**Maddie's Revenge**

by litrob2000 Little Robbie

NOTE: This is a sequel to MADDIE’S HUMILIATING SLEEPOVER, in which 16-year-old Maddie is stripped and humiliated over many hours in front of several girl and boy classmates, an event orchestrated by her former friend Chloe. It seems Maddie had been quietly flirting with Chris, unaware that Chloe also had her eye on Chris. At the conclusion of the sleepover, Maddie was finally shoved out the front door, naked and with her wrists tied behind her, to walk the six blocks home.

\*\*\*\*\*

I had been waiting for this opportunity for several days. Chloe, who is usually surrounded by several girlfriends, was actually eating lunch by herself in the high school cafeteria. I made my move and slid in next to Chloe. Chloe reacted predictably, staring straight ahead and barely acknowledging my presence. “Well, Maddie, I certainly didn’t expect you to be chumming-up to me so soon after our fun little sleepover last month.”

I smiled sweetly and produced a manila envelope that had my name on it. “I’ll tell you, Chloe, I actually couldn’t wait to chat with you, once I received this report from my older brother, Don. You probably don’t know Don, but he works in data security for Scholastic Analytics Corp, a contractor that works with our school system. Don was running some IT security scans a few days ago, and he noted several security breaches at our high school. It appears that someone has been hacking into the grade reports to improve their grades.”

Chloe continued looking straight ahead, but her face was now white as a sheet, and her chin started to tremble.

“At least six of YOUR subject grades, Chloe, have been altered from outside the security firewall. It appears that your grade point average, which previously had been calculated as 3.9, should have been 3.1. Do you, by any chance, know anything about this?”

Chloe stammered, “Are you suggesting . . . well, I certainly . . . I mean, how could I . . .?”

“Chloe, at this moment, only my brother and I have this information, and after I told him about our ‘fun little sleepover’ last month, he thought maybe I would like to have the only copy of this report to do with as I please. Maybe you can help me decide whether or not to pass this report on to the school district. What do you think?”

Chloe struggled to regain her composure. “Well, I . . . um, yes, let’s talk about this, certainly. I, of course, am very sorry for the incident at our sleepover, and I’m sure there must be something I can do to make it right. Don’t you agree?”

“Hm. I don’t know, Chloe, that was extremely humiliating for me. It would take a lot to make me forget that that happened. But maybe we can work something out while I try to decide whether or not to go public with this grade-change report, which I think you’ll agree is very incriminating.”

“Yes, yes, definitely. I will do absolutely anything to keep that report from getting out. Just tell me what you want, Maddie, dear.”

I stared straight into Chloe’s eyes for a while, appearing to be considering what to do. Then I said, “Okay, Chloe dear. Just for starters. Let’s have you take off your panties and give them to me. Right here, right now.”

Chloe was temporarily stunned, but she quickly realized that she was in no position to bargain. She was wearing a pleated skirt that stopped about four inches above her knees, so going commando for the afternoon was going to be potentially very embarrassing. She quickly scanned the lunchroom to make sure no one was watching, then she reached down and eased her panties down over her butt and down her legs to her ankles. She bent down to grab them, balled them up in her hand, and deposited them on the table between us. They were black frilly French-cuts.

I made no gesture to remove the panties from the table but instead continued with Chloe’s instructions. “You will meet me in the gym immediately following last period today, and I will expect you to follow my instructions to the letter and without question, or else this grade-hacking report will immediately find its way to the school board. Understood?”

Chloe gulped, nodded, and scampered out of the lunchroom. I got busy sending text messages. And smiling.

\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_

“Hey, guys, are you ready for this?” I met up with my two friends and co-conspirators, Ari and Star, in the gym. Ari was a quiet and studious Asian-American 16-year-old with beautiful long black hair. Chloe had recently picked a fight with Ari following a debate in Poli-Sci class, and Chloe totally bullied Ari until she ran out of the classroom. Star was a 14-year-old with a slim but athletic body. She had recently made the swim team despite her young age, beating out Chloe’s bestie, Harper, so Chloe had taken it upon herself to trash-talk Star every chance she got. So, suffice it to say, neither Ari nor Star were members of the Chloe fan club and were most willing to conspire with me in bringing her down.

It was now about ten minutes until Chloe’s expected arrival, and I checked on the preparations. “So, are the four boys ready for the first game?”

Ari replied, “Yep, they’re all set up and waiting in the boys locker room, and they can’t wait for the game to start!”

“And are we ready with the getaway car?”

Star said, “All set, at the far end of the student parking lot.”

“Excellent! Now we can just wait for the arrival of our favorite classmate.”

A few minutes later, Chloe burst into the gym, a bit out of breath. “Hi! I’m here! I’m not late, am I?”

“Chloe! So glad you can make it! Have you had a pleasant afternoon, teasing the boys with your naked pussy?”

“OMG, I’ve never felt so exposed! At least five times I caught boys staring up my legs, and I feel like I’ve spent the whole afternoon pulling my skirt down, but I still suspect that several boys got a glimpse of my privates.”

“Ooh! Very embarrassing, yes, but just a small taste of the embarrassments still to come. You remember my friends Ari and Star, don’t you?”

“Yes, yes, certainly! Um, if I may ask, what are you guys doing here?”

“Don’t get defensive, Chloe. Neither Ari nor Star know about the secret deal between you and me. They’re only here to help with the games that we are now going to begin. Are you ready to play?”

Chloe gulped hard and said, “Well, I guess so. What do I have to do, anyway?”

I gestured toward the boys locker room. “Just follow us!”

“Wait a minute! We’re going into the boys locker room?”

“Oh, yes, and this is just the start of a full afternoon and evening of fun and games with you, dear Chloe! So, let’s go!”

Chloe took a big breath in and followed me into the boys locker room, with Ari and Star following, trying to suppress their excitement. Once through the door, I ordered, “Alright, Chloe, right now I want you to strip naked. Everything off!”

Chloe took one step back. “What?! NO! Right here?! No, there must be something else I can do . . . anything else! Please!”

“ ‘Fraid not, Chloe. It’s clothes off for you! Right here, right now!’

Chloe dropped her head and slowly kicked off her shoes. Next, she pulled her thin cotton sweater over her head, leaving her in just her skirt and black frilly bra. She shot a glance back at me, but I just stared back and tilted my head slightly. No reprieve. Chloe continued by reaching behind her, undoing the clasp of her bra, and letting it slide down her arms. Lastly, she unbuttoned her pleated skirt and let it drop to the floor.

Chloe now found herself completely naked in the boys locker room. After a few seconds in shock, she brought her arms up to cover her breasts and vulva. But I cut her off. “No, Chloe! No covering! Drop both arms, right now!” Chloe looked around to assure there was no one in sight, then brought her arms down to her sides. Chloe had a compact but sexy body, slightly on the slim side. Her breasts were firm B-cups, and her nipples were extended and hard. Her vulva was shaved bare.

I nodded at Ari, who then picked up Chloe’s clothes and discarded them into a locker room trash can. Chloe’s eyes grew large, and she responded, “Wait! What are you doing with my clothes? I need them!”

I snickered, “I don’t think so, Chloe. We’ll find something for you to put on a little later, okay?” Ari and Star got a good laugh out of that. “Now, let’s all go meet our other contestants for this afternoon’s first game, shall we?”

Chloe instantly reacted by once again covering her breasts and vulva with her arms and hands. I admonished, “Now, don’t do that, Chloe! How are we supposed to humiliate you when you are covering up your sexiest parts?” Chloe apprehensively dropped her arms again.

We guided Chloe into the main part of the locker room, where we were greeted by an unusual sight. In the middle of the room, a red stage curtain had been hung from a horizontal pipe that was supported at both ends by vertical pipes with weighted bases. The curtain was about ten feet wide and three feet tall, and it was raised up so that the bottom of the curtain was about four feet off the floor.

I announced, “Gentlemen contestants, please step forward!” Four boys walked forward into view behind the curtain, so that they were only visible from the waist down. And THEY WERE NAKED!

“Girl Contestant, meet your fellow contestants for our first game of the day! Left to right, we have Boy One, Boy Two, Boy Three, and Boy Four. You have all successfully completed the first part of the game – you’re all naked! Here’s the second part of the game, and you, Girl Contestant, are really going to enjoy this! You are going to get to suck off all four boys!”

Chloe’s body noticeably slumped. “Uh . . . uh . . . wha- what?!

“That’s right! I thought you’d be thrilled! So, here’s the game. Treat each of these young boys to your best blow job, and, by the way, you must SWALLOW their cum – all of it! The faster you make them cum, and the faster you swallow, the sooner we get out of the boys locker room. Which is important because in just a half hour the entire football team will be charging in here to change. Now, here’s the funnest part. One of these four boys is someone you know well, and you’re going have to recognize him based solely on this blow job! Fun, huh?! Are you ready to begin?

Chloe gulped, “I . . . uh . . . OHHHH . . . I guess so.”

“Aannd GO!”

Chloe stepped in front of Boy One and dropped to her knees. She wasted no time wrapping her lips around his dick and began pumping away. He quickly got hard but didn’t seem to be making much progress, so she put her hands to work, caressing his scrotum and butt cheeks. That seemed to turn the trick, and a couple of minutes later he exploded in her mouth. It looked like Chloe had never swallowed cum before, because she gagged and choked now, but she somehow managed to get all of his cum down her throat.

I announced, “One down, three to go! You’ve got 22 minutes left.”

Chloe took a deep breath and moved on to Boy Two, followed by Boy Three, then finally Boy Four. She made it with four minutes to spare before she would become a naked prize for the football team.

I continued, “So, Girl Contestant, you are now to answer the question. Which of these four boys do you recognize as someone you know well?”

Chloe looked bewildered and a little scared. “I’m . . . oh . . . uh . . . I’ll say Boy Two is my former boyfriend Jayden! Am I right?”

“Oh, no, I’m sorry, but you are incorrect. Jayden was not in the lineup today at all! No, Chloe, the correct answer is Boy Three, who is your older brother Marcus!”

“WHAT?! You mean I just sucked off my BROTHER?!”

We exploded in laughter. I said, “Why, yes, you certainly did! And I think he enjoyed it very much. Didn’t you, Marcus?”

Marcus stepped forward through the curtain. He was all smiles. “I sure did, Chloe! That was super cool, getting a BJ from my little sis!”

Chloe collapsed in tears and shaking from humiliation. “Nooooooo! How could you do this to me?”

I responded, “Oh, believe me, it was easy, considering what you put me through at the sleepover. Now, let’s get you out of here before the football team busts up our little game show. We have a car waiting for us at the far end of the student parking lot. Ready to go?”

“Yes! Yes! Just give me something to wear, quick!”

“Um, no, I don’t think so, Chloe. I think you will make your way across the parking lot dressed just as you already are – and barefoot. Now, quick, out the door with you!”

I pushed Chloe through the door as she cried out, “Arghhhh! Shit!” and was soon wildly looking for a way to get across the student parking lot without being seen. Most of the students’ cars were gone by now, but there were still many cars remaining – and a lot of open space in between.

Ari, Star, and I casually walked through the parking lot toward my convertible, laughing hysterically at Chloe’s attempts to sneak from car to car, crouched down, avoiding students who were congregating or walking to their cars. On at least four occasions, Chloe was caught naked by other students, all of whom snapped a pictures of the naked girl on their phones.

“Hey, Chloe, where’s your clothes?”

“Looking hot there, Chloe!”

“Chloe! Chloe! Look over here!”

Finally, Chloe caught up with us, and we all piled into my convertible, with Ari and Star in the back seat and Chloe stuck with the front passenger seat. I drove slowly through the parking lot, taking many unnecessary turns in order to pass close by other students. Chloe slunk low in her seat, trying to disappear, when she looked up to see that I was opening her convertible roof! Now she was totally exposed, with nothing to cover her except her seat belt.

Chloe screamed, “Maddie, what are you doing?! I’m naked here!”

“Yeah, you seem to be, Chloe! You just sit tight during our short trip to the next stop. Oh, would you look at that, we’re caught at a stop light!” Chloe tried to slink even lower in her seat as boys in a neighboring car caught sight of her while waiting for the green light. She wrapped her arms even tighter around her breasts.

Chloe ventured a question that must have been in the back of her head. “So . . . so . . . um, who were the other three boys that I just sucked off?”

Ari piped up, “Well, you’ll never know, Chloe! They were carefully chosen by Star and me from some of your most admiring classmates, and they were promised anonymity.” Chloe crumbled at the thought of facing boys in her classes who had possibly enjoyed her BJs and were being quietly smug about it. Which ones would they be? Ugh!

Three more embarrassing – and lengthy – stop lights later, I finally pulled into a Target store and parked in the lot out front. Chloe’s eyes got very big. “No, no, I can’t go in there like this! I’ll be arrested!”

“Hm. You’re right. Do either of you girls have something that Chloe can put on?” Star said, “Oh, yes, I do!” and offered up an oversized white tee shirt with their high school logo printed on the front. Chloe quickly pulled it on, grateful to be less naked, only to discover that, despite being oversized, the tee shirt was only long enough to just cover most of her butt. She gingerly followed the girls through the store entrance.

Chloe pleaded, “We’re not going to be here very long, are we? What are we shopping for, anyway?”

“You’ll see! We have several items on our shopping list.” Then we set off to find our items, each of which was deposited in a shopping basket that Chloe was required to carry. Her face got redder with every embarrassing item: A cucumber, a carrot, Vaseline, clothes pins, rope, condoms, and a vibrator.

“Okay, Chloe, here’s a credit card. Go through the checkout line, then we’ll go back out to the car.”

Chloe glumly stood in a checkout line, enduring some pretty lascivious looks from other shoppers. She finally got to the register and had to put up with the woman at the register snickering at every embarrassing item from Chloe’s basket. She finished the sale, handed over the bags, and said, “Okay, honey, have a (snicker!) glamorous evening with your lady friends (more snickering!).”

Back at the car at last, Chloe angrily threw herself into the passenger seat. “Alright, Maddie, look. You’ve had your revenge. I’ve sat through my afternoon classes with no panties, I’ve sucked off my own brother, for god’s sake, and I’ve just had the most humiliating shopping experience of my life! Can we call it even now?”

I drove out of the parking lot and onto the main road, offering an evil grin. “Not even close, my dear Chloe. We have several more games to play with you before the day’s over. That is, if you are still hoping to keep me from disclosing that Scholastic Analytics report to the school board.”

Ari and Star glanced at each other. Ari said, “Oh? What’s this report about, huh?”

“Never mind, that’s just between Chloe and me. And it’ll stay private as long as Chloe plays along with all of our fun games today. Isn’t that right, Chloe?” Chloe’s eyes were downcast, and she mumbled something unintelligible. “I said, isn’t that right, Chloe?” Without looking up, Chloe softly replied, “Yes, Maddie, that’s right.”

I pulled the car into a residential driveway. “Ah, here we are! This, dear Chloe, is Ari’s parents’ house. They are both out of town for a few days, so it’s all ours to entertain ourselves as we please.”

The four of us got out and entered the house through the front door. Chloe looked relieved to finally be in a private indoor space. “Maddie, please may I use the restroom, I’m about to burst!”

“Hm! Really! I wonder if it’s anything like how I felt at the sleepover, when you wouldn’t let me relieve myself. Remember that?”

“Well, yeah, I guess, and I’m very sorry about that.”

“Remember shoving me, naked, out the front door in the early morning? I had to stumble around looking for a place to urinate. I had to walk nearly a block, leaking pee, before finding a bush to crouch behind to pee. Which was not easy with my hands tied behind my back. And then I had to walk naked SIX BLOCKS to my house.”

“Uh-huh. Okay. But look, I really am about to burst, and you don’t want me getting the carpeting wet do you?”

I offered, “No! Definitely not! Let’s get you off this carpeting right away.” I reached over and re-opened the front door. “The next game begins right now! Chloe, follow me outside. Ari, dig into that Target bag and bring the rope.”

Chloe froze in her tracks. “What? No, no, not outside, where’s the bathroom?”

“Your bathroom, Chloe, IS OUTSIDE, just as it was for me. Now, get out there!” Chloe moped out onto the front porch, and I led her down the front steps and out to the mailbox, which was near the street. Once there, I tied Chloe’s hands in front of her, then tied her hands to the mailbox support post.

“Chloe, we will let you back in the house in twenty minutes, and you can do your peeing then, in the bathroom.”

“NO! I’ll never make it twenty minutes, I have to go RIGHT NOW!”

“Well, you know what they say. When you gotta go, you gotta go.”

Chloe whimpered as Ari, Star, and I retreated to the front porch to fully enjoy the show. Chloe’s head swiveled in all directions, to see if anyone could see her. No one at the moment. She was still without underwear and shoes, wearing only a white tee shirt that barely covered her pussy. She was already jumping up and down, trying to distract herself from her desperate need to pee, which caused her to repeatedly flash her labia and butt. Her knees were slammed together, and her eyes were tightly closed.

We were laughing uproariously at Chloe’s predicament. Star remarked, “There is no way that girl will make twenty minutes! Oh look, here comes a group of students down the sidewalk! This should be fun!”

The group of high school students consisted of three boys and two girls. They all looked bewildered and amused at the sight of Chloe, practically naked and tied to the mailbox. “What the heck, that looks like Chloe! What’s she doing out here tied up, and she looks like she needs to pee. What’s up, Chloe? You gotta pee, girl?!”

Chloe was too humiliated to reply. She kept her head down, and eventually the six kids moved along, but not after taking several very revealing phone photos. Chloe was sweating from the effort to control her bladder, and her white tee shirt was now sticking to her boobs, which easily revealed her noticeably protruding nipples. She badly wanted to make it for the full twenty minutes so she could pee inside in the bathroom, but she was starting to give in. Ari, Star, and I were all enjoying this immensely from our seats on the front porch.

A few minutes later, another group was approaching, four 12-year-old boys. They were fascinated by finding Chloe tied to the mailbox. She was still shaking and clamping her legs tightly together Only two minutes to go!

Star shouted to the four boys, “Hey, guys, do you see our friend there? Guess what, she has a secret – she is VERY TICKLISH!”

Chloe wailed, “NOOOO! That’s not fair! Don’t do this to me!”

Star kept it up, “Boys, I dare you to tickle her! Whaddya say, who’s going to do it?”

All four boys went for it, poking their fingers into Chloe’s ribs, back, and butt. Chloe flinched but could not avoid them. “NO! Don’t! Don’t! Shit! Ohhh, hell. Ohhhhh” A gusher of yellow began running down Chloe’s legs, and the boys celebrated. “Look, look, she’s peeing. She’s peeing, right here in the front yard.” Then they ran off down the street, congratulating themselves and laughing.

Ari, Star, and I sauntered out to the mailbox. I remarked, “Well, look at you! We were rooting for you, you know. But here you are, all pee-soaked and smelly.”

Ari untied Chloe’s hands, and she immediately crouched down, but I said, “Uh-uh, no covering up, Chloe! Stand up now, and I want you facing the house. Next, bend forward at the waist with your hands on your knees and your legs straight. And spread your legs until your ankles are three feet apart.” Chloe grudgingly complied. Her ass, as well as her bum-hole and vagina, was now completely exposed to the sidewalk and road. “Now wait right here like this, without moving, until we say you can move.”

Ari, Star, and I walked back to the porch and whispered and giggled to each other, even though we had already decided what was next for Chloe. After thirty more minutes of being on display, we returned, and I announced, “Chloe, we have now arrived at the part of our afternoon that Ari and Star have most been looking forward to. You are about to receive “Ten of the Best” from each of us, all on your bare ass! So who has the paddle, I wonder?”

Star produced a red ping-pong paddle, which she had liberated from her parents’ basement. “It’s right here, Ari! Can I go first?”

I answered, “Absolutely, Star, you get the first ten.”

Chloe jerked up. “Please, no. Please! I haven’t been spanked since I was little! Plus, my butt is completely exposed out here! How . . . how much humiliation do you think I can take?” She was starting to cry now.

“Oh, several more hours, at least!” With that, Star swung the paddle hard against Chloe’s fully exposed butt.

SMACK!

“OW! SHIT! THAT REALLY STINGS!”

Star was really enjoying this. “Count it out, Chloe! Come on!”

“SHIT! ONE!”

SMACK!!

“SHIT! TWO!”

Star kept swinging until she had landed ten whacks to Chloe’s bare backside, at which point Chloe stood straight up and started rubbing her butt with both hands, hoping to sooth the stinging pain.

I interrupted, “Chloe! Get back down! Hands on knees!”

Star passed the paddle to Ari, who couldn’t wait to get her licks in. After the first three swats, Chloe’s cries of pain started to attract onlookers. Several neighbors and fellow students were enjoying the sight of a half-naked Chloe tethered to the mailbox, bent forward, and getting paddled. Ari finished her ten swats, with Chloe weeping in pain, her butt a bright crimson. Ari offered the paddle to me, but I declined. “My ten are going to be with my bare hands.”

Ari and Star clapped, “YAY, Maddie. She’s all yours!”

By now, the audience had grown to ten, and they were really enjoying the spanking demonstration. I smiled as I swung my arm back and let fly with her first bare-handed spank. I’m sure that Chloe was now realizing that hand spanking allowed me to hit her in the most private and painful places. The first swat landed directly on her vagina.

“ACK! NO! NOT THERE! NOT THERE! I CAN’T TAKE IT, PLEASE!”

“What’s that, Chloe? What did you say?”

“UHHH. OH. One.”

“That’s what I thought you said. I’ll try again, since I may have missed your BIG RED FANNY with that first one.” I continued, alternating between Chloe’s already red butt cheeks, her upper thighs, and her vagina. By the tenth and final spank, Chloe was wailing for me to stop. The onlookers gave me a long round of applause, and I smiled and took a bow.

“Thank you, studio audience! Now it’s time to take our little spankee indoors for her next game. Say goodbye to Chloe, ladies and gentlemen!” All four of us walked back up the path to the front door and back inside. Chloe’s hands went back to rubbing her butt, but I cut her off. “Stop rubbing your big butt, and get down on all fours, right here in the living room.” Chloe complied, still sniffling and with her damp hair clinging to her forehead and neck.

“You know, we haven’t used much fun stuff from our Target shopping trip, have we? We have Vaseline, right? And how about those clothes pins? Shall we get them unwrapped?”

“Absolutely, Maddie, coming right up!” Ari returned with the Vaseline and the clothes pins. “Well, look here, Chloe, I know just the spot for attaching a couple of these clothes pins! Now, don’t move!”

With that, I grabbed the bottom hem of Chloe’s tee shirt and pulled it up to her neck. Then I reached under and clipped a clothes pin to Chloe’s right nipple. “OHMYGOD! THAT HURTS! TAKE IT OFF! OFF, PLEASE!” I then attached the other clothes pin to Chloe’s left nipple, saying, “There, now you’re balanced left to right. Feels good, doesn’t it?!”

Chloe was pleading. “PLEASE! OFF, PLEASE! OHHH! OHHHHH!”

“Ari, might there be any ice cubes available, do you think?”

“Yes, Maddie, I believe there are. I’ll be right back!” While Ari ran to the kitchen, Star and I enjoyed the sound of Chloe groaning and cursing from the pain in her nipples, as her breasts hung deliciously down while she was on her hands and knees.

Ari returned with a small bowl filled with ice cubes. I teased, “Now, where should these go, do you think?” Ari and Star were howling with glee. “Oh, I think I see just the spot! Vaseline, please!”

Chloe was shaking. “WHAT?! WHERE?!”

With that, I knelt down behind Chloe and inserted my Vaseline-lubricated index finger in Chloe’s tight little bum-hole. It took several thrusts – and a LOT of Vaseline – but eventually I got Chloe’s sphincter to relax enough that it might accept an ice cube. I took one cube from the bowl and started working it into Chloe’s butt-hole.

Chloe protested, “WHAT’S THAT?! IT HURTS! DON’T DO THAT! OHHHHH NOOOO!” The ice cube finally slipped in, and I immediately inserted a second ice cube. “ARGHHHH! THIS IS PAINFUL! NO MORE, PLEASE! PLEASE, I BEG YOU!”

“Oh, Chloe, just relax! There’s always room for one more!” I forced a third ice cube into her butt, and we were doubled over in laughter. “I knew it! You got a BIG BUTT, Chloe! Okay, here’s a little game. You’re going to have to tolerate those clothes pins on your tits until the ice melts in your butt. And to speed things along, you’re going to start crawling on hands and knees around this room, and you’re not going to stop until the ice is fully melted. So, go! Get going!”

Chloe groaned and started crawling around the perimeter of the room, much to our delight. As I suspected, crawling on all fours totally intensified the pain in her anus from the slowly-melting ice cubes, as well as the pain in her nipples as the clothes pins rock back and forth. It took over twenty minutes for the ice cubes to fully melt, and Chloe was once again a sweaty mess as she was allowed to stop. I opened the clothes pins on her nipples, which I’m sure hurt more than clipping them on, and Chloe groaned in pain as she stood up, naked in the middle of the living room.

I announced, “Who’s ready for dinner! Let’s get our asses in gear! I know just the place!”

Chloe, fully defeated, protested, “Uh . . . what . . . what about me? Do I get clothes for dining out?”

“What are you talking about, Chloe, we think you’re dressed just fine for dinner. That tee shirt almost completely covers your big red butt. Now, I don’t want to hear any more whining from you. Let’s get into the car.”

Chloe dejectedly followed us out to the car and once again was assigned the front passenger seat. Ari was seated directly behind Chloe and instructed her to raise both arms straight up. Once she had done this, Ari reached forward and pulled Chloe’s tee shirt up and off completely, leaving her fully naked in the front seat of the convertible – with the top down! Then Ari instructed, “Chloe, now I want you to put your hands on the seat, palms down, and sit on your hands.” Chloe complied, then Ari continued, “Now, spread your legs as far apart as they can go. That’s it!”

Ari then produced a piece of rope and used it to loosely tie Chloe’s neck to her headrest, preventing her from leaning forward. “Now stay that way until we reach the restaurant, or we’ll throw you out of the car just as you are.”

Chloe’s face was burning with shame, and her only hope was that the restaurant was not too far away. We started off – with me driving maddeningly slow – and were soon on a main road, with cars passing us on both sides. I made a point of tooting my horn at every passing car with a boy inside. Chloe got many cheers and jeers during the forty-minute drive to the restaurant. She was absolutely dying to pull her hands up and cover her breasts and labia, but she didn’t dare. She knew by now that we were totally ruthless about humiliating her.

We finally arrived at the restaurant, which was actually a large, busy sports bar with a karaoke stage. Ari returned Chloe’s sweat-soaked tee shirt, which she hurriedly pulled on before getting out of the car, barely covered but still barefoot. We were seated at a booth near a front window, and we forced Chloe to sit on the outside, where her whole left side would be in full view of the other patrons. Chloe immediately flinched at the cold vinyl seat on her bare butt. She did her best to pull her tee shirt down, but her bare hip was fully exposed, which did not escape the notice of the many men and boys sitting nearby.

We all had fake IDs, so we ordered drinks, including a double vodka tonic for Chloe, who seemed anxious to get plastered as quickly as possible. As we looked over the menus, I noted that quite a few classmates had also shown up and were being seated a tables nearby to ours. I was glad that I had got the word out about Chloe’s public humiliation. I saw Jayden and Dylan, two boys who were Chloe’s friends and had attended my humiliating sleepover. I also noticed Chris, her former crush and another (unwilling) sleepover participant, being seated with several friends at a nearby table.

We ordered nachos for the table and settled back with our drinks. I was seated across the table from Chloe and leaned forward toward her. “First game of the evening, slut. Get up and walk across the dining area to the restrooms, and take your phone with you. Go into the MEN’s restroom, and enter one of the toilet stalls. Do this whether or not there are men in the restroom. Once in the toilet stall, take off your tee shirt and hang it over the top of the stall door. We notice that your phone has a strap on it – start a face-time call with me, then hang your phone from the hook on the back of the stall door. Adjust the phone so it is aimed at you sitting on the toilet. Make sure your whole body is in the frame, including your face.”

Chloe’s face was getting redder, and her knees were shaking. “Shit! Can I wait until I have one more drink?”

“No, Chloe, do it right now! And don’t take too long, or we’ll eat all the nachos.”

Chloe carefully got up, pulling her tee shirt down as best she could. Walking across the dining area, she attracted lots of stares and whistles. She arrived at the men’s room door and checked to see whether any customers might notice her going in. She went in, and a minute later made the face-time connection to my phone. She hung her phone on the back of the stall door, aimed it as I instructed, and sat down on the toilet. She then pulled her tee shirt over her head and flung it on top of the stall door.

Ari, Star, and I were having fun watching our naked classmate on my phone screen, looking embarrassed and terrified. I snickered at Chloe, “Well, look at you, all naked once again! Are you ready to follow my instructions?” Chloe slowly nodded her head, looking down in shame. “What’s that, Chloe? Look into the camera and tell us you are ready.”

Chloe raised her head and said, “Yes, ready, Maddie.”

“Okay, listen carefully. Spread your legs. Wider. Still wider. That’s it. Now, I want you to masturbate to orgasm. Only after you have achieved orgasm may you return to our table. AND NO FAKING, WE CAN TELL!”

Chloe, totally deflated, lowered her right hand, parted her labia, and began rubbing her clit in a circular motion. Then we heard the restroom door open and two men talking, and she froze. I reprimanded, “Chloe! Keep going. You’re never going to get off if you stop every time someone shows up.”

Chloe resumed her rubbing, obviously listening to the two men peeing in the urinals. She tried tilting her head back and closing her eyes, but it was soon obvious that getting to an orgasm while men were coming and going – some of whom were making crude comments after apparently seeing her bare feet under the stall door – was going to be almost impossible. She redoubled her efforts, alternating her fingers between her clit and her vagina and pinching and rolling both nipples. After about ten minutes, she looked like the orgasm was beginning to click in, and she plunged two fingers deeply into her vagina and pounded hard and fast until we saw the orgasm wash over her, accompanied by “Ah! AHH! SHIIIIT!” Several men in the restroom at the time burst into applause and congratulations, and Chloe crumbled onto the toilet seat, apparently not realizing how loud she had been.

Chloe, red-faced and defeated, pulled her tee shirt back on and shut off her phone. Then she exited the restroom and walked back across the full length of the dining area. I couldn’t help but notice many patrons – men and women – staring, laughing, and sharing private jokes as she walked by. She eventually got back to our table, where she received a standing ovation from Ari, Star, and me.

I was all smiles. “Way to go, little Miss Masturbator! You really know how to entertain the customers here. You’ll be happy to know that I recorded the entire face-time event, which I will gladly erase once you have completed the rest of the games tonight.”

Chloe pleaded tearfully, “Ohhh. What more do I have to do? I can’t take much more of this!”

“Okay, you can take a small break now and re-group. We finished off the nachos because it took you so long to cum. We just ordered an assortment of tacos for the table, which should be here soon.”

Chloe swiveled her head. “Where’s our server? I desperately need another double vodka tonic!”

Just as the rest of the food and drink finally arrived, I leaned forward and said to Chloe, “Dip your finger into your pussy and then show it to me.” Chloe rolled her eyes and did as requested. Her finger was only a little moist. “Chloe, dear, you are not very juicy, so now I’m wondering if maybe your restroom orgasm was faked! I’m not happy about that! I think you need more masturbation, that’s what I think! Tell you what, while you’re eating your dinner, use only your right hand, and get your left hand down there and REALLY get yourself off.”

Chloe implored, “I was not faking it!. I was not!” I just stared her down. “What?! You mean right . . . right here, at the table, where everyone can see me?!”

“That’s right, slut. Right here!”

Chloe lowered her left hand into her lap and tugged up on the tee shirt’s bottom hem. The bottom hem was now just below her waistline. She once again closed her eyes and put her fingers to work in her pussy. It was very obvious to anyone seated in our vicinity that Chloe was masturbating, which resulted in plenty of laughter and wisecracks.

“Well, she’s certainly giving herself a hand!”

“What’s she looking for in there?!”

“That’s what I call double-clicking!”

Chloe seemed to be trying her best to tune out the commentary and concentrate on her assignment. Soon, half of the dining area was craning their necks to check on her progress. Ari, Star, and I kept up a running conversation about Chloe’s naked exploits that afternoon and sharing photos and videos.

After about fifteen minutes of this, Chloe began to look like her sexual juices were rising, and she sped up her finger work. She looked like her orgasm was about to explode, when an announcement came through the PA system: “Ladies and gentlemen, it’s time for the karaoke contest! Let’s welcome our first contestant, please! And it is . . . CHLOE!”

Ari, Star, and I stood and cheered. “Right here, Billy! She’s ready!”

Chloe’s fingers froze and her eyes popped wide open. “WHAT?!!! No, no, no, no, I . . . I don’t do karaoke! I hate karaoke! WHAT ARE YOU DOING TO ME?!!”

“Get up there right now, Chloe! Or shall I put that big brown envelope in the mail when we get home?”

“Ohmygod! Shit! I don’t even know . . . How can I do this?”

“Listen to me, Chloe! You’re going to perform this song, and it had better be the sexiest performance you’ve ever done! You can strip completely if you like, but you MUST AT LEAST flash your butt, your tits, and your pussy for five seconds each before the song is over. GOT IT, SLUT?”

“Ohmygod, ohmygod. I can’t do this!”

“CHLOE! Get up on that stage and make it sexy! And remember – five seconds of butt, five seconds of tits, and five seconds of pussy!”

Chloe looked in a daze as she stumbled through the tables and up onto the stage, where she was handed a mic. The bottom of her butt could be seen by everyone below her tee shirt. The song started up. It was Joe Cocker’s version of “You Can Leave Your Hat On”, which I had chosen for this occasion. The sultry instrumental intro was followed by the lyrics beginning to scroll on the video monitor:

[Baby, take off your coat

Real slow]

Chloe snapped out of it and started singing mechanically:

Baby, take off your shoes

Here, I'll take your shoes

Baby, take off your dress

Yes, yes, yes

You can leave your hat on

You can leave your hat on

You can leave your hat on

The crowd was not impressed with Chloe’s half-hearted performance, and they began to heckle her.

“Is that all you got, honey?”

“It’s a sexy song, Chloe.”

“Hey, let’s go, babe.”

Chloe took a big breath and started to get her body in motion and her singing more convincing.

Go on over there and turn on the light

No, all the lights

Come over here and stand on this chair

That's right

Raise your arms up in to the air

Shake 'em

You give me a reason to live

You give me a reason to live

You give me a reason to live

Swaying her body side-to-side, Chloe was already showing plenty of butt, although she managed to keep her pussy covered with one hand while holding the mic with the other. She continued with the raunchy song’s lyrics:

They don’t know what love is

They don’t know what love is

They don’t know what love is

I know what love is

Chloe must have realized that she was running out of time. She desperately pulled her tee shirt up to her neck for the entire last refrain, baring her breasts, her butt, and her pussy for all to see. All this while grinding her hips and growling the last lines into the mic:

You can leave your hat on

You can leave your hat on

You can leave your hat on

Chloe practically collapsed on the stage as the audience gave her a standing ovation. Chloe practically crawled back to our table. She had no dignity left. We all got up, and I was all smiles as I pushed Chloe toward the entry door and out to the parking lot. Ari and Star were right behind us, laughing all the way.

Just as we got to the car, I turned to Chloe and reached out my hand. “Okay, slut, give me back that tee shirt now.” Chloe had no fight left in her. She slowly pulled the tee shirt over her head and off, handing it to me. “Now, get in.”

Once we were all in – with Chloe once again in the front passenger seat, sitting on her hands – we started off in the direction of Chloe’s house. With about six blocks remaining, I pulled the car over and ordered everyone out.

Standing next to the car, Chloe started to protest, “Wait! What?! I thought we were done with this. Haven’t you humiliated me enough?”

“Almost, Chloe, almost. Say, Ari, do you have that piece of rope I requested?”

“Yep, it’s right here!”

“Good. Now tie her wrists behind her back.”

Chloe started crying again as the rope was being pulled tight around her wrists, and I could see that she now realized how the day was going to end for her.

END