**Tara's Ordeal**

by friarjohn99

**Tara's Ordeal Ch.21**

The Jubilant Burton University swim team boarded their bus, laughing and joking, mainly at Tara’s expense as they recalled her performance in the sports science centre.

Astrid had allowed her to wear a white towelling robe and ordered her to sit in the aisle seat next to her on the bus, weary from her exertions in and out of the pool Tara meekly did as she was told, self- conscious of her nakedness under the robe.

After only a few miles she was aware of Astrid’s hand on her knee, gently edging higher as she chatted and joked with the rest of the team, they were in high spirits after their victory and after Tara’s performance in the gym and the showers they felt they had a good chance of winning the Deans prize for the most imaginative use of their “volunteer”.

Tara tried to look straight ahead at the road and block out the conversation, she knew what had happened and didn’t need to be reminded of every graphic, humiliating detail.

She hated herself for giving in so easily, her body betraying her time and time again; even now as she unwittingly re-lived her humiliating ordeals she could feel the unmistakeable warmness between her legs.

Jolted out of her reverie by a sharp pinch on her soft inner thigh Tara yelped as Astrid hissed at her to “part her legs and keep them apart” while she continued stroking the poor girls tender flesh with her exploring fingers.

As the conversation continued, Astrid’s hand edged ever higher, she had slowly parted Tara’s robe, leaving her more and more exposed, in the darkness of the coach she was still quite shielded as Astrid continued her gentle ministrations, Tara caught her breath as Astrid’s hand moved higher and cupped he exposed, bald pussy.

Each time the bus moved, her hand rubbed harder making Tara wince. Astrid kept laughing and chatting with the rest of the team whilst continuing to rub her hand up and down Tara’s exposed thighs and pussy, the warmth building, unnoticed by everyone else as she slowly but surely brought her victim to the edge of an orgasm.

Tara steeled herself, her back straightened against the hard coach seat as she accepted her fate, Astrid grinned wickedly at her and continued her exploration, her long slim fingers gently probing and teasing Tara’s sensitive pussy lips apart, then sliding inwards and upwards, tickling her clit whilst the conversation flowed around her.

Faster and faster the rhythm increased, Tara could only sit there, her robe open at the waist, her tummy full of butterflies as her ex vice -captain brought her ever closer to her climax, Tara’s bottom was clenching, her teeth gritted against the inevitable as she started to buck.

Thrashing against the seat, all control lost as Astrid caused her to come, her head thrown back as she cried out in ecstasy, almost immediately realising the rest of the bus had gone totally silent, then a slow hand clap started and all Tara could do was hang her head in shame.

“Up you get” ordered Astrid, who then made Tara stand up and keeping her robe open, walk the length of the bus displaying her shiny wet pussy to the whole team, her humiliation complete as she then was ordered to walk up to the driver and then sit in the front, her robe open and legs parted, until the coach pulled into the University campus.

Exhausted and humiliated Tara scampered home having been sent on her way like an errant child with a smart smack on her bottom from Astrid.

Alone in her room Tara examined herself in the mirror, her poor reddened buttocks an pussy still aching from the day’s events, she showered letting the warm water cascade over her, washing away the aches and pains of the day as she tried to forget about her ordeals and not worry about what the cheerleaders might have in store for her.

Stepping out of the shower she towelled dry and headed for bed, suddenly remembering Suzy’s morning ritual she applied some depilatory cream to her pussy, nude as it was she didn’t want Suzy to find any stubble anywhere and have another excuse for punishing her, with the soothing cold cream applied she slipped under her duvet and tried to go to sleep.

Tara lay there, unable to sleep as her mind tried to fathom what had become of her, in a short time she had gone from a popular, respected law student and swim team captain, to becoming the talking point and “plaything” of the entire campus.

There could be very few people on campus who hadn’t now seen her beautiful, tanned naked body, who hadn’t seen her full breasts and dark nipples, who’s eyes hadn’t feasted on her pink denuded pussy, her firm buttocks being smacked and punished before crowds of onlooker’s.

As she struggled to process her thoughts her hand crept below the duvet, she knew she should be horrified as she continually debased herself, no right thinking girl would react to such humiliation by coming again and again, helplessly enslaved by the whims of her fellow students.

Unconsciously her fingers slipped lower and Tara started as she suddenly realised what she was doing, all the thoughts of her ritual humiliation flooding her mind, and she was becoming aroused, she kicked off her duvet and lay there on the bed, her fingers gently teasing herself, dipping between her legs.

Parting her legs further Tara decided that in the privacy of her own room she could pleasure herself however she wished, raising her hips to meet her probing fingers Tara suddenly wailed as a sharp jolt of electricity shot up through her ankle bracelet, almost causing her to fall off the bed.

“How could they know” thought Tara, shyly pulling her duvet back up, distraught to find out that somehow Suzy must be able to monitor her, even from a distance.

Next Morning awoke slightly dazed, with a hot sensation between her legs, she leapt out of bed and into the shower, desperate not to be late for Suzy, she cried out as she realised she had left the cream on overnight, her poor pussy and ass were red and burning as she rinsed off the cream but she couldn’t delay leaving.

Sprinting to Suzy’s she avoided any delays by pulling her hood up as she crossed campus and rang the bell just in time.

“I hear you had a lovely time with the swim team yesterday” sniggered Suzy, “And it looked to me as though you enjoyed it so much you decided to re-live the memories last night”

Tara’s jaw dropped as she realised that Suzy was referring to last night’s electric shock, she looked on in horror as Suzy played with the key ring, her finger hovering over the button.

“B- but how did you know” she stammered through tear filled eyes, her face bright red with embarrassment as she realised that somehow her young tormentor could follow her every move, even in her own apartment, she had seen her throw the duvet off, seen her shamefully stroking herself, her most private pleasures being watched and recorded, recorded!

Tara’s eyes opened wide with shock, was Suzy recording her most private moments, who would see them, she shuddered to think of rooms full of people their eyes glued to the screen as she writhed naked on her own bed, or in the hands of others, her performance in the med lab or the art studio, in the showers or on the bus, every minute since the bracelet had been fitted could have been recorded, her head sank to her chest, defeated as she stood before Suzy and her flatmate Lucy whilst they casually ate their breakfast.

“Come here, closer” ordered Suzy who then without warning tugged Tara’s tracksuit to her knees, she knew now not to wear pantie’s, they would only be removed.

“Legs wider, hands on head” commanded Suzy who then began the morning ritual of checking Tara for stray hairs.

“Turn around, bend over and spread your cheeks” numbly, Tara complied, flinching as she felt Suzy’s small exploring fingers running over her bare skin, teasing the folds of her pussy open and checking around her tight little anus.

“Well well, clean as a whistle, I need you nice and clean today, my cheerleading squad are very excited about today and I want my little girl to be nice and clean for them, she patted Tara’s naked Pussy, chuckling as she saw her flinch.

“I see that someone’s been a little careless with the hair removal cream, that little red pussy is going to be even more sensitive today”

Tara shuddered to think what she meant but felt she’d scored a minor point against her tormentor, denying her the pleasure of getting the razor out.

Caught totally off guard Tara wailed as she was spun round and suddenly found herself leaning over the kitchen table, Lucy pinning her down as Suzy leant in closer.

“Not such a clever girl though are we?, you need to look after your pussy, it belongs to me after all” said Suzy, rubbing her hand down between Tara’s parted cheeks, reaching round underneath and patting her sensitive labia.

“Too much cream is careless” Smack!

“I must look after my pussy” Smack!

Tara wailed as Suzy smacked her bare bottom, Lucy pinning her down as Suzy’s open palm smacked down again and again.

“Repeat after me, I must look after Mistress Suzy’s pussy” Smack!

Tara’s bottom was on fire as Suzy cruelly continued her spanking, Tara’s bottom squirming as she tried to avoid the blows raining down on her.

“I m-must look after m-my p-p-pussy” she wailed, SMACK!

“Who’s pussy?” thundered Suzy, landing another sharp smack on the poor defenceless girl.

“I m-must look after m-mistress Suzy’s p-pussy” stammered Tara, her bottom bright red and stinging with pain as eventually she was pulled upright.

“That’s a good girl” giggled Suzy, now take that tacky tracksuit off, todays the day your going to become a cheerleader”..

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“Pull up your trousers up you naughty girl” giggled Suzy, giving Tara a smart slap across her exposed bottom cheeks.

Tara obeyed, desperate to cover her nudity but acutely aware that she was still stark naked underneath.

They left Suzy’s apartment had jogged over to the gym hall, where the cheerleading squad practiced, Suzy pushed through the swing doors and Tara was shocked to see not just the cheer leading squad lounging around but also a dozen younger girls all in blue tracksuits, standing in a row, nervously shuffling their feet.

“Ah, the pledges have arrived” she smiled, ”nice to see you all and I’m glad you all want to join the squad, well today we’ll find out just how much?”

“Stand up straight, arms by your sides and look straight ahead” barked Suzy as she walked along the line like a sergeant major inspecting his troops.

Tara stood near the door, uncomfortable as she realised that she stood out like a sore thumb, the squad were lounging in there smart blue and gold jogging suits and the pledges in there blue ones, but she was just in her old grey joggers, feeling though she shouldn’t be there.

“Too fat, too short, too ugly” Suzy continued down the line, whittling down the hopefuls, Tara’s heart went out to the poor girls, their dreams being crushed so cruelly as the squad clapped and cheered as the cruel process continued.

Soon there were only eight girls left, all slim, trim and beautiful, especially two blonde twins who like the others were tanned and blonde with blue eyes but they appeared a little more confident or was it arrogant than the rest.

“Now for the easy bit, first up, we’re going to have a fitness teat, it’s quite simple, you have to be able to do more press ups than Tara here, she’s a swimmer and I’ve heard she looks down on us cheerleaders, so get to it, Now!”

She pushed Tara so she was beside the younger girls, as pledges they had only just turned eighteen so they probably thought she was an old woman, she’d show them.

One by one they flopped to the floor as Tara kept going, it seemed childish but she felt it would be a small victory over Suzy and her clique if she proved swimmers were fitter.

Eventually it was just Tara and the twins, all three of them pumping down and up, the squad cheering them on until with a defeated cry the two blondes crashed to the floor gasping for breath as Tara kept on going.

“Ok, ok” called Suzy, “You can stop showing off now, though I don’t think my two cousins like you any more” laughed Suzy as the defeated blonde twins glared at Tara.

“Hmm, not too impressive ladies” chided Suzy as the exhausted pledges again formed an orderly line, “I think we need a better look at you, you’re obviously not fit enough, tracksuits off”

Immediately the remaining eight girls stripped off their tracksuits, Tara could feel their hesitation and awkwardness as they now all stood there in tight blue leotards, with a big P on them. They were only eighteen but their bodies were toned and tanned and the skin tight leotards hugged every contour, Tara could sense the Pledges embarrassment as Suzy walked along the line, inspecting them.

“You should be honoured to have got this far and be able to wear the blue of Burton University, but to get to the Blue and Gold takes a whole deal more, do you want it?”

“Yes” Suzy

“I said DO YOU WANT IT” shouted Suzy, causing them all to stand even straighter, eager to impress the cheer leading captain, their desperation written across their anxious beautiful faces.

Tara stood up, trying to catch her breath, regretting her competitiveness, the last thing she needed was any more trouble, if only she’d known they were Suzy’s relatives, she may have let them win, but her competitive streak wouldn’t let her.

“Ok ladies” said Suzy, turning to her team mates,” I think it’s time for the fun to begin, we’ve got the big game later so we need to see if this lot will make the grade, now let’s get a better look at you, let’s get you naked!”

The stunned girls looked at one another not knowing whether Suzy was joking and the rest of the squad started clapping and whistling.

“I’m going to count to ten, 1,2,3” Suzy started counting down, enjoying the look of panic as the girls tried to make up their minds, then with an anguished sob, Mandy, Suzy’s cousin peeled off her leotard and blushing furiously, stood there naked.

Quickly the other girls followed suit as Suzy continued counting, and the squad kept cheering, until all eight girls were stark naked, trying to shield their nudity with their arms and hands, until Suzy barked at them to stands to attention.

Tara, still in her grey tracksuit, looked on, her heart going out to the confused naked girls; she knew exactly how they felt, totally exposed to a group of strangers, in the bright light of the gym hall.

The cheerleading captain approached the first girl, tall, blonde and beautiful but clearly nervous as she was eyed up and down, she flinched as Suzy ran her palm over her flat tummy and jumped as her breasts were then stroked and evaluated, her face crimson with shame as Suzy kept up a running commentary as she squeezed the girls firm buttocks and finally ran her fingers through the girls sparse pubic hairs.

She went down the line, prodding and squeezing, asking what the others thought as each of the eight prospects was physically assessed, even Mandy and Sharon, her young cousins were subject to the same scrutiny, there large blue eyes wide with apprehension as they realised there were no favours and their naked bodies were evaluated like a prize horse at the county fair.

Tara looked on as they squirmed in shame, and her heart went out to them, but at the same time she began to feel the faint traces of something else, she was totally shocked that it was jealousy! She had been stripped, spanked and humiliated in every conceivable way over the past week and now, somehow she felt strange being the one who was clothed whilst the eight beautiful naked wannabe cheerleaders would have given anything to trade places.

“Well, first problem is too much hair” laughed Suzy”, luckily we anticipated this and have kindly organized some razors” the eight girls looked terrified as she handed out four white towels and four sets of razors.

“Come here” she beckoned to Tara and then positioned her facing the line of nervous girls.

“Let me introduce you to someone” said Suzy, she then suddenly yanked down Tara’s jogging bottoms so they bunched around her knees, the girls gasped, shocked to see the older girl being treated in such a way.

“This is Tara Jones and today she is our property, our plaything if you like”

Tara stared straight ahead, trying to avoid making eye contact with anyone, embarrassed that once more her completely shaven pussy was once more on open display and there was nothing she could do about it.

“Before you start feeling sorry for her you should understand that she was caught stealing from the Deans office and she has elected to be punished on campus rather than go to jail, so spare the sympathetic looks, she would have dragged the good name of Burton University through the mud and deserves everything she gets”

Immediately Tara sensed a change of attitude in the room, a power shift, naked and vulnerable as they were the young pledgee’s were above her in the pecking order and they realised that it would obviously help their cause to follow Suzy’s lead and humiliate her if they had the chance, she caught an evil glint in Mandy’s eye.

Suzy took hold of Tara’s shoulder and pushed her closer to the girls, causing her to stumble with her trousers around her knees.

“I want all of you to run your fingers over Tara’s mound, that is what a hairless pussy should feel like”

Suzy pulled her along the line and each of the eight girls felt between Tara’s parted thighs, running their fingers over the smooth flesh, Tara was scarlet with shame as Suzy urged them to reach right underneath, before spinning her around and bending her double.

“Run your fingers around there too” she urged, pulling Tara’s buttocks apart, “I want your asses to be as smooth as that, if you want to be a cheerleader this is what is expected of you, now I want each girl to shave the girl on their left and then you can swap over”

Suzy went along the line issuing the razors and towels to four of the girls and then ordered the four to be shaved to part their legs, she then went down the line and sprayed each one with shaving foam and rubbing it over their pussy’s and then between their bottom cheeks.

Tara was pulled to her feet and cried out as Suzy then hauled her trousers up sharply, almost lifting her off her feet, the grey material of her tracksuit bottoms cutting painfully into her crack, but knowing what would happen if she tried to dislodge it as she was ordered to stand and watch.

Mandy appealed to her cousin “Suzy, please don’t make me do this” she wailed as she stood holding the razor, her sister on her left standing there mortified with embarrassment, her pussy covered in a creamy lather.

“If you want to be a cheerleader you’ll do it, otherwise you can leave right now, little cousin”

With a resigned expression on her pretty face, Mandy turned to her naked sister and told her to part her thighs wider, before kneeling before her and nervously applying the razor to her sister’s bush.

The cheerleaders urged them on, laughing and giggling as the young girls carried out the humiliating task of shaving each other, then they had to stand to attention, eight freshly shaved, pink pussies as Suzy inspected them one by one, ordering them to turn and bend over then clasp their ankles as she checked for any remaining hairs.

Satisfied, Suzy announced “Well done girls, now that wasn’t so hard was it?” the girls shyly nodded and stood waiting further instructions, nervous as to what else their initiation would involve.

Tara still stood, uncomfortable as her trousers still rode up inside her, she flinched as Suzy approached.

“Don’t worry girls you can all put your leotards back on now before we start some basic dance moves, but someone here obviously thinks you look nice”

Before she could react Tara was hoisted in the air, Suzy pulling her trousers even higher almost cutting her in half, then all she could hear was laughter, she opened her eyes to see they were all pointing and giggling, Suzy turned her so she was facing one of the full length mirrors and there for all to see was a large dark stain, her pussy was soaking, the site of the eighteen year olds being stripped and humiliated had turned her on without her realising, once more her body betraying her most basic instincts.

Suzy soon stripped off Tara’s top and trousers, leaving her stark naked whilst the rest were now at least partly dressed, then Suzy grabbed one of the damp towels and roughly rubbed Tara’s pussy clean.

“I think it’s time we moved through to the dance studio ladies, we need to see what you can do and as part of your test we’ll let you help put Tara here through her paces and I want you to try and think how we can use her in this evenings game, I know the team are eager to see her perform” laughed Suzy, leading a naked Tara through to the studio.

They marched through to the studio, it was quite busy with the cheerleading squad practising their moves but they stopped as Suzy led in a naked Tara and the eight pledges wearing only their skimpy leotards.

“Ok girls, now we’ll see what your made of” chuckled Suzy, “we’re too busy to train you just now so coach Johnson has kindly volunteered to help and his son Jeff, a freshman here at Burton is going to assist him, over to you coach”

Suzy turned as a very upright, military looking man marched in, followed by his slightly geeky looking son.

“Mr Johnson coaches the senior men’s wrestling team and Jeff is studying digital image reproduction techniques, which is why he has his camera so your all to do whatever they tell you to if you want to continue your initiation, any questions”

The girls just looked at their feet, nervously fidgeting in their leotards, “how bad could it be?” “at least we’re not naked like Tara, she’ll probably get the attention”.

“Right, listen up ladies” barked the coach as Suzy and the rest of the team looked on, giggling as the poor girls stood in a terrified line, not knowing what was going to happen next.

“Let’s see twenty star jumps”

The girls and Leapt into action, terrified of the fierce drill instructor. Tara was mortified as her large breasts bounced painfully up and down as her naked body stretched outwards and upwards, the girls doing likewise but she caught a sidewise glimpse of Mandy grinning evilly at her as she easily performed the task, safe in the knowledge that at least she wasn’t stark naked like Tara, her body shamefully exposed to everyone in the room.

“19,20….good work, stop to catch your breath ladies” called the coach as he walked along the line of panting girls.

“You, what’s your name?”

“T-tara Jones sir” stammered Tara, trying to catch her breath and retain her dignity whilst stark naked.

“And why are you naked as the day you were born young lady”

“Well, w-well I was cau…” mumbled Tara, terrified how he would react to having a thief before him, but before she could finish, Suzy called out”

“She’s a pledge coach, like all the others, she’s just realised she wants to be a cheerleader a little later then the young ‘uns, she’s naked because she thinks it’ll improve her performance, freedom of movement and all that, I think that’s real dedication coach”

Confused Tara just stood there, all the while conscious of the coach’s son Jeff moving around with his camera, recording everything for some project he was working on.

“Too damn right” cheered the coach, “All of you, get those costumes off now, you should be ashamed of yourselves, if she can make the little sacrifice so can you, if you really want to be cheerleaders that is”

Mandy and the other girls glared at Tara “teacher’s pet” someone mumbled as they fidgeted about, not knowing what to do until Suzy called over “Coach’s right you know, I think you should all follow Tara’s good example, so strip ‘em off” she giggled.

The beautiful blonde girls realised they had no choice and peeled off their leotards, eight tanned and toned girls stood awkwardly whilst the coach looked on as his son walked along the line filming and snapping away at their embarrassed red faces as they anxiously tried to cover their nakedness in front of all the onlookers.

The dance studio was surrounded by mirrors, with exercise mats and a ballet bar at the far end, immediately the coach started barking out orders, “Hit the floor and give me twenty” then he had them twisting and stretching, their tanned bodies glistening with sweat as he drove them on, there were gasps and grunts of exertion as they tried to obey him, fearful of recriminations if they were caught slacking.

Jeff kept snapping away with his camera as the girls were forced into every degrading position imaginable, Tara could feel his breath on her buttocks as he zoomed in close as she was ordered to touch her toes twenty times, she grimaced with effort whilst he was having the time of his life.

“Across to the bar, let’s see how flexible you are” shouted coach as the exhausted girls trudged over to the long wooden bar, raised high off the ground in front of the mirrors, they were no ballerinas but they knew what was expected as they were ordered to put one ankle over the bar and stretch forward, straining their sinews as they tilted forward.

Jeff knelt underneath, scanning along the row as nine cleanly shaven pussy’s were stretched painfully open, he recorded their shiny pink inner flesh as it was so cruelly exposed ,as coach forced them to stretch deeper, their long tanned thighs forced straight as they gracefully leaned forward, their taut buttock muscles bunched tightly as they were told to hold the position as Jeff hadn’t finished filming, lying on his back pointing his camera upwards between their legs, the boys in his film class were going to love this.

The mortified girls could see their own reflections in the mirror as coach put them through a number of manoeuvres, their naked bodies shamefully exposed as they were contorted into high kicks and most embarrassing of all, the splits, the sinews on their tanned inner thighs stretched to breaking as they struggled to hold the position, once more with the leering Jeff filming every minute, Tara flinching as he moved in for a close up, his sweaty face only inches from her splayed pussy lips.

“Ok ladies, one move we need to practice is the lift” announced coach, “Tara come here, now place your foot in my hands and keep your arms out to your sides”

Tara found herself suddenly lifted high in the air, she had seen the squad do this, like a human pyramid, she flinched as coach lowered her, intentionally lowering her in such a manner that her shaved pussy rubbed over his face as with a huge grin he placed her feet on the floor.

Tara was stunned as the coach licked his lips and chuckled “That tasted good” much to the amusement of the other girls.

“Only an hour till the game so we need to get going, time for a little outdoor work, follow me”

Realising they had to follow him, if they wanted to be accepted, they trooped after him, nine naked girls suddenly outside on the running track, there were hoots and whistles form the Jocks and cheerleaders who were already out there warming up.

The girls tried to huddle together, shielding their nudity, it was quite blustery and their skin was soon covered in goose bumps, their nipples like bullets as they were ordered to once more line up in front of Coach with his ever present creepy son filming away.

“We’ve got an eight hundred metre track so a couple of laps should get everyone nice and warmed up” said coach, “but to make it more fun, and to ensure you give it your best we’re gonna play ‘Devil takes the hindmost, which means I’ll blow the whistle every hundred yards and we halt, then whoever is that the back will be spanked by whoever is in the lead, it’s a sure fire way to get the best out of you” he chuckled.

“Go” he yelled, and they set off, Tara was taller and fitter than the younger girls, they were toned from dancing but this was different, the whistle blew, and they stopped.

“We have a winner” called coach, “or should I say loser?”

The poor young girl was only just behind the pack but she had no choice but to clasp her ankles, as instructed and equally Tara had no choice other than to step up and with her open palm, administer six smacks to the girls quivering bottom cheeks.

“Harder” warned Coach “do it again properly or fastest runner or not young lady, you will be on the receiving end”

The girl cried out as Tara had to administer a further six strokes, much to the amusement of the onlookers as the poor girl jumped up, tears in her eyes as she clutched her bright red bottom cheeks.

Suzy and all the Jocks watched them s they continued round the track, stopping when the whistle went and invariably it was Tara at the front as one by one the younger girls tired, the last one being Suzy’s cousin Mandy , who wailed like a baby, kicking her feet out as Tara unwillingly carried out her duty.

“Suzy,s-suzy you can’t let her do this” wailed Mandy rubbing her bottom as Tara finished her duty.

“Don’t worry girls I’m sure you’ll get your revenge somehow” laughed Suzy “don’t forget you’re meant to be dreaming something up for her, but if it makes you feel better”

“Tara Jones come over here” yelled Suzy, and they all trotted over, Tara hanging back, anxious as to what Suzy had in mind.

Suzy’s boyfriend Brad was there with the rest of the team and all the pledges and cheerleaders gathered round, “Jeff, you might want to get this on film too”

Suzy sat down on the coach’s bench and beckoned Tara over so she was standing, naked before everyone.

“I’ve been watching you Jones, even now, naked as you are you still think you’re so superior, with your law degree and swimming, you think we’re just dumb bimbos and Jocks well let’ just remind you who’s in charge here, over my lap, NOW”

Terrified to disobey Tara did as she was told, her beautiful tanned body draped over the younger girls lap, she gaped as someone kicked her feet apart and closed her eyes as she felt the breeze on her parted pussy lips as Suzy told her to raise her hips.

She didn’t expect the first blow, a sharp “Slap” as harder skin connected with the soft skin of her bottom, “Slap” another, and another, they were queuing up, every single one taking a turn at smacking her bottom as Suzy, laughing and giggling, held her tightly.

The sheer embarrassment was worse than the pain, the humiliation as they took their turn, laughing at her predicament as she wriggled her bottom trying to avoid the blows, conscious that the more she wriggled and writhed the more she was exposing her most private places, the shame was overwhelming.

Suddenly it was over and Tara was pulled to her feet, her hair dishevelled and her face as red as her bottom as Suzy coolly eyed her up and down, “Come closer”, Tara shuffled even closer to her and flinched as with a wicked grin Suzy lent forward and with the fingers of one hand gently parted Tara’s pussy lips, then slowly, easily slipped two fingers of her other hand inside, Tara’s shame was complete as a gloating Suzy held up her shiny fingers to the gathered crowd.

“Ok girls, take her away and get her ready for the game, but if I were you I’d clean her out thoroughly first”

Mandy gripped Tara’s hand firmly and grinned at Suzy, don’t worry cuz, we won’t let you down”

Everyone trooped off to the dressing rooms, the Jocks shouting and psyching themselves up and the cheerleaders and naked pledges jogged to their changing room.

Tara looked on nervously as the cheerleading squad stripped off and started getting into their match day blue and gold costumes, she looked on enviously as Suzy chucked the blue leotards to Mandy and the other pledges.

“Put those back on girls, there’s going to be thirty thousand people at the game so we can’t have you naked” she laughed and they gratefully slipped their leotards on, they were extremely tight and revealing but after spending half the day naked the young girls were delighted to have regained a little dignity.

“Mandy and Sharon, you get Tara prepared and we’ll see you all in half an hour on the touchline, this is going to be a great night!”

Tara was then grabbed by Mandy and Sharon and led to the shower area they had a tray of paints and implements and ordered her to stand still, part her legs and put her hands behind her head.

“Suzy’s decided that you aren’t worthy of a cheerleaders uniform and you don’t deserve a leotard so we’ve come up with a great solution as we don’t want your big fat body offending everyone” giggled Sharon as they started to mix some blue and gold paints together.

“just remembered there’s something we need to take care of first” giggled Mandy as she grabbed a towel and dipped it into some water before roughly scrubbing between Tara’s parted thighs,”We can’t have you lowering the image of Burton, you really should learn to control yourself” she chided, like a strict matron.

The two girls set about painting Tara in the blue and gold of Burton University’s football team, she had to stand still as the little brushes got to work.

Quickly they re-created a basic cheerleaders outfit, then taking their time with detailing, the tickly brushes circling her nipples in gold paint, then ordering her to bend over, working the blue paint deeply between her buttocks before spinning Tara round and ordering her to not move Mandy started on the fine detail, the little coarse brush gently tickling as she worked the paint up her shaking inner thighs until she reached her delicate pussy lips.

“We need to cover every inch” she giggled, before dipping the little bristles inside Tara’s already moist pussy.

She gritted her teeth, refusing to give in, desperate not to give in once again, but the itchy little brush was subtly being teased inside, Mandy grinning as she saw the effect it was having, dipping in and out, teasingly grazing Tara’s painfully engorged clitoris until, unable to resist any longer, she capitulated and with a defeated sob gave into the climax that had been threatening to break through, she pulsated, her tummy heaving and her buttocks clenching as she surrendered to her climax.

“You naughty, naughty girl, we don’t have time to re-paint you” chided Mandy as she took a paper towel and rubbed Tara’s tender, moist, pussy dry. “You’ll just have to go out like that and hope no one notices”

Tara looked in the mirror, she was stunned, she looked amazing, the girls had actually done a fantastic job, she actually looked as though she had a costume on, the colours and detail were perfect, then she gasped as looking down, the only bit of her that wasn’t perfect was the pink strip revealing her shaved sex, where the paint had been wiped off, then before she could protest they all were ordered out onto the pitch side.

Tara was stunned, there were at least thirty thousand people in the stadium, it was a huge game for Burton and the whole University were there, the weather was looking threatening but the atmosphere was electric.

She was happy as she was ordered to sit on the bench, hiding her embarrassing pink bits, there were film crews everywhere and Jeff was still hovering about but he seemed more taken with the fact that as a light rain came down the pledges leotards were becoming more and more revealing.

The game started and Tara got caught up in it, Brad, as quarterback was running a good game and it was going well, she even reluctantly had to admire Suzy and her crew, they really were good at what they did, the crowd were going wild, as the rain got heavier. The little remote control buggy was whizzing back and forth taking the kickers T out each time there was a field goal opportunity and Zac, the Burton Kicker kept the scoreboard ticking over.

Tara was so engrossed in the game that she hadn’t really noticed the rain, other than to see the growing excitement in the crowd as the pledges leotards got wetter and more transparent, they had to stay touchline and yell encouragement yet all the while they were providing the crowd with more entertainment than the football, eight young nubile girls with tight bodies, every contour, their obviously shaven mounds revealed through the fabric, to the crowds delight.

The game was coming to a close and the score was tied, Tara was secretly delighted, she’d avoided exposure, sat on the bench and to the naked eye fully dressed, then the whistle went and before she knew it Tara was dragged to her feet by Suzy who had come across to her.

“Tara, the buggy has broken down, we need someone to hold the ball steady for Zac, get over there, you just have to lay there and keep your finger on the ball to stop it toppling”

Not sure what was happening, Tara nervously jogged over to the middle of the pitch where Zac was waiting, the crowd cheering wildly as the attractive brunette cheerleader jogged through the rain.

The rain was getting harder as Tara reached the middle of the park, “Just lay down and keep the ball upright” said Zac as the crowd got wilder.

The driving rain was washing the paint from her body, lying in the middle of the pitch, her legs parted embarrassingly wide to keep her balance as she still held the ball for Zac, “Hurry up and kick it” she thought, as the cheering got louder.

Then she heard a funny electrical buzzing sound, but the cheering drowned it out as still, Zac waited and the crowd roared with excitement, then suddenly Tara almost screamed with shock as something nudged between her outstretched legs, the crowd erupted, they were in hysterics.

Desperate to shut it all out Tara nervously opened up one eye and glanced at the screen, she wanted to die, she could see, as could thirty thousand other people, the little remote buggy bumping up between her outstretched legs, the knobbly rubber tyres whizzing on the turf, spinning against her sensitive skin as it was trapped between her legs.

The crowd started clapping, the tension building as Zac waited to take the kick, the rubber wheels rubbing relentlessly against her wet exposed pussy as she lay on the turf, the friction getting harder to bear as the crowd chanted and laughed hysterically.

Tara tried to block out the noise of the crowd, pressing her face into the grass to try and hide her embarrassment, now they were chanting her name, “TARA, TARA”, could it get any worse!

Glimpsing at the huge screen again, as the persistent little buggy’s engine whirred incessantly between her legs, the heat and vibration of the knobbly rubber tyres pummelling her delicate pussy, Tara groaned as she saw a photo of herself blown up a hundred times, but worse was that it spelled out her name and that she was being punished for stealing, the crowd were going wild.

The warm rain was now lashing down, her naked back and legs soaking as the droplets cascaded off her, the cheers were getting louder as she ground her hips downwards into the soil, anything to avoid what was building within, again she peaked at the screen and let out a sob, the rain had totally washed away her costume, her pink naked body was now as exposed as the day she was born, but this time in front of thirty thousand people.

Zac was enjoying himself, he had the best view in the house, Tara’s beautiful butt and toned thighs were writhing on the slippery grass, it was almost impossible to take the kick as her fingers trembled on the ball.

The butterflies were building inside her tummy and her breath was coming in gasps, Tara clenched her teeth and closed her eyes as with a cry of abandonment she gave into the inevitable, the little engine had defeated her as she bucked and writhed on the grass, she felt a rush of wind by her face and a huge roar from the crowd, she lay there and felt someone turn the little truck around, nervously she opened her eyes and gingerly tried to roll over.

Tara looked up into Zacs grinning face as he watched the buggy trundle over the grass into the waiting hands of Suzy, who picked it up and held it aloft before making a big show to the cameras of licking it clean, to the cheers of the crowd.

It took Tara a minute to realise she was now lying in the centre of the pitch, soaking wet and stark naked, her legs splayed apart and her tender pussy, hairless and exposed to the camera, her puffy labia wet from her own juices as they mingled with the rain as it washed over her.

Suddenly she felt hands lifting her to her feet, “Up you get lazy bones” laughed Suzy, pulling her up.

The cheerleaders and players were all over the pitch celebrating Burton’s victory, Zacs kick had won the game and he was being carried shoulder high, then Tara was dragged over to the cheerleading squad, by Suzy.

“Ok girls, one more show then we can really celebrate, its pyramid time” called Suzy, as the girls started to move into position”

Tara saw Mandy and the other pledges standing to attention at the side, their costumes were virtually transparent, every contour, every tiny detail of their toned eighteen year old bodies was on show, their hardened nipples pushing against the flimsy material the high cut costumes gigging deep between their legs, their hairless mounds prominent under the stretched fabric, even their slits were clearly visible to the on looking fans.

Tara was beckoned by Alice, the cheerleaders vice-captain, tanned, blonde and beautiful like the rest of them, she was also the strongest and easily hoisted Tara skywards until she was at the pinnacle of the human pyramid, her naked body on display to an audience of thirty thousand cheering football fans, her arms extended, holding out the blue and gold pom poms of Burton University.

Tara had never felt so exposed and vulnerable in her life, as the rain continued to beat down on her shiny, naked body as the crowd cheered on.

The enormity of her situation hit her at that moment, in a week she had endured every humiliation imaginable, she had been punished and chastised by her fellow students, every single inch of her body had been captured on film and shown around the campus, her body was no longer her own property, she was a toy to be used by anyone who wanted, they just had to contact Suzy and she was theirs to do with what they wished.

As these thought cascaded through her mind Tara opened her eyes to watch the crowd watching her, she knew her body was good, her beautifully toned body, her large firm breasts pointing upwards as the cool rain washed away the last remnants of her painted on costume, her arms stretched outwards like the girl from Titanic as Alice held her firmly.

Nervously looking down Tara saw Alice looking up at her with a sly grin, she cringed inwardly as she realised what Alice could see, she was looking directly up between her trembling legs, grinning evilly as she parted Tara’s feet farther apart, she could see Tara’s shiny wet pussy opening like a flower above her.

Tara gasped as Alice started to gently lower her, she flinched, almost losing her footing as Alice lowered her further until her naked, bald pussy was inched from Alice’s face, the crowd were going wild and Tara nearly fell, taking the whole pyramids with her, she was unable to escape as Alice lifted her up and down, the crowd watching the large screen could see everything as her nose and then her tongue rubbed against Tara’s shamefully exposed pussy.

Looking wildly around Tara saw Mandy grinning up at her, a superior look in her eye as she enjoyed Tara’s humiliation in fron of the massive crowd.

Again and again Alice manoeuvred the helpless law student so that she could invade her parted pussy lips with her tongue, Tara’s already painfully sensitive clitoris hardened as the cheer leaders invasive tongue sought it out, teasing it from behind it’s little sheath, Tara could not believe that yet again her body was going to betray her as her thighs began to quiver and buttocks clench as the warmth flooded into her tummy and her large breasts heaved a she tried to catch her breath, until with a groan she climaxed, at the top of the human pyramids in front of thirty thousand witnesses, almost every one of them carrying a camera phone.

The crowd kept cheering and laughing as they began to disperse, the cheerleaders skilfully stepped down, Suzy smiling as she even helped Tara back down, she surprised Tara by gently stroking her chin and caressing a few stray hairs form her eyes, “You’ve been fantastic, we’ll make a cheer leader of you yet”

The pledges and run in earlier and Suzy took an exhausted Tara back towards the changing rooms, her body shiny with rain and blades of grass and sweat, she led Tara over to the benches and picked up a nice white fluffy towel and started to pat her dry.

Tara glanced over towards the showers, there was steam billowing out as the hot water jetted down, she meekly assumed the position allowing Suzy to start patting her dry with the towel, flinching slightly as she rubbed it up between her legs, her sensitive, tender pussy parting slightly as the material wiped her dry, she jumped as the door opened and was shocked to see the half-naked jocks pile in.

Laughing and joking they filled the room with boisterous behaviour, high fiving and celebrating their victory.

“Hey Suzy, you got the boys victory rewards sorted out” Hollered Brad, Suzy’s boyfriend.

“Sure honey, they’re lined up and waiting, it’s amazing how much some girls want to be cheerleaders” she giggled.

Just then the steam cleared slightly and Tara gasped, all the pledges were stark naked, kneeling with their knees as far apart as possible, their hands behind their backs and their pretty faces tilted upwards, their mouths open, freshly applied ruby lipstick making them even more doll like in their appearance, Tara saw a look of total embarrassment and apprehension in Mandy’s eyes, she saw her gulp with nerves, her jaw twitching as a group of eight naked jocks disappeared into the steamy white tiled shower room.

Suzy then looked directly at Tara as she spoke to Brad, “but don’t worry honey, I‘ve saved the best for the quarterback”, she winked at Tara and let Brad take her by the hand and lead her towards the showers, “I’m pretty sure she knows what’s expected of her” and she gave Tara a playful pat on her exposed bottom cheeks, then waving the little key ring in the air, “And I’m pretty sure she knows what will happen otherwise”

Brad turned to go, with a huge grin on his face, “Just don’t be too rough on her, she has a long term ahead of her and the emails keep flooding in, I had a great one this morning from a student called ‘Jack Straw’, he’s come up with some great ideas”, then turning to a nervous Tara she said “I’m just ‘Happy’ it’s you and ‘Not me’”