A Schoolgirl's Dinner

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The dinner was actually quite a nice thought. The year

was drawing to a close, and everything was being

wrapped up. Tonight was the special dinner for anybody

involved in a recreational, extra-curricular activity.

Although the majority of the students were from the

all-boys Woodsbridge Progressive Higher Learning

School, a handful of girls from St. Anthony the

Martyr's School were also in attendance.

The girls had worked closely with their male

counterparts on the annual yearbook. Which is to say,

the girls made up all eight people working in the club,

doing the work for both schools. They had been invited

to the dinner, which was being attended by everyone in

Grades 11 and 12.

Everyone was in top dress. Whilst for the boys this was

just a shirt and tie, the girls had to wear their full

uniform. A pressed blouse hung just over gray skirts

and a black leather belt. Short gray socks and matching

gray ties, coupled with flat, black leather dress

shoes. It was far from the most comfortable uniform,

considering teachers were constantly reminding them to

keep their top buttons done up and ties tight, but it

turned on the boys, especially with 'abnormally' short skirts.

Each of the girls had been sent to their own all-male

table. Although normally this would have been

entertaining for the center-of-attention girls, it was

actually somewhat awkward. Almost every other award was

for a sports-based activity. The testerone-fueled

adolescents were uncomfortably loud and aggressive in

their pick-up lines. The girls ended up just ignoring

them, and received the same treatment.

Later in the night, after the first dish, each club

began presenting some sort of form of entertainment.

Although the girls were all secretly annoyed that they

hadn't thought of anything, they all got over it. Some

tried stand-up comedy, slapstick humor or showed home-

made videos. Most of it was just stupid.

Tasha was sitting at one table. She was by far both the

smallest and the youngest. At a little over five feet,

weighing a hundred and ten pounds and being only

sixteen years old, she felt somewhat uncomfortable in

the presence of bulky males. At least they weren't

hitting on her. She wasn't what they considered 'hot'.

'Hot' was big breasted, blond, blue eyes and stupid.

She was more cute. She had straight, shoulder length

black hair, deep green eyes and was one of the smartest

kids in her grade.

Somebody tapped her on the shoulder. She turned around

to see Mr. Portbello, the Headmaster of Woodsbridge

School. She immediately stood up, although the men just

glanced at him. She nodded politely.

"Sir?" she asked, unsure of this purpose.

"Please follow me," he said. He began walking out of

the gymnasium/dining room without looking back. Tasha

simply followed him, walking straight out into a nearby

change room where the Headmaster was waiting for her.

"Good evening, sir," said Tasha, trying to be friendly.

The Headmaster seemed to have been raised in the Old

School, preferring discipline and obedience to

intelligence.

"It is my belief that your department has failed to

plan for a performance tonight," said the Headmaster.

"Yes sir. Nobody told our school."

"I request that you choose your words more carefully,"

murmured the Headmaster. "We did, in fact, send word to

Ms. Harris, the woman who's in charge of your little

club, correct?"

"Yes sir. Sir, she's been on maternity leave for three-"

"Did I give you permission to speak?"

"No sir."

"Then remain silent."

There was a brief, awkward pause.

"As you have no doubt noticed, every other group has

some sort of entertainment scheduled."

"Yes sir."

"Have you paid a ticket price?"

"No sir. I wasn't aware there was one."

"There isn't. Have you eaten our food?"

"Yes sir."

"So you have eaten our food and taken up space, but

provide us with nothing in compensation?" Tasha wanted

to point out that she had effectively written the

entire yearbook herself, but bit her tongue.

"Correct, sir."

"Well then," said the Headmaster, opening an unmarked

door. "It is as I predicted. I have our School Head

planning a performance which you can participate in. Do

you so choose to?"

"What is it's nature, sir?"

"I am not aware," he said, "but remember, you come here

representing your school. Do not force me to publicly

point out that you have failed it."

"Sir, I will participate," said Tasha, unsure of what

she was getting into.

"And this is completely of your own free will?"

"Yes sir," she replied, unsure of what he meant but

going along with it anyways.

"Then enter," the Headmaster replied, indicating the

unmarked door. Tasha took a tentative step forward,

then crossed the threshold. She looked back just in

time to see him pulling a tape recorder from his jacket

and turning it off.

The room was a sort of equipment storage shed, filled

with basketball racks and soccer balls and the like.

Also inside, however, were her seven fellow students.

Each was wearing top dress and looking sufficiently

sullen. The Head of School was also standing there. He

nodded towards her when she entered.

"Ah, you must be Tasha," he said, with a smile that

seemed filled with lies. "My name is Mr. Lee. I will be

in charge of this somewhat improvised performance."

"Sir, what are we-"

"Ah, did I give you permission to speak?"

"No sir." Damn, this school was strict.

"Then you best remember your place. Join the line."

Tasha joined the front of the line. One of her

schoolmates, Janna, briefly nudged her. Tasha nudged

her back. Something very, very odd was going on.

"Alright ladies, show time," said Mr. Lee, after a

brief, muffled applause from outside. "Single file,

arms at your sides, chins up, no looking around, due

exactly as I say."

He pushed a large door open, which appeared off the

side of the stage. Mr. Lee walked out first, followed

by each of the girls, with Tasha at the head. A

spotlight appeared on them. Mr. Lee proudly marched

onto the stage, then gestured for the girls to form a

horizontal line behind him.

"Gentlemen, I'm sure you're all aware of the presence

of our fellow schoolmates from St. Anthony here

tonight. Whilst their presence is welcome, I believe we

must remind them of the Woodsbridge Code."

"Obedience to the Authorities, Discipline to the

School, Servitude to the Headmaster," replied the mass

of boys below, as one.

"Very good. Whilst so far, every group has presented

some form of entertainment for the Headmaster, I have

just been informed that these lovely ladies have chosen

not to."

There was instant booing from around the audience. The

girls began to feel extremely alienated. The Head of

School held up his hands, and silence fell over them all.

"Yes, I can understand your dissatisfaction with these

girls. But, do we offer them a change at redemption and

entertainment simultaneously?"

Instantly, they all began to clap. They were so much

better behaved when an adult was nearby. Tasha shifted

from foot to foot, unsure of what to do now.

After a gesture from Mr. Lee, two janitors quickly

pulled a long pole primarily used for extending the

stage length up onto the platform, affixing it to two

smaller, vertical poles. Mr. Lee walked up behind Tasha

and grabbed her tie, pulling her forward in a very

master-and-slave relation. He brought her in front of

the pole and turned her around, so the audience had a

good view of her back. Then, he pushed her down, until

her face was level with the waist-height pole. Pulling

her back, he picked up her limp hands and placed them

on the pole.

Immediately, the other seven girls joined her. It was a

very uncomfortable position, and they all had a

sickening feeling what was going to happen.

Carefully, Mr. Lee reached around Tasha's waist, much

to the applaud of the audience. He unclipped her

leather belt, and held it firmly in one hand. Then, he

grabbed the hem of her skirt and pulled it down to make

a pool around her ankles.

What a day to decide to wear black tight briefs. The

cheering in the audience seemed to skyrocket, although

Tasha couldn't see what was going on. At least, until

she felt the harsh smack of her own belt against her

buttocks.

She yelped in pain, leaning forward, only to have Mr.

Lee push her down again. He hit her with the belt

again, although this time he kept a hand on her neck to

keep her from moving. He hit her again and again, each

time to the enjoyment of the male audience.

"Now, we all know that she has these wretched

undergarments on, which, undoubtedly, soften the blows

to mere pricks."

Mr. Lee grabbed Tasha's underwear and pulled them down

with her skirt, revealing an exposed bottom for the 300

or so massed boys. There was more wild cheering as Mr.

Lee slapped her again with her own belt. Tasha had

difficulty holding back her tears. Every slash was like

a nasty bee sting.

After maybe five minutes of non-stop belting and near-

crying, Mr. Lee picked up Tasha's tie and pulled her to

face the crowd. Tasha barely managed to hide her crotch

between her legs as she stood before the gaping males.

"Now, her colleagues have done nothing but stand

around, unlike this young lady. She will be moved to a

nearby wall, where she will remain for the remainder of

the immediate entertainment."

He pulled the tearing girl to the back of the stage

(which was still very visible) and pushed her down on

her knees. He then grabbed her hands and pulled them

behind her head, lacing her fingers together as he

spread her legs apart. It was an uncomfortable corner

time position to hold, and she couldn't even reach her

swelling backside.

The next half hour was a mix of physical and emotional

pain. She could here her schoolmates being slapped

furiously by Mr. Lee to the enjoyment of the boys,

whilst her own bare knees cried in pain at the

prolonged pressure put on them. At every interval Mr.

Lee would quickly inspect her, making sure her posture

was proper.

"Now ladies, front and center," said Mr. Lee, after the

final girl had broken down into sobs. The girls stood

up and walked to the front of the stage, trying to

conceal their vaginas from the sex-hungry adolescents.

Every girl but Tasha had bowed their head. Tasha,

however, continued to look defiantly into the crowd.

"Now, these young offenders have all paid for their

offenses to the school, but have they paid each and

every one of you individual gentlemen?"

"No!" replied the crowd, unanimously.

"That is, indeed, correct. Whilst this is neither the

time nor the place for the event, please visit the

second floor classrooms, should you desire additional

compensation."

There was much fanfare as the girls were marched semi-

naked down the stage and between the tables, out of the

gymnasium and up onto the second floor.

"Well, I must say that was an interesting performance,"

said the Headmaster, joining up with Mr. Lee.

"H-how?" sobbed one of the girls, covering her crotch

with her two hands. Instead of replying, the Headmaster

simply pulled out a tape recorder from his blazer and

hit the play button.

"I agree to whatever activity you have planned for us,"

came the girl's voice.

"Now, technically you agreed to anything the school did

that is not directly illegal. Voluntary beatings are,

indeed legal. I'm not so sure about..." he trailed off.

Mr. Lee dragged them onto the second floor, where

classroom doors had been left unlocked. Whilst the

Headmaster waited outside, Mr. Lee grabbed Tasha's tie

and dragged her into the nearest classroom. He locked

the door behind her.

"Young lady, our school is dedicated to providing an

excellent education in all features of a young man's

life. Don't take it personally - you're just a tool."

Tasha was still too stunned to say anything. Mr. Lee

walked right up to her and carefully undid her tie.

Tasha didn't resist. He then pulled out her leather

belt that she'd been spanked with. Pulling her wrists

behind her back, he looped the belt around her, then

improvised a hole through the leather, effectively

binding Tasha's hands.

"Please, don't," begged Tasha. Instead of replying, Mr.

Lee pushed her onto a nearby desk and pulled off her

shoes. He had a clear view of her vagina, but she was

beyond caring. Taking off her socks, he stuffed one

gray garment into her mouth, and then cleave gagged her

with her own tie.

Tasha began silently weeping, but to no avail. Mr. Lee

stretched her remaining sock around her eyes,

effectively blindfolding her. Tasha lay, blind, gagged

and restrained, on the cold floor of the classroom as

Mr. Lee made sure the windows were locked before

turning off the lights.

"I'll be very disappointed if you don't satisfy our

boys," he whispered. He turned off the lights and

locked the door behind her.

END