**The Adventures of Humilatron**

by Humilatron

**Prologue**

Before I get into this series, I want to make it one hundred percent clear that this is ALL fiction. I've been getting a bit of a writer's block lately, until I came up with this idea of allowing my character come to "life" shall we say.  
  
Anyways it always seems a bit hypocritical in a way to write stories about other girls' humiliations and yet sit cowardly behind a computer or phone typing away unharmed. Well that is soon to change at least for me. The character is based on myself except altered for privacy, excitement, and embarrassment.  
  
The Character Profile.  
  
Hannah Thompson was a short asian girl with long brown hair and bold brown eyes. Her breasts developed early but only to a size B. Her pussy was kept nice and groomed occasionally being shaved bare before slowly growing back. Her usual attire was a simple t-shirt and shorts with a white bra and cotton panties.  
  
Let the Adventures Begin.

**School Nightmare (Part 1)**

"Hannah, wake up you'll be late for school!" My mom yelled from the staircase.  
  
I woke up with a start jumping from my bed. I looked at the clock my eyes widened as I hurried only having a few minutes before the bus would leave. I threw on a pair of underwear not looking at tge design, threw on the first bra I grabbed and grabbed the first shirt and shorts I saw throwing them on before rushing down the stairs.  
  
I grabbed my packed lunch and wolfed down a protein bar hardly having time to sit and enjoy a breakfast. I grabbed my red backpack, kissed my mom goodbye and headed for the bus stop.  
  
I arrived just as the bus pulled up and climbed onto the bus sliding into the front seat. I hardly noticed that I chose the seat in front of the school bully named Rachel Hoth who was a butch looking girl with short black hair and piercing blue eyes. She grinned a cruel smile behind me as she brought a pair of shiny scissors. Unfortunately I was wearing headphones listening to Shawn Mendes not hearing or seeing anything that occurred as I looked blankly out the window.  
  
She reached over making a small cut at the seam of my shirt before slowly coming around and snipped at the seam of my shorts. This would inevitably result in the complete removal of my shorts and shirt but of course I had no knowledge of my appending predicament.  
  
The bus pulled up to the school and I quickly climbed out of the bus with my backpack over my shoulder as I made my way to first period Algebra. I chose to sat in the front of the class as it was easier for me to see the board and take notes. This of course would also make me the perfect person for the teacher to pick on to solve problems on the board.  
  
We waited as the teacher walked into the door, Rachel whispered something to her friend beside her and they both giggled to themselves. The lecture began as the teacher droned on about the quadratic formula and solving polynomials. While all this occurred the threads on my shorts and shirt continued to slowly unravel daring to snap at anytime.  
  
"Hannah, why don't you come up and solve this problem for us," Mrs Gordan smiled.  
  
I quickly stood up still unaware of the alterations to my outfit as I proudly began to solve the problem on the board. As I scribbled down the numbers and calculated the arithmetic, my shorts gave way and fell to the ground revealing my rather embarrassing cookie monster briefs which gripped tightly around my butt leaving not much to imagine. Not long after, my shirt fell apart to reveal my white bra to the entire class.  
  
Giggles echoed as Rachel sang. "I see London, i see France, I see Hannah's Undie Pants."  
  
I blushed a deep red as I realized my underwear was completely exposed to the entire class. Like an idiot I turned to face them not even thinking to cover giving them all a clear view of my breasts despite being supported by a bra it also left not much to imagine.  
  
My eyes scanned the room seeing Rachel filming the whole thing and others also taking pictures. My face burned red as I finally covered my crotch and bra with my hands. I rushed out of the classroom utterly humiliated as I ran to the clinic in order to get something to put on.

**School Nightmare (Part 2)**

I rushed to the clinic doing my best to cover myself as students skipping class giggled as I passed by. "Nice undies!" A guy yelled as I ran passed him.  
  
I finally yanked the clinic door open and rushed inside. There sat a plump young woman who must have been in her 30s as she looked up at me.  
  
"Ah, wardrobe malfunction?" She said. "Unfortunately for you we have nothing left to spare. I'm afraid the last pair of pants were taken by a young lady on her period. You can try calling home to see if your parents will bring you something."  
  
My face fell. "My parenrs are both downtown working. Please there must be something," I begged.  
  
"I'm afraid not. It's the beginning of the year so no one's lost anything. I can't allow you to leave school without a parent or sick note, so I'm afraid you'll have to go to class as is."  
  
"But I can't go to class like THIS," I cried. "Please I'll do anything."  
  
"Well it's better than going naked," she said. "I'm sorry but there's nothing I can do unless you have your gym clothes with you."  
  
I frowned. I had nothing. I wasn't taking gym this year as I didn't need to.  
  
"Can't I go home early?" I begged.  
  
"Nope, it's against policy. And if you try to leave, i will have to take those undies of yours and leave you butt naked instead."  
  
I sighed looking towards the door. The door had large windows around it looking into the hallway. People were gathered outside staring in giggling at my predicament. Here I was at school with nothing but a bra and embarrassing pair of underwear and there was nothing I could do. There was no other choice but to attemd clas in my underwear as there was no way I'd risk allowing the school to see even more.  
  
With a deep breath I exited the room not bothering to cover as there was no point in doing so. Chants echoed the hallways as I walked back down the hallway back to class. When I entered, wveryone in the classroom stared and laughed as I took my seat in the front row. My clothes were tossed in the trash as they were completely shredded.  
  
The class continued as I sat there.  
  
When class finished we were dismissed for second period but as I exited the room, Rachel pinned me against a wall. "Look at you in your baby panties," she laughed. "Did your mommy buy them for you?"  
  
A crowd formed around us as people wanted to watch what would happen knowing that the teachers never cared what the students did as long as they isn't kill anyone. My butt faced the audience as Rachel bent me at the waist forcing my hands to press against the wall. "Hmm this does look like a nice little target."  
  
She slid her hand under the waistband debating which way to pull them as both were quite tempting. Being outnumbered and overpowered by size I was forced to stand there against the wall with my butt sticking out to everyone as Rachel decided it would be better to slide them down very slowly all the way to my ankles. My bare bottom was now on complete display to the gathering crowd which I might add were both students and staff as they all laughed.  
  
My legs were spread apart from being bent at the waist so naturally my cheeks spread apart too allowing a clear view of my butthole and even the back of my pussy which was completely shaved. "Look at that baby butt," she jeered as everyone laughed and snapped photos.  
  
She caressed my cheeks and helped spread them even wider.

**School Nightmare (Part 3)**

As i stood with my bare butt completely exposed, Rachel began to reach down brushing my lips as lightly as possible. She caressed my pussy up and down up and down making my body shiver as my butt cheeks bounced from the sensation. I squirmed as I stood there in utter humiliation as she continued to play with me in frontof everyone now gathered around the teachers enjoying the show as well.  
  
Completely bottomless and helpless, I tried to clench my cheeks to minimize exposure as my butthole began to pucker and open up as my body became more aroused from the sensations.  
  
"No please don't," I begged. "No please not in front of all these people."  
  
"Aw poor baby Hannah. Are you embarrassed?" She mocked. "Well that's just too bad. I plan to take this humiliation to the next level. All these people watching, the teacbers not even caring. Let's turn you around and show everyone your little secret."  
  
She grabbed my arm and quickly spun me around continuing to pin me against the wall. My pussy now expose. It was completely bare. Everyone could see it. My teachers, my classmates. Everyone watched as she rubbed and rubbed faster and faster. And as if fate couldn't be more cruel as I reached the climax, my alarm went off bringing me back to reality.  
  
I climbed out of my bed still feeling the sensations from my dreams as I pulled on a pair of white cotton panties and put a matching bra on. I slipped an under armour shirt on along with a pair of shorts and headed downstairs to begin my day.

**First Day (Part 1)**

I climbed out of my bed still feeling the sensations from my dreams as I pulled on a pair of white cotton panties and put a matching bra on. I slipped an under armour shirt on along with a pair of shorts and headed downstairs to begin my day. I ate some cereal and milk before heading out the door climbing onto the bus.  
  
This time I made sure to pay full attention, still paranoid about my dream. Thankfully, nothing happened to me. When the bus pulled up to the school, I quickly climbed off and entered the double doors. Students filled the hallways as everyone headed to their first period classes.  
  
I headed towards my science class only to be slammed against the lockers by Rachel with her goons behind her. "This little bitch ratted me out to the principal last year. Thanks to her I was held back a year and my parents grounded me all summer long. It's time to teach her a little lesson."  
  
I squirmed trying to escape her grasp. "You're the one who was skipping classes and smoking weed all year," I said.  
  
"Doesn't mean nothing," Rachel growled.  
  
"That's a double negative," I retorted.  
  
"Shut up, bitch," she said.  
  
Her hand reached down taking a hold of my shorts. "Wait," I said. "Please, I'm sorry. Let's not do this, not here."  
  
"I don't know I really think we should strip you and make you go to class butt naked," she laughed.  
  
"No, no, no. Please," I begged.  
  
"Or you can skip and I'll simply pull the fire alarm so the whole school sees you naked instead."  
  
She yanked my shorts to the grown revealing my underwear. She wasted no time stripping me down to just my underwear and bra.  
  
This was worse than my dream yet somehow it was secretly turning me on.  
  
"Take the rest off," Rachel ordered pulling out her phone.  
  
My eyes widened. Her goons rested their hands on the fire alarm behind Rachel ready to pull it as the halls were emptier since everyone was waiting for class to begin.  
  
The few in the hallways were enjoying the show. I gulped not wanting more attention and inserted my thumbs into the waistband of my panties and yanked them to the ground. Rachel recorded every second of this as I stepped out of my panties. I then unclasped my bra and allowed it to fall to the floor as well. There I stood butt naked in the middle of the hallway. There was no dream. There was no fantasy. This was the real life. Everyone could see my shaved pussy and small breasts. Rachel nodded at the girls who pulled the fire alarm. The students all waiting for their classes to begin all filed out seeing me standing there naked.  
  
They all gathered around laughing and snapping pictures to send to their friends. The principal approached the scene as a pathway spread. "What is the meaning of this?" He demanded."I just had to call the fire department to assure them there was no fire at our school. Whoever did this will be punished!"  
  
"It was Hannah!" Rachel said. "She strippee naked and then pulled the fire alarm.  
  
The entire school backed up Rachel's claims.

**First Day (Part 2)**

There I stood butt naked in the hallway surrounded by the entire school as the principal approached me with anger. He grabbed my arm pinning it behind my back. He bent me over at the waist. Butt cheeks were pointed at everyone. My legs were partly spread causing my butt cheeks to open up. "If you want everyone to see you naked, let's not stop the show " the principal said with anger. "What you did was a federal crime and you should be arrested for, but instead I believe this will be a more fitting punishment.  
  
He reached back and spread my cheeks wide open. Everyone was watching as my butthole was in full view. Rachel was still recording with her phone zooming in to capture every detail. Then the principal began to spank me in front of everyone.  
  
SMACK SMACK SMACK SMACK SMACK SMACK  
  
My butt jiggled as each smack hit my cheeks. My cheeks continued to get redder as everyone watched, both sets of cheeks were burning red as a tomato.  
  
"Ms Thompson you will continue to attend school butt naked until further notice," the principal ordered.  
  
My eyes widened. "No please! I don't want this!"  
  
"Well that's too bad," he sneered. "Get to class everyone! Including you Miss Thompson."  
  
The rest of the crowd finally dispersed and the principal walked away returning to his office. This left Rachel and myself all alone.  
  
"Well that went better than I expected," Rachel laughed caressing my butt cheeks.  
  
She grabbed by clothes and walked off.  
  
I stood there naked not knowing what to do. Then my eyes widened as I looked around. Rachel had my phone. If she saw what was on my phone I would be done for.  
  
I raced after Rachel who headed to the girl's locker room. I followed her inside.  
  
"Ah Hannah, just the person," she laughed. "Looking for this I assume?"  
  
She held up my phone. "We just need the passcode," she said.  
  
"Why would I tell you?" I spat.  
  
"Because if you don't, the whole internet will see you stripping yourself and getting spanked by the principal. Check it out," she laughed showing her own phone.  
  
I watched as the video zoomed in showing full details of my butt and butthole. My bare pussy was also fully visible as the principal spanked my butt.  
  
"And I will make sure everyone knows it's you," she added. "Now what will it be the video or your phone's passcode?"  
  
"978123," I said.  
  
She entered the password unlocking my phone. The goons pinned my arms behind my back as Rachel laughed at the contents of my phone.  
  
"Oh what's this? Girl Pantsing & Stripping Story Board, why you naughty little girl," she laughed. "Who are these people, PhoenixENF? SDS? Oh and what's this one? Humilatron."  
  
She clicked on one of my stories and read it out loud for everyone to hear.  
  
"Ashley's eyes fell on the doorway in front of the auditorium. Standing in the doorway and in the back of the auditorium was the entire student body as they were filing in for first day briefing. Ashley jumped to her feet in shock. She felt her stomach twist as she realized that this was no dream. This was real. She was butt naked, on stage, in school, in front of the entire student body. And she just masturbated in front of the whole school." Rachel spoke loudly. "Wow what a pervert. Wait a second, this is you."  
  
All of the girls snickered at the realization. "Look at this latest one. School Nightmare," she laughed. "So that's what you want me to do with you? Well I have no problem making this a reality. You cooperate or else I'm going to send these little stories to everyone and I'll even post this video of you as well."  
  
I gulped not knowing what else to do. "What do you want me to do?" I asked.

**First Day (Part 3)**

Rachel smiled. "I'm glad you asked because we are going on a walk," she said. "I was thinking of taking you to the mall. You know how busy it always is especially this time of day."  
  
"Or maybe we should take her the football game after school. I'm sure there will be plenty if boys for her to show off to," another girl suggested.  
  
"What will it be, Hannah?" Rachel asked. "I'll give you the choice. Football game or the mall."  
  
I thought about my options. The mall would be bad but mostly full of strangers while the football game would be packed with people I know. If anything the mall would most likely be shorter.  
  
"The mall," I answered.  
  
"The football game it is," Rachel smiled wickedly. "But before we leave, I want you to tell us why you post these stories that you do. Do you get a thrill out of humiliating fictional girls is that it?"  
  
I gulped. "Y-yes, i do," I answered.  
  
"But would you ever want to experience those stories in real life?" She inquired.  
  
"I- I don't know. Most of them just come to me, no inspiration, no reason," I said.  
  
"Well we are certainly going to find out. Let's start with this one. I want you to run around the school, run up to the stage of the auditorium and start masturbating just like you made poor little Ashley do in your story."  
  
My eyes widened. Never would I have dreamed that I would have to experience my own stories. But I nodded. I couldn't have my secrets revealed so I ran out the door. I'm sure Rachel spread the word around to everyone. It was just like my story. The halls were completely empty as I ran around naked. I opened the door to the backstage and walked up the stairs up onto the middle of the stage. I laid down on my back and closed my eyes.  
  
I rubbed my bare hands on my bare pussy up and down, in and out, moaning. I grabbed my nipples massaging them as I moaned. And then at last I reached the climax before squirting everywhere. I opened my eyes to find the auditorium filled will all of my classmates and teachers.  
  
I stood on my feet and ran out of the auditorium completely humiliated and embarrassed. Rachel and her gang met me outside and she took my hand. "Good job, that was a great show. The audience is begging for more, but we have to get you ready for the big game tonight. We were actually thinking instead of experiencing just your own stories, we'll also make you experience some others... there are some quite interesting stories for sure and I would be interested in a... reinactment if you will."  
  
I gulped knowing the type of stories on that board. How far would they go? Which stories were they talking about exactly?

**First Day (Part 4)**

"So, which story shall she reinact first?" Rachel asked the gang around her.  
  
"I dunno, I kind of like some of the stories from SDS. They look spicy. Especially with this Trisha bitch," Alyssa chimed in.  
  
"But why don't we start with one of her own stories, she's definitely got some rather interesting ones to say the least, like look at these ones. Oh my god, there are so many diaper stories," Melissa sneered. "Do you have something to confess."  
  
I blushed as they went through the whole catalog of stories many of which were my own as well as other familiar names.  
  
"What about this Ruby Redd one," Darla pointed.  
  
My eyes widened. No way. Not those ones. "I think we have our answer girls," Rachel said with a smirk. "But we'll save that one for later. For now, I think she should have to relive one of her own stories."  
  
I gulped. The girls grabbed me from behind and held me up as they headed towards the football field.Since it was a football game night, the field was filled with people as they brought me to the top of the bleachers. A crowd gathered around as they expected another show.  
  
Just like in my story, Rachel grabbed a megaphone. "Welcome ladies and gentlemen to the show of your life. You all probably know Hannah, but there's something you probably don't know about her. She is gay. Now, obviously there's nothing wrong with that alone. But the problem is little Hannah has been spying on all of the girls as they change in the locker room. If a guy did that, he would certainly be in trouble, so I think Hannah needs a little discipline."  
  
The words were almost word for word except for the names. Without another word Rachel yanked down my shorts and shirt leaving me in my bra and underwear again. Unlike Cupid, they weren't valentine themed, but it was still embarrassing.  
  
"Please, Rachel. I'm sorry. Just please, please don't do this. I have learned my lesson. please," I begged with honesty.  
  
"I don't think you have," Rachel said. "You've been spying on all of the girls as they changed. You've seen them in their underwear, you've probably seen them shower too. You deserve all of this."  
  
Then she leaned in and whispered. "Besides we both know this will only turn you on with your perverted ass and pussy on display. So don't even pretend."  
  
"Please, not in front of all these people," I begged.  
  
"We're not about to prevent anyone from watching. It's a good thing none of the teachers are here yet for you would definitely be in a load of trouble. Consider this payment for all those years and stories you've written."  
  
Rachel yanked my panties and pulled off my bra. Unlike Cupid, my breasts were smaller so they didn't jiggle like they would have, but it was still embarrassing as my shaved pussy came on display. She and her gang held my arms forcing me to stand on display.  
  
Then just like the story, Rachel started kissing me. Her hand wandered down to my pussy as she rubbed the outside of my lips. Being turned on a little, I began to kiss back losing myself in the moment. I gasped as Rachel inserted her fingers into my vagina moving her fingers in and out, in and out.  
  
I couldn't help but moan loudly from the pleasure. I felt myself getting really heated and needing a release, but as I did, Charlotte- I mean Rachel pulled away.  
  
I shivered as I felt and knew Cupid's embarrassment. Was this really what this felt like? Was this really what the girls in my stories felt like. Embarrassed yes, but very much so turned on. I needed a release. I needed to be satisfied. So I reached down and began to finger myself. I began to masturbate in front of hundreds of people. My back arced and I screamed reaching the climax and squirting everywhere.  
  
Everyone cheered as they watched me breathing heavily and cumming all over the place. "What in god's name is going on?!" I heard a voice yell.  
  
I looked to see who it was. Below me, just like in my dream there he was.... the principal had just watched me, Humilatron, cum all over the bleachers. And there was absolutely nothing I could do from this point forward.  
  
I knew I was in trouble.

**First Day (Part 5)**

"Never in my life!" The principal roared. "Have I ever seen such a person do THAT at MY school in FRONT of people no less!"  
  
I was grabbed by the arms and dragged off the bleachers I stumbled as I tried to keep up my legs spreading apart as he dragged me off the bleachers and paraded me in front of all my classmates, naked.  
  
I tried to cover myself but I couldn't. Rachel and her gang all snickered as they watched me being hauled off by the principal.  
  
"I can't believe it!" the principal yelled as we finally reached his office after going down every hallway possible. "Do you have an explanation for this?!"  
  
My mouth opened ready to explain. But then I shut it. How could I explain this? That I was really just some perverted teenage girl who wrote stories similar to the ones I was experiencing now? That I was turned on from girls getting stripped and disciplined some younger than they probably should be?  
  
"I don't have one, sir," I finally replied. "I just... don't have one."  
  
"You come into MY school. You strip naked, run down the halls, masturbate in the auditoriums, and then on the football bleachers right before the big game and you DON'T have an explanation for this?!" The principal glared at me redfaced with anger.  
  
"No, sir," I said looking down with shame.  
  
Suddenly there was a knock on the door. "Come in," the principal said.  
  
The door opened as Rachel walked into the room. Oh god, what now. "Excuse me sir, but I couldn't help overhear Hannah's lies from outside."  
  
"Lies? What do you mean, elaborate," the principal said.  
  
"I happen to have possession of her phone because she dropped it on the bleachers. I couldn't help but look at her recent search history. You might want to see this," Rachel said as she gave the principal my phone.  
  
The principal looked at it for a few minutes eyes widened. "What in the hell is this?!" the principal yelled. "All of these... stories?! And with your name on them?! Is this what you were doing? Reliving these stories of yours for what... for some kind of fantasy?!"  
  
I looked the principal in the eyes not knowing what to say. "I....yes sir, I was."  
  
The principal leaned back in his chair. "Thank you, Miss Hoth. Thank you for bringing this to my attention. You may go now."  
  
Rachel let out a light giggle as she turned out the door.  
  
"What in god's name am I going to do with you?! Normally I'd give you detention or give you a spanking. But that would only turn you on wouldn't it? So I can't do any of those," the principal thought. "Wait a second. Are you PROUD that you right this stuff? What would your classmates think of you if they knew you wrote THIS kind of stuff."  
  
My face turned red and my eyes widened. "Please sir, no one can know about this. Please I'll be ruined. People can't know about this stuff. I work very hard to conceal this part of my life."  
  
"So you WOULDN'T want me to read these stories allowed in front of the whole school? You WOULDN'T want me to show everyone these stories you've written? Why isn't the point of writing a story to be able to share it with others?"  
  
"No, please sir. I can't. You can't. Please, I'll do anything," I begged.  
  
"Answer this then, WHY do you write this kind of stuff," the principal asked. "Are you some sort of secret pervert? Does this stuff make you happy? WHY do you write this stuff?"  
  
I thought for a moment. "I... I write it because I like to imagine what these girls go through. To imagine being humiliated and embarrassed like that. But never. Never would I EVER want to live their lives. I write these stories because it IS just a fantasy. Just like a DREAM. But it would NEVER come true. They aren't SUPPOSED to be real. If they were real then most of the people behind these stories would be arrested and prosecuted. There are definitely harsh critics out there too. And in ways it helps me improve my writing. Not everyone is turned on or interested in the same kind of stuff. Some people are picky about the formatting, some people are picky about the topics that are written about. Some people are just trolls that stomp on any author they get the chance to but wouldn't DARE write a story of their own. They're just people sir. And sometimes I think people forget that. I don't owe anyone anything. I don't owe anyone a story. But I write them for myself. I write them for others to maybe enjoy. Does that make me a pervert? Does that make me a bad person? I suppose that is for you to answer. The short answer is, I write these stories for myself and I happen to share them. I don't write these stories for anyone else."  
  
The principal just looked at me. He tilted his head. "Why do I feel like that was supposed to be a speech targeted for someone else?"  
  
"I don't know sir, I mean you're the only person here. It's not like this is getting published to some board where people need to hear this kind of stuff," I said with a small smirk to myself.  
  
The principal just stared at me. "Right... um. Now as for what I'm going to do with you. I'm going to leave your punishment up to miss Hoth. Considering she was the one who told me everything. Now you are dismissed. Go put some goddamn clothes on."  
  
I got up and left the room unsure of what to do next.