pride. The popular bitch actually liked me! Who would have thought?   
  
When we pulled into our driveway Lisa thanked me for a fun day. I nervously looked around to make sure that mom wasn’t home yet but there was no sign of her. Still I had to make that long trek to our front door naked during which any one of my neighbors could spot me and they would be only too happy to report me to my step-mother.   
  
“Don’t forget these,” Katie said reaching under the back seat and pulling out my clothes.   
  
“What the . . . YOU stole my clothes??”   
  
Katie just laughed and said, “Yeah, I couldn’t resist.”   
  
“Told ya I was innocent,” Lisa said smugly. :”You owe me an apology.”   
  
I apologized, reluctantly, but I did do the right thing and admit to her that I was wrong as I slipped into my outfit before going inside.   
  
What a day!

**Chapter 10 - FINAL**

When my step-mom finally came home she bellowed for me to come downstairs. She wanted to know what Doc had said. I could tell by the expression on her face that she was ready to dish it out – so sure was she that I was faking it. I handed her the note and her demeanor changed instantly and she began comforting me and apologizing for doubting me. She even made me a special dinner in the hopes that I’d feel better. Like I said she really was a nice person and I knew that deep down she had my best interest at heart most of the time.   
  
The next morning as I was lying in bed I realized that I had two days of excused absences from school. I should have been overjoyed but I wasn’t. My conscience was rearing its ugly head and I felt terrible. My mom was clearly concerned for me and was being so nice that my guilt was getting to me. It was all a lie! The more I thought about it the more I hated myself for trying to pull this off. I really felt bad, almost sick, in fact.   
  
I got up and got dressed. Something inside of me was demanding that I do the right thing. I had just finished putting on my shoes when my step-mom came into the room.   
  
“What are you doing, Annie, Dr. Henderson said you needed to stay home from school for two days. Now get back in bed.”   
  
Tears began welling up in my eyes. “Oh mom, I’m so sorry.” She looked at me with a confused expression and I could tell she was about to say something comforting. “Mom, it’s all a lie. I can’t do this, I’m so sorry. I really am. I lied to you yesterday.”   
  
Then it all came pouring out. The more I talked the better I felt – almost like vomiting when you are sick to your stomach – it’s horrible as it is happening, but you feel better after it’s over. I told her everything – about how I wasn’t really sick and was just afraid to go to school because of the teasing and about how Lisa forged the note using Doc’s signature stamp, about the Chinese Fire Drills I had to do – everything. I told her that even though I knew the note was a fake, I still tried to make her believe it was true last night anyway and that I felt really bad about deceiving her.   
  
As I talked I could see her face getting redder by the minute. She was angry and I could tell she was doing her best to keep it all in. She let me finish and then started to storm out of the room but stopped. “I’m SO disappointed, Annie. You have no idea. There’s definitely going to be a punishment tonight the likes of which this house has never seen before!” She then stormed out of the room.   
  
Even though I dreaded the punishment, I really deserved it after all. Maybe it was a sign that I was indeed growing up that I actually owned up to my mistake rather than hide it.   
  
The day passed slowly as all I could think about was how I was going to be punished. It seemed that each time I was punished it got worse and much more humiliating for me. I had really screwed up this time – worse than I had ever done before so like my step-mother said that morning, the punishment will be so bad the likes of which had never been seen in our house before. I shuddered every time I thought about it.   
  
When school was over I told my mom when she came to pick me up that I wanted to walk home. She pursed her lips and I could tell she wasn’t thrilled with my request but she gave me permission but cautioned me that I had better not be late.   
  
On the walk home I felt like a condemned prisoner. My life would surely be over after this. I just knew it. Still, something inside of me let me know that this was the right thing to do. I made a bad decision so I had to take the consequences. Maybe I was finally learning from my mistakes!   
  
As I rounded the corner of my street and my house came into view, I almost passed out. There were cars lining both sides of the street and many of them were even parked on our front lawn!! My step-mother invited all these people to witness my punishment?! How could she?!   
  
As I got closer I recognized several members of the high school football team getting out of a car and going into my house! Then I saw old Doc Henderson going up to our front door as well. Oh my Gawd! Half the town must be here. They were all going to see me naked and watch me get my butt roasted! It was all too humiliating to even think about! As I stood in front of my house I saw several of my classmates waving at me through the front window. My legs began shaking and my mouth got severely dry. I knew my punishment was going to be bad but I never imagined it like this!   
  
I swallowed hard and using all my courage I went up to the door and entered the house. Everyone was either sitting or standing all around the front room and they all seemed pleased and excited that I was finally home.   
  
My step-mother finally saw me and just said firmly, “SIT!” as she pointed to an empty chair along the wall.   
  
Sit?? I thought to myself. That was different. I meekly sat down as instructed and awaited for the bomb to go off. My mom signaled for everyone to be quiet. When the room was eerily silent I got the shock of my life!!   
  
“Katie . . . Lisa, it’s time.” My step-mother called upstairs in that now all too familiar sickeningly sweet voice.   
  
Katie? Lisa? What the hell was going on? I didn’t have to wait long to find out. Ever so slowly down the stairs came my step-sister and her friend wearing see through tops like the one I used to wear and both girls were sporting kiddie panties as well!   
  
As I looked around the room it dawned on me that most of these people were either friends or parents of students that were in Lisa’s class or friends and students in my class that were also classmates of my step-sister, Katie as well. They were all people that were important to Katie and Lisa!   
  
My mom went on to explain what Katie had done to me, how they humiliated me by taking me to school naked and doing absurd things like hiding my clothes and making me do Chinese Fire Drills on public streets. As if that wasn’t bad enough she had old Doc Henderson get up and explain how Lisa had forged a doctor’s excuse using his stationery and signature stamp – a very serious offense indeed. He explained that under normal circumstances he would have reported the matter to the police and to the school and almost assuredly she would have been expelled, but, that he agreed to forgo that action as Lisa’s mother had agreed to having her punished the same way Katie was about to be dealt with.   
  
Lisa looked scared to death – her face was ashen and her legs trembling even worse than mine had been. It was clear that she had no idea what was in store for her but after seeing what had happened to me she wanted no part of it. But that wasn’t for her to decide.   
  
My step-mom then said, “Since these girls obviously take great delight in stripping and forcing others to be naked in public I think they have forfeited the right to wear anything for their punishment this evening. Once again she then produced a pair of scissors and began cutting on the bottom of Lisa’s top. Lisa was mortified as she realized that at any minute her chest was going to be on display for the entire room! Before I could even get that thought clear in my head my step-mother had it off and forced Lisa to stand there in just her Sponge-Bob cartoon panties that said, “It’s fun to be wet!”   
  
Katie was next and she buried her head in her hands as her mother destroyed her top as well. The panties were next to go and I took great delight in making no secret that I was loving every minute of this!!   
  
The students in the room were totally shocked. Like those seeing my punishments, they had no idea what was going to happen. I suspected that they just thought they’d get to see a spanking or some good old-fashioned yelling. THIS was a surprise to all of them!!   
  
As bad as it was being forced to be stripped in front of everyone - that was nothing to what my mother said next.   
  
“After talking with Lisa’s parents and Dr. Henderson I’ve decided that each girl will receive FIVE slaps with the bare hand.”   
  
That’s all?! Five slaps! That’s ridiculous. I ALWAYS received way more than that. Why that would hardly even leave a mark!   
  
I saw both Katie and Lisa simultaneously let out a huge sigh of relief. But they didn’t know my step-mom as well as I did. “That’s FIVE slaps with the bare hand FROM EACH AND EVERY PERSON IN THIS ROOM”   
  
“WHAT . . . YOU CAN’T BE SERIOUS!” Katie protested loudly.   
  
“Oh but I am. And what’s more, these will be given over-the-knee by each person here.”   
  
There were over 30 people in the room - that was over 150 slaps each!! I almost squealed with delight I was so elated, but I was stopped when I heard my mother calling my name. “Annie . . .”   
  
“Yes ma’am?” I replied with my voice quivering – worried that I was about to receive the same punishment for lying to her.   
  
“Since YOU were the one they tormented, YOU get to give the first whacks, followed by Doc Henderson.”   
  
“YES MA’AM!” I exclaimed excitedly!   
  
Katie was made to lie over my lap and I purposely used my foot to brace her in place by placing it between each of her legs – the result was a pelvis that was spread wide-open leaving no secrets as to her intimate place! EVERYONE was looking and laughing. I gave Katie 5 of the hardest slaps I could muster and did the same with Lisa. IT FELT GREAT!!   
  
When old Doc Henderson was through, mom directed Katie to bend over the lap of one of the football players!! She turned red as a tomato!! The player gently used his hand to rub her butt playfully and said, “It feels warm already!” His comment made everyone in the room laugh hysterically.   
  
Person after person, young, old, male, female all took their turns paddling the hind ends of the two shamed girls. Each person giving the licks seemed to enjoy it more than the person before them often resulting in cheers and hollering from the observers.   
  
When each girl had received the required number of licks my step-mom made them both turn around so everyone could see how red their butts were and then made them apologize to each person in the room – one at a time!   
  
“Annie . . .” my step-mom said finally. “I want you to keep track of the time for me.” She then stood each girl in the center of the room facing the large open window and said, “TWO HOURS REFLECTION TIME.” She made them put their hands on their heads and reminded not to move or say a word.   
  
“Oh, and Annie . . . if anyone rings the doorbell, please let them in.” then turning to the group said, “ABSOLUTELY no pictures but . . . if any of you feel the need to call your friends and invite them over, I know of two girls who would be happy to see them!”