**Sherry's Test**

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**Sherry's Test Ch. 21 - Sherry and Carol are punished by their in-laws.**

Sherry and Matt were back at Matt's parents' house the day after Sherry was punished in front of her mother. Andy and Carol were there too. Clearly, Tom and Kate were trying to bring the family closer.  
  
After a round of drinks and appetizers, Tom suggested the party move to the basement. Sherry shuddered at the thought of what could be waiting for them there. Clearly, the move to the basement was fraught with possibilities.  
  
As she entered the furnished basement, she noticed mirrors that had not been there before. The party continued normally with wine, appetizer and social talk.  
  
After a while, Matt whispered to Sherry saying, "Why don't we pre-empt things and surprise Dad?"  
  
Sherry stared at Matt as if he was crazy and yet something in her was excited at the prospect of voluntarily submitting like that.  
  
She nodded and rose and walked over to Tom and Kate and knelt in front of them with her hands clasped over her head and said, "Tom, Kate; Matt suggests that we continue with my punishment."  
  
"Oh my God, Sherry!! Are you nuts?" exclaimed Carol.  
  
Sherry looked at her and shrugged.  
  
Tom looked delighted and asked, "And do you agree with Matt?"  
  
"Yes Sir! I agree that my punishment should continue," said Sherry meekly and again Carol looked at her as if she was crazy. She also squirmed uncomfortably because Sherry's willingness put her in a vulnerable position.  
  
"And how long do you think we should continue to punish you?" asked Tom.  
  
"Until you are convinced that I have learnt my lesson and will not repeat my careless behavior," suggested Sherry, submissively bowing her head.  
  
"I think we are at the point where you should call us Dad and Mom," suggested Tom.  
  
"Yes, Dad. Mom," said Sherry looking at them.  
  
"Excellent. Excellent. Matt, you have more experience in this. Will you direct the proceedings?" asked Tom, wisely not wanting to risk crossing the line somewhere by directing Sherry.  
  
"Good idea, Dad. Sherry, take off your jeans and hand them to Dad," said Matt.  
  
Sherry stood up and unzipped her blue jeans and stepped out of them and handed them over to Tom.  
  
"T-Shirt," said Matt, simply.  
  
Sherry raised her white T-Shirt over her head and stood in front of her future in-laws clad in her white bra and panties.  
  
She had been naked before them the previous Saturday, but this time Andy and Carol were watching and it did not help that Carol kept exclaiming at every turn.  
  
"Now let's see, Bra or Panties, Bra or Panties, Bra or Panties? I think," he paused and continued with, "we will go with panties. Stand closer to Dad as you take it off."  
  
Sherry blushed helplessly and she lowered her panties standing inches from her future father-in-law and stood with her panties resting at her ankles, her gorgeous landing-strip pussy exposed.  
  
"Oh God, Sherry! I don't believe this!" exclaimed Carol again.  
  
Sherry clasped her hands over head without being instructed and Matt let her stand like that for a couple of minutes as his Dad drank in the sights from the front and Andy admired the view from behind.  
  
"Bra. Kneel as you do that," said Matt.  
  
Sherry knelt and gazed into Tom's eyes as she unclasped her bra from behind and peeled the shoulder straps over and sensuously peeled the cups off her breasts. She returned her hands over her head and waited kneeling naked before her future in-laws.  
  
"You have bagged a Goddess, Son," complimented Tom and Sherry felt proud and glowed at the compliment.  
  
"Yes I have. And I worship her every day! But for now, she is a naughty girl who needs to be (was b) punished. So, Sherry dear, let's have you come to the center of the room and apologize for not paying your credit card," said Matt.  
  
Sherry stood up and came over to the center of the room so that now she was facing everyone and commenced her shameful apology squats saying, "I am sorry I missed my credit card payment."  
  
Carol looked wide-eyed and with trepidation afraid that they might make her follow suit. For now, she was safe as Matt instructed, "Now go over to mom and promise to be a good daughter-in-law."  
  
"I promise to be a good daughter-in-law," said Sherry maintaining eye contact with an amused Kate as she commenced her squat. Soon her ten squats were over and she was instructed to the same in front of Tom.  
  
"I promise to be a good daughter-in-law," said Sherry as she made eye contact with her future father-in-law and was pleased to note the naked admiration in his eyes. But that only made her blush more as she continued her squats.  
  
"Now, Andy," said Matt.  
  
"I promise to be a good sister-in-law," said Sherry as she made eye contact with a delighted Andy and an incredulous Carol looked on.  
  
Sherry did not need to wait for future instructions and proceeded to stand in front of Carol after her ten squats in front of Andy were over.  
  
"I promise to be a good sister-in-law," said Sherry earnestly as she did her naked squats in front of Carol. It felt more embarrassing to do it in front of Carol because Carol looked embarrassed which only served to increase her own embarrassment.  
  
She then stood naked in front of her fiancée, her face burning with shame and excitement and yet proudly commenced her squats saying, "I promise to be a good wife," as Matt looked on adoringly at his heart-throb.  
  
She then knelt in front of him awaiting further instruction as Carol stared wide-eyed in astonishment.  
  
"Carol, your turn now," said Andy simply.  
  
"What? You are crazy!" exclaimed Carol.  
  
"Well that earned you a penalty," said Andy.  
  
"No way. I am not going to be part of your puerile games," said Carol angrily.  
  
"Two penalties," said Andy.  
  
"No!" exclaimed Carol angrily.  
  
"Give us a minute," said Andy and led Carol to a quiet corner.  
  
"Carol sweetheart. Please?" asked Andy.  
  
"But this is so humiliating. And I have to face them day in and day out," reasoned Carol.  
  
"Oh come on. You already did it in front of Matt and Sherry and even enjoyed it at some level," pointed out Andy.  
  
"Plus they already know you what happened last Sunday," continued Andy.  
  
And then Andy went in for the kill and played the jealousy card.  
  
"Carol sweetheart. Do you remember how you enjoyed being the center of attention in the family before Sherry came on the scene? Now you have to share the attention but you don't want Sherry to steal it all from you?" asked Andy.  
  
Carol squirmed as she contemplated that. Since Tom and Kate had not had any daughters and Matt had not had a sister, they had all lavished attention on her making her feel like a princess. She had resented sharing that with Sherry but now as Andy pointed out, Sherry had upstaged her by playing the submissive goddess role.  
  
By surrendering so completely, Sherry had only drawn herself closer to everyone and Carol noted that Tom and Kate still treated her with respect during normal times.  
  
"Ok. I will do it," she whispered, a part of herself not believing what she had agreed to.  
  
"Great!" whispered Andy relieved, that there would be no mutiny in the ranks after all.  
  
"It will cost you. You are sooo buying that pearl necklace I have been wanting," hissed Carol.  
  
"Absolutely. It will look great on you as you are stripped and spanked," said Andy as he led his wife by her ear over to the group.  
  
Sherry was still kneeling demurely naked in front of Matt and the group looked astonished to see that Andy had indeed persuaded Carol to go through with it.  
  
Carol went and knelt in front of Tom and Kate and bowed her head and said, "Dad, Mom, I need to be punished for blowing our budget last month."  
  
"Glad to see you are over your denial. That is the first step," said Tom.  
  
"Yes Sir! I am sorry. Please punish me so that I will not do it again," said Carol.  
  
"Let's get started then. Jeans," said Andy,  
  
Matt motioned Sherry to come sit with him and enjoy the proceedings as Carol stood submissively in front of her in-laws and took off her jeans and handed them to Tom and waited with her hands over her head.  
  
"Panties," said Andy and Carol gasped She had expected to be told to take off her T-Shirt but Andy obviously wanted to surprise her.  
  
Carol hesitated and peeled off her panties quickly and handed it to her father-in-law.  
  
Her T-Shirt was still covering her pussy but she realized with a dread that as soon as she clasped her hands overhead, the short T-Shirt would rise to expose her pussy for the first time to her beloved in-laws.  
  
Yet she waited until Andy said, "Hands over your head."  
  
Carol blushed and raised her hands over her head and most of her pussy was now visible to her wide-eyed in-laws.  
  
Carol was not as curvy and well-endowed with Sherry but she was slim and extremely pretty and her helpless blushing at realizing that her bald pussy was openly on view only accentuated her beauty.  
  
Tom ogled her bald pussy unabashedly and Kate nudged him.  
  
Carol looked at the ceiling but was instructed to make eye contact.  
  
Carol lowered her gaze and was deeply embarrassed and yet proud to note the admiring look in Tom's eyes and the envious look in Kate's eyes.  
  
"Raise your T-Shirt a little more so your pussy and ass are completely visible," instructed Andy.  
  
Carol blushed, raised her T-Shirt, knotted it in front to prevent it from sliding over her charms, and returned her hands over her head.  
  
"Great. Now let's have you do a nice twirl," said Andy.  
  
Carol shuddered and stood up on her toes and slowly twirled so now her naked ass was visible to her in-laws for the first time. The audience clearly enjoyed the view on offer for poor Carol had to complete about five slow rounds before she was allowed to stop.  
  
"I am sooo ashamed," whimpered poor Carol looking at her in-laws.  
  
"Sweetheart, shame is an important part of your punishment. But rest assured that both of us love you dearly and this does not change anything," said Tom, wisely giving Carol the reassurance she needed at a vulnerable moment.  
  
Andy and Matt both nodded acknowledging their Dad's grace and Sherry mused, "The sly devil. He knows that will just make it easier for Carol to comply with their humiliating instructions. Now I know where Matt gets it from."  
  
"T-Shirt," said Andy and Carol stepped out of her T-Shirt and stood naked except for her cream bra.  
  
Andy let her audience take in the sights for a couple of minutes which served to increase Carol's discomfiture as she stood with her hands clasped over her head and her bald pussy completely exposed to her in-laws, waiting to be told to remove her last cover of modesty.  
  
"Bra," said Andy and Carol felt a shiver go through her body as she prepared to be completely nude in front of her in-laws for the first time.  
  
"I can't believe I am doing this," thought Carol as she peeled off her bra and stuck her breasts out by clasping her hands over her head. She was a little self-conscious that her breasts were not as big as Sherry's and Tom intuited that and reassuringly said, "Andy. Your wife is stunningly beautiful."  
  
Sherry felt a little left out and Tom helpfully continued, "You both are lucky SOBs" and Kate exclaimed, "Language, Tom!"  
  
"Twirl," said Andy and Carol again stood up on her toes and did five slow twirls gloriously naked for her admiring audience.  
  
"Ok. Time for the punishment to start," said Matt, leading his sweetheart to the chair thoughtfully placed in front of the mirror.  
  
Sherry knelt demurely on the chair, thrusting out her ass a little and making sure her breasts were visible in the mirror. She had been trained well.  
  
"Now Carol, I would like you to stand in front of us so that we can admire you while spanking Sherry," said Matt.  
  
Carol looked inquiringly at Andy to see if Matt was permitted to give her instructions. Apparently, he was because Andy nodded and Carol went over to Matt. Matt positioned Carol so that she was standing in front of Sherry but at the corner of the mirrors with her hands clasped over her head. The audience now had an unrestricted view of Sherry's naked ass and Carol's naked breasts and bald pussy. In the mirror, they could see Sherry's naked breasts and Carol's ass. The only thing not on view was Sherry's pussy. Matt surveyed the scene and decided to rectify that omission.  
  
"Spread your legs a little, Sweetheart, We want your pussy lips on view while we spank you," instructed Matt and Sherry blushed and spread her legs as directed.  
  
Matt started spanking Sherry holding her ponytail and as usual, Sherry kept count while maintaining eye contact with her audience.  
  
Carol looked on with trepidation knowing that she was next.  
  
Andy was next and teased Sherry.  
  
"Wow Sherry how does it feel to be kneeling naked waiting for your future brother-in-law to spank you while your fiancée and his parents are watching?" inquired Andy.  
  
"I feel I am marrying into a family of kinky perverts," said Sherry with dignity, refusing to be cowed down. Months of similar teasing had left her prepared and the room erupted with laughter at Sherry's comeback.  
  
"Ahhh we still need to have some sassiness spanked out of you," said Andy as he laid the first spank.  
  
"One, thank you Sir!" said Sherry and again mused that while it was gratifying to come back with a retort like that it had also served to provoke her punisher and add spice to the proceedings.  
  
"Two, thank you, my future brother-in-law," said Sherry now deliberately choosing to mention her relationship to Andy and increase her own embarrassment.  
  
"Ten, thank you, honorable Sir," said Sherry sarcastically as the tenth spank landed.  
  
The tone of Sherry's voice irked Matt and he decided to use this opportunity to rectify her habit of being sarcastic.  
  
"Actually, she is not sounding repentant at all. Give her ten more and make it a little harder this time," said Matt and Sherry scowled at her sweetheart but he remained unmoved.  
  
"Ouch One thank you, Sir!" said Sherry as the first hard spank landed.  
  
"Owww Two thank you, Sir!" said Sherry as the second spank landed and did know what hurt more, the increased intensity of the spank or the ignominy of the spanking.  
  
Regardless, it helped Sherry slip completely into her helpless penitent role much to her audience's delight.  
  
"Nine thank you Sir. Spank me harder, Sir," said Sherry as the ninth spank landed.  
  
"Ouch Ten thank you Sir. Thank you for chastising me," said Sherry demurely, blushing furiously as she made eye contact with her audience.  
  
"Now apologize to Andy for being sarcastic," said Matt and Sherry shot him an angry look but again slipped into her role and stood in front of her handsome future brother-in-law and commenced her apology squats saying, "I am sorry I was sarcastic, Andy Sir."  
  
She continued with, "I am sorry I was sarcastic, respected future brother-in-law", "I am sorry I was sarcastic. I am glad you punished me for that" and "I am sorry I was sarcastic, Andy. Thank you for putting me in place."  
  
The audience including the naked carol looked on stunned at the incredibly horny sight of the spirited confident Sherry doing her naked apology squats in front of her future brother-in-law so submissively.  
  
Sherry finished her squats and thankfully went back to her kneeling position on the chair.  
  
"Oh my God! I can't believe I have sunk so low as to be thankful to be kneeling naked waiting to be spanked instead of performing humiliating apology squats," mused Sherry. Yet she had to admit to herself that she was incredibly turned on her pussy was now soaked. She felt the rush flood her body as her future father-in-law commenced his spanking.  
  
"One thank you, Sir," said Sherry as she wiggled her butt seductively.  
  
"Oh my God! Am I flirting with my future father-in-law?" wondered Sherry helplessly as her body was doing things her mind could not comprehend.  
  
"Two thank you, future father-in-law," said Sherry.  
  
"Five thank you Dad, I am sooo ashamed," said Sherry.  
  
"Seven thank you, Dad, I am so humiliated that you are spanking my naked butt," said Sherry.  
  
"Nine thank you Dad. I deserve to humiliatingly spanked like this," said Sherry now delirious with erotic humiliation.  
  
"Ten thank you Dad. Please give me another ten," said Sherry not recognizing the words coming out of her mouth.  
  
"Would be delighted to, dear daughter," said Tom. "Would you like them a little harder?" he inquired.  
  
"Yes Please Dad. Spank me harder. I deserve it," whimpered Sherry, now drunk with humiliation.  
  
Tom gave her ten spanks that were a little harder than the play spanks they had all been giving her yet was careful not to hurt her.  
  
"Ouch ten thank you Dad. Thank you for teaching my lesson," said Sherry as the tenth spank landed.  
  
Sherry noted Tom's hard-on with gratification and despite her humiliating predicament felt an incredible sense of power.  
  
Again inexplicably without being asked to, she stood up and performed ten squats in front of her future father-in-law thanking him profusely for punishing her saying things like, "Thank you for chastising me, Dad", Thank you for showing me the error of my ways", "Thank you for teaching me a lesson" and "Thank you for spanking me in front of the whole family."  
  
Matt was beside himself as was Andy and his Dad and they all looked adoringly at the nubile sex goddess in front of them.  
  
Carol looked on distinctly annoyed thinking, "Oh my God. How am I going to top that?"  
  
"Here I am standing stark naked with my hands clasped over my head and nobody is even looking at me," Carol continued wordlessly fuming.  
  
The next spanker was Kate and she made Sherry promise she would be a good daughter-in-law.  
  
"One thank you, Mom," said Sherry. "Two thank you, Mom. I will be a good daughter-in-law." "Three thank you, future mother-in-law, I will be an obedient mother-in-law." "Four thank you, mother-in-law to-be, I will never be sassy with you." "Five thank you, mother-in-law to-be, I will never be sarcastic with you." "Six thank you Mom. I will never be uppity with you." "Seven thank you Mom. I am glad you punishing me in front of your son." "Eight thank you, mom. I deserve to be shamefully spanked like this." "Nine thank you, future mother-in-law. Thank you for punishing me in front of the whole family."  
  
"Ten thank you, mom. I wish you would punish me shamefully in front of your bridge club," said Sherry, writhing helplessly and not recognizing the words coming out of her mouth.  
  
Her audience was spellbound and delighted that sherry was now contributing to her own humiliation scenarios.  
  
Carol was now asked to spank Sherry and the audience was now treated to the incredibly erotic sight of one naked woman spanking another naked woman. The fact that Carol considered Sherry a rival added spice to the situation. Everyone's eyes were glued to delectable sight of the naked Carol with bouncing breasts spanking the equally naked Sherry.  
  
Carol wisely did not tease or taunt Sherry knowing fully that she would be on the receiving side soon and went about her business of ten spanks without much fanfare.  
  
Sherry however was now helplessly addicted to erotic humiliation and like before, instead of merely counting out her spanks, kept adding things to it to increase her own humiliation.

"Ten, thank you, dear sister-in-law. Thank you for humiliating me in front of the whole family. I look forward to the next time," said Sherry as the tenth spank landed.  
  
Sherry, then rose and without being instructed performed ten apology squats in front of her punishers thanking them profusely for punishing her. Matt was pleased to note that Sherry on her own accord chose to spread her legs a little in the squatting position thereby exposing a little bit of her insides to her new family.  
  
"Time to trade places," said Matt and Sherry understanding went and stood where Carol was standing nudging her and Carol took her cue and proceeded to stand before her family and perform ten squats imploring them to shame and punish her as her audience looked on delirious with delight.  
  
Carol then knelt on the chair and spread her legs so that all her charms were on display.  
  
Sherry was stood mortified as she stood helpless naked and felt a trickle run down her legs. She looked down to notice drops of her juice on her thighs and Matt said, "It is all right sweetheart. We know you are turned on by this. We would not be putting you through this if it were otherwise."  
  
Sherry nodded, still embarrassed but relieved that nobody thought less of her for her arousal.  
  
"Will someone pay me some attention?" fumed poor Carol wordlessly; incredulous that Sherry was still managing to garner all the attention.  
  
"One, thank you, Sir," said Carol as Andy finally laid the first spank.  
  
"Two, thank you, Sir. Thank you for punishing me in front of your father," said Carol making eye contact with her father-in-law in the mirror and blushing.  
  
"Three, thank you, Sir. Thank you for shaming me in front of your mother," said Carol making eye contact with her mother-in-law.  
  
"Four, thank you Sir. Thank you for humiliating me in front of your brother," said Carol making eye contact with Matt.  
  
"Five thank you, Sir. Thank you for spanking me in front of my naked sister-in-law," said Carol sticking her tongue out at Sherry and the audience laughed at Carol's jealousy despite their shared predicament.  
  
"Six, thank you, Sir. I am sorry for overspending."  
  
"Seven, thank you, dear husband. I am sorry for overspending."  
  
"Eight, thank you respected husband. I am sorry my spending habits exceed your meager income," said Carol sticking her tongue out at her husband.  
  
The audience was delighted at signs of rebellion.  
  
Andy smiled and spanked her harder.  
  
"Ouch! Nine, thank you, Sir. Yes spank me harder," said Carol.  
  
"Owww! Ten, thank you beloved husband. Thank you for punishing me in front of the whole family," said Carol now pretending to be contrite like Sherry.  
  
Even though deeply embarrassed, she was immensely pleased to see that her audience's attention was now riveted on her and she was finally the center of attention again.  
  
Next to spank, her was Matt and Carol was annoyed to note that while Matt was enjoying spanking her, his attention still wandered to his sweetheart standing demurely naked in front of him.  
  
Next was Kate and Carol braced herself for the humiliation of being spanked by her mother-in-law for the first time.  
  
"What happens to bad girls?" inquired Kate as she landed the first spank.  
  
"One, thank you, mom. They get spanked," said Carol.  
  
"And do they deserve to get spanked?" asked Kate.  
  
"Two, thank you, mother. Naughty girls like me deserve to get spanked," admitted Carol.  
  
"And do they get spanked with their clothes on?" asked Kate.  
  
"Three, thank you, mother-in-law. Naughty girls like me get spanked with their clothes off," admitted Carol again.  
  
"And do they get spanked in private or in public?" asked Kate, rubbing her daughter-in-law's butt fondly before landing the next spank.  
  
"Four, thank you, mother-in-law. They get spanked and humiliated in public," said Carol.  
  
"While their husband is watching?" inquired Kate.  
  
"Five, thank you, mother. Yes naughty girls like me get spanked naked in public while their husband is watching," conceded Carol and squirmed under the first signs of arousal.  
  
The audience marveled at Kate's creative way of rubbing in Carol's humiliation by making her acknowledge her predicament thus preventing her from tuning it out.  
  
"While her father-in-law is watching?" asked Kate.  
  
"Six, thank you, mother-in-law. Yes naughty girls get spanked naked in public while their husband is watching along with his father," said Carol and blushed prettily as she made eye contact with Tom. She had been as fond of Tom as he was of her and it embarrassed her no end to be punished like this in front of him.  
  
"While her brother-in-law is watching?" asked Kate.  
  
"Seven, thank you, mom. Naughty girls like me get spanked naked by her mother-in-law while her brother-in-law is watching," said Carol, strangely pleased that Matt was staring at her unabashedly.  
  
"And in front of her rival sister-in-law?" inquired Kate innocently.  
  
"Eight, thank you, dear mother-in-law. Yes, naughty girls like me should be stripped naked and spanked in front of their sister-in-law. As long as she is naked too," said Carol again sticking her tongue out at her rival much to the audience's delight and merriment.  
  
"And should they get spanked light or hard?" asked Kate.  
  
"Nine, thank you, mom. Naughty girls like me deserve to be stripped and spanked hard in front of her whole family," said Carol wiggling her butt helplessly.  
  
"Ouch! Ten thank you, mom. Thank you for punishing me shamefully in front of the whole family," said Carol.  
  
Next was Tom and Carol had an array of conflicting emotions at being spanked naked by her loving father-in-law.  
  
"What happens to bad girls?" asked Tom as he laid the first spank.  
  
"One, thank you, Sir. They get spanked by their father=in-law," said Carol blushing and yet delighted at feeling her father-in-law's firm hand on her naked butt.  
  
"And do they get spanked naked?" asked Tom.  
  
"Two, thank you, Dad. Yes they get spanked humiliatingly naked by their fathers-in-law," said Carol, noting with pride that her beloved father-in-law's pupils were dilated as he was taking in the sight of her naked form.  
  
"And do they get to hide their bald pussies?" asked Tom.  
  
"Three, thank you, father-in-law. No they do not get to hide their shamefully bald pussies," said Carol blushingly as she spread her legs and noticed Tom staring at her pussy lips between her legs.  
  
"Four thank you, Sir. Yes they get to be stripped naked and spanked humiliatingly in front of their husbands," admitted Carol.  
  
The rest of the spanks proceeded much like Kate's spanks and served to keep making her acknowledge her predicament. Carol blushed constantly and yet was gratified by her father-in-law's open admiration of her naked charms and squirmed helplessly aroused by it. It did not help matters that Tom chose to lovingly rub her bottom in between spanks and for a change, Sherry looked on enviously.  
  
"How come he never did that to me?" she wondered enviously.  
  
Carol sensed that Sherry was jealous of the attention she was getting from Tom and looked gloatingly at Sherry.  
  
"And do naughty girls deserve to get stripped and spanked in front of their father-in-law's poker club?" inquired Tom.  
  
"Ten, thank you, beloved father-in-law. Yes naughty girls like me deserve to be shamefully stripped and spanked in front of their father-in-law's poker buddies," conceded Carol as the audience looked on delighted at the slowly expanding realm of possibilities. First, Sherry had agreed to be spanked in front of Kate's bridge club and now Carol was relenting to being spanked in front of Tom's poker club.  
  
"Are they agreeing to this while drunk with erotic humiliation? Or will they agree to go through with it when sober?" they wondered.  
  
Finally, it was Sherry's turn and the audience watched the spectacle of one stunningly beautiful naked goddess spank another equally stunningly beautiful naked goddess with rapt attention.  
  
Carol, like Sherry had previously, on her own stood up and performed ten squats in front of her family thanking them for punishing her.  
  
But her ordeal was not over.  
  
"Time for your penalties," said Andy.  
  
Carol almost protested but refrained for fear that she might incur another penalty.  
  
"Yes Sir. Please give me two humiliating penalties. I deserve them," said Carol kneeling in front of her husband as the audience stared wide-eyed. Previously, it had been clear that Andy was pussy-whipped and on occasion, Carol had put him down in front of his own family and now the tables had been delightfully turned. Like Sherry before her, Carol herself could scarcely recognize the words coming out of her mouth.  
  
"Run in spot spanking yourself and apologizing for overspending," instructed Andy,  
  
Despite her slipping into a penitent submissive role, Carol bristled with anger at the prospect of having to perform this humiliating act in front of her in-laws but got up resignedly. She had done this in front of Matt and Sherry the previous weekend but to have to do this in front of her beloved father-in-law. Surely, she would die of embarrassment?  
  
"I am sorry for overspending," said Carol as she commenced running on the spot and spanking her own butt. Without being instructed to, she decided to rotate slowly as she jogged in place and spanked herself so that her audience would get a 360-degree view of all her charms. Her audience's eyes were like delighted excited puppies. They ran eagerly form place to place, no looking at her butt, now looking at her bouncing boobs, now looking at her naked pussy and most gratifyingly her pretty blushing face.  
  
Finally, Andy motioned her to stop and Carol was relieved that her first penalty was over but dreaded what was in store for her.  
  
Andy pointed to the sofa chair and said, "You know the position you were in when you made the call to Dad. Now show him."  
  
The word "No!!!" played on Carol's lips and looked pleadingly at Andy but he shook his head indicating she had to do it and blew her a kiss to convey his admiration of the way she had willingly gone through her ordeal.  
  
Carol made her way to the sofa chair and proceeded to sit on it, drape her legs over the sides of the chair and slide her butt so all her charms were completely exposed to her audience.  
  
"Now I want you to invite everyone one by one and ask them to look at your exposed pussy," said Andy.  
  
"Oh God!" thought Carol as she started with Matt.  
  
"Matt, will you come over and look at your sister-in-law's shamelessly exposed pussy?" asked Carol.  
  
As before, Carol was strangely gratified at the attention Matt gave her. It pleased her perversely that her rival's sweetheart was enjoying her naked charms.  
  
Next was Sherry and Sherry decided to not rub it in, having been on the receiving side of it may a times and knowing fully that it would be a matter of time before she would be displayed like that.  
  
Next was Andy and Andy rubbed it in mercilessly asking her repeatedly how she felt to be exposed like that in front of Matt and Sherry and her in-laws.  
  
She invited Kate next with, "Kate, dear mother-in-law, will you come over and take a good look at your daughter-in-law's shamelessly exposed shaved pussy?"  
  
Kate came and had a good look and Carol writhed under the humiliation.  
  
Finally, it was time to beckon her father-in-law and Carol braced herself for the conflicting emotion of shame and excitement.  
  
"Tom, respected father-in-law, wills you come over and take a good long look at your daughter-in-law's shamelessly splayed pussy?" asked Carol.  
  
Tom happily came over and knelt in front of the helplessly blushing Carol and stared unabashedly at the insides of her gaping pussy as well as her naked tits and ass. He noted that her pussy was soaking wet and Carol squirmed when she realized that Tom had noticed that.  
  
"Carol! Carol! I never thought I would see you like this!" he exclaimed.  
  
"I never thought you would either!" whimpered Carol.  
  
"Are you ashamed my child?"  
  
"Yes father. I am deeply ashamed and humiliated, whimpered Carol.  
  
"Well you shouldn't be. You are very beautiful and I love you dearly. Andy is lucky to have you. We all are lucky to have you. Even though you are a naughty girl. And we will punish naughty girls like you from time to time. And we enjoy seeing you like this," said Tom reassuringly,  
  
Carol almost cried at Tom's kind words, his affection for her clear in his tone of voice.  
  
"Thank you, dad!" exclaimed Carol happily,  
  
"But I see that you are aroused by this. So you obviously enjoy this at some level right?" asked Tom.  
  
"Yes Sir. This is deeply humiliating and even degrading but at some level I seem to be turned on by it," confessed Carol lowering her eyes.  
  
"Excellent! Excellent! We on the other hand enjoy it all levels not just at one level," said Tom as he playfully spanked her naked ass with his face inches from her wet, splayed open pussy.  
  
Carol blushed again and Tom rose and said, "Andy, Matt, why don't the two of you go upstairs and get another drink. I have something to finish up here."  
  
Matt and Andy looked quizzically at their Dad and he said, "Don't worry. Your sweethearts are safe with me."  
  
Matt and Andy left the basement and Tom said, "Kate sweetheart. I think it has been very unfair that Carol and Sherry have been punished and humiliated by you. We can't have you become a tyrant of an overbearing mother-in-law. This is a relationship that is fraught with danger, as it is. So to ensure a balance of power and a more equal relationship, I think we should now punish you in similar manner.  
  
Kate stared at her husband incredulously. But she saw the wisdom in his words and appreciated him sending her sons out of the room. They had married young and at 53, she was still graceful and pretty. They had been married for 30 years and last weekend's punishment of Sherry had aroused a new passion in him.  
  
"If nothing else, it will do wonders for our sex life," thought Kate as she stood up and knelt submissively in front of her husband and said, "Please punish me as you see fit, Lord and Master."  
  
Tom looked pleased at the kneeling Kate. He had dreamt of that ever since he had witnessed Sherry's punishment but this surpassed his wildest imagination.  
  
He motioned Sherry and Carol to sit on either side of him and Kate looked embarrassed to be kneeling in front of her daughter-in-law and future daughter-in-law despite their being naked and her being clothed. Her being clothed she knew was only temporary and she was proved right when Tom said, "Stand up and strip."  
  
Kate rose reluctantly and proceeded to take off her skirt and hand it to Tom. The blouse came off next and Kate stood blushing in front of Tom, Sherry and Carol in her white bra and panties.  
  
Tom realized she was waiting to be told what to remove next and said, "Panties."  
  
Kate braced herself for the embarrassment of exposing her pussy to her sons' sweethearts and proceeded to take down her panties and step out if it and hand it to Tom.  
  
She clasped her hands over her head and stood naked but for her bra in front of her appreciative audience thankful that her bush was not trimmed so, her pussy lips were not visible to Carol and Sherry.  
  
"Nice beaver mom," said Carol.  
  
"Yeah I agree. Long time since I saw one like that," piped in Sherry and Kate blushed.  
  
"I think what they are saying is that you should trim your bush like Sherry. Or maybe take it off like Carol here," said Tom and Kate shuddered at the prospect.  
  
"Bra," said Tom.  
  
Kate took off her bra swiftly and stood gloriously naked in front of her family.  
  
"I hope I can look like that when I am your age, mom," said Sherry.  
  
"Me too," said Carol.  
  
Kate blushed at the compliments but glowed happily, as she stood naked and demure with her hands clasped behind her head.  
  
"Now promise Carol that you will be a good mother-in-law," instructed Tom  
  
"Now promise Carol that you will be a good mother-in-law," instructed Tom.  
  
"Oh God! How embarrassing!" thought Kate as she silently took a couple of steps to the side and faced Carol and commenced her squats promising to be a good mother-in-law.  
  
"Now, Sherry," said Tom as Kate completed her apology squats.  
  
Kate moved over to face Sherry and completed her naked squats in front of the amused Sherry, promising to be a good mother-in-law.  
  
She then stood in front of Tom and completed her apology squats promising to be a good wife. Tom, Carol and Sherry were all amused because Tom had not directed her to do this.  
  
Tom then led Kate to the punishment chair and instructed Carol and Sherry to stand in front of her. Tom stepped back to admire the view and almost creamed his pants. In front of him were the beautiful carol and sherry completely naked standing with their hands clasped behind their heads. Their shapely naked butts were visible in the mirror. His wife was kneeling naked on the chair in front of him with her naked ass thrust out and legs spread to reveal her pussy lips with her boobs and embarrassed face visible in the mirror.  
  
Tom commenced his spanking and Kate counted, "One thank you Sir. I promise to be a good wife." "Did you imagine you would end up getting spanked naked today in front of the girls?" asked Tom.  
  
"Two, thank you, Sir. No Lord and Master, I certainly did not expect to be spanked naked in front of the girls," conceded Kate.  
  
Tom continued with his spanking while embarrassing and teasing his wife.  
  
"Would you like me to play with your pussy while you are being spanked?" asked Tom.  
  
"Ten thank you Sir. Yes please finger my pussy between spanks. It is so embarrassing to have you do this in front of the girls," said Kate.  
  
Next was Carol.  
  
"Ahh mighty mother-in-law. How have we fallen?" asked Carol landing the first spank.  
  
"One thank you, daughter-in-law," said Kate.  
  
"Do you feel superior now?" asked Carol landing the second spank.  
  
"Two thank you daughter-in-law. No I do not feel superior at all," confessed Kate.  
  
Tom was enjoying the sight of the naked Carol with her breasts bouncing spank his naked and embarrassed wife.  
  
"Three, thank you daughter-in-law. I sorry I teased you while spanking you," said Kate.  
  
"Four, thank you Carol. Yes it is humiliating to have you spank me," said Kate.  
  
"Five, thank you ma'am. Yes I deserve to be spanked and humiliated by you," said Kate as the fifth spank landed.  
  
"Six, thank you daughter-in-law. Yes I promise to not be dominating," said Kate earnestly.  
  
"Seven, thank you, Carol dear. Yes I promise not to be overbearing."  
  
"Eight, thank you, ma'am. I promise to let you shave my pussy in front of my husband and Sherry," promised Kate.  
  
"Nine, thank you, ma'am. Yes I will let you spank me in front of my own bridge club," said Kate.  
  
"And you will let me spank you naked in front of Tom's poker buddies," said Carol as she landed the tenth spank.  
  
"Ten, thank you daughter-in-law. Yes I will let you strip me naked and spank me in front of Tom's poker buddies. God that will be so humiliating!" said Kate.  
  
Carol stepped away pleased and Tom looked delighted.  
  
Next was Sherry's turn and she spanked Kate without much fanfare, concerned about future repercussions.  
  
Tom then had Kate perform ten squats in front of a Carol and Sherry thanking them for punishing her.  
  
For the grand finale, he had all three kneeling side-by-side on chairs in front of the mirror and proceeded to give each of them ten spanks while admiring their wincing and blushing faces in the mirror.  
  
He then had all three of them perform ten squats in front of him promising to be good girls.  
  
"Ok now hug each other and promise to get along together," said Tom and stood aside to enjoy the sight if three gorgeous naked women hg each other and promise to get along with each other.  
  
"It is good to be father-in-law," he said as he went upstairs allowing the women to dress.

"So what happened down there, Dad?" asked Matt as his Dad came up the stairs.  
  
"I will let your mom explain," said Tom.  
  
Soon Kate came up the stairs along with Carol and Sherry and Tom made her explain what had happened to her sons.  
  
Kate looked flushed as she had to suffer the ignominy of explaining to her grown-up sons that she was stripped and spanked by their sweethearts and she had promised to be a good mother-in-law as her sons looked wide-eyed in disbelief.  
  
"Time to give the ladies their reward," said Tom as he led a blushing Kate up the stairs to his bedroom eagerly followed by the other two couples.

**Sherry's Test Ch. 22 - Sherry is punished in front of her dad**

It was Monday, 3 PM and Sherry walked into the teacher’s lounge. The Monday and Wednesday punishment sessions hadn’t occurred in a while with the Principal preferring to save the punishments for Friday nights at his house, so Sherry was relaxed.  
  
“He wants you in his office,” said Penny as she walked in and Sherry wondered what was up as she knocked and entered the Principal’s office.  
  
“Ahh Sherry. Are you ready for your punishment session today?” inquired Roberts.  
  
“If you would like Sir,” said Sherry bowing her head, a little surprised at her being called into his office to be asked that.  
  
“We have a visitor for the session today,” said the Principal and Sherry looked concerned and turned around to see a handsome well dressed man sitting quietly in the corner.  
  
“Dad?” Sherry exclaimed, turning a few shades of red.  
  
“Your mom suggested I pay you a visit at the school but she would not give me any details. She aid all would be revealed by the Principal. But so far he has not enlightened me. What is this punishment he is referring to?” inquired her Dad.  
  
“Oh Dad. It is just something I don’t care to share. Dad, please go home. I am fine,” said Sherry trying to be cool.  
  
“Well both your mom and the good Principal suggest I stay on till 4 PM. So what is this punishment th Principal is talking about?” asked Don.  
  
“Dad. This is embarrassing. Please don’t stay. Please?” Sherry pleaded.  
  
The Principal coughed and said, “Don, embarrassment is a big part of Sherry’s punishment. So that is all the more reason you should stay, provided you will not be offended.”  
  
“Did her mother witness this punishment?” inquired Don.  
  
“She sure did. She was shocked but she approved of it,” said Roberts as Sherry prayed silently that her Dad would miraculously agree to go away.  
  
“Well the suspense is killing me. I will stay but I will not have my daughter hurt no matter what her crime is,” warned Don.  
  
“Sir, if at any point, you find the proceedings objectionable, you have every right to bring it to a stop,” said the Principal in an assuring tone.  
  
“Well the last time I was summoned to the Principal’s office to talk about Sherry was when she was 12 and a school-girl,” mused Don.  
  
“Oh? What had she done then?” inquired Roberts.  
  
“She was caught smoking,” said Don.  
  
“It was my first cigarette. Somebody just got me to try it and I coughed so loudly that a teacher spotted me and marched me to the principal’s office,” explained Sherry.  
  
Sherry then went and knelt before her Dad and implored him, “Dad please? This will be very embarrassing for me. I will not be able to face you again. Please leave?”  
  
“Nonsense, Sherry. You survived your mom participating. Plus you know that no matter what, we will love you. So let’s get on with the show,” said Don, not realizing his inadvertent pun.  
  
“Yes Sherry. Let’s get the show on the road,” said the Principal with a smirk as he led the reluctant Sherry into the lounge with her Dad following.  
  
Sherry looked red-faced at her colleagues as they stared at her wide-eyed with the realization sinking in that Sherry was going to be punished in front of her Dad!  
  
Nancy squirmed more with erotic tension than discomfort.  
  
Matt too looked insanely turned on but did come and pat Sherry on her back giving her comfort.  
  
“I don’t have to go through this. Do I?” she wondered as the Principal deliberately paused for dramatic effect.  
  
“Yes you do!” said a small excited voice within her even as the rest of her shuddered at the humiliation that lay in store for her. Over the last week or so, her exposure to her family had shamefully increased. She had been stripped and spanked in front of her future parents-in-law, future brother-in-law and his wife and her own mother, to be stripped and spanked in front of her own Dad? That would be unbearably humiliating. And she was his favorite, his darling daughter. And she would be shamed in front of him. Yet, a part of her was willing and even secretly thrilled by the prospect of experiencing this new humiliation.  
  
“Sherry’s Dad has graciously agreed to take a hand in his daughter’s punishment,” said Roberts and the audience smiled at his double entendre.  
  
The Principal led Don to a sofa chair that was strategically positioned to give him the best view of his daughter’s punishment.  
  
“Sherry, I would like you to kneel before your Dad and tell him why you are being punished,” said Roberts and Sherry thought, “Here we go again. Will this ever end?”  
  
Sherry went and knelt demurely before her incredulous Dad and clasped her hands over her head and related the events that led to the start of her punishment sessions.  
  
Don shook his head in disbelief at her story and said, “Sherry. That was a very naughty thing to do. I can’t believe you did that!”  
  
“Yes Dad. That was very naughty. I am truly sorry,” said Sherry blushing profusely at her Dad scolding her in front of her colleagues and her sweetheart.  
  
“And Matt is OK with this?” asked Don.  
  
“Matt offered to rescue me from my predicament earlier on but I refused because I deserved to be punished,” said Sherry getting into the act.  
  
“That is very grown-up of you,” admitted Don and Sherry was proud and happy that her Dad understood.  
  
“Sherry?” inquired the Principal extending his hand and Sherry nodded, rose up and let the Principal lead her to the punishment chair in front of the mirror as her Dad stared wide-eyed wondering what was going to happen.  
  
“Sherry has been a naughty little girl and she is going to be punished like one. Take off your skirt,” said the Principal.  
  
Sherry took off her dark blue skirt, thankful that her long white blouse covered her butt.  
  
“And the panties,” instructed the Principal.

Sherry blushed and peeled off her panties leaving it resting at her knees along with her skirt again thankful that she had worn a long blouse that day.  
  
“Now raise your blouse and tie it in the front,” instructed Roberts.  
  
Sherry blushed looking at her Dad in the mirror and braced herself for the ignominy of baring her butt before her Dad. And yet there was an undeniable tinge of excitement in exposing her naked ass to her Dad. And to do it in public in front of her fiancee and her colleagues was absolutely surreal. She made eye contact with her audience in her mirror and the excitmnt on their faces was palpable.  
  
Don’s astonished eyes took in the sight of his beautiful grown-up daughter’s shapely naked ass and Sherry blushed as she looked at him ogling her. And yet there was something mildly flirtatious about the way she looked at her Dad.  
  
What was in his expression, she wondered. Was it embarrassment? Undeniably. Was it shame even? Quite possibly. Yet she noted with satisfaction that there was admiration of her beauty. The part of him that was oblivious to the fact that this was his own daughter was enjoying the sight of a beautiful, shapely lady kneeling with her naked ass on view.  
  
“Ok. Now each of your colleagues will come and give you two spanks. For the first spank, I want you to make eye contact with your spanker and thank him or her. For the second spank, I want you to make eye contact with your Dad,” instructed Roberts as a line of eager spankers formed near him.  
  
“One thank you, Wayne,” said Sherry, making eye contact with Wayne.  
  
“Two, thank you, Wayne,” said Sherry making eye contact with her Dad as she winced ever slightly. Like others before him, her Dad noted how incredibly sexy and vulnerable Sherry looked when she winced and blushed while being spanked.  
  
Most of the others went about their business without any comments but as was to be expected, Harvey, Nancy and Lara rubbed it in.  
  
Nancy was a family friend and Sherry felt deeply embarrassed to be spanked by her in front of her Dad.  
  
Harvey made it a point to remind Don that Sherry hated him and it must be extremely humiliating for her to be spanked by him. Sherry bristled under his taunting remarks and her eyes flashed with anger and yet she was turned on by being humiliated once again by her hated rival. The audience was delighted at seeing her angry face and it made her subjigation that much more special.  
  
Lara came over and inquired, “What do you think of your darling daughter now?” as she landed the first spank and Sherry said, “One, thank you dear Sister.”  
  
“Oh come on now, Lara. You know I don’t play favorites. I love you both,” said Don, not entirely truthfully.  
  
“Well she is not the good girl you thought she was, is she?” asked Lara as she landed the second spank.  
  
“Two, thank you, dear sister,” said Sherry as she made eye contact with her Dad.  
  
"No she is a very naughty girl getting a shameful public spanking," admitted her Dad and sherry felt her pussy getting moist as her Dad underscored her humiliation.  
  
The Principal then asked Don to give his daughter ten spanks.  
  
"Oh my God! How can I stand this? How will I face my Dad after this," wondered Sherry as she waited for her Dad to rise and come over to her.  
  
She felt goosebumps on her ass as her Dad stepped up behind her and stroked her naked butt.  
  
“One thank you, Daddy,” said Sherry as the first spank landed.  
  
She was deeply embarrassed that her Dad was spanking her naked ass but yet inexplicably thrilled. The fact that all her colleagues were watching made it intensely erotic and her pussy was getting wetter.  
  
Don seemed to be enjoying himself immensely and asked her if she had been a naughty girl.  
  
“Two, thank you, Daddy. Yes I have been a naughty girl,” confessed Sherry.  
  
“And this naughty girl is getting punished in front of all her friends,” said Don.  
  
“Three thank you, Dad. Yes Dad. It is so humiliating to be punished in front of all my friends,” admitted Sherry and yet writhed under the erotic tension.  
  
“A long time ago, my dear daughter here was punished just like this in front of her friends,” said Don, looking at the Principal.  
  
“Daddy!” exclaimed Sherry, shocked that her Dad would reveal that to her colleagues.  
  
“Yes she and another boy were caught playing I will show you mine, if you show me yours,” said Don.  
  
“And I chose to punish her right there and all her friends in the neighborhood came over to watch,” said Don.  
  
Sherry flushed as events of that humiliating evening came to mind.  
  
Matt and Nancy and the Principal all looked at each other and it was as if a light bulb went off in their heads. They now understood the conflicting feelings of shame and eroticism that Sherry felt during her sessions.  
  
Sherry just waited silently and felt the burning eyes of her colleagues on her.  
  
"In retrospect, I should have continued spanking her as she was growing up," said Don regretfully as he landed the next spank.  
  
"But there is stll time to make amends, right my dear daughter?" inquired Don as he landed the next spank.  
  
"Yes, Daddy," said Sherry contritely and winced as the realization sunk in that this wuld not be the only occasion when her Dad would spank her.  
  
Don continued with his slow spanking, relishing every second of it and enjoying the sight of his beautiful, rebellious daughter's embarrassed face and submissive pose and his ten spanks were finally over.

“Don, do you want us to continue or do you think you have seen enough?” inquired the Principal.  
  
Don pondered the question and looked conflicted. This was his own grown up daughter. Was it right for him to continue to sit there and watch her get stripped completely?  
  
Yet to a part of him, this was just a beautiful girl and he was going to get a chance to see naked. That juvenile part of him won out and Don heard himself saying, “Hmmm. I don’t know. It is up to you. Don’t hold back on my account.”  
  
“All right then. As long as you won’t be offended,” said the Principal.  
  
He then walked over to Sherry, untied the knot in front of her blouse so that her blouse again covered her ass.  
  
“Ok Sherry. Please stand in front of your Dad and remove your blouse.  
  
A shudder went through her spine as she stood up and faced her Dad.  
  
“Oh my God. I can’t believe I am going to strip right in front of my Dad,” thought Sherry, again with deeply conflicted feelings.  
  
Sherry stood demurely in front of her Dad and unbuttoned the first button, maintiaing eye contact with him.  
  
And then the second button. And the third button as her bra came into view.  
  
A part of her now was angry that her Dad chose to sit there and witness her humiliation and her eyes flashed angrily at him as she undid the fourth button exposing her bra clad breasts. Her eyes narrowed in defiance as the fifth button exposed her flat toned stomach. And the sixth button, exposed her belly button. She hesitated before the seventh button knowing that the top of her landing strip would now be exposed. And then looked sexily at her Dad as she unbuttoned the eight button and exposed half her pussy and then again felt deep humiliation as she unbuttoned the last button and the blouse opened completely to expose her adult pussy for the first time to her Dad. Her Dad watched the whole scene completely mesmerized as was the rest of her audience.  
  
She thought of covering up but felt it was pointless and stood defiantly open in front of her Dad and noted with gratification his open admiration of her charms.  
  
“At least my boobs are not exposed,” thought Sherry, but a bit pematurely.  
  
“The bra,” said the Principal.  
  
Sherry stood aghast as she realized that she would not be able to retain the last vestiges of her modesty in front of her father after all.  
  
Her Dad looked wide-eyed as Sherry slowly unhooked her bra and slipped the straps over her shoulders with agonizing slowness making for a seductive strip. She finally peeled off her bra and let it fall to the floor as she stood gloriously naked in front of her father.  
  
On her own she decided to clasp her hands behind her head making her breasts jut out and her Dad unabashedly admired the submissive naked goddess in front of him. There was still a look of proud defiance on her and it seemed to say, "Look at my naked form if you want to."  
Sherry was deeply humiliated but also was proud to note her Dad’s wide-eyed admiration of her naked beauty and her pussy was now sopping wet.  
  
“Oh my God. You are stunningly beautiful. Matt, you are a lucky SOB,” said her Dad.  
  
“I know that Sir!” said Matt incongruously proud of his naked fiancée.  
  
“Yes but he is also a naughty lady and must be punished,” said the Principal not wanting all these compliments to dispel the erotic humiliation that he so enjoyed.  
  
Sherry also slipped back into her convenient ‘I can’t help this. I am being blackmailed and punished’ role.  
  
Time for some apology squats,” said the Principal.  
  
“Oh my God! I can’t believe I am doing this in front of my Dad!” thought Sherry as she commenced her squats saying, “I am sorry I leaked the test, Daddy.”  
  
Her Dad looked wide-eyed in disbelief that his beautiful daughter was doing naked squats in front of him and all her colleagues.  
  
Sherry to her chagrin felt droplets leaking down to her thighs and prayed that no one would notice it.  
  
“God hope he doesn’t see this,” she thought haplessly as she continued with her humiliating apology squats.  
  
Despite the humiliation, there was still something incredibly liberating about doing this and there was a part of her which was incredibly thrilled by it.  
  
The Principal then brought a table and placed it in front of Don and everyone looked puzzled as to what was going on.  
  
“Sherry, I want you leaning on this table and looking into your Dad’s eyes as all your colleagues come over and shamefully spank you,” said Roberts.  
  
“Oh God! This is a new experience!” thought Sherry as she assumed the pose as directed and blushed deeply as she realized that her boobs and a bit of her pussy were visible to her Dad and her face was inches away from him. And her ass was visible to him in the mirror.  
  
Her colleagues formed a line and each came over and gave her two spanks – one on each ass cheek as Sherry blushed constantly looking into her Dad’s eyes and watching an array of expressions on his face – embarrassment, reflected shame, admiration and excitement.  
  
Finally, it was her father’s turn to spank her naked. He was asked to lead her to her punishment chair.  
  
Don started spanking his naked, shamed and yet hopelessly turned on daughter.  
  
“One thank you, Dad,” said Sherry writhing under the erotic overload.  
  
“Two thank you, Dad. Thank you for punishing me,” said Sherry.  
  
“Three thank you, Dad. Thank you for spanking me naked,” said Sherry.  
  
“Four thank you, Dad. Thank you for humiliating me in front of all my colleagues,” said Sherry as the third spank landed.  
  
“Five thank you, Dad. Thank you for punishing me in front of my fiancée,” said Sherry now reveling in her own humiliation.  
  
“Six thank you, Dad. Thank you for shaming me in front of my sister,” said Sherry looking at Lara.  
  
“Seven thank you Dad. Thank you for spanking me naked in front of my best friend,” said Sherry looking at Nancy who looked as wildly turned on as she was.  
  
“Eight thank you Daddy. Thank you for humiliating me in front of my worst enemy,” said Sherry looking at Harvey who stood there with a smirk on his face.  
  
“Nine thank you, father. Thank you for punishing me in front of the good Principal,” said Sherry with some sarcasm and the room laughed.  
  
“Ten thank you Dad. I can't wait for you to spank me naked in front of mommy,” said Sherry again providing ideas for her next punishment.  
  
By now Sherry was drunk with erotic humiliation and would have crawled over the room rubbing herself on the carpet in front of everyone if she had been asked to.  
  
The Principal came over and handed her a marker and told her to write out her apology on the whiteboard in the corner of the room.  
  
"Turn and face us after every line," instructed the diabolical Principal, expertly increasing her humiliation.  
  
Sherry went over and started writing out her apology again getting insanely turned on at being made to do this naked in front of her father.  
  
The audience enjoyed watching her swaying boobs and ass from behind as she wrote the first "I am sorry I leaked the test" and turned to face her tormentors, clasping her hands over her head.  
  
She paused for a full minute making eye contact with her audience before she turned to write the second line.  
  
Finally her ten lines were over and she stood facing the room for a full minute with her pussy gushing and her face flushed as her audience looked on with rivetted eyes.  
  
She looked at Matt who was insanely turned on himself and his boner was evident through his trousers.  
  
"Thank you," he whispered with loving eyes and Sherry was happy to have given him so much pleasure.  
  
She looked at Harvey who had his usual smirk and "Serve you right," expression and Sherry was again at once angry and turned on by demeaning herself in front of her nemesis.  
  
She looked at Nancy who looked adoringly at her wishing she was in her place.  
  
She looked at Lara who had a satisfied look on her face glad to see her sister humiliated in front of her Dad and yet she couldn't hide a tinge of envy that Sherry despite everything was the center of attention.  
  
She looked at Tim who looked at her like an eager teenager staring at his first naked girl and she couldn't help smiling at that.  
  
Wayne had his usual gloating look and Mike had his usual geeky look.  
  
She looked at her Dad and noticed him again taking in all her charms unabashedly and she was flattered by his appreciation.  
  
She looked the Principal who looked immensely satisfied that he had nce again masterfully manipulated events to provide everyone yet another memorable episode of Sherry's humiliation.  
  
“Time to thank everyone for participating in your punishment,” said the Principal.  
  
Sherry proceeded to go and kneel in front of everyone and thank them for punishing her as her Dad watched in wide-eyed amazement that his respectable, beautiful, grown-up daughter was demeaning herself by kneeling naked in front of her colleagues one by one and actually thank them for punishing her.  
  
She finally came and knelt in front of her Dad and kissed his hand and thanked him for participating in her punishment.  
  
Her Dad raised her up and gave her a warm hug.  
  
“I will show you out, Don,” said the Principal as he walked Don out the door and Sherry went over to Matt and hugged him.

**Sherry's Test Ch. 23 - Sherry is punished by her colleagues and family.**

Sherry spent the week recovering emotionally from the Monday episode of being punished in front of her Dad. Thankfully there was no punishment session on Wednesday but Friday loomed large on her.  
  
“Wonder what the bastard has in store for me,” she wondered as Matt drove her over.  
  
Mary, as usual, opened the door and Sherry could tell from her eyes that she was going to be surprised.  
  
Matt and Sherry followed Mary down to the basement and were greeted with the usual suspects, Harvey and Nancy, Tim and Lara and of course, Principal Roberts.  
  
Sensing the presence of others in the room, she turned around and started to see her future in-laws, Tom and Kate, Andy and Carol.  
  
Sherry couldn’t help be a little indignant and said, “Matt?”  
  
Matt looked sheepish and whispered, “Oh come on Sweetheart. You have already been punished in front of them.”  
  
“But not like this,” protested Sherry, indicating that the punishments in the Principal’s dungeon were far more intense than what she had suffered in Matt’s parents house.  
  
“Yes. So it will be different. And fun!” exclaimed Matt excitedly.  
  
Sherry, despite herself felt a rush of excitement course through her body. She found the prospect of abject humiliation in front of her new family strangely arousing and it made an animal out of Matt in bed.  
  
“I I don’t know if I can go through with it,” said Sherry doubtfully.  
  
Matt had recently obtained a lucrative part-time job at a private tuition place to augment his meager earnings as a school teacher and attempted to bribe Sherry with, “I will buy you a bracelet in addition to the pearl necklace I promised you.”  
  
More than the actual gift which he would have bought for her anyway, he was just giving Sherry a reason to accede to his kinky demands so that she could continue to play the hapless victim rather than someone who was turned on by public humiliation.  
  
Sherry contemplated the situation as her onlookers waited patiently.  
  
“And later I will kiss you all over from head to toe and lick your clit for three hours and make you orgasm three times,” whispered Matt.  
  
Sherry blushed and shook her head in disbelief that she was going to go through it after all and slipped into the role of the penitent transgressor.  
  
She went and knelt before Roberts and said, “Sir. I am ready to be punished.”  
  
The audience clapped and Sherry curtsied before them.  
  
“Stand on the podium and strip,” said Roberts pointing to the stool in the center of the room that he had dressed up to be a stripping stage.  
  
Sherry again felt a rush of excitement and embarrassment as she stood up and unzipped her light blue skirt. She was wearing a long light blue shirt that covered her panties and she unbuttoned it slowly pretending she was stripping for strangers at an unknown bar. And yet she realized that this was her new family and even though it was the third time she would be naked in front of them, it was not something she was going to get used to – ever.  
  
She unbuttoned the last of her buttons and the shirt opened up and clung around her shoulders exposing her matching light blue bra and panties.  
  
She looked at Tom and Kate, Andy and Carol and felt her nipples hardening. She swiveled around to look at Harvey, Nancy Tim and Lara and as usual was at once humiliated and turned on at being made to disrobe in front of the sneering Harvey.  
  
She looked at Roberts and he motioned her to continue.  
  
Sherry perversely chose to take her panties off first. It always embarrassed her to no end to stand bottomless in just her bra but felt a thrill as she imposed this degradation on herself.  
  
She noted her audience admiring her thin landing strip and her puffy pussy lips and on her own twirled to give everyone a nice long look.  
  
She then seductively took off her bra, imagining some sexy song as she did so and stood before her audience in all her naked glory. She then collected all her clothes and presented it to her future father-in-law for safekeeping, much to his delight.  
  
“I don’t think Matt’s family is aware as to why you are being punished, Sherry,” said Roberts.  
  
“Oh no. The bastard is going to embarrass me making me tell the whole story of the leaked test,” thought Sherry helplessly and yet getting turned on by the prospect.  
  
She went and knelt before her future in-laws, Tom, Kate, Andy and Carol and proceeded to tell the story of the leaked test.  
  
“Tell them how you were punished in front of the whole staff,” said Roberts.  
  
And Sherry proceeded to tell he spellbound in-laws the story of how she was punished in front of the whole staff and then the board and then the parents and then the alumni association and then the school’s donors, barely able to keep the excitement out of her voice despite the embarrassment.  
  
“And tell them how you felt to be punished in front of your hated rival Harvey,” said Roberts.  
  
Sherry confessed how humiliated she felt that was punished in front of Harvey. She continued to describe how it felt to be spanked by her best friend Nancy and her step-sister Lara.  
  
“Well looks like you have been a very naughty girl but seems like the Principal has a good plan for ensuring that you make amends,” said Tom.  
  
“And we are always happy to lend a hand so to speak. Just like we did with your credit card problem” said Tom.  
  
Roberts looked quizzically at Tom and Tom asked Sherry to explain.  
  
Sherry then went and knelt before her colleagues and told them all about her credit card related punishments and her audience listened with rapt attention and wide eyes. They had no idea that Matt was now that addicted to Sherry’s punishments.  
  
“Well looks like we are not going to run out of reasons to punish you,” said Roberts looking very pleased and Sherry shook her head in disbelief that her audience showed no signs of diminishing interest.  
  
"It's a kind of tradition to have Sherry beg everyone to participate in her punishment," said Harvey as he fastened a leash around Sherry's neck and motioned her to crawl.  
  
Sherry grimaced at having to perform this act of utter submission in front of her in-laws but also felt excitement at the prospect. As usual her reaction to Harvey dominating her like this was a mix of anger and arousal.  
  
Harvey led the naked Sherry over to Carol, whipping her ass as she crawled and Sherry raised her hands in the air like a dog and begged Carol, "Carol, my dear future sister-in-law, will you please participate in my punishment?"  
  
"I would be delighted to train you to be a good doggie," said Carol, thrilled at being able to dominate her rival sister-in-law to-be.  
  
"Why don't you lead her around the room?" inquired Harvey, intuiting that Sherry would find it more humiliating to be led by Carol than him.  
  
Carol looked delighted and Sherry looked at once defiant and yet submissive.  
  
Carol led her first to Andy who patted her head and agreed to participate. She then led her to Tom and Tom was delighted to have his future daughter-in-law again kneeling before him. He feasted his eyes on Sherry's naked form looking oh-so-demure as she held out and curled her hands in front of her like an obedient dog and waited patiently.  
  
Tom too patted her head lovingly and Sherry crawled over to Kate. The audience admired her naked crawl, with Carol gently whipping her shapely ass and her breasts bouncing up and down. Sherry was mortified to notice Tom holding a camcorder and recording everything.  
  
"Tom? Please? Don't" pleaded Sherry.  
  
"Oh come on. This will be just part of our private collection! I promise!" said Tom.  
  
Sherry looked pleadingly at Matt and Matt assured her that it was Ok.  
  
Sherry was livid and yet insanely turned on. Instead of hiding from the camera, she decided to flaunt herself and began a running commentary of her crawl through her room, much to the delight of her audience.  
  
"I am now being led like a dog to Nancy who is my best friend. Nancy, loves to see me humiliated like this and I love to be humiliated in front of her," said Sherry as she crawled over to her bff, who clapped her hands in delight.  
  
The camera captured Sherry kneeling in front of Nancy and begging like a dog as Nancy looked on excited and Harvey smirked.  
  
"Kiss my feet," commanded Nancy and Sherry bristled at this new humiliating command.  
  
Sherry proceeded to bend her head and kiss Nancy's stockinged feet and Carol was beside herself at having found new ways to torment her future sister-in-law.  
  
Tom recorded the action from all around running all around like an excited teenager.  
  
Sherry then moved over slightly to Harvey and again her face was a mix of anger and excitement at having to debase herself in front of her nemesis.  
  
  
"How I wish I could wipe that smirk off his face with my slipper," fantasized Sherry as she waited for her rival to agree to participate in his punishment.  
  
"Kiss my feet too," instructed Harvey and Sherry shot daggers at Nancy for planting ideas in Harvey's head. She contemplated refusing but still something in her wanted to experience this latest degradation and there was this rush of submitting utterly to an enemy. In her mind she was a captured princess and Harvey was an evil, despicable general of the opposing army.  
  
She had the dignity of a princess as she bowed and elegantly kissed Harvey's socks-clad feet.  
  
She then resumed her kneeling position with a defiant look that said, "Satisfied?"  
  
But Harvey was not and said, "Now hold your breasts as if you are offering them to me and beg," said sherry.  
  
"Well you can whip them but never suck them, loser," said Sherry angrily but decided to comply.  
  
"Harvey, evil master, I offer my breasts for your punishment so that you can remember them when you are jerking off," hissed Sherry and the room guffawed and looked at Sherry with open admiration because once again despite her ludicrous predicament, she had turned the tables on her nemesis.  
  
"You will regret your impertinence before the evening is over," said Harvey sternly and Sherry gave him the finger and again the audience laughed. Matt smiled because he intuited that Sherry was deliberately getting Harvey all riled up so that her eventual subjugation would be that much more humiliating.  
  
“Well Harvey, would you care to be the master of ceremonies tonight?” inquired Roberts graciously and Sherry looked stunned.

“Sir please don’t!” pleaded Sherry to no avail as an eager Harvey said, “It will be my honor, Sir. And if I may say so, Sherry’s dishonor,” and Sherry as she was wont to do, stuck out her tongue at him.  
  
“Sherry kneel before your adversary and beg him to be your master for the evening” instructed Roberts.  
  
Sherry looked at Matt wondering if she should refuse but Matt nodded and Sherry felt strangely aroused at having her rival humiliate her in public.  
  
“Harvey, Sir, will you please be my master tonight and punish me for my transgressions?” said Sherry kneeling demurely before Harvey with her leash hanging between her boobs.  
  
The audience clapped as Harvey patted her head and led her by the leash over to the punishment chair in front of the mirror.  
  
Sherry knelt on the chair and looked in the mirror at her eager audience and despite her intense feelings of embarrassment felt strangely proud to be the cynosure of all eyes.  
  
“Legs apart so that we can see your pussy from behind,” instructed Harvey and Sherry bristled at his command but complied.  
  
Sherry’s new family admired the sight on offer with her breasts and pretty, blushing face displayed in the mirror, her ass on view directly and her scant bush and pussy lips visible between her spread legs.  
  
“One, thank you, Master,” said Sherry as the first spank landed.  
  
Sherry’s future in-laws were stunned that Harvey was cupping her breasts as he spanked her.  
  
“Two, thank you, Master Harvey,” said Sherry deliberately acknowledging Harvey to increase her own humiliation.  
  
  
“Three, thank you, Harvey Sir my hated rival,” said Sherry as the third spank landed.  
  
“Four, thank you, for punishing me in front of my bff,” said Sherry as the fourth spank landed and she made eye contact with Nancy and noted to her chagrin, Nancy making a ‘Serve you right gesture.’  
  
“Five, thank you, Harvey Sir, for punishing me in front of my sweetheart,” said Sherry making eye contact with Matt and noted with satisfaction that Matt made an ‘I love you’ gesture.  
  
She blushed when she made eye contact with Tom who was merrily prancing all around filming her from all directions and also recording the audience’s reactions.  
  
“Six, thank you, Master for humiliating me in front of my future sister-in-law,” said Sherry making eye contact with the gloating Carol.  
  
“Seven, thank you, Sir for punishing me in front of my future mother-in-law,” said Sherry as she made eye contact with Kate. Kate looked excited that Sherry was being punished publicly but her husband was enjoying it way too much and running around with his video cam like a teenager exposed to nudity for the first time. She wondered with trepidation as to what was in store for her. He had already stripped and spanked her in front of Sherry and Carol. What would he do next, she contemplated.  
  
Sherry meanwhile was getting increasingly aroused and wiggling her butt in between spanks.  
  
Harvey caressed her butt and stroked her pussy between her legs and said, “Sherry you can’t come tonight unless I give you permission. If you do, then your punishment period will be doubled.”  
  
Sherry winced at the prospect but decided to defy Harvey and asked innocently, “And what if I don’t mind that?”  
  
The room laughed at her audacity and poor Harvey managed to look silly despite being in charge and having the deck loaded in his favor.  
  
“Ouch! Eight thank you, Master for spanking me in front of my future brother-in-law,” yelped Sherry looking at Andy staring unabashedly at her, as Harvey was predictably provoked into spanking her a little harder.  
  
“Nine, thank you, kind Sir for punishing me in front of my step-sister,” said Sherry as she looked at Lara who was looking on enviously.  
  
“Ten, thank you, Master for spanking my naked butt in front of my future father-in-law,” said Sherry as Tom came and stood behind her.  
  
“Now let’s have all of Sherry’s family members come over and do the honors,” announced Harvey.  
  
“Before we do that, clearly we are in need for some refreshments. Mary is going to be our hostess but she will need help. Nancy, would you care to volunteer?” asked Roberts.  
  
“Sure,” said Nancy puzzled as to why the Principal was making such a big deal of it.  
  
“I forgot to add. You will be our naked hostesses,” informed Roberts and a look of understanding dawned on Nancy. Mary looked a little taken aback. It had been a while since she had been subjected to public nudity and she was at once terrified at having a new audience but nevertheless excited by the prospect.  
  
Nancy came and took her by the hand and moved to the center of the room and proceeded to stand on the stripping podium and strip. Tom, predictably was beside himself at this new turn of events and again galloped all around the disrobing women capturing the moment from all angles.  
  
Soon Mary and Nancy were completely naked. Nancy clearly enjoyed her strip while Mary was a bit bashful and nervous that she was older and competing against two gorgeous younger women. Plus there was a new audience this time and what would they think of her. But the excitement and Nancy’s unabashed revelry carried her through and the two naked women picked up the clothes lying in a heap at their feet and moved it to a corner and went to the kitchen to commence their hostess duties.  
  
Harvey gestured that it was time to get on with the program and invited Andy to come over to spank Sherry.  
  
Andy stepped behind Sherry and placed his hand on her breast and looked at Carol who gestured that she did not mind and Andy happily cupped her breast and stroked her ass. He had spanked her before but being allowed to stroke her breast while doing so was a new experience and Andy was equal to it.  
  
“Sherry, my dear future sister-in-law, would you like me to spank you?” inquired Andy needlessly.  
  
“Yes Andy my dear future brother-in-law, I implore you to spank my naked butt in front of your family and my colleagues,” said Sherry with mock earnestness.  
  
Andy proceeded to slowly spank Sherry making her count and ask for the next one.  
  
“One, thank you, Andy Sir, may I please have another,” said Sherry.  
  
“Two, thank you, future brother-in-law, may I please have another,” said Sherry.  
  
Soon to Andy’s dismay, the ten spanks were over and it was Carol’s turn.  
  
“Sherry sweetheart how does it feel to have your future sister-in-law spank you in public?” inquired Carol.  
  
“One thank you mistress Carol, it feels very humiliating,” said Sherry.  
  
“And you have to face all this people at work day in and day out. How embarrassing!” said Carol as she landed the second spank.  
  
“Two, thank you, Mistress Carol, it is dreadfully embarrassing,” conceded Sherry writhing as she was getting hopelessly turned on.  
  
“And are you looking forward to all of us watching the video recording of this session?” inquired Carol as Tom stepped in front of Sherry to get a view from the front.  
  
“Three, thank you, Mistress Carol, I am not looking forward to watching the video recording. It will be dreadfully embarrassing,” said Sherry, mortified at the prospect of everyone at the next family get together watching the video.  
  
“We will have you sit naked in front of us with your legs splayed open while we watch the video,” said Carol, landing the fourth spank.  
  
“Four, thank you, Mistress Carol. Please don’t make me do that!” pleaded Sherry as she pictured the situation that Carol described.  
  
Carol proceeded to tease her with various scenarios and Sherry played along and eventually her ten spanks were over.  
  
Next was Kate and she completed her ten spanks without much fanfare. Tom made Harvey film the proceedings while he spanked her and made her promise over and over that she would be a good daughter-in-law.  
  
Finally Matt spanked her and Sherry was at once incredibly embarrassed as well as hopelessly aroused by having her fiancée spank her in front of everyone. Matt worshipped Sherry for being able to blush despite all she had gone through in the past few months. Her proud defiance and eventual capitulation made her submission that much more special. He loved how her pretty face registered a whole range of expressions during these sessions – shyness, anger, embarrassment, defiance, shame, submissiveness and pride. It made her even more beautiful.  
  
Next was the turn of her colleagues. Tim, Lara, and Roberts proceeded to spank her and finally it was the turn of Nancy and Mary. The audience enjoyed the sight of the naked Nancy and Mary spanking Sherry. The sight of one naked woman spanking another naked woman was mind-blowingly erotic. Nancy, as was her wont, kept teasing and taunting Sherry about how it felt to be humiliated in front of her new family. Mary went about her business without much of a fuss.  
  
Sherry was rubbing her bottom at the end of it because even though the spanks were mild, she had never been spanked by so many at the same time.

Harvey noted her glistening pussy from behind her legs and said, “Sherry! Are you actually turned on by this?”  
  
“Oh no! Not again!” thought Sherry as she blushed and replied, “I can’t help it. It is the body’s automatic response.”  
  
“Let’s see how wet you are. Stand up,” instructed Harvey.  
  
Sherry stood up and faced her tormentor. On her own, she decided to claps her hands behind her head and strike a submissive pose.  
  
“Oh God! When will I have enough of this humiliation?” she wondered haplessly as she noticed the eyes of her audience focused on her like a laser beam as she stood before her hated rival submissively waiting for him to inspect her pussy.  
  
Harvey waited for a full minute letting everyone soak in the sight and then inserted his finger in her pussy and gazed into her beautiful, vulnerable face burning with anger, humiliation as well as excitement.  
  
“Yes you are wet,” he pronounced as he inserted his finger in her mouth and made her lick his finger.  
  
“Well your new family needs to check out how much you enjoy being humiliated in public,” said Harvey as he led her by the leash over to Andy.  
  
“Here we go again!” thought Sherry as she noticed her pussy getting wetter at the prospect of further humiliation.  
  
Sherry stood in front of the seated Andy with her hands clasped behind her head and the leash hanging between her boobs and Harvey holding the leash said, “Andy, would you like to check out how wet your future sister-in-law is?”  
  
Andy happily inserted his index finger in Sherry’s pussy and found it to be delightfully juicy.  
  
“You may either taste her or ask her to taste herself,” instructed Harvey.  
  
Andy offered the finger to Sherry and Sherry had to suffer the ignominy of licking off her own juices off her future brother-in-law’s finger.  
  
Next was Carol and Carol made Sherry squirm helplessly by twisting her finger inside her vagina and stroking her clitoris. Like Andy, she made Sherry lick off her finger. Sherry’s face burned with shame as she noticed Tom filming the scene from all angles.  
  
Next was Kate who verified her wetness and said, “Well Sherry if you are so turned on by these sessions, then I am sure we can arrange to have more of them.”  
  
Sherry contemplated the thought with the usual mix of trepidation and excitement and merely nodded to Kate’s delight.  
  
Next was Tom who handed the camcorder to Harvey as he sat down and inserted his finger into Sherry’s beautiful puffy pussy as Sherry blushed with shame and looked at the ceiling.  
  
“Eye contact, Sherry,” admonished Harvey from behind the camera and Sherry looked at her future father-in-law’s face unabashedly exploring her charms.  
  
Like Carol, he chose twist his finger and stimulate her clitoris and Sherry squirmed and moaned and tried not to come.  
  
Finally he withdrew his finger and chose to lick it himself while looking at Sherry’s flushed face.  
  
Harvey returned the camcorder back to Tom and led Sherry by her leash to the sofa chair in front of the mirror that was typically used for complete exposure.  
  
“Oh no!” thought Sherry as she contemplated what was to follow.  
  
“Assume the position,” said Harvey simply.  
  
“Master please do not make me do this in front of my own family?” pleaded Sherry kneeling before the despicable Harvey.  
  
“Oh no. This is what you get for acting uppity with me. Not feeling very uppity are you now?” inquired Harvey holding the kneeling Sherry’s chin up.  
  
Sherry was on the verge of tears from the abject humiliation of pleading with her nemesis and yet the humiliation and surrender was turning her on even more.  
  
She shook her head to gesture a no.  
  
“Say it,” said Harvey.  
  
She shook her head no again defiantly, not wanting to admit defeat.  
  
“Well looks like you need some more degradation before you capitulate completely,” said Harvey and led her by pony tail to the seat of shame.  
  
“Assume the position and spread your legs like the shameless slut you are,” said Harvey.  
  
Sherry seethed at being called a slut and yet she was again turned on by it.  
  
“Yes Master! I will do as you command,” said Sherry, her voice a strange mix of submissiveness and defiance.  
  
Sherry sat of the sofa chair, slid down so that her butt was off the edge, draped her legs over the arms of the chair, held back her legs with her arms so that her face, her breasts, her pussy and her arms were all on view. Her pussy was spread wide open and she blushed helplessly as she noted the spectacle she was offering in the mirror.  
  
“Stay,” he said as he went over and whispered something to the naked Mary. Mary’s eyes widened and she nodded and went up the stairs.  
  
The audience collected behind Sherry to admire the view in the mirror and waited patiently for events to unfold.  
  
The naked Mary soon came down and Nancy laughed when she noticed what Mary had in her hands. Harvey took it from her and stepped in front of Sherry.  
  
Sherry’s eyes widened when she saw the shaving equipment in Harvey’s hands. Arranged nicely on a tray was shaving cream, a shaving brush, scissors, razor and a towel.  
  
“Master please? Don’t do this in front of my family?” begged Sherry, her eyes wide and so incredibly vulnerable.  
  
“Well I wouldn’t have thought of it if you had apologized for acting so uppity with me earlier,” said Harvey.  
  
Sherry’s eyes flashed with anger.  
  
“You can still prevent it by kneeling in front of me and apologizing for your sarcastic comments,” said Harvey knowing fully well Sherry would not.  
  
“Go ... yourself, jackass,” said Sherry angrily.  
  
“Yes but not before I shave your pussy shamelessly bald,” retorted Harvey as he knelt between Sherry’s legs and used the scissors to trim her already trim bush further.  
  
Sherry was surprised that Harvey was going to do the job himself. She had fully expected him to ask Nancy to do it but he chose to do it himself and make it so much more humiliating.  
  
She noticed the audience staring at her with rapt attention as the despicable Harvey trimmed her bush and stroked her fleshy mound. He then lathered her slowly, letting every agonizing moment sink in.  
  
“Ask for it,” he said simply.  
  
“Harvey, my hated rival, Harvey, my respected master, please shave off my bush and shame me by exposing my bald pussy to the whole wide world,” said Sherry squirming helplessly. The exquisite humiliation was driving her insane.  
  
“And will you then apologize for your sarcasm?” inquired Harvey.  
  
“What? Now way! Go to hell!” exclaimed Sherry.  
  
“We will see what you say when I am whipping you all over your naked body,” said Harvey as he commenced shaving her bush away. As with the lathering, Harvey lingered and performed the dilapidation as slowly as possible letting the humiliation of the situation completely sink in.  
  
Finally, he was done with his task and he picked up the towel and slowly rubbed off the lather from her pussy and stroked her completely naked mound admiring the view of her splayed insides.

“So do you feel uppity now? You just let your hated rival shave your pussy bald in front of your friends and family,” said Harvey.  
  
Sherry suppressed her anger and stared blankly.  
  
“Well at least I am not hearing any snappy comebacks,” said Harvey.  
  
Sherry again stared blankly despite the anger and humiliation she felt inside.  
  
“OK. Now invite your family members one by one to come and inspect your shamelessly bald pussy,” said Harvey.  
  
Sherry steeled herself for this new ignominy and said, “Andy will you please come over and inspect my shamelessly bald splayed pussy?”  
  
The audience was delighted that Sherry had added ‘splayed’ on her own.  
  
Andy came and knelt between her legs and examined her pussy with great interest as Sherry writhed helplessly. She would have loved to finger herself to an orgasm but didn’t want to plead with Harvey to be allowed to do that.  
  
“Carol, my dear future sister-in-law, would you have any interest in coming over and examining my shamelessly spread open bald pussy?” asked Sherry with mock sweetness.  
  
The audience laughed and Carol said, “I certainly would.”  
  
Carol examined Sherry’s pussy, stroking her fleshy mound, teasing her exposed, erect clitoris and teasing her about how shameless she was to be displaying herself like this to her friends and family and Sherry squirmed.  
  
Next was Kate who made her promise she would be an obedient daughter-in-law.  
  
Finally it was Tom’s turn and Tom handed the camera to Roberts and proceeded to admire and stroke Sherry’s naked charms.  
  
Roberts decided on his own to have a turn and Sherry wondered of he would ever get enough it.  
  
“I will never tire of this,” he told Sherry as if reading her mind.  
  
“Ok now let’s get you in the proper frame of mind,” said Harvey, laughing at his own joke as he led Sherry by her leash to the whipping frame.  
  
He fastened Sherry’s arms in the cuffs in the top of the frame and her ankles in the cuffs in the bottom of the frame and Sherry looked infinitely alluring as she stood completely naked, submissively cuffed in the wooden whipping frame. Her leash dangled between her boobs and accentuated her nudity and submissiveness.  
  
Harvey proceeded to select a toy whip from the Principal’s whip collection and proceeded to whip her all over as her new family looked on wide-eyed.  
  
“God wonder how that would feel like!” thought Carol as did Kate.  
  
Harvey whipped her ass and back and back of her thighs for a while and moved in front. He whipped her breasts while looking into her eyes and asked,” Feel like making any sarcastic comments, Sherry dear?”  
  
Sherry shook her head.  
  
“No snappy comebacks?” inquired Harvey politely as he whipped her breasts again.  
  
Sherry contemplated an appropriate retort but none came to mind. The only thing on her mind was a need to orgasm and what it would take to get that desperate relief.  
  
“Well seeing that you are not saying anything, I have an idea,” said Harvey as he went over and whispered something to Nancy.  
  
Nancy smiled and soon handed him something. Harvey walked over to Sherry with her white panties in his hands, placed it in her mouth and said, “Hold this between your teeth as we whip you.”  
  
Sherry seethed in helpless rage at having to hold her own panties in her mouth but the audience looked appreciatively as the act made Sherry look that much more submissive and alluring.  
  
Tom continued to film everything for history and Sherry blushed as she looked into the camera.  
  
Harvey then whipped her bald pussy gently and Sherry moaned and groaned under the intense humiliation of having her nemesis whip her so shamefully.  
  
Next was Andy’s turn and Harvey instructed everyone on the fine art of gentle whipping that served to humiliate and not hurt.  
  
Carol enjoyed whipping her in the back and then proceeded to kneel before her and gently whip her pussy such that the insides of the play whip got into her pussy and stimulated Sherry to point of driving her insane. Sherry moaned and pleaded to be allowed to come.  
  
“Please Carol? Make me come?” she begged, letting the panties drop from her mouth.  
  
“Well looks like you have to ask Harvey’s permission,” said Carol.  
  
“Havrey, my master, please have mercy on me. Please let me come?” begged Sherry but Harvey said “Not until you apologize for being sarcastic.”  
  
Sherry did not want to admit defeat so she steeled herself and thought of England while Carol mercilessly teased and tormented her pussy with the strands of the whip. Harvey picked up her panties and made her hold it between her teeth again and Sherry almost climaxed from the humiliation alone.  
  
Next was Kate’s turn and Kate whipped her all over relishing the feeling of dominance over her future daughter-in-law. She took her panties from her mouth and knotted it to her leash and whipped her making her promise over and over that she would be an obedient daughter-in-law.  
  
Next was Tom’s turn and Tom handed the camera to Harvey as he proceeded to whip Sherry’s ass making her promise she would be good wife to Matt. He then whipped her breasts making her promise she would be a good sister-in-law to Andy and Carol. He then whipped her pussy making her promise she would be an obedient daughter-in-law.  
  
Harvey then asked Matt to come and flog his sweetheart and Sherry blushed and squirmed uncontrollably as her fiancée lovingly flogged her all over and Sherry was pleased to see the naked admiration in his eyes and his raging boner evident through his trousers.  
  
Matt whispered something in her ears and Sherry looked thoughtful and then shrugged and nodded.  
  
Harvey asked her if she was wanted to come and she pleaded again,” Please, Master Harvey, please let me come?”  
  
“Are you ready to apologize for acting uppity earlier?” asked Harvey.  
  
“Go ... yourself,” said Sherry defiantly.  
  
“You make us proud, daughter,” said Tom adoringly and Sherry looked happy that she had the respect of her new family.  
  
Harvey then asked the rest to whip her simultaneously as Matt went over and whispered something to Nancy.  
  
Roberts, Mary, Tim and Lara proceeded to whip various parts of Sherry’s naked body as Nancy knelt before her bff and tormented her pussy mercilessly with a feather. Roberts was whipping her ass, Mary was whipping her back, Tim was whipping her left breast and Lara was whipping her right breast and Nancy was making the feather dart in and out of her pussy, Tom was recording the scene and the audience was watching spellbound when Sherry’s moans became more and more urgent but Nancy did not slow down. She kept tickling her clit with the feather until Sherry oblivious to her audience and surroundings let out a series of screams and expletives and had one of the most mind-blowing orgasms she had ever had.  
  
As the waves of the orgasm coursed through her body and eventually subsided and her head hung limp with exhaustion, she faced her admiring audience and felt intense shame. This was the part she hated most because immediately after the orgasm, she did not have the sexual tension to counter her shame.  
  
“Well you just doubled your punishment period by coming without permission,” reminded Harvey, furious that he had been denied the pleasure of having Sherry apologize unconditionally for all the snappy remarks she had ever made. He had wanted to make her grovel and she had not. He was furious at Nancy too when he realized what had happened. Nancy was an expert in bringing Sherry to the brink of an orgasm and then pulling back, so Harvey knew that this was a deliberate act. Thoughts of punishing Nancy mercilessly flooded his mind but for now he still had a naked Sherry tied up in front of him.  
  
“Was your orgasm worth doubling your punishment period?” he inquired lifting her chin up.  
  
“Yes it was, Master,” said Sherry innocently choosing not to engage with Harvey and give him an excuse for tormenting her further.  
  
“Well I look forward to your doubled tenure. For now, I need you to thank everyone for participating in your punishment,” said Harvey as he untied Sherry. He motioned her to crawl as he whipped her ass.  
  
Sherry knelt before each member of the audience, thanking them for her punishment before crawling to the next person. The intense humiliation she felt was already beginning to be offset with her arousal all over again.  
  
After she had completed expressing her gratitude for her debasement, she was commanded to stay naked for the rest of the evening. Harvey turned the sofa chair around so that it was now facing the audience instead of the mirror and instructed Sherry to sit in the usual spread open positioned.  
  
Sherry sat as instructed and sitting quietly displaying all her charms with her pussy splayed open while her audience talked about the stock market and current events while drinking and eating and looking at her casually. This was a different kind of humiliation for her. And inexplicably, she found herself getting turned on and craving more. A craving she knew was in no danger of being left unsatisfied.

**Sherry's Test Ch. 24 - Punished in front of her protege.**

The dreaded 3 PM arrived again on Monday and Sherry walked into the staff lounge with trepidation. After a lull in the school spankings, Roberts had resumed the sessions again. Things seemed normal until the Principal stepped out of his office followed by a young lady.  
  
  
"Staff, this is Tammy. She filled in as a temp teacher today and I was impressed with her work. When we have an opening in the future, I look forward to extending her an offer," he announced.  
  
  
Sherry squirmed because she knew Tammy. She had a sinking suspicion that Roberts planned to humiliate her in front of her.  
  
  
"And of course you know Sherry already, don't you?" inquired Roberts.  
  
  
"Oh yes! Sherry was my mentor in college. I really looked up to her. Oh I am so happy to see you," said Tammy as she went over and hugged Sherry.  
  
  
Sherry looked at Roberts pleadingly but by his devilish grin, she knew that pleading would be to no avail.  
  
  
"So Sherry was a good role model for you?" inquired Roberts.  
  
  
"Oh yes. She was! We were all so confused back then and Sherry was a pillar of strength and good sense. I could always rely on her for non-judgmental listening and sound advice," gushed Tammy.  
  
  
"Well she is going to again prove to be an example today," said Roberts.  
  
  
"Oh yeah? In what way?" asked Tammy eagerly.  
  
  
"Tell her, Sherry," instructed Roberts.  
  
  
Sherry squirmed uncomfortably but couldn't help marveling at how Roberts kept devising new ways of humiliating her. A part of her knew that she relished the humiliation as much as some other parts hated it, creating an incredibly erotic tension.  
A part of her also knew she had a choice and could refuse to go along at any point but that part was kept hidden for it was far more convenient to think of herself as a helpless victim of circumstances.  
  
Tammy and the rest waited while Sherry thought things over and looked at Matt. Matt's eyes looked like they were going to pop at the prospect of seeing her in this new embarrassing situation and she couldn't help smiling inwardly at his fetish. A few months ago she had thought of him as a boring straight arrow and he was anything but that.  
  
"And kneel when you confess," said Roberts, wanting to make her pay for her hesitation.  
  
Sherry thought of protesting but felt a rush of excitement course through her body at the prospect of experiencing this new humiliating situation.  
  
She knelt before the wide-eyed Tammy and said, "Tammy I am sorry but you are going to be disappointed in me. I was caught leaking a test sometime back and agreed to be punished instead of being fired."  
  
"Good lord! Sherry! I would never have thought you would end up in a situation like this! What kind of punishment?" asked Tammy.  
  
"Public Corporal Punishment, I am afraid," said Sherry in a matter-of-fact manner.  
  
"In public? Isn't that illegal?' asked the wide-eyed Tammy.  
  
"It is illegal only for students. Moreover, I agreed," said Sherry, shrugging her shoulders as Tammy looked at her hero incredulously.  
  
  
"Oh no! Poor Sherry! I am so sorry to hear that," said Tammy.  
  
  
"Well you will do more than hear. You are going to witness it. As I said, she is going to serve as an example to you all over again," said Roberts.  
  
  
"Oh no! I can't do that. It will be very embarrassing for me. Plus it will be embarrassing for poor Sherry," exclaimed Tammy at the outrageous suggestion.  
  
  
"Well embarrassment is a big part of her punishment. Ask her," said the Principal.  
  
  
"Yes, Tammy. Embarrassment is a big part of my punishment. I would like you to stay. I am sorry for letting you down but having you stay and witness my punishment should hopefully help make amends for that," said Sherry, her face now burning with shame as she knelt before her protégé with her hands clasped behind her head. And yet she could sense the familiar feelings of arousal welling up inside her.  
  
"Oh Sherry. If you insist!" said Tammy, embarrassed which only served to increase Sherry's discomfiture.  
  
"All right! Assume the position," said the Principal and Sherry went over and knelt on the familiar punishment chair in front of the mirror.  
  
"Harvey , will you prepare her?" asked Roberts and Harvey jumped out of his chair and went over to his adversary.  
  
Sherry had stood up to Harvey and mocked him despite her predicament during the previous Friday's session and Harvey was going to relish humiliating her by being the one to undress her.  
  
Sherry bowed her head demurely and waited for the inevitable taunts.  
  
"Ask me to remove your skirt," said Harvey simply.  
  
" Harvey , Sir, will you be kind enough to divest me of my skirt and reveal my pantied behind to my esteemed colleagues?" said Sherry in an earnest voice and the audience guffawed because once again Sherry had refused to be cowed down by the situation and made a mockery of Harvey's instructions.  
  
Harvey gnashed his teeth and stroked her ass before unhooking her navy blue skirt and unzipping it and letting it drop.  
  
"And now the panties." said Harvey .  
  
"Harvey, Sir. Please peel down my panties and expose my naked ass to the whole room," said Sherry simply, but blushed as she realized that her protégé would be seeing her in this shameful predicament.  
  
"Oh my God! Sherry! How shameful!" exclaimed Tammy as Sherry turned another shade of red as she made eye contact with Tammy in the mirror. And yet again, she felt herself getting wetter.  
  
Harvey peeled her panties down, swatted her ass and said, "No smart ass comments this time?"  
  
Sherry shook her head in resignation.  
  
"As the saying goes, if you are going to be a smart ass, your ass is going to smart," said Harvey sneeringly and got a few laughs.  
  
Harvey then called Tammy over and expounded the gentle art of spanking as preached by the good principal.  
  
Sherry waited patiently while Harvey matter-of-factly explained the process to the wide eyed Tammy.  
  
"And to demonstrate," said Harvey spanking her left cheek.  
  
"One thank you, Harvey Sir," said Sherry demurely with the slightest of winces as Tammy looked stunned.  
  
"Two thank you, Harvey Sir," said Sherry as he spanked her right cheek.  
  
"And now you do it," said Harvey to Tammy.  
  
"That's OK. I will pass," said Tammy.  
  
"This is part of her rehab," said Harvey .  
  
Sherry decided not to delay the inevitable and said, "Oh just get it over with, Tammy. I don't want to be kneeling naked here all afternoon."  
  
The audience laughed and Tammy looked at her mentor admiringly for the fortitude she was displaying.  
  
"Oh Sherry, I am sorry," she said as she landed the first spank.  
  
"One thank, you dear Tammy," said Sherry.  
  
"Two thank you, dear Tammy," said Sherry as the second spank landed.  
  
"Matt?" enquired Harvey and Matt came over and gave his sweetheart her two spanks as Tammy looked on incredulous at this surreal scene.  
  
"Now stand up and strip," said Harvey, in a matter of fact manner as Tammy looked incredulous.  
  
"No way!" she exclaimed as Sherry got up from her chair and faced Harvey, Matt and Tammy and started to unbutton her blouse, thankful that she had worn a long blouse that covered her pussy. But it would not be covered for long.  
  
Tammy looked at her mentor with a mix of emotions – embarrassment, excitement and admiration.  
  
Sherry felt her face burn with shame but her nipples hardened at the prospect of this new debasement and she started slowly unbuttoning her blouse. She started from the top and her bra slowly came on view and then her flat tummy after a couple of more buttons, her naked mound slowly came into view as Tammy stared at her transfixed.  
  
She then peeled of her blouse and unhooked her bra slowly peeling off the cups off her breasts while maintaining eye contact with her nemesis, her sweetheart and her protégé. Her face was a mix of embarrassment and defiance.  
  
"Now apologize," said Harvey as Sherry stood obediently naked waiting for the next instruction.  
  
Sherry braced herself for the humiliation of doing this in front of her protégé and commenced her naked squats saying, "I am sorry I was a naughty teacher."  
  
She finished her ten squats, her face burning with shame as well as perverse excitement as Tammy kept saying, "Oh Sherry! I can't believe you are doing this!"  
  
"Now resume the position," said Harvey and Sherry went back and knelt on the punishment chair.  
  
"This time we will do ten spanks," said Harvey and he proceeded to cup her breast while spanking her much to Tammy's amazement.  
  
"So how does it feel to be spanked by me?" asked Harvey as he landed the first spank.  
  
"One, thank you, Sir. I find it humiliating, Sir," said Sherry playing the role again.  
  
"And that too when you are naked," said Harvey as he landed the next spank.  
  
"Two, thank you, Sir. Yes it is embarrassing to be spanked naked," acknowledged Sherry.  
  
"And that too in public," said Harvey as he landed the third spank.  
  
"Three, thank you, Sir. Yes it is extremely humiliating to be spanked naked by my sworn enemy in public," moaned Sherry as she squeezed her thighs together trying to control her excitement.  
  
"And that too in front of your fiancée," reminded Harvey as he landed the fourth spank.  
  
"Four, thank you, Sir. Yes it is so humiliating to have you spank my naked butt in front of my fiancée," admitted Sherry.  
  
"And in front of your protégé," said Harvey .  
  
"Five, thank you, Sir. It is so degrading to be punished like this in front of my protégé," said Sherry looking at Tammy who made a heart gesture to let her know that she still loved her.  
  
"And in front of your bff," said Harvey as he motioned to Nancy to come join him.  
  
"Six, thank you, Sir. Oh it is sooo embarrassing to be spanked in front of Nancy ," admitted Sherry now hopelessly turned on and squirming.  
  
"And do you like being punished like this in public?" inquired Harvey.  
  
"Seven, thank you, Sir. No I do not like to be punished like this in public," protested Sherry.  
  
"Oh methinks the lady doth protest too much," said Harvey surprising everyone because no one had thought him capable of quoting Shakespeare.  
  
"Eight, thank you, Sir. I DO NOT like to be punished like this," insisted Sherry.  
  
"Then why are you so turned on by this?" asked Harvey .  
  
"Nine, thank you, Sir. I AM NOT turned on by this," lied Sherry.  
  
"And if I stick my fingers in your pussy, I will not find it wet?" inquired Harvey and Tammy frowned and exclaimed "Ohh" at his crude question.  
  
"Ten, thank you, Sir. I cannot help it if my pussy is wet," admitted Sherry blushing uncontrollably as she looked at Tammy's shocked expression.  
  
"Sherry!" exclaimed Tammy as Sherry looked at the ceiling and wished the ground would swallow her up.  
  
Matt of course was delighted. Not so much to see his sweetheart humiliated but he loved her expressions of embarrassment and shame and shyness as she went about her sessions and it made him insanely horny. And Sherry knew how beautiful she was in Matt's eyes even when she was put in these bizarrely humiliating situations and that made it easier. Plus she herself was insanely turned on by these sessions and she admired the diabolical principal as well as her fiancée for their abilities to keep devising new ways of humiliating her rather than just bump up the intensity of the sessions mindlessly.  
  
Her reverie was broken by her fiancée commencing to spank her and he gave her ten spanks lovingly caressing her face and breasts and pausing to give her full-blooded kisses in between that left Sherry hopelessly soaking wet.  
  
After Matt finished his ten spank, it was Nancy's turn and like Harvey, she teased Sherry mercilessly in front of the stunned Tammy.  
  
Finally, it was Tammy's turn and Harvey and Nancy joined forces to tease her relentlessly about being spanked naked by her own protégé.  
  
From Tammy's expressions, it was clear to the audience that Tammy too was getting increasing turned on and some members of the audience were already wondering how Tammy could be lured into this web of humiliation.  
  
"And now for the center spread position," said Harvey as Sherry looked shocked.  
  
"No! Please! Don't make me do that," she pleaded; horrified that she would have to expose herself like that in front of Tammy.  
  
"And now the center spread position," repeated Harvey and Sherry burned with shame and excitement as she turned around and draped her legs around the sides of the chair and pushed her butt out so that it hung over the edge.  
  
"Oh my God! Sherry! That must be soooo humiliating," exclaimed Tammy.  
  
"Yes Tammy. It is very humiliating," wailed Sherry, as her gaping pussy stared at her audience.  
  
"And yet she is horribly turned on," said Harvey as he dipped his finger in Sherry's pussy and showed Tammy how wet his finger was.  
  
"I can't help that automatic response, Tammy," wailed Sherry.  
  
"Yes you keep telling yourself that," said Harvey and Sherry shot daggers at him with her eyes.  
  
"Now everyone will come and give you two spanks," said Harvey as he caressed her splayed pussy before giving her a spank on each cheek.  
  
Others followed Harvey's example and soon Sherry was leaking her juices on the floor.  
  
"Oh Poor Sherry this must be so degrading," Tammy kept exclaiming which only served to heighten her humiliation and erotic excitement.  
  
Sherry was slowly being driven past the point of no return – the point where she had to have her orgasm no matter what. She squirmed and writhed helplessly looking infinitely seductive as she did so, as each of her colleagues came and played with her pussy before spanking her.  
  
The Principal stimulated her clit and Sherry's pussy tried to hump his finger in order to get her much needed release but Roberts expertly did not let that happen.  
  
She knew that if was futile to try and use her own fingers because Harvey or the Principal would intervene and tie her hands up.  
  
She pleaded looking at her hated rival and said, "Please."  
  
"Please what?" inquired Harvey as Tammy looked wide-eyed. Tammy intuited what Sherry was asking for but did not want to believe it.  
  
"Please let me come, Harvey, Sir," pleaded the hapless Sherry.  
  
"You want to orgasm in public in front of all of us?"? asked Harvey .  
  
"Yes!! Damnit!" exclaimed Sherry.  
  
"You want to have a shameless public orgasm in front of your protégé. The one who looked up to you as a model of rectitude?" asked Harvey.  
  
"Yes!! I am sorry, Tammy!" said Sherry.  
  
"It is Ok sweetie," said Tammy coming over to her and stroking her head lovingly.  
  
"Beg," said Harvey.  
  
"Harvey, my nemesis, my hated rival, I beg you to let me come," exclaimed Sherry not recognizing the words that came out of her mouth.  
  
"You don't care if you orgasm in front of your fiancée?" asked Harvey .  
  
"I don't give a damn!" yelled Sherry.  
  
"Admit you are a shameless slut," said Harvey.  
  
Sherry sniffed and looked close to tears but the need to have an orgasm was the only thing that mattered and screamed, "Yes Harvey. I am a shameless slut. Please sir, let me come?"  
  
"Tell Tammy," said Harvey.  
  
"Tammy, sweetheart, I am sorry but truth is I am a shameless slut!" yelled Sherry as Tammy looked on astonished.  
  
"Are you sorry you said you made all those smart ass comments about me?" asked Harvey .  
  
Sherry looked defiant and Roberts stepped in for he like others admired Sherry's defiance and did not want it broken. Not like this.  
  
" Harvey you moron. How many times have I told you that you have that to earn that apology. Nothing you have done entitles you to it," he admonished as Harvey looked chastised.  
  
"Sherry sweetheart. You have earned your release but I would like Tammy to help you," said the diabolical Principal.  
  
Just when Sherry had felt relieved that the Principal would defend her and let her climax in peace, he had devised a new humiliating experience for her.  
  
"Fine!" she shouted.  
  
"Tammy sweetheart. Will you bring me off?' asked Sherry to the stunned and frozen Tammy.  
  
Matt nudged her and Tammy knelt in front of Sherry and used her fingers to expertly manipulate her clit until Sherry screamed with abandon and had a mind-blowing orgasm.  
  
Matt brought over tissues and helped her dry herself.  
  
The Principal had one more humiliating task left for Sherry to do.  
  
She was made to stand in front of Tammy and apologize for not being a good role model.  
  
With all the erotic and sexual tension that had masked her humiliating predicament dissipated, all Sherry was left with was the shame.  
  
And yet it was a very familiar sensation and she stood red faced and red assed in front of her protégé and commenced her squats saying, "I am sorry I was a bad role model."  
  
"Oh Sherry. You are still my role model. Nothing that happened today will change that," said Tammy reassuringly as she hugged her mentor as soon as she finished her ten squats.  
  
"You know, Tammy, this happens every week and we do accept guest volunteers to take Sherry's place from time to time. It helps give her a break. If you are ever interested ...." said Roberts.  
  
Tammy looked at him puzzled and then the realization slowly dawned on her.  
  
She looked at the exquisitely beautiful Sherry and wondered how she would look in a similar situation.  
  
"I I believe I will be here next Monday?" said Tammy not recognizing the words that had jumped out of her mouth.  
  
"And so you shall. So you shall," confirmed Roberts as he led Tammy out the door, his eyes undressing her in advance.

**Sherry's Test Ch. 25 - A tale of two principals.**

Come Wednesday, 3 PM and Sherry walked into the staff room with trepidation.  
  
After a hiatus, the Principal had resumed the in-school punishment sessions and had kept surprising her with new situations. Just two days ago, she had to suffer the mortification of being humiliated in front of a girl who looked up to her as her mentor and role-model.  
  
Despite her protestations to the contrary, Sherry had found the experience extremely erotic and strangely liberating as if a part of her was happy she did not have to live up to some artificial standards that her protégé was holding her to.  
  
"Will there be a session today?" she wondered as she stepped into the room and from the eyes of her excited colleagues, intuited that there would indeed be one.  
  
The rest of her colleagues trickled in slowly and then Principal Roberts opened his door and stepped out with a distinguished looking man.  
  
"Team, this is Mr. Wallace. He is the Principal of the teacher's Ed school that Sherry went to," he said to Sherry's chagrin.  
  
"Oh no! He was a father figure for me in college and now he is going to see me punished shamefully," rued poor Sherry.  
  
"What's the matter, Sherry? Aren't you glad to see your old Principal again? He tells me you were an ace student and he was very proud of you," admonished Roberts.  
  
"Hello Sir. So very glad to see you again," said Sherry as she got up from her chair and walked over to Wallace and shook his hand.  
  
Under the circumstances, there was nothing much else she could have done, although fleeing the room did cross her mind.  
  
"Wallace has taken time out of his busy day to come check on his former ace student," continued the Principal.  
  
In reality, the diabolical Roberts had sent Wallace a message through Tammy that if he came over, his time would be very well spent and he would see his former student in all her glory. The message had certainly stirred Wallace's interest. Plus he welcomed a chance to see his gorgeous ex-student again.  
  
"And how has my favorite student been doing," asked Wallace fawning upon Sherry while admiring how she looked in her tight white blouse and blue skirt.  
  
"She has been doing great!! She is a very effective and popular teacher," he lauded her, but Sherry rolled her eyes because she knew very well what was coming.  
  
  
  
"Except for one incident that she is still doing penance for," he continued.  
  
Wallace looked at Roberts quizzically at his strange choice of words.  
  
The diabolical Roberts wanting to increase Sherry's discomfiture said, "Sherry sweetheart, why don't you explain to the good Principal?"  
  
Sherry rolled her eyes at the predictable command and steeled herself for this new humiliation.  
  
She had been punished in front of her mentor Ed a while ago and now this.  
  
But Roberts was nothing if not unpredictable and came over and whispered to the hapless Sherry who had her deer-in-the-headlights look, "And strip while you are telling the story. Kind of like NakedNews."  
  
NakedNews was an Internet show that Roberts was fond of. It had beautiful models stripping nude while reading the news.  
  
  
  
Sherry was shocked and looked pleadingly at him but Roberts merely nodded his head beckoning her to do it.  
  
Sherry, as was her wont, was dismayed to find her nipples getting harder and her pussy getting aroused at the prospect of stripping before her former Principal.  
  
It was one thing to confess her mistake and then explain the punishment before being slowly stripped, but to strip without explanation would be a different experience. And a different experience was what she craved as did Matt and most of her colleagues.  
  
"There is this boy in my class," said Sherry as she stood before Wallace and Roberts and unbuttoned the first button of her blouse.  
  
"I, I subconsciously had a crush on him," she continued as she unbuttoned the second button.  
  
If Wallace found it strange, he was not going to say anything for fear of interrupting proceedings.  
  
"One day I was tutoring him after class," she continued, with the third button as her white lacy bra and the top of her flat tummy came into view.  
  
"It was on his request before a test," she said and off came the fourth button exposing her navel.  
  
"I tried to help him as much as I could," she continued with the fifth button.  
  
"But I saw it was hopeless," she continued with the sixth and last button and seductively peeled the blouse off her and stood in front of Wallace and Roberts in her white lacy bra and dark blue skirt.  
  
"At the end of the hour," she said as she unzipped her skirt.  
  
"I felt I should give him some hints," she continued as she swayed seductively to drop her skirt.  
  
Wallace felt his eyes were going to pop out as her white lacy panties came into view and Sherry blushed seeing his reaction.  
  
"I felt that if he focused on studying just the important parts," she continued as she unclasped her bra from behind and noticed that Wallace was indeed focusing on studying her important parts.  
  
The incongruous thought almost made her giggle and she attributed it to her nervousness.  
  
"He may be able to do better," she continued as she peeled the bra down her left shoulder.  
  
"So I started giving him suggestions," she said, peeling the bra down her right shoulder and leaving the cups freely hanging on her breasts.  
  
"I said, here is a topic you could focus on," peeling the bra off her left breast and exposing it to Wallace for the first time.  
  
She turned another shade of red as she noticed Wallace's shocked look but was gratified to notice his open admiration.  
  
She also noticed that Matt, Harvey and Nancy were now all standing in front of her, not wanting to miss any part of this insanely seductive strip.  
  
"I also added in some sample questions he might have faced in the test," she added as she peeled the bra off her right breast completely exposing her firm breasts to her former Principal who looked as if he was in a dream.  
  
"Will she take off her panties?" he wondered silently, feeling more like a frat boy at a sorority event than the Principal of a teaching college.  
  
She paused and hesitated and that served only to heighten the suspense and the erotic tension.  
  
"So I continued with other topics," she said continuing her strip as she inched her panties down her hips revealing the top of her luscious mound.  
  
"And other questions," she said as she continued peeling her panties with now half her shaved pussy on display and blushed as she noticed Wallace's obvious hard-on. She made eye contact with the hated Harvey and reddened at his enjoyment of her predicament.  
  
"Before I knew it," she said peeling her panties down to her thighs and exposing her beautiful pussy completely to Wallace for the first time.  
  
"I had pretty much leaked the test inadvertently," she said as she stepped out of her panties and stood gorgeously naked before her appreciative audience.  
  
She clasped her hands behind her head and spread her legs assuming her submissive pose as Wallace looked on mesmerized.  
  
   
  
"As I said earlier, you will get a chance to see your former student in all her glory," reminded Roberts and the room guffawed and poor Sherry looked helplessly furious at his joke, which only served to make her all the more alluring.  
  
"Continue the story while doing your squats," said Roberts and Wallace looked wide-eyed as Sherry commenced her naked squats while continuing the story.  
  
"Unfortunately Sam provided the questions to one of his friends," she said with her first squat.  
  
"And that friend told two more," she continued with her second squat looking mind-blowingly irresistible.  
  
"And soon it spread to half the class," she continued with the third squat.  
  
"So half the class knew," she said with the fourth squat.  
  
"What to expect in the test," she said with the fifth squat as Wallace stared fixedly and unabashedly.  
  
"But the other half did not," she said with the sixth squat.  
  
"Which was unfair to them," she admitted remorsefully with the seventh squat.  
  
"One of the students felt it was strange," she said with the eighth squat.  
  
"That some of the poor students got the same marks," she said with the ninth squat.  
  
"And complained to the Principal," she said with the tenth squat.  
  
She then stood in front of her audience again with her hands clasped behind her head, her legs spread three feet wide and completed the rest of the story about how the Principal confronted some of the students and how Sam confessed and how he blackmailed her.  
  
Roberts made her describe how humiliating it was to be punished before her colleagues and her hated rival Harvey and her best friend Nancy and so on and on.  
  
  
  
"Now give us a few twirls so that Wallace here can see all of you. I did promise him he would see you in all your glory," said Roberts.  
  
Sherry blushed and commenced her slow twirls with her hands clasped behind her head and Wallace continued to look mesmerized. After about five twirls, Roberts motioned her to stop.  
  
  
  
He left the room briefly to go into his office and came out with a wooden ruler in his hand.  
  
  
  
Roberts handed it to Wallace and said, "It is your turn to punish your errant student. But please do it gently. The intent is to humiliate her and not hurt her."  
  
"One thank you, Sir!" said the ever blushing Sherry as Wallace stood in front of her and slapped her right hand with the ruler. He noticed the slight wince she had when he did that and like audiences before, found it absolutely delightful.  
  
Sherry held out her hands again demurely and said, "Two thank you, Sir!" as Wallace slapped her left hand.  
  
Soon his ten hand-spanks were over and Roberts had Wallace sit on the couch and Sherry was instructed to bend so that Wallace could hold her hands and her face was real close to his face.  
  
He could see her naked breasts hanging so alluringly as well as her juicy naked mound between her legs.  
  
"Now each one of her colleagues is going to come and spank her. She will introduce her colleague to you and request to be spanked. With her face so close to you, you will have the opportunity to notice every small nuance in her expressions through this humiliating ordeal," explained Roberts to the puzzled Wallace.  
  
First one up was Nancy and Sherry said, "This is Nancy my bff. It is so embarrassing to be spanked by your friend," said Sherry blushing and Wallace nodded because he had forgotten how to speak. If he had opened his mouth, he would have only made gurgling noises.  
  
Next was Lara and Sherry said, "This is Lara my step-sister. She loves to see me humiliated because she is jealous of me."  
  
Lara grinned and gave her two spanks and as was the custom, Sherry thanked her politely after each spank. Even though this experience was not new, she was not used to staring at someone so close while being punished. And when that someone was an authority figure in her life, it heightened her embarrassment. Wallace eagerly absorbed all her expressions – her embarrassment, her defiant look at her tormentors in the mirror, the slight wince when the spank landed followed by either a look of helpless rage or submission.  
  
Next was Harvey and Sherry said, "This is Harvey, my rival who I beat for a promotion last year. It is extremely degrading to be punished like this in front of him.  
  
Harvey made her beg him for the spanks.  
  
Sherry, with her face a mix of helpless rage and embarrassment, said, "Harvey, my hated rival, will you please humiliate me by spanking my naked butt in front of my former Principal?"  
  
Next was Matt and Sherry blushed uncontrollably at being spanked by her sweetheart in front of a father-figure and explained it to the astonished Wallace.  
  
And yet she looked seductively at her fiancée in the mirror and made eyes at Wallace too.  
  
"Sweetheart, are you flirting with your ex-Principal. I am going to have to punish you at home for that," said Matt and Sherry rolled her eyes because Matt was always on the lookout for new punishment scenarios.  
  
Soon all her colleagues had had a turn and Sherry looked incredibly vulnerable and sexy as she blushed uncontrollably throughout the ordeal.  
  
She had devised a way of blocking out quite a bit of her past experiences so she was always hopelessly embarrassed and turned on by her sessions, despite having been in similar situations. Plus her role-play into being the unwilling victim in these sessions helped her preserve her modesty and that made it infinitely sexier.  
  
The audiences loved the sight of the naked blushing Sherry and were in no danger of tiring of it. This beat any strip club they had ever gone to because even the best stripper would still go about her business mechanically and would not be able to hold a candle to the blushing, naked goddess before them.  
  
Nor did strip clubs have a gifted director like Roberts.  
  
Roberts then gave her a marker and whispered instructions to her.  
  
Sherry held her ears like a naughty girl and did an apology squat saying, "I am sorry I was a naughty teacher."  
  
She then turned and wrote the same on the whiteboard.  
  
Principal Wallace continued sitting and staring transfixed at his former student.  
  
"I am sorry I was a naughty teacher," she said again completing her second squat in front of Principal Wallace. Having to hold her ears while doing the squat, made her look that much more submissive and sexy.  
  
Sherry herself was insanely turned on, feeling like a naughty schoolgirl and her nipples were hard, her pupils dilated and her pussy was glistening and it took all her self control not to just go sit on a couch and give herself relief from the sexual tension that pervaded her body and mind.  
  
She had always found Wallace attractive when she was a student. Even though he was older, there was something boyish about him. She would not have been averse to showing him a bit of skin but never in her wildest imaginations would she have conjured up a humiliating situation like this. Still, here she was, humiliated and turned on and the appreciation on Wallace's face was gratifying to her. He had been staring mesmerized ever since the proceedings had started and had obviously forgotten how to speak.  
  
Or rather he was terrified to speak lest he disturb something and ruin this beautiful waking dream.  
  
She looked at her colleagues who could not get enough of her punishments. Harvey, as usual was sneering, Nancy looked envious as did Lara, Matt looked excited and proud, Roberts looked his diabolical self, Mike still looked shy and Wayne looked like he was at a feast. Those were the ones she made eye contact with during her squats and blushed. The rest of her colleagues, she was sure were enjoying the spectacle equally.  
  
After her ten squats were over, Roberts led her by her ear to her usual punishment chair in front of the mirror.  
  
"Now let's have some synchronized spanking," said Roberts, having noticed that Principal Wallace was left handed.  
  
The two principals stood behind her on either side and simultaneously spanked her left cheek and right cheek.  
  
"One thank you, Sirs!" said Sherry, blushing at the realization that this was the first time, Principal Wallace was spanking her.  
  
"Two thank you, Sirs!" said Sherry at the second spank and resigned herself to the possibility that this would not be the last time she would be spanked by Wallace either.  
  
Roberts now cupped her left breast and Wallace looked incredulous but was not going to pass this up and eagerly cupped her right breast and Sherry blushed at this new experience.  
  
"Three thank you, Sirs!" she said wiggling her ass seductively after the third spank and Roberts took the opportunity to stroke her left ass cheek and Roberts Wallace did the same with the right ass cheek. The symmetry was complete. Her two principals, each with one hand on her breast and another on her butt.  
  
But to Wallace's disappointment, like all good things, even this came to an end after the tenth spank. But the next punishment more than made up for that.  
  
"Now assume your favorite position," said Roberts and Sherry looked terrified. She knew what he meant was her least favorite position and even though a part of her knew it was inevitable, she had blocked it out and now looked delightfully terrified at the prospect.  
  
"Please Sir! Don't make me do that!" she begged standing up and then kneeling submissively before Roberts.  
  
Roberts patted her head lovingly and said, "Come come now. This is part of your correction process."  
  
Sherry looked at Wallace and pleaded, "Sir please don't make me humiliate myself any more in front of you. I have been through enough already."  
  
Wallace graciously said, "Sherry sweetheart, I am sorry you feel humiliated at being punished before me, but you have no cause to be. For me, this is a day I will remember till the day I die.  
  
As far as I am concerned, you are still a beautiful Goddess who can do no wrong! But if you would like me to leave just say so and I will."  
  
Sherry was touched by Wallace's honesty and grace and felt gratified that he still adored her. She had known that she had always had an effect on him, but like a lot of beautiful girls, had no idea how devastating it was.  
  
"Very well then, Sir. I will go through the rest of my punishment without further complaint," said Sherry blushing furiously at Wallace's praise and yet proud because of it.  
  
"That's my heroine," said Wallace and patted her head.  
  
Sherry now feeling empowered like the insanely sexy Goddess she was, stood up and sat down on the punishment chair and draped her legs over the sides of the chair. She then pushed herself down so that her ass jutted out of the chair. All her charms were now completely exposed – her breasts, her ass, her splayed open shaved pussy and her blushing face still glowing as a result of Wallace's handsome compliment.  
  
"Now invite four of your colleagues to stand next to the Principal. Choose ones that will be the most humiliating for you," said Roberts.  
  
"If you don't choose well, four will be chosen for you," continued the diabolical Roberts.  
  
"Oh God!" Sherry thought as she contemplated who she should invite to witness her punishment at close quarters.  
  
"Harvey, Matt, Nancy and Lara," said Sherry.  
  
"Good choices," said Roberts approvingly as the named colleagues rushed in for a vantage position in front of her.  
  
Roberts came up to Sherry with a crop that was designed to sting mildly but not hurt and demonstrated how to use it.  
  
Wallace stood the right of Sherry and started cropping her butt and while Sherry -as was the custom -had to count out loud.  
  
"One thank you, Principal Wallace."  
  
Two thank you, Principal Wallace."  
  
And to increase her own humiliation, she deliberately made eye contact with Harvey, Matt, Nancy and Lara. And she squirmed and wiggled seductively throughout the swats.  
  
Finally the ten swats with the crop were over and Wallace reluctantly stopped but continued staring at the splayed Sherry in front of him.  
  
"Tell your former Principal how much you have enjoyed being punished by him and the effect it has had on your pussy," said Roberts.

Sherry blushed and said, "Principal Wallace, Sir, these humiliating punishments somehow leave my pussy wet. It is an automatic biological reaction and I have no control over it."  
  
"Let him inspect it for himself," said Roberts and Sherry shot daggers at him but decided to comply.  
  
"Mr. Wallace, esteemed Principal, will you please check how wet my pussy is?" asked Sherry and the stunned Wallace bent down and inserted his finger in Sherry's beautiful pussy and found it sopping wet.  
  
"You can either choose to taste her or ask her to taste herself," said Roberts and Wallace chose to taste her by putting his finger in his mouth.  
  
"Delicious," he proclaimed.  
  
"Sherry, you are a feast for all the senses. I envy the lucky SOB who has you," said Wallace and Sherry blushed but gestured a "thank you."  
  
She then stuck out her tongue at Harvey to rub it in that despite everything, he would never "have her" and the audience laughed because this had been an ongoing motif where despite all the humiliations heaped on her, she would tease Harvey that he would never get to sleep with her.  
  
"Now each of the chosen four will pick up a piece of your clothing and Wallace here will lead you on a leash to them. You will have to beg for your clothing back," said Roberts.  
  
"And you will not dress until you have collected all four pieces," said Roberts wanting to prolong her naked crawl.  
  
Harvey, Matt, Nancy and Lara each chose a piece of her clothing and dispersed to different parts of the room.  
  
Sherry got up and knelt on all fours as Roberts fastened the leash collar around her neck and handed the leash to the excited Wallace.  
  
Predictably, Harvey had grabbed her panties and he waved it for her to come and get it.  
  
Wallace led Sherry to her hated rival enjoying her swaying ass and bouncing boobs as she crept along the carpeted floor.  
  
"Not feeling very uppity are you, sweetheart? Crawling naked on a leash in front of all your colleagues?" inquired Harvey politely.  
  
  
  
"No Sir. I am not," confessed Sherry, again noticing how perversely thrilling it was for her to be humiliated in front of her nemesis.  
  
"Are you sorry for all the mean things you said about me?" asked Harvey, hoping for the apology he had been wanting for a long time.  
  
  
  
"No I am not. You are a classless creep and deserved every one of those comments," said Sherry calmly, letting her rival know that she was not broken and the audience clapped because they loved this part of their banter.  
  
"Well why are you kneeling naked before a classless creep then?" taunted Harvey.  
  
"Because you have my panties, Sir," said Sherry now feeling ashamed but she had deliberately brought this upon herself to revel in her own humiliation.  
  
"Beg," said Harvey simply.  
  
Sherry raised her hands in front of her like a dog and looked pleadingly at her adversary and begged, "Harvey Sir, can I please have my panties back?"  
  
  
  
Harvey contemplated what he could do to further humiliate her but he had to be careful because he had often been admonished for crossing the line.  
  
"Bark," said Harvey.  
  
Sherry found it demeaning but complied by saying, "woof, woof."  
  
"Jump and catch it with your mouth," said Harvey holding her panties up and Sherry looked humiliated but yet was excited at this new debasement.  
  
  
  
She jumped up but Harvey evaded her mouth. After a few failed attempts, Roberts motioned to Harvey to move on and he let Sherry catch her panties in her mouth.  
  
"Bad doggie," he said stroking her head and Sherry bristled with helpless rage.  
  
"Now carry your panties in your mouth until you reach the next person," said Harvey.  
  
Lara dangled her bra and Sherry looked absolutely delectable as she crawled naked with her panties hanging from her mouth.  
  
  
  
Lara teased her and made her beg and Sherry handed both the bra and her panties to Wallace for safekeeping.  
  
Next was Nancy with her blouse and Nancy too made her beg for it and admit she was a shameless slut.  
  
Last was Matt and he swayed the skirt as if he was a bullfighter teasing a bull and made his sweetheart charge at it. He would pay for this later but right now he was a little carried away and indulged himself in front of his shocked colleagues.  
  
Matt finally handed her the skirt and Sherry dressed hurriedly.  
  
"You know, Wallace, In case you think it may be educational for Sherry to be punished at your staff meeting, let me know. We can make that happen," said Roberts to Sherry's chagrin.  
  
Wallace was first shocked and then wildly excited at the prospect and said with feigned formality, "That would be appropriate. It would be fitting for her former teachers to be part of her continuing education."  
  
Sherry looked mortified but blushed as Wallace knelt before her and kissed her hand before leaving the room.

**Sherry's Test Ch. 26 - Punished by Matt’s Poker Buddies**

After an eventful Wednesday session at the school, Sherry had a respite on Friday because the Principal had to go out of town for a family event.  
  
Matt decided to utilize the break to host the monthly poker night. Sherry, as was the custom, had gone out for a girl's night out, but returned earlier than usual since a couple of the girls in her group had cancelled.  
  
"Hi boys," she greeted them breezily in her usual bubbly voice as she entered the room.  
  
"Ahhh we were wondering when our hostess would arrive," said Sean.  
  
"Yes. We were promised a topless hostess," teased Steve who had always playfully flirted with her.  
  
"Actually, I think Matt promised us a naked hostess," corrected Kyle.  
  
"In your dreams boys, in your dreams," said Sherry laughingly as she put her purse down and went into the kitchen. Yet she felt her nipples harden at the prospect of being naked in front of Matt's poker buddies.  
  
She bit her lip as she contemplated this while turning the kettle on to make some coffee. Try as she might, she could not get the image of her naked and kneeling before the group out of her head.  
  
"Matt honey, can I see you here for a moment?" she asked from the kitchen.  
  
Matt's buddies exchanged concerned looks with each other wondering if they had gone too far.  
  
Even Matt was puzzled as he walked into the kitchen because normally Sherry kept to herself if she was around during these poker games.  
  
She handed him a folded piece of paper and Matt was puzzled as he opened it and his eyes almost fell out of his head.  
  
"Are you serious?" he whispered.  
  
Sherry merely nodded her head, her eyes wild with excitement.  
  
On Matt's birthday, Sherry had presented him twelve punishment coupons to be used at any time.  
  
"You keep six and I will keep six. Either of us can redeem the coupon at any time or any place. No questions asked," Sherry had said.  
  
But since there was no shortage of her normal punishment sessions, the coupons had seemed redundant. Until now.  
  
Matt again asked her, "Sweetheart are you sure?"  
  
Sherry merely gave him a full blooded kiss and said, "Do it!"  
  
"Beer, Chips and salsa will be fine, sweetheart," said Matt as he stepped out of the kitchen.  
  
Sherry emerged a few minutes later with the refreshments and boys politely thanked her, not venturing any risqué comments.  
  
She then retreated to the bedroom and pretended to curl up with a book while her mind was still racing with possibilities for the evening.  
  
After about ten minutes, Matt declared, "Guys I am somehow not into the game tonight. How about we get us some entertainment instead?"  
  
"Oh come on! Let's play some more!" said Steve.  
  
"What kind of entertainment? A movie or something?" inquired Sean.  
  
"It is a surprise. It will be beyond your wildest imagination. And it will be an evening you will not forget for a long, long time. I promise you that much," said Matt.  
  
"Well we might as well. Your mind hasn't been in the game ever since Sherry got back and that puts a damper on things," said Kyle.  
  
"All right. Sherry, sweetheart will you please come over here?" asked Matt.  
  
"Yes honey?" asked Sherry walking over and kissing him lightly.  
  
"Remember we talked about your punishment for forgetting to pay your credit card?" asked Matt as Sean spit out the beer in his mouth and Kyle almost choked on his chips.  
  
They all stared at Matt and Sherry wide-eyed.  
  
Despite the fact that the failure to pay the credit card was such a clichéd ploy, in this case it happened to be true and Matt enjoyed this aspect while punishing her. Given her fiscal irresponsibility he would never be in danger of running out of reasons to spank her.  
  
Sherry blushed a few shades of red and yet managed to say in a causal voice, "Matt! You are such a jokester. It's just his warped sense of humor guys" and proceeded to turn around and retreat to the bedroom.  
  
"Sweetheart, I am serious," said Matt matter-of-factly.  
  
Sherry turned around with eyes flashing with anger and then put on her favorite damsel-in-distress pleading look.  
  
"Sweetheart, not in front of your buddies! That will be so humiliating" she whispered, playing her usual role of a hapless victim.  
  
"Sweetheart, we talked about it. Humiliation is going to be part of your rehab. This has happened too often and it is time for some tough love," Matt said in a quiet but assured tone.  
  
The group looked on incredulously at the couple. They had been convinced that Matt was totally under her thumb and they had never heard him speak to Sherry in this dominating manner.  
  
Sherry looked at the group and then pleadingly at Matt and bit her lip and Matt just nodded.  
  
"Ok. Let's get it over with then," she relented playing the reluctant penitent role to the hilt.  
  
Matt stood up and kissed her passionately and said, "I love you sweetheart. But you have been a naughty girl. And you need this."  
  
Sherry almost smiled at the clever way in which Matt alluded to the fact that it was her idea. But the prospect of what she had volunteered for was now real and she trembled with trepidation as well as excitement.  
  
Sherry merely bowed her head and nodded and Matt proceeded to arrange the punishment chair in front of the mirror and patted the side of the chair.  
  
Sherry took the cue and went and knelt on the chair in her white T-Shirt and blue Jeans.  
  
The group stared at her, not clear as to what was happening, though the way Sherry was sticking out her bottom put some ideas in their head.  
  
Matt went into the bedroom and emerged with a camcorder and handed it to Sean and said, "You guys take turns shooting this."  
  
Sherry thought of protesting. She had not signed up for this.  
  
"Oh well. In for a penny, in for a pound," she rued.  
  
Matt started the spanks over her Jeans and Sherry as was the custom, counted saying, "One thank you, Sir."  
  
"Two thank you, Sir," she said looking at the group's stunned faces in the mirror.  
  
"You ain't seen anything yet," she thought perversely and almost giggled.  
  
"Ok. I need to stop being so nervous," she thought again as the third spank landed.  
  
Soon the ten spanks were over and Matt proceeded to undo the buttons on her Jeans and slid it down to her knees.  
  
The short T-Shirt she was wearing did nothing to hide her panties and her shapely white panty covered ass was on display for the first time to Matt's poker buddies.  
  
"Oh my God!" exclaimed Steve.  
  
Matt merely proceeded to spank his sweetheart and Sherry counted the spanks making eye contact with Matt as well as his buddies.  
  
She felt her pussy moisten at the thought of impending nudity and squirmed under the erotic tension. The audience enjoyed the spectacle of the gorgeous Sherry swaying so alluringly.  
  
Soon the ten spanks on her panties were over and Matt rested his thumbs on either side of her panties and paused for dramatic effect.  
  
Steve, Kyle and Sean stared dumb-founded.  
  
"No way, he is going to take her panties down!! Man, will he? He did promise us an evening to remember," they thought hopefully.  
  
Sherry on cue pleaded, "Please, Matt honey!! Don't take my panties down in front of your friends. It will be so embarrassing."  
  
"Well I am glad to hear that because these sessions are meant to be embarrassing," said Matt.  
  
"Come on, honey. Please. They have seen enough already!" pleaded Sherry sporting her deer-in-the-headlights look.  
  
The audience was going crazy with suspense and hoped fervently that the chivalrous Matt they knew so well did not re-surface at this inopportune moment.  
  
"Come on sweetheart. I love you dearly but we need to do this. You know that. So instead of pleading not to have your panties taken down, I want you to ask for your panties to be taken down," said Matt lovingly, but unable to keep the excitement out of his voice.  
  
"Matt! Honey please?" she pleaded.  
  
Matt merely patted her head and stroked her hair lovingly.  
  
"Ok then. Matt. My gallant lover, will you please roll down my panties and expose my naked butt to your lecherous friends?" asked Sherry in a sarcastic voice pretending to be livid but helpless.  
  
"With pleasure, mi lady," said Matt, bowing like a chivalrous knight and proceeded to slowly inch her panties down.  
  
"What do you guys think? Is this enough, or should I take them all the way down?" he inquired with the panties resting midway on her ass and Sherry shot daggers at her admirers in the mirror.  
  
"Hmmm. I think we should take it all the way down. Might as well do the job properly," offered Kyle, worried that the decent Matt who had seemed to be on vacation was going to suddenly replace the delightfully evil Matt they had witnessed for the first time.  
  
"Sorry sweetheart, I tried," said Matt as he rolled her panties slowly off her butt and left them resting at her knees.  
  
Sherry blushed helplessly at the sight of her audience staring unabashedly at her naked ass as well as her embarrassed face.  
  
Matt, then commenced her spanking.  
  
"One thank you, Sir!" said Sherry as the first spank landed.  
  
"Now for the rest of the spanks, I want you to acknowledge your appreciative audience one by one, in addition to the count," instructed Matt.  
  
Sherry got turned on even more at the prospect of this additional humiliation her perverted sweetheart had devised.  
  
"Two, thank you Sir. Hi Sean!" she said making eye contact with Sean, trying to keep the excitement out of her voice.  
  
"Three, thank you, Sir. Hi Steve!" she said looking at Steve and blushing furiously. She knew that they all had a crush on her. I mean what virile man wouldn't? But Steve had always been the most flirtatious of the lot and it was all the more embarrassing to be in this position in front of him.  
  
"Four, thank you kind Sir. Hi Kyle!" she said and Kyle waved to her like an eager teenager.  
  
Two more rounds of that and her ten spanks were over.  
  
Matt peeled her panties back and the group looked crest-fallen resigned to the fact that the evening was probably over.  
  
But Sherry knew better and suspected what was to come and trembled with excitement.  
  
He took her arm and made her stand in front of her eager audience.  
  
"Sweetheart, take your panties down," he instructed calmly.  
  
Sherry looked angrily at him.  
  
"God she is such a great actress. She should audition for the local theater," pondered Matt and smiled. The smile merely made him look more sinister to his shocked buddies.  
  
Since her anger failed to have an effect, she pleaded, "Honey! Surely you don't mean that! You want me to take my panties down in front of your poker buddies?"  
  
"Yes I do," said Matt calmly almost adding, "And so do you."  
  
"Honey please. This is soooo embarrassing. They will see everything. These are your buddies and we will see them again," she pleaded again.  
  
"Guys, Sherry has a valid concern. Do you promise to not make even the slightest reference to this evening and keep our social interactions normal?" inquired Matt.  
  
"We do!" said the group in chorus raising their hand to swear.  
  
"Yeah right! I guess poker players never bluff," fumed Sherry.  
  
"Well if they do then they will be banned from our group and will miss out on future punishment sessions," said Matt.  
  
"Future sessions?" inquired Sherry wide-eyed. She had signed up for only one and Matt was reeling her in.  
  
"Well knowing you, you are going to forget to pay your bills again," said Matt.  
  
Sherry looked helplessly furious which made her look infinitely sexier.  
  
"Ok. If this is what you want," she said making a face and slowly peeled her panties down.  
  
The audience clapped wildly at the sight of her luscious naked mound and Sherry kept blushing furiously and yet deliberately inched her panties down ever so slowly to savor the humiliation.  
  
The panties joined the Jeans at her ankles and the white T-Shirt again did not obstruct the view in any way.  
  
"Hands behind your head," said Matt and Sherry clasped her hands behind her head and stood naked from the waist down.  
  
"Step out of your Jeans and Panties," said Matt as his buddies continued to stare at this new confident Matt. Crazed but confident.  
  
Sherry did as instructed and stood waiting submissively.  
  
"Let's have ten apology squats," said Matt and again there were stunned looks all around.  
  
Sherry sniffed, overwhelmed by the ignominy of having to do this in front of a new audience, and commenced her squats saying, "I am sorry I forgot to pay my credit card."  
  
And yet she was hopelessly turned on and maintained her eye contact with her audience longer than she had to in order to heighten her arousal.  
  
The group was beside themselves and their eyes looked as if they were going to pop out of their sockets.  
  
After she finished her tenth squat and stood up, Matt said, "Now lose the T-Shirt."  
  
Sherry peeled her T-Shirt off swaying seductively and the audience gawked at her firm bra clad breasts and admired the cleavage on offer.  
  
Matt contemplated asking her to take her bra off as well but decided to prolong it a little.  
  
He held her ear making her look like a naughty school girl and led her back to the punishment chair and commenced her customary ten spanks.  
  
"Ten, thank you Sir," said Sherry now writhing under the charge of her sexual humiliation and arousal, as Matt completed the tenth spank.  
  
"God I hope I am not leaving a wet spot on the chair,' she prayed fervently.  
  
He led her to stand in front of the group again and said, "Ok now it is time for the bra to come off."  
  
"Matt please. Don't strip me completely naked!" pleaded Sherry.  
  
"Come sweetheart. You know you have to do this," said Matt kindly but assertively.  
  
"Please honey, let me keep some modesty," pleaded Sherry again with a doe like expression.  
  
"No sweetheart. What you need is abject humiliation. That is what you agreed to," reminded Matt calmly as the audience continued to stare incredulously, stunned by these bizarre events.  
  
"Yes that is what I agreed to sweetheart. But I never thought you would make me do it," she said angrily as she reached back and unhooked the clasp and slid the straps down her arm.  
  
She maintained eye contact with her audience as she slowly wriggled her arms out of the bra and left the cups dangling on her firm breasts. Her face was a mix of embarrassment, defiance and pride as she peeled off the cups and revealed her gorgeous breasts for the first time to the group.  
  
The audience clapped appreciatively and Sherry blushed.  
  
"Guys!! The punishment is meant to shame her and not encourage her. So please, hold off on the applause," said Matt and Sherry, as was her wont, stuck out her tongue at him much to everyone's delight.  
  
She thought she was going to be led back to the chair but Matt had something else in mind.  
  
He moved the punishment chair to the center of the room and said, "Steve, please take a seat here."  
  
Everyone looked confused but trusted Matt to continue to provide them with an unforgettable experience like he had promised.  
  
Steve sat on the chair and rested his arms on the arm rest and waited.  
  
Now, Sherry, I want you to bend in front of Steve and hold his hands and look into his eyes as I spank you. And I want you to contemplate that in that position, he can see all your charms – your boobs, your pussy, your pretty bushing face and your ass in the mirror. And we will continue to take turns to record the proceedings," said Matt and Sherry quivered with the excitement of this new punishment.  
  
She bent over as directed and looked into Steve's eyes. Steve looked like he was going to pop. Never in his wildest dreams had he imagined seeing this nubile goddess like this.  
  
"One thank you, Sir," said Sherry and winced slightly as the first spank landed and continued to look at Steve's excited eyes.  
  
Like others before, Steve too found that the slight wince made her look so much more vulnerable and sexier.  
  
"Two thank you. Sir" said Sherry and blushed as she saw Steve's eyes roam all over her exposed charms.  
  
"Three thank you, Sir" said Sherry and narrowed her eyes disapprovingly at Steve's unabashed admiration of her nudity.  
  
Matt paused a little more in between spanks to let the humiliation really soak in. It took Steve all his self-control not to pull Sherry in a little and rub his face all over her breasts.  
  
Finally the ten spanks were over and Matt said, "Ok now, Kyle can take Steve's place and Steve can spank Sherry."  
  
Both Kyle and Steve jumped and got to their positions with alacrity.  
  
Matt instructed the group on the gentle art of spanking.  
  
"If in doubt, err on the gentler side. The objective is humiliation and not pain," was Matt's final instructions as he took the camcorder from Sean and proceeded to film the scene from different angles.  
  
Sherry was by now insanely turned on and if Matt had commanded her to spread her legs in the middle of the room and get herself off in front of his buddies, she would have done so in a jiffy.  
  
For now, she had to content herself with the continued erotic humiliation of bending over naked in front of one of Matt's poker buddies while another one spanked her.  
  
"One thank you, Steve," said Sherry, deliberately choosing to use his name instead of an anonymous "Sir."  
  
"Two thank you, Steve," said Sherry as she blushed noticing Kyle stare transfixed at her hopelessly wet pussy.  
  
"She is turned on by this. Her pussy is soaked," announced Kyle and Sherry blushed and wished for the earth to swallow her up.  
  
"Yes. We all noticed earlier. We just chose not to comment," said Steve quietly and waited for the humiliation to sink in while stroking her ass lovingly.  
  
"Three thank you. Steve," said Sherry swaying her ass as he finally commenced the spanking.  
  
Finally the ten spanks were over and Matt said, "Ok now Sean will sit in the chair and Kyle will be the spanker."  
  
The group marveled at Matt's sense of symmetry as well as his perverted creativity.  
  
"He should be a director of BDSM movies," pondered Sean.  
  
Sean gazed into her eyes as Kyle commenced the spanking and in a way this was even more humiliating than the others.  
  
Sean was the poker buddy Matt liked best and they had double-dated on occasions. And now to be spanked while she bent over naked in front of him with her face and her breasts inches from his face, took the humiliation to a new level altogether.  
  
Sherry again went through a range of emotions as Kyle spanked her – humiliation, pride, inexplicable anger, even regret at signing up for this and arousal beyond belief. She had been through many such sessions but had never inured herself to them in order to keep the erotic aspect alive.  
  
Having a different audience and different situations helped because looking at herself through her audience's astonished eyes kept the erotic humiliation fresh.  
  
"Now it is my turn to sit in the chair," said Matt, handing the camcorder over to Steve.  
  
Sherry was now squirming and writhing helplessly and the audience exchanged knowing looks.  
  
Nobody was in doubt that Sherry was shamelessly turned on and that realization only served to turn her on even more.  
  
Yet she was a master of delayed gratification and waited determinedly for the night of mind-blowing sex that would follow.  
  
She chose to vary her expression as she gazed into her sweetheart's eyes.

"Happy?" inquired the first expression as the first spank landed.  
  
"I am sooooo humiliated," said the second wordless expression as she noticed the camcorder in front of her.  
  
"I am sooooo turned on," said the third expression she chose to wear as she gasped and seemed breathless under the excitement.  
  
"Omg!! Why did I put myself in this crazy situation?" said the fourth expression as Sean chuckled and said, "Wonder what Renee will have to say about this."  
  
"Why did you not talk me out of this?" said her fifth expression as she unreasonably tried to blame Matt for not pointing out that the wives and girlfriends of his poker buddies would learn about her humiliation.  
  
"Omg!! How will I be able to have dinner with Renee again?" she wondered as the sixth spank landed.  
  
"And Steve!! What kind of risqué comments is he going to make after this?" she wondered as the seventh spank landed.  
  
"Omg, Is he going to tell Gina about this?" she wondered as the eight spank landed. But she knew that he would.  
  
"Holy crap! What have I done!" she thought as the realization sunk in that her debasement would be public knowledge in their extended poker circle.  
  
"Fuck, hope the bitches don't get mad and want to punish me! But that may be interesting too!" her mind raced delirious with humiliation as the tenth spank landed.  
  
"Now Sherry, sit in the chair," said Matt and Sherry went pale thinking he was going to make her drape her legs over the arms of the chair and expose herself completely.  
  
But Matt had other things on his mind.  
  
"Sweetheart, I want my buddies to know that I love you insanely and this does not change anything in the slightest," said Matt and the group nodded to let Sherry know that they believed Matt.  
  
Matt then knelt in front of his beautiful goddess and spread her legs a little and proceeded to lick her lovingly. Sherry blushed at having Matt perform this private act in front of his buddies but took it for the affirmation of love that it was.  
  
Besides, she was in no state of mind to refuse relief and closed her eyes as she savored Matt's loving and gentle but skillful ministrations. She then decided to open her eyes again knowing that the eye contact would hasten her climax.  
  
And it did. Before too long, Sherry started making urgent noises, oblivious to her audience and bucked her hips uncontrollably screamed and had the mind-blowing orgasm she had earned. The audience clapped wildly as her spasms subsided and a look of peaceful relief came upon her pretty face.  
  
Matt rose up and came back with some tissues and lovingly cleaned her up as Sherry wordlessly gestured gratitude.  
  
"Sweetheart to end this amazing evening, I have two final tasks for you," said Matt to everyone's surprise.  
  
Sherry looked wide-eyed at him.  
  
"We haven't had fully naked apology squats, so let's rectify that omission," said Matt.  
  
Sherry rolled her eyes at Matt's insatiable hunger for these things.  
  
But who was she kidding? She had an insatiable appetite for it too. Plus it would lead to more fervent lovemaking later.  
  
She stood up demurely and performed her first naked squat in front of her appreciative audience.  
  
"Spread your legs when you squat so we may admire you more," said Matt.  
  
Sherry blushed furiously. The endorphins from her arousal had worn off after her climax and now she was left with just the humiliation.  
  
And yet she felt herself get turned on by this command. Her new audience had not seen her splayed open pussy so this was a new experience for the night.  
  
"I am sorry I forgot to pay the credit card," said Sherry blushing as she spread her legs as wide as she could and observed her audience stare transfixed at the insides of her pussy.  
  
Perversely she held the pose longer than she had to and instead of hurrying through the squats, took her own leisurely time making eye contact with different members of her audience with every squat.  
  
"Will they ever tire of looking at my spread open pussy?" she wondered and decided they wouldn't. Not for another 30 years, they wouldn't she thought, proud of her looks and figure.  
  
Finally her ten squats were over and not for the first time noticed that every one of them was sporting a raging hard-on that was obvious despite their trousers and briefs. Their mates should thank me for firing up their libido, she thought.  
  
"Now for the grand finale. It is time for the group to leave because I have urgent business to attend to," said Matt and the group chuckled.  
  
"Sweetheart, I want you to kneel outside the door and thank each departing guest for taking the time to participate in your punishment," said Matt taking a leaf out of the good Principal's book.  
  
Sherry was incredulous.  
  
"But I will be in the open hallway. Anyone can see me!" she protested.  
  
"There is nobody in the hallway. We will be very quiet about this. Plus if someone sees you that will just add to the excitement" said Matt.  
  
Sean noticed that Matt had said "excitement" and not "punishment” and intuited that Sherry had been a willing participant after all and this was all a game for them.  
  
He was immensely relieved at that thought because despite his enjoyment of the evening, his opinion of Matt would have suffered a great deal if any coercion had been involved.  
  
Sherry's eyes widened at the prospect of one of her neighbors discovering her kneeling naked in the hallway and proceeded to open the door and kneel submissively.  
  
Her eyes kept darting on either side of her in the hallway to spot any activity.  
  
Steve was the first and Sherry kissed his hand and whispered, "Steve, thank you so much for taking the time to punish me."  
  
"The pleasure was all mine," whispered Steve gallantly as he left the room. He thoughtfully stood in the hallway keeping a watch out for people.  
  
"Kyle, thank you so much for participating in my discipline," whispered the kneeling Sherry kissing Kyle's hand.  
  
Kyle proceeded past her and joined Steve in providing her cover in the hallway.  
  
"Sean, thank you so much for participating in my humiliating chastisement," whispered Sherry, now turned on hopelessly again.  
  
"Thank you, sweetheart," whispered Sean and Sherry scampered inside and faced them one last time for the night and curtsied and smiled beautifully before closing the door.  
  
She then knelt before Matt and unzipped his fly.

**Sherry's Test Ch. 27 - Sherry and her mom are punished together.**

Matt and Sherry visited her parents on the Saturday following the poker night. Tim and Lara were also present which was surprising because Don did not normally invite Lara on the days that he invited her.  
  
This was the first visit to her parents' house after her dad, and before that her mom, had seen her punished.  
  
After a round of drinks and snacks and the usual conversation about current events and sports, Don said, "Sherry sweetheart, I was truly surprised by the events at your school. Aren't you ashamed of yourself?"  
  
"Yes, Dad, I am very much ashamed," whimpered poor Sherry.  
  
"I have decided to continue your punishment at home," he continued confirming her worst fears.  
  
"Dad please don't. I have been punished enough," she pleaded.  
  
"I will be the judge of that," Don said sternly.  
  
"Also, I am upset with your mother for not telling me about this and going to the Principal's house on her own," he continued.  
  
"But I had no idea. Nancy just told me to come and see a side of Sherry I had not seen earlier," protested Suzy.  
  
"Yes but you did nothing to stop the proceedings. In fact, I am told that you quite enjoyed her predicament. And you did not tell me what happened," said Don as Suzy squirmed uncomfortably not wanting to be the focus of the conversation.  
  
"In fact you enjoyed it so much that you might want to experience it for yourself," continued Don and Matt looked very interested even as Suzy exclaimed, "No way!"  
  
"Well as the saying goes, what is sauce for the goose is sauce for the gander," said Don.  
  
"Do you concur, Matt?" inquired Don.  
  
"I defer to your good judgment, Sir. But let me assure you that nothing will diminish the respect Suzy is owed as my future mother-in-law," said Matt and Suzy bristled at the smooth way in which Matt had encouraged Don.  
  
"Yes from now on, both Mother and Daughter are going to be punished in this house," said Don dispelling any doubt that Sherry too would be punished.  
  
"And since I am a neophyte in these matters and I don't want Matt to be subjected to any possible ill-will, I have asked Lara to be the master of ceremonies today and I will be her eager student," said Don.  
  
Both Suzy and Sherry had a flash of realization on their faces. They now knew why Lara had been smirking at them all evening.  
  
"We will start with Suzy. I want her to experience what it is to be the only one naked and punished in a group," said Don.  
  
Lara led them to the basement and asked, "Matt, Tim, will you please look for a mirror and bring it down here?"  
  
"There is one on top of the dresser," said Don and Matt and Tim galloped upstairs to bring the mirror down and adjusted it on the floor.  
  
Lara then asked for a suitable chair and Don brought a chair down from the living room and positioned it in front of the mirror.  
  
"Stepmother dearest, I am going to have so much fun punishing you," said Lara, leading a reluctant but submissive Suzy by her arm to the chair.  
  
Suzy knelt on the chair facing the mirror and braced herself for the worst.  
  
"Beg," said Lara and Suzy bristled and said, "My dear stepdaughter, will you please spank me?"  
  
Obviously her role play needed some work so Lara asked, "Where would you like to be spanked?"  
  
Suzy rolled her eyes and said, "On my butt. Please spank me on my butt."  
  
"Today you and Sherry will both refer to me as mistress. Now do you deserve to keep your skirt on during the spanking?" asked Lara delighting in giving her stepmother her comeuppance.  
  
"Yes, mistress Lara. I deserve to be spanked with my skirt on. That itself will be humiliating," said Suzy now slipping into the role of the reluctant spankee.  
  
"Wrong answer. Try again," said Lara.  
  
Suzy chafed internally at being put in this predicament and yet as she looked at her audience, she felt strangely turned on.  
  
"I am sorry, mistress Lara. Please take down my skirt and spank me on my pantied bottom," said Suzy.  
  
"Well do you deserve to keep your panties on?" inquired Lara politely, after she unzipped her skirt and slid it down over her panties.  
  
"Yes please let me keep my panties on?" pleaded Suzy knowing fully well it would only add to the excitement when they did come down.  
  
"Did Sherry get to keep her panties on?" asked Lara.  
  
"No she did not," admitted Suzy.  
  
"So I ask again. Do you deserve to keep your panties on?" asked Lara masterfully.  
  
"No mistress Lara. I do not. Please take my panties down and let me experience what my poor daughter had to go through," said Suzy now playing her role to the hilt.  
  
Lara slowly rolled her panties down her still shapely ass and left it resting at her knees.  
  
"Look mother, your audience likes your naked ass," said Lara pointing to the mirror and Suzy blushed as she noticed her audience staring at her naked ass for the first time. She knew it would not be the last and from the excitement coursing through her body, did not feel that was a bad thing.  
  
"Now ask to be spanked," said Lara.  
  
"Mistress Lara, will you please spank and shame your naughty stepmother in front of our family?" asked Suzy and Lara was pleased at her role-play and clapped appreciatively before commencing the spanking.  
  
"Ten, thank you, dear stepdaughter," said Suzy as Lara completed her tenth spank, pleased to note that Suzy had added in the stepdaughter to revel in her own humiliation.  
  
"Don?" inquired Lara and Don came over eager to spank his wife in public.  
  
Don spanked his wife slowly making her count the spanks as well as ask for the next one and Suzy shook her waist and her butt sensuously as she became increasingly aroused.  
  
"Now stand up and turn around," said Lara wanting to shake things up a bit.  
  
Suzy too was expecting everyone to complete their spanks before being asked to show herself from the front and was caught by surprise.  
  
"Oh mistress Lara! Please don't make me do that just yet?" pleaded Suzy.  
  
"And why is that?" asked Lara.  
  
"They, they will see me naked from the waist down," stammered Suzy.  
  
"And what part of your anatomy are you most embarrassed about revealing to your family?" inquired Lara.  
  
"My pussy, mistress Lara. It will be sooo embarrassing to show everyone my pussy," said Suzy.  
  
"Good. Embarrassment is part of your punishment," reminded Lara.  
  
"Don sweetheart this has gone far enough. I have been taught my lesson," pleaded Suzy knowing fully well that it would be to no avail.  
  
"Come, come sweetheart, Sherry had to suffer much worse than this. It is either this or we take you to the Principal's house where I am told the environment is more suitable for such punishments," said Don.  
  
"No! I will do this!" exclaimed the terrified Suzy and stood up and braced herself and turned around slowly to face her audience and blushed profusely as she noticed her audience stare at her full bush in rapt attention.  
  
"Oh God! How will I ever face Matt again?" she wondered.  
  
"Now let's get the rest of the clothes off," said Lara again mixing things up to the delight of the audience.  
  
"No!! Not so fast?" pleaded Suzy, again knowing it would be to no avail.  
  
Lara merely nodded and Suzy turned red as she slowly took off her blouse. She hesitated for a minute which only served to increase the tension of the situation.  
  
"Oh my God! I can't believe I am finding that being ordered to strip in front of my family like this is such a turn on," she thought as she unhooked her bra and slowly peeled it off her shoulders and stood gloriously naked in front of her appreciative audience.  
  
"I hope Sherry looks as gorgeous as you do when she grows up," said Matt charitably and Suzy felt proud despite her embarrassing nudity.  
  
"Hands behind your head," said Lara and Suzy clasped her hands behind her head which made her breasts jut out while she blushed looking at her admiring audience."Well we still cannot see your pussy properly. There is too much foliage. Go get your shaving equipment," instructed Lara and Suzy wailed, "No!!"  
  
"Sorry mother. You need to commiserate with your daughter," reminded Lara.  
  
Poor Suzy was aghast that she would be shaved naked in public and looked at Don mutely. Don merely nodded and gestured that he loved her. She also noticed with gratification that Don was sporting a raging hard on that was evident through his trousers.  
  
Suzy reluctantly went up the stairs and returned a few minutes later with her scissors, shaving razor and cream and a towel.  
  
"Now since your slutty daughter has so much experience doing this, I will let her do the honors," said Lara and Sherry shot her an angry look, but was turned on at the prospect of humiliating her mother.  
  
Lara spread the towel on the carpet and positioned her naked step mother in front of the couch that her audience sat on.  
  
To Suzy's chagrin she spread her legs so now she was splayed in front of her audience. And soon the cover of her bush would be gone she contemplated and inexplicably felt a wave of excitement course through her body.  
  
"Now maintain eye contact with your audience. I want you to see us enjoy your gradual denuding," said Lara as she positioned a chair next to the couch and sat in front of her.  
  
Suzy looked at her audience and quivered in shame as Sherry used the scissors to clip her bush. After a while, she lathered her bush and slowly started shaving it away and Suzy blushed continuously as her naked mound gradually came into view.  
  
Sherry rubbed her fingers on her mom's naked pussy and, satisfied that it was smooth enough, used the sides of the towel under her butt to wipe away the remnants of the shaving cream. Suzy continued to sit with her knees up and spread open humiliated to no end and yet her erect clitoris and glistening pussy betrayed how turned on she was.  
  
"Now let's have you do some punishment squats and apologize to Sherry for letting her down," said Lara continuing the thin story line that Don had contrived.  
  
Suzy stood up and faced her daughter and commenced her apology squats saying, "I am sorry I let you down, my dear daughter" while wishing she could smack her daughter's gloating face.  
  
Suzy looked helplessly angry as she did her squats and it only served to make her look that much more alluring. Yet it was obvious to everyone that she was hopelessly turned on by her predicament.  
  
"Like mother, like daughter," pondered Matt happily.  
  
"Now Sherry, you have the pleasure of spanking your mother," said Lara as Sherry happily led her mother to the punishment chair and positioned her.  
  
Sherry remembered all the times her mother had spanked her when she was a kid and a teenager and rubbed her mother's bottom and asked, "What are you waiting for mother?"  
  
"I am waiting for you to spank me, dear daughter," said Suzy maintaining eye contact with her.  
  
"And how does it feel to be naked in front of all of us -- me, Matt, Tim and Lara?" asked Sherry.  
  
"Well," said Suzy and paused before continuing, "You should know what it feels like, you have been there many times before."  
  
The audience laughed and Sherry bristled helplessly.  
  
"Ouch one thank you, dear daughter," said Suzy as the first spank landed a bit harder than expected.  
  
"What happens to bad mothers?" asked Sherry.  
  
"Two thank you, dear daughter. They get spanked by their daughters," said Suzy.  
  
The rest of the spanks continued with the usual teasing and taunting with Lara also pitching in and pointing out the public nature of her punishment and the fact that her future son-in-law was seeing her punished and would soon be punishing her.  
  
Like Sherry, Suzy too was in the grip of intense confusing emotions of humiliation and arousal.  
  
Next was Matt's turn and he chose not to rub it in but it did not stop Sherry and Lara from tormenting Suzy.  
  
Next was Tim and again Tim chose to be restrained but Lara kept up with the teasing.  
  
"Now Sherry. It is your turn," said Lara.  
  
Sherry had already spanked her mom but did not mind having another go and stood up eagerly and went over to Suzy.  
  
"No. It is your turn to be punished. Face your Dad and strip," said Lara and Sherry looked shocked.  
  
And yet she knew it was only a matter of time before that happened, so she braced herself and stood in front of her Dad with the rest of the audience seated next to him.  
  
Lara positioned another chair next to the couch and made Suzy sit on it.  
  
Even though she had done this at the school, Sherry found having to do this in her own home in front of a smaller audience that much more intimate and humiliating. Yet she felt a rush of excitement course through her body as she stood before her Dad and commenced her strip.  
  
She unzipped her skirt and let it drop to the floor.  
  
Next was the blouse and she stood before her Dad clad in a white bra and panties.  
  
"God I can't believe I am stripping in front of my own Dad," thought Sherry as she contemplated her next move blushing upon noticing his unabashed appreciation.  
  
"Bra or Panties. Bra or Panties," she thought.  
  
Clearly panties would be more humiliating, so that is what she chose to do, swaying seductively as she peeled her panties down her hips and thighs and let it rest there all the while maintaining eye contact with a mix of defiance, shame and pride.  
  
She then unhooked her bra from the back and peeled the cups off her breasts and stood gloriously naked in front of her Dad.  
  
Despite her shame, she felt a surge of pride as she noticed her Dad admiring her naked form.  
  
"Now kneel in front of Dad," said Lara handing him a ruler.  
  
Sherry knelt in front of her Dad looking and feeling like a penitent schoolgirl and stretched out her hands for her Dad to give her ten hand spanks.  
  
"Now I had read this in a story and have been waiting to try it out," said Lara leading the puzzled Sherry and making her crouch on all fours at a different spot on the carpet. She then positioned Suzy similarly at a diametrically opposite spot.  
  
"Now Sherry, you crawl clockwise and Suzy you crawl counter-clockwise. When you come face to face with each other, look into each other's eyes and spank yourself and say, "I am a naughty girl."  
  
Sherry and Suzy bristled at this demeaning command and yet felt their pussies get wetter.  
  
They commenced their slow crawl and the audience admired the two pairs of swaying asses and boobs and laughed when Sherry and Suzy spanked each other and simultaneously said, "I am a naughty girl."  
  
The laughter only served to rub in the humiliation and turn them on further. After about seven rounds, Lara decided it was enough.  
  
She positioned another chair next to the one in front of the mirror and kept them a couple of feet apart.  
  
She then led Sherry and Suzy to the chairs and they knelt demurely and looked at their appreciative audience.  
  
This would be the first time mother and daughter would be spanked together and gauging by the interest level of the audience, they knew it would not be the last.  
  
Lara stood in between the two chairs and proceeded to simultaneously spank Suzy and Sherry with her left hand and right hand.  
  
Despite the embarrassment of being spanked naked alongside her mother, Sherry could not help admiring Lara's inventiveness.  
  
Next was Don's turn and he thoroughly enjoyed spanking his wife and his daughter simultaneously.  
  
Matt and Tim followed without much fanfare except for Lara's commentary.  
  
"Now let's have both of you do some apology squats," said Lara.  
  
Sherry and Suzy faced their seated audience and commenced their simultaneous apology squats saying, "I am sorry I have been a bad girl."  
  
"Spread your legs when you squat," instructed Lara and Sherry blushed furiously because she had not shown herself to her Dad like that. Yet she did as directed as did Suzy and the blushing duo completed their ten squats.  
  
Lara wondered what to do next running out of ideas and Tim took advantage of the pause and said, "It's your turn now, Lara."  
  
"What?" exclaimed Lara, for this had not been part of the plan.  
  
"Oh yes. You have been mean to your poor step mother and step sister. You need to be punished for that," said Tim.  
  
Lara thought of protesting and yet felt something stirring in her and got up and knelt demurely in front of Tim and said, "Yes honey. You are right. I do need to be punished."  
  
"Well stand in front of your Dad and strip," instructed Tim.  
  
"Oh God! Guess I deserve this though," thought Lara as she stood in front of her Dad and commenced her strip by taking her blouse off. Next was her jeans and she stood before her Dad for the first time in a red bra and panties.  
  
Like Sherry, she contemplated whether to take her bra off or her panties. She decided on her bra as she unhooked her clasp and peeled the bra off her shoulders and stood topless before her Dad. She noted with gratification that her Dad was mesmerized by her firm boobs.  
  
Like Sherry, she slowly and seductively inched the panties down her thighs and her beautiful, puffy pussy came into view.  
  
She had a thin bush which did not hide her mound completely and Don let his eyes roam all over his nubile daughter's naked form.  
  
Despite the embarrassment of standing naked before her father, Lara was again gratified by the rapt attention she commanded.  
  
Despite enjoying Sherry's humiliation she had been piqued by her Dad's admiration of Sherry's nudity and resented her being the center of attention. Now she was the center of attention as she clasped her hands behind her head without being told to and let her Dad stare at her unabashedly.  
  
"Ok now, you get to experience what it feels like to be shaved in public," said Tim laying out the towel that was used for Suzy.  
  
"Oh no!" thought Lara but knew it was no good to protest. She had brought it upon herself.  
  
"Suzy, would you like to do the honors?" asked Tim and Lara felt helplessly indignant.  
  
She had thoroughly enjoyed putting her stepmother through her paces and had never realized that she would get her comeuppance.  
  
The audience was delighted at this new twist in the plot. Don was thrilled to have all the women in his family naked and submissive.  
  
Suzy teased and tormented Lara as she slowly shaved her bush off and exposed her naked splayed open pussy to her admiring audience.  
  
"Now apologize to your stepmother," said Tim as Suzy returned to her chair and Lara reluctantly got up and did her apology squats in front of the delighted and equally naked Suzy.  
  
"I am sorry I have been a bad stepdaughter," said Lara along with her squats and could not hide the resentment in her tone which only increased the audience's enjoyment of her predicament.  
  
"Now, Sherry," he said and Lara shot him an angry look but went and performed her apology squats in front of the smirking Sherry saying, "I am sorry I have been a mean stepsister."  
  
Tim then made her stand crouched in front of her Dad with her hands on her knees and look into her Dad's eyes while everyone had a turn spanking her. From where he was seated, he could see all of his daughter's charms -- her boobs and bare pussy in front and her ass in the mirror.  
  
Lara blushed helplessly throughout the ordeal but also felt a lot of pride at her Dad's appreciation of her beauty and his enjoyment of her punishment.  
  
Finally it was Don's turn and as directed, he led his naughty daughter by her ear to the punishment chair in front of the mirror and gave her ten swats.

After he resumed his seat, Matt said, "Now let's have all three of you perform your apology squats."  
  
All three humiliated yet insanely turned on women stood in front of their sweethearts and commenced their apology squats saying, "I am sorry I have been a bad girl." Without being asked to they spread their legs as they squatted and held their pose for a minute in order to give everyone a good look at their open pussies.  
  
Soon the ten squats were over and they instinctively got up and hugged each other. The experience had brought them closer.  
  
The men gathered all the discarded clothes and moved towards the stairs.  
  
"You are staying naked for the rest of the evening," said Don as he left the basement and despite all that had preceded, the trio were surprised by that command.

**Sherry's Test Ch. 28 - Punished by her mentor one last time.**

The Friday festivities at the Principal's house returned after a week's respite and Sherry was ushered in by Mary to her guest bedroom.  
  
"Ed wants you to wear this," she said pointing at the school girl uniform.  
  
"Oh God! Ed is here," thought Sherry with mixed feelings as she contemplated another evening of humiliation in front of her mentor.  
  
She disrobed without a fuss and put on the school girl uniform with white blouse, grey skirt and tie. The uniform was a couple of sizes too small for her and it served to accentuate her curves and boobs.  
  
"Very cute, Sherry," said Mary as she walked behind her and tied her hair in a ponytail.  
  
"Kneel in the corner until you are called," said Mary leaving the room.  
  
After about fifteen minutes of kneeling, Ed came in to escort her to the basement.  
  
"Is the naughty girl ready to be punished?" inquired Ed taking in her ravishing form shown to advantage in the schoolgirl uniform.  
  
"Yes Sir," said Sherry and turned and knelt in front of Ed.  
  
"You know, Sherry, much as I have enjoyed the previous two sessions, I was a bit restrained about it. But I am moving to Australia in a month to be with my son and daughter. So today, I am going to indulge myself without inhibition," said Ed.  
  
"Ed, I am still shy in front of you but please don't hold back," said Sherry, strangely pleased to be able to make her mentor happy despite the impending humiliation.  
  
"Are you sure? If so, I will indulge myself to my heart's content to have a night I will not forget," said Ed, stroking her head.  
  
Sherry blushed prettily and said, "Please do, Sir."  
  
Ed asked her to stand and led her by her ear down the stairs to the basement. The audience clapped as they took in her delectable form.  
  
She noticed the usual suspects in the audience - Roberts, Mary, Matt, Harvey and Nancy but she was mortified to see Tammy.  
  
"Oh God!" she thought as Tammy stared at her mentor dressed in a schoolgirl uniform that was too tight for her.  
  
Ed gave his camcorder to the despicable Harvey and Harvey gleefully started recording the proceedings.  
  
Ed made her stand in the center of the room in front of the mirror and raised her skirt and bunched it up in her waistband from the front as well as the back.  
  
"Take your panties down," he commanded and Sherry was surprised at the lack of build up and took her panties down to her knees blushing furiously as her shaved pussy appeared in view.  
  
Ed stared at her bare pussy, framed by the grey skirt and white blouse with grey tie, longingly and proceeded to stick his finger in her pussy and ask, "Have you been a naughty girl?"  
  
Sherry had never seen Ed like this and was shocked but reveled in the humiliation of having Ed stand in front of her with his finger in her pussy with Harvey standing beside him and filming it.  
  
"Yes Sir. I have been a bad girl," said Sherry.  
  
The Principal handed Ed a ruler and he proceeded to hand spank her with the ruler and her audience again noticed how pretty Sherry looked when she winced.  
  
"Ten thank you, Sir," said Sherry as the tenth hand spank landed.  
  
"Now let's have you jogging on the spot. But keep turning slowly as you do so," said Ed.  
  
Sherry stepped out of her panties and started her slow jog blushing continuously. The most difficult part of the demeaning act was making eye contact with Tammy who looked incredulously at her mentor. And yet she maintained eye contact with her audience and felt the humiliation make her pussy moist.  
  
After about three minutes of on the spot jogging, Ed asked her to do some jumping jacks.  
  
And then the usual apology squats.  
  
He then led her by her ear to the punishment chair and gave her ten spanks.  
  
Just when she thought she was going to be spanked by everyone, Ed said, "Now stand up, turn around and take off all your clothes except for the tie."  
  
Sherry was surprised that her denuding was not going to be gradual, but stood up and turned around to face her audience.  
  
"Actually, let's have Harvey, your hated rival, strip you," said Ed changing his mind and Harvey handed the camcorder to Ed and happily moved over to Sherry.  
  
"Ed, can I see you for a second?" asked Sherry.  
  
Ed nodded and took her by her hand to a corner.  
  
"Why are you letting that creep debase me like me this?" whispered Sherry indignantly.  
  
"Oh sweetheart. You have no idea how stunningly beautiful you look when Harvey puts you through your paces. You have no idea how much your expressions of helpless indignation combined with reluctant surrender and uncontrollable arousal turn us on. No man would ever need Viagra if he could see that. And surely, it turns you on despite protestations to the contrary?" said Ed kindly.  
  
Sherry looked into his kind yet excited eyes and merely said, "Let's continue then."  
  
She went back to her previous spot and Harvey was waiting for her.  
  
He let the humiliation of the situation sink in and waited mutely staring at her.  
  
Sherry bristled helplessly and as usual it only served to make the situation more erotic. And yet as in the past, being humiliated by her rival in front of everyone got her insanely turned on.  
  
"Ask," said Harvey plainly.  
  
She wished she could wipe the smirk of his face with her soiled panties and instead she had to degradingly beg him to strip her naked.  
  
"Oh God! How can I continue to be so turned on by this," pondered Sherry.  
  
"Harvey, my hated rival, will you please remove my skirt?" asked Sherry, deliberately putting on a sweet smile to hide her discomfiture.  
  
Harvey proceeded to do so and left her naked from the waist down.  
  
"Harvey, my nemesis, please remove my blouse," said Sherry, now wallowing in the fact that the despicable Harvey was humiliating her.  
  
The audience loved the range of emotions her face betrayed and that was one of the many things that made these occasions so special.  
  
Harvey had her swivel giving her audience a 360 degree view of her bra clad form.  
  
"Harvey, you pathetic creep, please remove my bra and expose me to my perverted audience," said Sherry defiantly provoking him and as usual, her repartee was greeted with appreciative laughter.  
  
"You will pay for that," said Harvey as he removed her bra in an agonizingly slow fashion and left her naked except for the tie hanging between her firm breasts, which only served to accentuate her nudity.  
  
"Now I want you to apologize to me for insulting me," said Harvey.  
  
Sherry looked at Ed and he nodded.  
  
Sherry's eyes flashed rapidly in helpless anger and yet she felt her excitement rising.  
  
"I am sorry I insulted you," said Sherry as she commenced her naked squats in front of the leering Harvey and again noticing that her pussy was enjoying the exquisite humiliation of her capitulation before her nemesis with her mentor filming the proceedings for posterity.  
  
"I am sorry I spoke the truth about you," said Sherry with the second squat and the audience laughed.  
  
"I am sorry you are such a creep," she continued as Harvey looked on helplessly as the audience enjoyed her improvisation and her uncanny ability to make Harvey look like a complete buffoon despite her being nude and helpless before him.  
  
Her ten squats were completed with Sherry prolonging it enough to heighten her own humiliation.  
  
"Now go to Tammy and let her see how wet you are," said Harvey and again Sherry was both mortified as well as turned on by this demeaning command.  
  
"Tammy, my protégé, will you please stick your finger in my pussy and see how wet I am?" said Sherry as Tammy looked shocked and yet undeniably turned on.  
  
"Oh my God, Sherry you are pretty wet!" exclaimed Tammy with her finger in her mentor's pussy and Sherry blushed and shrugged.  
  
"Ok. Now let's have you do some jumping jacks again," said Ed and Sherry stood in front of the mirror and performed some jumping jacks and noticed her spellbound audience enjoy the sight of her bouncing boobs.  
  
Ed handed the camcorder back to Harvey and positioned her on the punishment chair and proceeded to spank her.  
  
Ed took the liberty of caressing her boobs while he spanked her and Sherry was shocked at the monster the kind Ed was turning into but yet strangely gratified at her mentor's enjoyment of her naked beauty. She noted that he was fondling her delicately and lovingly and not just groping her aggressively like Harvey would.  
  
He then led her to the punishment frame and proceeded to tie her wrists as well as ankles to cuffs on the frame.  
  
Ed as well as the rest of her audience appreciated how ravishing the vulnerable, naked Sherry looked.  
  
Roberts handed him the customary set of toy whips which were designed not to sting or leave a mark.  
  
Ed chose one and walked over to the helplessly bound Sherry and said, "choose where you want to be whipped."  
  
Sherry squirmed in her bonds, her arousal going up a notch on by the fact that she would have to be an active participant in her debasement.  
  
"Ed, my kind mentor, please whip my tits," said Sherry deliberately choosing the demeaning phrase for her breasts.  
  
Ed proceeded to whip her breasts and then sensuously caressed the whip all over her stomach, her mound and her erect clitoris.  
  
"Ed, my respected mentor please whip my pussy," said Sherry and Ed stepped back and gently whipped her naked mound with Sherry swaying alluringly.  
  
"Ed, please whip my ass," said Sherry and Ed stepped behind her and whipped her ass for a couple of minutes admiring her naked front and blushing yet excited face in the mirror.  
  
"Ed, please whip my back," said Sherry next and Ed proceeded to do so.  
  
And then she asked him to whip her stomach and her thighs and later about ten minutes of fun, Ed asked Tammy to come and do the same.  
  
"I don't want to," said Tammy.  
  
"Yes but she wants to. Your adulation has been too much for her to bear and she wants you to see her and accept her for who she really is," said Ed as Sherry squirmed under the prospect of being whipped by her own protégé, someone who looked up to her as a model of propriety. Her pussy felt otherwise and welcomed the prospect of this new debasement by gushing.  
  
"Yes Tammy sweetheart. Please come and whip your fallen mentor," said Sherry dramatically.  
  
Tammy walked over hesitantly but it was clear from her body language that she was turned on.  
  
"Wondering how it would feel to be in her shoes?" asked Roberts.  
  
"Well she is not wearing any shoes," said Tammy in a sassy voice and the audience was delighted by her humor.  
  
Yes she had learnt well from her mentor and it would be just as delightful to have her be the star of the show.  
  
"Yeah she is not wearing anything except a tie. Which is what you will be wearing when you come here next," said Roberts.  
  
"I will if Sherry asks me to," said Tammy, her eyes wide with excitement, and the audience was thrilled to hear that.  
  
As with Ed, Sherry had to name the part of the body she wanted whipped and she swayed and squirmed helplessly as her protégé proceeded to whip her all over.  
  
"I can't wait for the roles to be reversed," mused Sherry as Tammy whipped her wet pussy.  
  
After her whipping was done, Tammy inserted her finger in Sherry's pussy and gazed into her eyes and whispered, "God Sherry you are soaking wet. You must really enjoy this."  
  
Sherry looked at her mutely, her eyes silently acknowledging the fact.  
  
After the Principal, Matt, Mary and Nancy had their turns, it was Harvey's turn.  
  
"Harvey, my hated rival, please humiliate me by flogging my tits," said Sherry demurely as the delighted Harvey proceeded to whip both her breasts enjoying her helpless turned on expression and the slight wince.  
  
"Harvey, my sworn enemy, please show me my place by whipping my naked pussy in front of everyone.  
  
Harvey stepped by her side, held her face by her chin and gazed into her blushing eyes as he caressed her pussy with the thongs of the whip, letting the strands dart in and out of her sex.  
  
Sherry swayed and squirmed being driven insane by this abject humiliation and even though she had been in similar predicaments quite a few times over the past couple of months, she was still not inured to it. And clearly neither was her audience because they could not get enough of seeing her in such situations.  
  
Harvey whipped her pussy for a couple of minutes and paused.  
  
"Harvey, my nemesis, I beg you to whip my ass," said Sherry.  
  
"Tammy, hand me your panties" said Harvey and Tammy looked shocked but complied by reaching under her skirt and removing her white panties.  
  
Harvey then had Sherry hold her panties between her teeth and stood behind to admire the sight of this naked goddess with Tammy's white panties in her mouth, with her tie hanging between her breasts. The panties were soaking wet and Sherry writhed under the ignominy of having to taste and smell her protégé's arousal.  
  
The audience stared wide-eyed in enjoyment as Harvey proceeded to whip her butt while caressing her boobs.  
  
Sherry, as was her wont, went through a wide range of conflicting emotions with her expressive face betraying every emotion she felt. For the most part she looked helplessly furious as well as hopelessly turned on.  
  
"Please whip my back," muttered Sherry through her clenched teeth and Harvey obliged.  
  
And next it was her shoulders. And then the stomach and her thighs and then she asked to be whipped all over and Harvey made sure that there was not a single spot left unwhipped.  
  
Ed then came over and release Sherry from her frame and made her crawl to the punishment chair.  
  
He made her sit back on it and drape her legs over the sides of the chair leaving her pussy splayed open.  
  
She always found this position excruciatingly humiliating but was now desperate for release.  
  
Ed chose a strap which was again designed not to hurt.  
  
"Please strap my pussy," asked Sherry gazing into her mentor's eyes. Eyes that had always been kind but now looked delirious.  
  
Ed strapped her naked, exposed pussy gently, sensuously rubbing it over her sex in between strikes and Sherry desperate for contact in that area begged for more.  
  
Ed then instructed Harvey to come over and take a turn and Sherry as usual had to maintain eye contact with her nemesis. And yet being splayed open in front of him and having to ask him to strap her pussy and her ass got her close to an orgasm and she was writhing and moaning helplessly despite wanting to kick the gloating Harvey in the balls.  
  
Sherry pleaded, "Ed, please let me have some relief."  
  
"Yes sweetheart, you have earned that," said Ed and came over and knelt in front of her, gazed into her eyes and began stimulating her clitoris lovingly with his fingers, while stroking her breasts gently with his left hand. Sherry was past the point of caring that her mentor was frigging her in front of everyone and writhed and moaned loudly and uncontrollably.  
  
Ed paused every now and when Sherry looked in his eyes, she realized that Ed was not prolonging it to torment her but rather increase his own enjoyment. His eyes betrayed how much he had always adored her and how much he would miss her and how we wanted to savor this night and not want it to end. He had always fantasized having sex with his beautiful protégé but never let on. This was as close to his fantasy that he would ever get.  
  
Much as she wanted to provide her mentor endless joy, perverted as it may be, her needs were now urgent and her moans were punctuated with "Please Ed don't stop", "God almighty please me come" and "Please, please let me come."  
  
Ed paused briefly one last time to record the moment in his mind and proceeded to stimulate her expertly with his fingers with his hands stoking her breasts until Sherry convulsed wildly, screamed and had her richly deserved mind blowing orgasm, while Ed stared at her transfixed.  
  
He left his finger in her pussy, while she recovered from the aftershock of the tremors, until Tammy came over and handed her some tissues. Sherry wiped herself off and stood up.  
  
"You are still my mentor. Nothing will change that," said Tammy hugging her and the group clapped in appreciation and Sherry looked pleased and said, "Awww Tammy. That is so sweet."  
  
Ed then knelt in front of the naked goddess and kissed her hand and said, "Now this is a night I will remember forever. You have made an old man incredibly happy," and Sherry beamed radiantly at being able to give her mentor an unforgettable gift.

**Sherry's Test Ch. 29 - Sherry is punished before a mystery guest.**

Matt asked me to write this episode of the story. I had enjoyed Matt's rendering of the story so far, so I thought I would try my hand at it.  
  
I was still remembering the intensely humiliating yet electrifying session at the Principal's house the night before while Matt and I were driving over to his parents.  
  
"Wonder what they have planned for me today. Or will they give me a break," I pondered but did not want to ask Matt.  
  
The suspense contributed to the erotic tension of the situation. Not knowing what to expect made me feel ever so vulnerable and helpless. Plus my surprised reactions seemed to enhance everyone's enjoyment of these sessions. Moreover I got to maintain my act of being the hapless victim rather than a willful participant.  
  
Kate opened the door and said, "Strip right here. We want you naked all evening."  
  
"Oh God! It has started already," I rued because I had hoped for at least a drink before being made to strip.  
  
But there was no choice, or so I told herself. [told myself]  
  
I stripped quickly and placed my clothes on the bench in the hallway. It seemed only a matter of time before they would make me strip outside the door.  
  
Kate then led me to the basement and Tom, Andy and Carol were already there having a drink.  
  
They greeted me matter-of-factly but that did nothing to alleviate my awkwardness.  
  
"Kneel in front of us," instructed Tom and I knelt demurely in front of them and clasped my hands on my head and looked at my eager audience.  
  
Matt and Kate had also pulled up chairs next to the couch Andy, Carol and Tom were seated on.  
  
They left me kneeling for a few minutes while they made small talk about current events, totally ignoring me.  
  
"So Matt what's the plan for today?" asked Tom after about ten minutes of chit-chat.  
  
"Well there's been a whole part of Sherry's punishments that you have been left out of. I thought it would be good to have Sherry relate some of the sessions that have taken place at school," said Matt.  
  
My eyes widened with shock and yet I felt something stirring inside me. This was something new and new was good, new was fun, new was exciting. Though I would never admit it openly.  
  
"Sweetheart, stand up with your hands behind your head and tell us how you get punished at school, omitting no detail," said Matt.  
  
I squinted my eyes and looked at him disapprovingly but Matt smiled knowing it was all part of my feigned reluctance.  
  
So I relented and told them the tale of what transpired that Monday.  
  
"Well normally the punishment sessions take place on Monday and Wednesday afternoons after the classes are done. But of late, they have run out of ideas and they merely have me lounge around naked," I started relating the story.  
  
"Oooh that must be so embarrassing! Naked in front of all your colleagues?" piped in Carol.  
  
"Yes. It is still pretty embarrassing," I conceded with a resigned shrug.  
  
"Come on Sherry, no dilly-dallying. Tell us the whole story of what really happened this Monday morning," said Matt.  
  
"Oh God! That was soooo humiliating!" I said.  
  
"Do tell us!" said Tom eagerly.  
  
"Well it was the Monday morning staff meeting. All of us have to give a summary report of the previous week and talk about what we have planned for this week and mention any issues that need the Principal's attention," I continued.  
  
This Monday, at the start of the meeting, the Principal said, "Sherry of late we have run out of ideas for your Monday and Wednesday afternoon sessions. So let's make use of this meeting instead. Stand up on the table and strip."  
  
I was taken by surprise as were the staff. Despite all the ignominies I had suffered over the past few months at school, this was a new one. I had not attended a normal meeting totally in the nude like that.  
  
But I stood up on the conference table and stripped as instructed and was about to go back to my chair when the Principal said, "Sherry, the way we are going to do this meeting is that while giving our reports, we can ask you to do things like kneel on the table, or go on all fours. I haven't scripted this so I will let people improvise."  
  
I looked worried and the Principal was quick to spot that and assure me with, "within reason of course."  
  
"Yeah but your definition of within reason is different from mine," I said.  
  
The Principal said, "Ahh good to see you have not lost your spunk yet. That would be a great loss indeed. Ok we would still like you to submit to everything we ask without question. Let Matt tell you not to follow an instruction if he feels it goes too far."  
  
"I nodded in agreement and waited for the next instruction," I said, continuing the story and noticing I had my audience's undivided attention.  
  
"As was the custom, the Principal went first, so he asked me to kneel in front of him on the table and look into his eyes as he made his report, looking me all over," I continued.  
  
"Next was another male teacher. I won't bother you with names since you don't know them. He too had me kneel in front of him as he made his report. Even though I looked into his eyes, I could feel everyone's eyes burning over my naked form and it increased my embarrassment," I continued.  
  
The fact that everyone's eyes were again burning through my naked form only served to reiterate that experience.  
  
"Next was Tim and he made me get on all fours on the table."  
  
"Next was a female teacher who has it in for me and she had me sit up and lean back and spread myself in front of her, spreading and holding up my thighs with my own hands. The bitch loves to humiliate me," I continued with helpless fury as the memory of spreading myself before Kathy became vivid.  
  
"But you were turned on by all this?" inquired Matt innocently.  
  
"Well you all know I cannot help that. It is my body's automatic response," I said, keeping up the act and the audience smiled knowingly, but let me keep my illusion.  
  
Like me. They too enjoyed the trials and tribulations of a hapless heroine more than they would a willing slut.  
  
"Next was the one I dreaded most. The despicable Harvey. He led me to a sofa chair in the corner of the room and asked me to straddle his lap like a nude dancer while he made his report. I looked at Matt and he looked back inquiringly at me to assess if I really did not want to go through with this denigrating instruction. Perhaps he did not read my reluctance because he nodded asking me to go through it," I continued, unable to keep the reproach out of my voice.  
  
"Actually, what I intuited clearly was that despite how humiliating it was for my sweetheart to debase herself in front of her hated rival, something in her absolutely loves being asked to perform these demeaning acts," said Matt.  
  
"Ha! More like you love to see me in situations like that, pervert!" I said.  
  
"Oh absolutely. That too! I get insanely turned on by seeing her in such predicaments," conceded Matt.  
  
"So I was mortified and felt that running out of the room naked in front of the whole school would be less demeaning than this. But as was my wont, I went through with it and straddled the bastard's lap and looked into his gloating eyes as he stared at my breasts and whatever was visible of my pussy. He seemed entranced by the different views of my pussy on offer as I slid up and down his legs. God it was soooo humiliating to be made to give my arch enemy a naked lap dance. I wanted to slap his leering face more than anything else in the world but instead I had to slide up and down his legs swaying to some imaginary music like a mindless bimbo. I went through a whole gamut of emotions all of which caused my nemesis no end of enjoyment. I shuddered as feelings of rage, helplessness, shame and finally surrender coursed through me. But as much as I hated to admit, my pussy seemed to have a mind of its own and it got turned on further by this abject humiliation. To make matters worse, the prick prolonged his report and it felt like a filibuster. I thought he would read the Constitution next but I think Roberts asked him to get on with it. I was so ashamed and yet hopelessly turned on. But I took great pleasure in ensuring that I did not rub him enough to make him cum," I continued and the audience acknowledged by nodding appreciatively.  
  
However as I stood up, the bastard announced, to my chagrin, "Look at this. The slut has leaked all over me!"  
  
Everyone stared at me and laughed and I was so ashamed I wished the earth would've opened up and swallowed me up," I confessed.  
  
The humiliation of having to relate the story of my public punishment while naked in front of my fiancée's family only served to get me wildly excited, My nipples were hard and I am sure my pussy was glistening, but I dared not look.  
  
I continued to tell my story to my spellbound audience, my voice now betraying my excitement.  
  
"Next was Matt and he was so sweet. He too came over to the sofa chair and had me sit in his lap but facing the audience. He hugged me, stroked my hair, kissed my neck and caressed my boobs lovingly while he made his report. He too spoke more than usual but I did not mind at all and the audience could see how proud I was despite all the humiliations I had been subjected to," I continued.  
  
My story was interrupted by Tom saying, "Let's have you adjust your position a little. Sit down on this chair and drape your legs over the sides. You know the position."  
  
I did as directed, once more splayed helplessly in front of my new family. No matter how many times I had been in this obscene position, I would never get used to it. Not to the humiliation, not to my embarrassment at watching my audience stare mesmerized at the insides of my pussy and not to the thrill I felt at being put on display like this.  
  
I perversely let the humiliation sink in for a minute, making eye contact with each member of my audience before continuing the story.  
  
"Next, another female teacher asked me to march around the room during her report. I was instructed to march as if I was in the German army and felt really silly to be marching naked in that small conference room while some inane matters were being reported on. The audience's laughter only increased my discomfiture and my face burned with shame which predictably served to turn me on even more," I continued.  
  
"Next was another male teacher who asked me to get up on the table and walk while he made his boring report. Felt I was a spectacle on a catwalk."  
  
"Next was my step-sister Lara and she loves to see me humiliated. She had me kneel in front of her and she had me put one finger in my pussy and another in my mouth. At the end of every sentence, I had to interchange the fingers. Tasting my own juices was so degrading and I blushed furiously throughout. Yet I was dripping with excitement and the audience seemed to love it. Even though I had to focus my gaze on my evil step-sister, from the periphery of my eyes, I could see everyone's attention was riveted on me and I felt goose bumps on my naked flesh," I continued now squirming and moaning as memories from Monday morning mixed in with my current situation causing unbearable stimulation.  
  
Still, I continued.  
  
"By now my mind was in a total haze and I craved release. Then another male teacher asked me to lie on my back on the table and masturbate myself. I needed release so badly, I was devastated when his report ended before I could climax," I continued, wishing I could stop the story and run into a bedroom and get me that orgasm.  
  
But the postponement of my orgasm always made them that much more earth-shattering and I steeled myself and continued with all the restraint I could muster.  
  
"Next was Nancy and she asked Matt to lead me to Harvey. She had the bastard stand up in front of me and had Matt hold my hands behind my back and it felt like my sweetheart was offering me to my sworn enemy. It was sooo humiliating and yet I was inexplicably aroused by it. She then fished out a toy whip from her purse and gave it to her leering boyfriend and asked him to whip my breasts every time she finished a sentence. The audience as usual enjoyed by public debasement by my hated rival and despite my fury, I felt my pussy get wetter every time the sonofabitch whipped my tits. The toy whip did not leave any marks but it still stung a little and the audience took great satisfaction in noticing the wince I registered every time the whip hit my naked breasts. There is nothing more humiliating than being whipped like this by your hated rival and yet this abject capitulation turned me on even more," I admitted.  
  
"Finally it was time for my report and I was happy that my ordeal would come to an end and I hoped it was a happy ending, as the saying goes. I was at once humiliated as well as relieved when the Principal asked me to lay on my back on the table and play with myself while giving my report and continue until I came. You would think after all this time, my colleagues would have had enough of my nudity but apparently the male ones seemingly cannot get enough because they stood up to get a vantage position and I looked at their perpetually eager faces and played with myself while talking about inane things such as what I did last week and what I was planning to teach that week and how my students were faring and what I planned to do next week and so on. My report was understandably interspersed with deep moans and stifled screams but my colleagues were spellbound and I am willing to bet that it was not my report that held their attention. Mercifully I was able to bring myself to orgasm before I ran out of things to talk about and Matt, bless his heart came over and handed me some tissues as well as my clothes," I concluded the story.  
  
The audience clapped appreciatively at my being such a good sport and recounting the story in such a detailed fashion with complete honesty. I felt a strange sense of pride at their applause and giving my audience such satisfaction.  
  
Surprisingly, they were still not satiated because Matt announced that they would now watch the episode of my being punished on poker night.  
  
"Oh no. Please honey!! Don't," I pleaded but knew it would be to no avail. They had me sit on the couch with them in front of the mirror and with my legs splayed open. They wanted to watch my embarrassment at having to watch myself being humiliated on TV.  
  
Remember at the beginning of this story, I confessed that something new was welcome. I was at the point of revising my stance on that. Yet, there was a part of me that was curious as to what this debasement would feel like.  
  
"Curiosity traps the pussy," I thought incongruously and almost giggled at that.  
  
"Wonder if I should post that on Facebook?" I wondered.  
  
"God, have I turned into a humiliation junkie?" I pondered helplessly as Matt hooked up his laptop [to] the TV.  
  
Yet it made my sex life more amazing than I had ever dreamt possible. And it made Matt into an insatiable animal. There were times when we had done it three times in a night and I had had deep and long, satisfying orgasms all night long. The afterglow invariably continued the next day.  
  
Matt commenced the video recording of the poker night and the audience watched with rapt attention as I got stripped and spanked by Matt and all his poker buddies. The fact that they chose to alternate looking at the TV and looking at me in the mirror added to my humiliation as well as my arousal. I was being driven insane by my need to climax, that I have no idea how I was able to prevent myself from running into the bedroom screaming.  
  
But I didn't and the familiar heady mix of humiliation and arousal kept me perpetually excited and squirming and swaying and sighing throughout the whole video.  
  
Carol's commentary throughout the video with comments like, "Oh God, Sherry! I can't believe you did that," "Wow Sherry have you no shame?", "Oh my God, that must have been so humiliating," and "Sherry you are such a slut!" did not help the situation.  
  
Finally the movie ended and the audience, including Carol clapped loudly in appreciation and Matt motioned the group to leave us alone.  
  
Tom, Kate, Andy and Carol all took turns to bow to me and kneel in front of me and kiss my hand with fervent gratitude and appreciation. I had supercharged their sex lives too.  
  
They then turned to leave and get on with their own lovemaking but Matt could not wait. He knelt in front me and lovingly started licking my exposed pussy. Our audience left the room while still turning and looking at us.  
  
It was going to be a long night but we didn't have to go anywhere and if nothing else, I had earned myself a night of incredible sex and Matt quickly brought me to uninhibited orgasm number one.  
  
As I had hoped for, it was the first of many and neither of us bothered to move from the basement until the wee hours of the morning.

**Sherry's Test Ch. 30 - Another surprise punishment at school.**

Sherry walked into the teacher's lounge, the next Monday afternoon and the Principal welcomed her, stating that Matt would be in charge of her punishments for that session.  
  
This surprised her because for the past few weeks, they had run out of ideas for punishing her and had merely have her do her work in the nude, which apparently they would never tire of.  
  
Moreover Matt had never been in charge of her punishment at school and she mused on how things had progressed over the last couple of months.  
  
Matt had gone from a knight in shining armor to a happy dom and she herself had gone from a reluctant participant to a willing submissive, though she never admitted her penchant for public humiliation.  
  
Her feigned reluctance only served to add to the excitement of these events and it let her enjoy her hapless heroine predicament without having to take any personal responsibility for craving public humiliation.  
  
She also noticed that the Principal also had his handycam ready for recording the session and Sherry was both mortified and thrilled by it. She knew that this too would be viewed by Matt's family in front of her.  
  
Matt came over and kissed her passionately and whipped out a black blindfold from his pocket. Sherry was again surprised because normally they enjoyed having her be completely aware of what was happening to her and enjoyed watching her varied expressions.  
  
Still the element of surprise was exciting and it was a first. Sherry found herself strangely looking forward to the experience as her sweetheart proceeded to tie the blindfold over her eyes and caressed her cheeks lovingly.  
  
Sherry waited and heard the Principal say, "Come in" and heard footsteps entering the room.  
  
"Hmmm wonder who this mystery guest and what all the drama is," wondered Sherry anxiously and yet not without excitement.  
  
Matt then proceeded to slowly unwrap her. Her blouse came off first. Then her skirt. He let her stand a full minute in her black bra and panties. It was no co-incidence that they matched the blindfold. He had suggested she wear black underwear in the morning and she hadn't thought anything of it.  
  
He then stood behind her and slowly unfastened the bra clasp and peeled the bra sensuously off her, presenting her to the mystery guest.  
  
Sherry blushed at the realization that this was the first time that this mystery guest had seen her boobs. Whoever it was, she was sure she knew him otherwise there would have been no need for the blindfold.  
  
"Sherry sweetheart, would you like to show our new guest your pussy?" inquired Matt.  
  
"No!" hissed Sherry.  
  
"Well he seems to be enjoying looking at your boobs. I am pretty sure he would enjoy seeing the rest of you," said Matt.  
  
"Do I have a choice?" hissed Sherry again, conveniently slipping into her helpless victim role.  
  
"No sweetheart, you do not. And for that matter neither does he," said Matt.  
  
Sherry wondered what that meant but couldn't contemplate that further as Matt instructed her to ask for it.  
  
Sherry felt a familiar thrill course through her body. It always strangely turned her on to ask for her degradation.  
  
"Matt will you please take down my panties and expose my pussy to my mystery guest?" asked Sherry haltingly with feigned reluctance.  
  
"Would you like him to see your naked ass too?" asked Matt.  
  
"Yes please, Matt. Please have me swivel around and expose myself from all sides," said Sherry, now barely able to contain her excitement.  
  
Matt proceeded to peel down her panties and noticed with satisfaction the slight damp spot in the gusset.  
  
He left her panties resting on her thighs as he always found that to accentuate her nudity.  
  
"Arms behind your head," he instructed as Sherry blushingly clasped her hands behind her head.  
  
"Now give us a couple of turns," said Matt and Sherry proceeded to rotate on the spot giving her new guest a good view from all sides.  
  
Matt then proceeded to peel her panties off completely and said, "Spread your legs."  
  
Sherry blushed at the realization that this would be the first time she would be displaying the insides of her pussy to this stranger but she had a feeling it would not be the last.  
  
Matt then slowly proceeded to slip the blindfold off.  
  
Sherry stayed with her eyes closed dreading finding out who this new participant in her ordeal was.  
  
Matt kissed her again passionately and said, "Open your eyes sweetheart."  
  
Sherry opened her eyes slowly and was aghast to see Sam staring mesmerized at her. Sam the jock she had a crush on. Sam, the dumb jock that she had tried to help by hinting at the questions in the test. Sam, the dumb jock who had leaked it to his friends and gotten her into trouble.  
  
As soon as her eyes met Sam's, she shrieked and went into the classic ENF pose with her left hand covering her boobs and her right hand covering her pussy, much to her audience's delight. Sam looked down helplessly.  
  
"Matt, can I see you in the Principal's office?" screamed Sherry.  
  
"Sure honey," said Matt with remarkable calmness.  
  
"Close your eyes, Sam. Do not open them until I tell you to," instructed Sherry as Sam nodded and acquiesced.  
  
Sherry dragged her sweetheart into the adjoining Principal's office and screamed at Matt, "How could you do this to me?"  
  
"Sweetheart, this day was inevitable. Come on you know that. We were just waiting for him to turn 18 otherwise this might have happened a month ago. Plus did you see the boner he was sporting? Come on, that's got to do you good. And trust me, there are still a few surprises in store for you and some of them, you are going to enjoy immensely," reasoned Matt.  
  
"You are not doing this to debase me in front of him because I have a crush on him?" demanded Sherry.  
  
"No sweetheart. On the contrary. Short of you having sex with him, I would love to see your fantasies satisfied. Wait and see darling. Wait and see," continued Matt in his reasonable tone.  
  
And yet deep down, he was petrified that he had gone too far. Sherry had been unconsciously fidgeting with her engagement ring and Matt was afraid she was going to fling it at him. And he would not have been able to blame her for it.  
  
"But he is going to see me in class. How will I be able to face him there?" asked Sherry, not unreasonably.  
  
"Well Sweetheart, there are not too many classes left before the year's out and they graduate. Come on you can do it," said Matt.  
  
He might have added that it was inevitable she would find herself naked before the whole class anyway, but chose to stay quiet. But he was incredulous that Sherry did not realize that already deep down.  
  
"Maybe she does not want to admit to herself and would rather be shocked when it happens," thought Matt with some justification.  
  
"I love you so much, Sweetheart. Remember, tomorrow is a holiday and when we get home I want to make love to you all night long," said Matt and again kissed the naked goddess in front of him passionately on her lips.  
  
"Ok. I have come this far in my journey into depravity, I might as well go a little further," thought Sherry as she quietly nodded and lowered her eyes submissively.  
  
Matt led his sweetheart by her hand and again positioned her in front of Sam and motioned to her to ask Sam to open his eyes.  
  
"Open your eyes, Sam," said Sherry simply, standing before him with her hands clasped behind her head and her legs spread apart.  
  
"Are you sure, Miss?" inquire Sam politely.  
  
"Yes Sam. I have no choice but to comply with the Principal's wishes," said Sherry. She was naked but still needed the cover of the blackmail story.  
  
"I would rather be dismissed, Miss. I do not want any part of this," pleaded Sam.  
  
"But you are a big part of this. And the main reason why your poor teacher is in this predicament. So you will follow orders," reprimanded the Principal.  
  
Sam opened his eyes and again saw his favorite teacher in all her naked, blushing glory.  
  
"Do you like what you see, Sam?" inquired Matt.  
  
"I I am trying not to, Sir," said Sam.  
  
"Yes but come on. Here is your gorgeous teacher standing naked in front of you. Don't tell me you never fantasized about this in class," asked Matt.  
  
"I I might have. She is an incredibly beautiful woman, Sir," admitted Sam and Sherry was pleased to hear his admission as well as to notice the raging hard on he was sporting in his trousers.  
  
Matt had the Principal Roberts come over and stand next to Sam.  
  
"Now Sherry Sweetheart, let's have you do your apology squats in front of the good Principal," instructed Matt.  
  
Sherry chafed because by positioning Roberts next to Sam, it would almost appear as if she was apologizing to Sam.  
  
"Where is the part that I am supposed to like," she fumed as she commenced her apology squats and her fuming only made her sexier.  
  
Sam looked absolutely incredulous as his gorgeous teacher debased herself right in front of him like this. He felt waves of remorse at having been the cause of her predicament.  
  
Sherry completed her ten apology squats saying, "I am sorry I leaked the Test, Sir" at every squat in such a contrite voice that Sam's heart went out to her.  
  
To her surprise, Matt brought her clothes to her and said, "Get dressed, honey."  
  
The audience was surprised too.  
  
Sherry decided to go into the Principal's office and get dressed, not wanting to dress in front of Sam.  
  
When she returned shortly, Matt said, "Sweetheart, now it is your turn to punish this errant student."  
  
Sherry's eyes widened as did Sam's. She had wondered why it wasn't him getting punished instead of her but decided quite rightly that the audience enjoyed her punishments much more.  
  
"What do you have in mind," asked Sherry.  
  
"Well let me orchestrate this. At any point if you feel like improvising, please do," said Matt lovingly caressing her hair.  
  
"Ok Sam. Let's start you off with some apology squats," said Matt.  
  
Sam was glad to be doing it with his clothes on and hurriedly completed his squats.  
  
"Now sweetheart, have him lie in your lap and give him ten spanks," leading her to the punishment chair that was normally reserved for her.  
  
Sherry sat on the chair and waited for Sam to come and drape himself over her lap, his face blushing red. She was pleased to feel his manhood against her thighs and commenced the spanking. She enjoyed the feel of his firm ass and Matt was happy to note the excitement in her eyes. He was right. There were some surprises that day that she would enjoy immensely.  
  
Sam was instructed to count each one and thank her for it which he gladly did. In a way, Sam was relieved he was being punished to alleviate some of the remorse he was feeling at getting his favorite teacher into trouble.  
  
"Now Sweetheart, take his trousers down," instructed Matt as Sherry's eyes widened with the realization that he was going to let her strip him naked.  
  
"So he is not jealous at all. On the contrary, he wants me to have as much fun with him as possible," though Sherry happily, looking adoringly at her beau.  
  
Sam got up and stood in front of his teacher and she knelt in front of him and sensuously unzipped his trousers and peeled it down his athletic legs. His shirt unfortunately covered his boxer shorts, so Matt asked her to remove his shirt too.  
  
Sherry stood in front of the handsome jock and sexily unbuttoned Sam's shirt slowly, pretending to caress his chest inadvertently.  
  
Sam blushed red as he stood before his teacher in his T-Shirt and boxers. His raging hard-was now undisputable.  
  
"Ok, ten more," said Matt and Sherry proceeded to drag him over her lap and give him ten more swats with her right hand while she held his ear lobe with her left hand.  
  
"Ok Sherry, you know the rest," said Matt.  
  
Sherry looked excitedly at him as she asked her crush to stand in front of her again.  
  
She had to stand on her toes to remove the T-Shirt off him and she stared mesmerized at his muscular, well toned chest and shoulders and six pack abs.  
  
Matt motioned her to continue and Sherry knelt in front of the jock and slowly peeled the boxers off him and his manhood swung free and saluted her.  
  
Sherry almost felt giddy with excitement. She had fantasized being in the showers with him so many times and this was as close as it would get to her fantasy.  
  
She wondered what it would have felt like to go down on him and swallow all of his eight inches but that would remain a fantasy. Something she would no doubt think about while using her vibrator.  
  
She was happy to note that his dick was drooling. Sam, the Nordic God stood in front of her as naked and blushing as she had been a few minutes ago.  
  
She gestured him to spin and like Sherry, Sam had to swivel a few times so that both she as well as the room could take in all of him. Or at least the women in the room. The men were wishing they could be elsewhere. They had wanted to leave halfway through the proceedings but the Principal told them that if they did, they would be permanently banned for Sherry's sessions.  
  
She dragged Sam over her lap again and was beside herself at getting her hands on his firm naked butt while getting to feel his erect manhood against the insides of her thigh.  
  
Sherry looked sad when her ten spanks were over and Matt said, "You can give him ten more honey. You deserve it and more importantly he deserves it."  
  
Sherry was delighted and decided to position him in the pose she was normally made to take – kneeling on the sofa chair facing the mirror. She also instructed him to look in the mirror.  
  
She stood behind him, grabbed his penis in her left hand and started spanking his butt. She enjoyed watching his blushing face as he made eye contact with her and the others. The fact that there were male teachers present was particularly humiliating to him and he wished to look down but he had been instructed to look in the mirror.  
  
Sherry enjoyed holding his throbbing penis in her hand while giving him his spanks and listening to him moaning while counting out the strokes. Matt was not jealous in the least and was thrilled that his sweetheart was getting a chance to be on the other side of the spanking and that too with her crush.  
  
"Maybe I should try being the spankee sometime," he pondered.  
  
Sherry obviously enjoyed it so much that she decided to give him ten more in that position and poor Sam was trying his hardest not to ejaculate with all the hand stimulation along with the eroticism of the situation.  
  
"Ok. Sherry now you can lead your errant student and introduce him to all your colleagues," said Matt.  
  
Sherry enjoyed leading the naked Sam by his earlobe and introducing him to the staff. The male teachers just chose to nod with embarrassment. The female teachers chose to either shake his hand and look into his blue eyes or shake his erect penis.  
  
She then had Sam do his apology squats again but this time she as well as the women in the audience got to enjoy watching his penis bob up and down.  
  
"Ok now it is time for your teacher to join you in getting punished," said Matt, again surprising Sherry.  
  
She shot daggers at him but realized she was wildly excited to be naked again in front of Sam and this time they would be naked together. Matt was right. This was as close as she would come to having sex with Sam without actually doing it.  
  
Matt instructed Sam to position Sherry in front of the mirror while he stripped her.  
  
Sam led his gorgeous teacher to stand in front of the mirror and knelt behind her to unfasten her skirt and let it drop. He then unbuttoned her blouse standing real close to her with his penis rubbing against her lower back. Both were being driven wild with desire.  
  
Before commencing the stripping, Matt had whispered to Sam that he should enjoy the stripping and he could take liberties with feeling her up a little and that she would actually enjoy it. Sam was doubtful but after the events of the evening his mind was not in a position to decide what was reasonable and what was not.  
  
Sam let his penis rest snugly against Sherry's lower back and she could feel his balls on her ass as he cupped both her bra clad breasts. Sherry looked in the mirror and blushed furiously and moaned helplessly.  
  
He then undid the clasp of her bra and peeled it off with agonizing slowness. He caressed her naked breasts in front of the spellbound audience.  
  
Then he stepped back and peeled her panties off her shapely ass while admiring her bare pussy in the mirror. He then fingered her pussy with his right hand while administering to her breasts with his left hand. His penis was still rubbing against her back and she could feel the wetness from it. Her moans grew louder and more urgent and was sad when he was asked to stop before she climaxed.  
  
Matt then had Sam stand in front of her and hold her hands. He took Sam's briefs and put it in Sherry's mouth and took her panties and put it in Sam's mouth. They both blushed helplessly at the sight of each other with the other's underwear hanging from their mouths. They could taste and smell each other's juices and their nostrils inflamed with the intimate scents of the other.  
  
All the women teachers took their turns spanking Sam as he looked into Sherry's eyes with her panties hanging between his teeth.  
  
All the male teachers then took turns spanking Sherry as she looked into Sam's eyes with his boxers between her teeth.  
  
True to form, Harvey did not lose his chance to torment Sherry with his taunting. Nancy gave Sherry a break and devoted all her attention to Sam.  
  
Finally, everyone had had their turn.  
  
Given that there were almost an equal number of male and female teachers, the symmetry was perfect.  
  
"Now let's have the two of you do your apology squats together," said Matt.  
  
Sam and Sherry both dropped the panties and the boxers in their mouths and stood facing the staff and began their apology squats to the delight of the audience. The male teachers focused on Sherry, trying to block out Sam and the female teachers focused on Sam but enjoyed looking at Sherry too.  
  
Sherry was continuously aroused and Sam lost his erection intermittently only to regain it a few minutes later. They were both being driven insane with desire and wished more than anything to climax.  
  
But they had no such luck as Matt seemed to keep surprising everyone with new scenes or old scenes rehashed to fit the situation.  
  
He instructed them to crawl around in circles in opposite directions and when they came face to face with each other, they were to swat their own behind and say "I am a naughty teacher" or "I am a naughty student."  
  
Matt had gotten this idea from a story he had read a long time ago. Sherry had already experienced the ignominy of doing this with another woman but this was the first time she would be doing it with a man.  
  
She rolled her eyes at her audience's insatiable desire for such acts. She wondered about her own insatiable desire for such degradation.  
  
Sam looked confused about the instructions and Matt had Sherry explain to the dumb jock what was expected of him.  
  
Despite everything that had transpired that afternoon, both Sam and Sherry blushed when they had to face each other, spank their own butts and confess to being naughty. They were both leaking juices over the carpet.  
  
"Next time I would like to see Sherry lead Sam with a string tied around his dick," mused Nancy.  
  
Poor Sam thought, "Next time? What next time? I was not told about a next time. I just signed up for this one event."

But the sensory overload of his current situation was overwhelming and prevented further reservations about what was in store for him in the future.  
  
After ten rounds, Matt decided that was enough.  
  
Matt led his sweetheart to her chair and instructed her to sit on it with her legs draped over the side and her pussy spread wide open.  
  
He then positioned another sofa chair a few feet in front of her and asked Sam to sit similarly facing her.  
  
This was the first time she was facing her crush like this and she felt totally degraded and yet she felt the familiar exhilaration and the rush of total surrender. She waited for her sweetheart to direct her.  
  
Before he could provide further instructions, Harvey and Nancy started teasing Sherry with predictable questions such as "Sherry dear, do you like being exposed like this in front of your favorite jock?"  
  
"No."  
  
"Sherry sweetheart, this is what he is going to be remembering the next time, you see him in class."  
  
"Oh no!"  
  
"Would you like to be displayed like this in front of the whole class?"  
  
A breathless, "No!"  
  
"Are you sure. Sounds like you may find the experience rather enjoyable."  
  
"No way!"  
  
"Are you turned on now?"  
  
"Yes!"  
  
"Would like to come?"  
  
"Yes! Damn you! Yes!"  
  
"Yes what?"  
  
"Yes please. Please let me come! Please, please let me come!"  
  
"Would you like to shamelessly masturbate in front of your student with all of us watching?"  
  
"Yes. Please!"  
  
"You don't mind us watching?"  
  
"I don't care if the whole world watches! Just let me come!" screamed Sherry.  
  
By now the audience had taken strategic positions. The males in front of Sherry and the females in front of Sam.  
  
"Sam, would you also like to jerk off?" inquired Nancy.  
  
Sam tried to say no but his dick overruled it.  
  
"Yes!" he whimpered.  
  
"Ok but make sure you hold your dick straight up. I don't want any of your spunk flying over and landing on Sherry," warned Matt.  
  
Sam nodded mutely.  
  
"Ok. Look at each other while you jack off or jill off. Let's see who gets off first," said Matt.  
  
Sherry by now was a master of delayed gratification and even though she feverishly stroked herself, she was able to stop just short of an orgasm. Sam on the other hand was not used to such situations and it was a marvel he had not already shot his load. It took but a few strokes form him to grunt and moan and ejaculate in multiple spasms.  
  
Sherry continued for a full five minutes beyond that and made eye contact with Sam as she finally bucked and heaved and convulsed into a mind-blowing orgasm.  
  
Matt knelt next to her and passionately kissed her on her lips. It was a long satisfying kiss but he could not wait to get home. His capacity for delayed gratification had been stretched to the limits.  
  
Nancy's hunger for voyeuristic pleasures however remained unabated.  
  
She instructed both Sherry and Sam to kneel naked by the door and kiss the hand of each passing teacher of the opposite sex.  
  
Sherry and Sam wiped themselves with tissues and knelt as directed.  
  
"You may use this room, if you can't wait to get home," the Principal told Matt before leaving.  
  
Matt was thankful for that.  
  
Sherry expressed her gratitude by kneeling in front of her beau and unzipped his trousers.  
  
A nice romantic dinner afterwards would recharge them before an endless night.

**Sherry's Test Ch. 31 - Tammy's turn to be punished.**

It was Friday evening again and Matt and Sherry were headed to the evil Principal's house. Lair would have been a more appropriate term.  
  
In the car with them was Tammy. Tammy had agreed to volunteer for the event and she was giddy with trepidation and excitement.  
  
"Oh Sherry, I don't know if I can go through with this," said Tammy doubtfully.  
  
"Entirely up to you, honey. But as a wise man once said, if I can do it, you can do it," said Sherry imitating Sylvester Stallone.  
  
Tammy giggled, partly out of nervousness.  
  
"Oh God what have I signed up for. To be nude in front of Sherry and her boyfriend. And that despicable Harvey, the evil Nancy. And that diabolical Roberts?" wondered Tammy.  
  
But she had made a commitment and she would follow through. She knew that. And so did Sherry.  
  
"Will you step into my parlor, Tammy?" asked Roberts, greeting them at the door.  
  
Sherry smiled and was relieved that for once she would not be the center of attention.  
  
The usual suspects were already in the basement, Harvey and Nancy, Tim and Lara and the Principal's wife, Mary.  
  
But there was someone who she did not know.  
  
That surprise visitor was Boris.  
  
Tammy had wondered whether it would be more shameful to be punished in front of strangers or acquaintances. She would get to experience both and decide for herself.  
  
Boris was one of the main patrons of the school. Sherry and Nancy had been exposed to his generosity at the fundraiser a couple of months ago. His patronage had been vital to the Principal's thriving career.  
  
"I had been inviting Boris to come to these events for a while now but as you can imagine, he is a very busy man. I am delighted he was finally able to grace us with his presence here and I trust that he will not be disappointed," said Roberts.  
  
"I doubt I would be disappointed by anything organized by you, Roberts," said Boris re-iterating his confidence in the diabolical Principal.  
  
"We endeavor to please, Sir," said Roberts gratefully and continued, "Sherry, I would like you to be the master of ceremonies today. Or mistress if you prefer."  
  
Sherry was visibly excited about the prospect and Tammy, predictably had mixed feelings. But what better than having her mentor guide her into the world of submission and public humiliation, she pondered.  
  
A instructed earlier, Tammy went and knelt in front of her mentor and said, "Sherry, my esteemed teacher and mentor, I am sorry I was caught cheating on my test. Please punish me as you see fit."  
  
"Now, now, Tammy, are you sorry you were caught cheating or are you sorry you were cheating?" inquired Sherry sternly.  
  
"If a student cheats without getting caught, does she make a sound?" inquired Tammy wittily and the audience clapped in delight.  
  
Like Sherry, her brattiness and wit would make her comeupance and eventual capitulation that much sweeter.  
  
"We will see how witty you are when you are naked and being whipped," said Sherry and Tammy was again reminded of things to come and shook with excitement and trepidation.  
  
"Yes Miss Sherry. Please teach me a good lesson," she said contritely.  
  
Sherry rose up and led Tammy by her hand to face her seated audience with her hands clasped above her head.  
  
She knelt behind her protégé and unzipped her pants and peeled it off her. She was wearing a short T-Shirt so her shapely legs as well as her lacy panties were now on view.  
  
Since this was Tammy's first foray into kinkiness, everyone had expected her denuding to be more gradual, but Sherry decided to go for the element of surprise and started slowly peeling her panties down.  
  
Tammy blushed with the realization that her pussy would soon be exposed to her eager audience. This was the first time she would be exposed in public. She was no prude and had a few boyfriends already but she had never been naked in front of more than one person at the same time.  
  
Sherry took her time exposing her protégé and the audience appreciated the slow strip tease. The mirror behind her let them enjoy her ass as it slowly came into view.  
  
Roberts was right in surmising that Boris would find a novice debutante more alluring than someone who had experienced it before. Boris was relishing watching Tammy blush beautifully as her trimmed pussy came into view.  
  
Sherry had instructed Tammy to trim and not shave her bush and she had done an admirable job of it.  
  
Eventually, the panties were peeled all the way down and Sherry left it at her thighs and asked her to hobble over to each of the guests and offer them a close view of her pussy.  
  
Tammy felt humiliated but like her mentor felt excitement course through her body.  
  
She hobbled over to Matt first.  
  
"Oh my God. This is Sherry's fiancée and I am showing him my twat," thought Tammy as she stood before Matt and asked, "Would you like to take a good look at my pussy, Sir?"  
  
Matt said he would and left her standing in front of him for a full minute while he stared at her mound visible through her sparse hair.  
  
He eventually nodded and Tammy hobbled over to Boris.  
  
Boris stroked his trimmed beard while staring at her pussy and she incongruously wondered if his beard would tickle her if he went down on her.  
  
She continued on her circuit. Predictably, the worst was Harvey who rubbed it in that she was exposing herself shamelessly to her mentor's enemy. Predictably, Tammy found herself turned on more by his taunts and now had a glimpse of what her mentor felt.  
  
She returned to Sherry who asked her step out if her panties completely.  
  
She then proceeded to remove her T-Shirt and Tammy now stood in front of her audience clad only in a lacy light blue bra.  
  
Sherry pondered whether to strip her completely right away or wait a little but decided to strip her. She unclasped the bra hook and peeled it off seductively as Tammy stood mutely facing her spellbound audience.  
  
The bra joined her panties on the floor and Tammy stood completely naked in front of her audience with her hands clasped behind her head. Her breasts were firm but not as big as Sherry's but there would be no complaints from her audience. Like Sherry, she had a well-toned body and she did not have an ounce of fat on her body.  
  
"Let's start with some apology squats," said Sherry.  
  
Tammy felt strangely exhilarated at having to do this naked in front of her eager audience. Her pussy was positively wet.  
  
Like her mentor, she perversely spread her legs while squatting and lingered, giving her audience an eyeful.  
  
"Now some jumping jacks," said Sherry and her audience devoured the youthful, fit, naked Tammy jump up and down with her small boobs bouncing.  
  
Sherry had been tipped before that she would be the MC, so she had come prepared.  
  
Next was the skipping rope that had been pre-arranged.  
  
The audience was delighted to watch Tammy skip naked. Sherry had her move around a bit while skipping so each member got to experience her standing directly in front of them.  
  
Tammy was blushing furiously throughout but getting wetter by the minute. She was terrified she would start leaking over the basement carpet.  
  
Next was the hula hoops and again the audience watched her swaying naked form with rapt attention.  
  
Roberts was pleased to note that Boris was enjoying the proceedings, He had been right in his assessment that a new entrant to the scene would be of interest to him.  
  
"Is your pussy wet, naughty Tammy?" inquired Sherry.  
  
Tammy bit her lip and thought of lying but decided otherwise.  
  
"Yes, Miss. I am afraid it is," she admitted with downcast eyes.  
  
"Let the audience ascertain for themselves that you are a shameless slut who gets turned on by public humiliation," admonished Sherry.  
  
"It takes one to know one," retorted Tammy before she could muster up self-restraint and the audience, particularly Harvey guffawed heartily. Sherry looked helplessly furious but she could not fault Tammy.  
  
Sherry dragged Tammy over to Matt leading her by her ear and asked, "Will you please check to see if my shameless protégé has a wet pussy?"  
  
"Soaking," pronounced Matt and proceeded to taste her.  
  
Soon all the members of the audience had their first feel of Tammy's nubile pussy. Most chose to taste it. Mary and Lara chose to make Tammy taste herself which she did blushingly.  
  
She was beginning to get a sense of how delightfully addictive these situations could get and she was glad she had overcome her reservations about following in her mentor's footsteps.  
  
Next was the spanking in front of the mirror and like Sherry, Tammy experienced a range of emotions through her spankings - shame, anger, embarrassment, outrage, fear, denial, excitement, wanting it to stop, wanting it to not stop. Her mind was a confused mess but her pussy seemed to relish it all, as did her audience.  
  
Like Sherry, she found making eye contact with her spanker and the audience in the mirror that much more humiliating and that much more arousing,  
  
And then there were the merciless taunts from Harvey and Nancy. Even Lara joined in.  
  
Of all of them, Boris took the longest time, savoring every nuance of her expression as he paused longer between spanks, caressing her boobs and stroking her ass and fingering her clit.  
  
Until that moment, Tammy did not know she had Daddy issues and wondered what it would be like to sleep with the older Boris.  
  
Finally, everyone had their turn and Sherry turned Tammy around, placed a towel on the chair and asked her to sit on the chair with her legs draped over the sides.  
  
Tammy turned red as this was her first experience of being displayed with her pussy splayed open like that. Yet her pussy was gushing with approval as her insides framed by her pubic hair came into view.  
  
Sherry returned with a razor and shaving cream and realization dawned on Tammy.  
  
This was why she had been instructed to not shave!!  
  
Tammy looked reluctant and unsure about being humiliatingly shaved like this but could not be angry with her mentor. She had wanted to experience everything her mentor had gone through and was now being asked to follow through on her intentions.  
  
Sherry chose to humiliate herself as well as Tammy.  
  
"Harvey, my enemy, would you like to shame my protégé by shaving her slowly naked in front of all of us?" inquired Sherry, holding up the razor and shaving cream.  
  
"Would be delighted to," answered Harvey as he took the razor and shaving cream and leered at the hapless Tammy.  
  
He slowly lathered her, remarking how wet the slut already was and how she was just like her mentor and Tammy felt more aroused by his comments. The tension of wanting to slap his face while being unable to do so, merely increased her arousal.  
  
The audience gathered around and Boris let Harvey lather her pussy up before offering to do the honors. Harvey obviously could not refuse and reluctantly handed over the razor to Boris.  
  
Tammy found it even more embarrassing and even more exciting, that Boris, the father figure, would perform this terribly intimate act in public.  
  
She moaned and made bedroom eyes as the older but handsome and stately Boris slowly and carefully shaved her pubic hair, pausing after every stroke to watch the humiliation and the arousal on the beautiful and innocent Tammy's face. As usual, Roberts had been recording the proceedings from the start and Tammy blushed helplessly as he came to take close-ups of her denuding.  
  
She was gripped by two conflicting thoughts at the same time. One was that the fear that she would have to experience it again. And another was the inexplicable fear that she would never get to experience this exquisite humiliation again.  
  
Eventually, the agonizingly slow shaving came to an end and Boris wiped off her pussy to reveal her naked mounds and labia to everyone. He sensuously stroked her mound and fingered her clit as poor Tammy helplessly squirmed and moaned and begged for an orgasm.  
  
"Not yet, sweet Tammy. You need to learn the agony and the ecstasy of a delayed orgasm," said Sherry kindly.  
  
"I promise you will enjoy it all the more," continued her mentor as if she was instructing her in the kama sutra.  
  
Sherry then had her push out her butt a little so that it would be accessible for spanking. This was the position Sherry herself found most humiliating. All of her charms were visible, butt, splayed open pussy, breasts and blushing face.  
  
She then knelt before her protégé and gently hand spanked her pussy. Tammy bucked her hips wildly as her mentor slapped her naked pussy in public.  
  
She then took gave her ten spanks on her butt, while kneading her breasts and invited everyone to have a turn.  
  
Tammy looked alluringly as one after one, everyone came over, knelt by her side, took in all her charms on offer and spanked her butt again and again. Some stroked her mound while spanking her butt. Some inserted their finger and flicker her clit. And some stroked her breasts. And yet they did it masterfully as to not let her orgasm. They had practiced well on Sherry.  
  
Next was the frame and the audience was delighted to watch the naked Tammy bound to the frame for the first time with her wrists bound to the top and the ankles fastened at the bottom with her legs spread open. She looked so delightfully submissive standing helplessly bound, blushing at facing herself in the mirror.  
  
Sherry wanted her to experience what it felt like to specify where she was to be whipped.  
  
She herself went first as Tammy asked, "Sherry, my esteemed mentor, please whip my naked breasts."  
  
As with Sherry, the audience noted the delightful wince at the end of every stroke.  
  
"Sherry, please whip my ass," asked Tammy and Sherry obliged.  
  
And then the back and then her legs and then her stomach and then her thighs and her pussy.  
  
For the pussy, Sherry went behind her and curled the whip from under her legs. The audience was mesmerized as the throngs of the whip curled up from under her ass and caressed her mound and made her squeal.  
  
It had taken Sherry a few sessions to get subjected to all these different punishments but poor Tammy was getting a crash course in humiliating subjugation.  
  
Next up was Harvey and he too whipped her all over her body, teasing and tormenting her as he was wont to do.  
  
The others followed.  
  
She found being whipped by Matt, her mentor's fiancée particularly humiliating and weirdly satisfying.  
  
Last was Boris and Tammy was on the edge of a mind-blowing climax at having her surrogate Dad whip her all over her bound, naked form.  
  
She swayed and moaned seductively at it was very obvious to everyone that Tammy had a massive crush on Boris. To her delight, Boris continued longer than everyone else, pausing to knead her breasts, caress her face, kiss her neck and play with her pussy in between strokes.  
  
"Now, Sherry, It is time for you to join the proceedings," said the evil Principal and Sherry was shocked. She had not seen this coming and believed she had been given a reprieve for the night.  
  
Yet as images of being punished in the nude with her protégé came to mind, something within her stirred and she found herself warming up or rather, wetting up to the prospect.  
  
"Yes Sir. Please punish me along with my naughty protégé," said Sherry demurely kneeling before Roberts.  
  
"Boris, would you care to strip this errant teacher?" inquired Roberts and Boris said he would be delighted to.  
  
Boris positioned her in front of the mirror and proceeded to slowly strip the gorgeous Sherry.  
  
The audience gathered behind her to watch her gradual disrobing in the mirror.  
  
"God I would have thought they would have had enough of watching me get stripped," thought Sherry but then was glad that they didn't. It made her feel strangely powerful that she had so much sway over men despite being seemingly helpless.  
  
Once Sherry was naked, Roberts led her to frame. He readjusted Tammy to make room for Sherry.  
  
"I really need to get another frame," he muttered.  
  
"Go ahead and furnish this den, Roberts. And send me the bill," said Boris and Roberts looked gratefully at him.  
  
Soon Sherry and Tammy were both tied together to the frame. Matt, came over and inserted Tammy's panties in Sherry's mouth and Sherry's panties in Tammy's mouth and they both looked insanely delectable with each other's panties hanging from clenched teeth.  
  
Sherry looked disapprovingly at Matt and he smiled and shrugged. Her shining knight of armor had turned into a dark night. And she did not mind. The shining knight act was boring and she was glad it was merely an act. Though she still remained confident that Matt worshipped the ground she walked on (knelt on as he liked to tease) and would do anything to make her happy.  
  
Roberts took turns whipping them both and the audience delighted in watching them from all angles. They looked a delectable pair and they would never tire of watching then get bound naked and whipped.  
  
Next was Harvey and he chose to have a whip in both hands and whip them both at the same time. Sherry and Tammy found his leering look particularly demeaning and yet felt the strange rush of abject surrender.  
  
Nancy too mercilessly teased and taunted both of them.  
  
Mary as usual went about it quietly.  
  
Being whipped together by Matt was also an incredibly stimulating experience.  
  
Boris came over and took the panties from Sherry and Tammy's mouth saying, "I want to hear them plead and moan."  
  
After he whipped Sherry all over, he brought Tammy to an orgasm. She could not control it any longer as she swayed and screamed as his whip caressed her breasts and convulsed wildly and screamed and climaxed as he stood in front of her thrust the lashes inside her pussy while stroking her breasts.  
  
She looked into his beautiful eyes as the throes of her orgasm subsided. She was so grateful that he had been the one to make her lose control and he held her gaze.  
  
The kind Mary wiped her off with tissues but neither Boris nor her audience had had enough.  
  
They tried different permutations and combinations. They had two standing on either side and whipping them simultaneously. They had two whipping one simultaneously while the other watched in the mirror.  
  
They tried one whipping them from behind while another whipped from the front.  
  
Boris chose to kneel in front of Tammy and insert the strands of the whip into her pussy and stimulate her while Matt whipped her ass and brought her to orgasm number two.  
  
Sherry had to suffer the ignominy of having Harvey stimulate her in like manner while Matt whipped her ass and back and she too lost control and had an earth shattering orgasm while looking into her detestable enemy's eyes and watching his smug face.  
  
To make matters worse, Harvey chose to wipe her off with tissues himself and Sherry looked on in helpless anger and noticed herself getting turned on all over again.  
  
They were then untied and made to do their apology squats together. Sherry said, "I am sorry I leaked the test" while doing her squats and Tammy demurely said, "I am sorry I cheated on my test."  
  
And then came the naked crawling around in circles in opposite directions. Sherry had been through this a few times before but it was an entirely new experience for Tammy and she was soon leaking all over the basement carpet. The stimulation of crawling on all fours and looking into her mentor's eyes, swatting her butt and saying, "I am a naughty student" while the mentor who was her role model did the same while saying, "I am a naughty teacher," was too overpowering.

Roberts finally had Sherry sit on the chair and drape her legs over the sides.  
  
"Tammy, go and get your mentor off," he said and both Sherry and Tammy gasped in shock.  
  
"I had not seen this coming. No pun intended," thought Tammy and almost giggled deliriously.  
  
Sherry too warmed up to the idea of her protégé pleasuring her though she would have wished it to be in private. She was past caring though and prepared to be publicly masturbated by the eager Tammy.  
  
Tammy administered her mentor lovingly, while Harvey and Nancy rubbed in the humiliation relentlessly. Despite that or maybe because of that, Sherry soon bucker hips and convulsed wildly as she screamed the names of various deities and saints and had orgasm number two.  
  
Next was predictably, her turn to return the favor. She wiped herself with some tissues and exchanged positions with her protégé. She beckoned Boris to come kneel on the other side. Tammy was delirious under the sensory overload of her father figure watch her mentor masturbate her.  
  
"Did your Dad have a beard, Tammy?" inquired Sherry in the middle of fingering her pussy.  
  
"What?" asked the incredulous Tammy before the question registered in her mind.  
  
"Yes he did!" she admitted as Sherry and Boris smiled.  
  
Sherry whispered something to Boris and he proceeded to rub his face and his beard all over Tammy's breasts as Sherry inserted two fingers to the hilt and kept flicking her clit until her protégé screamed and had mind-blowing orgasm number three.  
  
Mentor and protégé looked into each other eyes with a new recognition and respect. Their relationship would survive this ordeal and the audience prepared to rise to give them a standing ovation.  
  
"Pun intended," thought Tammy, as she noticed the male members of her audience stand up to clap and cheer wildly.

**Sherry's Test Ch. 32 - Punished in front of Dad's Poker Friends.**

"Come on in sweetheart," said Don opening the door and letting Sherry and Matt in.  
  
Seated in the living room were two males who looked very familiar and Sherry was trying to place them.  
  
"You remember, Uncle Brian here?" asked Don.  
  
"Oh yes, I do! Gosh it has been over ten years!" exclaimed Sherry as she recollected memories of one of her father's poker buddies when she was growing up. She remembered how she had enjoyed the attention she used to get from her father's poker buddies as she used to serve them refreshments dressed in skimpy outfits.  
  
Brian rose to give her an affectionate hug before sitting down again.  
  
The man next to Brian looked familiar too.  
  
"And Uncle Walter?" asked Don.  
  
"Oh yeah!" said Sherry as recognition dawned on her and Walter too gave her an affectionate hug.  
  
Walter was another of her Dad's poker buddies. And another one she had been fond of and enjoyed tormenting with her budding sexuality.  
  
They had always been generous with birthday presents and high-school graduation presents. Even after they had moved out of town, they had been sure to send her birthday presents with affectionate cards. They had not disappointed her this time too as they handed her the presents they had bought.  
  
Sherry opened her presents excitedly. Uncle Brian had given her an expensive pendant and she rose to hug Brian and give him an affectionate kiss on his cheek as he tried not to blush.  
  
Walter had given her beautiful tablet. He too got an affectionate hug and a kiss on his cheek.  
  
"You shouldn't have! This is too much!" said Sherry embarrassed at receiving such expensive presents.  
  
"Not at all. Anything for our niece. Your Dad mentioned you were thinking of buying a new tablet when we asked him for suggestions," said Walter.  
  
"And you can never go wrong with jewelry," said Brian and Sherry looked happy taking in all the affection that was being lavished on her as Suzy felt a little envious of her daughter. But they had been nice enough to bring her flowers and a nice bottle of wine and that was all she could hope for.  
  
Brian and Walter had moved out of town and started a business together.  
  
"I was very happy to learn that Brian and Walter here had a business meeting in town and was delighted when they consented to stay over the weekend," said Don.  
  
"Well we couldn't possibly leave without seeing our favorite niece again! We were told you were tied up yesterday," said Walter.  
  
Sherry blushed as she imagined her rascal Dad saying that with a suppressed chuckle to his poker buddies.  
  
"Too bad, Roger couldn't join us otherwise we could have set up a game," said Brian.  
  
"Well Matt here plays though I have never played with him. Want to join us in a game, Matt?" asked Don.  
  
"Would be delighted to, Sir! Though I am sure my skills would be no match for you seasoned veterans," said Matt.  
  
"Not to worry. We are not that good. And pretty rusty," said Don.  
  
The table was set up in the basement and the game commenced as Sherry and Suzy chatted upstairs, periodically coming down to the basement to make sure the players were well supplied with refreshments.  
  
Brian and Walter feasted their eyes on the beautiful Sherry. Their faces glowed whenever she stepped into the room carrying a drink or snacks. She was a gorgeous teenager when they had seen her last and she was now a ravishingly beautiful woman.  
  
After the game had gone on for a while and Sherry made another trip into the living room carrying a tray of beers.  
  
Matt slipped in something in her hand and Sherry looked at it and paled.  
  
"No!" she whispered to Matt.  
  
Matt cocked his head and looked at her as if to say, "Come on. You promised!"  
  
Sherry had given Matt six coupons to be used anytime he desired. Once he cashed in a coupon, she had to do his bidding no matter what. He had no reason to use his coupons because the Principal and his Father and her own Father were always putting her through her paces and she was submitting willingly, albeit with feigned reluctance.  
  
Until now. Don had clearly no idea of humiliating his daughter in front of his poker buddies.  
  
Matt on the other hand thought it would be delightful to catch Sherry by surprise and put her in a new situation. He knew Sherry too enjoyed new embarrassing situations.  
  
Matt asked, "Brian, Walter, when Sherry was a teenager strutting around here in her skimpy outfits and acting bratty, didn't you wish you could take her over your knee and spank her?"  
  
Sherry almost dropped the bottle as she said, "Matt!"  
  
Brian and Walter couldn't help but imagine spanking the cheerleaderesque Sherry when she was a ravishing teenager.  
  
Don looked at Matt amused and caught on and said, "Yes you horny bastards. Did you eye my bratty teenage daughter when you were here playing poker?"  
  
"I was not bratty!" protested Sherry.  
  
"Oh come on. What self-respecting teenager is not bratty!" said Don.  
  
"And I was always decently dressed," protested Sherry again.  
  
"Well they were not obscene but they were skimpy. You wore short tank-tops and real short shorts. Didn't you know the effect you would be having on my poker buddies here?" inquired Don.  
  
"But they were my uncles! They would never look at me in that manner!" exclaimed Sherry with feigned innocence dreading where this conversation was going and yet excited about what was in store for her.  
  
"Anyway, here is you beer Uncle Walter. You guys holler if you need anything else," said Sherry as she blushingly set the beer down and set to head back up the stairs.  
  
"Sherry? Please come back here and tell us about your coupon," said Matt.  
  
Sherry turned around and came back to the table and said, "I lost some silly bets to Matt and he now has six coupons he can use any time he wishes."  
  
"Once he hands me a coupon, I have to do his bidding. No matter what," she continued.  
  
"But honey. Not in front of my Dad and Uncle Brian and Uncle Walter?" she pleaded.  
  
Matt asked, "Oh come one, Sherry, sweetie. Surely you have fantasized being spanked by your uncles here?"  
  
"No!" said Sherry hotly and in her defense, she hadn't.  
  
"But I don't welch on my bets. So go ahead," she said proudly.  
  
That was the moment Matt was waiting for. Until then he wasn't sure if he was pushing her too far and if she had torn up the coupon and stormed up the stairs, he would have been OK with it.  
  
He rose up and kissed her passionately for a full minute and said, "I am crazy about you and very proud of you, honey. But for now, I am your master and you, my willing slave."  
  
Brian and Walter looked wide-eyed with astonishment and glanced at Don for reassurance. Don nodded that everything was fine and they relaxed albeit flushed with excitement.  
  
"Ok honey, you are going to be punished for being a naughty girl. Will you ask your uncles to participate in your punishment?" asked Matt in the tone that suggested it was not a question.  
  
God, to be punished in front of them would be so humiliating. And yet, so exciting. Different. New. She would get to feel the incredible sexual rush of a first time embarrassment.  
  
"Uncle Brian, will you please participate in my punishment?" asked Sherry getting up and kneeling in front of Brian.  
  
Matt had not instructed her to kneel and was delighted to see her do it on her own. He knew she was as turned on as he was.  
  
Brian was embarrassed and patted her head and said, "Well, I guess it has to be done."  
  
"Uncle Walter, I have been a bad girl. Will you please participate in my punishment?" asked Sherry kneeling in front of Walter.  
  
"Sherry I love you dearly but have wanted to take you over my knee and give you a spanking for the longest time. It's about time, Sweetheart," said Walter and Sherry blushed.  
  
"Oh God! What have I signed up for," thought Sherry as she looked at Brian and Walter's excited faces.  
  
"And your, Dad," said Matt.  
  
She knelt in front of her perverted Dad and said, "Dad, I am afraid I have been a naughty girl. Will you please participate in my punishment?"  
  
"With pleasure, sweetheart, with pleasure," said her Dad.  
  
"I should have done this ages ago but glad Matt is rectifying the situation," continued Don showing admiration for his perverted future son-in-law.  
  
Sherry as she was wont to do, stuck her tongue out at her Dad and he smiled and shook his head.  
  
She looked at Matt and wondered how someone so incredibly decent and gallant could also be so depraved. Yet she knew she could trust him unconditionally and he would never push her beyond her limits.  
  
Extending her limits however were a different issue and she did not mind that.  
  
Matt then positioned so that she was leaning across the table and looking at Walter and Brian as he proceeded to spank her on her shorts. Her skimpy tank top only served to reveal her ample cleavage as she looked blushingly at her uncles.  
  
She had been through a lot of humiliating situations in the past few months but this was something new. These were her uncles so to speak. Uncles who had always treated her as a princess. Uncles who had lavished attention and gifts on her. Uncles who adored her. They had known her since she was five years old.  
  
Her uncles were amazed that the adorable yet uppity brat they knew was counting and thanking her fiancée for the spanks. Never in a million years would they have imagined the spirited girl they knew, calling her fiancée, Sir. Nor could they have imagined that any man would be brave or foolish enough to ask her to do that!  
  
Don went next and again Brian and Walter enjoyed watching Sherry's beautiful blushing face, her cleavage and her red shorts clad butt.  
  
"One, thank you Daddy. May I please have another," said Sherry blushingly looking at her Uncles.  
  
She continued till the customary ten.  
  
Walter was invited to spank next and he spanked her ever so gently cherishing every spank as Sherry counted and thanked him.  
  
After Brian had his turn, Matt stepped behind Sherry and yanked her shorts down.  
  
Brian and Walter looked wide-eyed at Sherry's pink panties and Sherry blushed a deeper shade of red.  
  
They had seen her in a bikini before, but this was different. This was humiliating. This was the first time she was before her uncles in her underwear. Yet, first was good. First was exciting.  
  
Matt then beckoned her stand and proceeded to roll her tank top over her and now Sherry stood before the astonished guests in her pink underwear.  
  
She was positioned again, leaning over the table with her butt sticking out begging to be spanked.  
  
Matt went first.  
  
"One thank you, Sir. May I please have another," said Sherry as he started.  
  
He caressed her butt and asked, "So have you been a naughty girl?"  
  
"Yes, I have. Two thank, you Sir. May I have another," she said.  
  
He stroked her face lovingly and inquired, "Does this naughty girl deserve to be spanked?"  
  
"Yes she does. Three thank you, Sir. May I please have another?" said Sherry now swaying and jutting out her butt to meet his hand.  
  
Matt proceeded to complete his ten spanks without further questions, but took time to show how much he loved her by pausing to stroke her hair and kiss her on the neck and the cheek between spanks.  
  
Next was her Dad and he chose to give his spanks without much fanfare. That would come later.  
  
Next was Uncle Brian and this was the first time she would be feeling his hand on her pantied bottom.  
  
She chose to make eye contact with Uncle Walter while Uncle Brian spanked her, her face flushed with embarrassment as well as excitement.  
  
Walter too had his turn, cherishing every spank and like Matt, choosing to affirm his love for her by stroking her face and her hair and kissing her gently on her cheek between spanks.  
  
"Wonder how far they will go. Surely they will not strip me naked," she wondered.  
  
Matt smiled when he noticed the chair and the mirror because it told him that Don and Suzy had now made it a regular practice. He led Sherry to it and she assumed the position.  
  
Suzy happened to come down to check on the refreshments and Sherry blushed when she saw her mother look at her kneeling on the chair.  
  
Brian and Walter rose up and stood behind the chair to get a vantage view.  
  
He then slowly inched her panties down as her uncles stared wide-eyed with their mouths open. They had not expected things to go this far.  
  
Sherry blushed deeply as she saw their admiring faces looking at her naked ass for the first time.  
  
Matt went first and decided it was time to rub the humiliation in, knowing how much she enjoyed her humiliation to be called out.  
  
"Sherry, how does it feel to flaunt your naked butt in front of your devoted uncles?" asked Matt.  
  
"I am not flaunting! How does it feel for you to expose your fiancée in front of her family?" she countered.  
  
"It feels great, Sherry. I enjoy it immensely. But you did not answer my question," said the unrepentant Matt.  
  
"Well I do not enjoy it!" countered Sherry, her eyes flashing with anger.  
  
"One thank you, Sir. May I please have another," said Sherry as the first spank landed.  
  
"How do you feel getting spanked in front of your favorite uncles, Sherry?" said Matt as he landed the next spank.  
  
"Two thank you, Sir. I feel terribly embarrassed," said Sherry looking at Uncle Brian and Walter's excited faces.  
  
"And soon they are going to have their hands on your naked ass," said Matt as he landed the next spank.  
  
"Three thank you, Sir. Please Sir. Don't let them spank me?" pleaded Sherry playing her role to the hilt.  
  
"Oh yes. And your Dad. And your Mom," said Matt as he landed the next spank.  
  
"Four thank you, Sir. Oh God!" said Sherry, now swaying alluringly.  
  
Matt was now slowly increasing the intensity of the spanking.  
  
"Five thank you, Sir!" she exclaimed, wincing slightly.  
  
Like others before them, Brian and Walter admired how incredibly vulnerable and sexy Sherry looked when she winced during spanking.  
  
Matt completed his ten spanks and invited Don to have a go. Brian and Walter looked wide-eyed as their friend of many years proceeded to spank his daughter's naked butt so matter-of-factly.  
  
They intuited this was not the first time he was doing it. All these years and they had never suspected this side of him.  
  
Next was Brian and Sherry blushed prettily as she looked at him in the mirror. But her face betrayed how turned on she was as she looked seductively at her uncle.  
  
Matt smiled knowing that as a teenager, she had had a crush on her uncles who had fawned on her.  
  
Brian spanked her slowly and gently, cherishing every spank mesmerized by Sherry swaying and counting her spanks sweetly.  
  
Walter was next and again Sherry's felt conflicting emotions of embarrassment and excitement, shame and pride. Her pussy though gushed with approval. Her pussy liked conflicting emotions.  
  
Walter too cherished every moment pretending to be the loving yet stern uncle chastising an errant niece.  
  
After Walter completed his turn, Matt requested Don to excuse himself.  
  
Don did so reluctantly but admired his future son-in-law's astute assessment that his friendship would become much more awkward if he stayed on.  
  
Matt then steeped behind his sweetheart and said, "Time to show your uncles your gorgeous boobs."  
  
Sherry looked at him pleadingly and yet it was obvious that she was excited about the prospect.  
  
This she had fantasized when she was a teenager. She had always wondered how it would feel if she had walked in topless in front of her uncles accidentally. She had fantasized about them admiring her firm breasts. Now she would know what it felt like.  
  
Matt unclasped the hook in the back and slowly slid the straps down her arms. He sensuously peeled the cups off her breasts as Brian and Walter gawked at her shamelessly.  
  
Sherry blushed furiously and looked infinitely more beautiful for it.  
  
Matt kept pausing to take in the situation and admire his beautiful blushing fiancé. There was nothing better in his mind, than a beautiful, blushing woman slowly getting denuded and he knew he was one insanely lucky bastard.  
  
"Honey, how does it feel to show your boobs to Uncle Walter?" inquired Matt.  
  
"Very embarrassing, Sir!" said Sherry demurely looking at Walter and taking pride at noticing his raging boner evident through his trousers.  
  
"Uncle Brian?" asked Matt.  
  
Sherry looked at Brian and said, "Equally embarrassing, Sir!" and noticed his raging boner too.  
  
"Shouldn't they have been outraged that their friend's daughter was being treated like this? Shouldn't they have stormed out? Are all men devious perverts?" she contemplated as she looked at them.  
  
Yet she was happy they had stayed. She enjoyed being embarrassed and both Matt and the good principal despite their deviousness, had seemed to be running out of ideas.  
  
Matt, Brian and Walter took their turns spanking the blushing goddess. Admiring her shapely naked butt as well as gorgeous, firm breasts.  
  
Matt, as was his practice, caressed her boobs while spanking her but mercifully Brian and Walter did not take any such liberties.  
  
Her mom came down again to check on them and was invited to spank her daughter and did so happily. Sherry wasn't too happy about having her mom join the proceedings but her pussy appreciated the situation.  
  
Matt then stepped behind his sweetheart and caressed her face and stroked her hair and contemplated his next move as Brian and Walter looked on with rapt attention.  
  
He repositioned the mirror so now it was in front of the couch.  
  
He then sat on the couch and had Walter and Brian sit on either side of him.  
  
He then beckoned Sherry to come over and lie in his lap.  
  
The topless Sherry hobbled over and draped herself over the three of them with her butt on Matt's lap, her breasts in Walter's lap and her legs in Brian's lap.  
  
Matt then peeled her panties off and again exposed her naked ass.  
  
He then asked Sherry to position herself so that she was resting on her elbow and her face turned and looking in the mirror. Her breasts too were visible in the mirror and Brian and Walter were mesmerized by the visual feast on offer.  
  
Sherry blushed at the sight of her naked breasts and ass in the mirror as well as her beloved uncles feasting on the sight.  
  
"One thank you, Sir" said Sherry with a slight wince as the first spank landed.  
  
Matt rubbed her ass in between spanks and stroked her breasts.  
  
He asked Walter to stroke her head which he did lovingly.  
  
After his ten spanks were over, he rolled her panties back and rearranged positons so that now Sherry's butt was in Walter's lap and her breasts were in Matt's lap and her legs in Brian's.  
  
He had Walter peel down her panties and Sherry felt a rush of excitement course through her body as Walter got her to raise her butt and slowly peeled her panties off. Try as she might, she could not help but afford him a small glimpse of her glistening pussy. She was mortified that soon he would know how wet she was.  
  
Sherry returned her butt to Walter's lap after her panties were rolled down to the top of her thighs and blushed prettily as she felt Walter's raging hard-on against her wet pussy. She knew she would be leaving a stain on his trousers and her face turned redder and her pussy gushed even more.  
  
Walter commenced his spanking as Sherry seductively counted out her spanks.  
  
"One thank you, Uncle Walter. May I please have another," she said as the first spank landed and looked shyly yet seductively at his reflection in the mirror.

Walter like Matt, paused to caress her ass but his ten spanks had to come to an end and he reluctantly got up after he rolled Sherry's panties back.  
  
Sherry stood in front of the group as they rearranged their positons.  
  
"Sherry sweetheart are you enjoying your punishment?" asked Matt feigning surprise and pointing to the stain on her panties.  
  
"No. Of course not!" exclaimed Sherry with equally feigned indignance.  
  
"And look, you left a stain on Uncle Walter's trousers!" exclaimed Matt, rubbing it in.  
  
Sherry blushed red with humiliation.  
  
"So despite your protestations, you enjoy being stripped and spanked by your favorite uncles?" he inquired now rubbing it in to the hilt.  
  
"I I can't help it. It is my body's automatic response to embarrassment," said Sherry not without justification.  
  
"Well we enjoy it immensely too, Sweetheart. But now that we know you enjoy it at some level, Walter and Brian need no longer feel guilty about it," said Matt and Sherry understood why he had rubbed it in.  
  
She was strangely gratified. Walter and Brian had always been the epitome of loving uncles to her. They had always been generous with their gifts and cards and bouquets of flowers. They had never forgotten any of her birthdays. She had flaunted her young sexuality at them and they had never even looked at her inappropriately though their faces could not help but betray their admiration of her youthful charms.  
  
For them to now enjoy her nudity and punishment so thoroughly, seemed strangely just. And if they could do it without guilt and with the knowledge at that at some level she enjoyed it too, then all the better.  
  
She looked at her adoring audience, shrugged and smiled shyly and positioned herself with her butt now in Uncle Brian's lap.  
  
As Brian rolled down her panties and Sherry adjusted herself so that she was facing the mirror, Sherry said contritely, "Please punish me Uncle Brian. I used to pee in your pool."  
  
"What? Yes that deserves a sound spanking," said Brian, happy to have a good reason to spank her.  
  
"Yes Uncle Brian. Please spank me on my naked ass. I deserve to be humiliated," said Sherry, now squirming in his lap against his raging erection.  
  
Poor Walter looked at Brian enviously but was happy to be part of the audience nonetheless.  
  
"Have you been a bad girl?" asked Brian as he landed the first spank.  
  
"One, thank you, Sir. Yes, Uncle Brian, I have been a bad girl," conceded Sherry.  
  
"Does this bad girl deserve to be punished?" asked Brian as he landed the next spank.  
  
"Two, thank you, Sir. Yes Uncle Brian, I deserve to be punished," said Sherry with irresistible sweetness.  
  
"Does this bad girl deserve to spanked lightly or hard?" inquired Brian as he landed the third gentle spank.  
  
Sherry intuited that he was asking her permission to swat her a little harder.  
  
"Three, thank you, Sir. Please spank me harder, Uncle Brian. I deserve to be spanked harder. It was very naughty of me to pee in your pool," said Sherry squirming uncontrollably and writhing under the erotic tension.  
  
"Ouch Four, thank you, Uncle Brian. Yes I deserved to be spanked hard," said Sherry wincing beautifully and grinding herself in his lap.  
  
Matt smiled because this was the first time Sherry had asked to be spanked a little harder.  
  
"Oww Five thank you, Uncle Brian. Please swat my naked ass," moaned Sherry.  
  
"Ahh Six thank, Uncle Brian. Thank you for punishing me," said Sherry, now shamelessly making eyes at Uncle Brian.  
  
"Seven thank you, Uncle Brian. It is so embarrassing to be punished by you and Uncle Walter," said Sherry, now making eyes at Uncle Walter.  
  
Matt beamed from ear to ear, delighted that his sweetheart was getting to live out some of her subconscious teenage fantasies while he got to live out his perverted fantasies.  
  
The ten spanks were finally over and Brian reluctantly rolled her panties up and Sherry rested on them waiting for the next instruction.  
  
Matt contemplated whether he should bring the proceedings to a halt. A few minutes ago, he would have. But with Sherry acknowledging her enjoyment, albeit with feigned helplessness and Brian and Walter as a result being more relaxed about it, Matt felt emboldened about taking things further.  
  
He did not want to do anything to irreparably damage the bond Sherry had with Brian and Walter but was now confident that he would not change the deep affection they had for each other.  
  
"Sherry, sweetheart, stand up and face us," he said.  
  
Sherry herself had hoped that her ordeal had come to an end but was not averse to it continuing.  
  
She stood in front of them blushingly with downcast eyes.  
  
"Sherry sweetheart, peel your panties down to your knees and spread your legs," instructed Matt as if he was a gym instructor.  
  
"Matt, honey, please. That will be so humiliating!" pleaded Sherry but despite her protestations, her excitement was palpable. For that matter the anticipation in the room was so thick you could have cut it with a knife.  
  
To make matters worse, Suzy came down carrying beers and it increased Sherry's humiliation ever so more.  
  
"Sherry?" inquired Matt as they happily accepted the beers from Suzy.  
  
Suzy drew a chair next to the couch, not wanting to miss this part of her daughter's punishment.  
  
Sherry blushed uncontrollably, not believing what she was about to do and slowly peeled her panties down, pausing and looking at Brian and Walter's mesmerized faces after every inch. She was an incorrigible tease and Matt loved that about her.  
  
Suzy stared at her daughter and shook her head with mock disapproval and it only served to increase her shame and arousal.  
  
She swayed her hips as she rolled her panties down inch by agonizing inch and slowly her naked, plump mound came into view. Her panties were now soaked and her pussy was glistening with wetness.  
  
Soon her arousal was even more obvious at the sight of her erect clitoris and Sherry blushed uncontrollably as her panties rested on her knees. She spread her legs to hold them in place and was deeply humiliated knowing that her insides were now on display for the first time to her beloved uncles.  
  
"Hands on your head," said Matt and Sherry assumed the familiar pose. She maintained eye contact with her audience and was pleased to note their admiration of her charms. She felt goose bumps as she felt Walter and Brian's eyes roving all over her.  
  
"Turn in place," said Matt and Sherry did a few slow turns affording her audience a view from all angles.  
  
"Now take your panties off completely, give them to your mom and let's have you do some apology squats," said Matt predictably.  
  
Sherry knew it was coming but it still did not alleviate her humiliation.  
  
She peeled her panties off and walked over to her mom and gave it to her only to be admonished with, "Shameless slut!"  
  
Sherry turned red under that insult but again her pussy responded with its approval of public humiliation. She moaned and proceeded to stand in front of them and commence her apology squats.  
  
"I am sorry I have been such a naughty girl," she said while doing her squats and Brian and Walter looked amazed that the sassy, spirited girl they knew would consent to humiliating herself like this.  
  
"Human sexuality is a strange thing," they would contemplate later when the sexual tension and their hard-ons had subsided but right now their feverish minds were relishing the ravishing naked beauty in front of them demurely performing apology squats.  
  
They had been to their share of nudie bars on their travels, but nothing, absolutely nothing would ever live up to this.  
  
Matt had Sherry move around and do ten squats in front of each of them and after forty squats, it was finally over, much to Walter and Brian's disappointment. Like others before them, they had found Sherry's punishments to be absolutely addictive and could not get enough of it.  
  
He then had her kneel in front of everyone and thank them for punishing her.  
  
"Thank you, dear Mother for punishing me," said Sherry kneeling naked in front of her delighted mother.  
  
"Always my pleasure, dear daughter," said Suzy happily, making no secret of the fact that this was not the first time.  
  
"Thank you for punishing me, Uncle Brian," said Sherry.  
  
Uncle Brian patted her head lovingly.  
  
"Thank you for punishing me, Sweetheart," said Sherry now kneeling in front of her beau.  
  
"I am eternally grateful for this," said Matt kissing her hand.  
  
"Thank you for punishing me, Uncle Walter," said Sherry now kneeling in front of Walter.  
  
"We still adore and respect you, Sweetheart, Nothing will ever change that," assured Walter kindly as he took her hand and kissed it gratefully.  
  
Matt beckoned the group to go up the stairs so that Sherry could dress in private. Not that the modesty of dressing in private mattered much after what she had gone through. But it was Matt's way of assuring everyone that there were lines that would not be crossed.  
  
Sherry dressed and joined the group upstairs where they fixed dinner and chatted and ate happily.  
  
They recounted affectionate stories from their shared past and there was not even a hint of the bizarre happenings in the basement minutes ago.  
  
It was the group's way of implicitly assuring Sherry that nothing had changed and she would not be made to feel awkward about what had happened in the basement.  
  
The group's ability to converse and wine and dine with merriment did more to make her comfortable than any explicit assurance could have.  
  
Yet, there was one more surprise left for the evening.  
  
As Walter and Brian were departing, Don said, "I have missed you bastards terribly you know. Make it a point to come here again and you will be rewarded. Next time, we will have Suzy punished in front of you."  
  
Suzy jumped and blushed furiously when she heard that.  
  
Yet she was excited at the prospect. She had been envious of her daughter garnering all the attention, so some attention to her would not be unwelcome.  
  
She looked at ceiling, rolled her eyes, tilted her head and shrugged acquiescingly.  
  
She knelt before Don and said, "Yes Master. I have been a bad wife. Please punish me next time in front of our dear friends, Brian and Walter."  
  
Brian and Walter looked shocked, but smiled. They looked curiously at Don. When had their gentle friend turned into such a monster?  
  
"Suzy that alone will be worth flying three thousand miles for," said Brian gallantly.  
  
"Copy that," said Walter as they turned and walked out leaving their bizarre events of the day and their demented friend behind.  
  
"We should punish them together next time" they heard an excited Matt exclaim as he closed the door and Brian and Walter shook their head in disbelief as they got into their rental car and drove off to the airport.

**Sherry's Test Ch. 33 - Her High School Rival.**

The punishments in the teacher's lounge had become infrequent. They had clearly run out of ideas and for the most part I had to merely do my work in the nude while my colleagues occasionally ogled me. Harvey, more than others but that was to be expected.  
  
So I entered the room and commenced working on my prep work for the next week's classes. The normal process is that I wait until the Principal comes into the rooms and tells me to strip. Sometimes, he does not even bother to do that and I am left mercifully alone to focus on my work.  
  
Today, he entered with an attractive woman along with him. She seemed my age and looked vaguely familiar.  
  
Slowly, realization dawned. OMG, it was Claire, my high school rival! Then a feeling of dread sunk in. Oh God, they were going to humiliate me in front of her!  
  
I felt defiant. I had put myself through enough. I did not want to go through with this.  
  
"Sherry, do you remember, Claire?" asked Roberts with a devious smile.  
  
"Yes, I do. Claire, sweetheart, how have you been and what brings you here?" I asked her nonchalantly as I rose to shake her hand.  
  
Claire was surprised at my cordiality more so because I was sure the Principal had told her about my impending humiliation.  
  
She shook my hand as the Principal continued, "Claire is here to apply for the accounting position we have open. She spotted you walking across the grounds and mentioned that she would be reluctant to work here since the two of you were rivals in school."  
  
I shrugged and could not help feeling superior because, I had bested her in everything at school - popularity contests, sports, homecoming queen and even grades.  
  
"She told me that she has not forgiven you for stealing her boyfriend in school," continued the rascal.  
  
"I did not!" I protested.  
  
"Did too!" said Claire, and I felt we had regressed to being silly schoolgirls again.  
  
"Well one day, Harry was going out with me and next day I spot him having dinner with you. Most would call that stealing," said Claire angrily.  
  
I was bewildered. Did the Principal really want to hire someone as juvenile as this? But then again, he was pretty juvenile himself and that too a deeply perverted one at that.  
  
I could sense the direction, this was going. Roberts was trying to inject some drama into the proceedings in order to make my capitulation that much more enjoyable. The audience was spellbound. Clearly, drama agreed with them.  
  
"Claire, honestly, Harry told me had broken up with you. I had no idea!" I said. It was true.  
  
"Yeah but you could have checked with me," said Claire admonishing,  
  
I could not deny that. She was right. I should have. But then I was young. And the prospect of a good looking guy like Harry dumping Claire and asking me out had proved to be too heady. It didn't last long. He was boring and I dumped him after a couple of weeks. Did not even sleep with him. But Claire was right.  
  
I should have apologized but my initial defiance of not wanting to go through with my punishment was wearing down. There was a part of me looking forward to being humiliated by my rival in front of my colleagues. OMG what had I become, that I was turned on by this? Perversely, if I had been determined to stand my ground and refuse to be punished in front of Claire, I would have merely apologized and then been steadfast in my refusal.  
  
But I was turned on. I was crazed.  
  
"Well in any case, he had better taste," I said deliberately, to rile her up.  
  
Claire's eyes flashed in anger and if looks could have killed, I would have been burnt to ashes on the spot.  
  
"I accept your deal," said Claire shaking the Principal's hand.  
  
"What deal?" I wondered, but knew I would find out in due course.  
  
"Sherry, you owe Claire an apology," said Roberts.  
  
"I am sorry, Claire. I was out of line," I said, knowing fully that it would not suffice. Yet doubts of going through with this re-surfaced. I had been through all kinds of humiliations the past few months. But this was new. But then again, new was good. New was exciting.  
  
I looked at Matt inquiringly and he nodded in excitement.  
  
Roberts noticed the exchange of glances and intuited that I was game.  
  
"Come now, Sherry. Make it more sincere," said Roberts and he gestured to the carpet with his eyes.  
  
"Oh God. Here it starts," I thought and felt my pussy get moist.  
  
I knelt before the wide-eyed Claire and said earnestly, "Claire, you were right. I should have checked with you. Please forgive me."  
  
"I don't know Sherry. I was really fond of Harry and it broke my heart," said Claire, who seemed in no mood to forgive.  
  
"Please punish me as you see fit, but forgive me at the end. Please?" I asked sincerely, now slipping into my role.  
  
"Claire is a novice at this so let me help her out. Sherry, ask her to strip you naked," said Roberts.  
  
Claire looked stunned. As did I. I had expected the proceedings to be more gradual.  
  
"Claire, please strip me naked," I said still kneeling, but rose after making my request.  
  
"Oh Sherry, I am so going to enjoy this!" said Claire as she turned me around and unzipped my skirt.  
  
Interested members of the audience, pun intended, re-positioned themselves to get a better view.  
  
"What is it with men?" I wondered. "They have seen me naked so many times and yet are wildly excited at the prospect of me being slowly stripped by someone different in a new situation."  
  
But truth be told, I was excited by the newness of this situation too.  
  
"Face her in front of the mirror. Let her see her colleagues enjoying her denuding," said Roberts.  
  
Claire looked around and led me to stand in front of the dreaded mirror and slowly caressed the side of my face establishing her power over me.  
  
"I am so going to enjoy this," she gloated.  
  
I was going to enjoy it too, but yet I was embarrassed and blushed.  
  
The audience as usual loved it. They and especially Matt, loved to see me embarrassed and blushing.  
  
My white blouse still covered my panties but not for too long, as Claire stood my side and slowly started unbuttoning my blouse and caressing my body as she did that. The caressing was meant to indicate her power over me and perversely, giving in to such power excited me.  
  
Soon I was standing in front of the mirror in my cream colored bra and panties.  
  
Claire caressed my bra clad boobs and asked, "Are you sorry you stole my boyfriend?"  
  
"I can't help it if he dumped you," I heard myself saying. I knew my sub-conscious had tripped me up .My sub-conscious clearly wanted to rile her up further to make my capitulation that much more humiliating and perversely erotic.  
  
"In that case, I am so going to enjoy stripping and spanking you in front of your colleagues," she gloated.  
  
As she proceeded to unhook my bra, I noticed Matt smiling and shaking his head. He knew of my predilection for riling up rivals in order to make the inevitable capitulation that much more intense.  
  
Soon I was standing in only my panties in front of the mirror and the audience looked mesmerized. Even some of the women were looking on with rapt attention, Some, like Nancy and Lara were clearly wishing they were in my place.  
  
Claire pinched my nipples and said, "This is what happens to shameless sluts who steal boyfriends."  
  
It fell flat on the audience because it just did not have that zing.  
  
Roberts intuited that and said, "Get her to beg you to take off her panties."  
  
Claire looked excited and repeated the command.  
  
"Claire, my high-school rival, please take off my panties and expose me to my colleagues," I asked earnestly, twisting the knife into my own humiliation by adding in the rival part.  
  
Claire clapped her hands, swatted me on my butt, knelt behind me and slowly proceeded to peel down my panties.  
  
She smiled at seeing my shaved pussy and said, "So the sweet, innocent looking homecoming queen is a shameless slut after all" and I looked angrily at her.  
  
"Leave it resting in the middle of her thighs," said the Principal and Claire did so. I had to spread my legs a little to keep the panties in place and it offered the audience a view of my insides from behind. I blushed at the thought of how slutty that must look.  
  
I deliberately made eye contact with Harvey and noted his sneering look. God I wanted to smack it out of him but my helpless rage merely served to increase my arousal.  
  
"What is it that I find alluring about being humiliated in front of my rivals," I wondered again. "Was it that it dissipated the pressure of competition?"  
  
Matt looked completely besotted with me and I was happy about that. It did wonders for our love making and turned it from very good to absolutely mind blowing. Tonight, I could expect multiple orgasms well into the night.  
  
"Now stand in front of her and give her some hand spanks," said Roberts as he proceeded to demonstrate a couple before handing her the ruler and adding, "Remember, the idea is humiliation and not pain. So, be gentle and take your time to let her feel the embarrassment fully."  
  
Claire stood in front of me to the side so as not to block the view in the mirror and proceeded to spank my hand.  
  
She was a quick study for she spanked with just the right amount of force to get me to wince a little but not so much that it hurt. She waited and looked me in the eye and let the humiliation sink in.  
  
After about ten on each hand, the Principal nodded to indicate that it was enough.  
  
"Now let's have you turn around and jog in place," he continued.  
  
He was making me feel like a schoolgirl in front of my high school rival, the realization dawned. I couldn't help but marvel at his acumen, demented though it was.  
  
I turned around and jogged in place, keeping my legs apart just a little in order to prevent the panties from falling down.  
  
Claire and the audience looked delighted as I continued for a couple of minutes.  
  
"Rotate as you do this," said the Principal and I did so. After a few rounds, the Principal had me do jumping jacks and other gymnastics.  
  
Claire clapped through it all like an excited schoolgirl and the audience enjoyed watching me do these demeaning exercises in front of her.  
  
"Now take your panties all the way off and give it to Claire," said Roberts.  
  
I did so and knelt in front of Claire and handed her my panties. I was not told to kneel, but thought it was appropriate.  
  
"Now the apology squats," commanded the Principal.  
  
I remembered the first time I had to do it in front of Harvey, my current rival. Would it be as humiliating to do it in front of Claire? It would be, I realized as I felt myself turn wetter.  
  
I looked as contrite as I could and commenced my squats saying, "I am sorry I stole your boyfriend."  
  
The angle, Roberts had positioned us, ensured that all my frontal charms were visible in the mirror while they had a direct view of my ass.  
  
I blushed profusely as I had to perform this demeaning task in front of the gloating Claire. And as usual, my I felt myself getting wetter.  
  
"I blushed and my pussy gushed," I thought incongruously and almost giggled. I guess it was just nervous excitement but I couldn't help imagining standing in front of my class and teaching, "The degree of gushing of the pussy is directly proportional to the degree of blushing in the face. Or to take it further, the degree of the gushing of the pussy is proportional to the degree of blushing times the members in the audience."  
  
I suppressed my giggles at my wildly incongruent thoughts, continued to look contrite and repentant as I continued my squats. I did them slowly and deliberately, pausing while squatting with my legs spread, letting the humiliation sink in.  
  
I ended up kneeling in front of Claire until I was asked to stand.  
  
"Now feel her pussy to see how wet she is," said Roberts.  
  
Claire looked wide-eyed and I looked petrified.  
  
I blushed uncontrollably as Claire looked me in the eye and slowly inserted her index finger in my sopping pussy.  
  
"It is soaking wet," she pronounced before adding, "You are such a shameless slut!"  
  
I blushed furiously and Robert must have gestured to her, for Claire pried open my mouth with her other hand and stuck her drenched finger in my mouth. Without being told, I licked my juices off her finger as Claire looked delighted. The audience stared in rapt attention. There's something absolutely delectable in a girl getting her comeuppance and my pussy gushed in agreement as my nipples hardened further.  
  
"Now it's time for fetch. Throw her panties around the room for her to fetch," said Roberts and Claire looked gobsmacked. My arousal, I am ashamed to say, only increased further at this humiliating prospect.  
  
"Will this also be part of the deal, Sir?" asked Claire and the Principal nodded.  
  
"What deal?" I wondered as Claire opened her handbag and extricated my panties from it.  
  
She bit her lip and contemplated and then shrugged and tossed the panties after balling it up.  
  
I crawled on all fours, slowly and sensuously, swaying my hips, letting my audience soak in the sights of my bobbing breasts and swaying ass. I kept my face level so as to make eye contact with whoever I passed.  
  
"If I was in for the humiliation, I might as well get the max out of it," was my twisted thought process.  
  
I passed a sneering Harvey and an admonishing Nancy as I crawled over to my soiled panties lying on the carpet and picked it up with my teeth and proceeded to crawl back to Claire with the panties dangling in my mouth.  
  
Claire clapped through it all like a silly, excited schoolgirl as I crawled back to her, knelt before her and raised my face demurely to hand her the panties. Claire instinctively patted my head and said, "Good doggie" and balled it up to throw it again.  
  
I writhed helplessly under the intense erotic humiliation as I crawled again, this time passing Tim and Lara.  
  
"Oh wish, Dad could see you now, sister dear," teased Lara and I shot daggers at her. Yet, I knew deep down that it would not be entirely unwelcome.  
  
"What is wrong with me and why do these situations turn me on so much" I pondered as I continued with my humiliating crawl petrified that I would be dripping all over the carpet.  
  
"Someday, I need to talk to a therapist about my childhood spanking. But for now, I am enjoying this way too much," I mused as I crawled back with my panties in my mouth, now wildly excited and writhing and swaying uncontrollably.  
  
It is always fun when I get to the point where my arousal exceeds my self consciousness. I then start enjoying the session with increased abandonment and the reduction in self consciousness is simply exhilarating. If I had started the session with such abandon, neither I nor my audience would enjoy it to the extent we did and nor would it lead to mind-blowing sex with Matt afterwards. My initial shyness, reluctance and progression through stages of blushing to the point of abandon and capitulation was what entranced the audience and got my pussy to sing its praises to high heavens. The fact that my blushing and embarrassment continued beyond this point merely served to increase the erotic tension of the situation and make it that much more enjoyable. Uncontrollably so, I thought. Some day I would need to deal with this addiction, but that would have to wait.  
  
Now, let me assure you that I wasn't thinking all this while I was crawling back to Claire. I am adding this while writing about it, sitting on my bed naked as Matt is fondling my breasts and kissing the nape of my neck relentlessly while peering at what I am writing. I can feel his erect, wet dick rubbing my back and I am glad to have that prolonged effect on him, pun intended. We already had one round of mind-blowing sex after coming home and will most likely have one more round after I am done writing.  
  
No, dear readers, while crawling around naked, all I could feel was intense feelings of humiliation and the accompanying uncontrollable arousal with my face burning with shame as I made my way back to my hated rival in school. A rival I had bested at everything, at every occasion. Until now.  
  
Claire clearly enjoyed having me crawl for she balled it up again and this time threw it so that it landed in Harvey's lap. I learnt later that Roberts had told her that Matt was my fiancee, Harvey was my current rival and Lara was my step-sister and suggested she throw my panties over to them so that I would have to suffer the ignominy of picking up my panties from their laps.  
  
So I crawled over to the despicable Harvey, writhing in shame and looked pleadingly into his hateful eyes as he dangled my panties. I had to grab hold of it with my mouth and the bastard predictably kept pulling it out of my reach. There are few things as demeaning as to be made to jump like this naked in front of your enemy and that too in public and I felt like a silly dog. Harvey smirked and sneered and gloated as I made my futile attempts. I bristled with helpless rage.  
  
"Beg like a dog," commanded the bastard.  
  
I sniffed, held back a tear, knelt before the cruel bastard, leaned forward, curled up my hands and said, "Harvey, my hated enemy, will you please take mercy on me and hand me my panties?"  
  
Harvey looked pleased but did not relent and said, "Dogs don't speak. Bark out your request."  
  
Oh this was so demeaning and my traitor of a pussy gushed even more at this new debasement.  
  
"Woof" I said pleadingly.  
  
"One for every word in the previous sentence," said the rotten bastard.  
  
Yet, I felt defiantly proud, spread my legs a little so that he could see my pussy, held my wrists down as before, looked him straight in his eyes and said, "Woof, woof woof woof, woof woof woof woof woof woof woof woof woof woof woof woof."  
  
I even varied the tones of the woofs and the audience was delighted. They clapped and cheered loudly and a large part of that was an appreciation for my being such a good sport, I suspect. Moreover, in doing so, I had robbed Harvey of his superiority.  
  
Harvey, knew he was beaten and put the panties in his lap, so that he could feel what my mouth close to his dick. It was always a sore point with him that no matter what, he would never get to have me. I took great satisfaction in rubbing that in.  
  
"That is as close as you are going to have my mouth near your dick, you pathetic loser," I said as I picked up my panties and the audience was stunned at my intrepid rebuke.  
  
Matt clapped and the rest joined in except Nancy and Claire. It was bizarre to see Harvey look humiliated despite me being naked and on all fours in front of him.  
  
Claire again patted my head and stroked my face as I knelt in front of her with my panties in my mouth. Again, she did this not to display affection but rather to demonstrate her control over me.  
  
She then balled up my panties and threw it over to Matt. I crawled over to my fiancee and looked at his face with a mix of arousal and deep embarrassment. Despite all the different situations I had been in, it was always embarrassing to come to terms with the fact that he was watching and enjoying my public spectacle and more embarrassingly, I was enjoying it too. But Matt, despite his deeply perverted sexuality, was nothing if not gallant.  
  
"Sherry, I love you so much!" he said as he stood up, raised me up and kissed me passionately for two whole minutes.  
  
The audience loved it and clapped and cheered wildly as I glowed happily and yet blushing.

He lovingly kissed my panties and inserted it lovingly in my mouth.  
  
I looked at my perverted fiancee lovingly, clenched my panties between my teeth and commenced my crawl back to Claire.  
  
Lara was next and she, as was to be expected, rubbed in my humiliation and even took some pictures saying she was going to show my Dad.  
  
I was now in uncontrollable heat and moaning helplessly as I made my crawl back to Claire.  
  
Luckily Claire had enough of the crawling stuff and waited for the Principal to provide direction.  
  
Roberts arranged the punishment chair in front of the mirror and said, "Sherry, you know what to do."  
  
I continued kneeling in front of my former rival, held her hand and pleaded, "Claire, my mistress, will you please give me a sound spanking and teach me my lesson?"  
  
Claire was delighted at my subjugation and led me to the punishment chair.  
  
Roberts instructed her on the art of gentle spanking and Claire proceeded to spank me while rubbing in my humiliation.  
  
There was only one answer to all her questions.  
  
"What happens to bad girls?"  
  
"They get spanked, Mistress."  
  
"What happens to girls who steal boyfriends?"  
  
"What happens to shameless hussies?"  
  
I don't know what got into me but at one point, I heard myself saying, "Spank me a little harder, Mistress. Teach me a good lesson."  
  
Claire looked astonished and proceeded to spank me a little harder but not too hard.  
  
I looked in the mirror and noted with satisfaction that my audience was enthralled by the resulting increase in my wincing. Matt has told me time and again that I look irresistibly sexy when I wince like that and the audience seemed to concur, as I noted their frank admiration.  
  
Claire's multiple rounds of spanking were finally over when the Principal asked me to stand and face the room, clasping my hands behind my head.  
  
He handed a small bag of toy whips to Claire and said, "Whip her all over."  
  
Claire looked a little uncertain, so the Principal proceeded to demonstrate. He whipped me all over my shoulders, my back and my thighs. He then moved in the front and whipped my breasts, stomach, pussy and thighs.  
  
Even though these whippings were a regular feature at the Principal's house, this was the first time I was being whipped in school in front of all the teachers. As usual, my embarrassment was accompanied by inexplicable excitement as I noticed my colleagues take in the sights of my nude whipping.  
  
"Oh I forgot one thing," said Roberts as he moved behind me again, bade me to spread my legs wide, crouched and whipped me between my legs, The audience looked fascinated as the strands of the whip made its way to the front from between my kegs and kissed my pussy. I winced more in excitement than in pain because the whip was very soft and the whipping was very gentle.  
  
"Gently," said the Principal as he handed the whip over to the eager Claire.  
  
Claire proceeded to whip me all over as all the conflicting feelings of embarrassment, shame, anger, helplessness, humiliation and arousal coursed through my body. I needed to orgasm so bad! If they had let me bring myself off at that very instant, I would have done so wantonly in front of all my colleagues.  
  
After Claire was done whipping me all over and cementing her dominance over me, Roberts gave the dreaded command.  
  
"Now your favorite position over the chair, Sherry," he said, leading me to the sofa chair.  
  
Claire looked quizzically as I sat on the chair, slid down and draped my legs over the arms of the chair.  
  
In this position, all my charms were on full display to the audience. My breasts, my ass by virtue of my sliding down and raising it up, my sopping pussy splayed wide open - I was completely on display.  
  
"Now whip her all over," said Roberts.  
  
I would have thought Claire would have been delighted at the prospect of inflicting this new humiliation on me but she inexplicably bit her lip, hesitated and said, "I am not sure about it, Sir!"  
  
"Oh come now. We have come so far. A little more is not that big a deal," said Roberts inscrutably.  
  
We were all nonplussed, but Claire came over with the whip and proceeded to whip me all over. Predictably, she spent more time on my breasts, my ass and my vulnerable, spread open pussy as I writhed and moaned uncontrollably under the sexual tension of the situation.  
  
When she was done, Roberts said, "Now bring her off."  
  
Again, Claire seemed to hesitate but shrugged and knelt before me.  
  
"Does this slut want a nice orgasm?" asked Claire.  
  
"Yes Mistress. Please let this worthless slave come," I pleaded.  
  
She inserted her finger and started playing around, stroking my mound, flicking my clitoris and frigging me as I moaned loudly with abandon.  
  
She stopped cruelly and asked, "Does this slave want to orgasm shamelessly in front of all her colleagues?"  
  
"Yes Mistress. Please let me come. I don't care if the whole world watches my shameless display," I heard my crazed self saying.  
  
Claire continued to play with me and then stop just in time and make me beg her to let me come. She repeated this a few times, driving me repeatedly to the brink of an orgasm but stopping agonizingly short.  
  
Finally, she herself got carried away and I was able to orgasm, moaning and convulsing wildly.  
  
As the tremors of the orgasm died down, I was embarrassed to see all my colleagues staring at me.  
  
My dire need for an orgasm had enabled me to block out my audience completely, but now there was no getting away from the shame of what I had done.  
  
I averted my eyes and Matt lovingly came over with some tissues and wiped me dry and kissed my pussy gently. Like I said before, he is deeply perverted but eminently gallant. He satisfied both my outer lady and inner slut deeply.  
  
I blushed as I made eye contact with my colleagues again. I thought I was done for the day but I thought erroneously.  
  
The bastard Principal came over with a leash and a whip and said, "Lead her to all her colleagues one by one and get her to admit she is sorry she stole your boyfriend."  
  
Again, I marveled at the bastard's deviousness and his inexhaustible propensity to find new humiliating tasks like this.  
  
"And use the whip too," he reminded,  
  
I rose from my chair and got down on all fours as Claire fastened the collar and leash around my neck and I commenced crawling as she whipped my ass. The last time I crawled, my arousal exceeded my humiliation by far. Having just come, I was beginning to get aroused again, but my humiliation exceeded my arousal by far and I was blushing profusely. There was no heady excitement to distract me from the ignominy of my predicament.  
  
I started with the Principal and knelt in front of him, with my hands down in an errant dog position and said, "I am sorry I stole her boyfriend."  
  
The Principal smiled and nodded with satisfaction and I made my way to the others. Predictably, the worst was doing it in front of Matt, Lara and Nancy. Like I said, this time around, I did not have my arousal drown out my humiliation and I had to experience the cold, raw feelings of shame head on. But, I did find myself getting moist again so I knew that this was not altogether disagreeable.  
  
Finally, my naked crawl to all my colleagues was done and over. I had looked at each colleague in the eye and said, "I am sorry I stole her boyfriend."  
  
I looked at the Principal and he nodded, indicating that I was done. I started collecting my clothes and putting them on.  
  
"I am keeping this as a souvenir," said Claire, as I asked her for my panties.  
  
"That's fair, I guess," I heard myself saying, shocked that I thought an old rival keeping my panties was fair.  
  
"Have I become this demented? Is this time for a therapist?" I wondered.  
  
The afternoon was not over.  
  
"Matt, come over and strip Claire," said the Principal.  
  
All of us, Matt, myself, Claire and the rest looked stunned.  
  
"When Claire told me about her rivalry with Sherry, I told her I would let her punish and humiliate Sherry in public under one condition," said Roberts and paused.  
  
"That she herself agree to be punished in like fashion," continued the Principal.  
  
"We don't have time for a full punishment session today, but I thought a preview is in order. And I felt it would be best for Matt to be in charge of the proceedings in order to avenge his sweetheart's debasement," he concluded.  
  
Matt and I beamed from ear to ear and Claire looked downcast.  
  
Again, I marveled at the Principal's brilliance. Everyone would have expected me to administer the punishment but to have an avenging boyfriend added a new twist. Made it more interesting. Or at the very least, Matt and I thought so. Plus I am more of a bottom than a top and I think Roberts intuited that.  
  
"Time for your em-bare-ass-ment" said Matt punning, as he led Claire by her ear and positioned her in front of the mirror.  
  
"Ask," he said simply as he stood by her side with his hand still on her ear.  
  
"Please take off my skirt, Sir," said Claire.  
  
Next was suit jacket. And then the blouse.  
  
Now it was decision time.  
  
"Bra or Panties. Bra or Panties," Claire seemed to think.  
  
"Panties!" she said unable to conceal the excitement in her voice.  
  
Clearly, public humiliation agreed with Claire too and this was going to be a lot of fun.  
  
Matt slowly peeled down her panties and exposed her shapely butt and pussy. Her pussy was trimmed but not shaved bare.  
  
"You will be punished the Monday that you report for work. So that's just over two weeks from now? Keep your pussy neatly trimmed like you have, but do not shave it completely," instructed the Principal.  
  
Poor Claire had had no thoughts of shaving it bare so did not know what that was all about.  
  
But Matt and I did and we exchanged smiles. One of us would get the honor of shaving her bare. In public. Poor Claire still did not know the devious ways of her to-be boss but she would soon learn.  
  
Matt then proceeded to unhook her bra and leave her standing completely naked in front of us for the first time. But not the last time, I suspected.  
  
He then had her turn around and like me, Claire blushed furiously. Uncharacteristically, he inserted his finger in her pussy and said, "She is soaking wet!"  
  
He made her lick her own juices and Claire learnt for the first time, what abject shame felt like. Would she like me, discover how weirdly addicting it could be, I wondered.  
  
Roberts glanced at Matt and shook his head, wordlessly telling him to not get carried away and leave some for next time.  
  
"Just one," gestured Matt wordlessly indicating with his index finger and thumb.  
  
Roberts acquiesced.  
  
"Let's have ten apology squats in front of Sherry," said Matt.  
  
"Ummm what am I apologizing for?" asked poor Claire.  
  
"For being mean to her!" said Matt in an incredulous voice that said, "How can you not know that?"  
  
Claire nodded, stood in front of me and commenced her apology squats saying, "I am sorry I was mean to you."  
  
Soon her ten squats were over. My colleagues left one by one taking one last look at her. She was stunning and had been a worthy adversary in the looks department. It was in the personality department, that I had her beat.  
  
Matt and I waited until everyone had left. Claire still stood naked, shell shocked.  
  
I went over to her with her clothes and said kindly, "Harry was no big loss, Claire. You would have dumped him sooner or later."  
  
"I really liked him," she said holding back a tear, touched by my unexpected kindness.  
  
"I am really sorry, Claire. I had no idea. Otherwise, I would have checked," I told her truthfully.  
  
"I have no luck with men," said Claire, now starting to sob a little.  
  
The events of the afternoon had probably loosened up some of her pent up emotions around this issue.  
  
"It's OK sweetheart. You will find someone who deserves you. I will help you. We will all help you," I said, hugging her warmly,  
  
"You do not have to go through with your punishment session when you join, Claire. I can talk to the Principal and make him drop that, I do it because I am willing to. Not because I have to," I said.  
  
"Oh I have to! I made a deal. And if I do not hold up my end of the deal, I will have compromised my integrity. And then what kind of a louse will I attract?" asked Claire.  
  
"And we will have a lot of fun with your end," I said, playfully swatting her butt as we both laughed.  
  
"This is the start of a beautiful friendship," said Matt, trying to imitate Claude Rains in Casablanca as we left the room allowing Claire to finish dressing in peace.

**Sherry's Test Ch. 34**

Matt continues to be busy with his private coaching and stock trading so I have taken up the mantle of chronicling my own odyssey.  
  
So, the Friday after the Claire episode, we were back at the Principal's house.  
  
We were let in by a very naked Mary, who blushed and said, "I have been bad!" but didn't care to explain further.  
  
Soon I was as naked as her and we were both subjected to the usual regimen of punishments with some variations here and there.  
  
Harvey's continued presence at these events helped ensure that I would never get completely inured to these sessions. I hated being humiliated in his presence and yet strangely found my subjugation exhilarating.  
  
My audiences of course loved that I continued to blush through these events and enjoyed the range of emotions that I go through at these events.  
  
Just when I was thinking that the devious Principal had run out of new ideas. His propensity to throw in a twist re-emerged to amaze me. After we had been spanked and whipped, he gave us a marker and said, "Go and get a signature from all the neighbors!"  
  
Mary and I gasped.  
  
"They are expecting you. They have also confirmed that there are no minors present tonight," he added.  
  
The street the principal lived on was a cul-de-sac and there were only five other houses and most of the neighbors had seen both Mary and I naked but still to walk on the street naked and go into their houses and get their signatures would be an entirely different experience.  
  
But different was good. Different was fun and I strangely looked forward to it.  
  
Mary picked up a sheet of paper from the Printer and her husband said, "You won't be needing that."  
  
It dawned on us slowly. They were going to write on our bodies. How humiliating! How thrilling!  
  
"They should carry a marker between their teeth and walk with their hands clasped behind their head," piped in the despicable Harvey.  
  
Roberts concurred but improvised further, "Mary, you can carry the marker and Sherry, you can carry this whip."  
  
Mary and I looked insanely alluring walking down the street like that, Matt told me later.  
  
We went to first house and the couple, whose names I have forgotten, welcomed us in and teased poor Mary.  
  
It was understandably far more humiliating for her than it was for me but it was embarrassing nonetheless. We were made to kneel before them and beg for their signature.  
  
They had us get up on their coffee table and signed their names on each of our breasts and then proceeded to lash us a few times before letting us continue on our journey.  
  
The next couple also teased Mary ruthlessly and whipped us before signing our asses.  
  
The third couple made us crawl around in circles in opposite directions in their living room while they sipped a glass of wine. We blushed every time we passed each other crawling much but mercifully it was over after a few rounds. They too had us get up on the coffee table and signed our stomachs.  
  
The next couple teased us, had us lie on our backs and spread our legs and then signed our inner thighs. Poor Mary had to endure them sticking their fingers in her pussy and stimulating her while teasing her about being a shameless slut.  
  
The final house was even more embarrassing for poor Mary because they had their twenty-year-old son visiting with his girlfriend.  
  
Poor Mary was humiliated beyond belief to have a lad she had known since he was five see her like that and blushed uncontrollably.  
  
The dad rubbed in her humiliation and the son had the decency to blush a little but seemed to enjoy our nudity and our embarrassment and I noticed his raging hard on through his trousers. His girlfriend squirmed in her seat and I knew she was getting turned on.  
  
They had us do apology squats and then jumping jacks and then had us jog in place. They whipped us all over but took care not to smudge any of the signatures. They too signed our stomachs.  
  
"I think your girlfriend is jealous of the attention we have been getting and would like some herself," I said and the girlfriend blushed and lowered her eyes.  
  
I instinctively knew then that she was a submissive and told her boyfriend, "Spank her when you get home. And then get her to the Principal's house for proper training."  
  
The girlfriend gasped but stayed mute and the family looked shocked as Mary and I left their house.  
  
On the way back, Mary told me how humiliating the evening had been and related how the previous weekend, she had been tied naked to a tree in her backyard and all her neighbors had whipped her all over.  
  
We got back to the Principal's and they took turns examining all the signatures.  
  
I wish I could have slapped Harvey's leering face as he made me show him all the signatures but had to stand helplessly indignant as he examined me from all sides.  
  
Roberts then handed him a wet sponge and I had to suffer the ignominy of Harvey cleaning up the signatures with the sponge as my audience looked on mesmerized. He had me kneel, sit, spread myself and get into all sorts of positions under the pretext having access to the signatures so he could wipe them off. I seethed under my breath and the audience loved my helpless fury as did my pussy, which by now was singing to high heavens.  
  
The lovemaking when we got home was insane and lasted well into the night.  
  
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Saturday night, we were at a bar with Andy and Carol. It was almost closing time with and Matt announced to everyone that I had lost a bet and would have to dance naked on the bar, if no one objected.  
  
Predictably, no one objected and there was wild hooting and cheers to spur Matt on.  
  
I was struck by the singular lack of curiosity among my audience as to what the bet was. No interest in that. Their only interest was in whether I would actually strip and dance naked on the bar and their focused attention gave me goosebumps.  
  
I made my way to the bar and stood up and faced my inebriated audience and did a slow strip, blushing throughout the performance much to the audience's enjoyment.  
  
I played the "I am only doing this because I lost a bet" theme to the hilt and blushed uncontrollably and the audience enjoyed it immensely and clapped throughout my presentation, so to speak.  
  
When we got home, Matt and Andy decided to swap-spank. Andy spanked me over the sofa while Matt held my hands and caressed my face. I cannot explain my feelings when Matt is staring into my eyes and caressing my face as someone else is spanking my spanking my butt. Suffice to say, I enjoy it tremendously and so does Matt.  
  
Then they had Carol hold my hands while the brothers spanked me from either side. Carol got to experience the same. The brothers seemed to be big fans of symmetry, I thought.  
  
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The following Friday after work, the Principal said I would be punished in the gym instead of his house.  
  
He had the gym marked as closed for maintenance, so no kids were there. Just me with some of my interested colleagues.  
  
I was expecting to have to do some gym exercises in the nude but the Principal again sprung a surprise by asking me to strip and shower in front of them.  
  
I protested that I did not have any change clothes, but Nancy emerged with a duffle bag that she had stowed in the Girls locker room.  
  
I wanted to refuse but a part of me wanted to experience this new humiliation. Unfortunately, that part won and I found myself walking to the Girls shower area half-reluctant, half-excited, followed by my eager audience.  
  
I stripped and stood under a shower in the open shower area and turned on the shower. Until now, only Matt had seen me shower and now most of my colleagues were privy to it.  
  
They gawked with open admiration as I lathered myself my wet body and rubbed and washed every part of it.  
  
Hated having Harvey watch this intimate act and yet here he was leering at me and here I was wildly turned on by this new degradation. The douche bag is watching me douche myself, I thought incongruously and almost giggled.  
  
"It's nerves, it's nerves," I told myself as I resisted the urge to giggle and the tension made me look that much sexier to my audience, I was told later by my perverted fiancée. But who was I to judge. I was just as perverted and laughed when I remembered that I had thought of Matt as a nice guy but too nice and thereby boring.  
  
But he was definitely nice in one way. You may have heard that nice guys finish last, but I can assure you, nice guys come last.  
  
Coming back to the shower scene, I was about to turn off the shower when a very naked Nancy joined me and started caressing me sensuously.  
  
I had always suspected she was bi and seeing how agreeable her administrations were, I could not help wonder the same about myself.  
  
The guys were besides themselves as they watched us fondle each other and then watched me lather and scrub Nancy all over. We then toweled each other dry but were very wet inside.  
  
Needless to say, mind-blowing sex ensued that night. After Matt pleasured me to orgasm, I led him to our shower and gave him a blow job in the shower. Love kneeling in front of my beau in the shower with the nice hot water washing all over us. Steamy, to say the least.  
  
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Then there was the Thursday night that Matt and I were invited to come over by my Dad.  
  
I knew there would be a reason for a sudden mid-week invite. It wasn't much of an invite. It was more like, "I need Matt and you to clear your calendars and come over Thursday, 7 PM."  
  
"Yes Dad," I had said and the thought of saying anything else didn't seem possible with that kind of a firm dictate.  
  
I wondered with trepidation what the evening would hold. Matt was excited and he later told me had a hunch what the evening would entail.  
  
When we got there, we were greeted by Walter and Brian, Dad's poker buddies.  
  
My uncles, so to speak. My uncles who had lavished their affection and gifts on me when I was growing up. My uncles, who just a few weeks ago, had stripped and spanked me.  
  
I blushed remembering that evening and then realization dawned. My Dad had promised them that if they visited again, they would get to spank both my Mom and me. I guess that was incentive for them to make another business trip so soon.  
  
"I promised Walter and Brian something, the last time they were here," said Dad.  
  
"You can't be serious!" said my Mom.  
  
"Yeah Dad, come one! That was just a joke!" I said.  
  
Walter and Brian looked a little uncomfortable, little knowing that by now mom and I were masters at feigning reluctance knowing that it only served to heighten everyone's enjoyment.  
  
My mom would find the evening far more embarrassing than I would since it would be her first time before them. Moreover, she knew them far better than I did. So her reluctance was part genuine but it was mixed with excitement at the prospect of being stripped and spanked in front of old friends.  
  
I had come to my perversions honestly. My parents were just as perverted and in a way I had helped that latent part of their personalities surface.  
  
Were they happier as a result? Not sure. But more authentic. Of that, I was sure. I certainly did not intend to go to my grave full of repressed desires, perverted though they may be. I can imagine my parents felt the same way, though repression was not only normal, but expected in their generation.  
  
My Dad stayed silent to let the tension build and Walter said, "Of course, it was a joke. We knew that."  
  
Brian nodded and laughed nervously.  
  
"Actually, I was not joking," said Dad simply and Brian and Walter looked uncomfortable but visibly excited.  
  
"Men are such porn dogs," I thought. But then again, who was I to judge. I had gone from a proper school teacher to a submissive exhibitionist who reveled in public humiliation.  
  
But my submissiveness was confined to the sexual arena. Otherwise, I was still the same independent, feisty, confident woman. There was not even a single occasion where Matt treated me otherwise in our day-to-day life and I was happy about that.  
  
"Honey, please? It will be so embarrassing," said Mom.  
  
"Embarrassment is good for your soul," said Dad.  
  
"I have been a bad girl. Please punish me," I found myself saying, inexplicably going and kneeling before Dad.  
  
I had broken the ice and Mom joined me kneeling submissively before Dad and asked to be punished.  
  
Walter and Brian looked like they were going to pop.  
  
Dad led us to the basement and set up the game.  
  
"The winner of each hand gets to take off a piece of clothing of one of the girls", said Dad predictably.  
  
Well it was predictable for me but for Walter and Brian, it was something beyond their wildest dreams.  
  
Before too long, both my mom and I were down to our bra and panties. Poor mom was blushing endlessly. Brian and Walter were careful not to gawk too much if only for fear that it may cause a halt to the proceedings.  
  
Brian took off my bra as he won the next hand.  
  
Dad took off my Mom's panties as he won the next hand and poor mom blushed and looked at the carpet as Brian and Walter looked appreciatively at her neatly trimmed pussy.  
  
Dad held her face and raised it up and said, "Eye contact, honey" and mom had to face the humiliation of making eye contact with Brian and Walter with her pussy on display.  
  
We served them refreshments ant it must have been quite a sight to have a top-less daughter and her bottom-less mom walking around serving drinks and appetizers to four horny poker playing dogs.  
  
Walter won the next hand and elected to rid me of my panties and I stood gloriously naked in front of them, trying my best to ignore Dad's presence.  
  
Matt won the next hand and denuded mom.  
  
After that, the winner of the hand got the spank the woman of his choice. I had gone through the ordeal a couple of weeks ago but Dad was not present to witness my nudity. I found it incredibly humiliating and yet insanely exciting to be spanked by his friends in front of him. It was equally embarrassing to have my Dad spank me naked in front of my uncles.  
  
Finally, they had us do our apology squats.  
  
Mom and I were made to kneel by the door and kiss their hands as Walter and Brian departed.  
  
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This was an evening they would never forget and told us so.  
  
Then there was the Saturday that Matt and I double-dated with Harvey and Nancy.  
  
Much as I despised Harvey, Nancy was still my bff and I was loyal to her. Many a time, I pleaded with her to re-consider her relationship with Harvey.  
  
"Oh I will dump him when the time is right. In a way, I am slumming it by going out with someone so obviously beneath me. I think it is satisfying some deep seated need for humiliation. Maybe to atone for my past elitism and snootiness?" she had wondered aloud.  
  
"The time is right now, Nancy. It's been way too long already. I am sure you can find some other D/S relationship where the guy treats you right outside the sexual arena," I had tried to reason with her but it was to no avail.  
  
Who know what someone else's journey is all about?  
  
I was committed to our friendship despite having to socialize with Harvey. I could understand to some extent the rush of humiliation that Nancy was addicted to. I myself had found being humiliated by Harvey quite arousing and strangely liberating. But to have a relationship with a creep like that? That was something else entirely.  
  
We had a code though. When we socialized, there would be no mention of any of my public punishments. Sometimes, when we socialized, I would end up being stripped and spanked but Harvey could not initiate it or even hint at it. It had to be either Matt or Nancy.  
  
So coming back to Saturday night at the restaurant, it was late and there were just two other tables that were occupied.  
  
Matt caught me eyeing the handsome African-American waiter and admonished me with his eyes before smiling.  
  
I knew what the smile meant. He had found yet another flimsy excuse to punish me. Not that he needed excuses. Not anymore. By now, I was a willing punishee, to make up a new word. But the excuse or a reason for punishment helped build up the situation and made it that much more fun.  
  
"Take off your panties and put them on the table," Matt said simply and I looked stunned.  
  
I had never done that before. This would be a new experience. But new experiences were good. I craved new experiences. I pretend-pouted but did as directed and soon my black panties were on the table, providing a stark contrast to the white tablecloth.  
  
The waiter came by and visibly jumped when he saw the panties but averted his eyes.  
  
"Can I interest you in some desserts?" he asked.  
  
Matt said, "No, we are all done. By the way, would you venture to guess which of these fine ladies these panties belong to?"  
  
The waiter blushed and said, "I don't know, Sir!"  
  
The manager who was standing at the front desk noticed the conversation and then the panties and frowned.  
  
He hesitated and then walked over to our table, coughed and asked softly, "I am sorry, ladies and gentlemen. Would you mind putting away these undergarments? It may offend our other customers."  
  
"Well, this lady here needs to be punished for flirting. So, I can have her put her panties away if we can go to your office and continue with her punishment," said Matt casually, putting his arms around me.  
  
I blushed prettily and the manager looked incredulous. But the other customers were looking in our direction and he wanted to avoid a scene and said, "Let's discuss this in our office, please?"  
  
Matt nodded. I quickly put the panties in my purse and we followed the manager to his office.  
  
"Please Sir. This has gone far enough. I request you to pay your bill and leave," asked the manager softly.  
  
"Oh come on. It's closing time. No other customers are coming in. The two customers you have, seem to have finished and about to leave. Indulge us. It will be innocent fun. I promise," said Matt persuasively.  
  
The manager was trying to decide if Matt was crazy or not. He glanced at me and I nodded quietly letting him know that I was okay with it.  
  
"What do you have in mind?" asked the manager.  
  
"Light Corporal punishment. You can relax. There will be no sex or anything extreme. Just my girlfriend here will be punished here," said Matt.  
  
"Alright let's get this over with then," said the manager.  
  
I don't know what impishness got into me but to my own surprise, I found myself blurting out, "But honey, don't you think our waiter should get to witness my punishment? After all, the reason I am being punished is because you caught me checking him out."  
  
Everyone looked stunned and Nancy exclaimed, Sherry!"  
  
But Matt smiled and said, "You make a good point, sweetheart. Good to see that you have such an accepting attitude towards your punishment."  
  
I rolled my eyes and the manager again tried to decide whether we dangerous lunatics or just weird.  
  
He decided on weird as he nodded, took care of his remaining customers and returned with the handsome waiter I had gotten into trouble over.  
  
They had me bent over the manager's desk and raise my skirt to reveal my naked butt.  
  
Matt gave me ten spanks, followed by Harvey and Nancy as the manager and the waiter looked on stunned but appreciative. I was pleased to see open admiration in the waiter's eyes.  
  
Then the manager was asked to have a go. He refused politely but Matt insisted.  
  
To my discredit, I found the experience of being spanked by someone new, exciting.

Then the waiter was asked to spank me. He too refused but Matt insisted.  
  
I found it extremely erotic and squirmed and writhed as the muscular, handsome waiter spanked me gently.  
  
"I think she wants you to spank her harder," said Matt and the waiter reluctantly complied. As usual, I had to count out the strokes and that is always demeaning and yet erotic.  
  
Predictably, they had me strip all the way. It was gratifying to see the waiter taking in all my charms. I knew he was imagining screwing my brains out.  
  
Matt rubbed it in by making me admit that I was sorry I was eyeing the waiter. He clarified to the manager that it was all my fault and the waiter had no part in it.  
  
I was soaking wet with the erotic humiliation of having to apologize naked in front of a new audience and having everyone know I had been checking out the waiter.  
  
Finally, Matt paid our bill and left the waiter a generous tip as I got dressed.  
  
Apparently, Matt had not had his fill of my humiliation because he invited Harvey and Nancy over to our place with the prospect of continuing my punishment.  
  
This would be a new experience again. I had never been punished before Harvey in my own home and I could imagine it would be specially humiliating.  
  
It was.  
  
I felt helpless anger as the creep spanked me on my kitchen counter, dining table and even in the bedroom.  
  
They tied me to bed post and whipped me all over. To have Harvey do that in all the intimate areas of my home was incredibly humiliating and incredibly arousing.  
  
As usual, it led to insane sex. As usual, we made love twice that night. The first was fast and intense. The second was slow and leisurely and lasted well into the night.  
  
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Finally, it was the Monday that Claire joined. The principal led her into the Teacher's lounge.  
  
"Are you ready for your punishment?" he asked.  
  
"Actually, I am not," said Claire simply but firmly.  
  
"But you promised!" said the Principal lamely, clearly caught off guard.  
  
"Yes but I changed my mind," she insisted firmly and I was proud of her. Wish I could have done that myself a few times.  
  
"Well guess Sherry will have to entertain us again then," said the Principal.  
  
Claire looked interested. She clearly wanted to see me humiliated again.  
  
"You are excused," the Principal told Claire and Claire looked reluctant to leave.  
  
"If you want to stay, you have to join the proceedings," said the Principal.  
  
"I will, under one condition," said Claire.  
  
"What's that?" asked Roberts hopefully?  
  
"I get to take Sherry & Matt to this Saturday's School Reunion," she said and paused.  
  
We were all waiting for the inevitable.  
  
"And strip her and punish her in front of everyone," she continued.  
  
"Done!" said the Principal.  
  
"Not a chance!" I protested.  
  
"Oh come on, Sherry! You will enjoy it! You know that. Think of how exciting it will be to have all your old classmates see you naked and humiliated by your rival," cajoled the Principal.  
  
"What alternate reality have I fall into where a prospect of such public humiliation is held out as an exciting event?" I wondered.  
  
"And what depths of perversion have I fallen into that I cannot deny the excitement I felt contemplating my naked comeuppance in front of all my ex classmates?" I continued wondering.  
  
"Sherry, I will let you do anything you want to me, if you consent," asked Claire excited at the prospect.  
  
"Anything?" I asked.  
  
"Yes, anything!" she said.  
  
"But that does not mean you can do anything to me at the reunion! You will have to run your plans by Matt. He will have to agree and he will be there in person to ensure that you stick to the script," I said.  
  
"Done!" said Claire beside herself with excitement. She looked like she wanted to do cartwheels at the prospect of being able to punish her rival in front of all her classmates.  
  
"But I have not registered for the reunion," I said, having second thoughts.  
  
"Not to worry. I am part of the organizing committee," she said.  
  
"Oh no! What have I agreed to?" I wondered and was on the verge of backing out but looked into Matt's eyes which were as wide as saucers. Her would get to see me humiliated in front of the whole class and clearly thrilled at the prospect.  
  
"It's going to cost you," I said looking at Matt and he nodded. He was making good money with his private coaching gigs and then playing stock options with that money and making a killing. He could afford to indulge me. Moreover, he loved indulging my every whim and I knew he would do so even if I refused to indulge his kinkiness.  
  
"Ok. Kneel," I told Claire.  
  
I knew Claire had the better deal. She would get humiliated before my colleagues but not her colleagues.  
  
I, on the other hand, would get humiliated before my old school mates. But I had agreed in order to assuage my guilt at inadvertently stealing her boyfriend.  
  
Claire knelt in front of me and I made her apologize for being a bitch.  
  
I made her strip herself slowly, spanked her. I led her on a leash to all my colleagues and made her tell them she was sorry she was such a bitch to me in school.  
  
I then put a towel on a sofa chair, asked her to lie back on it and spread her legs.  
  
I returned from the principal's office with shaving equipment and Claire looked horrified.  
  
"Please, don't?" she pleaded.  
  
"Well you said, anything. Are you backing out now?" I asked.  
  
Claire seemed to consider backing out but then she knew I could back out too. The prospect of humiliating me before my school mates was too tempting for her.  
  
"Fine do your worst. I will make sure you pay for it on Saturday," she warned.  
  
What she did not know was the extent to which I relished my public humiliation though I was loath to admit that openly. I looked forward to the reunion with trepidation but not without anticipation.  
  
I shaved her slowly, making sure she maintained eye contact with the audience who could see all her naked charms.  
  
When she was completely bare, I made her drape her legs over the sides of the chair.  
  
I whipped her splayed pussy and invited my colleagues top do the same. Some did and some didn't.  
  
But overall it was a very humiliating ordeal for Claire. I wasn't used to playing the dominant role in such situations but I was not averse to it.  
  
It was a lot of fun to administer these punishments but I still preferred to be the sub. About that, I had no illusions about what I was in for on Saturday. I had certainly accumulated enough bad karma today. I would pay for it dearly on Saturday. The prospect was terrifying. The prospect was exhilarating.  
  
I cannot wait for Saturday to arrive.

**Sherry's Test Ch. 35**

So there I was at my school reunion with Matt, mixing with old school friends and their significant others. On the stage was the principal and other teachers competing with each other as to who could make the most boring speech. Some things never changed and I hoped I was a better teacher than they were.  
  
"Oh God, will I be stripped on stage in front of all of them?" I wondered.  
  
In a weak moment, I had agreed to Claire's demand that she could complete her revenge on me by stripping me in front of everyone at the school reunion.  
  
Matt, of course, was overjoyed at the prospect. I couldn't help but relent although I had made her promise that she would not go overboard and keep it light, lighter than what both of us had been put through recently.  
  
So now the question was, "When?"  
  
I looked at Claire, sitting a few seats away from me and she showed no sign of having any plans for me. Matt seemed equally inscrutable and normal.  
  
The proceedings on stage were over to my surprise without me being called up to be stripped.  
  
"Oh well, might as well relax and enjoy my reunion," I thought, but not without a strange tinge of disappointment.  
  
"Oh God! Have I become this much of a humiliation junkie that I am disappointed by this?" I wondered.  
  
"Or is it being the center of attention that I crave for," I continued pondering.  
  
"Probably a combination of both," I concluded as the audience rose up from the auditorium and headed to the banquet hall for the party.  
  
Matt and I picked up glasses of wine and started circulating.  
  
I could barely recognize some of my old friends. Some, I could barely remember even after they introduced themselves. Some, it was good to meet up again and catch up on what had been happening in their lives. Some of the teachers were there too and I found them as boring socially as in the classroom. The band started playing on the stage and some started dancing.  
  
Matt and I alternated dancing with some rounds of socializing, armed with wine and hors d'oeuvres.  
  
I ran into Claire who had come by herself and couldn't help whispering to her, "Hey did you give up on your revenge idea?"  
  
Claire smiled, shrugged and said, "I changed my mind."  
  
"God, hope she didn't see the disappointment on my face," I thought as I continued dancing and socializing.  
  
I was told by quite a few envious women that I looked absolutely stunning in my red dress.  
  
Some of the men were afraid to be too complimentary in front of their significant others but did mention that I looked great.  
  
I was happy to receive all this adulation and so was Matt. He had the prettiest woman in the room on his arms and his air of confidence showed as he conversed with the other males. Despite being a poor school teacher, he had learnt how to play the stock market well and moreover had a flourishing after-school private coaching business. A successful entrepreneur with a pretty fiancee who was his submissive slave - what man would not be strutting around confidently with that going for him? I was happy for him and proud of the fact that he did not talk down to anyone and treated everyone with the utmost respect. He was classy. Perverted, devious, demented, but classy nonetheless. A rogue and a gentleman. He is, I am sure, going to work this into one of my punishment scenarios.  
  
"I am sorry I called you a rogue," I could picture myself saying during my naked apology squats that he was so fond of.  
  
Of course, being impetuous, I would follow it up with "I am sorry you are such a rogue." And if the scenario were to be played out in front of his family as they often are, I am sure I would get appreciative laughs as well as applause. Needless to say, my sassy comments and impetuous outbursts only added to the allure of my punishments.  
  
Anyways, coming to the current story, by the time an hour had passed, I had caught up with most.  
  
Harry was there too and he had turned out much better than I had expected him to. Before, he was good looking without much of a personality. But had grown into an interesting, self-assured man.  
  
The band took a well-deserved break from playing and I saw Claire go up on stage.  
  
"Ladies and gentleman, we have a surprise for you that I hope will be as entertaining for you as it will be for me. Sherry, will you please join me on stage?" she said much to everyone's bewilderment.  
  
"Oh God, here we go," I thought as I made my way up to the stage and joined Claire.  
  
I looked at the audience and was sure they had no idea about what was to transpire.  
  
"They probably think I am going to sing or do something equally innocuous," I mused as I contemplated my impending humiliation and felt weak in my knees.  
  
Ever since I had agreed to Claire's demand, I had been pondering on the event with the usual mixed feelings of trepidation and excitement. I had even got myself off a few times visualizing this. Yet now I wasn't sure.  
  
Matt intuiting my hesitation came over and whispered, "You can do it sweetheart. Make me proud."  
  
Like I said before, demented. What kind of a man would want his fiancée to allow herself to be stripped in front of her old school friends as a means to making him proud? Crazy! But then here I was, equally demented to be turned on by the prospect.  
  
Matt nodded to Claire and stepped off the stage.  
  
"Friends, Sherry, my arch rival in school; Sherry, my nemesis; Sherry, the hussy who once stole my boyfriend has agreed to do penance. She has agreed to let me punish her in front of you all," said Claire in an excited tone as the audience stared incredulously.  
  
They still had no idea what the punishment entailed and that merely added to the excitement, including mine, I am ashamed to admit. A certain tension was building up in the room, but for me it was erotic tension.  
  
"Sherry?" asked Claire and I guessed that she wanted me to acknowledge my acquiescence.  
  
"Yes, Claire. I am sorry for having stolen your boyfriend, one that you liked so much. I had no idea and I am willing to let you punish me so that you may find it in your heart to forgive me," I said turning towards to her and now slipping into my familiar helpless heroine role.  
  
Claire waited for the suspense to build. The tension in the room was so thick, you could have cut it with a knife.  
  
I felt hot in my face as the audience stared at me. I could not help but marvel at the ingenuity of it all. I had expected to be stripped on stage before the party but she had desisted. She made me think it was not going to happen and gotten me to relax and mix with everyone. It would have been one thing to be stripped right in the beginning with an air of anonymity, before I had gotten to catch up with my friends. Now, I had circulated normally and re-established my contacts. We had all gotten to know each other all over again. To be stripped in front of them now would be so much more humiliating. But a part of me was happy for it. Humiliation by changing the situation rather than upping the ante of the games was great. I enjoyed it. My pussy reveled in it.  
  
I stood and contemplated my situation. One minute, I am the life of the party, the elegantly dressed stunning girl no one could look away from and the next, I am on stage waiting to be stripped and humiliated in front of them all. That too after I was led to believe that nothing was going to happen and it would be a normal party. This was genius. No way, a novice like Claire could have come up with this. It had to be Matt. Matt, the bastard. Matt, my gallant and demented fiancée. Matt, who loved exhibiting his fiancée in public. Matt, who I loved dearly.  
  
I looked reproachfully at him, letting him know that I saw his hand in all this and he gave me one of his 1,000 volt smiles. I couldn't help but smile at the corner of my mouth.  
  
"Ask properly," said Claire.  
  
I stared at her and she motioned to the floor with her eyes.  
  
"Oh God!" I thought as I flushed and knelt before her. I was sure I looked so incongruous kneeling like that in my gorgeous red dress but Matt assured me later that I looked incredibly fetching. Nothing like a well-dressed lady kneeling to heighten one's anticipation of things to come.  
  
I repeated my apology kneeling in front of my ex-nemesis and again asked her to punish me as she saw fit.  
  
She motioned me to rise and I did so. Claire came over and stood behind me and said, "Shall we get this naughty girl's dress off?"  
  
The audience was stunned but figured they were expected to nod and did so.  
  
She slowly and sensuously peeled off my beautiful red dress and I stood before my old school friends in a beautiful Victoria's Secret pink slip.  
  
She had me swivel around with my hands on my head and I am ashamed to say that it turned me on immensely. The embarrassment still exceeded my arousal by far and I blushed helplessly as I made eye contact with my friends.  
  
Matt loves to see me blush like this and a considerable amount if his devious creativity is dedicated to devising new ways of making it happen. Considering the humiliating odyssey, I have been on the last few months, that was no mean accomplishment.  
  
She turned me around to face the audience and gave me a few smacks on the bottom. I blushed and winced as I felt the audience stare at me, stunned that I would be willing to subject myself to such degrading treatment. Little did they know that it would get worse. Far worse.  
  
"Shall we get her slip off?" asked Claire.  
  
The schoolboys who were now men with girlfriends or wives had no choice but to be silent or nod discreetly. The girls however were not restrained and I heard a loud, "Yes!" from a lot of them. Some of them were patently jealous of me and I could understand them wanting to see me humiliated but even some of my friends joined in. I would need to have a chat with them later and discover their motivations.  
  
"Solidarity. Have you heard of solidarity, sisters?" I wondered as Claire again slowly and deliberately unhooked my tight fitting slip and peeled it off me, leaving me standing in Victoria's secret lace pink bra and panties. I have never been a fan of thongs and mercifully had decided not to wear one tonight.  
  
But I had chosen pretty and reasonably new underwear because I had prior knowledge of my punishment. I was dressed to be undressed, I thought nervously and almost giggled. The nervousness was getting to me.  
  
I was again made to twirl a few times with my hands on my head and blushed helplessly through it all. As I felt my perverted pussy get moist, I prayed fervently that it would not get wet enough to stain my panties.  
  
I almost wished for the denuding to be over with in order to prevent the ignominy of my friends seeing a wet spot on my panties. Alas, as it turned out later, it was not to be.  
  
Claire again swatted me a few times before menacingly resting her hand on my back and pulling on the bra hook.  
  
As I squirmed on account of my bra getting tighter, she asked predictably, "What do you think, friends? Shall we get this bra off?"  
  
The girls said "Yes!" and the men were mostly silent. It was a beautiful dream for them and I guess they did not want to ruin it by saying anything.  
  
Claire now pulled my hair gently, causing me to raise my face a little. That was brilliant for a novice. She was demonstrating her power over me and the audience loved it. Unfortunately, my pussy loves giving in to power too and I felt myself get wetter.  
  
"I don't hear you!" said Claire.  
  
This time there was a louder "Yes!" and some of the men as well as their wives and girlfriends joined in.  
  
"Sherry, would you like me to take your bra off and expose your boobs to our friends?" asked Claire.  
  
"God she is rubbing it in. I am sure Matt must have trained her," I thought as I said, true to form, "Claire, please don't take my bra off. That would be so embarrassing!"  
  
"Well you have always flaunted them. It's time to show them, don't you think?" asked Claire.  
  
"No please. I never flaunted them!" I protested.  
  
"Yes you did. You always wore tight fitting clothes and showed off your figure!" said Claire now adding to the drama and making sure that everyone would enjoy my comeuppance that much more.  
  
"In for a penny, in for a pound!" I thought as I brazenly said, "I can't help it if you were jealous, honey!"  
  
Claire looked angry but she had to know I was deliberately riling her to make my stripping more interesting for everyone, including demented old me.  
  
"Well you are standing in your underwear in front of all your high school friends. And enemies if I may add. Not jealous of you, honey! Now it's time for them to see your tits," said Claire now visibly annoyed and deliberately using that demeaning term.  
  
She took her time unhooking my bra and peeling it off and the audience looked mesmerized as slowly my breasts came on view. She stroked them sensuously and pinched my nipples lightly, again to demonstrate her dominance over me and my traitor of a pussy chose to get wetter as I looked at the audience staring at me with undivided attention.  
  
She stood behind me and caressed and kneaded my breasts before asking me to do some apology squats.  
  
She stood in front of me to the side with her back to the audience so that the audience got a full view of my apology squats. My blushing face, with embarrassment writ large on it, told her all she needed to know about the audience's stunned response.  
  
Next, I was asked to do some jumping jacks, presumably so that the audience could delight in watching my jumping breasts.  
  
I was now getting increasingly turned on and the wet spot I had been trying to prevent appeared conspicuously.  
  
"Looks like the slut enjoys this!" pronounced Claire, pointing to the wet spot and now holding me by the ear like a naughty school girl.  
  
I felt like sinking into the ground because much as my pussy enjoys these public debasements, I would rather it did not sing about it and proclaim it to the world.  
  
"I can't help it. It is my body's autonomous response to humiliation," I protested trying to muster some semblance of dignity.  
  
"Do you feel humiliated, sweetheart?" inquired Claire in a gloating tone.  
  
"Yes, Claire. I do," I said meekly, true to my helpless heroine persona.  
  
"Well good. Because that's how I felt when my boyfriend dumped me for you," said Claire.  
  
I noticed that she did not name Harry but wondered if he knew. I sought him out in the audience and turned a deeper shade of red.  
  
"Oh my God! So many of these boys like Harry had wanted to see my boobs but I had been extremely selective. Sometimes even the ones who had been on a dozen dates before getting dumped had not gotten to see them and here I was topless in front of them all. And then there was Neal, the handsome football jock I had a massive crush on but was one of the few who had dumped me! I had gone out a few times with him, eagerly jumped into bed with him a few times before he found someone outside school. He was with his girlfriend now, probably the same one he had dumped me for and now I was topless in front of them. And about to be fully nude soon. Hopelessly humiliated and hopelessly turned on. And my teachers! Oh my God! What were my teachers thinking! They had always looked on me as a sexy but proper girl. What will they think now!" I wondered as Claire stood behind me kneading my boobs and caressing me all over, swatting my butt a few times.  
  
I continued scanning the room and noticed the waiters. They had forgotten about the appetizers and were now as mesmerized by the audience as anyone else. And the band. Oh God, the band! They seemed to have forgotten about the music as they stood happily taking in the sights. They would have some tales to tell at their next gig!  
  
"Shall we get this down?" asked Claire.  
  
By now, my arousal had spiraled out of control. The prospect of being completely nude appealed to some part of my fevered brain. I wondered if I should feign reluctance but repentant acquiescence seemed more appropriate.  
  
"Yes Claire. Please I am sorry I treated you so badly in school. You have the right to take my panties down and expose me to the class," I said earnestly.  
  
The audience clapped. I guess they were happy that I was not entirely averse to the proceedings. It gave them the license to enjoy themselves more. Moreover, subjugation from pretty women seemed to get their juices flowing, pun intended.  
  
"You want the whole class to see your pussy?" asked Claire.  
  
"I don't want it. But if that is what it takes to earn your forgiveness and friendship, so be it," I said with dignity and again the audience applauded. I myself was surprised by my ability to muster dignity and garner support in the most demeaning of situations.  
  
Claire beckoned the band back to the stage and they came up to their corner. She whispered something to them and they started playing a score that conveyed excitement and suspense. I could not place that tune nor did I care to as I contemplated my impending nudity.  
  
"Would you like music with your strip?" Claire said laughingly and I blushed as she knelt by my side and slowly peeled the panties off me. She made me turn a few times in between to give the audience different views of my slow strip.  
  
The audience gasped visibly as the top of my pussy came in view and realized that I was completely bare.  
  
Finally, the panties were at my thighs and my pussy was completely exposed. She made me do a few twirls to show me off from all sides before asking me to step out of my panties completely. My clothes lay in a disarray on the floor and she asked me to pick them up and lay it out on the podium the band was standing behind. I did so and one of the band members winked when I placed my clothes there which only made me blush deeper. There is something so humiliating about having to pick up the clothes one has shed and arrange them neatly. Made me feel like a little girl, it did.  
  
I was now made to do the apology squats again. I chose to retain some modesty by keeping my legs close together as I squatted down but Claire would have none of that. She let me complete a set of ten and then said, "Now another ten, but spread your legs like the slut you are when you squat."  
  
"Yes Mistress," I said meekly to the delight of everyone as I proceeded to humiliatingly spread my legs when I squatted down. Perversely, as I was wont to do, I lingered in the spread position, even making eye contact with members of the audience to rub in my humiliation before getting up to do the next squat. And I had to say, "I am sorry I stole your boyfriend" while doing the squats which made it that much more degrading.  
  
But audiences everywhere seem to love stories of revenge and comeuppance and their enjoyment was clear on their faces.  
  
Then she had me jog in place and I looked ridiculous doing that. Or so I thought but Matt later assured me that I looked incredibly sexy doing it.  
  
All the while, the band played instrumental scores which to me felt weird but seemed to agree with the audience. Claire, I learnt later to my chagrin, had the waiters pass out popcorn to the audience so that they could feel they were watching a movie.  
  
She then had me stand facing the audience with my hands clasped on my head and disappeared for a few minutes. In a way, it felt even more embarrassing to merely stand in front of all of them naked, letting the humiliation sink in. Harry shook his head reproachfully when I made eye contact with him. I had been so conditioned by my past punishments that I chose to make eye contact with everyone in the room and let my predicament sink in rather than avert my gaze to the floor.  
  
I blushed profusely when I made eye contact with Neal and his girlfriend. Neal smiled and his girlfriend shook her finger at me. Maybe she was telling me to stay away from her beau. There is something irresistibly humiliating about exposing oneself to one's ex and here I had two. Neal and Harry. Neal, who had dumped me and Harry, who I had dumped.

When I made eye contact with Matt, he blew passionate kisses to me and some members of the audience noticed and applauded. I blushed, turned my face to the side and shrugged. Matt later told me that it was his favorite moment of the evening and he found the way I tilted my head and smiled, the combination of my blushing and my shrug of acceptance incredibly alluring.  
  
It was almost five minutes before Claire came on stage with a bag and stood by me. The first thing she pulled out and displayed to the audience was a homecoming queen tiara!!  
  
"Oh my God! How humiliating! She was going to put the tiara on me to remind everyone, including me, that I was a homecoming queen who now stood shamelessly naked in front of them," I thought as she let the audience understand what was going to happen before dramatically putting the crown on me.  
  
"How do you feel, Sherry?" she asked like an unimaginative TV reporter.  
  
"Bloody novice," I thought as I hissed, "Like a proud homecoming queen."  
  
"Proud? When you are shamelessly naked in front of all your classmates?" asked Claire, determined to make me grovel.  
  
But I wasn't going to. Not easily, anyway. I found that my defiance made my inevitable groveling that much more enjoyable for the audience as well as my own perverse pussy.  
  
"Like I proud naked homecoming queen," I said defiantly and the audience guffawed and clapped wildly.  
  
Plus, I had turned the tables on her. I had used her own gesture to rub it in that I had beaten her to the crown.  
  
"Does she have it in her to break me and make me grovel?" I wondered,  
  
She did, I would find out. At least, literally if not figuratively.  
  
She smiled as she proceeded to extricate a collar and leash from her bag.  
  
I stood defiantly as she fastened a black, choker like collar around my neck and attached the leash to the hook on it.  
  
She then pulled out a marker and wrote on my stomach, "Claire's bitch".  
  
She then stepped behind me and wrote the same on my butt, as I was to learn later.  
  
She left me standing in front of the audience for a couple of minutes letting it sink in. I couldn't help thinking how silly I must have looked with the tiara, the collar and the leash hanging between my boobs.  
  
"You looked like a naked goddess," Matt, bless his heart, assured me later.  
  
She then turned me around and let the audience see what she had written on my ass. A few girls in the audience clapped, inappropriately if I may add. Presumably, they were her friends.  
  
"Now get on all fours like a good doggie," said Claire and I followed that demeaning instruction.  
  
She then took the leash and made me crawl besides her.  
  
"God this is so degrading. Crawling naked in front of all my friends with that silly tiara on my head. Plus, with Claire, my ex rival, holding the leash and leading me.  
  
But as expected, a part of me found it wildly exciting and pussy was now gushing profusely. As I write this, I cannot help but marvel again at Matt's cunning genius. If all this had happened before I gotten reacquainted with my friends, I could have hidden under a mask of relative anonymity. But now, after getting reacquainted with them, there was only the humiliation of crawling naked in front of friends who minutes ago had seen me at my elegant best.  
  
I was close to tears but at the same time, I was close to an orgasm. I swayed my hips as I crawled. I spread my legs a little, letting the audience see my slit from behind.  
  
Claire led me around the stage a few times, whipping my ass as I crawled. She then made me crouch on my knees, hold out my paws and cup them like a dog and apologize to her all over again.  
  
She got me to stand up and spanked me on my butt, making me apologize with every spank.  
  
I had to do one final set of apology squats. This time around, I had my tiara, collar and leash to accentuate my nudity.  
  
"Now go and mingle," said Claire and I got off the stage and walked over to Matt.  
  
As expected, he drew me to him and kissed me passionately as the audience applauded.  
  
"Should I take the tiara and leash off?" I asked.  
  
"No. Leave them on," said Matt and I shook my head wondering why I bothered to ask.  
  
I looked at the writing on my stomach and Matt said, "Leave it, sweetheart. You will give her more power if you erase it."  
  
The hard part was the mingling in this condition after what I had transpired. My friends conversed normally and even complimented me on how I had carried myself. The jealous and catty ones rubbed it in though.  
  
"Oh my God! It must have been so humiliating!" they all said predictably.  
  
"Oh my God! I can't imagine having to go through this!" said one.  
  
"Well you are in no danger of being in this situation," I said and let the double entendre sink in. What I meant was that nobody would be interested in seeing her naked.  
  
Matt wanted to dance and unhooked my leash but left the Tiara and collar on.  
  
It felt bizarre to dance in my current state, But I did not hold back. There was no attempt to change any of the moves even if it meant displaying more of myself.  
  
It wasn't too long before I realized that everyone had stepped off the dance floor and let us have the floor all to ourselves. For some reason that I find hard to fathom, they chose to be mere spectators than participants in the dance.  
  
But it did not deter me. "Dance as if no one is watching you," says Rumi. I found I could dance naked as if no one was watching me, even if everyone was watching me.  
  
We were wildly applauded at the end of the dance and stepped off to mingle again.  
  
Matt took great pleasure in walking around as if everything was normal and I soon realized the bastard was making it a point to ensure that everyone got to meet me again and see all my charms at close quarters. Despite everything I had gone through the past few months, I blushed continuously and Matt loves that about me.  
  
The hardest part was meeting Harry and Neal. Harry took unabashed delight in looking me over as if to say, "You wouldn't show me this before, but now I can see all of you."  
  
Neal too looked at me appreciatively, but not as openly as his girlfriend was present. She didn't say anything, but it was clear she knew of our past and looked at me judgmentally as if to say, "You are such a slut." Unfortunately, even if she had said it, it would not have been far from the truth. Except that I didn't sleep around. I just liked to be exhibited all around.  
  
We danced a few more times and I noticed that Matt was picking the faster numbers to dance to and chose numbers that would have me lift my legs and display everything. The perverted bastard! But I love him for it, which makes me equally perverse.  
  
At some point in the party, the Principal came into the room. Everything stopped and I blushingly covered myself with my hands.  
  
"What's happening here?" he demanded.  
  
"Claire was settling some old scores with my fiancée here," said Matt.  
  
"And who is this Claire?" Principal Wilson demanded to know.  
  
"I am," said Claire and hesitantly stepped forward.  
  
"You are way out of line, young woman. What did she do to deserve this?" asked the Good Principal. Getting support from Principals was a new experience for me, since the other two in my life merely wanted to put me in increasingly humiliating situations.  
  
Claire told her and he said, "In any case, you should have checked with me first."  
  
"Yes Sir. I should have," admitted Claire.  
  
"Now let's see if you can take what you so cavalierly dole out. Where's the fiancée?" he asked.  
  
Matt, my honey, stepped forward.  
  
"Thank you for alerting me. Would you like to direct the proceedings since you know what your poor fiancée went through?" said Wilson.  
  
Claire looked stunned. I looked stunned but soon grinned from ear to ear as comprehension dawned. Matt had set up Claire beautifully. He had got her to be hoisted by her own petards, so to speak.  
  
Claire thought of protesting that Matt had written the script for her but knew it would be to no avail. He would argue that she had gone too far and he had never planned for me to crawl around the stage on a leash.  
  
And some part of Claire, I knew, was envious of me. Despite everything she had put me through, I was the center of attention, I was the heroine and in fact most of the men would say I was a Goddess. She craved some of that attention, some of that heady adulation. This was her chance. Like me, she was happy to have the pretense of being compelled to do it.  
  
She came over and knelt before Matt and me and said, "Matt, I am sorry I went overboard. Please punish me as you see fit."  
  
Matt, took her hand and turned to lead her to the stage.  
  
"Should I get dressed?" I asked.  
  
"No. You should stay naked till the end," said Matt casually and the Principal nodded approvingly and looked at me.  
  
I uncovered my hands and let him look for the first time and was gratified to note his open admiration of my naked form.  
  
Matt then led Claire on to the stage and put her through her paces as you can imagine. The audience was thrilled to have another girl from their class stripped and punished embarrassingly.  
  
As Claire stood naked before us all, the audience noted that Claire was pretty. She had a decent figure and while not stunning, was a head-turner all right.  
  
This was only Claire's second experience of public nudity and she blushed beautifully. The audience enjoyed it and so did she.  
  
Matt made her grovel, pretending to exact revenge on her and the audience loved it.  
  
Soon, she too was mingling with everyone naked and blushing.  
  
I happened to be close by when I saw Harry step up to her and tell her, "Claire, I was an idiot to let you go. I will be delighted if you go out with me again."  
  
Claire was thrilled. Here she was naked with a collar like mine (Matt had brought his own) and "Sherry's Slut" written on her stomach and ass. She had been made to spread herself in front of everyone and crawl degradingly like I had to. Here was the guy who had dumped her a long time ago, the guy who had witnessed her being a bitch who had punished and degraded me, the guy who had witnessed her getting her just desserts by my fiancée and yet in spite of everything, wanted to go out with her again. He wasn't making a sleazy proposition looking at her state of nudity but asking her normally, like a gentleman.  
  
How could she refuse?  
  
"I would be delighted," she said and fought the urge to curtsy, as she later told me.  
  
Harry took her arm and mingled along with her and Claire appreciated that tremendously. He seemed to be saying, "Humiliated or not, she is my girlfriend."  
  
"We should double date sometime," said Matt as I shot daggers at him because I knew what he meant was double spanking.  
  
"That sounds like a great idea," said Harry as Claire looked at me incredulously. But we shrugged and smiled as if to say, "Boys will be boys."  
  
Finally, the evening came to an end but not before they had both Claire and me, naked on stage apologizing to the whole class for being competitive bitches.

**Sherry's Test Ch. 36**

So, Monday in the Teacher's lounge again, the Principal put a flash drive in his laptop and hooked it up to the projector.  
  
"Oh God!" I thought as I intuited that everyone was going to watch my ordeal at the reunion.  
  
"Sherry?" the Principal asked gesturing up and down my body with his eyes.  
  
"Yes, Sir," I said as I stood up and commenced my strip while musing on how far things had progressed in the past few months. No longer did I need to be told to strip. No longer did I plead not be stripped. But one thing hadn't changed. Despite the numerous times, I had been stripped and humiliated in front of my colleagues, I had not gotten inured to it. In my mind, I always imagined it was the first time. That ensures that I would continue blushing. That ensured that my audience would continue to enjoy it as well. My previous feisty protests and role-playing of a hapless heroine trapped by the evil principal had yielded to a submissiveness that my audiences found equally alluring. I was not a wanton slut merrily taking off her clothes. Actually, deep down, I am sure that's exactly what I was but it came across as mere submissiveness since I hid my enjoyment of predicament and held the stance of, "I am only following orders."  
  
I stripped my clothes slowly and noticed that I still hated having Harvey, my old nemesis, be part of the proceedings. A few times, I contemplated stipulating that he be not part of my sessions and I could have probably gotten them to relent but something in me seemed to relish my subjugation at his hands. Something I did not understand nor did I feel the need to. All I knew was it turned me on immensely and I found it strangely liberating. I knew the sleaze ball wanted to sleep with me badly and that I was sure would never happen, so in a way I took perverse pleasure in flaunting my charms in his face knowing that despite being in a position of power at these events, he could never have him and it drove him crazy. Still don't know why Nancy is still with him. Even if she was slumming it, she should have been over it long ago.  
  
"But who am I to judge given what I have agreed to put myself through, the last few months," I thought as I peeled down my panties and stood before my colleagues yet again.  
  
They then rearranged the chairs so all of them were facing the wall my movies was going to be projected on and then Claire too walked in and joined them. I thought they were going to have her join me, but clearly, they wanted me to experience the humiliation of being the only one naked.  
  
Matt faced the laptop in front of me so I would be forced to watch my ordeal and the audience would have the double pleasure of watching the event on the screen while watching my embarrassment at seeing myself on the laptop.  
  
The bastard Principal then had me kneel in front of Harvey and something in me seemed to relish this added humiliation. I wanted to smack the smirk off his face but all I could do was kneel mutely with my arms clasped behind my hand and breasts jutting out while he took in all my charms. Claire and Nancy were seated next to him and they too were smirking as the Principal hit the play button. Soon, I was naked on the screen and felt the stares of my colleagues as they watched mesmerized.  
  
God, it was humiliating watching myself get punished on screen in front of my colleagues and I blushed profusely through it all. Claire too blushed when it was her turn to be stripped and spanked on screen.  
  
After the movie was over, I had to stand in front of them with my hands on my head and have them ask me questions about the event and how it felt to be humiliated in front of all my old classmates and especially in front of a guy I had rejected. They thought the Tiara was such a nice touch and Matt fessed up to having planned that out with Claire.  
  
Then, they had Claire strip and join me and she too had to answer questions about how her feelings during the event. But she gloated that despite everything, she was happy on two counts – one that she had her revenge on me in public and more importantly, Harry was finally in her life.  
  
Finally, we had to do our joint apology squats just as we had done at the reunion and were asked to hug each other as the audience clapped in appreciation.  
  
The Principal had other plans Friday night and I thought I was going to get a break but Matt had other ideas. He invited Harry and Claire over.  
  
Even though, I had been punished in front of both of them, this was different. This was in my own home and in since there were just the four of us, it would be much more intimate and much more embarrassing. And yet. Much more interesting. And I would be proved right.  
  
After Harry and Claire settled down with their beers. Matt stood me in front of them and slowly started undressing me. It felt so weird to have my lover strip me before an old high school boy that I had dumped and yet it felt exhilarating. Claire should have had mixed emotions about it but later told me that she felt confident I was no longer a threat to her. For one thing, I was never interested in Harry. For another, she felt confident that Matt and I had a rock-solid relationship even if it was an off-the-charts weird one. So, if Harry got to see the girl who had rejected him humiliated in front of him all over again, why should she deny him the pleasure. And this time, it was not in the anonymity of a large audience but in the intimate settings of my own home.  
  
Matt stripped me slowly and sensuously like a prize. Once I was naked he held my arms apart on either side, displaying me to Harry. Even though Harry had seen me naked at the reunion, to have Matt strip me in my own home and display me to him was embarrassing and strangely erotic.  
  
Matt then had me do squats in front of Harry apologizing for treating him badly in school and then in front of Claire apologizing for treating her badly too. There's something about apologizing in that fashion that turns Matt on insanely. For that matter, it turns me on insanely too. The atmosphere was electric and Matt was recording it for posterity.  
  
"When you are pregnant or busy with small kids, we may not get to do this. I will enjoy these episodes then," he had told me and I did not grudge him that.  
  
"Now Harry, when Sherry was an athlete in school, did you imagine her doing her exercises naked?" asked Matt.  
  
Harry coughed and didn't know what to say.  
  
"Oh, come on. You were enamored with her and had occasion to watch her run around the track and train in the gym. Don't tell me you didn't imagine her doing it naked," Matt pressed on.  
  
"I I guess I did," admitted Harry sheepishly looking at my naked form standing in front of him.  
  
"Well today you get to see some of it. Let's start with some jumping jacks, honey," said my lover.  
  
I rolled my eyes and did my jumping jacks in front of Harry and Claire. Harry was besides himself seeing my boobs bounce around and pussy open up as I did my jumps.  
  
Then I was told to jog on the spot and do all kinds of freehand exercises all calculated to expose me to Harry in different poses.  
  
Matt put on some music and I was now told to dance in front of Harry. God that was so humiliating to be ordered ot dance naked like that. But I did it and after a couple of songs, I was mercifully asked to stop.  
  
I was then led to the punishment chair in front of the mirror and Matt gave me the customary ten spanks.  
  
Harry was invited to go next. He looked at Claire and she nodded.  
  
So here I was kneeling on the chair in front of the mirror submissively before a guy I had dumped and he was going to spank me. Harry to his credit did not hold my boobs like Matt did but Matt told him he could do that.  
  
"It is part of the ritual," he said assuaging any guilt Harry might be feeling at groping another woman in front of his girlfriend.  
  
Harry was now a teenager all over again as he eagerly cupped my breasts, looked in the mirror at my blushing face and slowly commenced the spanking. As usual, I had to count out the strokes and demurely call him "Sir" and ask for the next one.  
  
Then Claire got to give me ten and she teased and taunted me about being naked in front of her boyfriend. Having my humiliation rubbed in only served to increase my arousal and I was now writhing with uncontrollable sexual tension. My swaying only served to increase Harry's enjoyment and his boner was evident through his trousers.  
  
Matt came over and whispered, "You doing ok, sweetheart?"  
  
I nodded.  
  
"Mind if I really expose you?" he whispered again.  
  
I knew what that meant and hesitated but nodded nonetheless.  
  
He turned the chair around and asked me to assume the position.  
  
With burning shame, I sat on the chair and draped my legs around the sides and exposed myself completely to Harry and Claire. They were both incredulous and I thought their eyes were going to pop out when Matt returned with a whip and proceeded to whip me all over. Harry and Claire loved watching me wince, sway,moan and writhe under this exquisite humiliation. Even though this was not a new experience for me, this was a new audience and plus the emotional charge of doing this in front of someone I had dumped even without letting him see me naked. And here I was now splayed in front of him and with my sweetheart whipping me all over. I was so close to an orgasm and Matt sensed that.  
  
He knelt between my legs and proceeded to lovingly kiss and lick my pussy. I had reservations about having this intimate act performed in front of Harry and Claire but my need for a satisfying climax was much more urgent and overrode any modesty. And yes, despite everything I have allowed myself to be subjected to, I am still modest.  
  
Matt loving licked and sucked me and I held back a much as I could until I moaned and convulsed wildly and had an earth shattering orgasm.  
  
As the waves of my orgasm subsided, I made eye contact with Harry and Claire and looked at their stunned faces. I wanted to sink into the ground. I no longer had the rush of arousal to blind me and the reality of sitting splayed and soaked in my own juices in front of them hit me like a sledge hammer.  
  
Luckily, Matt handed me a few tissues and changed the topic.  
  
"Harry, would you like me to initiate Claire into domestic discipline?" asked Matt.  
  
Harry looked wide-eyed in astonishment, looked at Claire who shrugged and nodded.  
  
She later told me, "If it does even to a small extent, what it seems to have done for your relationship, then I was all for it."  
  
"May I get dressed, Sir?" I asked Matt, fully knowing the answer.  
  
Predictably, he said, "No you may not" and I pouted.  
  
I was now in charge of the camera as Matt and Harry had Claire stand in front of them. Harry was coached to tell Claire what piece of clothing she was to remove.  
  
"Claire sweetheart, let's have you take off your jeans," said Harry.  
  
Claire unzipped her jeans and stepped out of it.  
  
Matt whispered something to Harry and he said, "Fold it properly and lay it on the table."  
  
Claire shot daggers at Harry but followed his instruction. As with me, her reluctance made the situation that much more charged.  
  
She stood before us now in her short T-Shirt which did nothing to cover her white panties.  
  
Matt again whispered something to Harry and Harry said, "Take off your panties."  
  
Claire was taken by surprise as she was expecting to be asked to take off her T-Shirt.  
  
Like me, she too felt having to strip in a smaller setting that much more embarrassing.  
  
She peeled off her panties slowly, stepped out of them and remembered to fold it and place it neatly on top of her Jeans.  
  
It is strangely more embarrassing to be standing bottomless with your T-Shirt still on than stand completely naked and Claire was made to stand blushing for a full minute with her hands clasped behind her head and her pussy on display.  
  
Soon, she was standing completely naked and Harry and Matt took turns spanking her. She was told that she was being punished for being rude to me and she was made to perform her apology squats in front of me and then Matt.  
  
Like me, she was spanked by Matt as well as Harry. Like me, she was positioned splayed with her butt sticking out and all her charms on display. She blushed furiously as Matt instructed Harry in the art of whipping your lover all over her spread out form.  
  
Harry was a quick study and Claire too was soon writhing under his whip, more from the humiliation than the impact of the gentle toy whip.  
  
Like Matt, Harry too knelt in front of his lover who had gone through so much for him and brought her to a satisfying climax. I had to admire Matt and Harry's self control because they must have been bursting in their trousers.  
  
Harry handed Claire some tissues as she recovered from her orgasm and the bell rang.  
  
"Oh, that must be the pizza I ordered. Would you mind getting that honey?" he asked me.  
  
I stared at him and then shrugged and proceeded to the door. It wasn't surprising that he would make me do this. It was surprising that it took this long for him to think to do it.  
  
I opened the door wide open and the poor teenage pizza boy almost dropped his pizza. He had delivered us pizza a few times before so he knew us.  
  
"How much is it?" I asked taking the pizza from his hand.  
  
"Thirty-four sixty-five, Ma'am" he said looking me all over admiringly but in a shy manner.  
  
"Will be right back," I said and turned to give him a good view of my ass.  
  
Matt gave forty bucks to Claire, so it was obviously her turn.  
  
Imagine the poor pizza boy's surprise when the door opened again and another naked woman stood before him.  
  
"Keep the change," said Claire letting the boy look her all over. She made it a point to turn around and let the door shut on its own in order to give him a good look from behind.  
  
We were kept naked the rest of the evening while we chatted and had some beer along with our pizza.  
  
Luckily, Harry and Claire did not linger too long after that.  
  
They were still at the door leaving when I knelt in front of Matt and unzipped his fly. Claire smile as she hurried off with Harry.  
  
This was indeed the start of a beautiful friendship.

**Sherry's Test Ch. 37**

Soon it was the last week of the school year and I stood before my class ready to teach. Would I 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 my persona wondered what it would feel like to be 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 my 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 humiliations 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 something my audience enjoyed 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 suspense would add to my embarrassment.  
  
He then warned the class that to punish me properly, I would be humiliated and it would involve nudity.  
  
"You are adults now, but 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.  
  
"Wonder what they will think of me after today?" I pondered 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 and respect 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, 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 later. 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.  
  
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 was getting 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 down 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 but 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.  
  
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 in the sight 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 it did not matter, for 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. But it helped heighten the drama for everyone's benefit. My pussy seemed to love me playing the reluctant performer role.  
  
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 experienced 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 most of 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 the students at 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 as well as 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 and insanely tuned on. I perversely chose to not only write my apology on the board like a recalcitrant schoolgirl but turn 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. He obviously did not want my boobs to be obstructed.  
  
I commenced my squats holding my ears as instructed, looking at my eager audience, pausing, opening my legs a little while squatting and holding my pose for a few seconds. I blushed profusely as I noticed how embarrassed some of them were for me. Most were staring at the insides of my pussy with rapt attention. I wish they had listened to me teach with such kind of undivided attention!  
  
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 the scene 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 left cheek, saying "Bad" followed by the right cheek, saying "Teacher."

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 gave him an embarrassed smile and another shrug.  
  
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 or give me disapproving looks to 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.  
  
Finally, 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 humiliation 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. It certainly took my arousal to a higher plane.  
  
"When you go low, I go high," my pussy seemed to be telling me, in retrospect. I am giggling as I am writing this wondering what Michelle Obama would have to say to that.  
  
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.  
  
"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 gave me a disapproving look, shook her head reproachfully 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, chest and stomach. 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. Matt would later tell me, that he almost blew his load seeing how beautifully shy and embarrassed I looked.  
  
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 and again I couldn't help but 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.  
  
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. Agreed?" 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 and 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 fucked 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 so they shall, so they shall," he assured everyone and I looked into their horrified faces.  
  
"In the meanwhile, this class has done an admirable job punishing you," he continued.  
  
"Yes Sir. They have," I replied looking at my stunned class. They had known me as a spirited, self-respecting teacher and here I was kneeling naked in front of them, looking and acting so subservient.  
  
"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, rolled my eyes and rose to perform my squats while thanking them. I again spread my legs a little wise exposing the insides of my pussy to my eager spellbound audience.  
  
I was then made to stand up as the class was dismissed. The class was instructed to come over to me to be thanked in person.  
  
I looked so flushed 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, calling them by their name. Calling people by name in such situations had to effect of rubbing in the fact that I knew them. It also prevented me from being completely lost in my erotic haze and tuning it out. It also served to let me perversely savor my humiliation that much more.  
  
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 commenced fingering myself imagining that the class was still there.  
  
The Principal piped in 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 for the day 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 my own administrations 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 lost in an erotic fog 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 at the slut your son has chosen," I said.  
  
Later, 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 the fuck up and let me have my orgasm," I hissed.  
  
The Principal was taken aback but was impressed by my assertiveness. He silently nodded.  
  
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. It felt so satisfying to be taken like that on my desk.  
  
Matt came soon and so did I.  
  
I love happy endings. Don't you?