**The Punishment**

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Velda stood before the headmaster's desk and looked at him in horror. He had to be kidding, but she knew deep down that she had pushed him a little too far this time. Also, she had to admit that the punishment did fit the crime.  
  
Velda was a rebel; she was leader of the pack. She had been up before Mr. Bingham on more than one occasion for school uniform violations. She had also been up for drinking, smoking and many other misdemeanors.  
  
Velda was now in her last term at Merton High. She was 18 and she would be leaving Merton High in the summer break. She was an extremely attractive young woman with auburn hair and a stunning figure for a girl of her age. Over the last term, she had liaisons with several of the guys who were in the same year as she was. It was recorded by Matron in the notes Mr. Bingham was looking at - sexually active.  
  
Her misdemeanor this time was exposing herself in a lewd manner to a new trainee teacher, causing him extreme embarrassment. What she had done was to sit in her usual position at the front of the class and flash her pussy at the poor young teacher. He had been so distracted by the sight of the shaven pussy openly displayed to him that he had not been able to continue his teaching.  
  
Mr. Bingham had admonished her for her actions and said that he was going to teach her a lesson she would not forget. Her punishment was that she would spend one whole day acting as a classroom assistant. This bit did not sound too bad to Velda. She could cope with that. It was the second bit that had struck her speechless.   
  
As she obviously liked showing herself off, she would also have to spend the entire day totally naked.  
  
Velda looked at him in horror. "You've got to be kidding," she said. "You can't make me do that."   
  
Mr. Bingham looked at her. "Oh yes, I can, young lady. It's either that or expulsion, and I'm not sure what your parents would say to that, especially when they were told why you were expelled. I don't think your father, the bishop, would be very amused to find out that his daughter had been flashing her pussy at the teacher."  
  
Velda knew she was finished. Mr. Bingham had hit her where it hurt, her father. There was nothing to do but accept her punishment. Mr. Bingham saw he had won. He smiled to himself. "Right, young lady, be in my office eight thirty in the morning and I will have your program for the day."  
  
The following morning just before eight thirty, Velda was to be seen making her way to the principal's office. It wasn't that she was just being punctual for her meeting with Mr. Bingham. More to the point, due to the worry about her punishment, she had not slept all that well last night.  
  
Hesitantly, she knocked on the door. A voice called for her to come in. With certain trepidation, she entered the office. She was a little surprised to find not only Mr. Bingham there, but also two other senior teachers and the young teacher she had embarrassed by her flashing incident.   
  
"Good morning, Velda," Mr. Bingham said, looking at his watch. "Glad to see you are on time and that you are taking your punishment seriously." He picked up a typed sheet from his desk and handed it to her. "This is your schedule for today. Please try to adhere to it as closely as possible." Velda glanced at the sheet. She didn't really take it in apart from the first line, which read, 9 A.M., helping Mr. Vincent with upper sixth history. Velda gasped. That was her class. All her friends would be there and what's more, it was a mixed class.  
  
"Right, Velda, we do not want you to be late for your first class, so if you would remove all your clothes, we can get you off. I will keep your clothes and you can pick them up again at the end of the day. Oh, and by the way, young lady, any infringement of my rules, like getting your friends to provide you with clothing before the day is over and I will extend your punishment for a second day."  
  
Velda looked around the office at the four teachers and Mr. Bingham. They all stood watching her expectantly. She knew there was now nothing she could do but comply with Mr. Bingham's ruling. Now she did not look the confident, cocky, teenager as she began to slowly undo the buttons of her school blouse.   
  
Before she peeled it off revealing her large breasts encased in a white cotton bra, she saw Mr. Bingham smiling to himself as he watched the young woman undress. At least she was wearing her college uniform. Her skirt quickly followed her blouse and now she was left standing in front of the four guys in just her bra and panties. She looked pleadingly at Mr. Bingham hoping for a last second reprieve.  
  
She could see by his stern face that there was none coming. Hesitantly, she reached around and unclasped her bra. It fell away revealing her breasts, twin firm mounds of creamy flesh topped with dark brown areolas and prominent buds of nipples. She dropped the cotton bra on top of her already discarded clothes. Then with a look again at the four men, she put her fingers in the waist band of her panties and pushed them down. They slid over her hips, caught for a moment between her legs, and then slid down her long legs to the floor. She stepped out of them and stood there naked. She could not help but notice that she was not the only one who was feeling some discomfort at this moment, as tell tale bulges had suddenly appeared in the front of all the guys' trousers.  
  
Mr. Bingham looked at the young woman's naked body. It was stunning for a woman of her age-- good firm breasts, a hard flat stomach and a delightful pussy. He was pleased to she that she shaved and that her cleft and her pussy lips were clearly displayed. He smiled at the clearly embarrassed young woman. "Right, young lady, if you would sit down and remove your shoes and socks, we can all get off to our work." Velda moved back and sat in a chair. It was only when she was seated that she realized that removing her shoes and socks from this position would display her openly to the teachers. She knew there was nothing she could do but brazen it out. They had already seen almost everything there was to see and before the day was out, she would have displayed herself naked to the whole school, so what was the point of being shy.   
  
She drew one foot up and placed it on the chair and proceeded to slowly unfasten her shoe. She knew in this position her pussy was now on open display. She saw the men looking at her brazen with interest. She smirked. "Get your eyes full, you dirty lechers," she thought to herself.  
  
Now that she was completely naked, Mr. Bingham turned to Mr. West, the physics teacher,. "Would you escort Velda to Mr. Vincent's classroom, and the rest of you can return to your classes. You will all get a chance to work with Velda during the day." Mr. West smiled at Velda and reluctantly she followed him out of the principal's office.  
  
It was a strange and slightly unnerving experience for her walking down the corridor naked, but she knew that worse was shortly to come as she made her way towards Mr. Vincent's classroom and her friends in the upper sixth. Mr. West paused outside the door. Inside, Velda could hear her classmates chatting. He looked her up and down. "Will see you later, young lady," he said. Then he opened the classroom door for her.  
  
She took a deep breath and stepped into the class room. The chatting suddenly stopped and there was a deathly silence as she made her way across to where Mr. Vincent was sitting behind his desk. He smiled when he saw the naked girl, and he felt his cock twitch.   
  
The students couldn't really believe what they were seeing. Here was the attractive Velda, the figure in most of the guys' wildest fantasies, stark naked. The guys in the class could not believe their luck. One or two had seen her attributes displayed before and more than one of them had had the pleasure of her body, but for the majority of them, the chance to see this attractive young woman displaying herself so openly was more than they could ever have wished for.   
  
Some of the girls in the class, particularly her friends, had sympathy for her. She had told them what she was going to have to do and they knew just what she must be feeling having to display herself naked in front of everyone. Some of the others were secretly enjoying her humiliation. It was mostly the ones who were jealous of her popularity and her attributes. As far as they were concerned, the bitch was getting her just deserts at last.   
  
For Velda's part, it was strange. She had been mortified when she received her punishment and this feeling had only been compounded this morning when she was made to undress in front of the staff members in the principal's office. But now the deed had been done and she was naked. A strange change had taken place within her. Although she still felt humiliated, she was also beginning to feel excited by her position.   
  
Secretly she had always been a bit of an exhibitionist, and loved to see the guys looking at her body when she was dressed in some of the more revealing outfits she used to wear. She had felt no qualms about displaying her pussy to the wimp of a teacher who reported her. It was just a sudden urge she had on her part to shock him.   
  
Mr. Vincent was more than pleased with his naked assistant. Like most of the male teachers at Merton High, he had always had a secret desire to see the attractive Velda without her clothes, and now he had her for an hour and he was going to make the most of it. He gave her the work books to hand out and watched he as she paraded herself around the class. He could guess that most of the guys in the room would be by now sporting erections as they got a chance to view Velda's naked charms at close quarters.  
  
As she walked around, she smiled at the guys she knew. She did not mind them seeing her like this. As she placed Andy Clark's book on his desk, she pursed her lips at him in a silent kiss. Andy was the captain of Merton High's football team and it was only a couple of nights ago that he had enjoyed the thrill of sliding his cock between those attractive pussy lips that were openly displayed to him. What Velda didn't like was displaying herself to the nerds. She could actually feel the eyes of these creeps boring into her and following her wherever she went.  
  
After she had handed out the books and papers, Mr. Vincent told her to sit on a high stool at the side of his desk while he was giving the lesson. It was placed in a position where both he and the class had a good view of her. Also, in getting on and off the stool to do things like clean the whiteboard or pass out other books, she was giving everyone an interesting show.  
  
As she sat there listening to Mr. Vincent blab on about the Industrial revolution, Velda suddenly remembered the paper that Mr. Bingham had given her with the schedule. She had only glanced at it and then folded it and tucked it under her bracelet. She pulled it out and unfolded it.   
  
9:00 Mr. Vincent: upper sixth History  
  
10:15 Mr. West: Physics  
  
11:30 Mr. Gregory: Biology.   
  
She stared at this one. Mr. Gregory was certainly an old pervert. He had been caught on a couple of occasions peeping into the girl's dormitory and he was often lurking around when the girls were doing gymnastics in the gym. Velda was certainly not looking forward to that one.  
  
12:45 Lunch Break. (You must use the dining hall) Obviously he didn't want her sneaking off.   
  
14:00 Senior Basket Ball. (Mixed) Challenge match against St Markham's. Velda looked at this. The sneaky bastard, she thought to herself, he wasn't satisfied showing her off to her own college friends. He had actually arranged a match against another local college so he could embarrass her in front of them as well.  
  
16:00 Mr. Myer's Art Life Class. Her naked day finished with the art class and Velda could guess that she would probably be the model. Not only did he want to totally embarrass her, but he was also using her to save money on a model as well.  
  
At last Mr. Vincent's class was over. The pupils filed out and Velda was instructed to collect in all the work books and papers. Mr. Vincent was sorry to see her go. It had made an interesting diversion, and he knew most of the people in the class had enjoyed it as well. Mr. Vincent thanked her and watched her leave the room. She certainly had a great arse, he mused to himself.  
  
Andy was waiting for her as she left. He knew about her punishment. One of her mates had passed him a note about it during class. "Are you okay?" he inquired.   
  
Velda nodded and smiled. "As well as I can be spending the day being ogled by every nerd in the school."   
  
Andy shrugged. "I don't know how he can get away with it. You should have refused."   
  
She smiled to herself. "I wish I could but there were problems. He said he would report me to my dad, and if he had done that, I would have been in real hot water." Andy walked with her the short distance to Mr. West's classroom. As they parted, he could not resist rubbing his hand over her exposed bottom. Velda smiled at him. "I'm going to need more than that by the time today's over," she said. "I hope you're available."   
  
He grinned. "Just call me. You've got my number."   
  
Mr. West's class went similar to the first one. He used her to do the menial tasks and just let her sit there and be stared at by the class members. They could not really concentrate on physics when there was an attractive naked woman sitting in the front of the classroom. At last the bell sounded. The guys smiled at her as they left the room, some hanging on to get one last look at her openly displayed charms.  
  
Velda wasn't looking forward to the next class with Mr. Gregory. The class was full when she walked into the room. By now the word had gone around the college about her naked display. The guys in the class looked at her in awe and the girls smirked. Mr. Gregory licked his lips. He could not wait to get his hands on this naked beauty. When he had found out he was one of the teachers who would be getting Velda as a teaching assistant, he had quickly made plans and revised his lesson for that day. The word from the principal had been for him to use her for whatever purpose he required. That gave him a lot of leeway.   
  
He held up his hands for silence. "Today we are going to concentrate on the anatomy of the female body," he said. "It is not in your workbooks for this week, but as we have the able assistance of this young lady, I thought it was too good to miss the opportunity. It is a lot better to have an actual body to work on than doing it through pictures." He smiled a sickly smile at Velda.   
  
"Oh, shit," she thought. The dirty pervert was going to use her.  
  
"If you would step up here, please," he said to Velda, indicating a low stool, "everyone will be able to get a clear view." Velda glared at him as she stepped up onto the stool. All he wanted was for everyone to get a clear view of her.   
  
He stood so close to her that she could clearly smell the tobacco on his clothes, for Mr. Gregory was a pipe smoker. "I hope you can all see our subject," he said. Velda knew everyone could see, as the ones at the back were already standing up to get a better view. "First, I want to point out to you the main parts of a female body. You will all have a chance for a closer inspection later." Velda could not believe what she was hearing. "The most obvious parts of a woman's body are the breasts. Here we have an unusually fine example." He touched her breasts gently with a small pointer he was carrying. Velda jumped, much to the amusement of the class, causing her breasts to wobble deliciously.  
  
"This area of the breast is called the areola," he said, indicating the light brown circle with his pointer, "and here we have the nipple." Velda felt him touching her nipple. She tried to remain calm and not give the class anything more to smirk at.  
  
"The nipple is connected to the mammary gland and is used for the purpose of feeding infants in the months after childbirth." He smiled at the class. "The nipples are also a very sensitive part of a woman's body and are used extensively in foreplay, which takes place prior to the sexual act, to stimulate and make a woman available for the sexual act."  
  
To Velda's indignation and the amusement of the class, he placed his pointer in his top pocket and reached out and began to gently pull and squeeze her nipples. They were already stiff but became even more alert as he worked on them. He looked at the class. "You can see quite clearly how much bigger they have grown with just a few moments stimulation." Velda wished the floor would open up and swallow her. She did not know how much of this she would be able to take.   
  
Thankfully, he now stopped playing with her nipples, but she realized that this was not the end of her ordeal. "Moving on," he said, "we come to the other area of a woman's body that is different from the male species, the pubic region." Mr. Gregory had realized that he had gotten away with actually touching her nipples, so the pointer remained in his pocket as he was more than happy to use his hands on the less than happy young woman.  
  
"This area here is known as the mons veneris." He gently touched the raised protrudence just above her cleft. Velda shuddered at his touch. "It is raised forward by the pubic bone. This area is usually covered by short hair which normally obscures the vagina, but in the case of our subject, it as been shaved away giving us a clear view." The fact that he was actually touching her so close to her pussy was already beginning to have its effects on her. Although she was more than a little embarrassed, she realized much to her annoyance that she was becoming aroused.   
  
"Here we have the outer lips of the vagina known as the outer labia." His fingers slowly stroked down over her pussy. Velda bit her lip in an attempt not to make a sound. "If we part the lips like this," he said, inserting his fingers and spreading her open-- at this point she could no longer stop herself emitting a slight groan-- "inside we find the inner labia and the entrance to the vagina."  
  
He held her open so that everyone could see the wet pink interior of her pussy. Velda was seething with anger and frustration. How could he be doing this to her, displaying her so intimately to the class? But she could already feel the ache deep inside and she knew she wanted to feel more.  
  
He looked around at the class who were now silently looking at Velda as she stood there, her most intimate parts exposed. He did not move his hands from her but continued to explain. "We spoke earlier about stimulation during the sexual act. I explained and demonstrated how sensitive the nipples were, but here again we have two most sensitive spots. The first one is known as the G spot it is located here at the anterior wall of the vagina." With this he slid his finger deep into Velda's pussy. She groaned and her muscles constricted around his finger, gripping him. He smiled.   
  
He slowly withdrew his finger causing Velda to push forward, not wanting to release him. "Then we have the main sexual stimulation point, the clitoris." He opened her up again and was not surprised to find her extremely wet. He pointed this out to the class and Velda reddened in shame. He worked his finger to the top of her cleft, lifted the hood and pointed out the hard bud of her clit. "The only point of this small item is to induce sexual pleasure to the woman." With that, he slowly began to rotate it beneath his finger. Velda clutched onto her breasts and squeezed them as jolts of pleasure flowed through her body. "I want you to note her actions as I stimulate this point," he said and Velda again groaned, rotating her hips and squeezing her breasts. Suddenly she could hold back no longer and she came with a rush, her juices running from her pussy and running down her legs.

Mr. Webster withdrew his hand and smiled as he wiped it on a large handkerchief. He looked at the class. "What you have just witnessed is an orgasm, the climax of the sexual act. Now I am just going to let the young lady calm down and then she will be available for your examination.  
  
He passed Velda a cloth and allowed her to wipe herself. She felt so ashamed about what she had done that she could not look at the people in the classroom. Then from a cupboard he produced a blanket which he covered his desk with. He asked Velda to lay herself down on it. She lay there with her eyes closed as members of the class came around and examined her. They touched her breasts, tugged on her nipples, and even delved into the wet interior of her pussy. She lay there accepting their searching hands, knowing there was nothing she could do about it.   
  
At last, she was saved by the lunch bell. She eased herself off the desk. Mr. Webster thanked her for her cooperation and he watched the poor girl leave the room. He had to admit to himself that it had been the most entertaining lesson he had ever taught.   
  
Velda made her way to the ladies rest room. She took a large towel from a pile on the table and went and stood in a shower for ten minutes, allowing the hot water to rinse her body, then dried herself. She wondered how much more she could endure. During the last hour, everything had turned sour. She was no longer getting pleasure from her exposure, but she knew she still had the afternoon to go.  
  
All eyes were on her as she walked into the dining room. Mr. Bingham was one of the teachers on duty and he was pleased to see she was obeying his instructions. He noticed she wasn't looking too happy. Maybe his punishment was working.  
  
Andy and two of his teammates came over and sat with her. It stopped any of the nerds getting close, and it wasn't a hardship for them, although Andy was a little concerned about her. It was still a pleasure to sit and eat lunch with a naked beauty like Velda. This sentiment was echoed by his two friends who, sitting close to her, of course had an unrestricted view of her body and all it had to offer.  
  
He inquired how it had gone up to now, but she did not want to discuss the morning and so they chatted about the basketball game. Andy told her that the game was a sell out. She didn't have to inquire why. After lunch, Andy and the guys escorted her to the gym. In the dressing room the rest of the team was already changed and when Velda came in, Graham the team coach, eyed her naked body. He had been looking forward to seeing her all day after he had been told about the punishment.  
  
He had lusted after the young woman for a long time. In fact, ever since she had joined the team, he had fantasized about her body and now he had at last the chance to see it in all its naked glory. It was perfect. He had to slip a hand into his pocket to prevent his erection from tenting the front of his track suit. Oh, how he would like to get his hands on those melons and drive his cock into the dark cleft of her pussy. He looked forward to spending the next two hours with this beauty although he would have to share her with about 500 or so others.  
  
Mr. Bingham had for safety's sake allowed a concession and agreed that she could wear trainers for the afternoon game. Graham handed them to her and watched as she slipped them on her feet. As she lifted her feet up to tie them he was presented with an unrestricted view of her pussy. He almost came there and then.  
  
There were four women and four guys on the team. Velda was vice captain today. She was captain of the women's team, but Graham had made Chris the captain as he was the captain of the guys team. Graham decided to play her with the first string. He knew the large crowds were already waiting impatiently to see her and he would be lynched if he left her on the bench.  
  
The bell sounded and they were ready to go. Graham tossed Velda the ball. "Go and give it to them, girl," he said. The team ran out onto the court, and there was a loud burst of applause as the crowd got their first sight of the naked Velda. The sound was awesome. She couldn't believe they were cheering her. The problems of the morning were left behind as she smiled and waved at the crowd who cheered and stamped their feet. Velda now loved the feeling of being naked in front of so many people and she knew she was going to put on a great show for them.  
  
I think the fact that Merton High were playing a naked player was a distinct advantage. Not only did it put the other team off their stride a little, but every time she got the ball, the crowd roared her on. Maybe it was the sight of her breasts swinging as she ran down the court or the sight of her exposed pussy when she jumped to make a shot. What ever it was Merton was in front by 28 points by half time. Back in the dressing room Graham was treated to the sight of Velda's body now coated in a sheen of perspiration which only made her look even more exciting.  
  
The second half was tighter. The St. Markham's team had obviously been spoken too and they played it rougher this time. In the first half they had shied away from the naked Velda, but this time they tackled her with more fervor. On several occasions she was pulled to the floor amid boos from the crowd and several players were admonished by the ref for grabbing hold of the more interesting parts of her anatomy, but on the whole, the crowd loved it, and so did Velda. In the end Merton won by 68 to 42 and Velda was carried shoulder high from the court.   
  
She was brought back out for the presentations and received the player of the match award.  
  
Andy was waiting for her outside the dressing room and they walked back over to the school together. There were quite a few people milling around after the game and Velda was again enjoying the experience of exhibiting herself.   
  
People came over and spoke to her and others stopped and turned as she walked past. Andy placed his arm around her waist. She snuggled up to him. "I have one more class to do and then I have to go back and see Mr. Bingham," she said.   
  
Andy smiled. "I'll be waiting for you."   
  
Velda ran her hand down the front of his trousers. She caressed his semi-hard cock. "I'm going to need this after I have finished," she said.   
  
Andy nodded. "It will be waiting for you."  
  
After all she had done today, the art class itself was a breeze. All she had to do was to sit there and let them paint her. Mr. Mitchell, the art teacher, complimented her on her beauty and asked if she would come back and model for them again. She smiled and nodded. "I'm sure we can arrange something," she said.  
  
Mr. Bingham was on his own in the office. He looked up when she came in. "Well, Velda, you have completed your punishment, and you have done all that was asked of you. I hope you have learned your lesson." Velda stood there with head bowed. "You may take your clothes and get dressed." Velda looked at her pile of clothes still where she had left them that morning. She picked them up in her arms. Mr. Bingham looked at her in surprise. "Aren't you going to get dressed?" he asked.   
  
Velda shook her head. "Not a lot of point, sir," she said. "My boy friend's waiting for me outside, and after all I have had to endure today, I'm in need of a good fucking." Mr. Bingham looked at her, shocked by her language. "So there's little point of putting my clothes on only for him to take them off again."   
  
Mr. Bingham smiled and shook his head. "Get yourself off, young lady, and don't be late for class in the morning or I might have another punishment for you."   
  
Velda smiled at him. "Is that a threat or a promise, sir?" she said as she slipped out of the door and into Andy's arms.