

The Runes of Shame: an ENF story by Fnarf Fnarfson.

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Hannah Pocock stood waiting nervously in the school gymnasium. PE had always been something of an ordeal to her. To say that Hannah was not the sporty type would have been a massive understatement. Although she stood half a head taller than most other girls her age she was not built in proportion, being almost freakishly thin and lanky. Nor had she been blessed with much by way of coordination. Whenever attempting any sort of sporting endeavour she never seemed quite able to get all of her gangly limbs going in the same direction at once. Added to this was Hannah's ginger hair and chalk white skin (which turned an angry red after two minutes of exposure to sunlight), a combination which made her painfully self conscious and shy. The start of the new school year had however seen what had been an ordeal become a personal hell for the lanky redhead with the arrival of a new PE teacher, Miss Houghton who was physically all that Hannah was not. Although as tall as her ginger pupil the new teacher was perfectly proportioned, toned, tanned and blond with her hair always tied in a tight bun atop her head. Although the crow's feet at the corners of her eyes foretold the approach of middle age she nonetheless exuded a sense of athletic prowess.

Where the old gym teacher, Mrs White, had been a kindly soul ("Well at least you tried your best," she would say as Hannah trailed behind her peers) Miss Houghton was a strict disciplinarian with no time for those she deemed "weaklings". She had at once picked out Hannah as an example of that very thing and took every opportunity to deride and belittle her, often pulling her out in front of the class to make her ineptly demonstrate an exercise routine, making the self conscious girl cringe with embarrassment.

After only a single term of such treatment Hannah had developed a genuine phobia about PE class (or, more specifically, PE class with Miss Houghton) to the extent that she had actually caught herself considering deliberately falling down a flight of stairs in the hope of sustaining an injury that would allow her to avoid the gymnasium for a while. Indeed such was her misery that all areas of her life began to suffer. What she lacked in physical prowess she more than made up for with academic ability, excelling at mathematics and sciences. She was a shoo in for the most prestigious universities in the land. Yet lately even her academic work had declined, eroding her sense of self worth further yet. Such was her desperation at her plight that Hannah had turned to a most unlikely source to alleviate her torment. As she stood apprehensively at the back of the class with her knees bent, trying to hide behind the other girls, awaiting the arrival of her nemesis, Hannah replayed the events of the preceding days in her mind.

During the Christmas holidays Hannah had spent a few days in the country at Lufford House, the home of her great aunt Julia. The house itself was built in the Victorian Gothic style and its tenant suited it perfectly. With her wild white hair and army of cat companions great aunt Julia not only seemed like a witch but indeed professed to practice white witchcraft. Hannah enjoyed her visits to her eccentric relative. The serene country setting relaxed her, Aunt Julia's home made cakes were scrumptious beyond compare and, best of all, the old house boasted an extensive library of ancient books. To Hannah the musty old book smell of the place was like a drug, never failing to transport her into a blissful reverie. Despite the old eccentric's odd ways Hannah's mother was happy enough to allow these visits. While the Karswell branch of the family were considered a strange bunch Julia was harmless enough and as Hannah was something of a loner she thought it was good for her to have some company.

Hannah's despondent mood was not lost on her great aunt.

"Whatever is it deary?" she had enquired as her young relative toyed morosely with a slice of home made Victoria sponge she would normally have devoured in moments. "You look as though the Devil himself is on your back."

Thought it took some cajoling the ancient eccentric finally managed to persuade Hannah to confide in her. Her first suggestion was that the unhappy nerd should make some sort of complaint against her tormentor. Certainly Hannah had considered it but Miss Houghton was very much in favour with both the headmistress and the board of governors, having been a professional sportswoman

who had played a handful of games for the national field hockey team. Indeed the girls had been informed that they were very lucky to be taught by such a star and that the school was most fortunate to have secured her services. Any complaint to the authorities would doubtless fall on deaf ears and, should Miss Houghton learn of it, result in even greater humiliation being heaped upon the wretched geek. Old Julia Karswell had grown silent at this, gazing into the flames of the antique kitchen range as though in deep contemplation. Hannah began to worry that she had upset her great aunt with her tale of woe, knowing how fond the old lady was of her. Then all at once Julia had sat bolt upright with such speed her long white hair had flown wildly about her head like a snow flurry and a startled cat that had fallen asleep on her lap leapt across the room in alarm to gaze reproachfully at her.

"Now don't you worry dear," she had exclaimed, her eyes bright with excitement. "I know just the thing to set all this to rights."

With that she had affectionately ruffled her great niece's ginger locks and shuffled off towards her library, chuckling with glee as she went. Hannah couldn't help but smile, somehow her elderly relative always seemed to make her feel better about things. She tucked into the Victoria sponge with relish.

A few days later Hannah had returned home with a gift from her great aunt; a small leather case containing a quill, a bottle of blood coloured ink, an old parchment inscribed with curious looking glyphs along with their equivalent English letters and a modest thurible with some odd smelling resinous incense. She had also been given meticulous instructions on how these items were to be employed. After a cursory examination of the contents she had placed the case in a drawer with a wry smile. Though she knew the old eccentric meant well she also knew this was all stuff and nonsense. Hannah was a rationalist; she really couldn't be doing with any supernatural shenanigans. The curious leather case with its still more curious contents may have remained in the drawer and been forgotten had not fate taken a hand in the matter.

The start of the new school term, far from softening Miss Houghton's attitude to the gawky geek girl in PE class, had only engendered greater hostility. Poor Hannah was subjected to a vitriolic tongue lashing throughout the class and when it ended was pulled aside for further soul destroying criticism while the other girls hit the showers. The school's somewhat ancient plumbing meant that in the winter months the shower water was never more than lukewarm and became unbearably cold within a few short minutes. To add to the jeopardy Miss Houghton insisted that all girls must present themselves to her after showering so that she could check that they were sufficiently wet and had not simply run through the showers. (The girls speculated on just how wet their gym teacher became during these inspections). Any girl deemed to have skimped on showering would be ordered to shower again in the now rapidly cooling water. Because Hannah had been held back she had to brave the icy water when the other girls were already towelled off and dressing. She gasped with the cold but remained under the jets until she could stand it no more before emerging into the changing room. Though she was shivering and covered in goose bumps she soon discovered the water was not so cold as the heart of her athletic nemesis.

Miss Houghton looked the nude shivering girl up and down with a steely stare, ordering her to perform a slow twirl for a fuller inspection.

"Trying to hide in a corner were you?" demanded the domineering blond. "Afraid of a little bit of water?"

Through chattering teeth Hannah tried to protest her innocence but to no avail.

"Liar," snapped Miss Houghton. "A liar as well as a loser. Could you be any more pathetic?"

With that the gym teacher turned to address the rest of the class.

"Take a good look girls," she proclaimed, pointing at the nude ginger girl. "This is what a weakling looks like."

Hannah tried to cover herself with her hands. She was painfully self conscious about her bony frame and underdeveloped boobs. While all the girls were used to seeing one another nude this was something on another level. By this time the rest of the class were dressed, leaving her as the only one naked as she was verbally abused in front of them.

"Hands by your sides girl," ordered the stern teacher.

Reluctantly Hannah obeyed only to be subjected to further hurtful put downs. Finally she was ordered back into the showers.

"And don't come out until I tell you," Miss Houghton yelled after her.

If anything the water seemed even colder than before and although Hannah tried to avoid as much of it as she could she was soon shivering uncontrollably, her knees shaking as the icy deluge numbed her to the bone. After a couple of minutes of this ordeal she heard the bell that signalled the end of the school day and cautiously began to emerge from the showers only to find the intimidating figure of her nemesis barring the way.

"Did I say you could leave?" she demanded.

"No miss," replied the wet shaking girl, turning to trudge despondently back beneath the icy jets.

Condemned to further torment Hannah heard her classmates exiting the changing room to head home and begin the weekend. Soon there was no sound but the steady spray of water and the chattering of her own teeth. Then the door to the changing room creaked open and there was the sound of voices. Suddenly the horrified girl realised that the girls of the school hockey team had match practice after class on Fridays. Once more the changing room was full of girls while she was still naked. After a few minutes during which her extremities had started to turn numb from the cold Hannah began to wonder whether she had been forgotten about. At that moment the icy jets ceased as the creak of an ancient fawcett being turned sounded out like the cry of some banshee of shame. Then the voice of Miss Houghton chimed above the chorus of voices.

"Hannah Pocock, come out here this instant," she commanded.

Covering herself as best she could the lanky geek emerged from the showers with a feeling of unbearable trepidation.

As she reached the threshold she saw more than a dozen girls in their school hockey kit looking her way and at once froze in horror. Some of the sporty girls began tittering at the sight of her. The implacable gym teacher at once grabbed her arm and yanked her into the changing room so that her wet feet slipped on the tiles and she almost lost her balance. At this the titters turned to a wave of laughter. Hannah's chalk white skin had turned almost blue under the freezing shower but now her face burned bright red with shame.

"Stop covering yourself you stupid girl," commanded the malefic teacher. "We're all girls here. Do you perhaps have something the rest of us don't?"

More laughter greeted this question.

"No miss," mumbled Hannah.

"Very well then," continued her tormentor. "Put your hands on your head."

"No miss, please", pleaded Hannah imploringly.

"Oh yes miss, this very instant," came the mocking reply. "The sooner we get your inspection over with the sooner you can get dried off. Now do as you are told."

Reluctantly Hannah obeyed while she felt as though an invisible hand had clutched at her stomach to twist it in an iron grip as feelings of helplessness and humiliation overwhelmed her. One of the hockey girls let out an ironic wolf whistle, provoking a new gale of laughter. Being naked in front of her classmates had been mortifying enough but they had at least seemed sympathetic to her plight, many of them gazing at the floor rather than at her. But now every eye was on her as she stood shivering and ashamed before the most confident girls in the school.

"Well girls," Miss Houghton addressed the class. "Do you think she'll make the team?"

A chorus of incredulity was the answer.

"Why ever not?" enquired the malicious teacher in a voice of mock surprise.

The hockey team girls were quick to point out all of Hannah's physical deficiencies as she stood naked and humiliated before them. Her bony gangling frame was critiqued in detail with her tiny boobs being particularly singled out for mockery, being made to look smaller than usual by her hands on head posture (while her pink frozen nipples protruded considerably in an incongruous pairing). All the while the cruel blond circled her hapless prey, regarding her with a look of undisguised contempt. Hannah's lip quivered as she blinked back tears of shame, determined not to give her nemesis the satisfaction of crying in front of her. At length it seemed Miss Houghton had tired of the game.

"Go and dry yourself off," she told the naked trembling girl. "You don't want to be late for the bus."

Covering herself with her hands once more Hannah made her way through the

giggling hockey team to the peg where her clothes were hung while her towel lay folded on the bench beneath. Just as she neared her goal Francesca, a stocky girl and star striker on the team picked up the towel and held it out towards her. With a grateful smile Hannah reached out to take it only for Francesca to snatch it away and fling it to one of her team mates.

"No," cried Hannah in despair as she scurried to retrieve the towel only to see it flung to a third girl. Desperately she sought to gain possession of it as it was flung from hand to hand until an outstretched foot tripped her and she sprawled headlong on the tiles to a chorus of mocking laughter. With that Miss Houghton called a halt to proceedings.

"Come along now girls," she said. "Leave poor Hannah alone. She is such a delicate little flower I'm afraid you rough ladies might break her. Besides, we are late for hockey practice."

The elusive towel was flung upon Hannah's prone form and she clasped it to her gratefully, climbing gingerly to her feet while the sporty girls around her began heading slowly towards the exit. Using the towel to cover herself she approached the peg where her clothes had been only to find no sign of them.

"Where are my clothes?" she wailed despairingly.

"They were on my peg," Francesca told her. "So I moved them."

"Where?" asked the ginger girl, half afraid to hear the answer.

"Try looking in the showers," came the chuckled reply.

Trudging despondently back to the hated showers Hannah discovered her clothing flung on the still wet floor. Gathering up the items she returned to the changing room just as Miss Houghton was leading the team out for their training session.

Finally alone she pulled on her cold and clammy clothing, took her school bag and escaped from the direful gym. Leaving school premises she was unsurprised to discover her ordeal had indeed made her miss the school bus leaving her no option but to wait twenty minutes for the regular service while a raw easterly wind chilled her to the bone.

On arriving home some hot soup, a hot shower and some warm dry clothes made her feel a whole lot better but as the evening wore on she began to feel feverish. It seemed she had caught a chill as a result of her ordeal. That night she retired to bed early, shivering and sweating beneath the duvet. Falling into a troubled sleep disturbed by visions of her humiliation she awoke in the small hours to the sound of great aunt Julia's reassuring voice.

"Don't you worry dear," said the voice.

Flipping on the light confirmed Hannah was alone. Probably the voice was the result of a fever dream and a need to be comforted. Turning out the light she wrapped herself in the duvet and began drifting once more into sleep. As she did she saw curious glyphs, like those on the parchment her eccentric relative had given her, dancing before her closed eyes as though they were living beings.

"Just the thing to set all this to rights," cooed the soothing voice as sleep embraced her.

The next morning Hannah's fever had not abated and was, if anything, rather worse. The doctor was summoned and confirmed that the ailing geek had caught a chill and wrote out a prescription for some medicine and a sick note for three days off school with instructions to call him again if matters had not improved by then.

Hannah was delighted with the prospect of avoiding the dreaded gym teacher for a few days but reluctant to take time off school in the coming week as she was due to sit an exam for a prestigious scholarship. After some cajoling she was able to prevail upon her mother to allow her to return to school while writing a letter to allow her to skip PE. This, in Hannah's view was the best of all possible outcomes. She spent the rest of the weekend resting and revising for her exam while her sleep continued to be haunted by dreams of the strange glyphs. Her curiosity piqued, she studied the parchment on which they were inscribed along with the accompanying instructions and, though feeling rather foolish, determined upon a plan. On Sunday evening her mother gave her the doctor's note along with a letter asking that she be excused from PE. Hannah waited for her to retire to bed and, unpacking the contents of the strange leather case, set to work.

The instructions called for her to write upon a piece of paper the name of her

foe and the misfortune she wished to befall her, along with the desired date and time, translated into the glyphs and then to hold the paper in the smoke of the special incense while visualising the face of her intended victim. The paper must then be passed to the target and freely accepted for the spell to work. On no account must the caster allow it to be returned or else it would rebound upon them. As a rationalist Hannah never thought she would indulge in any sort of mumbo jumbo but she felt compelled by the strange fever dreams. Besides, she reasoned that, if nothing else, this little ritual would be cathartic. On the back of her mother's letter she wrote (in tiny glyphs so as not to make them too obvious) her wish that the humiliation which had been inflicted upon her would be visited upon Miss Houghton with interest in next Friday's PE class. As she held the letter in the smoke and conjured up the image of the hated teacher in her mind she felt strangely elated. It seemed she had been right about the catharsis at least. The ceremony complete she examined the letter and noted that her writing had vanished.

"Invisible ink," she thought to herself. "I doubt it's magic but cool anyhow."

With that she prepared her things for the morrow and retired to bed, falling at once into a deep and refreshing sleep.

The following morning Hannah awoke to find that, although still afflicted with the sniffles and somewhat red eyed she felt much improved while the sense of dread she had always felt on a PE day was absent. Of course she had her sick note but there was something else at work. She somehow felt as though some stifling oppressive weight had been lifted from her. Perhaps there was something to be said for the psychological effect of folksy magic after all.

The feeling of well being continued until the last lesson of the day: PE with Miss Houghton. As she walked towards the dreaded gymnasium Hannah felt a pang of apprehension but nothing like the downright terror that had become the norm. Arriving ahead of her classmates she headed for the gym teacher's private office which doubled as her changing room and knocked.

"Come," barked the voice of the bane of her life from within.

Stepping inside Hannah found herself being subjected to the customary contemptuous glare and yet it failed to make her wilt as it unfailingly had before.

"What do you want?" demanded the belligerent blond.

"I am excused PE on account of the illness caused by your negligent actions last Friday," said Hannah coldly, surprised at her own assertiveness.

She placed both letter and doctor's note on the desk. Miss Houghton picked them up and briefly scanned them. She could not argue with a sick note from a qualified physician and knew she must accede, much though it irked her. Besides which she didn't care for the ginger girl's apparent new found confidence. Still, the note was only for three days. She could torment her favourite victim with interest come Friday. Summoning up her most withering look she addressed Hannah.

"So a little cold water turns you into an invalid does it?" she demanded, continuing without waiting for a reply "No surprise there. Very well, you can watch the other girls. Perhaps you might even learn something useful. Just try not to get in anyone's way."

With that she screwed up both documents and flung them petulantly into a waste paper bin. Hannah was slightly disappointed: she had hoped to go and study in the library but knew that Miss Houghton would deny such a request out of sheer spite. As it turned out she was quite pleased she stayed. As she watched the lesson progress she could not help but notice that the fearsome gym teacher was behaving rather oddly. Several times she turned to glance over her shoulder as though startled by an unexpected sound or something suddenly glimpsed from the corner of her eye. On two occasions she demanded of the class who was laughing when no laughter had been heard. After school had ended for the day and the girls were waiting at the bus stop they could not help but discuss Miss Houghton's odd behaviour. There was speculation that she was "not right in the head".

As the school week drew on further strange goings on occurred, all centred on the gymnasium and its stern mistress. Quite apart from frequent examples of her hearing laughter that went unnoticed by anyone else and her tendency to be startled by non existent happenings she seemed to have acquired the habit of

talking to herself, or perhaps to some figment of her imagination. Miss Houghton's strange and increasingly paranoid behaviour soon became the talk of the school. There were other odd events too such as an act of vandalism which involved the message "Millicent Houghton - time allowed three days" being scratched into her car, although a review of the school's CCTV footage showed no one had been anywhere near the vehicle at the time. Furthermore, all of Miss Houghton's classes had been mysteriously expunged from the school timetables. Maybe someone was playing mind games to exploit her unhinged state.

For Hannah, by contrast, the week could hardly have gone better. Her mental state had improved remarkably, her chill had quickly passed and she knew that she had aced her scholarship exam. Now it was the final lesson of the week; the PE class she normally dreaded. Although Hannah was not experiencing her normal state of near terror there was nonetheless some trepidation on her part. Given the bizarre behaviour of her nemesis there was no knowing what she might do. There had been no sign of the gym teacher when the girls arrived in the changing room (which was strange given how she usually fixed her undressing pupils with a steely and slightly creepy stare). Changing into their gym kit without the imposing presence of Miss was quite frankly something of a relief to the class and now as they stood in regimented rows in the gymnasium (with Hannah, as always, lurking at the back) some of the girls were beginning to wonder whether PE had been cancelled and no one had bothered to tell them.

At that moment, however, the door to the gym teacher's office swung open and Miss Houghton strode imperiously into the gym to be greeted by a collective gasp of disbelief from her class. Other than a whistle hung around her neck the PE teacher was completely naked. Taking up her position in front of the class she scowled at her charges with annoyance.

"What the hell are you all gawping at?" she demanded. "Anyone would think you'd never seen a PE teacher before."

Well of course none of the girls had ever seen a naked PE teacher before and they were indeed gawping, wide eyed and opened mouthed at the surreal sight. Without her clothes the previously imposing woman of steel seemed all too human. While her firm thighs and flat stomach proclaimed a sporty disposition, exercise could do nothing to halt the march of time in other areas. Her breasts had not so much dropped as fallen off a cliff with the large orange nipples pointing more downwards than forwards. Added to that it was clear that she had given depilation a miss for some days so that the dark stubble spouting from her pubic region made it plain she was no natural blond while at the same time doing nothing to hide her prominent labia.

"Right ladies," barked Miss Houghton, clapping her hands for attention. "Fifty jumping jacks starting now."

Normally the girls would have groaned as the strict gym teacher launched into one of her draconian exercise regimes but they all seemed too stunned with disbelief to do anything other than go along. Even Hannah was beginning to wonder if the whole week was some continuation of her fever dream.

"One and two and one and two," called Miss as she launched into an energetic series of star jumps with her droopy boobs almost flying over her shoulders before swinging back down to connect with her belly with such force as to make an audible slap. (Hannah briefly wondered whether her great aunt had a better bust than her PE teacher before dismissing the disturbing thought from her mind.) For a few repetitions the class dutifully performed the exercise in a bemused way before the spectacle of a naked teacher jumping up and down in front of a group of schoolgirls only half her age (while giving herself a slow hand clap with her saggy tits) proved too funny to resist. One girl began to giggle, then another and soon the whole class was convulsed with hilarity.

Soon some of the girls were so helpless with mirth that not only could they no longer perform star jumps, they could barely stand up. Miss Houghton abruptly stopped her exercise routine and glared at the class bristling with irritation.

"What is so funny?" she demanded, red faced with annoyance as the giggling subsided into suppressed titters. No one felt brave enough to explain to the infuriated teacher that she was the source of their mirth, especially as her increasingly odd behaviour seemed to have culminated in her completely losing her mind. In the event she did not wait for a reply.

"Let's see what you've got to laugh about when you're running the school cross country course," she declared, regarding the girls with malevolent satisfaction.

"Yes, I thought that would wipe the silly smiles off your faces," she added. "Not so amusing now, is it?"

Indeed the hilarity had ceased as the girls looked at one another in consternation. In normal circumstances the dreaded cross country course would have filled them with a sense of despondency. The course in question ran over a desolate area of land behind the school called Torbin Heath over which a perishing wind seemed to blow throughout the winter months. As if that was not enough the whole area was a quagmire overgrown with a sea of brambles and nettles. On this occasion, however, they were all silenced by the same thought: was the deranged teacher actually going to streak around Torbin Heath? While her nude jumping jacks in the gym had been surreal and funny in equal parts the thought of Miss Houghton running about the countryside in her birthday suit was really mind blowing. Some of the more responsible girls wondered whether they should alert the school authorities to the fact that the PE teacher had clearly lost the plot but demurred because none of them wanted to miss out on what would clearly be comedy gold. Their only regret was that they had not a single phone between them to record proceedings. Surely no one would believe what had happened without visual proof. Such deliberations were cut short as their teacher flung open the doors that led to the school playing fields and ordered the class outside before following in their wake. As she stepped in to raw winter air her large nipples at once stiffened to point starkly at the ground in front of her feet.

As Miss led the girls at a steady run across the playing field towards the gate leading to Torbin Heath with a cry of "The fresh air will do you the world of good" Hannah was forced to abandon her scepticism toward the occult arts. While the events of the preceding days might be explained by coincidence and the placebo effect the fact that the humiliation she had wished on her oppressor was not only coming to pass but doing so at the specified time seemed to leave no room for doubt. As she pursued the naked blond across the sports field she realised that for the first time ever she was outpacing her classmates. The sight of her victim shaming herself so thoroughly and publicly infused her with an energy and elation she had never known. She also had to admit to herself that she was finding the situation increasingly arousing.

As the nude gym mistress galloped through the gate that led from school premises to the footpath beyond one of Hannah's classmates, a diminutive blond girl with bobbed hair and a cheeky grin named Lucy who had earned herself a reputation as the class clown caught up with her and paced along at her side. As she did so she held her hands in front of her chest and mimicked the motion of Miss Houghton's flailing floppy breasts.

"She'll knock herself out if she isn't careful," conjectured Lucy with a mischievous grin.

Hannah giggled at the remark, prompting Lucy to turn about to face the pursuing posse of schoolgirls and run backwards while continuing to make the imitation tit motions with her hands to be rewarded with hilarity from her audience. Miss Houghton glanced over her shoulder at the sound. She turned to face the class, scowling in annoyance, to run backwards as Lucy was doing so that the two mirrored one another, one pretending to have unfettered drooping tits while the other was doing it for real. The comedic effect propelled the giggling schoolgirls into paroxysms of helpless mirth, souring the mood of their teacher yet further.

"What on Earth has gotten into you?" she demanded rhetorically, stepping sharply to one side as Lucy almost ran in to her.

Miss Houghton jogged on the spot as the class ran past her, a look of fury on her face. The girls continued along the tree lined track a short way before she once more overhauled them, just as they approached a gate to their left side which led to the desolation of Torbin Heath. The athletic PE teacher always vaulted over it before turning to chide her class as they scrambled after her as best they could. Today, however, she ran straight past the gate to continue along the footpath while the girls looked at one another in confusion. There was no other way to reach the heath except by scaling a high fence topped with barbed wire. The only exit ahead now was where the path ended as it reached a small housing estate on the edge of town. Surely Miss Houghton was not planning to streak a residential area, was she? For the gym class girls the whole adventure had taken on a surreal dreamlike quality as they followed their naked

teacher, mesmerised by the rhythmic pumping of her beefy buttocks. The new turn of events sent a thrill though the already excited Hannah. She had wished for the humiliation which had been inflicted upon her to be not only returned but amplified and it seemed as though the spellbound blond was about to oblige. The track took a sharp turn to the right and as the group rounded the bend they were confronted by an elderly couple walking a tubby Labrador. The silver haired duo stopped in their tracks, gawping in slack jawed wonderment as a naked blond woman with tragic tits jogged past them at the head of a posse of schoolgirls wearing gym kits. Lucy, unable to resist the opportunity for further mirth pointed at Miss Houghton before putting her hand to her temple in the classic gesture indicating mental illness.

Oblivious to the mockery being heaped upon her the PE teacher reached the stile marking the termination of the footpath and vaulted over it and into the estate beyond. The girls dutifully followed and found themselves jogging past recently built twee semi detached houses with neatly manicured lawns. It would be safe to assume the residents had never seen anything like this before. A distracted delivery driver stopped just short of ramming a lamp post as his van mounted the curb while a goggle-eyed window cleaner righted himself just in time as he almost plunged from his ladder. A well to do housewife looked up from tending her garden only to doubt the evidence of her own eyes as the bizarre PE class passed by. Struck by a moment of inspiration Lucy began to hum the tune Yackety Sax which had been the theme of an old British TV series called The Benny Hill Show infamous for its bawdy sketches. Somehow it seemed to fit the situation perfectly and, as it was one of those tunes which just about everyone has heard, the rest of the class soon joined in. Miss Houghton stared briefly over her shoulder in irritation but said nothing as she led the group through the estate to leave its disbelieving residents behind, venturing into a park which bordered the town proper.

To Hannah's disappointment the park was deserted and the musical accompaniment faded away. At that very moment however, the naked teacher changed course to head towards the town centre, quickening her pace as she did so. Despite the winter chill there was sure to be no shortage of shoppers milling about in the High Street. The ginger girl felt a pang of excitement at the thought. The more people who saw the nude teacher humiliating herself the more elated Hannah became. Her revenge just kept getting sweeter.

As the group exited the park en route to the High Street they ran past a large public house where several daytime drinkers had stepped outside for a cigarette break. After a moment's stunned disbelief the puffing punters cheered the strange sight of a pack of schoolgirls chasing after a nude woman, fumbling for smartphones as they did so, eager not to miss out on the photo opportunity of a lifetime.

"Ain't you cold, luv?" enquired one inebriated fellow with mock concern.

"Mind ya don't trip over 'em," called out another as he pointed at the teacher's droopy tits, provoking a gale of ribald laughter from his comrades.

Encouraged by this Lucy once again struck up a rendering of Yackety Sax while mimicking her teacher's flailing tits with her hands. The rest of the class joyously joined in both the song and the mime as the strange parade passed the bollards marking the entrance to the pedestrianised area of the High Street.

Hannah's hopes for a good turnout in the town's main shopping area were more than met as almost at once a horde of surprised shoppers laughed, catcalled and wolf whistled the nude blond while her entourage of schoolgirls provided a musical accompaniment as they continued the mocking hand gestures. Within moments the scene was being captured by dozens of smartphones. A group of youths sharing a spliff on a bench looked at one another questioningly, wondering if maybe those government warnings about the wicked weed making people lose their minds might have an element of truth after all. Nor were they the only ones to doubt their own senses as the cavalcade passed them by, not only looking like something out of a bawdy comedy show but even being accompanied by the Benny Hill theme for good measure. Some of the younger, fitter bystanders ran either side of the troop, eager to record further footage of what must surely be a truly unique spectacle, laughing as they went.

Police officer Samantha Curbishly paused in her perambulation through the pedestrian precinct, alerted by a hubbub up ahead. It seemed some sort of fracas

was in progress. She was considering calling for backup before going to investigate but decided against the idea. Most likely it was just some youngsters larking about and a calming word would probably suffice. Her job, as a community officer, was to interface with the public and be the friendly, approachable local copper. Sam suspected that she had been chosen for the role to raise the local force's ethnic diversity profile but she enjoyed the work; most people were friendly and she liked being out and about in the fresh air. With a purposeful tread Officer Curbishly strode towards the source of the disturbance, unaware that she was about to become embroiled in the strangest case of her career to date.

Pushing her compact but powerful frame through a group of giggling bystanders the young officer was confronted by the sight of a tall naked woman with blond hair and saggy boobs jogging towards her followed by a group of girls in school gym kits. It was a testament to Sam's professionalism that, though her dark eyes widened in wonder, she hesitated for only a moment before stepping into the path of the stalker, raising her hand in the classic stop sign as she did so. The tall blond halted abruptly, glaring at the shorter woman in annoyance while her class came to a stop behind her.

"You can't do that sort of thing in a public place," Officer Sam informed the nude woman, struggling to keep a note of incredulity from her voice.

"Young lady," retorted the teacher stiffly. "I am taking my PE class for some healthy exercise and I'll thank you not to stand in my way."

"You're a teacher?" Sam asked in wonder. "And these girls are your pupils?"

She had assumed that this was some sort of stunt or dare. Lucy bobbed out from behind the naked teacher.

"That's Miss Houghton," she explained to the disbelieving officer. "She used to be a hockey player but now she's a PE teacher because she got too old."

Miss Houghton darted Lucy a look of undisguised malice to which the schoolgirl responded with a look of feigned cherubic innocence. Hannah felt giddy with excitement. The thought that she was about to witness her tormentor being arrested stark naked in the middle of the town while being watched, and indeed recorded, by a large and still growing crowd filled her with an almost unbearable joy.

"Do you always teach your pupils naked?" enquired Sam, still struggling to take the situation on board.

"Don't talk such rubbish," snapped Miss Houghton testily. "Of course I'm not naked."

She spread her arms and looked down at her body. Suddenly her expression changed. Her eyes widened in horror as she looked around at the smirking schoolgirls and the chortling crowd with all those phones trained on her. In an instant her face turned cherry red as she clasped her hands over breasts and crotch. She looked like someone who has been startled out of sleep, but rather than awakening from a nightmare she was very much waking in to one. For in that moment the enchantment had lifted and she realised that she had been naked all this time, humiliating herself in front of her students and so many others. Her career and reputation were ruined for ever. She would be branded a pervert and a sex offender. She knew, too, that videos of her disgrace would be online already. Miss Houghton's world collapsed around her.

"No, oh no," she quailed in despair.

With a look of utter terror she turned and bolted, scattering the startled schoolgirls as she sought to run between them. Before Hannah knew it her foot snaked out as if of its own accord to trip the fleeing nude, bringing her crashing to the pavement. The blond's droopy boobs reached ground zero first before her entire body weight slammed down on top of them, making her groan in pain. Hannah remembered only too well how she had been felled in a similar manner and for once she was grateful for her small boobs.

Officer Sam flashed Hannah a grin of gratitude. She really didn't want to chase the naked teacher through the High Street. Now she needed to find some sort of covering for her. Hopefully one of the local shopkeepers could spare something suitable. As Miss Houghton pried herself onto her knees, clasping her sore tits as she did so, Sam gently clasped her arm to help her to her feet, intending to whisk her into a shop and away from the mocking crowd. Instead the panic stricken blond swung a punch at the officer who ducked swiftly enough to avoid the full force of the blow which merely clipped the top of her head,

sending her hat flying into the crowd.

"Get away from me," screamed the freaked out nude as she flung a flurry of kicks and punches at Sam, who sought to restrain her. The struggling officer's police radio was also sent flying to strike a wall with a sharp crack.

The pair crashed to the floor with Miss Houghton flailing and clawing at her adversary, ripping away the band which held her Sam's pony tail so that her long black hair fell over her face. While some of the onlookers tentatively tried to assist the officer most roared with delight at the bizarre wrestling match being played out before them. Despite the PE teacher's athletic frame Sam, thanks to her professional training, was finally able to pin her to the ground; a position from which the naked blond attempted to escape by planting her feet wide apart and pushing up with her pelvis. This strategy failed to dislodge the determined cop but did allow several smartphone cameras to zoom in for a close-up of the teacher's prickly pubic mound. At length Sam was able to cuff one of her opponent's wrists and after further struggling roll Miss Houghton onto her front to complete the job of securely restraining her. Although the red faced teacher continued to kick and squirm and scream the victorious cop was now easily able to keep her pinned down until she ran out of energy and became still. With her hat and radio returned by some public spirited bystanders Sam did what she could to sort out her dishevelled state before hauling the now exhausted naked teacher to her feet.

"I am arresting you for indecent exposure, affray, assaulting a police officer and criminal damage," she informed her prisoner. "You do not have to say anything but anything you do say may be used against you in a court of law."

With that she tried to call up the station on her radio, only to discover that it no longer functioned.

"You will now be escorted to the police station where you will be charged and remanded in custody," Miss Houghton was informed. "But as you have wilfully destroyed my radio I am unable to call for transportation, leaving me no option but to escort you there on foot."

The town's police station was thirty minutes walk away and Sam no longer felt inclined to find any means of covering her prisoner's nakedness. Let her suffer the excruciating shame of being frogmarched naked and in handcuffs all the way across town. It bloody well served her right. Whereas Hannah had managed to hold back her tears during her own humiliation the blond teacher lacked such fortitude. Miss Houghton blubbed and wailed in mortification and despair.

It came as a disappointment to Hannah that the police officer, having ascertained that she and her peers were students of St Enfheim's had instructed them to return there, adding that officers would call at the school next week to take their witness statements. She would have quite happily followed her disgraced nemesis all the way to her final destination but reflected that, had she been offered this outcome at the start of the day, she would have been overjoyed to accept. So, with some reluctance, she joined her classmates on the trek back to school, a journey during which the girls entertained themselves with giggling recollections of the afternoon's events.

That evening Hannah had typed the name of her PE teacher into a search engine to discover that, as she had hoped, rather than the biographical information such a query had returned in the past it now resulted in a slew of NSFW tube sites awash with graphic videos of her naked and very public humiliation including, to her joy, footage of the naked march to the police station. In fact Miss Houghton had achieved international notoriety as "The Pervert PE Teacher". The redhead had never been one for such tawdry entertainment in the past but she had not only watched these videos avidly but couldn't stop her hand sliding into her panties as she did so.

During the past week Hannah had learned two things: the occult arts really worked and that she really got turned on by seeing females she disliked being subjected to naked humiliation.

That night as she prepared for bed she reflected that the strange leather case in her drawer still contained plenty of ink and incense. Maybe there was even enough to enchant an entire hockey team. But that is a tale for another time.