**Sherry's Test Ch. 37a**

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**Sherry's Test -- The Graduation Party -- Scene 1**

**Prologue**

One Saturday morning, Matt said "We are going to your class graduation party this afternoon. It will be a lot of fun."

"Oh God! What am in for?" I asked.

"Wouldn't you rather be surprised?" asked Matt, not unreasonably.

I shrugged and said, "I guess I would." After the last student had turned 18, I had been stripped and spanked in class in front of them and I was pretty sure something like that was in store for me.

After a light lunch, we drove to school and he took me to the auditorium.

"You get to live out all your fantasies today," Matt said ominously as he led me backstage.

"You mean all YOUR fantasies," I said, calling out his subterfuge.

He explained to me what I was in store for. There would be a number of skits. Each skit had a loose outline and a lot of it would be left to improvisation. Everyone would be given my safe word which was "cactus" based on the Netflix show "Submission" that both Ma

**Scene 1:**

I was a teacher caught shoplifting in a store by a student who was working part-time as a security guard.

The plot seemed vaguely familiar and Matt later told me he had read it on asstr.org or some site like that.

Imagine my embarrassment when Sam came over dressed as a security guard and marched me on to the stage. There was a desk set up ostensibly to be the manager's office.

Sitting at the desk pretending to do some paperwork was my perverted sweetheart Matt.

"Oh God, I am going to be stripped and punished by Sam in front of Matt," I thought to myself. I was not altogether averse to the idea of being stripped and groped by a crush in front of my fiance but to have that happen in front of all my ex-students and fellow teachers as well as my parents-in-law! That would be something else.

Oh I forgot to mention that when I stepped on stage I noticed that the audience comprised of all my ex-students, my colleagues, my future in-laws and others I had been 'exposed to' like Omar and so on.

"I caught this lady shoplifting a necklace, Sir!" said Sam.

"Hmmm I think we should call the police," said Matt barely able to hide his glee.

I was tempted to not play according to script and say, "Fine call the police!" but decided to play the role.

"Please don't call the police, Sir! I will do anything!" I pleaded, flashing my eyes seductively.

"Well I guess we can handle it here then," said Matt. "Provided you are co-operative!"

"Oh, I will co-operate, Sir!" I assured him.

"Very well then, Sam. God knows what else she has stolen. I think a strip search is in order!" said Matt.

"Oh no! Please Sir! I am not hiding anything else," I pleaded, now totally into the role.

"Well we need to be sure," said Matt firmly.

The script did not give me much direction except the rough outline of the situation, so I decided to add in my own.

"Please Sir! Send Sam away. You see until a few months ago, he was one of my students. It will be so humiliating to have him strip search me!" I pleaded.

"That's interesting," said Matt, his eyes clearly twinkling with appreciation for my improvisation.

"That adds a new dimension to the situation. I think some humiliation is in order. It may serve as a deterrent," said Matt predictably.

The devil in me came out.

"But Sir! What if I enjoy the humiliation? In that case it won't be a deterrent," I said impetuously.

"In that case, we shall enjoy humiliating you over and over," said Matt, taken aback but recovering swiftly.

"Well, teacher, time for you to strip," said Sam, deliberately emphasizing the 'teacher' part.

"I think it will be more humiliating if you strip her yourself frisking her for any stolen goods at every stage," said Matt and I grimaced silently.

I turned to face Sam and the audience and Sam came over and felt me up, sensuously caressing my boobs and my ass. I was fully dressed but to have my crush grope me in public had me groaning. By now, you know I kind of enjoy being put in these predicaments but part of the fun is pretending to be compelled to do it. I had a chance to act out a 'first time' scenario and both Matt and I enjoy that tremendously.

Sam had been told beforehand to not hold back and that I would also secretly enjoy it, otherwise I guess he would have been more bashful.

After feeling me up through my clothes he went behind to unzip my skirt and let it fall to the floor. He then stepped in front of me and slowly and sensuously unbuttoned my shirt until I stood in bra and panties with the open shirt still on me.

"See I am not hiding anything," I said, playing the role. I could see the audience enthralled by my slipping into the character.

"Not so sure. Let me check," said Sam and proceeded to frisk my bra clad breasts and caressed me through my panties.

"Don't think she is hiding anything, Sir!" he said.

"Yes, I am not hiding anything, Sir!" I echoed.

"We can never be too sure. Proceed with the stripping," said Matt looking up for the journal he was pretending to write.

"Time to make a clean breast of it, teach," said Sam and I stuck out my tongue at him.

The audience always loved these moments and I did too.

Sam shook his head smilingly and slowly proceeded to remove my shirt off my shoulders and then unhook the bra and inched the straps ever so slowly down my arms. I closed my eyes and imagined he was doing this in the privacy of my bedroom and felt myself getting wet. I felt the cool air on my breasts and opened my eyes and looked into Sam's adoring eyes and then the audience.

Practically everyone in the audience had seen me naked before and yet they were staring at me mesmerized. They could not get enough of it and neither could Matt and if truth be told neither could I.

Sam turned me around to face Matt and felt me under my breasts, ostensibly to make sure I wasn't hiding anything. God it was surreal. To have my ex-student grope me like that in front of my fiancée. I was getting wetter by the second and praying I would not leave a telltale sign on my panties. Matt, I could tell, was getting massively turned on and stared at me wide-eyed.

"You know if you wanted to sleep with him in order to have one last fling before we got married, I would let you," he would tell me later to which I replied, "No sweetheart. Just the foreplay and imagination is enough."

He then had me hop up on the table so that my pussy would be eye level with him as he took down my panties. I was surprised at an inexperienced Sam being so adept at this only to learn that Matt had put him up to it. hat a rascal and I loved him for it. To think that at one point, I had considered him to be nice and boring!

Anyway, so Sam had me stand up on the desk facing him and the audience wearing only my panties and inched my panties down ever so slowly. i blushed uncontrollably as I watched myself getting denuded in front of everyone.

My freshly shaven mound came into view and the panties were rolled off my legs as I stood completely nude in front of Sam and the appreciative audience.

Matt loves how despite all that I have been through in the past few months, I can still blush. But new situations like this help keep my embarrassment alive. Honestly, I enjoy blushing as much as Matt loves making me blush.

"Now you can search her," said Matt, in a matter of fact tone.

My eyes widened with shock and Sam looked wide-eyed with surprise. I had not thought he would actually have Sam search me in front of this huge audience! Even Sam had not expected things to go this far.

He had me get down from the desk and stand.

Without being asked to, I clasped my hands behind my head, jutted out my breasts a bit and struck a submissive pose. God, I enjoy those helpless poses.

Sam smiled and had me open my mouth and inspected my mouth. God, how degrading!

Next, he inspected my breasts, kneading them a little. I couldn't help but get a little wet and getting felt up by Sam in front of my fiancée.

Next, he inserted his finger in my pussy.

"I am not hiding anything there!" I hissed in mock outrage.

"We need to be sure. You should have her up the desk, so you can inspect properly," said Matt.

My eyes widened again in surprise.

"Oh my God! I am going to be splayed wide in front of my students!" I thought with trepidation as well as excitement.

Sam eagerly led me to the desk Matt was sitting at and had me lie on my back with my legs up. Matt wasn't happy that my face was hidden. He wanted me to see myself in the monitors and wanted the audience to see my blushing face. He stood behind the desk and re-positioned me to hold me up so my face and breasts were visible to my audience. Sam then had me spread my legs wide and I blushed uncontrollably. My pussy was clearly glistening and Sam spread my lips further and conducted a thorough examination. I could see some of my girl students give me disapproving looks but most in the audience were captivated by the spectacle I was presenting.

Sam decided to torment me further by asking, "So teach, how does it feel to be lying naked and spread open in front of your student?"

"Oh Sam! I always dreamt I would be in this situation," I said sarcastically and the audience guffawed. Everyone enjoyed the fact that I was game enough to go along with whatever ludicrous situation they put me into but also sassy enough to surprise them with out-of-character remarks.

Sam was a novice at this could not think of a snappy comeback but smiled at my comment and proceeded to inspect me thoroughly. He had me squirming and moaning under his administrations. To have that be done in public -- how deliciously humiliating!

"She is all clean, Sir," said Sam after fingering and stroking my pussy for a couple of minutes.

"Right. Now we punish her for stealing," said Matt predictably.

"Whhhhat kind of punishment, Sir?" slipping back into my role.

"Why a spanking of course," said Matt.

They had me kneel on the desk on all fours and Matt and Sam stood on either side of desk and sync spanked me. As usual, I was made to count till ten and thank them before asking for the next one.

"Now you can live up to your I'll do anything promise," said Matt as he raised me off the desk and had me kneel in front of him.

I unzipped his fly wondering if I was going to have to blow him in public but mercifully, the curtains came down before I could take his penis out.

It was gratifying to hear the loud applause from the audience as the curtains closed.

"Oh God! That was crazy!" I said, before grabbing my clothes and going backstage to dress for the next part.

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The next scene was set up like a small restaurant with just a few tables.

I was asked to wear an elegant party dress – one of my favorite electric blue dresses. Matt had gone through a lot of trouble to pick out appropriate outfits for each scenario.

Matt and I walked on to the stage lovingly holding hands. Waiting at the table to my consternation was Nancy, who I did not mind but her despicable boyfriend and my nemesis, Harvey, who I minded a lot.

Seated at the next table were my in-laws to be, Tom, Kate, Andy and Carol.

Seated at another table were Harry and Claire. And at the fourth table was the rogue Principal, who had set in motion my whole saga of public humiliation, with his wife Mary.

I had been punished before all of them before but this was a new situation. Plus, since each scene was a stand-alone scenario, I got to pretend each one was the first time and got experience the rush of first-time humiliation all over again. God How I loved that. As did Matt and most of my audience.

Harvey sneered knowingly at me while undressing me with his eyes in an obvious manner.

"Stop gawking at me, you ape. That too in front of your girlfriend, my best friend, Nancy!" I admonished him, knowing fully well that this would make my eventual humiliation in front of him that much more acute.

Harvey, taken aback, sulked and Nancy too admonished him for his lack of social grace.

The waiter came to take my order and predictably, it was Sam.

"How many times will be punished in front of him," I wondered, with trepidation mixed with excitement.

"Hi Sam! I did not know you worked here," I said pleasantly.

"Just a temp job. So good to see you again, teach. You look lovely as usual," he said graciously.

As directed by the minimal script I was given, I looked him up and down and admired his fit physique. That was the reason I had admonished Harvey. I knew from the script that I would be punished for flirting with Sam and it would make my punishment that much more acute.

Sam brought us our drink orders and again I made eyes at him blatantly.

"Sam, did Sherry flirt with you in class?" asked Matt.

Sam coughed and looked embarrassed and stuttered, "I I can't say, Sir!"

Damn he was good. I did not know he had a talent for acting.

"Well she was doing it very obviously right now. Clearly, when she accused Harvey of the same thing, she was projecting her own tendencies on to him," said Matt in a professor-like tone.

I rolled my eyes at his pop psychology 101 and Matt admonished me, "Don't you roll your eyes at me like that. You need to atone for your blatant public flirting."

"Oh, is it OK for me flirt in private then?" I asked sassily and the audience burst out clapping.

"Ok now you have real made me mad. I was going to punish you when we got home, but it is befitting that you be punished right here!" said Matt pretending to be angry.

I too pretended to be contrite and said, "I am sorry sweetheart. I was just teasing you. I like to make you jealous. You are so passionate then!"

"Too late for your apology. You are going to be punished right here," said Matt firmly.

"Oh Matt. You can't be serious. Not in a public restaurant!" I exclaimed playing my role to the hilt.

"I am sure the manager won't mind. Let's check with him," he said and gestured to Sam to summon the manager.

"The manager won't mind?" I asked incredulously. "What about me?"

"Oh, I so want you to mind. That's part of your punishment!" exclaimed Matt.

Sam came with another man who my horror, turned out to be Omar. Omar was the salesman I had gotten unjustly fired some time back and I had been punished before him multiple times. Still did not make it easy though.

"Do you mind if we punish my fiancée for shamelessly flirting with your waiter here?" asked Matt.

Omar pretended to be surprised and asked, "What kind of punishment would that be Sir?"

"I think some old-fashioned corporal punishment is in order," said Matt pompously.

"Well," said Omar rubbing his chin thoughtfully before adding, "The restaurant is closed so as long as the other customers don't mind, I certainly don't."

"That's fair. Sweetheart will you go to all the tables and ask them if they would mind you getting stripped and spanked?" asked Mattas as casually as if he was asking me to go to the next table and borrow the salt shaker.

"Matt, please don't!" I pleaded.

"Come on sweetie. This is for your own good," Matt said firmly.

I put on my vulnerable face and went over to my future in-laws to ask them if they minded me getting spanked in public! It was hilarious considering the number of times they had already participated in such happenings but for the purpose of this scene, they were strangers in a restaurant and it was the first time I was getting punished in public. I loved it!

I am sure I looked delectable in my elegant blue dress as I went over to strangers in a restaurant and asked, "Would you mind if my fiancée spanks me for flirting with the waiter?"

Omg! It was fun playing the reluctant lady about to experience a public spanking for the first-time. My future in-laws were clearly impressed with my acting skills and looked wide-eyed and played the role of incredulous on-lookers by saying things like, "You got to be kidding me" and "He wouldn't really do that, would he?"

To rub it in, Tom, my future father-in-law, rose up, looked at Matt and said pompously, "You have my permission to take your future wife in hand, my son."

I bristled at the sexist innuendo there. As mentioned before, I am still a feminist and all for equal rights and all that, and for that matter, Matt is too. Never in our relationship had there been any sign of male dominance and we were equals in all respects. Even in financial matters where Matt was clearly superior, he treated me as an equal and discussed all our financial investments with me. He explained the intricacies without ever being condescending or mansplaining. Sex was the only arena where he enjoyed dominance and sex was the only arena where I enjoyed being submissive, so it was a perfect fit. But I didn't expect the others to understand that and chose to ignore the occasional boorish comments. I chose to do that only because outside of these episodes, they treated me completely normally and affectionately and no reference was made to this aspect of our relationship.

Before I could go over to the next table, Matt beckoned me over and when I went to him, he asked Sam to take my dress off in front of Harvey. God, how deliciously humiliating!

I stood before the smirking Harvey as Sam stepped behind me and unzipped my dress and slowly took it off me to leave me standing before Harvey in my light blue slip. God, I wished I could slap the smirk off his face and that feeling of helplessness inevitably added to my perverse enjoyment of my predicament. The audience looked enthralled and what I would learn later was that the audience had been provided a list of characters and the context, so everyone new about my enmity with Harvey and that Claire was my high school rival and that Harry was the guy I had dumped and Tom, Kate, Andy and Carol were my future in-laws and so on. No wonder they were enjoying the scene so much! I do have a devilish fiancée and I love him for it.

"Looks like slowly we are going to leave less and less to my imagination, sweetie," said the bastard and all I could do was to make a face at him and walk to the next table. The fact that I was walking in my slip wearing high heels made the scene even more incongruous.

I walked over to Roberts and Mary and they too played the role of incredulous diners to the hilt.

"Mary, I saw you eyeing the waiter too, Maybe, after Sherry is punished, you can take a turn!" said Roberts and Mary looked horrified but I could detect the very familiar undertone of wistful longing and I gave her a quick half-smile.

Next was Claire and Harry. Harry asked me if I remembered him. Obviously, I replied that I had no idea who he was. He then proceeded to remind me how I had dumped him unceremoniously in school and how he looked forward to seeing me humiliated. The audience loved it and some clapped. Clearly, they loved the drama as much as I did.

I walked back to Matt and curtsied and said, "I am ready for my punishment, my future Lord and Master."

Matt had me bend over the table with my elbows resting on it and facing the audience. Everyone on the stage gathered around me as Matt stepped beside me and raised my slip and lowered my lacy blue panties slowly over my ass.

"Damn, Sherry you do have a gorgeous ass," remarked Harvey to rub it in.

I again gave him a helpless frown causing him as well as the audience considerable delight.

Matt gave me the customary ten spanks making me count each one and apologizing for flirting with Sam. Harvey loved it, the audience loved it and for that matter, so did I. But in keeping with the plot, I kept my enjoyment hidden and my face merely showed my embarrassment or as Matt used to call it, 'em bare ass ment'.

Matt then rolled up my panties and lowered my slip and made me stand up.

"Sam, I now want you to strip your teacher. Harvey, you can stand in front of her. I know how much she will hate being stripped in front of you," said Matt and I looked horrified.

I knelt in front of Matt and pleaded, "Matt, pleased don't do this. It will be so humiliating. I am sorry I flirted with Sam but I have been punished for it. You can punish me all you want when we get home but please, not in this restaurant and especially in front of Harvey!"

It was a masterful performance that was helped by the fact that despite having been punished in front of Harvey countless times, I had never gotten used to it. I hated him with a passion and still found being punished in front of him incredibly humiliating. Plus, this was a new situation with a new audience.

"Sweetheart, you have been warned before about flirting in public. I love you very much and you need this punishment," said Matt kindly, but firmly.

I stood up as Harvey came to face me and Sam stood behind me, removed my light blue slip and left me standing in my Victoria's Secret lacy, light blue bra and panties.

"Well, well, Sherry dear. Do you feel uppity now? Any sarcastic comments?" inquired Harvey with a sneer.

There would be a time for humiliating abject capitulation in front of my enemy but that time was not now.

"Well Harvey, no matter what happens here, you are still a pathetic loser. You can look at me lustfully, but know that you can NEVER satisfy your lust," I said with calm confidence.

Harvey was taken aback as I expected and to my gratification, the audience cheered loudly.

"Proceed," said Matt with a huge smile on his face. He loved my indubitable spirit and it made him go crazy. I know that because often while watching these recorded episodes during love making, he would pause at points like this and proceed to demonstrate his appreciation by worshipping me with fervor.

Sam stood behind me and unhooked my bra and slowly and sensuously inched it off me and I stood before Harvey and the audience in just my panties and high heels.

"Even though I can never satisfy my lust, it still gives me enough satisfaction to see you naked and humiliated before me," said Harvey desperately trying to gain control.

I wasn't going to give it to him that easily. My capitulation would be reserved for climactic situations, pun intended.

"Yes, I am sure jerking off to these memories would give you a lot of satisfaction, pathetic loser!" I exclaimed and the audience again clapped loudly and I smiled.

Nancy looked a little conflicted. Time and again, I had implored her to dump Harvey for but for some inscrutable reason, she hadn't.

"Haven't you had enough of slumming it?" I would ask again and again, underscoring my opinion that Harvey did not deserve Nancy. It wasn't just his perversions. Matt was equally perverted and for that matter, so was I. But Matt was a thorough gentleman outside of such situations and Harvey was just a crude, classless boor.

Matt whispered something to Sam. Sam nodded and asked me to take off my high heels and get on the table. The intention behind that was very clear.

I stood up gingerly on the table, hoping the prop they had chosen was sturdy enough. Luckily, it was.

I faced my audience displaying the requisite amount of shame demanded by this situation.

Harvey stood leering in front of me and Sam stood in front of me to the side, in order to not block Harvey's view.

The panties were inched slowly down as my luscious mound came into view. My pussy was glistening a little and Nancy clearly wanted revenge for me making her so small for being with Harvey.

"Sherry dear, your pussy looks wet. Don't tell me you enjoy being stripped in front of my boyfriend and your rival?" she inquired cattily.

I blushed helplessly and Harvey smirked and shook his head admonishingly.

Matt joined in the act and said, "Sherry, I don't believe this. In addition to flirting with Sam, you find being humiliated in front of Harvey exciting?"

"No, I don't! It is my body's autonomous response," I replied hotly, not entirely without justification but at the same time, not entirely truthfully either.

He came and stroked my pussy and said, "Naughty pussy!" and that made me even wetter.

"I bet when you were eyeing Sam here, you imagined him seeing you naked," said Matt.

There was an element of truth in it but it wasn't the entire truth.

"Well actually, I pictured him standing naked on his desk with a hard-on," I said defiantly and Matt was delighted with my spunky reply.

"Well that is why you are getting punished, my flirtatious lover," he said and smiled, justifying my ordeal.

"Did you imagine seeing your teacher naked, Sam?" inquired Matt.

"Well she is a beautiful woman. I I can't deny picturing her naked, Sir," said Sam, playing the role brilliantly.

"And now that your dream has come true, how do you feel?" inquired Matt.

"For God's sake! You can see how he feels! Look at the bulge in his pants!" I exclaimed defiantly.

The audience clapped loudly at my chutzpah. Here I was standing naked on a table and yet turning the tables on my tormentors, if you will pardon my pun.

Sam and Harvey took turns in standing close to me and inspecting my bald pussy. I could feel their breath inside my pussy and blushed helplessly. They had me give them a twirl so they could admire my butt at close quarters too.

The fact that Sam's raging boner was evident despite his khakis gave me immense satisfaction.

They then had me get on all fours on the table facing the audience. Harvey stood in front of me and sneered as Matt gave me my ten spanks.

Then Sam was told to punish his flirtatious teacher. Nancy too was asked to punish me for being mean to her boyfriend.

Finally, Harvey was asked to punish me for being sassy with him. I was given the choice to either apologize to him or be punished by him and I chose the punishment.

God, to have my hated enemy spank my bare ass while I was on all fours in front of an audience! He had me spread my legs a little so he could see my pussy while spanking my ass and I had to count each one and thank him and ask him for the next one.

Harry too was allowed to have his revenge.

"Are you sorry you dumped me, Sherry?" he asked with the first spank.

"One, thank you, Sir. Sir, I wasn't in love with you so I had no choice but to dump you," I explained honesty.

"Are you sorry for the way you dumped me?" he asked with the next spank.

I had to admit to that.

"Two, thank you, Sir. I am sorry for the way I dumped you. May I have another spank," I said looking penitent.

Harry looked pleased and gave me the next spank.

"Three thank you, Sir. I am sorry I hurt your feelings," I said with the next spank.

"Four, thank you, Sir. I was young and inexperienced," I said next.

"Five, thank you, Sir. I am glad you are happy with Claire now."

"Six, thank you, Sir. I am glad you are getting a chance to punish me."

"Seven, thank you Sir. You were always a gentleman with me. You deserved better treatment."

"Eight, thank you Sir. I hope this serves as reparation for my treatment," I said honestly.

"Yes, it does," admitted Harry as he gave me my ninth spank, pausing to take in the situation and look at the appreciative audience.

"Nine, thank you Sir. I am so glad you have accepted my apology," I replied.

"Ten, thank you Sir. It will be only befitting to have your girlfriend punish me now," I said to my own surprise. I was running out of things to say and for some reason, determined to say something with each spank.

For the purpose of this scene, Claire was a stranger and not my high school rival.

All the same, it was humiliating and yet, strangely satisfying to have her punish me again.

I thought I was done with the scene but was mistaken. For the scene finale, I was made to lie on my back. Matt came behind me and propped me up so my face and boobs were facing the audience. He then asked me to hold me legs up and spread them. All my charms, my boobs, butt, my pussy and the insides of my pussy were exposed and worst of all, I could see the spectacle I was presenting on the monitor. Harvey was asked to have a good look at my shameless pussy and he did so while making comments about how degrading it was for me to be exposed like that in front of him. It sure was, but I would not admit it. I just looked at him mutely and angrily. Matt caressed my boobs through it all and had me squirming.

"No girl should be subjected to such situations," I thought followed by. "God, wonder how many women would want to be in these situations!"

He then asked Sam to take the cloth napkin that came with the silverware and whip my pussy with it.

Sam came over wide-eyed and rubbed the cloth through my wet pussy a few times before whipping my splayed pussy with it. The audience was enthralled with the sight of the cloth towel covering my pussy before exposing it all over again and I squirmed and moaned through the insanely humiliating and yet erotic ordeal.

"Well Sherry, what do you have to say now? Did you ever imagine you would be humiliated like this before me?" asked Harvey desperate for my capitulation.

"Well let's ask the audience here. Who's a loser? Harvey or me?" I asked with dignity that defied my predicament.

"Harvey!" said my stage audience in a chorus and I smirked at Harvey.

I had defiantly decided to continue holding my legs wide open, even though it was cleat that the punishments for the scene had concluded.

"Sherry, you have borne your punishment with great grace. I love you and worship you for the goddess you are. Harvey, you are a pathetic loser. You are lucky my need to see my fiancée punished exceeded my desire to punch you," said Matt, still propping me up against his chest, left hand over my stomach and caressing my face lovingly with his right hand.

On cue, one by one, everyone of the staged diner audience came over and complimented me on my grace during my ordeal and called Harvey all kinds of names. Even, Omar, who I considered classless, came and bowed before me and complimented me before turning to Harvey and berating him. Well, everyone except Nancy of course. She chose to stay silent and yet pensive.

Harvey turned red and sulked through it all scarcely believing that despite everything he had failed to assert his dominance over me.

Dominance, as any self-respecting female submissive will tell you, is granted not wrested.

The audience clapped loudly as the curtains were drawn and I continued holding my pose and smiled with sweet vulnerability, as Matt would describe it later.

"Oh God. That was so insane!" I exclaimed as Matt picked me up and carried me lovingly in his arms.

**Sherry's Test Ch. 37c**

The next scene was set in a strip club. The scenario had me as an underpaid teacher with spending habits beyond her means.

"Not far from the truth," I thought.

I was supposedly in debt and agreed to try working as a stripper to earn some money on the side. It was a hackneyed plot, but I knew it would still be fun to try out. As usual, the scenario just had a rough outline and a lot of it would be left to improvisation.

I stepped on stage led by Roberts who was playing the role of the strip club owner.

"I think you have found your true calling, Sir!" I said, in a voice dripping with sarcasm, and Roberts merely smiled and shrugged.

"Remember your safe word, sweetie," he said ominously and I bristled because I hated being called "sweetie."

We walked on stage and I saw a stripper pole on stage along with a few tables.

Predictably, the tables were occupied by my male ex-students.

I imagined what it would feel to be in that situation - a respectable teacher desperate for money agreeing to do her first strip performance and finding her ex-students in the audience.

Another table predictably had Harvey, Nancy, Tim and Lara.

The on-stage audience clapped on my entrance and I blushed, hesitated and told Roberts, "I I can't go through with this. I changed my mind."

"You can't do that! I don't have anyone else to fill your spot!" said Roberts with mock outrage.

"I I can't. These are my ex-students," pointing to the two tables.

"And that table is full of my colleagues," I said.

"Yes, I know! I am just starting out and was trying to drum up business. They were very interested in seeing your maiden performance. They were happy to pay the expensive cover charge," he added.

"Or more accurately, uncover charge," he added and guffawed.

"No. I will not do this. Guys, I made a mistake in a weak moment agreeing to this crazy gig. Never again!" I exclaimed with as much dignity I could muster.

"Your choice. But you will forfeit the $250 you paid as deposit," said Roberts calmly.

"Oh no! I cannot afford that! As it is, I am maxed out on my credit cards. I cannot afford to lose another $250!" I wailed piteously.

"Well you have a choice. Follow through on your commitment and you get back $150 from your deposit plus any tips you earn. Or forfeit the $250. It's very simple," he exclaimed.

"Sir, these are my ex-students!" I said.

"Yes, and they are ready to spend everything they have earned from their new part-time jobs. They have assured me that," said Roberts.

"Yes, we will be generous, teacher!" they exclaimed.

"Bbbbut my colleagues! And Harvey is my enemy. I hate him. I cannot strip in front of him!" I wailed.

"Your choice," said Roberts shrugging.

I looked at my audience and asked, "If I do go through with this, will you promise not to tell anyone?"

"As long as we get to see you whenever you perform," said one of my students.

"Nice try. I am in a terrible financial bind and that's why I am doing this. There ain't going to be a next time!" I retorted.

"Well we will keep it a secret if you kneel in front of us and beg us to keep it a secret," said Harvey.

"Oh God!" I thought and as usual, I felt the all too familiar tinge of humiliation and arousal.

I went over to his table, knelt in front of him and looked up at his gloating face and asked, "Please Harvey, I beg you to keep my performance a secret."

"Ok. But you have to beg me again later when you are completely nude," he said and I winced.

As with most of my encounters with Harvey, my face showed my helpless anger and that added to the drama. As much as I hated it, a part of me enjoyed my capitulation to my hated rival.

I then had to beg the rest of my colleagues as well as my students. Luckily, I was able to address them as a group and not have to beg each one individually. That would have been too tedious.

"Ok. Let's get this show on the pole," said Roberts, pleased with his word-play.

Some silly song started playing and I went to the pole and took off my skirt and blouse sensuously. As the scene demanded, I pretended this was the first time and took time to look at my students and colleagues and blush prettily.

After the song ended, Matt walked on stage with someone I did not know.

"Sherry! What the fuck are you doing here?" he exclaimed!

I got into the classic enf pose covering my bra and my panties and pleaded, "Honey, go home! I will come later and explain!"

"I want an explanation now!" demanded Matt angrily.

"Oh yeah? What are you doing in a strip bar?" I asked, desperately trying to turn the tables.

Both the on-stage as well as off-stage audience were mesmerized by the drama. Matt and I were carried way with it too and it felt totally real.

"Well, remember my childhood friend, Mayank? He's recently divorced and needed some cheering up so I thought I could take him to a strip bar and have some bimbo take his mind off his wife. Little did I know that the bimbo would be you!" he said with mock outrage.

The fact that the man with him was his childhood friend, Mayank, added to the drama and my immense embarrassment.

I had never met him before but had talked with him on the phone quite a few times and seen him on skype. Despite living far away, Matt and he had stayed in touch and I had looked forward to meeting him. Never in my imagination had I expected it to be like this.

"Ok sweetheart. Please go home and I will come home and explain and make it up to you," I pleaded.

"Oh no! If you are going to be a slut, I am going to stay here and watch and enjoy," said Matt.

Damn that hurt. Matt had gotten a bit too much into the role and that was harsh. I came close to using my safe word and storming off stage. Later, he would apologize profusely for that uncharacteristic harshness and I would get to punish him by having him grovel ad crawl naked around the house and whip his penis with a strap. But for now, I held back my tears and decided to continue with the scene.

The next song started playing and I got back to the pole and took off my bra and danced with gusto. I loved pretending this was the first time and I really put myself into the situation and felt and radiated acute embarrassment and vulnerable helplessness.

The students, colleagues and to my chagrin, Matt as well as Mayank, came over and stuffed dollar bills in my flimsy panties as I gave them embarrassed smiles. Matt set the stage, so to speak, by rubbing the dollar bill over my naked breasts before stuffing it in my panties and the rest followed suit as I smiled helplessly at them.

When the song ended, Boris walked on stage. Boris, if you remember from my past episodes, was the school's leading patron. I would find out later that he had underwritten the expenses of the entire evening. He was the president of a company and got to write off all kinds of expenses as entertainment. This was undeniably entertainment and I doubt IRS would be able to argue against it! I liked Boris and smiled sweetly at him as he came on stage with two of his buddies and took up the last remaining table. Later, I would find out they were indeed business associates from a company he was trying to finalize a contract with and the evening went a great way in helping him secure the contract.

The next mindless stripper song came on and I returned to the pole, swaying seductively as I took my panties off and with chutzpah, flung it at Matt. Matt smiled and to my chagrin, handed it to Mayank pointing at the wet spot on it.

I blushed helplessly as I danced naked and my patrons came over and stuffed dollar bills in my garter after brushing it against my shaved pussy.

"Now it's time for lap dances. While you are doing that, Nancy and Lara will be stripping," announced Roberts and the audience clapped loudly.

I was pleasantly surprised. I had no idea Nancy and Lara were going to be stripping too.

Sam was the first one who asked for a lap dance and I flushed. I had never done that to him and found the prospect not entirely unappealing.

As the next song started and Nancy and Lara swayed on opposite ends of the pole as they stripped to their underwear, I gave Sam a sensuous lap dance, rubbing my pussy against his hard-on and swaying my breasts real close to his face. I could feel his excited breath on my breasts as I blanked every one out and smiled seductively at him. I had earned this and was determined to enjoy it. We both enjoyed it tremendously and it did my self-esteem a lot of good to have a younger, handsome hunk be so enchanted with me. It seems weird to talk about a lap dance increase my self-esteem but there you go. We are all full of self-contradictions, I guess.

Matt, playing his role to the hilt, announced to that he was paying for his friend's lap dance and I went over to Mayank as the next song started. Nancy and Lara took off their bras and were dancing topless as I blushed and I got over Mayank's lap.

How humiliating to have to do this to your fiancé's friend in front if him as well as an audience. Yet I was insanely turned on to have to do it, as was Matt. It was a match made in a heaven for perverts, I guess.

Mayank, to his credit, blushed and even averted his eyes a few times, as I gave him a sensuous lap dance. Later, he would tell me how much he adored me and how lucky Matt was to find me and hoped he would find someone as sweet and sporting as me.

The next dance was the one I was dreading. I knew it would be Harvey and sure enough, it was. On one hand, it was abject humiliation to have to do a lap dance for your nemesis. On the other hand, it gave me a sense of great power to turn him on but leave him helplessly hungry for me.

As I steeled myself and commenced the onerous task, I turned behind to notice that Nancy and Lara had now taken off their panties and dancing happily naked. The students who h ad never seen Nancy and Lara naked were beside themselves. To see one teacher naked is the stuff that schoolboy dreams are made of. To see three? That was beyond their wildest fantasies.

"Wow Sherry. This must be so humiliating! To give your sworn enemy a naked lap dance," said Harvey as my boobs came dangerously close to his face.

I merely clenched my jaw and continued the lap dance with a faraway look.

Harvey continued to provoke me with, "God that must be so degrading! To do this in front of your fiancé!"

"True, but look how pathetic you are. Your beautiful girlfriend is dancing naked out there and you are lusting after me with a boner that will never feel the inside of my pussy," I retorted.

Harvey motioned Roberts to come over and complained, "Manager, what kind of a joint are you running? Is it customary for your strippers to insult their paying patrons?"

Roberts played the part and said, "No Sir! It is not! We will see that she is punished for it. Sherry sweetie, if you know what's good for you, you may want to bite your tongue."

I stuck my tongue out at him but bore the rest of Harvey's barbs with quiet anger.

The song was a short one but seemed interminably long and I got off him in a hurry as soon as it was over.

The next song had me give Boris and his business associates a lap dance and after the Harvey degradation, did not mind that at all. I was looked at with total admiration and there were generous compliments instead of demeaning comments. I am watching the recording while writing this and see that while I was entertaining Boris and company, Nancy and Lara were entertaining the students who seemed like they could not get enough. Matt, I was happy to say had his eyes glued to me. Harvey too was looking at me. I smirked at that, because no matter how many times he had seen me naked, he couldn't take his eyes off me and I knew that the knowledge that he could never have me, made him crazy.

The song ended and Roberts announced, "Ok. It is time for Sherry's punishment for berating one of our generous customers here" and everyone applauded. Predictable as it was, I bristled at the prospect of being publicly spanked by Harvey.

"Harvey, to punish Sherry for being rude to you, you may give her ten spanks," said Roberts predictably.

I decided to play the reluctant spankee and pleaded, "Please Sir! Don't let him do that, it will be so humiliating!"

Roberts merely shook his head and said, "You should have thought of that before running your mouth with paying customers."

"Ok. I guess I have no choice," I pouted.

"Go and beg him to spank you," said the bastard Principal, playing the role of the strip club owner.

I went over to Harvey, knelt before him and asked, "Harvey, my hated enemy, will you please give me ten spanks?"

The audience was delighted. I had not been asked to kneel but I did so anyway. I had added 'the hated enemy' part to rub in the humiliation.

Harvey condescendingly patted my head and said, "Beg like a dog."

I held my two hands curved in front of me like a dog and begged again, "Harvey, my hated rival, please give me ten spanks."

"And why are you asking me to give you ten spanks?" asked the bastard.

"Because this sleazy strip-club owner values your money more than his working girls," I retorted and the audience cheered wildly. Harvey was expecting an apology and instead I had made him as well as the Principal look stupid. The Principal however was gracious and had always supported me at times like that. He shrugged and smiled.

Harvey asked me to get on all fours on the table with my face raised and stood on one side. He beckoned Matt to come over and stand on the other side, knowing it would only heighten my humiliation.

Harvey stroked my head condescendingly as Matt caressed my boobs.

"With each spank, I want you to count it and tell me how much you hate it," said Harvey.

"One, thank you, Harvey. I hate being spanked by you," I said as the first spank landed. As usual, the audience enjoyed the slight wince that accompanied my spanking.

"Two, thank you, Harvey. It is so degrading to be spanked by you."

"Three, thank you. Harvey. It is so embarrassing to have you spank me in front of my sweetheart."

"Four, thank you, Harvey. It is so humiliating to have you spank me in front of my best friend," I said as I made eye contact with Nancy.

"Five, thank you, Harvey. I hate having you spank me in front of my step-sister," I said as I made eye contact with Lara.

"Six, thank you, Harvey. I hate being subjugated by my sworn enemy."

"Seven, thank you, Harvey. I hate being spanked in public by my hated rival."

"Eight, thank you, Harvey. I hate being degraded by my nemesis."

"Nine, thank you, Harvey. I hate being dominated by my hated colleague."

I was running out of things to say and thought I would take a chance with the last one.

"Ten, thank you, Harvey. I hate being punished by a pathetic loser like you," I said with pizzazz and the audience clapped loudly and Harvey could not believe I had made him look stupid again.

"That just earned you ten more spanks. This time, just count, thank me and ask for the next one," said Harvey, not wanting to take any chances.

"One, thank you, Harvey. May I please have another," I started. The spanks were a little harder than before but I decided to keep my mouth shut and get it over with.

"Ten, thank you, Harvey. Thank you so much for teaching me a lesson in public," I said for the final spank, now wallowing in my capitulation to my despicable enemy. I am sure my pussy was soaking wet and mercifully they did not point it out. Matt slipped me some wipes when I got off the table and I quickly wiped myself with my back to the audience and slipped the tissues back to Matt.

For the finale, Roberts had all three of us dance naked on stage. The fact that all three of us liked each other but yet were competitive, made it fun because we were trying to show off our dancing skills and out do each other.

The applause at the end of it was long and sustained.

One more final act of humiliation in the scene remained and when Harvey intuited the scene was coming to a close, he reminded me of it.

"Now Sherry, if you want me to keep this evening a secret, you have to beg me for it," he said and stood in front of me.

I knelt before him, looked up him, held my hands out like a dog and begged, "Harvey, my hated rival, I beg you to keep tonight a secret."

Harvey looked pleased at my capitulation and asked Roberts, "Can I lead her around on a leash and have her thank all the customers for their patronage?"

Roberts seemed to think about it for a couple of seconds but relented.

I thought of refusing but found the prospect of further humiliation strangely alluring.

I got on all fours and waited demurely as Harvey produced a leash and led me crawling to all the on-stage audience members one by one and thank them.

"Thank you, Sam for your patronage and your support," looking up at him.

After all the students were done, Harvey led me over to Boris and his associates and then, Tim.

Finally, I was led to Matt.

"Matt, my sweetheart, thank you for coming over and watching me humiliate myself," I said, hotly and the audience laughed.

"Mayank, my sweetheart's friend, thank you for coming and supporting me even though it is so embarrassing to have you see me naked," I said honestly and Mayank gallantly replied that his respect for me was not in the least bit diminished.

Finally, he led me to Roberts and I said, "Thank you Sir for giving me a chance to perform at your classy establishment," in a voice dripping with sarcasm and the audience clapped loudly and Roberts couldn't help smiling.

I was left on all fours with Harvey holding the leash as the curtains came down.

Matt came over, stood me up and gave me a long passionate kiss but left the leash on me as he carried me in his arms backstage.

**Sherry's Test Ch. 37d**

The next scene had Tammy and me as schoolgirls that were caught cheating. We were both given uniforms that were a couple of sizes too small and damn we looked sexy in our tight white blouse, blue skirt and red plaid tie.

Tammy, for those who don't remember, was my protégé who I had mentored and we had both been through some punishment scenarios together.

Brian, Tammy's boyfriend was playing the part of the teacher who caught us cheating in a test and Matt was playing the role of the Principal.

A month ago, when Tammy had just started dating Brian, we had double-dated and gone to a nice Italian restaurant and gone back to our place for after dinner cocktails and conversation and I was sure Matt would find a way for Tammy and I to be stripped and spanked by them. I was horny all evening with anticipation but to my surprise, that never happened. Now, it made sense. My rogue of a fiance was saving it for this evening. The first time I would be exposed to my protege's boyfriend would be in public. Despite all that I had already gone through, I was nervous and excited at the prospect. Tammy too had never been punished by her boyfriend, so it would be a new experience for her and I could tell that she too was nervous as well as excited at the prospect.

We were marched on stage by Brian to a desk where Matt sat pretending to be the principal. In order to maximize the time on the actual stripping and punishment, all our scenes had minimal build-up - just enough to set the scene up.

Brian reported that he had caught us cheating and Mat did the customary threat of expelling us and we pleaded for mercy and he offered us the choice of accepting a punishment and we reluctantly agreed. All routine stuff in these scenarios but we never tired of it and neither did the audience.

Tammy and I both stood with our hands clasped behind our head and asked demurely to be punished.

We were asked to take our skirts down and reprimanded when we just dropped them to the floor. As is common in these scenarios, we were asked to fold them neatly and place them on the desk. It made us really feel like naughty, unruly schoolgirls and that was the whole point.

Our blouses covered our panties but not for too long as we were instructed to hold our blouses up. We had expected a gradual denuding but were surprised when Matt and Brian who were standing behind us, bent down and swiftly yanked our panties down.

We gasped and quickly dropped our blouse to cover our pussies in front of our enthralled audience.

Matt and Brian stepped in front of us and asked us to unbutton our blouses.

We slowly unbuttoned our blouses, stopping to take in the audience and blushing as the last couple of buttons exposed our pussies again. As you know, I was clean shaven but Tammy was sporting a landing strip, so it made for a nice contrast. We looked at Matt and Brian and I blushed because this was the first time, Brian had seen me naked and Tammy blushed because this was her first experience of public nudity with Brian looking.

We quickly covered our pussies, playing our role of shy schoolgirls waiting for the inevitable instruction to place our hands on our heads.

We placed our hands on our heads with feigned reluctance and stood there demurely with our hands on our heads, our blouses still hanging around our arms, white bras that showed our cleavage and our hanging ties kind of pointing to our pussies on display.

Matt and Brian walked around us admiring us and asked us to give them a slow twirl and we did so.

We had expected a gradual denuding but were again surprised when we were told to slip off our blouses and take off our bras.

Our surprise showed on our faces and helped us blush as we did so and stood completely naked, with our ties hanging between our breasts. We were once again scolded for being untidy and leaving our clothes on the floor and told to pick them up, fold them and place them on the desk. We did so, pouting and came back and resumed our positions with hands clasped behind our heads.

Our sweethearts stood in front of us with rulers in their hands and asked us to hold out our hands. God, there is something so incongruous and by that token, exciting, about standing naked I public with your hands stretched out waiting to be punished. The tie between our boobs was a nice touch and Matt would later make me wear a tie often during our private punishment sessions.

I received ten hand spanks with the ruler by Matt as Brian stood watching. The strokes were light yet firm enough to make me wince slightly. As usual, I was asked to count and ask for the next one. Then it was Tammy's turn as and an eager Brian administered her punishment, his excited eyes looked like they may pop out and his boner evident through his jeans. Like me, Tammy too winced a little as she counted out the ruler spanks.

I looked at the engrossed faces in the audience. This was the fourth session of the evening and they were not showing any signs of getting tired of it. For that matter, neither was I. I loved the creativity and variations in the scenarios that allowed me to feel each one was a first and experience the complicated, heady mix of embarrassment, humiliation, excitement and arousal, over and over.

Next, we were made to lean over opposite sides of the desk, rest on our elbows, look at each other and hold hands and wait for our spanking. The audience had a side view of both of us.

Matt gave me the first spank and I said, "One, thank you, Sir. May I please have another."

Matt waited for Brian to spank Tammy and she said, "One, thank you, Sir. May I please have another."

I am watching the recording as I am writing this and notice how embarrassed as well as excited Tammy looks at the start of this new phase in their relationship.

Once our ten spanks were over, they decided to switch. Brian came over behind me and Matt went over behind Tammy.

I blushed as I looked into Tammy's eyes and waited for her boyfriend to spank me. Tammy had been spanked by Matt before but this was the first time he would do so before Matt. So, it was a first for both of us and I remember thinking then, that it would not be the last. And I wasn't wrong about that. A week later, we would double-date again and this time when we went over to my condo, we were both punished for no ostensible reason. We would watch the recording of this session while having cocktails before the session and let me tell you, despite all I had gone through, I still blushed at watching it with company.

Anyways, back to the present. Matt rubbed his hands over Tammy's butt and gave her the first spank as she looked into my eyes and said, "One thank you, Sir. May I please have another."

Brian was a bit shy and actually blushed as he caressed my butt and looked into his girlfriend's eyes and gave me the first spank. I saw Tammy give him a acquiescing nod before he did so and I thought that was so sweet.

Once the ten spanks were over, Matt had me stand up facing the audience, jog in place and spank myself apologizing for cheating. I felt ridiculous doing it but I was told later that I looked absolutely adorable as I went through my self-spanking.

"I am sorry I cheated on the test!" I said as I gave myself the first spank while jogging in place. I alternated hands and the audience enjoyed seeing my boobs bounce as I jogged.

After a couple of minutes, Matt mentioned me to stop and asked Tammy to do so. Tammy looked delectable as she performed her task. Her face displayed embarrassment as well as a beautiful vulnerability and later she would tell me that when she got back to their apartment, Brian would worship her all over for hours and they made passionate love way into the night. Clearly, kinkiness had done wonders for their sex life as it had done for ours.

I thought we were done but I was surprised. Matt had arranged beforehand for Sam to come on stage towards the end of the scene but had not included it in the script, so we were surprised.

"Come on in, Sam. Take a look at two of your cheating classmates punished," said Matt as Sam entered what was supposed to be the Principal's office.

Both Tammy and I instinctively assumed the classic enf pose with one hand covering the boobs and the other hand covering the pussy.

"Now, now, girls! If you don't take your hands away, I will have Sam spank you both," said Matt.

"Is that a promise or a threat?" I said, impetuously, before I could help it.

Matt smiled and said, "Looks like you are looking forward to a spanking unlike Tammy who uncovered herself immediately," said Matt and I noticed that Tammy had indeed assumed the position with her hands clasped behind her head.

I followed suit and said, "I was only joking, Sir. I am sorry!"

"Too late for that. Sam inspect Tammy so she realizes the embarrassment of being naked in front of you," said Matt as Brian looked concerned.

Matt looked inquiringly at Brian and Brian looked a little conflicted but nodded. He has just taken the next step into perversion. I mused.

Sam went over to Tammy and looked her all over and Tammy blushed. This was the first time she had been seen naked at close quarters by Sam.

Sam was then asked to do the same to me and Sam came over and roamed his eyes all over me. I pretended it was the first time and blushed. I was gratified to note that Sam, despite having seen me naked at close quarters quite a few times, was exhibiting no lack of interest. In fact, his eyes devoured my body.

"Thank you, Matt for giving me another gratuitous with my crush," I thought as I stood like a statue.

"Now it is time for you to spank, Sherry," said Matt as he led me to stand behind the desk and facing the audience with my elbows on the desk.

"Apologize for being sassy," said Matt.

I looked at him defiantly but relented. This was one scenario that I was conflicted about. I take pride in my sarcastic humor and to be spanked for that was especially demeaning. But after all the ways I had submitted, what was one more?

"I am sorry for being sassy," I said as Sam gave me the first spank. My eyes still flashed anger at being made to capitulate like this and that made me infinitely more alluring.

"I am sorry for being sassy," I said for the tenth time and Sam reluctantly stopped spanking.

The final scene had us kneeling in front of the audience as well as Matt, Brian and Sam, with our hands clasped behind our heads and for one last time in that scene, saying, "We are sorry we cheated!"

The audience gave us a standing ovation, in more ways than one and we looked gratified ass the curtains closed.

As usual, Matt lifted me up in his arms and kissed me passionately and Brian took the cue and did the same with Tammy.

Sam looked at us longingly and said, "One day I hope to find someone like you!"

"I hope that day comes real soon. Sam!" I said and Sam looked happy.

**Sherry's Test Ch. 37e**

The next scene was meant to resemble the staff room. In keeping with the minimalist props, I guess Matt found it hard to pay attention to stage set up while planning with a massive hard-on.

All that was set up was a bunch of tables joined together and all my colleagues seated together on foldable chairs.

Not that anyone was complaining, of course.

The Principal dragged me on stage and asked me to confess to my colleagues.

I went back in time to the day when I had to confess my mistake to all my unbelieving colleagues and had been slowly stripped and spanked that fateful day for the first time before them. Now it would happen again with an audience looking on with rapt attention.

Feeling that initial shame all over again, I confessed how I had inadvertently leaked the test questions to Sam and how I was so sorry I had compromised the integrity of the school.

I knelt before the Principal in my beautiful black suit dress and asked him to punish me as he saw fit.

Roberts patted my head condescendingly and said, "Sherry sweetheart, I would like you pick four of your colleagues and go over to each of them in turn and ask them to take off a piece of your clothing. Pick the ones that will be most humiliating for you, otherwise I will pick them."

I remained kneeling and pleaded, "Sir, please don't make do that!"

"I thought you just promised to let me punish you as I saw fit?" he reminded me.

"Yes Sir! But I did not imagine it would be something this humiliating!" I whined, adding to the drama.

"Humiliation will be a big part of your restitution," he said, predictably. Unknown to me, the audience h ad been told that what we would be witnessing was a n abbreviated part of what had actually transpired a few months ago and they were watching with undivided attention.

I nodded and stood up and went over to Penny, the secretary who hated me and asked, "Penny, will you please take off my top?"

I had deliberately chosen the top rather than the skirt because it felt it would be more humiliating to stand in my bra and suit skirt than in my top that would cover my panties.

"Awww Sherry, I would be delighted to. About time you got your comeuppance," said Penny as she turned me around to face the audience and took my jacket and top off.

"Keep it with you. After her punishment, we will make her ask for her items of clothing back," said the Principal.

I next went to Ernie and asked, "Ernie, my hated colleague, please divest me of my bra?"

Again, I had chosen an article out of sequence to make it more embarrassing, to everyone's delight.

"Yes, I would, Sherry. Remember, how you once admonished me for staring at your boobs when you were showing your cleavage? Now I am going to see your naked boobs and stare at them to my heart's content," said Ernie, rubbing it in.

"Yes, Ernie. You can. I hate it but I am helpless," I said playing my hapless heroine part.

"Ask politely," said Ernie.

"Ernie, kind Sir, will you please take my bra off and reveal my naked breasts to everyone?" I asked as politely as I could. I resisted the temptation to say something sarcastic because I, as well as my loyal audience, deserved the experience my undiluted embarrassment.

"Wow Sherry. You can be polite. I had not thought it was possible," said the bastard, before standing up, turning me around to face the audience and slowly and sensuously removing my bra.

He then stepped in front of me and asked me to put my hands on my head and jut my breasts out and ogled me with a smirk. God, how I wanted to slap his face but my feigned helplessness merely caused me to feel a rush of arousal.

Next, I went to Matt and asked him to remove my skirt.

Matt slipped into the role of the awestruck fan that he initially was and said sheepishly, "Sherry, I am so sorry you have to go through this humiliating experience. But nothing will diminish the respect and admiration I feel for you."

He knelt behind me and unzipped my skirt and I was left standing in only my black panties.

I had been asked to choose the ones that would be most humiliating. For the final act, what could be more humiliating than going to Harvey. My mind went back to the first time I had been denuded in front of my hated nemesis and flushed hot as I went to him and asked, "Harvey, my hated rival, it will be so humiliating to have you peel down my panties and expose my naked pussy to the world."

Harvey was also taken aback my convincing role-play but recovered to rub it in, "Wow Sherry. That is quite a come-down for you. Standing topless before me and asking me to strip you completely naked in front of all your colleagues!"

I resisted a wisecrack at his unconvincing dialogue and continued playing my role and said, "Yes Harvey. I am only doing this to make amends for my terrible lack of judgment."

"I guess lack of clothing goes will join lack of judgment?" he taunted.

"Yes Harvey. It will be so humiliating to stand before all my colleagues completely naked," I admitted.

He had me face the audience, pulled his chair in front of me and sat so as that he was almost eye level with my panties. I again went back to the first time I had to experience this and my face betrayed a mix of embarrassment and helpless anger as the despicable Harvey slowly inched my panties down and stared at my naked mound leaving my panties resting at my thighs. He had me give him a slow twirl so he could admire me from all angles.

Finally, he peeled the panties completely off me and dangled it his hands, tauntingly in front of me.

"Beg me to hold them for you," he said.

"Harvey, my sworn enemy, please do me the favor of holding on to my panties for me until my punishments are done," I asked sincerely.

"Since you asked me so nicely, I will do so," said the bastard, rubbing in the fact that I was forced to be nice to him.

"I am much obliged, kind Sir," I said with the merest hint of sarcasm before looking at Roberts.

While I had been getting stripped, Roberts had had my punishment chair and mirror brought over to the stage.

He came over and led me to the chair that was positioned with its back to the mirror. I would be able to see myself, my punisher and some of the audience in the mirror.

He positioned me on the chair, stroked my head and said, "You will now call your colleagues one by one to come over and give you two spanks and thank them for it when they do."

I chose to start with the least humiliating.

Mike, will you please come over and give me my two spanks," I asked.

Mike came over nervously, placed his left hand over my boobs and spanked me with his right hand.

Then, it came down to the ones who would be more humiliating.

Ernie, Jeff, Roberts and then Matt.

Despite everything I had been through and despite the fact that both of us enjoyed it, it still felt humiliating to be spanked by Matt in public.

Then it was Nancy's turn and I knew she would rub it in.

"Nancy, my best friend forever, will you please come over and spank me?" I asked.

Nancy came over, stood behind me and said, "Oh poor Sherry. This must be so embarrassing to have your best friend spank your naked butt before all our colleagues!"

"Yes Nancy, it is! But I need to be punished. I know you hate to do this to me but be brave and do it so I can get over this ordeal," I said, again with just a hint of sarcasm. Initially, Nancy had been a reluctant participant until she too discovered the joys of public humiliation.

"Yes, Sherry. This will hurt me more than it will hurt you, but it needs to be done, so you learn your lesson," said Nancy, also getting into the frame of mind she probably had during my first punishment.

"One, thank you Nancy. Please give me another," I said as the first spank landed.

"Two, thank you Nancy. Thank you so much for giving me my well-deserved punishment," I said with the second spank.

"Oh Sherry! This is terrible! I can see your pussy is glistening. Are you getting turned-on by all this?" inquired the bitch looking at my pussy between my legs. I had deliberately spread my legs a little and raised my butt so the audience could get a view of all my charms.

I blushed and bristled. I had signed up for feeling the rush of initial embarrassment all over again and getting exactly that!

"I I can't help it. I think it is the body's autonomous response," I whimpered, not entirely inaccurately.

"Oh, that is so shameful, Sherry! To have all your colleagues know you get horny when humiliated!" added the bitch in faux sympathetic voice, as I shot daggers at her. She would pay dearly for this sometime in the future but right now brain was in a helplessly aroused state and I couldn't think of anything.

"Lara, my step-sister, will you come over and punish your errant sister?" I asked.

Lara too decided to rub in my humiliation and saying, "So here is Daddy's sweet little girl, kneeling naked in front of her colleagues asking her sister to spank her."

She still had unresolved sibling rivalry issues and I said, "He loves you too, Lara."

"But you are his favorite. What would he say if he saw you like this?"

"He would be proud that I am taking my punishment with dignity," I retorted.

"Dignity is not a term I would use. You are shamelessly naked, kneeling in a submissive pose for all the world to see!" she pointed out and I writhed helplessly, feeling the shame long with the inevitable intense arousal that accompanied it, burn my face.

"Lara, please give me my spanks?" I asked

"One, thank you, dear sister. May I have another," I said, at the first spank.

"Two, thank you, dear sister for punishing me in front of all our colleagues," I said at the second spank. Lara looked like she would have liked to continue spanking me and left reluctantly after sticking her tongue out at me. The audience loved the drama and were watching spellbound.

Next was Penny.

"So, here is the haughty bitch kneeling naked in front of the secretary she dissed waiting to be spanked. She seemed really angry and I felt that an apology was way overdue.

I rose up, knelt before her, looked up at her and said earnestly, "Penny, listen, I know there was a misunderstanding that I should have clarified a long time ago but for some weird reason, never got around to it. Let's go out for lunch sometime soon and I will explain what happened from my point of view and you can tell me the same from your point of view and we can resolve this. I never dissed you Penny, but I am at fault for not explaining myself. Instead of two gentle spanks, please give me ten hard spanks and I will apologize with every spank. What's better than a naked apology before all our colleagues?"

Penny looked at me and realized I was being sincere and said, "Wow Sherry. I may have misjudged you. Yes, let's do lunch but for now, let's get on with your spanking. You are sure you want a proper spanking and not a gentle one?"

"I don't want it. I deserve it," I said as I climbed back to the chair, looked in the mirror and presented my ass to Penny.

"One, thank you, Penny. I am sorry for our misunderstanding," I said after a yelp at getting a proper spank.

"Two, thank you, Penny. I am sorry for our misunderstanding," I yelped again and rubbed my butt.

The audience loved the drama and so did I despite this one hurting a little.

Finally, the ten spanks were over and I rubbed my sore bottom and then made my dreaded request, "Harvey, my sworn enemy, will you please come over and give me my two spanks?"

Harvey came over, cupped my breasts with his left hand and rubbed his right hand on my butt and said, "So Sherry, hard to feel superior while you are kneeling naked in front of your rival, waiting to be spanked in front of an audience, I guess?"

I could have said any number of things to his idiotic words. As you all know, my wit is far superior to his and I have turned the tables on him many, many times but right now, I was busy experiencing the shame and the thrill of a first-time public punishment and chose to carry on with that role-play.

I just chose to bite my lips and look at him silently but he wanted a public admission.

"Do you enjoy being in this predicament, Sherry?" he inquired.

"No, I don't Harvey! It is very humiliating," I said and his face brightened up at my admission.

"Do you like having my hand on your boobs and ass?" he inquired.

"No Harvey! I hate having your grubby hands on my naked body," I said.

"But here you are helpless to do anything about it," he continued.

I could have slapped him and showed him I was anything but helpless but felt the familiar erotic rush of feeling helpless and at the mercy of an enemy. I imagined myself as a naked queen at the mercy of an enemy soldier, proud but helpless.

"Yes Harvey. Here I am kneeling helplessly naked in front of you. Please give me my two spanks," I said demurely.

Harvey could not believe he had gotten this far without me putting him in his place and chose not to risk his luck further and gave me first spank.

"One, thank you, Harvey, my hated rival, it is so humiliating to have you spank my naked ass in public," I said, now writhing and wallowing in my humiliation.

"Two, thank you, Harvey, my nemesis, for taking time out of your busy day to teach me a lesson," I said with just a hint of sarcasm and the audience laughed and clapped.

The Principal then came over and whispered in my ear, "Ready for max humiliation?"

I looked at him and nodded. I wondered what he meant, but I had an idea and I was right.

He turned me around so I was sitting on the chair and asked me to drape my legs over the sides of the chair so my pussy would be splayed open, almost as if they were in stirrups.

"Sir, please don't make me do that! That will be so humiliating!" I pleaded, imagining this was the first time I was being asked to do this.

"Well, humiliation is the point, sweetie," said the Principal and I looked at my helpless, submissive best as I got into the dreaded position.

The fact that I could see myself on the screen and all my students could see me in close-up on the screen added to my humiliation and I blushed as I felt the rush of humiliation course through my body. He had me slide down a little so my ass too was visible. This was his favorite position since it had all my charms exposed.

"Now ask your colleagues one by one to come and look at your pussy," he said.

I started with the easy one.

Mike who came over and actually blushed as he looked at me.

Matt who came and gave me an adoring look, knelt and kissed my hand.

It got progressively harder as it got to Penny, Kathy, Lara and Nancy.

And then came Ernie.

"Ernie, my esteemed colleague, will you please come and look at my splayed open pussy?" I asked.

"With pleasure my dear. What a treat to see the classy Sherry spread shamelessly naked like this," he said rubbing it in.

I looked at him mutely and he continued, "Not feeling very classy are you now, Sherry dear?"

I wasn't having that.

"Well, Ernie, I have more class despite my current predicament than you have despite your fake posh demeanor. I am taking my punishment with dignity and you are shamelessly gawking at me like a perv. Where's the class in that?" I asked.

Ernie was taken aback and the audience clapped and cheered loudly. Like Harvey, he never knew when I would turn the tables.

Finally, it was Harvey's turn.

"Harvey, my hated rival, will you please come and take a look at my splayed open pussy?" I inquired, again falling into the role.

"Well, Sherry, not feeling very uppity, are you?" asked Harvey.

"No Harvey, I am not," I admitted.

"How does it feel to spread out like this in front of your sworn enemy?" he asked.

I was not impressed with his lack of creativity in using a line he had used so many times before.

"I love it. I always imagined being spread out like this in front of you. Now get on with it and finish your gawking," I said dismissively and the on-stage as well as off-stage audience clapped loudly.

"Well say what you want but the fact is you are lying shamelessly naked and spread open in front if me and I can see inside your pussy," said Harvey still not knowing when to give up.

"Well Harvey. I can see inside your soul and it is pathetic," I said with devastating calm and the audience this time stood up and clapped loudly.

Harvey turned red as I smirked at him and he bowed his head and retreated.

I thought the scene was over and was getting ready to beg for my articles of clothing but Roberts had other ideas.

He led me my hand to stand up and face the audience and asked every one to write something on my body with a marker.

I happened to make eye contact with Phil and Laura, my neighbors and they smiled at me. Images of my prior humiliation in front of them flitted through my mind. Matt was punishing me on our balcony one night and unknown to me, Phil and Laura were sitting quietly in the dark in their balcony. We didn't have our lights on and they couldn't see much but saw and heard enough to know what was going on.

The next week, we ran into them in the hallway while bringing in the groceries and Laura teased me with, "So Sherry, it seems you were a naughty girl last week?"

I blushed and knew at that point, that they had seen us.

"Oh, she is a naughty girl every week. In fact, she is due for a punishment tonight. Would you like to come over and watch?" asked Matt.

Phil and Laura agreed eagerly and later that evening, I was made to dress up and go over and invite them over to witness my punishment.

They came over and sat with us in the balcony as I was progressively stripped and spanked. I had expected Laura to join in at some point but she hadn't and I got to experience the thrill of OON all over again with a new audience. There is something delightfully erotic about being the only one naked in front of a clothed audience and that night, lying naked in Matt's lap and making eye contact with Laura and Phil was especially memorable.

And here I was, the only one naked, in front of the biggest audience I had ever had, watching myself on the screens in the auditorium, waiting for my colleagues to come and write something insulting all over my naked body.

I clasped my hands behind my back to accentuate my naked helplessness and Harvey was the first to come over, look me over, say "slut" and write it across my left breast.

Nancy came over and said, "Naughty Teacher" seductively and wrote it on my stomach.

Matt came over and said, "Goddess" across my right boob and gave me a quick kiss.

"Slut Goddess" it now read across my boobs and I thought that about summed me up.

Ernie came over and said, "shameless" and wrote it on my stomach.

Penny came over and said, "Bitch" and wrote it on my right butt. I guess until I got a chance to explain myself, I was still a 'bitch' to her.

Harvey came and said, "Haughty" and wrote it on my left butt so my butt now read, "Haughty Bitch."

Lara came and said, "exhibitionist" and wrote it on my back.

All of them then came over and then had me turn slowly so they could admire what everyone had written.

I was in humiliation heaven as I turned ever so slowly with my hands demurely clasped behind my head.

Finally, they had enough and went back to their chairs and it was time for me to beg for my clothing.

I hadn't been asked to, but felt it was befitting for me to crawl naked and beg.

So, I crawled over to Harvey and asked, "Harvey, will you please give me my panties back?"

He of course made me hold out my hands like a dog and beg and I did so. Later on, I would watch the audience's shocked and yet aroused reaction to my degrading act. All eyes were on me.

I chose not to wear my panties and left it on the table and crawled over to Ernie and begged for my bra.

Once, I had placed all my clothes on the table, I crawled over to Roberts and said, "Mr. Principal, Sir! I trust I have made amends for my transgression?"

Roberts patted my head and said, "You have indeed, Sherry," and then added ominously, "For now."

The curtains were drawn at that point and the audience stood up and clapped loudly and Matt came over and carried me in his arms back stage, kissing me passionately.

The Principal announced an interval and asked the audience to go and get some refreshments in the foyer.

I was taken to the dressing room and Matt said, "I finally have a few minutes to worship my Goddess!" and went down on me.

The dressing room door was left open and a small audience collected but we were past caring.

Sam came over and wiped the writings off my breasts and kissed my breasts passionately while Matt licked my pussy lovingly.

Later, I would learn, that Matt had pre-arranged that with Sam. So, I had Sam kiss my breasts lovingly and look at my face while Matt had his face buried between my legs and would surface once in a while to look at me. I was so wet already that I moaned and writhed and screamed and convulsed and had a mind-blowing orgasm in a couple of minutes. After the build-up, I regretted coming so quickly but later that night, Matt would kiss me all over and make me orgasm multiple times. Often, we would watch bits and pieces of the recordings from that night pausing our love making to watch for a few minutes and then continue with renewed intensity.

"You know, if you want one last fling with Sam before we get married, I would be OK with that," said Matt once.

I was taken aback and pondered it before replying, "Thanks, Matt. But just foreplay is enough."

"You know as long as he is single, you will continue to be stripped and spanked in front of him and he is welcome to fondle you as much as your heart desires," said Matt. "But no sex with anyone other than me after we are married. So, last call" he added and meant it.

I will pass, Matt. As long as you are faithful to me, I will be faithful to you. And you can continue my public punishments until I get pregnant. Then it ends," I said firmly.

"Of course! After that, I will be content to watch all the recordings we have. Until our kids are grown up," said Matt.

I smiled and we both fell asleep in each other's' arms.

"Oh, what a perverted pair we are," I would muse the next morning.