**Why I HATE Riding on the School Bus**

(Wendy's Torment)

by Wendy Younger, Grade 2-E

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**Chapter 1: Last Year on the Bus**

**BR&T date: September 1953**

I HATE riding on the school bus! I wish Mom would come and pick me up, or let me walk home, or let me get a ride with Jenny's mom. But every day I have to ride the bus to school and ride home on it too. I HATE it!!

(Wendy's schoolbus) It wasn't so bad last year, when the bus driver, Mr. Williams, let me sit anywhere I wanted. But this year Mr. Carter drives the bus. He gave everyone assigned seats. Now I HAVE to sit where he told me to or get my bare bottom spanked hard in front of everyone on the bus. He only did that to me twice, but he spanks someone else almost every day. He always spanks a girl, too, so I try to keep quiet so he won't notice me.

There are four mean boys who rode my bus last year and they still ride it this year. Last year, every day when Mr. Williams stopped at school to pick us up he always got out of the bus while we were getting on. The boys were always first in line. They wouldn't let any girls get on before them.

They and the other boys would take the first three rows of seats. We girls would have to walk past them to sit in the back of the bus. The boys in the front seats would block the way, then let one girl go through, then block the way again. All the girls would try to run past the four mean boys in the next seats, but the boys always caught us. Except that they let the girls in sixth grade go past without bothering them, and they ignored Potty, the ugly fifth grader. Her real name is Patty but no one calls her that because she's ugly as poop.

I hated getting caught but I was just in first grade and they were all in fifth grade and a lot bigger than me so I never got away. I wished I was in sixth grade so they would leave me alone. Every day they caught me getting on the bus, and grabbed me and held me by my arms. Then if I was wearing a dress, they would pull it up to my titties for a while, and let all the boys around look at my panties while I struggled. If I screamed I would get hit by all of them at once. They would all laugh at me and whistle, then they would let me go and grab the next girl getting on and do the same thing to her.

It was even worse when Mom made me wear jeans and a shirt to school. I always cried and begged her to let me wear a dress instead, and usually she let me, but sometimes she forced me to wear jeans. Then when the boys grabbed me on the bus, two of them would hold my arms out wide while the other two unhooked my belt, and pulled my jeans down to my ankles so everyone could see my panties. They would hold my hands over my head and pull my shirt way up and off my arms. Of course I screamed and screamed and tried to get away every time, but they were just too strong and I was just a little girl then, just a first grader. Besides if I screamed too loud I'd just get bruises all over. Once they had my shirt off, they would pull my jeans completely off, then pull my panties down to my ankles next. When they had me completely naked from my ankles up, they would turn me around and hold me so all the boys could see my pussy. If I tried to cross my legs, they would grab my knees and hold them apart. All the boys would be laughing at me and staring at my pussy and my titties and my bottom. Finally they would let me go, and I would take my shirt and jeans and stumble back to a seat in the back and cry, getting dressed as fast as I could. Of course they did the same to any other girl who wore jeans instead of a dress, unless she was in sixth grade. The big girls were always last in line so Mr. Williams never got on the bus while the boys were holding anyone.

But that was LAST year. Everything is a million times worse now.

**Chapter 2: First Day on the Bus**

**BR&T date: September 1953**

The mean boys were mean to all the girls last year, but they're worse now, at least to me and another girl. This year Mr. Carter assigned us all seats that we have to sit in. He picked the seats by our last names, so I have to sit between Curt Winters and Mark Zimmerman, and those are two of the mean boys. A little first grader, Katie Turner, has to sit between the other two mean boys, Jack Trice and Pete Willis. We all sit in the very last seats, way in the back of the bus.

The other girls don't have to worry any more about the mean boys grabbing them and pulling their clothes off as they get on the bus to go home. But now everything the boys did to every girl last year, they do to me and Katie every day, going to school and going home, the whole way there and back. And that's not all!

The bus doesn't go all the way to my house. I have to get on and off two blocks from home, at the same place Curt and Mark do. We are the first ones to get on the bus in the morning and the last ones to get off after school, and I have to walk down the block, around the corner and down the next block to get home. The bus doesn't go there because it's a dead end where it wouldn't be able to turn around.

Just as soon as we get on in the morning, the boys take me back to the back seat of the bus. Once I tried to sit in the front seat, but Mr. Carter got down his paddle, pushed me over the back of the seat, pulled my dress up and my panties down, and spanked me real hard on my bare bottom right in front of Curt and Mark. Because of that I have to sit with them no matter what they do to me. Mr. Carter doesn't hear too well, either, so he never hears me or Katie crying and screaming even though most of the other kids can hear us. The one time he did hear me he just spanked my bare bottom in front of everyone on the whole bus, so I try not to scream so loud anymore. Katie just cries and whimpers and pleads with Jack and Pete real quiet.

I hated the boys already, from last year, but I really REALLY hate them now! The very first day, right after our seats were assigned, I found out they were going to be mean to me. Mark sat by the window, then I had to sit in the middle, then Curt sat on my other side. Right away they looked at each other and smiled their mean smiles. Curt tried to hold my left hand but I pulled away, then Mark grabbed my right arm. When I tried to pull away from him, Curt took my left arm and twisted it behind my back and Mark did the same with my right arm. I told them to stop it because it hurt me, but they never have listened to any girl. They held my arms behind me and slid their other hands up under my dress and started feeling my legs. The bus stopped at the next stop to pick up Jack Trice and some other kids. Mr. Carter told him where to sit. Jack saw what Curt and Mark were doing to me when he sat down, and he laughed as he watched me struggling.

Mark pulled my dress up on his side, and Curt pulled it up on his, and they bent me over and jerked it past my face. I thought since I was wearing a dress instead of jeans, that's all they would do, like last year. I was WRONG!!! They had the whole bus ride, at least half an hour, and they were just getting started on me. They pulled me back up and looked at me in my panties, and I relaxed, thinking the worst was over and pretty soon they would let go of me and let me pull my dress back down.

More kids got on at the next stop, including Pete and Katie. They both got a surprise when they were told where to sit. Katie knew they were mean boys, but since she was in kindergarden last year, and went home at noon, she never had to walk past them before. As soon as she was sitting down and Pete was beside her, I heard her scream "Eeeee! Stop it!" I didn't look over to see what Jack and Pete were doing to her, because just then Curt and Mark started pulling my panties down and I had to struggle as hard as I could to try to stop them. I held my legs out real wide so they couldn't pull my panties down any further, but Curt stuck his hand inside them and started feeling me, right on my bare pussy. I tried to kick him but that just got my legs together again and they jerked my panties down to my knees real fast.

I screamed, hoping that Mr. Carter would hear me and make them leave me alone. They both jerked hard on my arms, twisting them way up on my back, and told me to shut up. Mr. Carter didn't hear me anyway.

I could hear Katie pleading with Jack and Pete, whining "oh please, stop it, let me go! Please oh no don't! Oh please stop! Oh no oh no!" I looked over and saw that she was backwards in the seat, with her face on it, and Pete was sitting on her arm. Her dress was up and her panties were down at her knees, and both boys were feeling her bottom and sticking their fingers between her legs. She was kicking with her feet as much as she could, but she couldn't hit Jack or Pete at all.

Just then Mark pulled my hair and Curt twisted my arm up further and bent me over again. I was afraid they were going to do to me what the other boys were doing to Katie. Later I wished they had done that to me instead of what they did. While Curt held my arms, Mark pulled my dress over my shoulders and down to my elbows. I started struggling as hard as I could when I realised what they were doing, but I couldn't get away from Curt and my arms were really hurting. I was crying and I guess I was saying the same things Katie was saying, not that they ever listened to me. Curt bent my arms straight and Mark pulled my dress to my wrists, then he held my arms for Curt.

When Curt had my dress off, he threw it into the seat ahead of us, where another boy grabbed it and threw it further. I saw it flying up to the front of the bus when they jerked me back up again. Mark pushed my bottom out away from the seat and both boys grabbed my panties again. This time they jerked them down to my ankles and while I was struggling to get away I accidentally pulled my feet out of them. I was completely naked except for my shoes and socks and the barrettes in my hair. Curt tossed my panties forward, and they disappeared somewhere around the middle of the bus. There was a lot of laughing right after that, and other boys started looking back at us, grinning.

All the while they were stripping me, Mr. Carter kept driving, picking up more kids, and not hearing me or Katie crying and screaming. The bus was about half full when he stopped the next place, and got out to talk to some parent who was there. As soon as he was off the bus, Curt and Mark stood up, and lifted me right off the seat by my arms behind my back. They lifted me way up so everyone on the bus could see my titties and my pussy. I tried to cross my legs to hide my pussy, but Mark stabbed my side with his finger and ordered me to spread my legs. I had to do it, to keep him from stabbing me again only harder. I held my legs out as wide as I could. Everyone on the bus was turned around, looking at my bare body and laughing at me.

Then Jack and Pete held up Katie. She at least still had her dress on. They lifted her up with her bare bottom to the other kids, and pulled her panties down and past her feet. She was still pleading "oh no, please stop! please let me go, I don't like this!" They ignored her, of course, and pulled her dress way up and turned her around so the whole bus could see her pussy, too. She just hung there crying and pleading, and they started feeling her all over in front of everyone. Mr. Carter finally got back on and the boys pushed us down in the seat fast and everyone else turned around so he wouldn't know anything was going on.

I didn't know who had my dress and my panties. I didn't want to go to school in just my shoes and socks. But we were still only halfway there and Curt and Mark weren't through with me YET!!!

Mark grabbed both my arms behind me and pulled me over his lap. Curt pulled my legs up and bent them way back so my shoes were touching my bare bottom. I tried kicking real hard but they are both so much stronger than I am. One of them untied my shoes then. I couldn't see what they were doing, but I could feel my shoes getting real loose, and I knew someone was pulling the laces out of them. The next thing I knew, they were tying my wrists together and I couldn't stop them. He pulled off my shoes and tossed them into the seat ahead of us, then started working on my socks. They were all I had left to wear, so I kicked and kicked and screamed and screamed but it didn't help. He got them both off of me anyway. Then he tied one of my shoestrings around my ankles and pulled it so tight it hurt me.

I thought I knew how mean they were from last year, but I had no idea how mean boys can be when they get the chance! When Mr. Carter got off at another stop to talk to another parent, Mark quickly dragged me out into the aisle in front of everyone again. All the boys were looking at me, to see what Mark and Curt would do to me this time. He picked me up by my arms and carried me down the aisle, giving everyone on the bus a close up look at my titties and belly button and pussy as he went past. Curt followed. Then they took me back to the center of the bus and pushed me down on the floor. Curt tied the string on my ankles to the leg of a seat while Mark tied my wrists to another seat on the other side. When Mr. Carter started to get back on, someone warned them, and they ran back to their seat.

They left me there, tied up naked in the middle of the aisle. Mr. Carter didn't even notice, and no one told him. I thought I saw him looking at me in his big mirror, but maybe he didn't see me. All the boys near me were staring at my bare body and snickering. Even some of the other girls laughed at me.

**Chapter 3: Show and Tell Time**

**BR&T date: September 1953**

Finally we got to school, and everyone stood up in the aisle and walked over me to get out. A couple of boys in my class reached down and touched my titties and my pussy on the way by. Mark and Curt were the last ones in line to get off. Mark stood over me and cut my shoestrings with his big mean knife, and said if I told anyone, he'd cut me just as easily.

I got up after them, still naked, and found my dress. I quickly put it on before Mr. Carter could see that I was naked. I found my shoes and got them on, but couldn't tie them. I ran off the bus without my socks or my panties. They were either still on the bus, or someone had taken them.

All morning long, the boys in my class were looking at me, whispering to each other, and laughing. I tried to just ignore them. Everyone could see that I didn't have any socks or shoestrings. Once when I went to sharpen my pencil, one of them pulled my dress up as I walked past. At least four boys laughed when they saw my bare bottom. I stayed in my seat the rest of the time, and tucked my dress in under my legs.

Just before recess, someone came by and opened the classroom door a little bit and threw a pair of panties in and closed it and ran. I knew they were mine from the pink and yellow colors. Mr. Miller picked them up, held them up, and asked "Does anyone want to claim these?" A lot of boys looked my way and grinned, but I didn't want to get up in front of the whole class and tell Mr. Miller they were my panties he was holding.

When no one claimed them, he said "Well, they must belong to some girl in this class. I see they're size 6x. Raise your hand if you wear size 6x girl's panties." Everyone laughed except me. A few girls raised their hands, and everyone laughed again except me and them.

Mr. Miller went over to the closest one with her hand raised, held my panties up for her to see, and asked "Are these your panties?" Of course she said they weren't. But Mr. Miller made her stand up, and before she could stop him, he put his hand inside her jeans in back and felt around to make sure she had panties on. Then he went on to the next girl who had raised her hand, and pulled her dress up in front of the whole class, to see that she was wearing her panties. The last girl tried to run away from him, but he caught her by her shirt and pulled her slacks down until all of her panties showed. Then he noticed all the kids who were looking my way, and came over to me. I just sat and didn't look at him.

"What size panties do you wear, Wendy?" he asked me. The whole class laughed at me again.

"Seven" I mumbled, and tucked my dress tighter under my legs. Mr. Miller picked me up, right out of my seat, and I screamed as he lifted my dress way up.

"Ah hah, I caught the liar. Go to the front of the room, Wendy," he commanded sternly. I went up to the front, then stood on the Show and Tell stage where he pointed. "Tell the class what you're wearing," he ordered.

"My dress, my shoes, and my barrettes," I mumbled.

"Loud enough for everyone to hear," he demanded.

"My dress, my shoes, and these barrettes in my hair!" I cried.

"Is that everything you're wearing, Wendy? Nothing else?" he asked.

"Yes," I admitted, looking at the table so I wouldn't have to look at anyone else.

"Show the class your barrettes, Wendy. Take them off and pass them around to everyone." I took the barrettes out of my hair and threw them to the girl closest to me. She glanced at them and passed them on. "Now your shoes, Wendy. Pass them around." I pushed off my shoes, which was easy since they weren't even laced, and kicked them over to the same girl. She barely touched them but passed them on.

"Now, Wendy, do the same with your dress." Mr. Miller crossed his arms and gave his 'I really mean it' look.

"No please, Mr. Miller, don't make me do this, please?" I begged. He looked over at the paddle hanging over the door. I had heard how he used that paddle, and I sure didn't want him to use it on me. "Oh please, no, oh please?" I pleaded again. He started walking over to the paddle. "No! (show and tell table)Okay okay I'll do it, please don't spank me!" I cried. I turned around so the class wouldn't see my pussy, and took off my dress. Right there in front of the whole class, I was standing naked on the Show and Tell table, without even my barrettes. I looked back and saw a boy in the front seat grab my dress where it had fallen.

"Now lay down!" Mr. Miller demanded. I lay down on the table and put my hands over my bottom. He went to his desk and pulled out some loops of cloth, then came up to where I was laying and tied them real tight around both my ankles and then my wrists. I couldn't believe it when he tied them to the legs of the table and pulled on them so my arms and legs were spread out real wide. Some of the boys in the back were standing up to get a better view of my bare bottom. Then he went to the door and got down his paddle.

I thought he was going to spank me anyway, in front of the whole class, but just then the bell rang for recess. I let out a big sigh of relief.

But then, Mr. Miller set the paddle down on the table beside me, looked around at the class, announced "Anyone who wants to stay in for recess may do so," and walked out of the room.

**Chapter 4: Staying in For Recess**

**BR&T date: September 1953**

"We can stay in for recess?" another girl in my class asked, referring to Mr. Miller's last words before he left. "Why would we want to do that? That's stupid!" she wondered, baffled. The other girls nodded agreement and they all hurried out of the room after the teacher.

I wanted to go with the other girls, I wanted it so terribly bad, but I couldn't.

(show and tell table)Just when I started second grade, the very first day of school, I was laying on the Show And Tell stage, actually a low round table at the front of the classroom (knee-high to the teacher). And I was tied up. And I was naked. Mr. Miller had tied me to the table after making me take off my dress and shoes and even the barrettes from my hair, and lay down on the table for him. I'd been afraid he was going to spank me on my bare bottom in front of everyone, but what he did to me instead was a zillion times worse. After tying my arms and legs out to the legs of the table, he just put the paddle down beside me, told everyone they could stay in for recess if they wanted, and then he walked out of the room.

None of the boys left the classroom with the girls. Not even one. Their eyes were all on me, on my naked bottom and all the rest of my whole naked body. And on the paddle.

"Please let me go," I quietly begged the nearest boy, one I didn't know since he'd been in the other first grade class the year before. I hoped he was a nice boy. Not that I knew any, but I could still hope.

He busted out laughing, and so did all the other boys who heard me. "Oh, but you've been such a naughty girl, Wendy. Teacher wouldn't like it if we let you go," he teased.

"And neither would we," another boy added. He leaned down and flipped my hair aside to see my blushing face.

"Not as much as leaving you tied up, anyway," a third boy quipped. The rest of the boys in my class crowded up around the table, close to me.

"Let me go! Let me go!" I pleaded. "Stop it!" I squealed, when I felt a boy touching my bottom. I struggled, pulling at the cloth straps Mr. Miller had used to tie my wrists and ankles to the table, but they were too strong for me to break, and too tightly tied for me to pull free of them, so I couldn't even get my arms or legs together. "Stop! Stop it! Leave me alone!" I screamed, when I felt dozens of rude boys' fingers poking me and touching me all over. "Helllp!! Hellllp!" I cried, to anyone and everyone, but nobody came to help.

"I get the paddle first!" claimed the biggest boy in my class, grabbing it from the hands of a younger boy who had picked it up.

"No! No!" I wailed, "No! Ooooh please don't spank me! Please!!" As terrified as I was at having him spank me, I almost didn't notice that word. 'First.' "NooooOOoohhh!!" I wailed, squirming desperately to get loose from the loops of cloth binding me to the table.

He didn't care what I wanted. He brought the paddle down right across my bare bottom, hard. I gasped and my whole body arched upward.

"Do it again!" a boy in front of me cheered. "You can see her titties when she does that!" A bunch of other boys moved up beside him to see as the big boy brought the paddle down on my bottom again.

"Owwwiee!" I cried, trying to stop myself from raising up off the table, but I couldn't help it, and the boys cheered at seeing my titties again. "Oww, oh please stop it," I cried, "please let me go!"

"Do it again! I missed it!" complained a boy who had been late getting to a good position.

Again I tried to keep my titties on the table, when the blow struck my bottom, and again I failed. "Awwwiee, awwwie, awwwie," I cried.

"See if you can grab her tits while she's off the table," a boy eagerly called from the back of the crowd.

"There's nothing to grab," a boy closer to me correctly pointed out.

"Well, obviously, Stupid. You'll have to pinch," the first boy snorted.

I screamed as the paddle struck my bottom again. Several hands made a grab at my titties when my body jerked, but none of them could hold on. They kept getting in each other's way. "Oww, oh please please stop it, pleeeeease!" I begged them. "OOOOWwww!" I screamed on the next hard spank.

They grabbed again. One lucky boy had ahold of my left titty and he wouldn't let go. I howled. Another boy kept trying until he got my right titty. He squeezed me as tightly as he could, hurting me. When they pulled on my titties in opposite ways, I howled even more, "Owww, stop stop stahhp!!" I squirmed side to side desperately until they lost their hold on me.

"Wow, what a wildcat!" one boy laughed.

"A wild pussy cat!" another added, and they all laughed together.

The boys in the back of the crowd showed their support, yelling, "Get a better grip," or "Hold on tighter next time," or "Pinch her harder!" and other even meaner things. The boys in front, right beside me, promised to try.

The big boy slammed the paddle into my bottom again. I still couldn't stop myself from jerking, exposing my little titties to the boys beside me, who grabbed at them again.

"Please, please please pleas-pleas-please please..." I cried and cried. Another boy had my right titty, and he pulled up on it, making me twist to the side, screaming, trying to relieve the pain.

"Hey, lookie," another one smirked, "she's showing off her belly button, and even her pussy a little." The boys on my right snickered and bent down to see me better. Some from my left quickly ran to join them.

"Hey, ya idiots," a boy derided them, "I can see her slit just fine from back here. I saw it the whole time." Suddenly the crowd of boys stampeded to get between my legs. Even the boy holding my titty dropped it and rushed around the table like the others. There wasn't room for all of them, and they fought for the best viewing places, shoving and snarling like a pack of dogs over one piece of meat.

I tried and tried to pull my legs together, but the straps on my ankles held me spread out wide. I couldn't hide anything at all from more than a dozen staring boys.

To them, I was just a piece of meat they all wanted.

And one of them was working on tenderizing me. "Owwwwie! Owwiee!" I cried out again, when the big boy smacked my bottom again. "Oowwwww! Oh please please stop it, pleeeeease... OOOWWwwwieee!"

"We could see her better if she was up off the table," a boy noted.

"We can't untie her. The teacher wouldn't like that," another one objected.

"No, but we could prop her up, couldn't we? Shove something under her stomach maybe?"

"Oh don't, oh don't please don't," I begged them, "Nooooo..."

Several boys ran to their desks and came back with spelling books and geography books, and even one comic book. They started pushing them under me from both sides, under my ribs, shoving more books between the top and bottom books, forcing me higher and higher off the table. My legs and arms stretched as my body rose, the straps tightening up on my wrists and ankles.

"Oh stop oh stop, oh oh oh oh stop! Staaahhhhp!" I cried, begging. "Ohhh ohhh please stop it!" At last I was stretched so tightly across the stack of books that they couldn't get another one in, with my chest held up more than a foot off the table. Just like they wanted, they could see my titties by bending down beside me, and they could see my pussy easily without even trying.

"Hey, all we needed was one book, like this," a bright boy noted, tipping a book and placing it beside the stack. He hammered it with his fist to get it to stand straight up and down between my tummy and the table. When he whacked the rest of the books out, he left me gasping in torment, laying across the edge of the one remaining book.

"Owwwww... owwww... owww... owww," I kept whimpering. Nobody made a move to put the other books back. I looked around hoping to see one boy who would help me, but they were all staring at my naked body and smiling.

"Come on, give someone else a chance with the paddle," a younger boy coaxed. To his delight, the big boy tossed it over to him.

"Sure, why not?" he grinned. "Go for it! But I get it last, just before recess ends," he declared.

Nobody argued with him. I would have, but I knew it wouldn't have done any good. "Awwwie!" I sobbed, "owwwww...." as the second boy began to spank me. The rest of the boys laughed, and impatiently waited their turns.

**Chapter 9: A Shocking Day**

**BR&T date: September or October 1953**

I used to think school stunk and wasn't any fun at all, but this year in second grade, I have a really neato teacher, Mr. Miller. I flunked the first time in kindergarden. The teacher held me back because I was so mean to the other kids. Then next year, she kicked me up into first grade, for the same reason, because I was so mean to the other kids. My first grade teacher did the same thing, flunked me the first time, then got rid of me by sending me to second grade. Now I'm nine years old, almost ten, big for my age, they say, and I'm in second grade with a lot of really cute scaredy-cat girlies to play with. Some of them are just barely seven years old. They sure are lots of fun when they scream! And the great thing is, Mr. Miller doesn't mind me making them scream. Instead of getting mad at me, he gets mad at them, and then they really get something to scream about.

The girl who's the most fun is Wendy Younger. She rides the schoolbus to school, and every morning when she gets off the bus, we can always tell she's been crying. The first day of school was great. I'll never forget it, and I doubt she ever will, either. She lied to Mr. Miller, and he made her stand up in front of the class and take off all of her clothes on the Show and Tell table. Then he made her lay down on it so he could tie her up. We had a lot of fun with her that day, believe me!

But an even better thing happened a couple of weeks later. When she got off the bus, she had been crying like usual, but she looked more scared than she ever had before. As she got off her bus, I saw she was barefoot. No shoes, not even socks. But the best thing was, she had a leather dog collar around her neck. You could see it just above the collar of her dress, in front where her hair didn't cover it. The shiny spikes on black leather it had made it easy to see, even when she saw people looking, and tried to cover it with her hand.

Some sixth-grade boys who ride the same bus got off right behind her, and came over to us second-grade boys.

"Is anyone here in Wendy's class?" one of them asked.

"I am!" I hollered, raising my hand, shouting down the other kids who also raised their hands. A big kid, must have been twelve or even thirteen years old, with jet black hair came up to me.

"You can borrow this today, kid," he said to me. "Have fun with it!" He handed me a thing that looked like the controls to my Monster Truck. It had three buttons on it, and a short antenna sticking out the end. Two buttons had labels saying 'Warn' and 'Teach' and the other label said 'STOP' in big letters. I can read just fine. I said I'm mean, not stupid.

The STOP button was bright red. I was just about to push it when the bigger kid grabbed my hand and growled, "Not now! Wait til you're in class!"

"What does it do?" I asked, curious.

"Did you notice Wendy's collar when she got off the bus?"

"Yea, I thought she looked cute with it on. All girls should wear tight collars."

(electric dog collar)"Of course," he grinned at me, "but we only had one, so Wendy is the dog for the day. I put it on her, while my buddy Curt here held her arms pinned behind her so she couldn't stop us. It's an electric dog collar used for teaching dogs to obey their masters. This button called 'Warn' just gives her a little tingle, telling her she has to do something. This middle one called 'Teach' is for punishment, if she disobeys, or doesn't do what you want fast enough. The big red one is to stop her from doing something. Believe me, when you press that one, she won't be able to do anything until you let up on it. Except scream, of course!"

He chuckled, I chuckled, and the boys around us listening to us chuckled. We all looked over at Wendy, grinning at her. She saw us looking at her, and ran inside the school.

"Are you sure it works?" I asked, just checking.

"We tried it out on the bus, and it works just fine!" he laughed. The bell rang, and we all moved toward the school doors.

"Why doesn't she just take it off?" I asked, as we waited in the crowd at the doors.

"She tried that on the bus and learned her first lesson. If she pulls on it at all, it automatically gives her the worst shock, the STOP setting. That's how we know she can't do anything but scream when you hit STOP." All the boys listening pictured Wendy trying to take off the collar, and screaming, and we all snickered again.

Curt, his buddy from the bus, tugged my sleeve. "Bring her outside on the playground at recess, and we'll see just how far she'll go to keep from getting shocked. Oh, by the way, would you like to see the panties she had on when she got on the bus?" He pulled out a scrap of white cloth with pink hearts on it from his pocket, showed it to me, and tucked it back in.

It looked more like a tattered rag, with torn edges everywhere, in spite of the hearts on it. It sure wasn't a pair of girl panties anymore. I got the message, though. Wendy wasn't wearing any!

"What's your name?" I asked the black-haired kid, when we were splitting up to go to our separate classes.

"Mark!" he called to me.

"I'm Robert!" I called back. "Nice to meet ya!!" I waved to him and tucked the control in my pocket. He waved and grinned, and went to his classroom, and I went to mine. I snuck a looksee at Wendy as I entered the classroom. Her eyes were reddened, and she sat sullenly at her desk, waiting for class to begin.

Mr. Miller gave the stupid spelling test first, so I had to wait at least twenty minutes before I could try the controls. At last it was over and he passed out a sheet of arithmetic problems. Everyone was supposed to sit quietly and work on them. We had half an hour to do twenty additions and twenty subtractions. I finished mine in under three minutes by the clock, getting half of them wrong. I decided this would be a good time to see how the controls worked. Anyone who wasn't done by now deserved to be distracted, I figured.

Wendy looked a lot less nervous by now. Maybe she thought the boys in the other class still had the controls to the collar, and she wouldn't have any trouble until she went home. She was about to find out how wrong she was. I hit the warning button a quick one, just to see what she'd do. Her head came up, and she nervously looked around the class. I looked away before she saw me watching her. She looked around a little more, biting her lip, then went back to her arithmetic problems.

I leaned back and whispered to the boy behind me, "Watch Wendy! Pass it on!" He glanced over at Wendy, then leaned to his left and whispered. I leaned forward and whispered the same to the girl ahead of me. She looked scared of me, which was to be expected considering what I'd done to her in the back of the lunchroom the day before, so I winked and grinned and whispered "It's Wendy's turn today. Watch her! Pass it on! Or it'll be your turn tomorrow, Susan!" She shivered, and quickly leaned forward and whispered to the boy ahead of her. Whispers quickly made the rounds, until I could see everyone in class stealing glances at Wendy, wondering what was going to happen.

Wendy finally noticed, too. She looked around the room at the other kids, wondering why everyone was staring at her, whispering and grinning. I didn't look away when she looked at me. Instead I chose that moment to give her another warning shock, holding my arm behind me with the controls hidden from her. Everyone was grinning at her the same as I was, so she had no idea who did it. I could tell she felt the warning. She twisted her head around the other way, I guess hoping to tell who had the controls.

I wanted to discourage her from doing that, and that's what the middle button was for, I figured, so I hit her with the next worst shock, just for a second or two.

She screamed like I've never heard her scream, "Eee-Eeeeeeak! Eeee-ee-eeea-aak!" and started crying. She grabbed the collar and pulled on it, but remembered just in time what it would do to her if she did. The whole class laughed at her, but I was loudest. Now she knew someone in the classroom had the controls, and she knew whoever it was loved hurting her for fun, and she knew there was nothing she could do to stop him. But she still had no idea that I was doing it. Nor was she going to find out.

'Time for a little dog training, with the whole class watching her performance,' I decided. I hit the warning button two quick ones. She raised her head, but did nothing else. I waited awhile, then gave her two more quick warning shocks. She didn't get the message, and kept sitting there, so I let her have it with a nice long punishment.

"EEEeee-ee-Eeia-Ahh Ahhhw Ahhhw!!" she screamed and cried. Lucky for her the teacher didn't get mad at her for disturbing the class, or she'd really be in trouble! At last Wendy jumped to her feet beside her desk, not knowing what else to do, and I let up on the shocker.

She stood by her desk, crying like a bawlbaby, the only one in the room standing up. Everyone in the class watched her, except the teacher. All the boys wore grins, some of the girls, too, but most of them just looked glad it was Wendy instead of them. I could tell she was waiting to see if she'd get another shock. She cried enough to suit me for now, and training her meant teaching her how to avoid shocks, so I let her stand there until she wiped her eyes and stopped crying. I gave her three quick warning shocks, and stopped. She sat down, like a good girl, just what I wanted.

With the whole class still staring at her, she pretended to work on her arithmetic problems, but she turned her head around, trying to see if she could tell who had the controls. I wasn't going to allow that. I let her have it with the red button, the STOP button.

Wow! Did she ever shake and twitch when that one hit her! She choked and gasped, and her head hit her desk. She couldn't move a muscle herself, but all of her muscles moved anyway, until I finally let up on the button. Everyone else laughed so hard I could hardly hear her whimpering. She put her head in her arms, down on her desk, trying to hide her face so the class wouldn't see her crying.

That wasn't allowed, either!

I gave her two quick warning shocks like before. Choking and wiping her eyes again, she stood up, knowing she'd only get punished otherwise. How right she was! I showed her she was right by letting her stand awhile longer, crying in front of the whole class, without getting shocked again. Finally, I gave her three quick warnings, and she sat down. This was fun, making her do things without ever telling her what I wanted her to do! The class seemed to agree, whispering and snickering at her.

She put her head back in her arms again, and didn't make any noise, but everyone could tell she was still crying from the funny way her shoulders shook. Wendy's wavy blond hair exaggerated every little tremble of her frail little girlie body. We knew!

Just so nobody got the idea the show was over, I hit her with two more warnings. I saw a little turn, as if she was about to look around the room again, but she stopped a moment before I hit the red button. She stood up again, and a few kids who had looked away turned back again, so she had everyone's eyes on her still. Everyone waited in anticipation, hoping she'd do more than just stand up and sit down. Wendy blushed crimson, embarrassed and afraid, trying to hold back her tears as everyone smirked at her.

With a grin I hoped she wouldn't see, I gave her a single warning tap. It was time for her to put on a show, and if she wouldn't, well, she would anyway. She looked so confused it was hilarious. I was close enough to catch her soft little whimper, "Whaaaat?" I wasn't about to give her any direct commands she could blame me for later, if she told anyone. Besides, that would spoil the fun of seeing her so afraid and bewildered, not knowing how to avoid a shock she dreaded.

I waited a while, giving her a chance, but she just stood by her desk, wavering. I jabbed the punishment button and held it down. She needed to learn that standing there doing nothing was obviously the wrong choice. If she didn't know what to do, she better think of something!

"EeeaEEahh-eah Aagohww!" she shrieked as the surge hit her hard. Wendy grabbed the collar and tried to pull it off. She must have been hurting awfully bad to try that move again. She fell into her chair gasping and sobbing until she let go of the collar. Obviously it worked perfectly! And she had everyone's attention now. Everyone except the girls, anyway, but they don't count. This show was just for the boys, and none of them were going to look away from her, for fear of missing another scene like that one.

I glanced over at Mr. Miller, and amazingly, he didn't even raise his head. I thought he might have been smiling, though. I let her look around a bit, letting her see all the boys smugly grinning at her as she cried, letting her see me staring at her too, like the others.

Ten seconds of rest were up. I zapped her with two warnings, and Wendy stood up, a little quicker this time. She was learning! One quick warning jolt from the collar, and we all saw the delicious look of despair cross her face. She was sure she would get punished again, because she didn't know what to do. I wasn't even sure what she could do to avoid it, either, but it didn't matter as much to me as it did to Wendy. I would have fun whether she did anything or not.

What she did next, though, was totally unexpected, and just wonderfully perfect! A look of fear and hope came to her, then she reached down and took the hem of her pretty blue dress in both hands, and raised it up. She lifted it high enough, front and back, so the whole class could see she had no panties on. In fact, she showed her naked little pussy to everyone in front of her, and her cute bare bottom to everyone behind her. She must have still been afraid of getting a nasty shock, because she turned around and showed everyone the rest of her, so nobody missed anything. The roars of laughter and catcalls, jeers and hoots, pointing and teasing went on for a minute or so, probably loud enough to hear in every classroom in the whole school, but Mr. Miller didn't say anything at all. I didn't want to interrupt the show by shocking her, so I just let her stand there holding up her dress, showing us all her pussy and her bottom. Wendy kept softly crying through it all, with her face scrunched up, crimson with shame.

She lowered her dress, finally, before I signalled to her she could, and that deserved punishment. I hit the middle button and held it. Wendy screamed and sobbed, "Aaaaah! AaahwwwwOww! AAAoo Oooww Oww! EEeeowwweeeaah!" She fell to the floor and lay there screaming and bawling. Kids further away stood up to be able to see Wendy laying on the floor squirming around. I let up on the button. Wendy lay still, gasping and moaning, pleading miserably "Okay, okay, okay!"

I didn't give her any time to rest, this time. She felt two warning shocks and dazedly raised herself off the floor and stood by her desk, her tiny hands in fists to wipe away the tears streaming from her eyes. The class kept its rapt attention on her. I gave her another single shock. Wendy took her dress in her hands and raised it, showing her naked body to the class again, front and back, holding her arms high, not daring to cover herself. Almost perfect!

The trouble was, she was sideways to me this time, and when she turned all the way around, she was sideways the other way. I held down the warning button, giving her a tingle that wouldn't quit. She's not as stupid as I thought, I guess, since she started turning around. When I let go, and the warning stopped, she stopped turning. When I wanted another view of her, I held down the warning button again, and Wendy turned a little further. She gave a great show, under my silent control, turning and stopping, turning and stopping, letting every boy in the class see her naked pussy and bottom over and over and over, from every direction. The warning shocks were just painful enough to make her wince and cringe, but not enough to make her scream or cry any harder.

Once she tried to pull her dress up over her face, so she wouldn't have to see everyone staring at her, and so we couldn't see her face, red from shame, wet from tears. Her face was half the show, I figured, so I gave her several little warning pulses. She quickly lowered her dress back down to her chin again, and I watched her blink away fresh teardrops. She wasn't going to escape her shame that way, or any other way, as long as I had the controls.

The timer rang to end the arithmetic test, so I gave her three warning shocks to let her sit down. She collapsed in her seat and put her head back down in her arms and sat there sniffling loudly, shaking with sobs. She had just given all the boys in her class a free look at her naked body from her tummy down, for almost fifteen minutes, and the shame of it still burned on her face and neck.

She looked so cute there, trembling and softly crying. Nobody had told her to do it, either, making it even worse for her. If she tried to tell on someone, she wouldn't know who to blame, and she'd have to explain why she had held her dress up like she did, when nobody had said anything to her. It was so amusing. We all sat around smiling at her. Even better, I knew I could get her to do it all again for us, as many times as we wanted, since she couldn't get the collar off. Best of all, she knew that, too!

When Mr. Miller came around to collect the tests, he picked up Wendy's sheet and looked at it. Obviously she hadn't finished very many of the problems. "This is disgraceful!!" he yelled at her. "If you don't do any better than this next time, Wendy, you'll find yourself back in the stocks again, do you hear me!? And you better learn to keep it dry, too!"

Wendy stammered out, "I'm sorry, I'm sorry! Please don't put me in the stocks again! Oh pleeeease don't!"

The rest of the class roared with delighted laughter, especially one Robert Blackrock. Hmm, maybe I could make her do something that would get her put in the stocks. Wendy in the stocks, while wearing the dog collar, now that would be fun to see!

Note: no animals were harmed in all of this. The electric dog collar was never used on a real dog, only on Wendy, so there's nothing to gripe at me about, okay? Right then.