**Sherry's Test - In front of the class**

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**Sherry's Test - In front of the class - 1**

Soon it was the last week of the school year and I stood before my class ready to teach. Would I actually survive the school year without being stripped in front of my students, I wondered in a confused haze as I gave my class a practice quiz and sat down.  
  
As usual, I was caught up in a confusing array of emotions. The sensible part of me was happy at the prospect of surviving the year without being humiliated in front of the students I had let down by leaking the test. The naughty parts of me wondered what it would be to stripped and punished in front of them and I noticed myself getting hot imagining it.  
  
Most of the boys, in the class, I knew, adored me and I could see them picturing me naked. I wondered what it would feel to be stripped in front of this admiring audience. I had had no shortage of admiring audiences but this would be different.  
  
“Maybe it will happen in the last class,” I thought to myself half hopefully and half in dread.  
  
Just then, the Principal walked in along with Matt. I looked at them quizzically and Matt smiled ear to ear and I knew what would happen. I gave them the vulnerable deer-in-the-headlights look which they loved and that merely served them to smile even wider.  
  
The class looked confused as the Principal stood before them.   
  
“I have an important matter to attend to here but before I get started, is there anyone here under the age of eighteen?” inquired Roberts getting straight to the point.  
  
Now I knew why he had waited so long. He had waited for the last student in the class to turn eighteen.  
  
Nobody raised their hand and I knew that the naughty part of my persona would find fulfillment and the decent part would be mortified. The fact that I still had this inner tussle despite all the privations I had suffered, I noted with satisfaction, was a testament to my basic goodness.   
  
Matt, the Principal and so many others found this inner tension so alluring and marveled at the fact that I could still blush despite all the humiliations I had been subjected to or to put it more accurately, allowed myself to be subjected to.  
  
They had taken trouble to keep varying the situations without bumping the intensity and that helped me keep blushing, something I enjoyed and my audience even more.  
Back to the present, I wondered with trepidation what lay in store for me.  
  
“So now that we have made sure that no one is under eighteen, I have the onerous task of punishing your teacher here,” said Roberts with a pained expression that was clearly feigned.  
  
“Onerous? You lecherous bastard! You probably jerked off at this prospect for months and now you have the temerity to feign reluctance?” I though, seething under my breath.  
But it made for good drama, I had to admit.  
  
The students stared incredulously at the Principal and at me, making me squirm.  
  
“Please Sir! This matter has already been dealt with?” I pleaded.  
  
“Oh no! A full confession before your students will be good for you. You must bare your soul and set a good example,” said Roberts firmly.  
  
I winced at his deliberate choice of words, but realized the Principal was giving me a chance to undergo my punishment with some honor and I jumped at the chance.  
  
“Very well then!” I said as I stood up to face the class.  
  
“This matter has weighed on my conscience for months now and even though I dread what is going to happen to me, it will feel good to make a clean breast of it!” I said and blushed at my own choice of words as the Principal and Matt suppressed a smile and tried to look stern.  
  
I then proceeded to tell them about how I had leaked the test inadvertently and half the class exchanged knowing glances. Sam, the main perpetrator looked worried. He wasn’t sure if he would get punished too.  
  
I still had a huge crush on him and wondered what it would feel like to be naked in front of him once again. I bit my lip as I pondered that and Matt must have intuited it because he shook his head as if to say, “Naughty, naughty.”  
  
I then turned around and addressed the Principal, “Sir, I am truly sorry. It was an inadvertent mistake but I should have known better. Please punish me as you see fit in front of my students so I can set an example of how to atone for one’s errors.”  
  
The Principal beamed and praised my attitude and spirit lavishly. Of course, other than Sam, no one else in the class had any idea as to what the punishment entailed and that would add to my embarrassment.  
  
He then warned the class that in order to punish me properly, I would be humiliated and it would involve nudity.  
  
“You are adults now, but if anyone likely to be offended, should excuse themselves,” he added and waited.  
  
No one left. I could see a few eyebrows raised and few eyes widen at the mention of nudity. But they still had no idea what they were in for or rather what I was in for.  
  
I could sense anticipation in the boys’ faces. Some of the girls, particularly the ones who looked up to me with awe, squirmed uncomfortably and I did too when I noticed it. That is one of things, I guess. That keeps me blushing in these situations – I pick up on the audience’s embarrassment.  
  
“Oh no! Wonder what they will think of me after today?” I thought as I looked at my spell bound class.   
  
I had second thoughts and went up to Matt and whispered, “Honey, I am not sure I can go through with this.”  
  
“I understand, sweetheart. But do it for me. I love you so much!” he said.  
  
I nodded and smiled internally because Matt was astute enough to not point out that I was after all a willing participant and we had talked about this in other punishment sessions.  
  
“How would you like to be stripped and spanked in front of your whole class?” he had asked so many times.  
  
Depending on the state of arousal I was in at that point, I would reply with some variation of “Oh no! Please don’t do that! It would be so humiliating!” or “Yes! Please expose me to my class! I would love to be punished in front of them like a naughty girl.”  
  
“Looks like our heroine here had second thoughts but decided to keep her promise,” said the Principal.  
He then pompously proceeded to preach to the class about the importance of owning up to one’s mistakes and facing the consequences.  
  
“It is part of the painful process of growing up,” he added.  
“How about you grow up, you horny, juvenile perv” I thought as I stared at him incredulously.  
  
“Apart from this one slip up, Sherry has been an outstanding teacher and let nothing that happens today, detract from that. Let nothing detract from the tremendous love and respect you have for her,” he concluded and beamed at me.  
  
I blushed and addressing my class, re-iterated, “I love all of you and as the good principal said, please don’t let what happens today diminish the affection we have for each other in any way.”  
  
The class gave me affirming nods and I smiled weakly at them. Matt later told me that smile was so vulnerable that he wished he had recorded it. Unfortunately, that gave him the impetus to start recording and the bastard principal went on to explain that the recording was for the benefit of the other teachers and would serve as instructional video.  
  
“Instructional video, my ass” I thought and again mused at my Freudian slip. Roberts seemed to be in my head, feeding me these phrases.

**Sherry's Test - In front of the class - 2**

“Sherry, please apologize to the class,” he continued.  
I started apologizing but Roberts and said, “Come now, Sherry. You know how we like you to apologize.”  
  
I turned around and stared at him and he smiled.  
  
I grimaced and looked at my class and commenced my apology squats, holding my ears. My students looked wide-eyed as I did squats, repeating the apology at each turn.   
  
I can imagine the spectacle I cut, dressed respectably in a light blue blouse, a navy blue skirt and high heels performing squats, holding my ears like a naughty girl. I noticed Matt at the back of the class, recording it, so I knew I would be made to watch myself at a later date. My face burned with humiliation and I felt the first traces of wetness as I completed the customary ten squats.  
  
The Principal had me then turn around and bend on my desk. He raised my skirt to reveal my light blue panties.  
  
“Thank God, I am not wearing a thong!” I thought as he proceeded to spank me.   
  
I counted out the spanks thanking him for each one. The fact that I could not see the class increased my embarrassment strangely as I imagined what they would be feeling at seeing their teacher bent over with her skirt raised up like that.  
  
I turned around and blushed as I faced the class and noted their wide-eyed astonishment.  
  
“Take off your skirt,” said the Principal and I looked at my class, gave a slight helpless shrug and proceeded to unzip my skirt and step out of it. I bent down, picked up the skirt, folded it and put it on my desk. The blouse covered my panties but I could see the boys admiring my firm long legs.  
  
“The blouse,” said the Principal and I took a deep breath and slowly started unbuttoning my blouse.  
  
I continued to make eye contact with my class, noticing their admiring but shocked looks as my bra and ample cleavage came into view.  
  
The blouse joined my skirt on the desk and I stood before my stunned class in an alluring pair of matching bra and panties.  
  
The Principal had me bend forward with my hands on my knees in Marilyn Monroe kind of pose and proceeded to spank me again.  
  
This time I could see everyone’s expression as I stood there with my boobs jutting out of my bra, in that bent position.   
  
I winced at every spank as I counted and apologized. My nipples were now swollen with excitement and my pussy wetter as I squirmed and swayed with every spank.   
  
The Principal was spanking me a little harder than usual but at this point, I did not care. Matt, never seems to tire of seeing the slight wince that accompanies the spanking. It makes me look so vulnerable and alluring according to him.  
  
After ten spanks, I was asked to stand again and walk up an own the center aisle pausing at every desk and making eye contact with every student.   
  
The bastard hadn’t forgotten how to make me wallow in my humiliation as I made my deliberate walk in my bra, panties and high-heels, paused and made eye contact with each student and blushed at the sight of them gawking at me.   
  
If at the beginning of the year someone had told me I would be doing this before the year was out, I would have called them crazy and refused to give it another thought. But over the past few months, the threat of being made to do this had seemed so much more realistic and truth be told, I had masturbated to the thought.  
  
But here I was doing it in person and for now, my embarrassment exceeded my arousal.   
  
I completed my slow walk and resumed my position facing the class.  
  
“Would you like to see your teacher topless?” asked the Principal.  
  
I heard a shocked gasp and the Principal smiled and continued, “Would anyone be offended if your teacher here were made to take off her bra?” he inquired.  
  
Nobody raised their hand and a few nodded no.  
  
“Loyalty? Where is loyalty?” I wondered but I could not begrudge horny teenagers their dream come true. As for the girls, most were in awe of me and wouldn’t mind seeing me disrobed and a few were envious of my looks and wouldn’t mind seeing me get my comeuppance. Net, net, nobody minded.  
  
“Sir, please. I have been punished and humiliated enough. Please don’t make me do this?” I pleaded looking my vulnerable best, knowing that Matt would love that.  
  
“Come, Sherry. I will be the judge of when you have been punished enough,” said the Principal.  
  
“Sir!” said Sam raising his hand.  
  
The Principal looked at him and he said, “Sir! I am just as guilty for what happened. Please allow me to make amends by taking the rest of the punishment on my teacher’s behalf.”  
  
I was pleased at his gallant offer but knew that the Principal would not accede.  
  
“I am glad to see you own up to your share of the event. You need to be and will be punished but not now. Your teacher shares the larger burden of what transpired and today we will let her make amends for her transgressions completely,” said the pompous ass.   
  
“But since you were complicit in the leaking of the test, maybe you can assist,” said the Principal and motioned Sam to come up.  
  
“Please remove your teacher’s bra,” said the bastard, knowing fully well that would increase my humiliation as well as my excitement.

**Sherry's Test - In front of the class - 3**

I took a deep breath and again looked vulnerable for the camera.   
Sam stepped up behind me and I stared at my class who waited with baited breath.  
  
“Slowly,” said the Principal. “I want her to feel very bit of this punishment.”  
  
Sam said, “I am sorry teacher!” and proceeded to unhook my bra, slip the straps down my shoulder and slowly unpeel the cups off breasts, pausing at every step.  
  
The audience was mesmerized as the bra slowly and reluctantly came off me and I stood before them topless. I was pretty aroused by now and my nipples were obviously swollen and erect. I blushed helplessly at the burning gazes of my class. I am sure many of the boys had dreamt of seeing my boobs and here they were drinking it in without any restraint.  
  
I was again made to walk up and down the center aisle and let everyone stare at my breasts at close quarters. This time though, the bastard made me recap a lesson for the class to rub in the incongruity of my situation. My face burned as I walked slowly, teaching the class in my topless state. I doubt I was very coherent but I doubt anyone paid any attention to what I was saying.  
  
Then came the customary apology squats and the class was stunned watching their hitherto respectable teacher perform this debasing act. They were mesmerized by watching my boobs bounce up and down.  
  
The Principal decided to strip me off my panties himself. Playing the role of the penitent victim, I pleaded with him to spare me some modesty, but it was to no avail.  
He knelt behind me and slowly inched my panties down letting my audience enjoy my slow, tantalizing strip. I heard a gasp when the boys realized my pussy was bare and I turned a deeper shade of red. I saw the shocked but pleased looks on their faces as my luscious mound came into view. He left the panties resting on my thighs and asked me to clasp my hands behind my head. I looked so submissive in that pose. Matt finds it very erotic and I am sure the rest of my audience found it extremely erotic too.   
  
I had had quite a few admiring audiences before, but my class, full of horny but naïve, inexperienced boys made me experience admiration like I had never before. They were staring at me in awe and a few of them touched their hearts and despite my embarrassment. My heart swelled up in pride. This was a day, they would never forget. This was a day, I would never forget.  
  
  
I was asked to do a few twirls so that my eager audience could appreciate me from all angles and I did so and my class clapped in appreciation.  
  
I knew immediately, that the Principal would do something to offset that. He got off on humiliation and even though he didn’t begrudge me the benefit of honest appreciation, he liked it to be at the end of proceedings and not in the middle.  
  
He peeled off my panties completely and I was again asked to do my slow walk through the center aisle. This time, he reminded the class that I needed to feel shameful for what I had done and it was an integral part of my punishment. He asked each desk I stopped at to say, “Shame!”  
  
I blushed furiously as I paused at the first desk, looked to the right and the two boys at that desk said, “Shame!” I then turned to the left and the two girls at the desk said, “Shame!” I found myself bowing my head on hearing that word but found myself getting wetter. By the time, I had reached the end of the aisle, I had made eye contact with all twenty-four of my students, noticed all of them looking at my nakedness and shouting “Shame!” I was dripping wet and probably leaking down my thighs but I was oblivious to everything except the incredibly delectable humiliation I felt.  
  
As I turned around and began my slow walk back, the Principal raised his hands like a conductor and on cue all twenty-four of them shouted “shame!” in unison at every step.  
  
I faced the class with my face burning with shame and yet incredibly aroused.   
  
But the Principal had not had his fill. He picked up a ruler from my desk and proceeded to give me ten hand spanks on each hand.  
  
I had to count each one and apologize for leaking the test with every hand spank. There is something ridiculous and maybe because of that, deeply humiliating about being spanked on the hand while standing naked. The class felt my shame and mirrored it back, which as I have reported before, merely increased my shame. And my arousal.  
  
After that, he made me go to the board and write ten times, “I am sorry for leaking the test.” By that time, I myself was leaking profusely as I perversely not only wrote my apology on the board like recalcitrant schoolgirl but turned around after each line to face my class and let the humiliation sink in.  
  
As usual, the Principal was pleased with my improvisation and came over and whispered, “I am not sure I want to display you completely splayed like we normally do. It may be a bit much for these innocent minds. How about doing your apology squats but opening up just a little to give them a glimpse”  
  
I couldn’t believe the bastard saw it fit to casually discuss this as if he was discussing a flower arrangement. I bristled at his concern for the students which was accompanied for a total lack of concern for me. But I was too far lost in my erotic haze to contemplate what he was saying.  
  
I merely nodded my head and said, “Whatever you think best, Sir!”  
  
The rascal smiled knowingly and said loud enough for the class to hear, “Sherry, I now want you to perform your apology squats in front of the class.”  
  
He motioned I should hold my ears like a naughty schoolgirl but not cross my hands so as to not obstruct the sight of my boobs.  
  
I commenced my squats holding my ears as instructed, looking at my eager audience, pausing, opening my legs a little while squatting and blushed profusely as I noticed how embarrassed some of them were for me.  
I made my apology as earnest as I could and took my time doing my ten squats.  
  
The Principal came over, held me by my ear and made me kneel on my desk facing the class. I had been through so many humiliations but knelling naked on my own desk, in front of my own class? That took it to a new level and I was sure would figure during the times I was alone with my jack rabbit.  
  
He had me clasp my hands behind my head and I looked at my audience with my breasts jutting out as Principal Roberts proceeded to give me ten spanks. As usual, I counted each one and thanked him for it.  
  
He had me turn once to the left and gave me ten again. Then to the right and gave me ten more. The net effect was to have the entire class view me getting spanked from all the vantage points.   
  
I was left kneeling in that position as the Principal instructed the class to form a line on the right side of the class. Each student was to come up to me and spank me once on the right cheek and once on the left cheek, punctuated with “Bad Teacher” and then go back to the end of the line.   
  
  
I braced myself for this new indignity as the students eagerly formed a line. Predictably, the boys were first in line. I smiled weakly as the first boy came over eagerly and spanked me on the right cheek, saying “Bad” followed by the left cheek, saying “Teacher.”  
  
But something in me obviously relished this new humiliation for I swayed seductively with each spank. Being a bad teacher was eminently agreeable to my inner slut.   
  
When Sam came over, he apologized again but I smiled and shrugged at him. The fact that his boner was evident through his trousers was gratifying. Matt saw me eyeing his boner and shook his finger at me and I smiled at him.   
  
Being spanked by the girls was harder than being spanked by the boys. The boys looked at me adoringly whereas the girls were reflecting either embarrassment or worse, disapproval. Some of the boys looked eager to spank me without any remorse but most were beautifully shy and awkward about it which made it so special. They had the decency to blush and I too blushed prettily at them and gave them faint, embarrassed smiles. Some of the girls, I could sense were wondering what it would be like to be in my position and I could tell they were pretty turned on. Those I didn’t mind. The ones I minded were the handful that had been envious of me and made it a point to sneer at me rub it in. All in all, between the adoration and the scorn, it was a thoroughly conflicting experience and added to the erotic tension that was already unbearable. Matt too confessed later that it took him all his willpower to not lay down the camera and either take me right there or pleasure himself. He would have plenty of opportunities to do that later and he smiled contentedly at that.  
  
Soon they were all done and back at the line and I was wondering what the second line was all about and what lay in store for me.  
  
I was asked to stand up and the Principal instructed the students holding a marker, “Now I want each one of you to write something on your teacher using one or two words. I want her body covered with your comments, so don’t be shy about what you write or where you write. Look in her eyes, tell her what you are writing and then write,” said the Principal.  
  
He then gave me the marker and instructed me to greet each student by name before handing the marker.  
  
I writhed under the extreme erotic tension I was now trapped in. The bastard knew how to milk the last bit of eroticism out of every situation. I had had a few episodes of people writing all over my body but to have my innocent, inexperienced students do it would take my experience to an entirely different plane.  
  
The first boy came over, as eager as he had been the first time around and said, “Hello Teacher.” I greeted him by name and handed him the marker.  
He pondered where to write and decided he could have a closer look at my pussy if he knelt down.  
  
“Gorgeous,” he said as he wrote it on my stomach just below my below button.  
  
I smiled weakly and rolled my eyes, as I could feel his excited breath on my pussy lips.  
  
The next boy wrote “Goddess” on my right boob.  
  
Next was a girl who disliked me and sneered at me and wrote “Slut” on my left boob.  
  
“How appropriate!” I thought incongruously, realizing that I had “Slut Goddess” written on my breasts.  
  
The shy ones wrote things like, “Beautiful”, “Pretty”, “Amazing”, “Sexy” and “Dream Girl” on innocuous parts of my body like thighs and chest. The bolder ones wrote things like “Naughty”, “Bad Teach” and “Cock Tease” near my pussy and on my ass.  
  
The mean girls of course wrote “Shame”, “Shameless” and “Wet”.  
  
I minded the “Wet” command the most for I turned red at the knowledge that the whole class knew how turned on I was and bowed my head in shame. The Principal immediately stepped up and raised my face up and looked into my vulnerable eyes.  
  
I looked at the class drinking in my shame and felt ever so close to an orgasm. The slightest stimulation would have set it off but mercifully the Principal had not made the students do that. Some of them had pretended to accidentally touch my pussy while writing on me but nobody had been blatant enough to stimulate me. Mercifully!  
After everyone had had their turn, the class was seated again and I was made to kneel in front of the class with my hands on my head. I had made quite a few students kneel in front of the class as punishment, but not naked! And here I was kneeling naked in front of them. Truth be told, I had pictured myself doing that a few times in my dreams, but to be actually be doing it! Oh God! How would I ever face them again! Luckily, there were only two more classes left but again I couldn’t help admire the Principal’s deviousness. If it had been the last class, I would have been spared the embarrassment of facing my class again. But this way, I would have two full classes to go through after my humiliating ordeal.

**Sherry's Test - In front of the class - 4**

The Principal chose to rub it in my asking me things like, “So Sherry, how does it feel to be kneeling naked in front of your class?”  
I resisted the urge to say, “I love it Sir! I dreamt of it all year!” and said, “Very ashamed, Sir!”  
  
“Have you been a bad teacher?” he asked.  
  
“No Sir! I have been a good teacher. Except for one inadvertent mistake!” I replied hotly.  
  
“Yes you have been a good teacher. But you did need to be punished for your mistake. Agree?” he asked.  
  
“Yes Sir! I needed to be punished!” I agreed, resisting the urge to add, “Principal Obvious.”  
  
“Have you learnt your lesson?” he inquired.  
  
I resisted the urge to say, “Yes Sir! I have learnt that if I want months and months of mind blowing orgasms, I should leak a test and get caught.”  
  
I would later recount all this to him and others at a future punishment session to have all of them rolling in laughter. But for now, I continued playing the role of the penitent miscreant and said, “Yes Sir! I have learnt my lesson.”  
  
“And have you been punished enough?” he inquired.  
  
  
I resisted the urge to defiantly say, “No Sir! Not until all the boys in the class have ...ed me three times.”  
  
However, I impetuously said, “No Sir! Not until all my fellow teachers have punished me for my transgression.”  
  
I heard a collective gasp and I rolled my eyes wondering why I had let the class picture me being punished by all the teachers.  
  
“And they shall and so they shall,” he assured everyone.  
  
“But this class has done an admirable job punishing you,” he continued.  
  
“Yes Sir. They have,” I replied looking at my stunned class.  
  
“I think you should thank them,” he said.  
  
I said in my fake meek voice, “Thank you class for teaching me a proper lesson.”  
  
“Properly,” he said.  
  
I knew what that meant and rose up to perform my squats while thanking them.  
  
I was then made to stand up as the class was dismissed and as instructed, allowed to come over to me to be thanked in person.  
  
I felt incredibly embarrassed as each student came over, looked me in the eye and then at my naked body one last time as I shook their hand and thanked them for punishing me.  
  
Finally, the class was empty but the Principal was not done yet.  
  
“I was tempted but did not want to make you do this in front of the class. They are young minds after all. But you can imagine the class is still here and play with yourself,” he said.  
  
I was more than ready for this and I sat on my chair, draped my legs over the arm rests and fingered myself imagining that the class was still there.

**Sherry's Test - In front of the class - 5**

The Principal helped with his comments, “Aren’t you ashamed to do this vulgar act in front of your innocent students?”  
  
I had had enough of playing the reluctant star and I said, “No Sir! I am proud that I have their undivided attention.”  
  
“Are you a shameless slut then?” he inquired in a shocked tone.  
  
I moaned under the stimulation of my own fingers and said, “Yes Sir! I am a shameless slut.”  
  
“Do you love having an audience when you masturbate?” he asked.  
  
“Yes! I love it when people watch me,” I admitted.  
  
“Look at your crush, Sam staring at your splayed pussy,” he said.  
  
My fingers increased their pace as I imagined Sam looking at me pleasure myself.   
  
I moaned and said, “Oooh that is so exciting.”  
  
I had clearly had it with being embarrassed for the day.  
  
“Slut!” admonished the Principal.  
  
“Guilty as charged!”, I said brazenly.  
  
“Your sweetheart is recording this for posterity,” he reminded me.  
  
“Hi Sweetheart! Thank you for taking time out of your busy day to record me,” I said defiantly.  
  
“Imagine all your colleagues viewing this video,” he said.  
  
I swayed my ass, moaned and said, “Hi Colleagues. Look at me being a slut.”  
  
Later, I would regret it while being made to watch the video with them but for now, I was in an erotic haze and being brazen seemed to suit my mood.  
  
“Imagine your future in-laws watching you being a wanton slut,” he added.  
  
I wasn’t having any of it.  
  
“Hi perverted, future in-laws. Look I fit right in,” I said.  
  
Later on, I would watch it with them and blush at all my outbursts, for now it was fun and added to my wanton enjoyment of getting myself off in my own class.  
  
“Imagine “ the Principal started again and I cut him off.  
  
“Enough! I have indulged you enough. Now shut up and let me have my orgasm,” I hissed.  
  
The Principal was taken aback but admitted I had a point.  
  
I closed my eyes and imagined the class staring at me while I moaned and swayed in ecstasy. I finally went over the edge, convulsed wildly and had a mind-blowing orgasm.   
  
I stayed with my eyes close for a couple of minutes, savoring the after-glow.  
  
The Principal and Matt were now standing close by.  
  
Matt came over and kissed me passionately and told me how much he loved me.  
  
The Principal coughed and said, “If you want to lock the door and have some fun, go ahead” and left the room.  
  
Matt locked the door, positioned me on all fours on my desk and stood before me. I unzipped his fly, took out his erect member and sucked on it lovingly. I thought he was about to cum when he pulled out, went behind me and took me from behind.  
  
I love happy endings.

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