**Unfair to Girls - Emily’s Letter**

BySofia

**Summary:**
A girl taking Pericil G sends a letter to a magazine telling how she had to go through an embarrassing physical exam at her school.
Things not always are as they look, and after her letter, the magazine also publishes one reply from a reader.

Dear unfair to girls;

I want to be dead. My whole life is over, I hate mom and dad, I hate the school, I hate my classmates and above all. I hate Puericil-G.

My name’s Emily. I don’t care anymore about keeping it secret.

My parents put me into puericil-G treatment about four months ago.

I managed to keep things normal for the first three months. Even with all the changes, physically and mentally, I had kept my reputation at school.

It’s been a fight. I mean, this drug, it makes you feel like a zombie.

Worse than that, zombies at least have freedom. You don’t. Each part of you is telling you to submit, to do as told, be a good girl, to not fight.

Mom and dad…

Well, I wasn’t perfect, ok? I had my problems and stuff. But I’m sure they put me on puericil because they wanted their little girl back.

Proof of it is that one month after the treatment began, they changed my normal clothes with childish ones.

Good thing is that our school makes us wear an official school uniform, if not, I would be wearing princess-like dresses. Bad thing is underwear is not covered by school rules. I’m forced to wear cartoon themed panties.

The days I have gym or any activity in which I will have to get changed, I take them off before reaching school. Anything is better than being caught with that underwear. Even going without any.

I mean, other girls think you’re naughty or a badass if you’re not wearing panties, but they think you’re stupid if you wear some princess Elsa’s panties.

A month ago, just like any other year, the school asked our parents if they wanted us to go through the annual health check. While not nice, it was a tradition, and only a few parents decided to save their kids from that experience.

That year I was a bit worried.

The process seemed designed to peel any dignity from you. That included being in our underwear most of the time, and removing those for a while...

I had managed to steal a pair of my cousin’s panties and kept them hidden under my mattress. The day in question, I would change mines for those, and be just like any other girl.

Common sense said that I had no reason to worry about that day. It was Tuesday, our class had been scheduled for Thursday, and that day I had no gym nor a swimming pool.

Wearing the pair of panties dad had placed on my bed that morning wasn’t a problem for me.

I didn’t know what to expect when Mr. Phills called me, and our class representative, Martin out of the classroom.

Martin Seemed as shocked as me, Mr. Phills, told us to follow him.

We went to a room close to the lunch area.

There, 6 other boys. All of them one or two years younger. I only recognized them from crossing paths at halls and other stuff.

“Some of you already know what’s going on, for others, this is new.” Began Mr. Phills.

“Class representatives, you’re in charge of those boys... and girl. You’ll be at their side at all times during the health exam. Making sure they follow the instructions and procedures as well as to give some moral support.”

I looked to Martin, and then to Mr. Phills. “That’s a mistake, our class is scheduled for Thursday,” I said, feeling my legs trembling.

“Yes, that’s true. At least for the rest of your class. But our council says that students under puericil treatment must take go through this with the younger classes. Under the guidance and supervision of their class representatives.

I looked around. “They are boys... I’m not…” I said stating the obvious.

“That’s one of the reasons. Last year, we had a girl as a class representative. This year all of them are boys.

Would be unfair for the rest of girls of your class having Martin there with you, during their exams.

Kids, on the other side. They don’t mind, boys and girls go through this at once, having an older boy or girl don’t make them feel bad.”

“W.. what about me? I don’t want him with me...” I said pointing Martin.

“You’re the first girl in this situation. Gender equality is one of this school foundations, that’s why we’re treating you just the same as we’ve been doing with any boy under treatment. That’s why.”

“But..” I tried to talk, but he lifted his hand.

“Listen Emily. I understand your feelings, but boys had been going through this for some years now. Those are our council rules. Parents and teachers agreed. Your own parents were informed before authorizing the school to perform this exam on you.”

“But…” I tried again.

“Ralph, you’re not new into this, can you please let Emily know what happens if she keeps making us all losing our time?” Mr. Phills asked one of the boys.

“During the whole process, the class representative acting as a guardian is given authority to spank the kid he or she’s in charge of. He or she can also be requested to spank the kid by any nurse, doctor or any other member of the staff.”

I opened my mouth again, but Mr. Phills hushed me.

“Now, supervisors, take your patient’s hand. Then, walk in, follow the nurse instructions, wait your turn, and go through the process. I don’t want this to take a minute longer than what is needed.

I looked at Matin, he was grinning happily and tried to hold my hand, I refused at first. The look of Mr. Phills told me to better stop.

Class representative, a role that nobody wanted. Teacher’s pet. Martin was the perfect pet. An A+ grades student and that was all.

At sports, he passed because teachers refused to make him fail because of sports, at socializing he was the worst. His voice hurt your ears, and his look, offend your eyes. Horrible and pathetic are good words for him.

Mr. Phills opened the door and suddenly we heard the noise.

Over 50 kids around 8 to 10 years old, most of them wearing only their underwear.

“You are late, come, you’ll all go after the last girl.” Said, one nurse, once she saw us.

We walked to the front, about the second row.

“Everything goes off except panties or briefs. Don’t make too much noise.” I heard the nurse.

To my left, and front, girls, wearing only their panties. Some of them showing the first signs of breasts, but most of them, just plain. Right and back, boys in their briefs.

The other supervisors were already making their boys to take off their clothes. Martin was looking at me.

“Come on Emily, please.”

I couldn’t believe mom and dad agreed to that… if they did… I swear, I couldn’t easily forgive them.

I removed my blazer and then, began to undo the buttons of my shirt.

“Hurry up!” I heard the nurse looking to us while taking a new group of girls and leading them to the exam area.

I watched the boys, they were already in their underwear. Without anything else to do, they all were watching me.

“What are you looking?”
They only shrugged, I realized, my words only got the attention of other boys and girls around us.

I sighed, and undid my shirt and took it off.

My bra came at the sight of everyone. Fortunately, mom and dad didn’t fancy bras as they seemed to fancy panties. That’s why I was wearing a sports bra.

I had not many breasts. Mom was trying me to stop wearing them, I kept with them only because nipples had become really sensitive.

Still, compared with the girls around me, I was a big breasted.

We all had to move a few sites to our left.

“Martin, check your clock, if Emily is not ready in 30 seconds, she gets 30 swats on her bare butt.!” I heard Mr. Phills. Martin grinned again. I could hear some smirks all around me.

I was sure that Martin would be more than happy of putting his dirty fat piggy hands on me.

I took off my shoes and socks. Then, the fatidic moment. My skirt went down, and my blue and orange gumball panties were at sight of everyone.

Those were picked by dad, he loved those cartoons, and he made sure I had plenty of them.

I heard giggles around me. Even the girls were having fun. Their panties were simple, cotton, even pink panties, but none of them was wearing a pair like mines.

“Only panties, Emily. The bra must go off.” Martin said checking the time again.

I hated him. All those boys were staring at me, trying to see some tit. Then, the kids, boys, and girls, all having some fun at my cost. I pulled the bra over my head and moved my hands to cover what I had.

I didn’t know where to put my eyes. ashamed and exposed. Then we had to move again.

“Emily, your clothes, bring them with you,” Martin said. My clothes, on the chair I had been to before. I had to walk back, pick them while trying to not show any more than I was and place them into our new spot.

Mr. Phills paid a visit, he nodded and then left again. Only a few more girls before our turn. Behind me, only boys.

“You’re the ones taking puericil?” Asked one man with a coat. The three boys nodded. And I felt the doctor’s attention on me. I nodded too.

“Take those, go to the bathroom and fill it up to the line.” He said, handing to our supervisors some sample pots.

I looked around. I wasn’t sure there was no bathroom in that room. Mr. Phills showed up.

“Any problem with the kids, doctor?” He asked the man.
“Not at all, we need samples.” He said. Then Mr. Phills looked at us.

“What are you waiting for? go to the main hall’s bathroom and you better are back in 5 minutes.”

“We can’t go there like this!” I complained while pointed the boys and myself.
He checked his clock. “It’s still class time, you shouldn’t find anyone.”
“But…”
“No buts, and Martin, you can’t walk into the girls' bathroom, she’s going to the boys one with the rest.”

I looked at Mr. Phills. “4 minutes forty-five seconds, Emily… Martin, if she causes the slightest trouble, don’t be afraid of spanking her bare bottoms.” Mr. Phills said.

I had no choice, Martin was smiling wider each second. The 8 of us left the area, I was trying to cover my little breasts, but Martin had my hand and was pulling me out.
Mr. Phills was right, no one was at the hall, and we did it into the bathroom without being seen.

“Alex, Matt, Paul, Emily.” The supervisors assigned us four stalls, two in front of the other two. Then, they handed us the sample pots.

I tried to close the stall, but Martin stopped me and shook his face. “I have to supervise you at all times, remember?”
“Fuck you, Martin! Mine’s the only pussy you gotta see in your life!” I Exploded. I hate him, a bit more each day, he’s fucking ugly, he stinks, and I doubt any girl will ever be close to him.

He was shy, but then, once he got a little power he was already abusing his power.

I saw his face going from red to pale in a second.

“Martin, that’s more than enough to deserve a good spanking.” I heard another supervisor say.

“Don’t fucking dare!” I yelled trying to walk away.

Martin tried to grab me, but the pig was too fat, and I was faster. Faster than him, but not faster than the rest. One of the other supervisors grabbed and pinned my arm on my back.

“Where you want her, Martin?”

I yelled that guy to let me go. He ignored me. They were all against me, trying to abuse and humiliate me. I begged, kicked and screamed.

Nothing worked, Martin closed one of the toilet lids and sat down before patting his lap.

The other boy placed me over his lap and kept me in place. Martin’s hand began to smack my butt.

“The usual is a bare spanking.” I heard from one of the puericil boys.

Fucking traitor, I thought. He was peeing inside the pot while watching me.

Martin pulled my panties down before resuming his hand work.

I guess we exceeded the time because Mr. Phills appeared asking why was taking us so much time. He got silent, watching me crying over Martin’s lap.

I increased my crying and begged for help. It was useless.

Wherever I watched, I saw someone staring at me. Mr. Phills, instead of helping, gave Martin some more time.

“Martin, I think that’s enough, we should keep going, the period is about to finish, and people with be around soon.” He said after a while

“We still don’t have Emily’s sample, Mr. Phills,” Martin said. His palm on my butt. The fucking pig was still groping me and I was unable to stop him.

“I see, ok, the rest, go back, Emily, you have three minutes before this period ends.”

I looked at him terrified. The other boys were silently leaving. Martin released me so I could stand and sit on my own.

“Could you at least look away, please?” I pleaded, I still had my panties where Martin had left them, down my knees. Martin handed me the sample pot and I placed it between my legs.

“Mr. Phills looked at me for some seconds and then his clock. 2 minutes and a half.”

It was obvious, they had no intention of making things easy for me. I closed my eyes and focused. “1 minute.” Heard Mr. Phills. I was desperate, and only then, I began to pee into the sample pot.

They were still watching me, while I was dying in shame. When the pee reached the line, I heard the ring.

I closed the pot and handed it to Martin, pulled my panties up quickly stood up.

“Can we go, please?”

I knew, after the ring, it was only a matter of seconds before the halls were crowded, maybe I was in time.

I hurried to the door, Martin and Mr. PHills followed me, but obviously not at my pace.

I ran and managed to get back into the room before the first students walked out of their classes.

Seconds later, Martin showed up with a grin.

We walked to our spot, all the girls were out already, and some of the boys had already walked in.

“You’re next.” The nurse said once we were all together.

“Look, she’s peed.” I began to hear.
All the boys around me were looking down my panties. I did the same, a wet spot on my crotch.

I had tried going too fast, that I hadn’t cut the flow properly nor wiped before pulling up my panties.

Soon, that caught one of the nurse's attention.

“What happened?”
“She peed her panties.” One of the kids said. The nurse watched me and shook her face.

I had never felt that much shame.

“Once you walk in to give me those, I will try to dry them before you finish.” She said sternly.

A minute later, we were in. Only a curtain of distance. The checks were done in groups of 8.

We were 4, so another 4 boys walked in with us.

Just as I walked in, the nurse pulled down my panties. I wanted to fight, but I somehow knew that it would make things worse. I was naked, and don’t have hands enough to cover myself.

We made a line.

The doctor who had asked us for the samples walked in.

“What’s your name?”
“Emily Johns”
“Age?”
“15”
“How much time under treatment?”
“Uhmhm.. three months?” I said unsure. He nodded. “Yes, three months and a half.”

What? If he knew why aks!

He walked closer and looked at me. Then, grabbed my arms and moved them to my sides.

Before the treatment, what was your chest size?

97. I said blushing.

He took a measuring tape and wrapped it right under my breasts.

“84 cm.” He said. A nurse behind him was taking notes.

“Are you cold? or this is normal on you?” He asked, and I felt him rubbing my right nipple with his thumb.

“It’s normal, they’ve become more and more sensitive since… the treatment.”

He nodded, put his glasses on, and moved his head closer. Pulling and pushing my nipples he examined them.

I was trying to avoid it, but it was a problem, while my mind had stopped thinking about sex and boys. My body seemed to react the same way it used to. I think I moaned lightly because he stopped.

He pulled a stool closer and sat down.

His hands moved to my pubis.
“Do you shave this area?” He asked. I shook my head. He patted my legs apart with his hands, and then his finger reached my labia. I felt his fingers spreading them and rubbing in between.

“Do you masturbate often?” He asked. I heard some boys gasping and giggling.
“N... No.. not since… Uhm…!”
His finger was moving all over the area, causing me to breathe faster and deeper each second.

“I see..” He said, then pulled his fingers out.“ and stood up.

“Ok, walk over the tape on the floor.
One foot behind the other. Hands over your head.”
“I see someone got a good spanking.” He said in a tone that makes everyone around to giggle. Of course, everyone but me.

“Good, now come back.”

“Stretch your arms forward and bend your knees, look forward.”

The doctor was giving me orders, I was following them. The rest of boys and nurses were idly watching me which made me feel totally exposed.

“Ok Emily, I will see you later, now please, walk to the next area.”

Martin grabbed my arms and made me walk out.

I heard the doctor talking to the next boy. “Pull down your underwear son.”

That was unfair… they had seen my exam, and I couldn’t see any of them going through the same? I wanted to laugh the same way they did with me!

The nurse made some more tests, blood pressure, checking my sight and other senses.

Suddenly I heard one of the little kids crying. I saw Mr. Phills showing up, and then going out again.

I had been waiting for a while, the nurse had finished with me, and she was doing the same check, one boy after another.

“The ones that have finished, go wait with the doctor, he has to do your last part.” The nurse said pointing to the first area.

We went there. and only one of the younger boys was there, crying, while the doctor and one nurse were trying to calm him.

“Emily, they’re dry enough.” I heard a voice on my back. The nurse who had taken my panties was handing them back to me.

“Thank you,” I said in relief. I put them on. At least had something to cover my nakedness.

“Allan?” I heard on the other side of the curtain, a familiar voice. The curtain opened, and I saw Rachel, one of my classmates. She did not notice me, instead, she went to the sobbing kid to comfort him.

Mr. Phillis walked after her.

“Rachel, sit down with him and take your time.” I heard him saying.

I was waiting, the doctor washed his hands and looked around. “Ok, Emily, let’s go.”

Only then, I noticed Rachel looking to my direction.

Ok kids, let’s finish this. “Emily, Up the bed, and get on your hands and knees for me.” He said patting the bed.

I did as told, the boys and kids who had finished were waiting close to me.

“The kids not taking puericil can leave now, they’re done.” Said the nurse.

And the younger kids walked out. The three boys and the four supervisors were standing around me.

“Ok Emily, let’s pull down those cute panties down. You know, my kids love those cartoons too.” I heard the doctor say while pulled my panties down exposing my butt.

“This is going to be a bit uncomfortable, ok? just relax and don’t push.”

I felt something spreading my buttocks, and then, a finger pushing in.

“Ok cutie, this feels right. just a bit more…” He said, moving his finger inside me while I clenched my teeth.. it wasn’t painful, but was terrible because of the boys around me.

He pulled out his fingers, then, one hand on my neck and the other on my back, he pushed down.

“Head down, now Emily, and move knees apart.”

I felt the cold air reaching each little spot of my privates. The pose left me totally exposed. I turned my face to see. he was on my back, changing his globes, while I was that much exposed and humiliated.

I felt his hands again on my pussy,

His fingers pulling my lips apart and feeling my secrets. He pinched my clit hood causing me to squirm. “Shht, we’re almost done, Emily.”

After seconds that seemed an eternity, he smacked my butt. “Ok Emily, go get dressed now.”

I stood up blushing deep red, pulled my panties and looked at Martin. He walked with me, that’s when we crossed paths with Rachel and his brother.

“Nice panties, Emily… well, nice everything.” She said looking at me from head to toes. On her hand, a phone.

“Emily. Get dressed and go back to class. Please, Martin, tell Mrs. Quinton that Rachel will stay with her brother for some more time.” Mr. Phills said.

The last image was one of the boys getting up the bed, the same position I had been, just then, Martin closed the curtain behind us.

“Don’t perv the boys, Emily!” He said with a grin.
Another round of boys moved in. I noticed, our round had been the slowest one. Once dressed, we headed out, Rachel showed me her phone from distance.

Next day, some photos began to be spread all over my classmates, the teachers were unable to find them, but in one of those pics, I was with my cartoon panties down, while a doctor had his finger in my butt.

That’s the end of my life at school. Nobody will what to know nothing with a girl that is taking Puericil G, not even talking about one that wears cartoon panties.

Everyone in my class knows about it. not only that, they had seen all of me, not that I have much right now, but the little I have...

Girls make fun of me, and boys, they tease and make fun of me. They lift my skirt to check what kind of panties I’m wearing that day.

What can I do? It’s a nightmare. I don’t understand why mom and put me in this position.

When I told them about the photos, they didn’t give any importance to them, just the same that our school.

They said that it was only a joke, nobody got hurt, and that there was nothing to hide.

The photos are not the worst. the thing is Martin, he became my supervisor at school.

Mom and dad found about his role and thought it was good for me to have someone taking care of me.

The school agreed, and now, he can spank me anytime, anyplace, and I’m not allowed to go anywhere without his supervision.

In the eyes of the rest of the boys in the class, he’s passed from being a loser to be a fucking hero.
He’s a pervert, he takes any chance to watch me naked and to grope me at will. He spanks me in public when he wants, only to show off his power over me.

I feel alone and nobody seems to like me, please, help me!

Dear unfair to girls;

My name is Danielle, and I know that I’m probably doing wrong with this letter.

I got your magazine because of a friend. She talked to me about a letter published on your last issue. We both knew the girl in question, and reading her lies made us both mad.

I’m talking about that girl, Emily. The 15 years old girl who on her words, had a humiliating and totally undeserved experience at school.
If you read her letter, you can wrongly get the idea that she’s an innocent victim.

She’s not. I know her since kindergarten, and I see her turning from a nice little girl into one of the meanest bitches.

On her letter, she says, she’s not perfect. Well, she’s as far of perfection as someone could ever be.

My parents and hers are friends. well, they were friends, that is until the moment she decided I wasn’t good enough to be her friend, she not only made my life miserable but mixed our parents in the middle and didn’t stop until they stopped talking to each other.

That’s her way, acting like a victim, making others feel pity of her, and then, get what she wants.

If her story is true, then, a bit of justice was made.

If any girl or boy at her school is making fun of her, that’s only a little justice.

I’ve seen her make boys and girls cry, Martin, he was one of her favorite victims, she and two other girls used to surround him and pull his underwear out of his pants until he cried.

Another time, they put make-up on his face, make him wear a bra and a skirt and threw them into the main hall. The poor boy couldn’t run enough, everyone taking pics and making fun of him while Emily and her friends had some good laughs.

That’s not all. As I’ve said, she had been my friend a while ago, once I told her I didn’t like the way she was acting, she became my enemy.

Pictures? She loves pictures, she took some of me while we were changing at school, then sent them to a website and made sure everyone in school had the link. Not happy with that, she created rumors that I’ve had sex with three older guys at a time for some money.

Even now, I’m a virgin, but she didn’t care. Those rumors made my life difficult enough so in the end, I had to leave that school and join another one. I’m not the only one. I know at least three other kids that had to change school because of Emily’s actions.

I could give more details. Photos of boys naked and having their balls squeezed by our sweet Emily.

Don’t trust her, she’s not sweet, she’s a monster. No spanking is long or hard enough for her. Whatever humiliation she goes through, there’s no doubt she’s caused more than that to others.

At least, everything she’s going through is because someone loves her.

Their parents, I’m sure they’re doing this because they had no other choice. I hope she suffers, but I do hope she learns. Not because of her, but because her family deserves a better daughter.

PD: I hope you don’t mind. I’ve made some copies of her letter and sent to a few of Emily’s victims, I do hope they will share their experiences with this girl.

**Unfair to Girls - Emily’s Letter Follow-up**

ByNAMB

Dear Unfair to Girls

I know that most of the letters you get are from girls, so pardon me if this is inappropriate.

My name is Stephen and my friend Danielle showed me the copy of the letter she sent you. I was also a friend of Martin. Danielle also showed me a copy of the letter Emily sent to you. Please pardon my expression, but Emily’s letter was pure B.S. If Martin ever got to do all those things to her, then good for him. She definitely deserves every last bit of humiliation after what she did to him and her other classmates, including me.

It all started because I am gay. I don’t have a problem with that; it’s who I am. My parents know, my friends know and they are fine with it.

Emily heard the news, started snooping around and caught me and my boyfriend at the time kissing each other. She took us by surprise and got a picture of it and threatened to “out” us to everybody.

I don’t think this would be much of a problem in my new school, but in my old school it was just short of a death sentence. Most students didn’t care. There were some religious types that would look down on us, but we could live with that. What concerned us the most was a group of jocks that thought they owned the school. They would bully anyone that they thought to be inferior which was just about anyone.

“Pussy queer boys,” as Emily called us were particularly inferior. Not only would we have to live with the fear of them beating us up, but also with the possibility of being sexually abused by them. The stories I’ve heard about them were not pleasant.

So, Emily used the picture to blackmail us. The first thing she made us do was to go over to her house when her parents weren’t there. She made us get undressed and pose for her, she made us kiss each other again, she made us perform oral sex on each other and dressed us in her clothes, taking pictures and videos of every event.

By the time we were done, she had hundreds of pictures. I heard rumors that her mom found out about them and made her remove them all and that’s one of the reasons she put Emily onPuericil-G. I hope it’s true, but supposedly that happened after I already switched schools.

As far as my boyfriend and I knew, she had them as evidence against us and for the rest of that school year, Emily made us her slaves. She had us do all kinds of embarrassing things for her. She made us follow her around two steps behind her and carry her books and open doors for her. She would snap her fingers and point when she wanted us to do some trivial task.

One time she made us get down on our hands and knees in the school cafeteria and kiss her shoes while the teachers were busy with a commotion elsewhere.

Another time she made us meet her at the playground near where she lives. She had her twin cousins visiting her. I think the girls were 11-years old at the time. She took us behind some bushes and made us pull down our pants for them and showed them how to “ball bust.” First she demonstrated how to cup them twist them in her hand and then she let each of her cousins handle us.

She also took delight in exposing us to other girls as well. I think she thought it would make her popular with these girls, but I think they only put up with her just to get at us boys. Some of the girls were in our class at school and for the rest of the year we had to put up with their smug “I saw you naked” looks every time we met in the hallways or in class.

So Danielle, thank you for pointing out these articles to me; it’s nice to know Emily got her comeuppance. Martin, wherever you are: kudos, man. Thank you for getting revenge on that bitch, not only for me, but for everyone she’s ever harmed.