Back In School

By Joe Doe

A VENGEFUL BUTLER INVITES HIS FORMER EMPLOYER FOR A "VISIT" TO A

GIRLS' REFORMATORY. TWENTY-EIGHT YEAR OLD SUSAN IS SOON STRIPPED

NAKED, SHOWERED, AND SHAVED.... (THIS STORY WAS INSPIRED BY COLE;

THANKS COLE!)

I had never gotten along well with our family butler, Winston; he

had always been overbearing when I was in school. So, after I got

my Master's and took over the family business, I naturally lorded

it over him.

When my father died and I inherited the family estate, the first

thing I did was to fire Winston. It was no surprise when he

decided to return to his old teaching job at the local girls'

reformatory. What surprised me was when he called me a month

later and invited me to spend a week there as his guest. I was

reluctant at first, but when he told me about the golf course,

gym, running track, and Olympic-size pool, I finally agreed. He

just wanted to show me there were no hard feelings, he claimed.

The girls' reformatory was an imposing set of buildings surrounded

by a huge concrete wall. For a place so remote, it certainly

seemed secure!

Since I was interested in the swimming pool, Winston suggested we

stop by the field house first. He took me through the faculty

building and walked me out onto an outdoor balcony adjacent to

the teacher's lounge.

The balcony was actually a rather large second floor patio area.

Several teachers sat and chatted on the patio while they enjoyed

their morning coffee. The balcony overlooked the athletic field,

where at least 50 girls were being put through a demanding aerobic

dance routine.

I did a double take. All of the girls were absolutely stark naked!

At first, I didn't know what to say. What does one say to the

sight of 50 teenage girls, naked as newborns, bumping and

grinding their hips 15 feet in front of you?

"Adolescents shouldn't be forced to take gym classes in the nude,"

I said, huffily.

"I quite agree," Winston replied, calmly. "All of the young ladies

at this reformatory are between 18 and 35 years of age."

I looked more closely. Although the "girls" had no pubic hair,

some of them were quite well developed. Was it possible that they

were adults? I looked more closely.

They WERE adults, but in their current predicament, you could

hardly tell. All of the girls had their hair cut short, or they

were wearing ponytails or even pigtails. And all of them had

clean-shaven pussies.

"What about the girls I saw earlier, who were wearing school

uniforms?" I asked.

"I can assure you that they are all 18 or older, with birth

certificates on file. We simply dress them like the misbehaving

students they are. Naturally we hold their adult clothes, credit

cards, and identification off-campus, just for safe keeping."

He warmed to the subject. "You are 28," he observed. "But, if

you were a student here, instead of a guest, you would be required

to wear a school uniform."

I am rather small, standing only 5'2", and I do sometimes get

carded at bars.

"Do you really think you could make me look like a schoolgirl,

Winston?" I asked, still dubious.

"Easily. Your jewelry, clothing, and identification would be

confiscated immediately after we changed your classification from

guest to student. We'd scrub off that makeup and perfume,and we'd

take away that pricey designer business suit you're wearing...so

you wouldn't get it dirty."

I felt myself blushing, and I looked down at my Gucci shoes. But

I also started to feel a certain dampness between my legs.

"Only after we had stripped you naked as a jaybird would we give

you your new clothes -- sensible shoes, sensible cotton underwear,

and a proper school uniform. And, if you didn't follow the uniform

regulations to the letter, I'd take you over my knee and spank your

bare bottom!" He laughed, obviously amused at the idea.

"Of course you would be treated like an adult woman some of the

time. Any one of the staff can request a student as a 'bed

warmer.' I suspect a lovely young lady such as yourself would

have her dance card filled every night."

He looked me up and down and said, "You know, I have collected

several fetching costumes in just your size, Miss Susan." He

winked at me, and I actually started to blush. I seriously

considered slapping his face, but decided to bide my time.

After a quick tour of the pool area, Winston introduced me to

the gym teacher, Ms. Dyke, a thin, no-nonsense woman in her

mid-thirties. She was in good shape, hard and lean, with a short,

boyish haircut (complete with plenty of "greasy kid stuff"). As

soon as I walked into the room she looked me up and down in a way

that left little doubt about her sexual orientation.

Winston introduced us, and we exchanged pleasantries for a moment.

"The girls are outside finishing up their exercises, and they'll

be coming inside soon," she explained. "Let's go to my office and

wait for them." And then, much to my surprise, she marched us

directly into the girls' locker room.

Winston explained that, on most days, the girls would exercise,

shower, dress in their school uniforms, and return to class.

There were exceptions of course; after the showers tomorrow each

class of naked girls will be escorted to the field house for the

annual school physical. I was shocked at first to learn that

Winston actually participated in examining the naked women, but

I had to admit that, after that aerobic dance routine, the girls

had very little modesty left to violate.

"That reminds me, Mr. Winston," Ms. Dyke interrupted. "Did the

shipment of thermometers arrive?"

"Yes, it did," he assured her. "Unfortunately, they all turned

out to be rectal thermometers. However, there are plenty of

rubber gloves in the supply cabinet, and I've already asked cook

to send a big tub of bacon fat down to the gym in the morning, so

it really isn't a problem."

I winced when he explained his plans, and he smiled at me,

enjoying my discomfort.

The locker room was empty, and Ms. Dyke took us into her office,

which had a glass wall that directly faced the shower area, a

large concrete "gang shower" with nozzles hanging down from the

ceiling. It was the kind of shower I used to hate when I was in

school because it offered no privacy whatsoever.

Her desk had an elaborate control panel with several built-in

video monitors. As I looked around, I noticed that there were

security cameras throughout the locker room, so she could watch

the girls change clothes or shower from a variety of angles.

"We take physical fitness very seriously at this school," she

explained. I keep shower videotapes of every girl, as well as

standard photographic studies and detailed weight and body fat

percentages. That way I can track their progress as I slim them

down. Gym class is two hours every day, and I work the girls

hard." She sniffed. "I like 'em fit and trim."

I'm sure she did.

"How many tapes do you have per girl?" Winston asked.

"I record each girl at least once a month. We start out with a

baseline, which I use to make my standard evaluation. Of course,

we need a lot of cameras, since it's important that we get

everything on tape...from head to toe." She winked at me, and

I felt myself blush yet again.

"You look like you're in pretty good shape, Miss Susan," she said,

again looking me up and down with an appraising eye. "Do you work

out regularly?"

"Yes," I replied with pride. "I run every day, do yoga, and lift

weights. I keep in shape." It was true. Although I was too short

and skinny to be very competitive at sports, I trained faithfully

every day, and I was in wonderful condition.

"I used to work at an Olympic camp, training both sprinters and

marathon runners," Ms. Dyke said. "Perhaps you'd like me to give

you a free fitness evaluation."

"I would love that," I replied, enthusiastically. I looked over

at Winston. Why was he smiling?

I turned back to Ms. Dyke. "What do I have to do?"

Ms. Dyke handed me a towel. "There's an empty locker just around

the corner. Strip down to your birthday suit and hop into the

shower. We'll start with a baseline evaluation tape," she said.

"Uh...you mean...t-take off my clothes?"

Winston's smile broadened. He was obviously enjoying my

predicament.

"Is there a swimsuit I could wear?" I was getting nervous.

Winston's face hardened. "The only suit you'll have on is your

birthday suit, Missy!" He turned me around and pointed at the

lockers. "I want you naked and in that shower in two minutes...and

I mean BUTT NAKED!" With that he slapped me on the bottom, and,

before I knew it, I found myself trotting off to the lockers like

an obedient schoolgirl.

I couldn't believe this was happening. Winston hadn't talked to

me that way for years! After all, I was the lady of the estate,

and he was just the butler I had fired. Part of me knew that I

shouldn't be going along with this, but the truth is that I was

too turned on to stop!

Ninety seconds later I found myself wrapped in a towel, standing

outside Ms. Dyke's office. My pussy was dribbling like a faucet,

but I was still scared as hell. I nervously knocked on the open

door before meekly entering...I felt like I was going to the

principal's office!

"What is it now?" Winston's voice was cold. His eyes ran up and

down my body in a way that made me very conscious of the fact that

I was absolutely naked underneath my short towel. I couldn't

believe that I was standing 3 feet in front of my former servant,

half naked, about to beg a favor. I could barely get the words

out.

"Please don't...don't watch me when....when I'm in the showers,

Winston," I pleaded. "I mean...I won't have a stitch on! I'll

be...stark NAKED."

He began to lecture me in the most patronizing tone imaginable.

"First of all, I think you should start calling me 'Mr. Winston,'

Suzie."

"Suzie" was what he had called me when I was a child, and I had

hated it. My name was Susan, damn it, and he knew it!

"Secondly," he said, handing me a razor and a small tube of cream,

"I think you'd better get busy. Ms. Dyke says that, if you are

going to use her facilities, you will have to wash off that

perfume and makeup and shave all the hair off that randy little

twat of yours."

My jaw actually dropped. He wanted me to shave myself while he

watched!

He continued his lecture.

"A randy little strumpet can't be running around with a lawn of

wet, putrid crab grass between her legs! That stinky little hole

of yours will just breed disease.

"Use the cream in the little tube when you're done, and leave it

on for about 30 seconds. It will burn, but the hair won't grow

back for a LONG time.

"Thirdly, why are you standing here in the office wrapped in a

towel when I told you that I wanted you in the showers, BUTT

NAKED?" With that, he reached out and yanked off my towel,

leaving me standing in front of him without a stitch on.

I quickly scampered into the shower area, anxious to avoid his

amused gaze.

I selected the shower nozzle farthest from the office and switched

on the water. It was cold, but it felt good. I turned my back on

him. It exposed my bare butt, but I didn't want to give him the

pleasure of watching me lather up.

I took my time soaping my breasts. The truth is that the

experience thus far, while totally humiliating, had totally

turned me on, and I was desperate to touch myself. I ran my

fingers between my legs. Winston and Ms. Dyke were a good 15

feet away, and my back was turned. If I did this discreetly,

they wouldn't even notice. I slipped my hand between my thighs,

and began to massage myself....

It was only after the first orgasm that I bothered to look behind

me. Winston and the teacher weren't even looking at me; they were

staring at the monitors on their desks. As I faced the wall again

I saw what I had forgotten -- there were video cameras in the wall

I had been facing! I screamed in shock as I saw the cameras,

and from behind me, I heard Winston laugh at my surprise and

humiliation. I had just tossed myself off on film in front of

the family butler!

He sauntered over. "That was quite a performance, Suzie", he said.

"All of the faculty members are really going to enjoy the video."

He winked at me. I had never been so embarrassed in my life.

"Ms. Dyke says you have a good baseline," he said, appraising me

like I was some type of research animal. "She's especially

impressed with your tight little ass. She thinks you're a little

flabby in some places, but, if you were a student here, she would

sweat that off you in no time."

I'm sure she would.

His voice turned cold. "Now spread your legs! No, wider!"

I spread them shoulder width. He smiled as he stared straight

at my crotch.

"Not bad," he mused. "But now it's time to wash out that

disgusting slash between your legs. And then you have an

appointment with 'Mr. Razor.' And you needn't bother turning

around, Your Highness. Ms. Dyke has cameras everywhere!"

And so, as he stood there grinning at me, I spread my legs and

shaved my crotch. He counted to thirty after I put the cream on,

rather too slowly for my taste, since the solution burned like

fury. But the noxious chemicals did their job, and I was soon as

smooth as a newborn. I felt tears in my eyes. My beautiful bush

was gone! It really did make me look years younger, and I began

to understand fully the awful humiliation that the so-called

"students" in this school faced.

He took pleasure in directing me through my shower, telling me

which parts of my body to soap up, when to bend over, and when to

rinse. Although I know it was primarily for his own lecherous

amusement, the movement of the video cameras meant that he was

also directing me for the benefit of Ms. Dyke's baseline tape.

After I was thoroughly water-logged, I stepped out of the shower

and reached for the basket of towels. Winston grabbed my wrist.

"Not so fast, young lady," he said. "You may not be a student

here, but you are still using the locker facilities. That gives

me the right to perform a contraband search."

"I don't have any contraband," I whined.

"Of course you don't, but it doesn't hurt to check."

Who was I to argue with that kind of logic?

"Now, put your hands against the wall and spread your legs nice

and wide, like a good little girl."

I assumed the classic frisk position. But it wasn't classic

enough for him, and he kicked my legs farther apart.

"That's better," he said. "Now we can check out every inch of

that bare little pussy of yours."

He ran his hands down my arms and then over my chest, even though

it was ridiculously obvious that I didn't have any contraband

there.

"Both of them together are hardly a handful," he teased, squeezing

my breasts in his hands. I've always been sensitive about my

small bust, and I felt flushed again.

I have a short pageboy haircut, but he ran his fingers through my

hair anyway. Then he made me stick out my tongue. He got my

tongue between his fingers and moved it around while he used the

index finger of his other hand to feel around the corners of my

mouth.

He knelt down on the floor behind me and took a small flashlight

out of his breast pocket. He teasingly tickled my belly; when I

winced, he smiled. "I've already checked out your headlights.

Now it's time to examine your glove box, Suzie."

He ran his fingers over my exposed vaginal lips. "So bare, so

smooth," he taunted me. "Not a hair in sight." I tried not to

blush, because I knew he loved it, but I couldn't help it. He

then inserted his middle finger and started slowly finger-fucking

me, laughing as I wiggled helplessly.

"Does little Suzie have ants in her pants?" he teased.

Next he spread my pussy lips, using the small flashlight to

explore every nook and cranny.

"You know, I should really look into this situation more closely,"

he said, mockingly. He put the flashlight in his mouth and used

both hands to spread my pussy open for his probing fingers. I

was spread wide enough for a platoon of sailors, but at least he

couldn't make his humiliating comments while the flashlight was

in his mouth!

He was nothing if not thorough, fondling my inner and outer lips,

running his fingers over pink and white flesh alike. Finally he

took the flashlight out of his mouth.

"You know, that sweet little cunt of yours is as tender and smooth

as velvet," he said. "Too bad you aren't a student; I'd like to

take it out for a little test run."

I thought he was done, and I started to straighten up, but he

slapped me hard on my naked buttocks.

"Not so fast, sweet cheeks! I need to check out your rear blow

hole, too! After all, it doesn't hurt to check."

His rectal search was less detailed, but it was much more to the

point. He took the longest finger of his hand and began slowly

driving it deeper and deeper into my bowels. When he got it in

to the knuckle, I tried to wriggle away, but there was no escape.

"You have a really tight little poop chute here, Your Majesty,"

he said, mockingly. "I don't know if I could get my big old love

stick up there, but I'd surely like to try!" With one last push,

his finger went all the way in to the hilt. Triumphant, he began

wiggling his finger up and down, doubtlessly enjoying the way I

was squirming helplessly under his probing.

As he was finishing my rectal exam, a large group of naked girls

began to trickle into the shower area. They stopped smiling when

they saw Winston standing there, openly ogling them. It was

obvious that none of them was excited about showering in front of

him, but they were smart enough not to protest.

I didn't feel comfortable standing in the shower area with the

naked girls, most of whom were taller and more generously endowed

than I was. I really felt like a kid again, and I remembered why

I had always hated gang showers. On the brighter side, the arrival

of fresh game prompted Winston to finish up with his detailed

examination of my backside.

"You know, Suzie, if you were a student here, I could do this

anytime I wanted," he teased. "A drug search would be part of

your daily routine. I could strip you naked and stick my finger

up that tight little twat whenever I felt like it."

I shuddered at the thought, but had an answer. "Yeah, too bad

I'm not a student here, asshole!"

I thought he would be angry at my reassertion of independence,

and I was surprised when he smiled at me instead.

"You'd better hurry up and get dressed, Suzie," he said,

pleasantly. "You have a busy day ahead of you."

"The name is Susan," I said curtly.

He smiled again, and walked away.

As I grabbed a towel I looked back over my shoulder. As I'd

suspected, Winston had found himself an excellent observation

post and was standing in front of several of the more luscious

girls, who were blushing beet red as the old man ogled them

during their shower.

I scurried back to my locker. Although the experience had been

intensely erotic, I was anxious to get dressed. I knew that,

once I put on my $2000 suit, my self-confidence would return,

and I would be ready to face Winston down again.

"It's been a fun game, old boy," I thought. "But now I'm in

charge again!" I knew my revenge would be sweet, and I was

smiling as I opened the locker door....

EMPTY! My locker was empty! My purse, my keys, my driver's

license, my credit cards, my designer suit, even my underwear

and shoes were gone. They had taken away everything!

It wasn't until I sat down on the bench that I noticed the

uniform. It was a standard school uniform like those the other

girls were wearing: white t-shirt, white ankle socks, black shoes,

white blouse, blue tie, blue cap, blue blazer with the school logo

on the breast, and a short blue skirt that would barely cover my

plain white cotton knickers.

On the lapel of the blue blazer was a cheap paper name tag with

Winton's handwriting on it:

HI! MY NAME IS SUZIE!

What a coincidence, I thought, bitterly. The uniform was just my

size!

When I looked at myself in the mirror, I couldn't believe it.

The self-confident, haughty professional woman was gone, and

she had been replaced by an awkward, blushing schoolgirl.

I was just another student, and Winston was a teacher. And now he

could strip me naked whenever he wanted and perform his humiliating

little searches, and there wasn't a thing that I could do about it.

I knew that I would spend tonight in Winston's bedroom, parading

around, being degraded. I knew he was going to use me, and use me

well. I knew that in the morning I would have to strip naked and

dance in front of him on the athletic field while he sipped his

morning coffee and gloated over my humiliation.

And it was just going to get worse. After my shower, I would be

marched to the gym for my physical. I knew that Winston would be

waiting for me with a greasy, gloved finger and an icy cold

thermometer.

I was back in school. And Winston was back in charge.

Edited by C. Lakewood