Strip for Punishment.   
  
  
I had been in the force for a month. I have to admit that I found the discipline   
difficult to take. Wash this. Iron that. Polish those. Stand to attention. Jump over that   
obstacle. It went on and on. Why I had joined I did not know but my signature was on   
the form and I was lumbered for three years. Some of the girls seemed to enjoy it all. I   
didn’t.   
After a month we had to ‘fall in’ outside of our hut and were marched to the   
parade ground to be inspected by the commanding officer. We all dutifully lined up at   
the edge of the parade ground and out strode the big wig herself. Greying hair - what   
there was of it - smartly pressed uniform with creases that would cut wood and shoes   
so shiny it was a wonder she wasn’t worried people could see her knickers in them.   
The thought crossed my mind what sort they were. I could see she was the sort who   
would wear baggy ones with elasticated legs that covered her stocking tops.   
We were called to ‘attention’ and called to ‘open order’ for inspection. She   
walked down each rank, tweaking a tie straight, pulling a tunic down setting a cap at   
just the right angle. Until she came to me.   
‘Your name, girl?’   
‘Jones, Ma’am.’ I had at least learned to speak respectfully to anyone with badges   
of rank and most of all scrambled egg on their shoulders.   
‘Ah, yes. Jones. I have been hearing about you. None of it good, I’m afraid,’ she   
looked me up and down, ‘You are aware of the standards we require of you regarding   
your uniform and performance?’   
‘Yes, Ma’am.’   
‘Then why do you look as though you have slept in your uniform? It is dirty,   
unpressed and put on so that nothing is in neat.’   
‘Yes, Ma’am.’   
‘I will deal with you when I have finished my inspection.’   
‘Yes, Ma’am.’   
What was waiting for me? Jankers? Running round the parade ground in full kit?   
What?   
The inspection over she stood in front of the troop. ‘Most of you are doing quite   
well,’ she said looking along the lines, ‘Some of you are appalling and must be   
disciplined for your lack of progress. One of you, the worst, will be subject to   
immediate discipline. If any of you others fall short of my requirements you will be   
subject to the same discipline at my next inspection.’   
‘Jones, fall out and march smartly up to the line here.’ she pointed to a white line   
on the tarmac near her feet.   
I did my best to march smartly in the hope that it would reduce my punishment   
and stood to attention with my toes near the line.   
‘About turn. You may have heard, Jones, that in Men o’ War sailors were lashed   
to a grating and their clothes slit from their bodies before the Cat o’ Nine Tails was   
let out of the bag and then they were given up to three dozen lashes to teach them   
discipline and to obey orders. These days we treat you young ladies much more kindly   
and, as the Country has paid large sums of money for that uniform you are wearing,   
we would not damage it. So, Jones, Strip for Punishment.’   
What did she mean ‘Strip for Punishment’? Surely she did not expect me to take   
off my clothes here on the parade ground? I stood rigidly to attention.   
‘Did I not make myself clear, Jones? I gave you an order. Strip for Punishment.’   
I did not move. ‘Sorry, Ma’am, I do not understand what you want me to do.’   
She stuck her face close to mine and I could smell stale cigarette smoke on her   
breath.   
‘Strip, Jones, means take off your clothes, all of them. Undress, completely. Get   
naked. Now, or do you want help to do so?’   
‘I.....I can’t take everything off here. Why do you need me to do so?’   
‘So, Jones, we can administer the proper punishment for your failure to obey   
orders and to maintain an appearance fitting to the uniform you are wearing. Now   
STRIP.’   
Still I resisted. She nodded to the two orderlies standing nearby. ‘Help Jones to   
strip ready for punishment. She seems reluctant to obey the order.’   
‘Yes, Ma’am.’ One orderly stood behind me and pinned my arms behind my   
back. The other started by removing my cap and placing it in a box she had   
thoughtfully brought with her. Her fingers moved to the buttons on my tunic and, one   
by one, she popped them open. Her deft fingers moved to the smaller buttons on my   
blouse. There was no doubt now that they intended to strip me naked. My blouse   
gaped open exposing my bra’. The fingers moved to the clip at the front. Why had I   
chosen today of all days to wear a front loader? My clothes were pushed back over my   
shoulders and down my arms and my breasts popped into the view not only of the rest   
of my platoon but anybody else who walked across the parade ground. With a deft   
twist my clothes were slid off of my arms and joined my cap in the box. I was naked   
down to my waist and again grasped from behind in a vice like grip. My straining   
against it pushed out my breasts and my nipples perked up in the chill air.   
‘Seize her to the punishment frame,’ ordered the commanding officer.   
I was dragged back and my arms stretched over my head, one each, by the   
orderlies and loops on the frame slid over may hands and onto my wrists. The cords   
on the loops passed through self locking cleats - at least I remembered that from the   
lectures - and were pulled tight so that I was almost lifted from my feet.   
‘Continue to strip her before seizing her feet,’ ordered the C.O. unnecessarily as   
those fingers of the orderlies were already busily undoing the clasp at the waistband   
of my skirt and sliding down the zip. Struggle as I may they inexorably removed my   
clothes. My skirt fell down over my knees and off, my shoes were removed to the box   
and my tights were eased over my hips, slid down my legs and soon joined them. I   
was totally naked except for my panties and my arms were stretched upwards on the   
frame. But not quite enough for the C.O.   
‘Seize her ankles as well and apply the waist strap. We do not want her harming   
herself during punishment.’   
My feet were dragged sideways and secured by yet more loops and tightened by   
the cleats. A strap was placed round my waist and pulled tight. I was suspended   
totally in the frame. But at least I stil had my panties on and as my feet were tied to   
the frame they would not come off over them.   
‘Those knickers were not issued to you with your uniform were they?’   
‘No, ma’am,’ I managed to stutter out hoping at least to retain them.   
She nodded to the orderly. ‘Cut them off.’   
A large pair of scissors were produced and the sides of my panties cut through.   
The remaining rag joined the rest of my uniform in the box.   
Totally naked, totally helpless, my breasts bursting from my body and now with   
my legs spread open by the frame my most intimate area was opened to the gaze of   
my platoon. I hung my head in shame.   
The C.O. waved her cane at my pubic area. ‘Were you not instructed to shave that   
bush off?’ she demanded, ‘So as not to risk lice and other nasties hiding in it? Once   
again you have disobeyed an order and this must be rectified. Shave her!’, she barked   
at the orderly.   
The frame was tilted halfway back and a can of shaving foam produced. My   
luxuriant bush still at least partially hid my labia. ‘No ...... Noo.....NOOOO!’ I gasped   
as the foam was sprayed onto my pubic hair - but to no avail. A brush was produced   
and amid much giggling from the rest of the platoon the foam was spread round and   
between my legs seemingly with particular attention to the area around my clit the   
brush stimulating it into erection. The razor was produced and the hair sliced off until   
I was as smooth as a baby and my open labia fully exposed.   
‘I think she needs rinsing off,’ said the C.O. with a nasty grin on her face. ‘Fill the   
buckets.’   
Two buckets of cold water from a tap at the edge of the parade ground came into   
my view and then the frame was tilted back so I was flat out before they were poured   
over me from head to toe. They were freezing cold and my nipples stiffened even   
further.   
‘Doctor,’ called the C.O. to a women with a white coat over her uniform, ‘I think   
a little internal cleansing is required. Would you attend to it, please?’   
‘With pleasure, ‘ said the doctor gazing worryingly at my naked and restrained   
body, ‘The full treatment?’   
‘Of course.’   
A trolley was wheeled to the side of the frame and a instrument which I had seen   
during my gynaecological exams picked up. A speculum I thought with horror. I am   
going to be impaled on it in front of all these other girls. Too late! A lubricated gloved   
hand slid from the bottom to the top of my labia and I became tense and shuddered at   
the thought. The fingers parted my greasy labia and pushed back the hood of my clit   
which popped out at the touch and stayed out it was so hard. With the doctor standing   
beside the frame my labia were held apart so that the entrance to my vagina was clear   
for the girl’s gaze. My muscles tensed as I struggled against the unyielding bonds.   
‘If you do not relax, this is going to hurt,’ said the doctor as she slid the end of the   
speculum into my vagina and pushed it home. She was right it did hurt. ‘Now for the   
vaginal douche,’ added the doctor as she took up a rubber bulb with a spout and slid it   
between the blades of the speculum. I felt the warm water spraying onto my cervix   
and running back out and down the crack of my bum. The flow ceased and the   
speculum was collapsed and withdrawn. Perhaps my torment was over.   
‘Will the defaulter be subjected to a colonic irrigation as well ma’am?’ asked the   
doctor.   
‘Of course!.’   
The frame was spun round and I found myself face down with my spread legs   
towards the platoon and everything, and I do mean everything now I was shaved fully,   
exposed to the point where I could feel the chill air blowing on my anus. The strap   
and ropes were tightened so that I was pulled taunt on the frame and the doctor hung a   
bag on the frame with a tube attached to it. The fingers opened my buttocks even   
more fully and lubricated my anus and then plunged inside me. My muscle tightened   
but I was too strongly retrained for them to have any effect against the doctor sliding a   
tube into my well lubricated rectum. The clip on the tube from the bag was loosened   
and water flowed into and out again from my bottom.   
‘All done ma’am,’ reported the doctor and again the frame was spun and I ended   
up facing the platoon again. But I was not released from my bonds.   
‘Jones has been punished for her slackness in not maintaining the highest   
standards in her work,’ said the C.O., ‘You, Samuelson, .......   
I could see Jane blanche, was she going to be ‘Stripped for Punishment’?   
..........were lucky that it was not you who was punished this week but I only   
punish one person each week which I find encourages everybody. Release the   
defaulter.’   
First my legs were untied and then the waist strap released before finally my   
wrists were freed. I went to collect my clothes, even without panties they would be   
comforting.   
The C.O. put her foot on the box. ‘Rejoin the ranks, Jones. If after fifteen minutes   
of drill I am convinced you are trying your best to improve you may have the uniform   
which you were disgracing back. Until then you remain naked.’   
I rejoined the ranks. Washed, shaven and flushed out I did my best only too aware   
that my breasts bounced and swung as I marched and turned and that the gravel was   
damned uncomfortable to stamp on!   
Fifteen minutes up! We were stood to attention and I was told to fall out, collect   
my uniform and run naked back to the barracks to struggle back into it - after I had   
sponged and pressed it to perfection. No way was I going to be seized up to the   
defaulters’ frame. But I looked forward to seeing one of the others in that position!