The Humiliation of a Lifetime

Recently, Red (red\_1972m@hotmail.com contributed something he/she found on the internet, a story called, “The Worst Beating I Ever Got”. In it the female writer had (presumably) posted her true experience on another site, and Red reposted it. The original author stated she was trying to find someone who went through a more humiliating experience than she did, and believed that she won the “psychological destruction” prize. Well, who ever you are, you can rest a bit easier. You’re now in second place. There have been other cat fights posted here and other places, but mine just might have been the worst:
It happened at an after party for my girlfriend’s graduation from her high school. I had graduated a week before from a high school near Santa Barbara, California, catholic high school that’s pretty famous there, and was driven to Riverside by my boyfriend, who dropped me off for a few days with my friend, Sharon. Sharon’s graduation was like any other, as was her parent’s party for her, and a party for her group of friends.

When that party was over we went off to an after party at 11 p.m. that was being given by one of Sharon’s friends who had a boyfriend who was 20, and he and his friends put on a party for Sharon’s friend that had two kegs of beer, and most every other hard drink you could want. The party was at a house with no parents around, and had dancing outside and hanging out inside.

I wore my best dance dress, satin blue and black lace edging, black thigh highs and black heels. I was dressed to kill, but wasn’t on the prowl for anyone especially. I had a boyfriend and we were cool. The guys got real drunk, so did a lot of the girls, and I danced with everyone and it was no big deal. One of the guys I danced with, probably not caring what he did, put his hand a bit too low on my backside, and I pulled his hand off and said, “no”, just like that. He complied, but soon left me in the middle of the dance. Fine by me. But word got back to me some time afterward that he had told his friends I was a cock tease and a he and a couple of his buddies gave me nasty looks after that. I didn’t care.

It was now past one and I was pretty tired and went into the house wondering when we were going home. Sharon was smoking weed with her boyfriend in a bedroom and I was stuck for a while, and decided to chill by talking to the hostess of the party, Sharon’s friend Juanita. That didn’t last long; a girl came up to me that I never met before. She immediately started raising her voice at me. She told me that I shouldn’t be egging her boyfriend and other guys on with my dancing. Juanita tried to intervene, and told this girl, whose name was Terri, to just chill, and that I had been cool the entire night. She told Terri it was her boyfriend, Collin, who had gotten out of line. I was relieved, but not for long. She argued back that a lot of his friends were saying I was throwing my body around during the dance, and that I was trying to pickup on whoever would have me. Juanita began to tell Terri she was just depressed about not being chosen on varsity cheer, and that she had drank too much, and that she didn’t want a scene. (Terri, it turned out, was not yet a senior at the high school, and still seventeen, and liked that her boyfriend was 21. She had just finished her junior year and had lost in cheer leading competition.) Juanita told her to take it easy and back off.
“I will when this bitch apologizes and pulls her skirt lower when she dances,” was all that Terri gave back to Juanita.

“That’s it, you have to leave,” was Juanita’s reply, just beating my, “Like hell that’s going to happen.”

“You picked the wrong time to be messing with my life,” Terri shouted back to me. “Since you won’t keep your dress down while you dance, I guess you won’t mind if it’s bare while I spank the shit out of it.”

With no more warning, she jumped on me while I was seated on the couch next to Juanita, who’s drink went all over her and me, and really pissed me off. Juanita got the worst of the drink, and wiped it off of her as Terri and I tumbled off the couch and onto the ground. I wasn’t expecting that, and I got the worst of everything by being wedged in between the sofa and coffee table, with Terri on top of me and me having no room to maneuver my arms. I kicked with my legs, probably giving the guys who had got me into trouble a pretty good show of my knickers.

This was not a good night for a fight. For the next thirty seconds, I gouged Terri in the face with my nails and she struck me two good hits to the head, before someone pulling the coffee table away from the couch gave us both room and me being able to turn and get up. But not before Terri whispered to me some pretty nasty things. I said similar things back to her, but had really never been in a situation like this one.

The next thing I knew is that we were both on our feet and no one was trying to stop our fight. It became a pull and tug more than anything, except that Terri was dressed for it and I wasn’t. She slapped me hard across the face, grabbed the front of my dress and yanked. It only caused me to be yanked toward her, and I began ineffective punches into her sides. That’s when she discovered the zipper to my dress.

Without any shouts to anything, or me she took hold of the back collar of my dress with one hand and unzipped my dress with the other. I don’t care about what others say about being in a catfight and having your clothes torn off, there’s nothing worse than the intimate violation of being undressed. And what made it all worse was that when I recovered myself and stood up again, the style of the dress made it impossible to rezip it without some amount of calmness and room, which Terri wasn’t going to give to me for anything. Now every grab at my dress yanked it further down my body, and the intimacy of the bra frilly black bra and French panty combo my boyfriend had bought me for Valentine’s Day made it all the worse. There was probably a lot more revealing underwear any girl could be caught in, but knowing this was the most personal clothing I could show the world made it more than I could bare. For every reason I had to end this, so I just backed away.

But I backed into a crowd that wasn’t too helpful. Front row, as it were, was taken up by the guys who were the friends of this girl’s asshole boyfriend. And he was standing behind Terri, egging her on to kick the shit out of me. When Terri came at me again, she just took hold of my dress and began yanking me around. Anything I tried to lay on her was defeated by my imbalance due to the dress being tugged at. Finally, the lower part of the zipper unzipped, and both of us knew it. Terri was in white pants and a black tank top with a bra underneath, and there was no way I could affect anything she wore. It was tight and solid. My pulls at her top didn’t amount to anything. Finally she just dropped to the ground holding my dress, and I did my best to follow her down but eventually she grasped the top of my dress and pulled it off of my arms. During the next minute or so our fighting simply separated me from my dress, and Terri grabbed the rest of it hanging on my torso and pulled it down, leaving me in my bra and knickers, and thigh high stockings. All black, all sexy. Hollers and shouts from everyone, whistles and applause. I had done a forced striptease for the crowd and stood there embarrassed but mainly worrying about Terri. I shouted for her to stop, but she just shouted, “Wrong, bitch!” and went back at me.

My bra became my own worst enemy, as it was something for Terri to drag around and something for me to further my embarrassment. That’s when it hit me. Terri was no longer fighting me with her hits, she was stripping me naked. Her yanking at my bra became a turning point, and I could tell she wouldn’t stop until, what? The worst?

Finally, she grabbed at my bra at the lower part of the cups and pulled it above my neck. My breasts bounced out of them for the boys’ pleasure, and Terri’s feeling of triumph. The rest of it spun me around, an it was a relief when I finally lost it. Al least I stopped being choked by it. As a reaction I grabbed my breasts to cover them, and got slugged in the stomach and was winded. It wasn’t that hard of a hit, and I tried to regain my focus, but it was enough. Terri grabbed me by my shoulder length hair and pulled me upward. She shouted to her boyfriend to take off my nylons. I was helpless and still catching my breath as he grabbed at my legs. If Terri hadn’t held me my body would have tried to double over to get as much breath as I could into my lungs. But instead I was a human puppet, and the guy and his friend each took a leg and pulled me off of the ground, stripping from me my stockings.

Topless, my breasts bouncing and jiggling for the pleasure of the assholes that had caused my problem in the first place, Terri didn’t give me a bit of sympathy and decided to take every bit of dignity I might have still had. She shouted to the crowd of people now staring at my nipples and legs that she was going to teach me a lesson about flashing my ass to her boyfriend. Something I never did, but the guys must have blown out of proportion out of their own laughs and fantasies.

Terri steered me headlong into the couch and dropped me, yanked down the back of my knickers, and spanked my bare ass before everyone as they hollered total delight and satisfaction. Her nails dug into the flesh of my butt after each spanking, and she counted them out loud. As I got up to try and turn, she grabbed my hair again and pushed my face into the couch, kicking my legs to separate them even more and show off to everyone the view of my vulva, now thrust upward.

“Now there’s a view you wanted my boyfriend to see,” she said. “Well, he’s getting an eyeful now!”

I couldn’t take it. I was sobbing and had nothing left in my soul. Terri stripped my knickers to my ankles, grabbed me by the hair and turned me toward the crowd where I stood before them totally nude. Eighteen years of modesty and sharing my body for only one boyfriend were lost as I was forced to be the centerfold for these bastards. Shouts of “nice piece of pussy” and “I got that racing stripe on my car” were jeered to me as Terri marched me into the group. They parted for me, sort of, but not until I don’t know how many guys groped, pinched and got a handful of my breasts and butt. I felt hands sweep near my pussy.

Finally I was out the back door to the dance area, where a shocked DJ group looked up at me. Terri spun me one more time toward the crowd where I saw them all once again, enjoying my humiliation. She shouted to the DJs to play some real hot dance music for me, and let go of me and ran out of the party.
I got my dress back, but my nylons, bra and knickers were now the trophies of Terri and the guys. I called my boyfriend to pick me up that night, and spent three days crying.