**BOARDING SCHOOL**

**CHAPTER 1: Boarding School, First Day**
My name is Deborah. I’m now 18. This all happened when I was 14. I can’t really tell you too much about myself or my family, because my Dad’s kind of an important person. In fact, he’s a diplomat, and if you ever even guessed at who I am, it could cause all sorts of trouble for him and my whole family.

Anyway, ever since I was little, we’ve been living all over the world. I guess you could say I’ve had a real international education, meeting and studying with kids from all over the world. When it was time for high school, my mom thought I should be settled in one place for four years, which meant boarding school. I didn’t agree, but when you’re fourteen, no matter how much you carry on, in the end, you don’t really have a lot of say in these sorts of things.

My best friend Louise, not her real name, was being sent to some place back in the states, which I figured would be all right, since at least I’d be with someone I knew. But mom, again, didn’t want me going back to the good old US of A. She didn’t think the academics were rigorous enough and more importantly the discipline strict enough, so she found this other school, which was I can’t tell you where. And then to make things even worse, she talked Louise’s parents into sending her there as well, which really pissed Louise off, because she thought I must have had something to do with it, even though I didn’t. And nothing I could say could convince her otherwise, and she didn’t speak to me nearly the whole summer beforehand.

Come the fall I found myself in the School Office with Louise and both of our parents. We were already a couple of weeks late, because of the demands of Daddy’s job. The Lady Director looked like something out of a Dickens movie. I didn’t know they actually made clothes like that, or anyone could wear their hair that tight, at least not without causing a massive headache, which might account for the severity of her mood. But I was hardly looking at her, nor was anyone else. Our eyes were focused primarily on the figure of the naked young girl standing in a corner with her back to us. She was shaking like a leaf.

“You have had a chance to study our student handbook,” the Head Mistress said, “and I want to assure you that we follow it to the letter. Any infractions are dealt with severely. We don’t believe in molly coddling the young women here, and we have discovered over the years that public humiliation is the best form of discipline, though I should add, we are not opposed to the paddle if that should prove necessary, though it rarely does. One or two instances of humiliation in front of the school usually curbs any tendencies for uncivil or unlady like behavior. The faculty handles any problems in the classroom. Senior girls handle discipline in the dormitories, and they are to be obeyed without hesitation, otherwise you will end up in here, and believe me, you don’t want to end up in here. “Do they, Sharon?” she asked, raising her voice and addressing the girl in the corner.

“No, Ma’am?” came the hushed reply.

“Louder, Sharon.”

“No, Ma’am,” came the quaking but louder response.

“May I ask exactly what this young lady is being punished for?” asked my father.

“Turn around and tell them, Sharon,” ordered the Head Mistress. “Come on.”

The girl, working very hard to keep her hands at her sides, turned around slowly to face us. She was about twelve, a petite little brunette, with smallish breasts and dark nipples, and almost no pubic hair, her lower lips being completely visible. Her legs were shaking and she seemed to be blushing all the way down to her toes.” I know I certainly was just looking at her.

“I was caught smoking.”

“And what is your punishment to be?”

“Three days forfeiture of the right to wear clothing, and....”

“And?”

“And five strokes with -” Sharon turned her head towards the wall where a very large paddle was displayed.

“All right Sharon, you can face the corner again. I’ll deal with you in a few minutes.”

“This was her third offense,” said the Head Mistress, turning back to us, which is why she is in here. I had planned on administering the full extent of her punishment before you arrived, but I was held up in a meeting. Rather than delay the start of either of these proceedings, I thought an added dose of humiliation would be good for Sharon, and it would also impress on these young ladies that, when it comes to discipline, we mean business.”

“I’m sure you’ll have no problems with either of these girls,” said my father.

“For their sake, I hope not,” replied the Head Mistress.

“ You definitely won’t with me,” chimed in Louise, and then she gave me a very strange look.

“You have signed the permission slips for us to apply whatever discipline we see fit,” continued the Head Mistress. “Should you object at any time, your daughters will be asked to leave at once.”

“You can rest assured we will not be interfering in any way,” said my mother in a way that closed the door for future appeals.

With the meeting over, we said good-bye to our parents and were shown to our rooms. The Senior Girl in my section of the Dorm, Beth, was there to greet us. She was a pretty brunette, a good 4 or 5 inches taller than myself and very athletic looking. Her two cohorts, Mindy and Mary, were equally impressive. Real beauties, a blonde and another brunette. Tall and statuesque. They were all definitely real alpha females. At five four and a 107 pounds, I felt short and dumpy in comparison, and certainly under developed physically.

“I brought you a present,” said Louise, handing a wrapped package to the Senior Girl. “I hope you like chocolate. It’s Belgium chocolate, the best.”

Louise scored big points as the three of them dived into the box. Then Beth looked at me expectantly, but I had nothing to offer, and I realized was already one down. And Louise gave me that look again, which this time had a really evil glint.

“I was going to put you in here,” said Beth to Louise, opening the door to a cramped two-person room with a single small window. “But maybe I’ll give you this one instead.” The other room was a spacious quad with plenty of light.

“I’ll take it,” said Louise, and before I could protest, she grabbed her suitcase and headed in.

“Hey, Dorkus,” yelled Beth, “come and meet your new roommate.”

Dorkus, not her real name, which was Sarah, was barely five feet tall, more underdeveloped than I was, and to be charitable, very plain with that stringy brown hair that you can’t do anything with.

Dorkus hardly said a word the whole time I was unpacking. She just sat on her bed and stared at the floor. To be fair, I wasn’t exactly Miss Chatterbox. The room was terrible, as aside from being dark, it smelled, and I was obviously stuck with the dorm dweeb.

I walked over to Louise’s room to try and talk to her, but when I pushed open the door, she was already paying court to the three Amazons. “Ever heard of knocking,” Beth snapped. I apologized and slipped out. Two down, I thought to myself. I was going to have to be on extra good behavior. I planned on rereading the handbook and committing it to memory.

I no more than walked back into my room than the dynamic duo, Mary and Mindy, went charging through the hall banging on a garbage can lid. “Punishment time,” they screamed. Suddenly Dorkus, I mean Sarah, burst into tears.

“What’s wrong?” I asked.

“That’s for me,” she said. And she stood up and headed for the door, looking very much like the proverbial deer caught in the headlights.

“Come on,” she said. “Attendance is mandatory.”

**CHAPTER 2: BOARDING SCHOOL, PUNISHMENT**
Pretty soon the two dozen girls in our section were all assembled in the common room. Beth was seated on a high back chair, surrounded by her two henchmen, looking very much the Queen Bee. A short sturdy table was in front of her. I took a seat on the floor with the other girls.

“Hear ye, Hear Ye, Court is now in session,” proclaimed Mindy. “Let the accused Dorkus step forward and be judged.”

“My name is Sarah,” said Dorkus moving to the center of the room.

“One count of insubordination,” cried Mary, “Add it to the charges.”

“Read the bill of charges,” ordered Beth.

“The charges against Dorkus, a.k.a. Sarah, are one count of looking like a troll at Sunday dinner, two counts of failing to shower, and one count of gross insubordination to a superior member of the species.”

“How do you plead,” demanded Beth.

“Guilty,” answered Dorkus. “But I cant’ help how I look, and you know what happens to me in the shower, and I really hate the name Dorkus.”

“Aw,” mocked Mindy and Mary and the rest of the girls immediately followed suit. I joined in, though I felt guilty.

“In accordance with the school policy of public humiliation for all high crimes and misdemeanors, as outlined in the student handbook, I hereby sentence you to one public stripping, five strokes with the ruler, plus dinner duty,” proclaimed Beth like a high priestess.

“Not dinner duty,” pleaded Dorkus.

“Kick off your shoes and up on the table,” ordered Beth, and the helpless girl did so.

“Oh, look,” I think she’s been crying,” said Mindy, running a finger down Dorkus’s tear stained cheek.

“Then she’s all warmed up and ready to go,” said Mary.

“Okay, Dorkus, you know the routine,” proclaimed Beth. “Strip.”

The girls all started humming a bump and grind tune, and again I joined in. Poor little Dorkus. Artlessly she unbuttoned her blouse and slipped it off, revealing her simple cotton bra that wasn’t holding much of anything. I was huge in comparison.

“Put a little life into it,” demanded Mary.

Poor Dorkus tried moving to the dull repetitive tune as she removed her skirt, but it was clear, she was hopeless. By now she was blushing from head to foot. Clad in her short white socks and white granny knickers, she was one of the most pathetic sights I had ever seen.

“Give her some inspiration,” shouted Beth. And Mindy took a ruler and started trying to hit her feet, which made Mindy jump around, as she undid her bra and let it fall to the floor. Her tiny tits barely jiggled, but her nipples were taut and erect.

“Hey, she’s excited again,” cried Mary. “Are your knickers getting wet, Dorkus?”

The tears were now streaming down Dorkus’s face, and I was starting to feel really guilty, both because of what was happening to her, and because I felt myself starting to get wet.

“Take ‘em off slowly,” cried Beth, referring to the knickers. And Dorkus, still hopping to avoid the ruler, tried to peel off her knickers. But no matter how slowly she did it, it was always too fast for Beth. Meanwhile all the girls had started chanting: “Off. Off. Take ‘em off.”

“Oh, for the love of Pete,” cried the exacerbated Beth, and coming to her feet, she reached out and pulled down Dorkus’s knickers. “Drenched,” she proclaimed looking down at the knickers around Dorkus’s ankles. “Pathetic.”

Dorkus stood there with her hands over her privates. Aside from having no breasts to speak of, Dorkus had a cute little body, cuddly. A nice firm rear end and well shaped and proportioned thighs and legs.

“Attention,” snapped Beth, and Dorkus stood erect with her hands at her side, her shame, or so I thought was complete.

“What’s this, Dorkus?” asked Beth pointing to a single black silky pubic hair on her otherwise naked pussy. “Didn’t I tell you nothing down there until you’ve got something up there,” she said pointing to Dorkus’s chest. “Tweezers,” cried Beth, and she pulled the offending hair out.

“Bend and spread,” ordered Beth, and Dorkus spread her legs apart, bent over and grabbed her ankles, revealing all of her secret charms to the assembled crowd. “Administer the punishment for gross insubordination to a superior member of the species,” proclaimed Beth. And Mindy immediately administered five blistering smacks of the ruler to poor Dorkus’s bum, which immediately revealed five red ruler wide lines across her pale pale bottom skin.

By now my knickers were soaked through. First of all seeing Dorkus spread like that and then the excitement of the spanking. My head was dizzy. I’d never witnessed anything like that before. I didn’t even want to think about what my reaction could possibly mean.

“Let that be a lesson to you, and try to mend your willful ways, Dorkus,” said Beth sternly. “You will now remain like that until the dinner bell, after which you will lead the girls to the dining hall dressed – I mean undressed - as you are. Dismissed.”

As the girls rose to leave, I saw Louise. She pointed at Dorkus and then at me and mouthed the word, “You.” I suddenly felt like it was going to be a very long year.

**CHAPTER 3: Boarding School, The Story of Dorkus**
That night the poor naked Dorkus led us out of the dorm, across the quad, and into the dining hall. Some young boys, townies, were assembled on the quad and began to hoot and whistle. Poor Dorkus almost fell over with shame. I later came to learn that the boys assembled there every Saturday night, because it was punishment night. And as I looked around, I realized that Dorkus wasn’t the only naked girl. Almost every section of every dorm had some poor soul leading them towards the dining hall. Many of them had tears streaming down their faces.

“Don’t worry,” said a girl beside, “Dorkus has done this so often, she should be used to by now.” The whipping boy or girl, I thought to myself. And then I realized she was my roommate. For want of a box of Belgium chocolate.

At dinner the naked girls had to wait on their dorm section tables. They weren’t allowed to eat until afterwards but had to stand at the head of the table beside the Queen Bees, hands at their sides.

“I hate Saturday dinners,” complained Beth. “Even if we’re having beef, it still tastes like fish.” Everyone laughed, even though, as I was to learn, she made the same joke every Saturday night.

Back in my room, I busied myself pouring over the handbook. There were so many rules; I realized that it was almost impossible not to break one at some point, out of pure ignorance if nothing else.

Dorkus came back in about an hour later. She got into her nightgown and crawled into bed, where she proceeded to sob into her pillow. I had no idea what to say to her or even how to begin, but somehow we did start talking.

Dorkus, I learned, was one of the few scholarship students, a local girl, whose mother was divorced and waited tables for a living. The Queen Bee liked to go into her mother’s restaurant, sit in her section, and then talk about Dorkus, telling her what a wonderful and bright student she was, and how popular. Then after a big meal, where they demanded all sorts of special treatment and often sent thing back, they’d leave without leaving her a tip. Once or twice they even skipped out on a bill, which Dorkus’s mother ended up paying, because she didn’t want to cause trouble for Dorkus. I really should say Sarah, but the name really fits.

As a “townie,” and a poor one at that, Dorkus didn’t have a chance of competing with the other girls in terms of spending money for movies, or sweets, or even good underwear. I think she must have been wearing knickers she’d gotten in fourth grade. One pair still had the name of one of the days of the week on it. Sally was the easy target for the Queen Bee and her minions, who it seemed were determined to drive her out of the school, or at least out of this section of the dorm. She was an affront to them just by existing. And what really pissed them off was she was probably the brightest girl in the school, the favorite of every teacher, the one who was always being singled out for praise. What could be worse?

“What happens to you in the showers?” I finally got up the nerve to ask.

“Everything,” she answered. “Use your imagination. Imagine yourself and a bunch of other naked girls who hate you.” I was still pretty naive, so I couldn’t imagine much.

“Like what?” I persisted.

“Like having to masturbate with a piece of soap,” she answered. “They all crowd around you with wet towels and order you to do it. And if you don’t, they start snapping you with the towels. And it really stings, because they’re wet and you’re wet. And if you try to yell for help, they stick a bar of soap in your mouth. So finally you have to take this piece of soap they shaved to look like a you-know-what, and you know, do it to yourself. And you have to keep doing it until the soaps all gone.”

I couldn’t believe what I was hearing, and I couldn’t believe what was happening to my body. Was I excited about the prospect of witnessing another Dorkus humiliation, or was I excited about the prospect of something like that happening to me? I was getting so excited that I had to get up and walk out of the room. I thought I’d go over and see Louise and try one more time to work it out with her.

**CHAPTER 4: BOARDING SCHOOL, LOUISE**
I remembered to knock on the door. “Who is it?” answered one of her roommates?

“Deborah,” I replied. “Is Louise in?” I asked

“She’s in Beth’s room,” came the reply.

“Thank you,” I said. I turned and walked down the hall, not really sure of what I was doing. As I walked by Beth’s room the door was slightly ajar, and I could see Louise kneeling on the floor in front of Beth. She was only wearing a T-shirt, and her bare bottom was sticking out. I quickly walked on by, not sure of what I was witnessing.

“Looking for me?” came the cry. I stopped and turned to see Louise standing in the hall.

“Yeah,” I said. “I just wanted to talk.”

“So talk.”

“I meant in private.”

“Sure, just a minute” said Beth, and she disappeared back into the room, coming out a few minutes later, pulling her shirt down over a pair of knickers she had slipped on. We moved out into the stairwell, the fire door closing behind us.

“Look, I know you think this is my doing, us being here, but honest it’s not. It was all my mother’s idea. I tried to talk her out of it. I really did. Please believe me.”

“Hey, it’s all right,” said Beth, reaching out and touching my face. “I think I’m going to like this place. I think it could prove to be real interesting, real entertaining. At least for me. You, I’m not so sure about.”

“What do you mean?” I asked fearfully.

“Oh, you’ll see.” And she patted me on the cheek. “Oh, by the way,” she said, standing up, “Did you notice how you can’t not break a rule in this place? I mean just our talking in the stairwell like this is against the rules. Don’t worry though, I won’t say anything. Don’t want to get myself in trouble, now do I?” And she turned and walked away.

I sat there for a moment worrying about what she meant. Then suddenly the door burst open and the Queen Bee and her two minions plus Louise were standing there looking down at where I was sitting on the stairwell.

“Hey, you!” said Beth. “Didn’t you know that being in the stairwell was the same as being out of the dorm after hours?”

“No,” I replied, coming to my feet. “I mean I just found out and was about to come in. I’m sorry. It won’t happen again.”

“It’d better not. I’ll let it go this time, but first time you’re up on charges, I’m going to remember this. Now go back and help Dorkus lick her wounds.”

I got up and squeezed by the four girls, trying my best not to push them, fearing what that could mean. They made no attempt to get out of my way.

Dorkus was asleep by the time I got back to the room. I undressed and slipped into my nightgown. I mumbled my prayers and climbed into bed.

**CHAPTER 5: BOARDING SCHOOL, MIDNIGHT MADNESS**
I was awakened by the pounding on trashcan lids, yelling, and the lights in our room being flipped on and off. Suddenly two girls grabbed me, and I was pulled out into the hall and down to the common room.

“Initiation. Initiation.” The girls were chanting. Three of us, all newcomers, were stood up in front of the room. There was Kate, who was an average looking, pudgy girl, and Nicole, an attractive blonde, who looked like she belonged on a surfboard in California. But where was Louise?

“All right, everyone,” said Beth, beating on a trash can lid with a large paddle. “Time to initiate the new members of our dorm section into our sacred sisterhood. Turning to Kate, she said, “Turn around.” Kate immediately obeyed. “Bottoms up.” Kate looked at Beth without understanding. “Grab your ankles.” Kate reached over and grabbed her ankles. Mary immediately hoisted her nightgown above her waist, her ample rear end was exposed. Kate started to rise up, but then thought better of it. “Easy target,” laughed Beth and hauled off and gave Kate a good solid hit. The smack resonated down the hall, and Kate almost fell over. The exhale of her breath was audible, and then the cry of pain that followed. The other girls laughed and cheered.

“A little pain, a few tears, and lots of laughter will sustain us through the years,” exclaimed Beth. “Welcome to the sisterhood.” Kate straightened up and rubbing her butt with one hand, she shook Beth’s hand with the other.

“All right Blondie, your turn. Assume the position,” said Beth turning to Nicole. Nicole turned around and bent over, pulling her own nightgown up as she did so, exposing her gorgeous trim ass.

I was shaking as the ritual was proceeding. And I jumped as the paddle crashed down on Nicole’s poor bottom, which immediately blossomed into a violent red. My turn was next. But where was Louise.

On command I turned and bent over. Mary hoisted my nightgown.

“Knickers,” exclaimed Beth as my underpants were exposed. “You were sleeping in your knickers. How unhygienic. How against the rules.”

Against the rules? I must have missed that part.

“Two strokes,” growled Beth, one for punishment and one for initiation. Miss Louise, would you like to do the honors. Looking back through my legs I could see Louise enter the room. “Miss Louise was inducted earlier in a private ceremony,” proclaimed Beth. “A very private ceremony,” she cooed rubbing Louise’s shoulders. I had no idea what she meant at the time, but the other girls all seemed to know, as they exchanged looks with one another.

Beth handed Louise the paddle. I almost started to protest, but fortunately thought better of it, since I was afraid it would only add an extra stroke.

Louise placed her hand in the small of my back, bent over and whispered in my ear. “Just remember, I should have been in California with my boy friend.” And then she grabbed the waistband of my knickers and literally ripped them off.

I felt totally exposed. Even though my legs were together, I knew my pussy was peeping out from between my thighs.

I can’t even find the words to describe that first hit. It just exploded on my body. The pain of the impact started at the center of my butt and spread out from there. And then like with an atomic explosion, next came the heat burning me to the roots of my hair. And what I couldn’t understand at all was the heat in my vagina. It was like an eruption of juices that I was certain were running down my leg. Had I wet myself. I had no idea what was happening. But before I could even really think about it, the second hit came, and it was even worse than the first. I found myself sinking to my knees.

“Get up,” ordered Beth. Painfully I pulled myself up. She then half-heartedly repeated the ritual words and shook my hand limply. Everyone started to disperse back to their rooms. There were some hugs and congratulations of old roomies to their new ones. Dorkus slunk off to our room, trying her best not to be seen.

When I got back I laid down on my stomach my naked rear end in the air.

“Here,” said Dorkus, sitting down on the bed. “Let me rub some lotion on it.” The lotion was cooling, but the rubbing of Dorkus’s hand was doing nothing to cool the other heat I was feeling, which was only getting more and more intense.

“Sorry, I couldn’t warn you,” she said. “It would have been worse if I had. And also, I figured you didn’t need me coming up to you afterwards. The less you’re seen with me the better off you’ll be.”

She completed her ministrations, and kissed me gently on the back of my head. “Night.”

I couldn’t possibly sleep, not with the pain, and not with the tingle. I slipped my hand down between my legs. The minute it made contact with my lips, I began to squirm. I found myself rubbing myself harder and harder, until finally I exploded into what was the first real orgasm I could remember. (I told you I was a late bloomer.)

Lying there covered in sweat, I looked over towards Dorkus. Fortunately she seemed fast asleep.

**CHAPTER 6: BOARDING SCHOOL, FIRST THING MONDAY MORNING**
The sight of two dozen naked girls under the showers is what greeted me first thing Monday morning.

I had rarely ever been in a gang shower. Let me correct that, I’d never been in a gang shower. I just stood there in my bathrobe kind of frozen staring at the sight in front of me. And even though I would have just been another body, I was terrified of stripping off my robe and jumping in. “

“You going in, or are you taking a picture?” I turned around, and there was Beth and her gang. Louise was hanging behind them.

“I was just going in,” I said, stripping off my robe and feeling very self-conscious.

“Hey, Dorkus,” yelled Beth, snapping her towel at her butt. Dorkus let out a yelp and jumped. “Look at your roomy,” she said pointing at my chest. “It’ll give you something to aspire to. And, hey, it’s not all that far to go. Find a couple of mosquitoes and you could be as big as her. Maybe even bigger.” Then she reached out and tweaked one of my nipples, which sprang instantly to life in spite of my loud yelp.

“You happy to see me?” asked Beth, staring at my chest.

My cheeks flushed. I covered my breasts and moved under a vacant nozzle. Rinsing myself off, I waited for the Queen Bee and her court to disrobe but they just stood there. I started rubbing in some shampoo, when suddenly there was a piercing blast of a whistle. All of the other girls shut off the water and headed for their towels. I had no idea what was happening. “Come on,” said Dorkus, trying to take my hand.

“Wait a minute, I have to rinse my hair.”

“Do it in the sink.”

I pulled my hand free and stuck me head back under the showerhead.

“Hey, you!” screamed Mary. The sting from her towel caused me to jump. “Out.”

“I have to rinse my hair.”

“You should have thought of that earlier,” she yelled reloading the towel. “Now scram.” I scurried out of the shower, shampoo pouring down my face. As I looked back, I could just see the four of them starting to shed their robes.

“Don’t look,” Dorkus admonished me, pulling me away. “If they see you looking, there’ll be big trouble.”

I did my best to rinse my hair out in the sink in our room, but by the time we were headed for breakfast, parts of it were stiff from the dried soap.

“Well, Miss,” said the Head Mistress as we walked in for breakfast.

“Yes, ma’am?” I responded.

“Little trouble with personal grooming,” she said holding up a stiff lock of my hair.

“I’m afraid I didn’t rinse properly.”

“Miss Beth,” she snapped.

“Yes, Ma’am,” answered Beth, hurrying over, all subservience and fawning.

“I think you should watch this one until she settles in. I suspect she’s used to having her maid help her with her bathing. Make her Dorkus’s project. She could use some responsibility.”

“It’s already done, Ma’am,” replied Beth.

“Well, Deborah, you’re off to a good start,” Beth snarled. “Getting me into trouble first thing on a Monday morning. Not something you want to do, believe me.”

I believed her.

“First the stairwell, then the knickers, and now this. I’m afraid you’re going to have trouble fitting in. Well, don’t worry,” she said friendly as a snake, “We’ll help you get the hang of things. You and Dorkus. We’ll make you real sisters yet.”

I ate very little of my breakfast.

**BOARDING SCHOOL: Chapter 7, LOUISE’S TURN**
First class of the day was art class. It was a required class for graduation, and a lot of the upper form girls had waited to take it their final year, so they’d have one easy course, and Mindy, one of Beth’s henchwomen was in enrolled. I was in it because I really liked art. It was my favorite subject.

I put on one of the painting smocks like the other girls and stood there by an easel waiting for the teacher to enter. “Put your hands in your smock pockets,” Dorkus whispered in my ear, “and keep them there until the teacher enters. And keep an eye on Mindy.” I didn’t have any idea what it was about, but I figured if Mindy was involved it couldn’t be good. I crammed my hands deep into my pockets.

Just then I saw Mindy surveying the room, keenly aware that everyone’s hands were deep in their pocket smocks. Everyone that is except for Louise. I thought maybe I should warn her, but before I could move, Mindy was headed her way. As she past me, she whispered, “I’m going to get you.” Then she looked at Dorkus, “and you too, snitch.”

When she got to where Louise was standing, she leaned forward and whispered something in her ear. At the same time, without Louise noticing it, she slipped something into her smock pocket.

“Coast is clear,” whispered Dorkus, removing her hands from her smock.

Mindy then walked back across the room, dropping a slip of paper on the teacher’s desk.

Just then the teacher walked in, and we all snapped to attention. I almost fainted. He was drop dead gorgeous. About 24 or 25, over six feet tall, muscular, wearing tight fitting jeans and a dark blue colored T.

“Good morning, Mr. Henderson,” we replied in unison.

“Today is life drawing. As you all know and fear, we take turns serving as the life model, and today is young Miss Mindy’s turn. Please undress for us.”

Life drawing? Naked models? We all took turns? Naked in front of Mr. Henderson? This wasn’t in the game plan. Was it too late to change classes I wondered?

“Ah, what do we have here?” queried Mr. Henderson, picking up the note on his desk. “Hmm. I see. Okay, Miss Mindy, you can relax for a moment.” Mindy had only started slowly untying one of her shoes. “All right girls, you know the drill. Hands on your heads. NOW!” he shouted. We all instantly obeyed. Mr. Henderson then proceeded to walk around the room, thrusting his hands into everyone’s smock pockets. When he got to Louise, he pulled out a cigarette.

“And what’s this, young lady?” he asked. “Hmmm?”

“A cigarette, sir,” answered Louise, her voice quivering.

“A cigarette. Yes, I can see that. And, even though you are a new student, do you know the school’s policy on cigarettes?”

“They’re not allowed, sir?”

“So what was this cigarette doing in your smock?”

“I don’t know how it got there.”

“I see. Do you think maybe it leaped out of a pack somewhere, went out for a stroll, and then decided your smock pocket would be a good place to stop for a rest? Or maybe it was in a parallel universe, a parallel universe where young girls are allowed to smoke, and somehow it fell through a wormhole and materialized in your pocket. Do you think that’s what happened?”

“No, sir.”

“Then we must assume that someone put it there, mustn’t we?”

“Yes, sir.”

“And since that is your smock, and your smock pocket, I guess we can assume, you are the one put it there. Can’t we?”

“But I didn’t sir. Honest.” Poor Louise was now on the verge of tears. For an instant I thought of telling Mr. Henderson what I had seen, but then I remember the paddle from the night before.

“Do you know what the punishment for smoking is, Miss?” asked Mr. Henderson.

“No, sir,” sobbed Louise.

“Well, you have your choice. Twenty with the hand or five with the paddle on your bare bum in front of the class. Now, which one will it be?”

“But I didn’t put it there. It must be someone else’s.” Tears were starting to flow down Louise’s face.

“That’s five more from the hand or one more from the paddle for lying.”

“But it isn’t,” blubbered Louise.

“That five more or one more. You’re up to 30 or 7. Want to try for 35 and 8? And don’t think those tears are going to sway me. I know how you girls can turn on the water works at will”

“No.”

“Good. Now up to the front of the room.”

Despondently, Louise made her way to the front of the room.

“Wait,” called out Mr. Henderson. “Since you’ll be dropping your drawers anyhow, you might as well serve as our model for the day. Your luck day, Mindy.”

“Aw,” cried Mindy with mock disappointment.

“Interesting,” said Mr. Henderson. “Didn’t something like this happen last time you were suppose to model? Yes, I remember. We found that condom in Miss Dorkus’s smock. And she’s normally such a model student. Well, don’t worry, your turn will come. If it happens again, I’ll just have to take advantage of the situation and have two models, won’t we?

“Yes, sir,” answered Mindy rather glumly.

“All right, Miss Louise, I believe that’s your name. Strip.”

I couldn’t even imagine it. Stripping in front of Mr. Henderson? In front of the class would be one thing, but in front of Mr. Henderson. I couldn’t even imagine it. The idea both terrified and excited me. And the tingling between my legs was starting again, and judging by the dancing from foot to foot, it was affecting some of the other girls as well.

“Come on,” ordered Ms. Henderson looking at Louise. “We don’t have any time to waste. Just put everything on my desk”

Louise removed her smock and unbuttoned her white blouse, her ample chest popping out in its lovely lace bra. Next she removed her skirt, revealing a white satin thong.”

“Nice knickers,” observed Mr. Henderson. “Too bad they’re not regulation, white cotton. You can leave them here after class. I’ll make sure they’re properly disposed of. Now get out of them.”

Louise removed her bra and her luscious, and I mean they were really luscious breasts spilled out. Somehow at that point, I guess since she realized there was no escape, Louise got a determined look on her face and just ripped off her thong. Her pussy was bare.

When had that happened? I wondered. Just last week I had seen her in the locker room at the pool the diplomatic staff and families used, and she had a bikini trim. It made me wonder what had gone on in Beth’s room the night before. What her special initiation had been?

“Shoes and socks, Miss,” ordered Ms. Henderson.

Louise kicked offer her loafers and started to turn her back on us to remove her socks, but then thought better of it, and bent forward facing us, her firm boobs dangling down towards the floor.

Mr. Henderson then ordered her up onto the platform. He had her place her hands on her head and thrust out her pelvis, so her naked pussy was fully exposed. “Ten minute pose,” said Mr. Henderson. “Start drawing.”

For the next hour, Mr. Henderson ordered poor Louise into one provocative pose after another, always with her pussy or breasts front and forward.

“Her lips, her lips,” cried Mr. Henderson, looking at one of my drawings. “Are you blind. Look how her labia are engorged. Nice and pink against that pale blond skin. Don’t you see that?” Everyone turned to stare at Louise’s sex. She trembled and her whole body flushed.

“Yes, sir,” I mumbled.

“And what do they say about drawing and painting? Paint what you see!”

I obediently began drawing the cleft in the middle of Louise’s body. It was like I could feel the conti pencil rubbing up and down my own labia. Would I make it through the class without fainting?

“All right, Miss Louise, that’s enough,” said Mr. Henderson. “You can relax.”

Louise quickly got out of what I can only describe as a self-induced enema position.

“Now what’s your choice? Hand or paddle?” Louise just stared at him not knowing which was the lesser of two evils. “She’s a new girl,” help her out. Dorkus?”

“Paddle sir,” answered Dorkus.

“And why’s that?”

“Hurts more but over sooner.”

“Anyone else.”

“Hand, sir,” ventured another girl. “You can sit down with less pain sooner.”

“So, Miss, there you have it. Two differing points of view. What’s your choice?”

Hand, I was thinking. To feel his bare hand on my bottom. Mr. Henderson’s bare hand on my bottom, even if it was a spanking.

“Paddle,” said Louise. I knew she’d pick that. She’d take pain over duration.

“Bend over the desk, Miss, grab the other side and spread your legs.”

Louise was soon wide open before us, her naked pussy and butt hole completely exposed. Her cheeks quivered with anticipation.

Mr. Henderson took a paddle from his desk. It looked to be the size of one of those paddles you use to bat a ball around with on the beach, only it was much thicker, much more sturdy.

“Count the strokes, Miss,” he ordered. “The number is seven.” And with that, he wound up and the paddle came crashing down on her rear end. Louse jerked forward, the edge of the desk digging into her hips, and I’m sure they could hear her cry of “One” at the far end of the campus.

Mr. Henderson took his sweet time about it. After each stroke, he’d inspect the paddle like he was examining a precious object, then he’d take his hand up in the air, like a golfer going into a back swing, and then crash, it would come screaming down on Louise’s tortured bottom, which was turning a deep, violent, scarlet red.

With each stroke, I jerked forward and stifled a yelp of my own.

The bell rang for changing classes, and we all scurried to get out of our smocks and grab are books to hurry off.

“Better hurry up and get dressed, Miss,” said Mr. Henderson. “Otherwise you’ll get a couple more for being late.”

Louise hurriedly threw on her clothes. As Mindy walked by, I heard her say, “Sorry, kid, it was you or me. Survival of the fittest and all that.”

“You know what they do to traitors, don’t you?” snapped Louise through her tears.

If Mindy didn’t know, she was certainly going to find out, and so did we, Dorkus and me, when Mindy came crashing into our room later that night, bedding and suitcase in hand.

“Don’t say a thing,” she ordered, spreading the bedding out on the floor. “Not a ...ing word.”

**BOARDING SCHOOL: Chapter 8, Mindy.**
Mindy had made the mistake of thinking Louise wasn’t yet a full-fledged member of the Queen Bee’s inner circle. Of course, as Louise was to discover later, making an enemy of someone like Mindy wasn’t a particularly good idea either.

Apparently Louise had gotten to Beth first, told her everything that had happened, and Beth was outraged that one of her minions had betrayed another. Nothing Mindy could say or do would change Beth’s mind, and she was exiled to our room, which should give you a good idea, in case you hadn’t figured it out already, where Dorkus and I stood in the pecking order.

Mindy hadn’t even gotten her bedding spread out, when the ritual banging of the trash can lids began and we were all summoned to a extraordinary session of the punishment court. When we got there, the light had turned out and only a single candle burned on the table in front of Beth. She was dressed all in black, with a black cloth covering her head. Mary and now Louise, also in black, stood on either side of her. We all sat solemnly on the floor.

“Sisters,” began Louise, “there is no worse crime that can be committed then betraying one of your own. And even though there is nothing in the sacred text of the handbook about this matter, we all know that it is the highest rule, written or unwritten, there is. And therefore, the punishment must be the most severe. I’m referring of course to what happened today to Sister Louise, because of the actions of Mindy, who I will not even dignify by calling her ‘sister.’”

“That’s not fair,” yelled Mindy.

“I order you,” cried Beth to all of us, “to strip her and hold her down.”

It was like a feeding frenzy. The girls pounced on Mindy like she was a piece of meat thrown to a bunch of hungry wolves. And though she punched, kicked, scratched, and tried to bite, she was no match for twenty other girls grabbing at her and ripping at her clothes. Dorkus held me back from fully participating, reminding me that, like it or not, we had to live with her.

Mindy thrashed about and gave it a good fight, but within a couple of minutes, she was being held down spread eagle on the floor.

“Wax her,” ordered Beth.

And Louise and Mary poured hot wax from the burning candle onto her breasts and private area. Mindy howled in pain.

“Gag her,” said Beth. And Mary slipped what I learned was a ball gag into her mouth. She and Louise then returned to dripping more hot wax.

“Rip it off,” commanded Beth. And Louise and Mary grabbed hold of the wax covering Mindy’s privates and began ripping it off, pulling chunks of hair with it. Mindy writhed and screamed so loud that even the ball gag could barely contain the sound. By the time the two rippers were through about half of Mindy’s pubic hair had been pulled out, large sections of her nether lips were exposed red and raw. I was getting excited again.

“Bind her hands,” yelled Beth. And Mary and Louise tied Mindy’s hands together over her head. “Hang her,” ordered Beth, and throwing an end of the rope over one of the exposed beams in the ceiling, they yanked her to her feet and pulled her up, then they put a board between her ankles, so she was spread open, then they hauled her up further until only toes were touching the floor. Finally they secured the rope to a tie claps in one of the corners. I figured this wasn’t the first time something like this had happened.

“All right, Sisters,” intoned Beth. “Time to administer communal punishment.” Mary and Louise laid out a pile of freshly cut switches on the floor, all of which had been stripped of their leaves. “Every place but her face,” said Beth. “And if I see anyone holding back, you’ll get the same.”

The girls raced for the switches, snatching them up and then laying into Mindy. They punished her from the top of her breasts to the souls of her feet. Striking at her mercilessly, breasts, buttocks, thighs, back, and even her pussy. I could hear Mindy’s muffled cries and tears of pain were rolling down her cheeks. The whipping continued until there wasn’t a patch of skin that didn’t betray some sign of the beating.

“All right,” said Beth, “that’s enough. The girls stopped, although I think some of them were reluctant to do so, as they recalled some previous torment they had endured at Mindy’s hands.

“Let that be a lesson to you all,” Beth went on in her most solemn voice. “This is what happens to those who would betray their own kind.” Then she walked up to Mindy and twisted her nipples violently. “You’ll hang here tonight, so you can meditate on your crimes. And don’t you dare think of telling anyone about this, because what happens then will seem like a picnic in the park.” Beth turned to the rest of us. “No one is to bring her any food or water, nor are you to do anything that might alleviate her discomfort. If you do, you’ll take her place. Feel free to administer some additional strokes, if you so desire, just enough to keep her awake.”

They did lower her down enough so her feet rested on the floor. Apparently they didn’t want her dislocating her shoulders and having to go to the local infirmary, which would have led to some questions about how it happened, not to mention other questions the marks on her body.

Dorkus and I ran back to our room, like to frightened mice. I was shaking under my covers. Lying there, every now and then, I would hear the sound of a switch striking Mindy’s flesh, as some girl extracted further revenge for a past offense. Each stroke just made me hotter. I almost flinched imagining it was me that the switches were striking. And soon I was having to slip my hand down between my legs to relieve the burning there. I was truly ashamed of what I was doing and why, and I thought I must be some kind of pervert, but then I heard a low moan come from Dorkus’s bed, and I knew I wasn’t the only one who’d been turned on by the evening’s events. I wondered how many such moans you would hear if you wandered up and down the hall.

**BOARDING SCHOOL: Chapter 9, I HAD TO KNOW**
I’d been at the school for less than a week, and my mind was on overload, let alone my body. I’m surprised I didn’t get caught violating some rule, especially in my classes, since my imagination was on fire, and I couldn’t think about hardly anything except Mr. Henderson. I kept fantasizing about having to be naked in front of him and feeling his hand striking my bare bottom.

Maybe I wouldn’t have fantasized about it so much, if I had ever had a real, over the knees, pants down spanking, and had felt the pain and humiliation of what one actually entailed, but I hadn’t. My father had swatted me on my bathing suit once when I was about four. I went into the water after he had told me not to. But that’s the only time I could ever remember either of my parents hitting me. And it was clear he was more upset by the possibility of what might have happened if he hadn’t caught me than angry with me. I don’t even remember it hurting at all.

I tried to get the fantasies out of my mind, but the more I tried, the more detailed they became. I was in agony, and pretty soon I was not only fantasizing about the spanking, I was trying to figure out ways I could make it happen. For sure, I didn’t want it to look like I had done it on purpose.

My homework was suffering, and I got a couple of light reprimands from my teachers, who excused my shortcomings on the grounds I was new student who needed time to settle in. What I needed was Mr. Henderson.

After a couple of weeks of this, I decided I just had to make it happen. I had to make it happen, if I was ever going to get through the year and accomplish anything other than writing Mr. Henderson’s name over and over again in my notebooks. I attacked the problem like I might a science project, working out every detail in advance. It was actually quite simple, but you would have thought from all the notes I was making, I was planning a major bank robbery.

During this time, Dorkus kept pretty much to herself, which was fine with me. She still suffered almost constant torment from the Queen Bee and her two minions, Mary and Louise. And for now, at least, I seemed to have fallen off Louise’s radar. As to Mindy, she never spoke to either of us. She’d stay with friends in another section of the dorm until she had to be back in our room, then she’d come in, make up her bed on the floor, and go right to sleep. After a week or so, she’d even stopped reciting her mantra, “It ain’t over until it’s over.” Or at least she was no longer saying it out loud under her breath.

Finally I had to face the fact I was ready. I didn’t want to be ready, but there wasn’t one more factor to figure into the equation, especially since we were now onto pastel landscapes, so I didn’t have to worry about having to be a life model like Louise. I knew if I was ever going to actually do this, it had to be now, or I’d chicken out for good, and then what? Continue writing his name in my notebooks, while sitting with a puddle in my knickers?

Step 1. Cigarettes and matches. I needed a cigarette and matches to make the plan work. I knew some of the older girls snuck out behind the athletic field for a smoke. It was the worst kept secret at the school, but it also seemed to be time honored tradition, since no one on the staff ever tried to catch anyone out there. Of course, I couldn’t just go there. First year upper school girls weren’t allowed, which why most of the younger students who smoked were always getting caught, since they had to improvise. That’s when I remembered Sharon, the girl who’d been in the office the day I enrolled. I hadn’t seen her since then, but I started keeping an eye out for her. The first time I saw her was on a Saturday night, and she was the poor naked girl leading her dorm section to dinner. Caught again, I thought to myself. I waited outside the dining hall after dinner until she came out.

Not surprisingly Sharon wasn’t really in the mood to stand naked in the quad on a cold fall evening with a bunch of townies gawking, cat calling, and whistling at her. I asked her where she got her cigarettes, and if she could get me some. She said to meet her outside her dorm during lunch break the next day, and we’d talk.

“Twenty Euros for a pack of cigarettes?” I exclaimed.

“Take it or leave it.”

“How much for one?”

“One Euro, but the matches are another Euro.”

I gave her the two Euros.

“Nice doing business with you,” she said as I walked away, the contraband buried securely on the bottom of my purse, the cigarette secure in my toothbrush case. Highway robbery, I thought to myself. I’m glad she got humiliated like she did that first day. Although, if I had stopped to think about it, that was probably why she charged me what she did. A small measure of revenge. Very small.

Step 2. Lingerie. I couldn’t just strip down for him with a pair of white cotton briefs and one of my functional bras. Dorkus would be no help. Her under garments were even duller than my own. If I had been on speaking terms with Louise, I might have been able to borrow something appropriate from her, but for now that was out of the question. Mindy? Mindy wouldn’t have given me the sweat off her rear end if I was dying of thirst. Of course, I could steal it from her, though there would be hell to pay if she caught me. The real problem with theft wasn’t Mindy, who as I said before was never there. It was Dorkus who hardly ever left the room. I’d have to wait until her nightly trip to the bathroom, and even then I’d only have a minute or two, as she did everything she could to avoid the Queen Bee.

First she’d peak out the door, trying to get some sign that Madam was in her room, then she’d scurry down the corridor like a frightened little mouse, pop into the bathroom, and a minute or so later, come scurrying back. Of course, sometimes they were lying in wait for her. Then they’d follow her in for a few minutes of fun and games.

I knew what I would have to do, and I felt really bad about it, and I knew there’d be hell to pay if anyone ever figured it out I’d done it on purpose. It would be Mindy’s torture all over again, because Dorkus and I were, in everyone’s eyes, equals as Sisters. It would be a betrayal of sisterhood. Still it had to be done.

One night as Dorkus was scurrying down the hall, I opened our door and called out after her. “Dorkus, you forget your towel?” Dorkus froze in her tracks as the Queen Bee and her entourage came flying out of their room. They shoved poor Dorkus into the bathroom and several other girls followed them in, while other hung around the open door. There was a lot of squealing, yelling, and pleading. Poor Dorkus.

Mindy had an amazing collection of thongs, and this was back before everyone was wearing them. It was like a rainbow of colors. I really wanted the pastel blue, which I thought would match my skin tones quite nicely. But then I remembered Mindy was in the class. What if she recognized them? I had to pick a common color, but each of the thongs was unique. I’d have to risk it. The pastel blue thong it was.

Now I needed a bra. What was I thinking? Mindy had real breasts. They weren’t gigantic or anything, but they were certainly bigger than mine. And I couldn’t stuff the cups either, because as soon as I took it off, he’d know. Braless, I thought. I’ll go braless. Another rule I’d be breaking.

Step 3. Depilatation. I wanted to be totally and completely naked, just like Louise had been. I slipped out of our room late the night before and went into the shower. Of course I had had experiencing shaving my bikini line, my modest bikini line, but that was nothing like this. First I trimmed as much as I could with a pair of scissors, flushing the evidence down the toilet. Then I stepped into the shower, applied some shaving cream, and began the task. It wasn’t as easy as I thought it was going to be. I didn’t realize there was even hair on the inside of my lips. Every time I thought I was done, I’d look down and there’d be another patch I’d missed. Pulling at my lips, bumping my love button (Yes, I called it that.) with my thumb, I was getting excited, which was making the task at hand even more difficult. God, please don’t let anyone walk in I thought. And then it occurred to me, duh, I’d have to shower like this with the gang in the morning. How was I going to explain it? Cramps! I’d feign cramps. That would get me out of the morning shower. Of course, I’d have to miss breakfast as well – too sick to eat – but that was fine with me. I don’t think I could have eaten anyway.

Step 4. Preparation. After everyone had left for breakfast, I took a shower, dried myself off, powdered, and sprayed some perfume down there. Next I pulled on the blue thong.

Do you believe in omens? I wish I did, because if I had, I might have had the sense to stop the whole insane enterprise right then and there. Mindy had hips. Mindy was much taller than me. Mindy weighed much more than me. She wasn’t fat, but she was definitely bigger. The thong hung pathetically below my pussy, not covering anything. The only way to make it fit was to pull the waistband up to the middle of my stomach and give myself front and back wedgies. I should have known. But I was not in my right mind, and I frantically searched for the least offensive pair of knickers I owned. I was being driven by hormones, pure and simple.

Step 5. Plant the evidence. Walking across the quad, my nipples were getting erect rubbing against the fabric of my blouse, not that I wouldn’t have been in a high state of arousal without that. I had to pray I didn’t run into a teacher or staff member, as they’d know in a minute I wasn’t wearing a bra. I folded my arms across my chest, which only stimulated me further.

I got to Mr. Henderson’s class and slipped into my smock. Then I slipped out the door to the outside, which was just by his classroom. Checking to make sure the coast was clear, I took out the cigarette and after several failed attempts – another omen – managed to light it. Of course, I almost choked to death inhaling and spent several valuable seconds coughing my lungs out. I took a few more puffs, exhaling onto the smock and trying to fan some into my hair. The plan was to smell like smoke. When I was done, I placed the cigarette butt and the matches in my smock pocket.

Step 6. Self-entrapment. The first bell for the start of classes sounded. I cracked the outside door open and watched as the other girls streamed into the class. It was at that point, reality suddenly set in. It wouldn’t just be me and Mr. Henderson. It would be me, Mr. Henderson, and a dozen other girls. I had known that all along, of course, but had always pushed it to the back of my mind, somehow the real reality of it had never sunk in. What had I been thinking? I panicked, threw open the outside door and raced for the classroom. I was calling it off. But then, just as I had originally planned, Mr. Henderson appeared around the corner, and I ran right into him.

“What’s the rush?” demanded Mr. Henderson.

“I didn’t want to be late.”

“Well, you should watch where you’re going.”

“I’m sorry,” I apologized and turned to enter the room.

“Wait a minute,” he said, grabbing my shoulder and sniffing the air. “Have you been smoking?”

My plan was working. This was just what was supposed to be happening; only now I didn’t want it to happen at all.

“Hands on your head, Miss,” he ordered.

“Please, sir, I wasn’t.”

“Hands on your head.”

“What is it with you girls and cigarettes?” asked Mr. Henderson, pushing me into the classroom. “Don’t you know these things will kill you?”

“All right, Miss Deborah, what do you want, twenty or five?”

What I wanted was to die. Standing up there, looking out at all those eyes, I was in agony. “Oh, God, please save me,” I prayed silently to myself, and then, like a miracle a voice from the back of the room yelled out; “You can’t punish her.” It was Minday of all people.

“And why, Miss Mindy, can’t I?” demanded Mr. Henderson. “Has my spanking license been revoked?”

“She’s on the rage,” answered Mindy, and the whole room erupted in laughter.

“Quiet!” Ordered, Mr. Henderson. Then he turned to me. “You’re having your period, Miss? Is that what I’m suppose to understand.”

I blushed and looked down. “Yes, sir,” I mumbled.

“Very well,” he said. “This will give you a few days to decide.”

“What sir?” I asked.

“Twenty or five. Let’s see, today’s Monday, that means by next Monday, you should be at my disposal for punishment. Let me just make a note of it in my calendar. Oh, and make that forty or ten.”

“Forty?”

“Five more for running into me, five more for trying to lie to me, and ten more for not wearing a bra.”

Don’t you think it’s amazing how time can pass so slowly and quickly and both at the same time? I seemed to feel every second of every day as my impending doom drew ever closer. But by the end of the day, it seemed like it had barely taken any time at all. And it wasn’t helped by the fact that Louise and a few other girls were constantly reminding me. “One down six days to go.” “Five days down, two days to go.” On top of that there was the humiliation of my first after-the-shave shower day with the Queen Bee making me stand on a stool, so everyone could “admire” my handiwork. I had no good answer for the repeated question of “why,” so they came up with some interesting ones of their own.

Needless to say, I didn’t sleep Sunday night and looked like death warmed over by Monday morning.

“Ah, Miss Deborah,” chirped Mr. Henderson as he walked into class. “Today’s your big day. Everything’s back to normal I hope.”

“Yes, sir.” I mumbled.

“And have you decided, forty or ten?”

In fact, I hadn’t decided. I had thought of almost nothing else for the entire week, going back-and-forth. Everyone, of course, had an opinion, but there was no consensus.

“Well?”

“Forty, sir.” Might as well stick to the original plan.

“In that case, girls, have a seat. This is going to take a bit of time,” said Mr. Henderson, pulling out his desk chair and planting in front of the room. The girls formed a half circle around us with their own chairs.

“All right, Miss, take off your skirt. “ I had no control over my fingers. The simple act of sliding down the zipper was beyond me. Tears were already welling up in my eyes. “Oh, enough of this,” Mr. Henderson exclaimed with total disgust. “Somebody help her out of her skirt.”

Several girls started to rise from their chairs, but Louise was already pulling down the zipper before any of the others could get to their feet. And before I knew it, my skirt was lying on the floor.

I didn’t even have time to register the fact that I was standing there in my knickers before Louise had them down around my ankles, and Mr. Henderson had me bent over his lap, my bare bottom facing the class, the knickers still around my ankles. Trust me, if you haven’t already experienced it, it is one of the most humiliating positions a person can ever be in. I think, and I speak from experience, being totally naked is better than having your knickers around your ankles while some one is wailing away on your rear end, especially in front of a whole lot of other people. The knickers are a constant reminder of the fact you have absolutely no control of the situation.

To begin with, Mr. Henderson ran the palm of his hand over my rear end, warming it up. Then suddenly there were ten quick hard slaps on my right cheek, followed by ten more on my left. The stinging pain was surprising but not unbearable. And if it all went this quickly, I thought it wouldn’t be so awfully terrible. What I didn’t know was that those first strokes were merely intended to soften me up. And besides there was that warm tingle starting to develop deep inside me.

Mr. Henderson’s palm was now cupping the lower part of my bum, just outside where my bum hole was. Then the hand disappeared for what seemed like an eternity, and then came crashing down with a force I didn’t think was even possible. The sting shot right through me, right up through my entire body, and emerged from my mouth in an ear-shattering scream. And then another and another. Instinctively I reached back with my free hand, only to have it grabbed and pressed into my back by his other hand. After ten devastating blows, he stopped for a minute, apparently to admire his handiwork.

“Please, sir,” I begged through my choking sobs, “isn’t that enough?”

“Don’t you worry, Miss. It’s coming along nicely,” he chortled. And coming was what I was afraid I just might do in spite of the pain. Aside from the intense stimulation from the spankings, the rubbing of my lips and love button against his jeans was adding mightily to my arousal. Not to mention what the bump in the middle of his lap, which I was too naive to identify, was doing. I felt my lips, which I had long ago given up trying to keep from exposing, must be opening and closing like the mouth of a guppy. My vagina was filled with fluid, and there was an aching in my gut that seemed strangely familiar. But before I could identify it, he was back at it.

The next ten thwacks seemed to take an eternity, as Mr. Henderson paused to rub my bottom after each stroke. The pressure inside me was building up, and then as the last spank came crashing down, I could feel all the fluid in my vagina giving way. Only it wasn’t from an orgasm.

“What the?” cried Mr. Henderson leaping to his feet and dumping me unceremoniously on the floor. “What the hell is that?”

I looked up and could see bright wet blotches covering the crotch of his jeans. My period had started for real.

**BOARDING SCHOOL: Chapter 10, AFTERWARDS**
Needless to say, after the incident in Art Class, I sank to the bottom of the pecking order, taking Dorkus and Mindy with me, not that it was truly possible to sink all that much lower. One day after lunch we found a sign affixed to our door: “THE RAT HOLE. HOME TO DORKUS THE DORK, MINDY THE TRAITOR and BLOODY DEBORAH. We didn’t dare take it down.

The one interesting thing that happened was Mindy suddenly started getting more friendly. She thought the whole event was the funniest thing she had ever seen, and that Mr. Henderson, that letch, had finally gotten some of what was coming to him. Also, she said it was really interesting, seeing how obviously excited I was by the spanking, my vagina wide open. I wasn’t thrilled to have my worst fears confirmed, but at least Mindy was much less of a black hole in our room. She started spending more time with us, and she was even almost kind of nice to Dorkus.

It goes without saying that the next Saturday I was hauled into Punishment Court for bringing shame and notoriety to our dorm section. I was ordered to strip and given five with the paddle, administered by the Queen Bee herself. Afterwards, I had the “honor” of leading the dorm section to the dining hall, stark naked of course.

I can remember standing at the head of the line, looking through the glass doors to the quad. There must have been twenty or thirty townie boys lined up along the sidewalk, just waiting for the procession. The catcalls, hooting and whistling began the moment I pushed open the door. I think the shame I felt was even greater than what I had experienced in Art Class. No boy my own age had seen me naked since I was maybe five or six. “Get some tits,” one boy cried. “How about some pubic hair?” cried another, reminding me that I wasn’t just naked, I was completely and totally exposed. The cold air had made my nipples erect and the cold stones of the walk bit into my feet. Tingle, tingle went my pussy. How could I find this even the least bit exciting? I tried to pick up the pace, but Beth ordered me to slow down. It was agonizing. A walk that normally took only a minute or two at the most felt like it lasted an hour. And then at dinner, when I was standing beside her while she ate, she recited the same stale fish joke with all the other girls laughing right on cue.

If I had thought going to dinner was bad, going back to the dorm was even worse. Most of the other girls left in a herd. I should have realized I should go with them, but I had dawdled over my dinner, and by the time I was done, I was all alone. Maybe the boys had all left by now? Wrong. It was like running a gauntlet. With no one else around, hands came into play, as they reached out to grab at my breasts and pinch my bum. One hand even landed square on my most private parts, a finger sliding up my lips. “Hey, I think she’s wet,” cried the boy. I was. What was wrong with me?

The one good thing was I had finally gotten Mr. Henderson out of my system, and I was able to concentrate on my studies, not that there was much else to do other than studying, since I had no social life to speak of. None of the other girls in our section would have anything to do with me. After a few of weeks, I was one of the star pupils, along with Dorkus, which naturally did nothing to endear me to any of the other girls. The only one who benefited from my social ostracization was Mindy, who conned me into helping her with her papers (writing her papers) and prepping her for tests.

The truth of the matter was, she fascinated me. I’d never known a really bad girl like her before, and Mindy was definitely bad. She’d drunk alcohol, done drugs, smoked cigarettes, and had slept with boys. I was always pressing her for details, and she seemed only too happy to provide them.

One weekend, when Dorkus was spending the night at her mom’s, Mindy asked if I masturbated. I was too embarrassed to answer. “Ah, it’s all right kid, everyone does. Trust me, most of the time it’s better than the real thing, unless you’re with an older guy. Take my advice, the first time, pick an older guy who knows what he’s doing and isn’t going to shoot his wad after a couple of strokes.”

“I will,” I mumbled, my face totally red.

“So when did you first start?”

I couldn’t even begin to answer her.

“For me it was gym class in second grade. I was climbing up the rope, and I got about halfway up when suddenly it hit me. All I could do was sort of hang there with this stupid grin on my face. After I’d discovered that, wow.”

I had no intention of telling Mindy about the vibrating pillow my mother had that she used to massage her lower back while watching television, and which I’d discovered, quite by accident, was quite fun to sit on.

“Hey, let’s do it at the same time,” exclaimed Mindy.

“What?” I asked.

“You know.”

“Mas...mas...mas...” I stuttered.

“It’s a real turn on doing it while watching another girl. Come on.”

“I don’t think so,” I started to say, but before I could get the words out, Mindy had pulled her night gown over head and had reached down to grab the hem of mine.

“Stop!” I yelled, but only in my head, and the next thing I knew, Mindy was telling me to lay down on the bed. “You lay on your bed, and I’ll sit in this chair, that way we’ll be able to see each other. “ Now draw your knees up and spread your legs. Good.”

Why was I doing this? Didn’t I have any will of my own?

Mindy sat in the big armchair opposite me. She pulled her legs up onto the cushion completely exposing herself. She was beautiful. Everything about her was beautiful, from her firm full breast, to tight stomach, to the beautiful neatly trimmed black pubic hair that surrounded her ruby lips.

“All right, follow me,” she commanded. Mindy began by gently caressing her breasts and then squeezing them with her hands. Next her hands pushed down over her stomach, caressing her belly. Sliding her fingers through her pubic hair, she slid them down over her lips, rubbing them up and down. Both of us began to breathe heavier. Now with the fingers on one hand, she was rubbing her love button and gently pushing between the folds of her lips with the other. By now I was pre-orgasmic. The juices were flowing. Spreading her lips with her fingers, Mindy slipped a finger inside. I followed suit, thrusting it in as deep as I could. There was a slight resistance, which I pushed against, followed by sharp little stab of pain. But the pleasure was too great for me to pay much attention. Now we were both rubbing our love buttons vigorously while penetrating ourselves with our fingers. Mindy came first, and as she did so, I saw her push a finger into her bum hole. “Oh, my word,” I screamed a moment later, one of my own fingers up to the first knuckle in my bum.

I lay there totally exhausted in a pool of sweat.

“Hey, kid,” said Mindy. “Guess what? You busted your own cherry.”

The next day we buried the evidence in the woods behind the dorm.

**BOARDING SCHOOL: Chapter 11, AN INCIDENT IN THE SHOWER**
I had forgotten my flip flops. Dorkus and Mindy both advised against my going back into get them, but I was afraid the Queen Bee or one of her drones, most likely Louise, would drop them in a toilet, probably an unflushed toilet.

“What are you doing?” snapped Mary, as I walked back in.

“I forgot my flip flops,” I answered.

“I think she’s spying on us,” chimed in Louise.

“No, no,” said Beth, “I think she wants us to invite her into shower. Is that what you want, Deborah?”

“No,” I answered as politely and humbly as I could. “I just wanted to get my flip flops.”

“It’s okay,” continued Beth, as if I hadn’t spoken at all. “It’s understandable. More private. More relaxed. Better water pressure with fewer showers running. Come on in.”

“What?” I was stunned by the invitation.

“I said come on in. The water’s fine.”

“That’s okay. I’ll just take my –

“You’re not going to insult me by refusing my invitation are you?” asked Beth.

“What? No. No.”

“Good. Now get out of that ratty robe and join us.”

Reluctantly I took off my robe and went into the shower, wondering what evil was lurking in the heart of Beth.

“Louise, dear,” said Beth, Why don’t you scrub Deborah’s back for her? Be real gentle.” Louise moved right up behind me and began soaping my back. “Don’t forget her legs and thighs,” said Deborah. It felt good. Too good.

“Mary, darling,” Beth said with a sickly sweet voice that I knew only meant trouble. “Mary, darling, help Beth with her front. We want her nice and clean.” Mary began washing my face and then my breasts. I tried to step back, but I was now sandwiched between her and Louise. Mary did a thorough job on my breasts, paying extra attention to my very erect nipples. Oh, my, her hands were soaping my stomach and slipping towards the Delta, just as Louise’s hands were coming up the insides of my thighs. My legs were beginning to shake and my body tremble.

“Oh,” exclaimed Beth, “I think she’s really enjoying it. “Don’t forget to get the dirty parts.” Mary’s hands were now stroking my lower lips and Louise’s were caressing my bum hole. This was the first time anyone had touched me down there since I was four. I was playing doctor with Bobby Morris. I moaned out loud. It was going to happen. Any second I was going to orgasm.

“Stop!” commanded Beth, and the two girls stepped away. I was left standing there completely wobbly, confused, and totally frustrated.

“Now what’s that?” asked Beth, pointing and my pubic area.

“Wha...wha...what,” I stammered.

“You’ve got all this stubble,” she said referring to my pubic hair that was slowly, and much to my relief, starting to grow back in. “We can’t have that,” declared Beth. “Louise get the stool.”

“No. No,” I protested to no avail.

Louise grabbed one of the shower stools, and I was unceremoniously pushed down on it. Mary held my legs apart while Louise applied the shaving cream, which seemed to take an inordinate amount of time and a great deal of rubbing. Then Beth, wielding the razor like a scalpel began to shave me. Somehow she managed to keep bumping my aching love button while she worked away. I just knew my labia were doing their guppy thing again. But in spite of the shame of it all, the heat and intensity were building again.

“All done,” declared Beth, and she gave my pussy a sharp slap. “Time to get out. Up you go.” I could hardly stand and was now even more frustrated then ever. I was so frustrated that I was on the verge of begging them to let me finish myself off, when a sharp snap of rat’s tail on my bum provoked a resounding cry of pain. “Move it, Deborah,” ordered Beth. And I raced to grab my towel and robe.

As I headed towards the door, Mary yelled: “You’d better rub some lotion in that. Don’t want to get chapped.”

Then Louise added, “I think she’s going to be doing some rubbing all right,” and then they all started to laugh.

**BOARDING SCHOOL: Chapter 12: MINDY STRIKES BACK**
I hated Beth. I hated Mary. But most of all I hated Louise, which was probably why I let myself get drawn into this whole mess.

Things were relatively calm for a while, and I managed to stay out of trouble with Beth and her demon helpers. Dorkus, as usual, was not so lucky, and it seemed like every Saturday night, she was leading us to dinner in the all together. By now the boys even knew her name. Well, not her real name but Dorkus. As soon as they’d see her, they’d start chanting, “Dorkus! Dorkus!” Mindy and I always held to the back of the line on these occasions, distancing ourselves from her. Poor thing.

I once remarked to Mindy that we seemed to be off Beth’s radar these days, and she told me that I shouldn’t count on it, and that I shouldn’t let myself get lulled into a false sense of security, which she claimed was exactly what they wanted. She said we ought to stage a preemptive strike, and when I asked “what?” she said she was working on something and would tell me when she was ready.

Whatever Mindy’s plan was for the preemptive strike she mentioned that night, she never let on and wouldn’t even discuss it with me when I asked her. A few weeks later, at Mindy’s “suggestion,” Dorkus was gone again, and I was a little nervous about what Mindy might have in mind that involved “us,” given what had happened the last time we were alone together.

“Operation Naked Girl has begun,” declared Mindy, crashing through the door, carrying an unconscious Louise over her shoulders. “This is going to be great. Trust me.”

Why did I trust her, and why did I continue to trust her even after that? Was it simply a case of a younger girl being under the spell of an older one?

“Help me strip her,” said Mindy, pulling off Louise’s shoes.

“What if someone comes in?” I asked.

“When was the last time anyone came into our room?”

“But they’ll miss her?”

“Her parents are here, remember? Mary and Beth will think she’s staying with them at the hotel. Now give me a hand. We’ve got to have her immobilized before the chloroform wears off.”

In a couple of minutes the unconscious Louise lay on the floor bound hand and foot. Mindy secured a blindfold over her eyes, which she secured with gaffer’s tape. She stuffed cotton in her ears and then placed a pair of headphones connected to a Walkman over them. “When she wakes up, we’ll turn on some loud music, so she can’t hear our voices.”

Pulling out a Polaroid, she snapped a few pictures “for posterity.” Little did either of us know that those pictures were going to be our own undoing, and whole lot more trouble than either of us ever bargained for.

Louise started to moan, and Mindy turned on the Walkman. As soon as she was awake, or what I assumed was awake, Louise started fighting and struggling against the ropes, flopping around like a fish on the floor. Mindy reached down and gave one of her nipples a really hard tweak. Louise’s whole body arched upwards against the pain. Mindy pressed down on Louise’s chest with one hand, and when Louise started thrashing again, Mindy gave her another tweak that was so hard it made my nipples sore. After a couple more times, Louise got the message and lay still.

“So what are we going to do with her,” I asked.

“You know the statue unveiling tomorrow?” she asked.

The statue unveiling. Tomorrow morning, in the Great Hall of the administration building, they were unveiling a statue of the woman who founded the school. Everyone was going to be there: trustees, administrators, teachers, students, and parents, including Louise’s.

I still don’t know how we did it, but somehow, after everyone was hopefully asleep, we carried Louise across the campus. I was sure we were going to be discovered at every step. When reached the administration building, Mindy laid Louise down outside the door and disappeared around the corner of the building. “You stand guard,” she ordered.

I was practically pissing in my pants with fear, but at the same time I felt more alive than I had ever felt in my life. Every part of me was tingling with excitement.

Suddenly the door to the administration building swung open from the inside. I jumped back in fear, but it was only Mindy. “They really should fix the lock on that window by the vending machines,” she said. “I guess they think it’s too small for anyone to get in.”

We carried the still unconscious Louise down the corridors to the Great Hall. The corridor was really rather creepy, all dark and with these barely visible portraits of former Headmistresses and Trustees staring down at us. And with all of its Gothic architecture, it was the perfect place for some sort of ghost or goblin to be hanging out.

The new statue stood in the center of the Great Hall covered by a large tarp and surrounded by hundreds chairs. There was a podium to one side of the tarp with a red velvet cord hanging down from the tarp that would be pulled for the unveiling.

We got Louise under the tarp, and while I held a flashlight, Mindy got a rope around the neck of the statue and then attached one end to the ropes that were binding Louise’s hands. Then she pulled the rope taut, bringing Louise into a standing position with her arms stretched over her head. She then wrapped a rope around the base of the statue and tied it off. Next she untied Louise legs, and then took the rope that went around the base of the state and tied her ankles, so her feet were planted firmly on t he floor but with her legs spread. Louise started to groan. Finally she took off the earphones, pulled the cotton out of her ears, and removed the covering from over her eyes, unfortunately also removing a few hanks of hair in the process. “Now let’s get out of here,” she whispered.

Needless to say it was another sleepless night.

The next morning was all pomp and pageantry. First there was a special breakfast. You know the kind school’s have when there are guests of honor or parents, and everyone’s going on about how “we,” meaning us students, must be living like royal princesses eating food like that, like it’s the kind of food we get all the time. After the breakfast there was special commemorative service in the church, during which anyone who has ever given a Euro to the school gets to stand up and say something. And finally there was the processional to the Great Hall. First came the trustees, then the administrators, the faculty, and the students, from the lowest levels to the highest, and finally the alumni, parents, and other guests.

All during these events, I was in a constant state of agitation, part terror and part pure excitement. I kept thinking about what it was going to be like to be Louise, and it was just so deliciously terrible, I was burning up down there. I wondered if Louise had figured out what was happening. Certainly she had heard all of us processing into the Great Hall. Certainly she could hear the Headmistress droning on-and-on about the Founder and the school’s glorious tradition and all of its distinguished alumni. But had she figured out the part she was going to play in this great event. If she had, maybe she was fighting against her bonds with all of her strength, digging them deeper and deeper into her wrists and ankles. Or maybe she was just standing there, staring straight ahead in abject fear, simply waiting for the moment of her complete and utter humiliation.

And as I was thinking all of those things, I realized I was missing the best part. The best part would have been to be watching Louise as she figured it out, and what she did once she had figured it out and waited for the inevitable to happen.

“Distinguished Guests, Ladies and Gentlemen, and young ladies,” intoned the Headmistress, “I give you our founding Mother.” And with that she gave the velvet cord a tug, and the tarp came tumbling down revealing one rather dour Victorian era woman, and one very scared and very naked young girl.

As the tarp fell, Louise was indeed struggling, twisting and turning, trying to break from the ropes. But the minute she was aware it was coming down, she froze, staring at us with this look of absolute terror in her eyes.

The Headmistress, who was looking out at the crowd, was visibly surprised when the anticipated applause did not occur. Instead there were only several seconds of stunned silence as hundreds of pairs of eyes all focused on Louise. Finally a loud voice called out from the back of the hall; “My God, Louise, what are you doing?” It was her mother. She sounded like she thought Louise had done it on purpose. After that it was general pandemonium. Now suddenly everyone was talking at once, and the students all erupted into uncontrollable laughter, clapping and yelling. The Headmistress, who finally saw what was going on, hurried off the podium to cover Louise up. Several of the administrators and teachers ran forward as well along with her father, who shouting, “Who did this? Who did this?”

It took them several minutes to undo Mindy’s knots.

By the end of the day, Louise’s parents had packed her up and taken her away, and Mindy was confidently awaiting the summons she felt would return her to the inner sanctum of the Queen Bee. “You’ll have nothing to worry about, Deborah,” said Mindy. “You’re going to have a powerful protector from now on. Only don’t you dare ever say a word about anything that happened between us. You got that?”

I got it.

**BOARDING SCHOOL: Chapter 13, THE SUMMONS**
Mindy got her summons, but, unfortunately, so did I

Sitting there in that oversized green leather chair, I wondered how someone who had never really been in trouble her whole life, someone who had never really done anything bad to anyone else, someone who had always been a good student and obedient daughter could end up summoned to the office of the Headmistress for something like this?

Several days had passed since the “incident,” and it looked like we were going to get away with it. Louise had left without really talking to anyone. The entire school had lost dessert for a month, both because none of the perpetrators would voluntarily come forward when ordered to do so, and also because of the laughter and general pandemonium that occurred on the part of the girls. The only thing bad was that with each passing day without her summons to rejoin the Queen Bee’s retinue, Mindy was growing more and more irritable and was not a lot of fun to be around. I had definitely rejoined Dorkus on the bottom of her pecking order.

One night when I got back from dinner, Beth was sitting on my bed. Mindy was already there standing in one of the corners. Lying on the bed in front of Beth were the Polaroids Mindy had taken of Louise. I almost messed my knickers I was so scared. Images of Mindy’s torture and humiliation flashed through my head. This was going to be worse, much worse, only at that moment I had no idea how much worse.

“What are you going to do?” asked Mindy with a forced nonchalance.

“I’m not going to do anything,” answered Beth calmly. “I’ll leave that to a higher power.” And getting off the bed, she walked out of the room.

The “higher power” was the Headmistress, which was why we were sitting in her office on that damp, gray, Thursday afternoon in October. She had been keeping us waiting for a torturous half-an-hour, giving us plenty of time to contemplate the heinous nature of our crime. When she finally did enter the room, she didn’t even look at us. She spent another few minutes signing papers and organizing things on her desk. I was dying a painful death second by second. Finally she took something out of her desk drawer. It was the Polaroids. She looked at Mindy and asked: “Do you know anything about these pictures?”

“No, Ma’am,” answered Mindy.

“No idea who might have taken them? No idea how they ended up in your room? No idea how they ended up in your handbag?”

“Someone must have planted them there,” replied Mindy.

“Someone with a grudge, perhaps? Someone who is out to get you? Someone who wants to implicate you as the person responsible for the most reprehensible incident in the entire history of our school? Is that what you’re saying, Miss Mindy?”

“Yes, Ma’am,” Mindy replied without a moments hesitation.

“Was that person you?” the Headmistress asked, turning to me.

My throat was so dry, I could hardly speak. I just shook my head “no.”

“Well, Miss Mindy, you and I have known each other for many years. You’ve been here ever since you started school, and I must say that this particular incident has all the hallmarks of one your little escapades. I can’t even imagine that there’s another student with the imagination to come up with, let alone pull off a stunt like this. If only you would put such efforts into your school work, you’d probably be right up there at the top of your class. As to you, Miss Deborah, what your involvement in this whole deplorable matter is, I have no idea, but Miss Louise said there were at least two people involved, so it would have had to have been either you or Miss Dorkus, but as we all know, Miss Dorkus had signed out for that Saturday night and was with her mother. So now what do you have to say for yourselves?”

“I’m terribly sorry for what happened to Louise,” said Mindy, “as well as for my part in the disruptive behavior of the students. But as to the pictures, I have no idea how they ended up in my bag.”

“And you Miss Deborah?”

“Uh...”

“Uh is not an answer.”

“I...I’m sorry too,” I managed to stammer.

“Very well. Since neither of you is willing to admit to your part in this whole unseemly affair, I can only make my judgment based on the evidence I have, which leaves me no choice but to expel you both.”

“What?” I yelled, leaping from my chair. “Expel us?”

“That’s right, unless, of course you were willing to confess to your crime and take your punishment. Other than that, I don’t see that I have any other options. I’ll call your parents now and tell them you must be picked up no later than noon tomorrow. I’m sure your father and mother will be very unhappy with you Miss Deborah, and Miss Mindy, I think we both know what will happen when your father hears about this, and all I can say is, I’m glad I’m not you.”

“All right, all right,” said Mindy, her voice shaking. “I did it. I confess. It was all me.”

“And you, Miss Deborah?” asked the headmistress.

I could have lied. I know I could have. And I know Mindy wouldn’t have said a thing, no matter what. She would have insisted that Louise was mistaken about there being two people involved. But I just couldn’t let her take the punishment alone, even if she had started getting all Queen Bee droney on me again.

“Well, I’m sure you’ll both be able to sleep better with clear consciences tonight,” said the Headmistress. “It must be a relief to finally get all of that guilt off your shoulders.” (It wasn’t.) Now as to your punishments, I want you both to know that I have already talked to your parents, and that they have okayed the measures I am going to take. There will be your joint punishments, which will take place on Saturday morning, but first, Miss Mindy, there will be your punishment for corrupting a lower former. How you have managed to find some poor dupe every year, I must confess I have no idea? But find them you do. However, leaving that aside and getting down to business, your punishment today will be ten strokes with the paddle to be administered by Miss Deborah, herself.”

“What?” both Mindy and I exclaimed simultaneously.

“Yes, Miss Deborah. I’ve decided that’s only fair, given the punishment you are going to receive later. And once you hear what it is, I’m sure you’ll think I have been far too lenient. All right stand up the two of you. Very good. Now Miss Deborah, please be so kind as to remove all of Miss Mindy’s clothing.”

I realized how much more embarrassing for Mindy it was that I was undressing her rather than her taking off her own clothes. I unbuttoned her blouse and slipped it off. She shivered a little.”

“Just lay her things on the desk here,” said the Headmistress.

I wasn’t sure what to take off next, so I unzipped her skirt and pulled it down to the floor. Mindy didn’t move her feet, so I had to lift each one. I decided while I was down there I might as well remove her shoes and socks as well. I could feel the trembling in her legs, as I pulled off her white ankle socks. She had a front hook bra, which I had a little difficulty unsnapping, her nice firm breasts spilling out after I had done so. I must confess I really wanted to reach out and tweak her nipples. I pulled the straps down off her arms. She had really beautiful arms. She moved to cross them over her chest, but a rap on the desk brought them back to her sides. I pulled gently at her white cotton knickers. At least she’d had the sense to dress appropriately for a visit to the office of the Headmistress. I knelt down as I pulled them off, catching the scent of her pussy as I did so. This was definitely turning me on.

Mindy was now naked. I had seen her that way many times, but there in that room, with the oriental carpets, and the heavy draperies, and the oak furniture and leather chairs, she looked very exposed, and very small, and very frightened.

“All right, Miss, over the desk,” ordered the Headmistress. Mindy reached out across the desk. “Now spread your legs.” Her pretty lower lips were now fully displayed, and I was really beginning to tingle.

Crossing to the wall, the Headmistress took down the paddle I had seen hanging there on the first day. It looked like pictures I had seen of cricket bats.

“Hold it with both hands,” she instructed, “and aim for the center of her backside. Really put your shoulders into it.”

I had no intention of doing any such thing. I’d let Mindy off as lightly as I could.

“Oh, and in case you’re thinking of playing pity-pat with her bum,” for every stroke I think you’ve made too soft on purpose, I’ll give you two of my own, like this.” And taking the paddle, the Headmistress brought it crashing down on Mindy’s bum. The whole desk must have moved a good couple of inches. The cry of pain from Mindy ran right through me. How could a skinny dried up old prune like the Headmistress hit so hard? “Of course, I don’t expect you to do it with quite that force. That comes with years of practice.”

I needed no further encouragement to apply myself to my task. I’m fairly athletic for my size and have never been accused of “throwing like a girl.” I wound up and delivered a solid smack to Mindy’s waiting bottom. The vibrations from the impact in the paddle handle created a surprisingly strong tingling in my hands that traveled up my arms and down my body to you-know-where. This combination of the vibrations from the impact of the paddle, along with the sight of the bright red mark that was appearing on Mindy’s bum, was more exciting than I could have imagined. In an instant, I suddenly realized why the teachers were so eager to apply the paddle or the hand to their young victims. I was truly excited. I loved the sensation of it all, but most of all I loved the feeling of power it gave me. Mindy was completely under my control, helpless to do anything to stop me from having way with her. And after I’d delivered two more solid thwacks, that excitement was increased even further when I saw how her pussy lips were responding to the heat that was concentrating itself down there. Nothing could hold me back now, and I completely lost count of the number of strokes I had given her, and it was only when the Headmistress grabbed the paddle on a backswing that I realized I had delivered the requisite ten.

Immediately I felt terribly guilty about what I had done and especially by how much I had enjoyed it. But I was also sorely disappointed that I had been forced to stop. What I wanted to do right then was run off someplace and relieve my own fire down below. But what the Headmistress said next quickly cooled me off, and that burning sensation was replaced by icy-cold terror.

**BOARDING SCHOOL: Chapter 14, LET THE PUNISHMENT FIT THE CRIME**
“Very good, Miss Deborah,” proclaimed the Headmistress. “Clean up you act, and in three years, you might have one of the prime qualifications to be a Head Girl. You may straighten up, Miss Mindy. Come along. Quickly. Hands at your sides.”

Mindy straightened up as quickly as she could. I could tell she was in a lot of pain. I could also tell from the look in her eyes, there would be no “protection” for me, if she ever did regain her position as one of the Queen Bee’s top minions.

“Now,” the Headmistress continued, “let me explain to you exactly what your punishment is going to be. Oh, but before I do, Miss Deborah, will you kindly remove your clothing and place it on the desk with Miss Mindy’s garments.”

“Oh, Lord help me,” I thought starting to unbutton my blouse and remembering the severe thwacking the Headmistress had delivered to Mindy’s bum just a few minutes before. How would I ever be able to stand up to even a few of those strokes? Later as I we were leaving her office, I was wishing that would have been our punishment.

I quickly stripped off my clothing and placed it on the desk, standing dutifully at attention with my hands at m side. I’m such an obedient girl.

“My, my,” said the Headmistress, looking me over. “You certainly are bit underdeveloped for a girl your age. And no nether hair yet, or has Beth been having some fun at your expense?” I realized it was a question that did not require my attention.

“Now, as to the first part of your punishment, for the next two days, you will wear no clothing on campus, but since you will be restricted to campus for the next month that shouldn’t be a problem. At each and every meal and in all of your classes, you will stand in front of the room and wear these signs.” She took two signs out of a desk drawer, and hung them around our necks. Each sign read: “I am the lowest of the low. I am a disgrace to my school and a betrayer of the Sisterhood of students. “ In addition you will stand like this for one hour each night before dinner in the common room of your dorm section, after which you will lead your dorm section to the dining hall. I realize this is a punishment that is traditionally reserved just for Saturday nights, but under the circumstances, I think we can make an exception. I’m sure the town boys will appreciate the added evenings once the word gets out, and I’m certain that somehow he word will get out.”

As I stood there, I realized that the humiliation of having to stand in front of my classes and in front of the whole dining hall, plus leading the dinner procession were going to be bad enough, but I could hardly even imagine the indignations and tortures we were going to suffer during that hour in the common room. But again I soon came to understand that that was all going to seem mild compared to what our ultimate punishment was going to be.

“Since you humiliated Miss Louise in such a public way,” the Headmistress went on, “it is only right and proper that your punishment be administered in the same way. Saturday afternoon, there will be an assembly of the whole school, and I mean the whole school, from the top administrators right down to the cooks, dormitory maids, and groundskeepers. I’m not sure how many of the trustees will be able to make it back for the occasion, but the Head Trustee has assured me he will be in attendance. In addition, Louise and her parents will be there, as well as your own families. Yes, I’ve already spoken to your parents Miss Deborah, and to your father Miss Mindy. I made it quite clear what the punishment would be and that their being here was not only requested but required.”

My parents were going to be there?! I felt faint and my knees began to buckle.

“Now as to the exact punishment, itself. You will receive five strokes each with the cane in front of the assembled crowd. Mr. Henderson will administer the stripes. And of course, you will both be completely naked.”

“Naked” was the last word I heard before fainting.

**BOARDING SCHOOL: Chapter 15, BEFORE JUDGEMENT DAY**
That night as Mindy and I stood punishment in the common room, we were subject to various pinches, nipple tweaks, slaps, and smacks with bare hands, rulers, and ping pong paddles. At one point, it seemed like just about every girl in our section walked by and spit in our faces, with a few producing really good phlegmy hackers. Oddly enough, neither Beth nor Mary put in an appearance until it was time to go to dinner. The only thing she did was refuse to let us wash ourselves off before proceeding to the dining hall.

Just as the Headmistress has predicted the townie boys were lining the sidewalk, only now there seemed to be three or four times as many as normal. Word had definitely gotten out.

Standing there at dinner, spittle drying on our faces, the signs around our necks were truly degrading. None of the girls, especially the lower school girls, were happy about the loss of desserts, and each one found a way to extract a small measure of revenge. We were both pretty sore by the time we were finally allowed to sit down and eat, though Mindy preferred standing.

Over our cold dinner, Mindy made it pretty clear how she felt about the spanking I had administered. “You shouldn’t have done it,” she declared.

“I didn’t have any choice.”

“You could have refused,” came the reply. “I would have.”

I knew she was right. If our positions had been reversed, she would have taken the risk of receiving the same punishment rather than punish me.

“And you enjoyed it too,” she continued. “I could feel you really getting into it.”

True.

I tried apologizing, but she wouldn’t hear it.

“You know I’ll get even,” she declared. And I knew she would.

The next day, Friday, was pure agony. Walking around naked everywhere, standing in front of the dining hall for all our meals, and in front of the classes. Mr. Durr, the biology teacher, decided he should take advantage of the situation and abandon frog dissection in favor of an illustrated lecture on the female anatomy. “Much better than those silly charts,” he said. With me seated on the lab table at the front of the lecture hall with my legs spread, he used a pointer to indicate various points of interest. Somehow it “accidentally” kept hitting my love button, which would cause me to squirm or jump. “Sorry, Miss,” he’d say. “But you’ll notice class how sensitive it is, although I’m sure I don’t need to tell any of you young ladies that.”

In art class, I was the life model, even though we were already into a unit on watercolors. In English class the girls all had to right a paragraph on “shame.” Gym seemed to involve and inordinate number of jumping jacks and leg lifts, after which, Mr. Higgendorf used me to illustrate how to get into a handstand, which no matter how many times he had me swing me legs into the air, I just couldn’t seem to get it right. Every teacher apparently had been told to come up with something for the day that took advantage of my disadvantaged state.

The Common Room torture and dinner went pretty much as it had the night before. Only shortly before the dinner processional, Beth and Mary appeared with a box containing several different bottles. Forcing us to stand on some plastic sheets they proceed to pour honey, chocolate syrup, and salad oil over our heads. Then they proceeded to rub it into our hair. “You’re just lucky the Headmistress prohibited me from any kind of physical abuse,” hissed Beth. “I just wish I was the one wielding the cane tomorrow. Do you know what that is, Miss Deborah?” she asked her face pushed right up against me own.

“Like what people with bad legs use to help themselves walk,” I replied meekly.

The room echoed with gales of laughter.

“No,” Beth said, barely able to speak, she was laughing so hard. “Tell her Mindy.”

“It’s a long thin round rattan stick. Very flexible. It causes a lot more pain than any paddle.”

“A lot more,” echoed Mary.

“That’s why you’re only going to get five of them. Believe me each stroke will feel like the stinging of a hundred wasps,” added Beth.

I believed her.

“And...” prompted Beth, looking at Mindy.

“And,” said Mindy, her voice quavering as she spoke, “each stroke will leave a long red welt.”

“You won’t be able sit down for a week,” added Beth. “Don’t worry,” she said patting my cheek, “it doesn’t scar.”

I thought I was going to faint again.

Later that nigh, when Mindy and I were finally allowed to wash off all the gunk that had been poured over us, I asked her if what I had been told about the cane was true, because part of me believed they had only said all of those things to try and scare me.

“Yes, it’s all true,” said Mindy, “and worse.” She spoke like she knew from experience. “It’s what my father uses,” she added, and then she burst into tears.

I was stunned. I couldn’t believe my father had agreed to this. How could he? My mother, maybe, but my father? Never.”

**BOARDING SCHOOL: Chapter 16, JUDGEMENT DAY**
When I awoke the next morning, Mindy was gone. At first I thought she was in the bathroom, but when Beth and her entourage arrived to prepare me for the morning’s festivities, it was soon ascertained that she was truly gone. A quick search of the dorm and some of her usual hiding places, along with the discovery that some of her clothes, her hiking sack, and her pocketbook were all missing, all led to the conclusion that Mindy had made a run for it.

If only I hadn’t done what I had done to Mindy, I thought to myself, then maybe she would have taken me with her. But now I was going to have to face the punishment alone. It was just going to be me up there. I raced into the bathroom and began throwing up.

After I returned to my room, a guard was posted to make sure I didn’t get any ideas about making a break for it too.

A half hour before the event, Beth came into my room. She and Mary tied my hair back and dressed me in a plain gray robe that fit over my head. It was like something Joan of Arc might have worn when they led her out to be burned. The medieval effect was completed when they led me into the hall. Everyone in our dorm section was wearing a black choir robe.

We marched in procession to the administration building, Mary and Beth were on each side of me, their arms locked in mine, just in case I fainted. And the truth is I don’t know how I managed to make that long walk. I was still sick to my stomach and my legs had no strength.

When we entered the Great Hall, everyone was standing. In the back were all the maintenance workers, maids, and groundskeepers. In front of them all the students from the highest grades down to the lowest. In the front rows were trustees, parents, and other invited guests. A stage had been erected just in front of the founding Mother’s statue, and to one side, just below it stood Louise, her parents and oh, God, her two brothers. Frank was two years older than me and George a year younger. I had known them for half my life, and I knew that on several occasions they had tried to get a look at me in the altogether, but I had always managed to avoid their silly boyish traps. But today they were finally going to get more than they had ever dreamed of. On the other side, in front of the stage, were my parents and the Head Trustee. My father couldn’t bring himself to look at me. He was staring down at the floor. My mother, on the other hand, stared right at me. I will never forget, nor will I ever forgive, the look of anger and disappointment she had on her face.

On the stage itself stood the Headmistress, Mr. Henderson, and a couple other of the male faculty members. In the center of the stage stood a pommel horse.

We processed up the center aisle, and as everyone else from our dorm section took seats in the front row, Mary and Beth led me up onto the stage. They turned me to face the crowd. I couldn’t believe how many people were there. All of them looking at me. All of them waiting form my painful humiliation. I glanced over at my father, still daring to hope just a little, he might do something to bring everything to a halt. But he was still staring straight down at the floor.

“I want to begin these proceedings,” said the Headmistress, “by apologizing on behalf of myself, the trustees and the entire school to Louise and her family for the unforgivable degradation she was forced to endure at the hands of two of her fellow students last week. It represented not only a gross degradation of a most solemn ceremony to honor the memory of our founding Mother, but it represented as well a violation of the sacred bonds of sisterhood that bind us altogether here in our school. I know nothing I can say will ever erase that horrible experience from poor Louise’s memory. I can only hope the punishment you have all been called to witness here today will offer her a small degree of solace.”

I glanced down at Louise, and I was sure she gave me that same evil look she had given me a few weeks ago in the Headmistress’s office. And I knew, I knew that the punishment I was about to endure had in some small measure been thought up by her.

“It is only right and proper,” continued the Headmistress, “that those of you who witnessed what happened to poor little Louise, should now bear witness to the retribution that will meted out upon her persecutors, or I should say one of her persecutors, the other having flown the coop, so to speak. Well, never mind, I have no doubt she will be found, and when she is, she will be one very, very sorry young lady. (She was.) I have insisted that Deborah’s parents be here, as it is only right and proper that they be subjected to some of the same shame that was visited upon Louise’s parents. I know this will be a very painful experience for you and for that I am sorry. But at least you will understand in some small measure what it was like for Louise’s parents. I say “small measure,” because unlike them, you have had the opportunity to prepare yourself for what you are about to witness.” Once again I glanced at my father, praying and hoping, he would stop this whole mad affair. But he was still staring at the floor.

“As for you young women, let me warn you, that if there is any kind of untoward disturbance of the kind we witnessed last week, there will be far more severe penalties than the missing of desserts for a month. I hope I have made myself quite clear.”

You could have heard a pin drop. No one was moving. I doubt if anyone was breathing.

“All right,” commanded the Headmistress in her most authoritarian, not to be questioned voice, “you may prepare Miss Deborah for her punishment.”

With that Beth and Mary crouched down, and taking the hem of my robe, began to raise it up very, very slowly. I felt it passing my ankles and then my calves, then slipping up my thighs. Soon my poor naked pussy would be exposed. I could see the hungry look on Louise’s brothers’ faces and that of her father as well. Hundreds of pairs of eyes were focused on my soon to exposed crotch. Worst of all even my father was now looking. I could feel the cool air as my lips were finally exposed. Further and further up my body crawled the hem of my robe. Over my belly, up over my breasts and finally it was pulled over my head, my arms and hands being raised involuntarily into the air. For a brief moment everyone vanished from sight as the robe passed over my eyes. But all too soon they reappeared, as I stood there at last, completely naked in front of all those people.

I wanted to cover myself. I wanted to run. I wanted to scream. And I did scream. When Beth and Mary grabbed my arms and led me towards the pommel horse, I screamed. “Daddy. Daddy. Save me,” I screamed it over and over again. I thrashed about violently and almost broke free, but the two male teachers on the stage took hold of me and bent me over the horse. Looking over my shoulder, I could see my father. He was staring me, with a cold-as-stone expressionless look on his face.

The pommel horse was no ordinary horse. First of all it had been lowered so that my bum was pushed upwards high into the air. And it had been rigged with cuffs on the far side to hold my hands. And there were similar cuffs at the base to hold my ankles, so that my legs were spread far apart, revealing my treasures to everyone.

“You may proceed, Mr. Henderson,” said the Headmistress.

Mr. Henderson was standing behind the horse directly in my line of sight, his hands behind his back. Upon receiving his orders from the Headmistress, he then produced from behind his back, the instrument of my chastisement. It was long, thin, and evil looking. A gasp went up from the assembled crowd.

“Young ladies,” said the Headmistress harshly, “remember my warning.”

Mr. Henderson walked around the side of the horse so he was now behind me. He reached out his hand and placed it on my bum, gauging the distance. Out of the corner of my eye, I could see him raise it up quickly, and then just as quickly, barely stopping at the apex of the upward movement, he brought it down again with all of his might.

I cannot even begin to describe the searing pain that ripped through my body, the explosion of agony that leapt from my throat, the tears that shot vertically out from my eyes. I didn’t even have time to re-catch my breath when the second blow landed just above where the first had been. I could feel my skin beginning to welt. My throat was already raw from screaming, and their were still three blows left to go.

I don’t remember if I passed out from the pain after the third or fourth blow, but mercifully I have no memory of the end of the end of the spectacle. The next thing I knew I was lying butt up on a cot in the infirmary. The Headmistress was standing over me. “Well, I suppose you were lucky to pass out like you did, “ she said scornfully. Nobody even noticed until they went to uncuff you. They thought you had just screamed yourself out. Well, never mind. I’m sure you’ll remember enough of today’s events to make sure something like this will never happen again.”

“Daddy,” I whispered, unable to speak any louder.

“Daddy and Mommy have left,” sneered the Headmistress. “Daddy and Mommy said to tell you not to even think about the possibility of your being withdrawn from the school. Unlike poor Louise, you won’t be getting away from the place of your shame. You belong to us for the next four years.” And with that she turned and walked out.

Lying there, the heat from the cane still coursing through my torn and battered body, I knew for certain I would never be able to forgive my parents, especially my father, for what they had let happen to me. I knew that the old Deborah, the good, obedient, eager to please her parents Deborah, was dead. What the new Deborah was going to be like I didn’t know for sure, but I was eager to find out.

**BOARDING SCHOOL: Chapter 17, LIMBO**
I was no longer an official member of the sisterhood of the school. I wasn’t even allowed to wear the school uniform. Instead of the basic loafers, white anklets, blue skirt and white blouse, I was to wear a plain gray skirt and blouse, and the skirt had to fall below my knees. My shoes were high-sided black tie-ups with gray socks. I looked like a novice in nunnery. In the halls, sometimes a girl would pull up the front of my skirt an inch or two, stare at my knee, and then feign swooning. “Ooooooh, a knee,” she’d cry, dropping to the ground, the back of one hand pressed to her forehead. After awhile, I have to admit it actually started to embarrass me.

Dorkus was moved out of my room. I guess so I wouldn’t corrupt her. They put her in another dorm section, where I assume her life was no better than it was in ours. I was only allowed out of my room to go to classes, meals, church, or the library. I was not allowed to participate in any extracurricular activities, including the Saturday night movies. I wasn’t allowed to go into town, nor was I allowed to sign out for a weekend overnight with my parents, not that I would have wanted to go in the first place. Other students were forbidden to talk to me unless it related to schoolwork, not that anyone would have been caught dead talking to me for any reason whatsoever. In all of my classes, I had to sit in the last row in the chair furthest away the door. When we processed to dinner, I had to march 8 paces behind the rest of my dorm section. In the dining hall, I took my meals seated alone at a small table in a corner. After dinner, once I was in my room, at random intervals, Beth or one of her minions would throw open my door, without knocking, to check and make sure I was there. I wasn’t even allowed to be judged in the Queen Bee’s punishment court. Beth had been told to report any infractions on my part directly to the Headmistress, who said she would deal with me herself. She also said that if I obeyed all these restrictions and got into no further trouble, I would be allowed to rejoin the society of the sisterhood after the Christmas break, like that was something I would want to do.

After a couple of weeks of living in limbo like I was, I thought I was going to go crazy. What really drove me nuts were the random room checks. I was living alone but I had no real privacy. Some nights it seemed like they were checking every five minutes and on others, not at all. By the end of the second week, I was beginning to build up a real good hatred towards just about everyone, but especially towards my dad.

“It’ll just eat you up,” said Sharon. “You’ve got to let go of it and just live your own life. You have to decide what you want and just do it.” It was the middle of the night, and we were sitting in our pajamas on my bed. Sharon, you might remember, was the girl in the office on my first day, and the one I bought the cigarette from. She came looking for me to find out if I knew what had happened to Mindy. Turned out that Sharon was Mindy’s cigarette supplier. She said she was hurting for the income, but I think it was more than that. I think she had a crush on Mindy. I got the sense she was really deeply concerned about her. “I just hope her old man doesn’t get his hands on her,” she said. “That won’t be pretty.”

Sharon was probably the smartest kid in the entire school. Apparently she was some kind of genius who never even had to study to score in the high nineties on all of her exams. She was also street smart and tough.

“Getting in and out and around at night isn’t hard,” she explained, “not if you know how to use the fire escapes, roofs and tunnels.”

Sharon was also an orphan.

“You can get anywhere you want around here, and your feet hardly ever have to touch the ground outside.”

Apparently her parents had been killed in some kind of accident, and she was being raised by an uncle who didn’t want much to do with her. So it was the usual story of boarding school in the winter and sleep over camp in the summer. This had been going on since she was six.

“Not that you have to worry much about the security around here. Most of the time those losers are drinking beer in the basement of the gate house.”

He paid all of her expenses, but he never gave her much in the way of spending money, so bright little thing that she was, she’d found ways of making money, like procuring cigarettes for the older girls.

“Anything you want, I can get it for you. Cigarettes. Beer. Liquor. Condoms.”

“Condoms?”

“You want condoms? No problem. How many do you need? Dozen? Two dozen? They’re cheaper in bulk. I can get you a real sweet deal on two dozen.”

Unfortunately she also had a tendency to get caught with the goods.

“There’s always some little goody-two-shoes who’s only too happy to turn you in.”

And she spent more than her fair share of the time in the Headmistresses office.

“But whenever I find out who it was, I always get ‘em back. You ever see a girl walking around here with really, really short hair. You’ll know that was me. Snip. Snip. Snip.”

Of course, her revenge always cost her another trip to the office of the HM (Headmistress), as she referred to her.

“Dirty old pedophile,” exclaimed Sharon. “I go in there, and she’s always so concerned. ‘Sharon, Sharon, Sharon. Whatever are going to do with you?’ is what she says. And then once I’m naked, she’ll pretend she’s going to let me off lightly this time and just give me a spanking instead of the paddle. Only when she pulls me across her lap, she has her free hand underneath, so my pussy’s right on top of it. And she spanks me in this way, so that I’m kind of rocking back and forth, rubbing against her hand. And when my lips start to open, because of all the heat, there’s her finger rubbing right up against my clit. So between what’s happening from the spanking and the rubbing, eventually I’m going to cum. Of course, she pretends to get all freaked out, and calls me a disgusting, undisciplined child, and then she uses the paddle. I used to try and fight it, but all that does is prolong the whole ordeal, ‘cause she’ll just keep spanking away until your body finally gives in.”

Sharon’s problem was she didn’t have any protection. Her uncle didn’t really care what happened to her, and according to her, the HM knew that.

“I tried talking to him about it once, and he said I probably deserved whatever was happening to me.”

She said there were a few other girls in her position.

“You don’t have to worry though. She wouldn’t dare try something like that on a regular girl.”

Under the circumstances, I wasn’t so sure.

I asked her about having to walk around naked as part of her punishments, and she just said: “What’s the big deal. We’re all girls, except for some of the teachers, and aside from Mr. Henderson, they’re all a bunch of limp dicks anyhow. The groundskeepers can be annoying, I’ll admit that. But as for the boys on Saturday nights, a bunch of pathetic losers who won’t get their hands on a naked woman until they get married. Look,” she went on, “it’s really rather liberating once you get used to it. I mean after awhile, you just stop caring.”

I couldn’t imagine that ever happening.

“Some night, I’ll take you out of here, and we’ll walk naked through the town. That’ll give you a thrill. You’ll see.”

Somehow, even though she was two years younger than me, Sharon seemed several years older.

“Remember what I said about all that anger and hatred stuff. It’s not worth the energy you’re spending on it.”

Before she left, I ended up ordering a pack of cigarettes and a bottle of Scotch from her.

“I’ll get you a single malt. They’re real smooth and have a nice smoky flavor.”

I also ordered some condoms, not that I had any immediate plans for using them.

“Hey,” she said, as she slipped out the window onto the fire escape, “one of these nights, I will take you out for some fresh air.”

I didn’t know then that Sharon was going to become one of my best friends. Well, one of my only friends, outside of Mindy.

**BOARDING SCHOOL: Chapter 18, MINDY RETURNS**
A couple of days later, Mindy returned.

A big black limousine pulled up on the walk, right in front of our dorm as we were going to dinner. Mindy got out dressed in a trench coat, the car door slammed behind her, and took off. She could barely walk. “Help me,” she cried. I ran over and started to put my arm around her shoulder, but she pulled away. “Don’t touch my back,” she cried. “Just take my arm."

It took forever to get her up the three flights to our room. Once we were there, I found out why she didn’t want me touching her. She was completely naked under her trench coat, and her shoulders, back, bum, and the backs of her thighs were covered with red angry welts. Twenty of them. Seems her father had written a note to the Headmistress explaining that, since he had managed to find only about a quarter of the people to witness her punishment as had witnessed mine, he had compensated by giving her four times as many strokes. He’d strung her up in the stables and called in the staff of his mansion, some people from one of the businesses he owned, and some of the neighbors to bear witness.

Mindy collapsed on the bed and cried. Later that night Sharon appeared with some ointment she’d “procured” from the infirmary.

“Security around here sucks,” she explained.

I applied the ointment while Sharon snuggled up against Mindy, kissing her over and over again on the cheek, totally frustrated because she couldn’t put her arms around her.

It turned out, Mindy told us, that her father had hired a whole bunch of detectives to find her after she disappeared, and it hadn’t taken them all that long. She was holed up with some young people in some kind of flophouse apartment in town. They’d caught her in the act with a couple other guys and girls. The detectives had some fun with the girls, beat up the guys, and dragged Mindy naked, kicking, and screaming out of there. Her father locked her up in a cellar somewhere on his estate for several days with no lights and a bucket in one corner to answer nature’s call. A couple of times a day, he’d show up with a plate of food and some of the staff. He’d open the door and proclaim: “Behold the shameful progeny of my loins.” Then he’d throw the plate on the floor and shut the door. Yesterday, he’d dragged her into the yard, hosed her down, and then took her to the stables. He’d bound her wrists, thrown a rope over a crossbeam, and then pulled her up so her toes were barely touching the floor. She passed out a couple of times during the whipping, just like I had done, only every time she did, he threw a bucket of cold water on her and waited until she’d regained consciousness before continuing. When he was done, he’d lowered her down, had two of the stable boys drag her back to the cellar and lock her in for the night.

By the time Mindy was done telling her story, Sharon and I were in shock. I said she should call the police. That it was child abuse, pure and simple. And it wouldn’t be hard to prove, especially since she had all those witnesses.

Mindy just laughed and called me naive and stupid. “All those people work for my dad or have business dealings with him, do you really think they’re going to testify against him? Besides, no one’s going to dare go after my dad, he’s too powerful. He’d have them squashed like a bug.”

It was a week before Mindy could go back to classes, and even then getting her dressed and around the campus was a painful ordeal, but at least I had someone to share my meals with.

**BOARDING SCHOOL: Chapter 19, NEW HORIZONS**
One night, after lights out, while Mindy was still recovering, Sharon came over to take me for a walk. I didn’t want to leave Mindy alone, but she insisted I go.

It was cold out, and the night air nipped at my nose. We climbed up the fire escape, ran across the roof, and went down the fire escape on the other side of the building. From there it was a quick run across the grass to the woods behind the dorm. I could hardly see a thing, but Sharon knew the paths like the back of her hand. She said she could have found her way with her eyes shut. A few minutes later we came out of the woods and onto an old towpath that followed a canal into town.

It was exhilarating to be outside. It was the first time since my punishment that I had been outside and free to roam around. I ran up and down the towpath in the dim moonlight, yelling and screaming my lungs out.

“Take your clothes off,” urged Sharon.

“What? Out here? Now? It’s too cold.”

“It’ll feel great,” she said. “Running around naked in the cold for a few minutes. It’ll be liberating. Trust me.”

“What if someone sees me?”

“Who’s going to be out here in the middle of the night?”

“We are.”

“Oh, you’re being silly.”

“Look,” I said sternly, “if you want to freeze your bum off prancing around out here in the altogether, be my guest.”

“I have many times,” came the answer. “But I’m not the one who needs liberating. Now come on. Just do it.”

I couldn’t believe I was letting myself be ordered around by a twelve year old. But a couple of minutes later, I was taking off the coat I had thrown on over my pajamas and handing it to Sharon. Then I pulled off my pajama tops. The cool night air snapped my nipples to attention.”

“Hey,” said Sharon, “I think I’m bigger than you.”

“Thanks for pointing that out,” I replied rather glumly.

“Be grateful. I’m probably going to end up with a couple of soccer balls that’ll leave me with a humped back when I get older.”

I slid out of my pajama bottoms and was naked.

“Now run around and scream your lungs out.”

I did. And she was right. It was totally liberating. Dancing and skipping around, hollering and yelling. I’d never felt so free so alive, or at least I did until one of my whoops was answered. Looking down the towpath, we could just make out a couple of guys on bikes riding towards us.

“Quick,” said Sharon. “Down there.” She started pushing me down one side of the towpath. “Hide in those bushes.”

She didn’t have to tell me twice. I scampered down the side of the bank, the undergrowth tearing at my feet and the bushes ripping at my sides.

“Sharon,” I yelled.

“Ssssh,” came the reply.

“Throw me my clothes.”

But Sharon had already started running back down the towpath. “Catch me if you can,” she yelled at the boys. And she was gone.

A few second later, the boys bikes went whizzing by.

My relief was only momentary, because there I was naked on a cold autumn night. I realized I couldn’t stay where I was or I’d freeze to death. But I didn’t want to follow the towpath, because what if I ran into those boys again? In the distance, I heard a car passing, and I realized just across the field was the road that led to the school. But what about cars? In the end, I decided the road was a better risk than the towpath.

At least the field was just dirt. Some farmer had apparently turned it over for some kind of late autumn planting. I squished my way through the soft earth to the road, which it seemed to take forever to reach. Distances at night are hard to judge, and by the time I figured out crossing the field by itself was just as long a walk as the one down the towpath would have been, it was too late. Now I still had to make it back to the school.

I scurried along the side of the road, listening carefully for the sound of cars. Every time I thought I heard one, I’d throw myself down into the ditch that ran along side of the road, which unfortunately had a little bit of stale brackish water in it, which aside from freezing me to the bone, made me smell like a swamp.

When I finally reached the entry road to the school, I was so excited that I forgot about listening for cars, and just then a truck went by with the driver sounding his horn in appreciation.

I ran down the entry road until I could see the gatehouse. The last obstacle, I hoped. Pressing myself up against the front side, I carefully worked my way around one side towards the back. Just as I was about to make a dash across the lawn up to the main campus, I heard a door opening. I pressed myself into the side of the building.

“Got a light?” said one male voice.

“Yeah. Yeah.” said another.

“Can’t believe we have to go outside our own guard house to smoke. That old bat.”

“Hey, did I tell you I got some great pictures of the punishment.”

My ears perked up.

“Nice little body. Too bad she’s got no tits to speak of.”

“Loved that naked pussy.”

“And when they bent her spread eagle over that thing, that what’d’ya call it. Wow. I thought I was going to cream in my pants.”

I was freezing, but my cheeks were burning.

“You know, you’d better be careful. One of these days you’re going to get caught taking those pictures like you do.”

“I’m careful. I’m careful. Hey did I tell you I got some kid to take pictures for me of the Saturday dinner parade? I think that same girl’s in some of those.”

I had to sneeze. Shivering there against the side of the building I had to sneeze. I did everything I could think of to stop it. I squeezed my nostrils and held my breath, but I could just feel it growing bigger and bigger inside of me. And just as I heard one of them say, “Let’s go back inside,” it escaped. The loudest sneeze I’d ever sneezed.

“What was that?” one of them said, and I took off on a run towards the woods on the far side of the lawn.

“Hey, a streaker,” yelled one of them. “I love streakers. You follow her, and I’ll get the car and meet you by the dorms.”

I ran faster than I had ever run in my life. Looking behind me I could see this over weight middle aged guy giving chase, only he didn’t seem to be trying all that hard. And the truth was he didn’t have to. All he had to do was herd me towards the dorms. I was naked, and it was a cold autumn night, I’d have to get back to the dorm. Under the circumstances, I decided, rightfully for once, not to run into the wood immediately. Let him look at my bare bum, he’d already seen a lot more than that.

I followed the line of the woods towards the dorms. In front of me I saw the lights of the other guard’s car just before they disappeared under the archway to the quad. The cold air was biting at my lungs and I was losing speed. Even though he wasn’t trying all that hard, the other guard was gaining ground on me. I had no choice now other than to fight my way into the woods. Tree branches and shrubs started tearing at my skin, whipping across my face. My feet were being chewed up by the undergrowth. I was afraid I was going to end up looking like Mindy.

Somehow I managed to find my way through the trees to the back of the dorm. At one point, I heard the guard yelling; “Might as well come out, Miss. You’re just going to get yourself all torn up in there.” And, of course, I was, but I was not going to give up without a fight. I wasn’t going to risk falling into the HM’s hands if I could at all help it.

I figured the two men and probably their back-ups would be guarding all the entrances to the quad, so I was also right in figuring I could make it up the same fire escape we’d climbed down earlier. I got up it as fast I could and then slunk across the roof. Now all I had to do was get down the fire escape to our room.

The quad was crawling with security guards, all wanting to be the one to capture the evil doing naked girl. They were shining their flashlights everywhere, even up-and-down the sides of the buildings. I’d have to risk it, because even if they saw me, I could at least get into my room and get some clothes on before they could grab me.

I inched my way down the fire escape, keeping myself as flat to the steps as I could. Finally after what seemed like hours, I was able to slip into our room.

“What happened to you?” cried Sharon. She’d managed to ditch the boys, and she’d been waiting for me by the path from the woods to the towpath to give me my clothes. Finally she’d gotten too cold to wait any longer.

Standing there under the hot water in the shower, desperately trying to warm up, my skin stinging from the numerous scratches, I realized that this had probably been one of the most exciting nights of my life. The adrenalin rush had been incredible. And in spite of the craziness of it, I knew. I knew that one of these nights, I’d be taking a naked stroll through the center of town with Sharon. Only that was going to have to wait until the spring, when it was a lot warmer.

**BOARDING SCHOOL: Chapter 20, CHRISTMAS SHOPPING**
Once Mindy was mobile, the first thing she did was march down the hall to have a little heart-to-heart chat with Beth. She said that the next time either Beth or one of her minions entered our room without our permission, she was going to beat them until they bled. I don’t think anyone who overheard her had any doubts about her meaning what she said. When Beth said she was going to report Mindy to the HM (now I’m doing it), Mindy whispered something in Beth’s ear, and that was the end of unannounced door openings. In fact after a few more days, no one even bothered coming around at all to check on us. What was the fun, if there wasn’t the possibility of catching one of us doing something, even though they never had? As someone once said, possibility is everything.

I never did find out what Mindy whispered in Beth’s ear. All she would say is: “We all have skeletons in our closets, and I know all of hers.”

Sharon was now a regular late night visitor to our room. Sometimes she’d sleep with Mindy until just before dawn, and then head back to her own room. Don’t get me wrong, nothing was going on between them like that, like what you might be thinking. They were just two unloved lonely girls seeking a bit of sisterly comfort in each other’s arms. Come to think of it, so was I, or at least I certainly felt that way. And on a couple of occasions, we pushed the beds together, and we all fell asleep holding onto each other.

Sharon did get caught sneaking back into her room one morning, and the next time we saw her, she was heading for one of her classes, clutching her notebook in front of her naked body. “Damn pedophile,” she hissed as she went by.

“Poor kid,” said Mindy. “I keep telling her she shouldn’t sleep over.”

For me the worst was Saturday night, being confined when everyone else was out doing something, even if was some stupid dance with a boy’s school. At least then, you could have the fun of trying to ditch your date.

“What’s the problem?” asked Mindy. “You want to go out, so we’ll go out. Saturday’s just a night. It’s just like Tuesday. So we’ll make Tuesday our night to go out. What do you say, Sharon?”

“Sounds good to me.”

“So, it’s all set,” said Mindy. “Tuesday night we’re going out. It’ll be a little late, and everything will be closed, but we’ll find something to do.”

Late Tuesday night, or was it early Wednesday morning, found us walking down the main street of the town. All the stores were decorated for Christmas, and we were having a grand old time window-shopping. When we got to one of the jewelry stores, Sharon told us to pick out our Christmas presents. Mindy immediately pointed out a necklace. Sharon pulled out a notebook and wrote it down. “And what do you want?" Sharon asked me. I thought she was kidding, so I pointed to a beautiful, and very expensive looking watch, which she dutifully made note of in to her notebook.

“Hey, let’s go in that store,” said Sharon, pointing to a building across the street.

“I think it’s closed,” I said with a little bit of sarcasm.

“Not tonight,” chirped Sharon. “I know the stock boy, and he has a key. Only we have to dance naked for him.”

“I’m not – “ I started to exclaim.

“It’s all right. We’ll be wearing masks,” Sharon assured me. “And besides we can have our pick of anything in the store.”

“Oh, come on,” said Mindy. “What the hell?”

Why was I always letting the two of them talk me into doing these things?

The stock boy was a pimply faced seventeen year old who was practically drooling on himself as he let us in.

I think he expected us to rip off our clothes then and there, but Mindy insisted on shop first, dance later. He was very nervous someone would see us through the window as we pawed through the merchandise. It was one of those eclectic sorts of artsy import stores with so-called native crafts from around the world. There really wasn’t much I wanted. Mindy got herself a lovely scarf, which she’d never be able to wear on campus. Sharon found a pretty nice ceramic jar with a top that she said would make a perfect condom holder when she got older. I ended up with a sort of rustic carrying bag.

Once we’d picked out our things, Pimple Boy was eager for us to get on with our dance.

“Not Sharon,” insisted Mindy.

“Ah, I don’t mind,” insisted Sharon.

“No,” snapped Mindy. “He’ll get enough of a show from the two of us. Now where are the masks?” Pimple Boy showed us a wall on which there were all sorts of masks from all over the world. Mindy picked this mask that made her look like an old man when it was on. I chose this one, Japanese I think, that made me look like a beautiful young maiden.

“You got any music,” asked Mindy.

“Pimple Boy showed her a CD player and some CD’s.

“All right, get out,” Mindy ordered Pimple Boy. “Let us get undressed. You’re getting a naked dance, not a strip tease.”

Pimple Boy eased out of the backroom and shut the door.

“I really don’t mind doing it with you,” said Sharon.

“You’re not, and that’s that,” said Mindy. I was wishing she’d say the same thing to me.

Mindy picked out a CD, which had tracks that were all fluid sounding instrumentals, though I didn’t recognize any of the instrument. The store also sold native type music from around the world.

The two of us undressed and put on our masks and looked in the mirror.

Masks are amazing. Mindy took one look at herself and immediately hunched over like an old man. And when I saw myself, I felt like the most beautiful person in the world. Pimple Boy was let back in, as the two of us started moving around the room to the music. We weren’t really dancing at first. It was more like a mime show. Mindy was acting like this dirty old man following me everywhere, trying to pinch my bum and grab hold of my breasts. And I was pretending I was offended, when in fact I was leading him on. In my mind, he was very rich, and I wanted him for his money, but only after I had him completely under my control. The more the music went on, the more we got into it. Pretty soon I forgot all about being naked. I forgot all about Pimple Boy. I think I even forgot about me. I was her, the girl of the mask, and Mindy was a dirty old man. The music speeded up, and our interactions became more abstract. By the time the song ended, the Dirty Old Man had captured the Fair Young Maiden and had carried her off to his bed.

Sharon ran up and hugged us both and told us how wonderful we were, while Pimple Boy just stood there with this stunned expression on his face. I made the mistake of taking off my mask, because my face was hot, and all of a sudden I felt very naked and very much like me.

“All right,” Drool Chops, snapped Mindy, “you’ve had your show. Beat it.”

Pimple Boy left, taking as many backward glances as he dared. It was certainly a night he’d never forget, nor would I. I really wished I was that girl.

We got dressed quickly and packed up our things. Mindy stuffed the masks under her coat, just in case we ever wanted to play Beautiful Virgin Maiden and Dirty Old Man again.

A couple of weeks later, on the night before leaving for vacation, the three of us exchanged presents. Sharon gave Mindy her bracelet and me my watch. I don’t know how she did it, but I’m pretty sure she didn’t pay for them.

The next day, waiting for our rides, we said our tearful good-byes.

Sharon’s ride arrived first. “Off to be raped by my uncle,” she declared, smiling and waving to us as she got into the car.

I looked at Mindy. “She’s kidding, isn’t she?” I asked. Mindy just looked at the ground. I felt a terrible sadness and waves of nausea rush over me.

Mindy was lucky. She was spending the vacation with an aunt somewhere warm.

As for me, I was going home. This was going to be my first real contact with my parents since judgment day.

**BOARDING SCHOOL: Chapter 21, WHAT I DID ON MY CHRISTMAS VACATION**
“There will be no mention of the ‘incident’ while you’re at home,” declared my mom, as I got into the car. â€œWe’re not going to ruin Christmas for your brother or sister.’ That would be Prince Michael, two years younger than me, and Princess Laura, three years younger.

I used to be my father’s princess, at least until Laura came along. I remember the first time he called her ‘princess,’ I must have been about five. I ran up to him, threw my arms around him, and started sobbing, ‘I thought I was your princess. I thought I was your princess.’ He told me that Laura and I were both his princesses. But he never really called me that much again. When I asked him about it once, he said that sort of thing was for little kids, and I was a big girl. Well, Laura was eleven now, and he was still calling her the princess, which she was. It sucks being the oldest.

‘The Headmistress assures me, you have managed to behave yourself,’ my mother continued. (If she only knew.) ‘At least there’s that. Hopefully you’ll be off probation when you return, and we will only be called upon to visit the school on parents’ day.’ And that was pretty much the end of our conversation for the duration of the two hour ride. The heat was on in the car, but let me tell you, it was plenty frosty in there.

I was pretty much of a non-person at home, much like I had been at school, only I didn’t even have Mindy and Sharon to keep me company. The Prince and Princess were all caught up with their friends and in getting ready for Christmas. At meal times, the conversations went like this. Mom would ask my father what had happened at work? And after he said something like ‘the same old same old,’ my brother and sister would be asked about their days. Prince Michael always had some major accomplishment to relate, like scoring a new high on some video game. The Princess usually had some inane story to tell that took forever, and it always ended with my father saying; ‘That’s my Princess.’ And then, without even looking in my direction, he’d say, ‘Anything to report, Deborah?’ like I was one of the secretaries in his office. Of course, I had nothing to say. ‘Anything to report, Deborah.’ Give me a break.

The Holidays for diplomatic personnel were one continuous party. Practically every embassy had a party, which my parents had to attend, and sometimes we were invited to go along. I always loved those parties. Everyone was all dressed up, the food was great, and there was live music. I had my first taste of champagne at one of those parties. And every year, I’d get a new dress and shoes and coat to wear. This year, it seemed, I would prefer not to attend, or that’s what my mom told my brother and sister, as they were all getting ready to go out. ‘Deborah says she prefers not to attend. She wants to stay home and relax. She’s still worn out from school.’ I had said no such thing.

Christmas morning was when we opened our stockings and presents. My stocking was filled with toothpaste, soap, deodorant, razors, and other such things, while my brother and sister got small trinkets and chocolates â€“ Belgium, no less. Some CD’s, a new Walkman, a couple of books, and a new dress had all been on my Christmas list. I got underpants, anklets, a bra, and a couple of bulky school approved sweaters, and a pair of rubbers. ‘Now you’re all set for the rest of the school year,’ chirped my mom.

After breakfast, I went up to my room and cried until I fell asleep. When I woke up, I decided I’d celebrate the New Years by losing my virginity.

I already knew I’d be alone that night. Apparently my mother had declined an invitation I had received to a party. ‘Louise will probably be there, so I didn’t think you’d want to go.’ My brother and sister were both staying with friends, and my parents were going to a ball.

I called up this guy named Viktor who was already seventeen. We’d made out once behind some bushes in the park last summer. I even let him put his hand on my breast, but only through my clothes. He had plans, of course, but I managed to convince him to stop by before going to the other party, the one Louise was going to be at, naturally.

I fantasized about what it was going to be like. What it was going to be like to be naked with a boy, having him look at me, kiss me, caress me? In my fantasy, my clothes just sort of fell off, my underwear evaporated under the firm but gentle touches of his delicate, long fingered hands. And music. There was always music in my fantasies. We would make long slow love, and he would forget all about his stupid party.

“Are you sure you want to do this?” he asked, fumbling with the buttons on my blouse. We were lying in the dark on the living room couch. I felt like I was in a wrestling match, and he was trying to pin me. “Are you sure you want to do this?” he asked, waiting for me to unhook the bra that had completely defeated him. (I think Viktor, for all his self-assurance the summer before was just as much a virgin as I was.) “Are you sure you want to do this?” he asked as he started in kneading my breasts like he was making a loaf of bread. I pushed his head down to one of my nipples, which he proceeded to lick like an ice cream cone. Finally, after he’d covered each of them with saliva, he started sucking on them, making this revolting sort of slobbering sound. Out of desperation, I pulled up my skirt and maneuvered myself so I was completely under him, at which point he started bouncing up and down. “That’s dry humping,” Mindy later explained to me. “Lots of fun for him, nothing for you.” I pushed one of his hands downwards. “Are you sure you really want to do this,” he asked, his hand finally resting on top of my pussy, but still outside my knickers. No, I wasn’t sure. Nothing, and I mean nothing, was happening for me. Then Mindy’s words about making sure the first time was with an older man came back to me. “Get off,” I said, giving him a push.

“Hey, you’re not going to leave me like this,” he moaned, as I got up.

“Here,” I said, raising my skirt and pulling the top of my knickers out and down. “Have a peek.”

“More,” he pleaded. I pulled my knickers down all the way and held up my dress.

“Help me,” he begged. “I need relief.”

I finally understood what he wanted, and I also understood the power I now had over him.

“Take of all your clothes,” I said.

“Wha – What?” He stammered.

“You want relief, you have to strip.” Quickly he pushed his pants and boxers down to his knees. His thing sprang into the air. I had to stop myself from laughing he looked so ridiculous.

“Everything off,” I ordered.

Everything?

“Down to your shoes and socks.”

Viktor was in agony, His thing was bobbing up and down. He pulled his sweater and shirt off over his head, kicked off his shoes, and pulled off his pants and boxers. Now he looked really silly standing there in his just his socks. “Leave those on,” I said. “Now go stand by the window.”

“What if someone sees me?”

“That’s the whole idea,” I explained. I could tell he was horrified by the idea, but I could also tell he was terribly excited by it as well. I thought the head of his thing was going to pop off. “Come on,” I ordered grabbing it and pulling him towards the window. He had no choice but to follow. It felt really strange, his thing, unlike anything I’d ever held in my hands before. I kept trying to think of something to compare it to. A hose?

There were lights on in several of the apartments across the way. A couple of parties were in progress and people were walking back and forth in front of the windows, sometimes stopping to look outside. I flicked on the light on my mother’s writing desk to throw some light on the subject.

“No,” he whined.

“Oh shut up,” I growled, giving a couple of pulls on his thing.

“Not so hard,” he cried.

Who knew something so hard could also be so sensitive? I was getting really, really hot, but not from handling Viktor’s thing, but from the idea of controlling Viktor. I stood behind him and began moving my hand back and forth, and Viktor’s hips started doing the same thing.

“Oh, look,” I cried, peering around his shoulder. “I think you have an audience.“ A couple of teenage looking girls were staring out of one of the windows, pointing up at Viktor, and exchanging whispers. “Do you know them?” I asked.

“Agggh,” cried Viktor, but by that point he was powerless to stop. His whole body began to convulse, and his thing began to spasm. I quickly slipped one finger between hiss bum cheeks, and fingered his hole. It always did wonders for me, why shouldn’t it work for him? But, gross, it was all sweaty and damp. I looked around his shoulders just as he shot his stuff onto the window. I’d never seen a guy’s stuff before, all white and milky.

As soon as he was done convulsing, Viktor pulled away from me and ran back into the room away from the window. His thing was now dangling limply in front of him. It looked about a third of its former size. Amazing. Viktor was grabbing for his clothes. His boxers were all tangled up in his pants, and he was so flustered he was having trouble separating them.

“Does it always do that?” I asked pointing at his shriveled member. Viktor looked up, and when he saw me staring at his thing, it started coming back to life. “Wow,” I said, utterly fascinated by this previously unknown phenomenon I was witnessing.

“Leave me alone,” he cried.

“Really,” I asked, walking up to him and taking hold of his thing again. Instantly it finished returning to its former state. I moved my hand back and forth and pretty soon he was doing that hip thing again. I slid my hand down to feel that silly sack he had hanging there. I gave it a good squeeze.

“Owwwww!” he cried. Who would have thought boys could be so vulnerable. I literally had him in the palm of my hand.

“Can I lay down,” he pleaded.

“Go ahead,” I answered. Viktor lay down on the floor, and I sat beside him and rubbing his thing.

“Faster and harder.”

I was wishing he’d make up his mind. A few minutes ago it was too hard, and now it was too soft.

I was watching his face, and when his eyes started to glaze over and get this far away look, I stopped.

“What are you stopping for,” he cried.

“I want to see you do yourself,” I answered.

“No. No. No.”

“Come on,” I teased, giving him a few more rubs.

“No!”

“You can do it,” I urged him, bringing him close to what I guessed was an orgasm and then releasing him.”

“Please,” he begged.

“Finish yourself or get out of here,” I ordered. He was past the point of no return, and he grabbed hold of himself and with a few strokes finished the job.

Doubly amazing. There was far less of his stuff this time than before, and it sort of just dribbled out and down onto his belly. “Does that always happen?” I asked. Viktor groaned.

I sat on the couch and watched Viktor get dressed.

“Do you want me to, you know, do you?” he asked.

How gentlemanly, I thought. But even though I was dripping down there, I had no desire to let Viktor do anything to me. That would have meant surrendering the power I had just had over him.

After he left, I ran to my room, ripped off my clothes, and had a private party. By ten o’clock, I fell into a wonderful deep sleep. Happy New Year.

**BOARDING SCHOOL: Chapter 22, THE HM MAKES A CALL**
There are certain things you know once you’ve been in Boarding School for a while, things you just take for granted and assume everyone else knows, and which it doesn’t even occur to you to warn a new student about. Things like making sure you don’t leave any contraband in your room for the cleaning people to discover over vacation breaks. Things that they just have to report to the HM. Things that the HM then feels she just has to make a phone call and tell your parents about. Things you’d rather nobody, especially the HM and your parents, never knew about.

It was the day before I was to go back to school. I had just finished my morning shower, and I was lying on my bed wrapped in a towel. I’m not sure if I remember hearing the phone ring. I think I remember hearing some loud muffled words from my father coming from the living room. I do definitely remember him bursting into my room in a rage. I sat bolt up right on the bed as he came storming across the room. He grabbed me by my wet hair and pulled me to my feet. The suddenness of the move caused my towel to fall off. I was yelling in pain and trying to grab for the towel, but by then my father’s hand was firmly wrapped around the back of my neck, and he was pushing me into the living room. I was hollering and crying, and all the commotion brought the whole family running along with the Maid. And there I was being held so I was up on my toes completely naked in front of my brother, whose eyes were popping out, and my sister, who I think was a little embarrassed herself by my exposed state. I, myself, aside from the pain in my neck, was burning with shame.

‘Do you know what they found in her room?’ yelled my father. ‘Do you know what they found,’ he said pushing his face right up against mine. ‘Do you,’ he hollered.

‘Oh, God,’ I thought. ‘They found the watch.’

‘Do you?’ yelled my father, turning to my mother, and then without waiting for an answer, he screamed: ‘A half full bottle of Scotch, a pack of cigarettes, and CONDOMS!’ The two still unused condoms I’d bought from Sharon. ‘That’s it,’ he cried. ‘That’s the last straw.’

Pushing me over my mother’s writing desk, he whipped off his belt, folded it in half, and started wailing on me. The pain was unbearable, and I was yelling and crying, pleading for him to stop. But he just kept on hitting me, and my mother, my mother just stood there with that same grim face she had that day at school.

I don’t think he would have stopped until my bum was completely raw, but finally the Princess couldn’t take it any longer. She ran up to my father in tears and grabbed his arm, begging him to stop. I think she was terrified not at my punishment but at the sight of her father out of control. If that could happen to me, couldn’t it happen to her?

For a moment I thought he was going to throw her to the floor. But when he saw the look on her face, he wrapped his arms around her and pulled her to him. ‘Sssh. Sssh,’ he whispered, trying to calm her. ‘Don’t you worry. Nothing like that will ever happen to a good little girl like my princess.’

I just stayed where I was, spread out over the table, not daring to move. The tears were streaming down my face. ‘Go to your room and don’t come out,’ ordered my father, once he’d gotten my sister calmed down. It was hard to straighten up and walk, my backside was so sore. I could see my brother leering at me as I turned around, but by that point I didn’t care. I didn’t even try to cover myself up. I’d now been completely degraded both at school and at home. What else was there? (Never ask that question.)

I spent the rest of my time at home in my room. The Maid brought me my meals. The next day when it was time to leave for school, no one was there to see me off. The embassy chauffeur drove me back.

Thank God, I thought. I was actually happy to be going back. I might be on probation for the rest of the year, but I didn’t care. At least I’d be with Mindy and Sharon.

**BOARDING SCHOOL: Chapter 23, CALLED ON THE CARPET**
‘Are you going to tell me who gave you this?’ asked the HM, holding up the watch Sharon had given me for Christmas.

She was seated in one of the overstuffed green leather chairs. I was kneeling in front of her, my hands over my head, my knees resting on a broom handle. The pain was intense.

‘Are you?’ she asked again.

‘No,’ I replied.

I’d no sooner gotten back to my dorm, when Beth waltzed in and said I was expected in the office of the HM. I had suspected it was going to be about the cigarettes, Scotch, and condoms, but not this.

‘I didn’t tell your parents about the watch, my dear,’ said the HM. ‘I thought we could quietly settle this between ourselves. You probably didn’t even know it was stolen.’

‘I didn’t,’ I said, trying to get the words out without crying in pain.

‘I thought so. Now just tell me who it was who gave it to you, and you can leave.’

I wanted to tell. I wanted so badly to tell. The pain in my knees was so intense, I just wanted to say it was Sharon. But every time I started to do so, all I could hear was Sharon saying, ‘Off to be raped by my uncle.’ And then I couldn’t say it. I couldn’t rat her out.

‘I must say I admire your loyalty to your friend,’ said the HM. ‘It shows you’ve learned something about sisterhood. So let’s try it this way. Let’s try it so you don’t have to say her name. Was it a certain kleptomaniac of a twelve year old with a knack for procuring things for other students? A certain twelve year old who seems to be walking around here without her clothes more often than not?’

‘I...I can’t say,’ I stammered. I was crying now.

‘There. There.’ She said all full of pity and phony sympathy. She reached out and patted my cheek, and then she pulled back her hand and gave me such a slap I was sent sprawling onto the floor.

‘Get up,’ she ordered. I got slowly to my feet, the pain biting into me as I tried to straighten my knees.

‘Very well,’ she continued. ‘I know you didn’t steal it, because you were never off campus. And I know Mindy didn’t steal it for the same reason. But since you won’t tell me who gave it to you, I have no choice but to give you some of the same punishment the thief would have received. Come here.’

I edged closer to her.

‘I’m going to be merciful. I’ll just give you a hand spanking, instead of the paddle.’ What Sharon had told me flashed through my mind.

Instead of ordering me to strip, the HM reached out and began unbuttoning my blouse. She did it slowly. Very slowly. If only Viktor had been half as skillful, we might actually have done it. She slipped the blouse off my shoulders and down my arms. ‘No improvement in the chest area, I see,’ commented the HM, as she expertly unsnapped my bra and removed it. Her hands reached around me, pushing her own ample bosom against my chest, as she unzipped the zipper on my skirt. Giving it a slight tug, it slid over my almost nonexistent hips and fell to the floor. She grabbed the sides of my knickers and quickly pushed them down to below my knees, after which she let them flutter to the floor.

‘I see you’ve re-grown some of your thatch,’ she sneered, gesturing towards my pussy. I think maybe I’ll tell Beth to make sure you stay as bald as a baby down there for the rest of the year. Naughty little girls shouldn’t be passing themselves off as women.’

‘Oh, no, please Ma’am,’ I begged to no avail.

‘All right, Miss Deborah, over my knee. She had pulled out a straight back chair to sit on. Her non-spanking hand, just as Sharon described, rested in her lap. Bad enough I was going to be spanked, but I had to position myself for the spanking, and right on top of her hand at that. But there was nothing I could do, and I lowered myself over her, trying to position myself so her hand was higher up. But she pushed me forward and the hand was resting right on my lower lips.

The way she spanked you was this: she’d strike the very bottom of your bottom, which would cause you to slide forward with impact, and backwards as the hand was lifted. The movement was either fast or slow, depending on how quickly she spanked you. She started slowly, pushing you forward, then she’d leave her hand on your bum for a moment before releasing it for the slide back. After a dozen or so of these spanks, you were wet. You couldn’t help it, not with the heat and the movement against her hand. And then your lips started opening up, and one finger was slightly raised, so it glided along the inside of your lips as you went forwards, and ended up pushing against your clit after you had slid back.

I was fighting it as best I could. At first fighting the growing excitement, and then fighting the desire to moan.

After she could feel I was good and wet, the spanks came faster and faster. I was crying from the pain, but at the same time I was edging closer and closer to orgasm. It was humiliating. I was completely under her control. I felt more helpless than I had with my father the day before. Finally I remembered Sharon’s words about it being pointless to resist, and that you might as well just give in and get it over with as soon as possible. Once I did that, once I’d surrendered to the pain and the pleasure, and just shrieked my lungs out, I came very quickly.

‘You disgusting, child!’ exclaimed the HM standing up abruptly and dumping me on the floor. ‘How dare you.’ And the next thing I knew, I was bent over her desk receiving five from the paddle.

I was forced to walk naked across the quad and back to my room. The quad and dorm were filled with parents, brothers and sisters, delivering girls back to the school. Everyone stopped whatever they were doing to stare, although no one said a word until one little boy cried out; ‘Look,’ she’s naked. That girl is naked’ And then he started to giggle. Now I knew what the Emperor in the ‘Emperor’s New Clothes’ felt like.

**BOARDING SCHOOL: Chapter 24, AMANDA**
Amanda was a third year upper class girl. She was also a prudish bitch. If someone ratted you out, you could pretty well count on it having been Amanda. I doubt that she had ever been in punishment court once in her life, and definitely not in the HM’s office, not unless she was snitching on someone. We hated her with a vengeance, even more than we hated Beth and her minions. Why did we hate her so much? We hated her because she had gotten Sharon into the worst trouble she’d ever been in.

Once we got back to school, and after my little trip to the HM’s office, things settled down. Mindy and I were off probation, not that that meant much of anything in terms of our social life, since no one wanted anything to do with us. But we didn’t mind, we were just fine together, the three of us. Saturdays were our favorite. We’d go into town, shop, try on clothes we were never ever going to buy, get sodas, and whatever else teenage girls do when they have time on their hands and a little (very little) money in their pockets. At night we occasionally slipped out for some adventures, which when I look back on it, were, for the most part, not all that adventurous. It was just the idea we were doing something we shouldn’t be doing.

Sharon taught us both the tunnel system that connected almost every building on campus. The best was the one that led to the dining hall. We were constantly raiding the refrigerators in the kitchen for ice cream and other treats.

About three weeks into the New Year, Mindy and I both got the flu and were confined to the infirmary. One night, Sharon was in the process of sneaking into the infirmary to bring us some ice cream. That’s when she ran into Amanda who had come down to have the nurse look at toe she had stubbed. Hypochondriac that she was, Amanda wanted to make sure it wasn’t broken. Amanda was going out as Sharon was sneaking in, a five-liter tub of ice cream in her hands.

Naturally Amanda reported her to the Nurse who reported her to the HM. And just as naturally the HM didn’t look kindly upon a student stealing from the school. Aside from her usual spanking and ten blows from the paddle, Sharon had to apologize, naked, of course, to every section of every dorm. Then she had to apologize to the trustees at the next meeting. ‘I didn’t mind the dorms so much,’ said Sharon. ‘Everyone here has seen me naked enough. But the trustees? A bunch of dirty old men staring at me, telling me I was on the â€˜wrong path’ in life. They did it just to keep me standing there as long as they could.’ And then she got five more with the paddle in front of them.

‘Retribution,’ declared Mindy, and I was certain this was going to lead to no good, but I was powerless to resist once things got rolling. How could I? If I didn’t go along with Mindy and Sharon, I’d have no one left.

‘First things first,’ said Mindy. ‘And the first thing is to set her up. Make her ripe for the plucking.’

It started with Sharon bribing a lower form girl to spread a rumor that someone had seen Amanda sneaking into Mr. Henderson’s cottage. He lived in one of the faculty cottages on the campus. A rumor like that was too good not to be passed around, and within a day, it was all over campus. Naturally it soon reached the HM, and the two of them were called in for a ‘chat’ with the HM. The two of them denied it, of course, and the HM didn’t have any trouble believing them, given Amanda’s annoyingly always good behavior, plus the fact that Amanda still hadn’t taken Mr. Henderson’s course, so they had no reason to really know each other, except by sight.

The HM may have exonerated Amanda, but the students were another story. People were always whispering his name under their breath when they passed her in the halls. Mindy took to sneaking out of our room at night to post notes saying, ‘Amanda loves Mr. Henderson’ on her door. She also put them up around campus. One night we used the tunnels to get to the gym, and we put a picture of Mr. Henderson in her gym locker with a big lipstick kiss on it. People who were there when she opened the locker said she broke down crying when she saw it.

Finally the HM stood up in front of the entire school one night at dinner to denounce these ‘unfounded rumors,’ and to say that she had the utmost faith in Mr. Henderson’s integrity, and how Amanda was an exemplary young lady that we all should emulate. Amanda started beaming when the HM called her an ‘exemplary young lady,’ which only made just about everyone hate her guts. The last thing in the world you want is for some teacher or headmistress defending you in front of other students, telling them you’re exemplary, and that they should all emulate you.

Because of all that, and without us having to do much more, the rumors got wilder and wilder. She was seen riding in his car. They were seen checking into a hotel. The reason the HM had defended them was because they were having a threesome. Amanda was pregnant with his child. Poor Amanda was going out of her mind denying them, and that’s when Mindy struck.

Mindy penned a note and put it in Amanda’s mailbox. ‘Dear Amanda,’ she wrote. ‘Those rumors about us are getting out of control. Come to my cottage at 7 tonight so we can discuss what we are going to do. I have an idea. Sincerely, Mr. Henderson. P.S. Don’t tell anyone.’

I suppose if Amanda had been thinking straight, she wouldn’t have fallen for it. I mean it was such an obvious set up. But after three weeks of constant harassment, I guess she was, as Mindy said, ripe for the plucking. At 7 o’clock she was there, and so was Mindy, hiding in the bushes. Mr. Henderson opened the door and Mindy got the picture. ‘High speed film and push process developing,’ declared Mindy as she went into the school’s dark room. ‘I guess that stupid photography class I took as a gut last year is going to finally pay off.’

The pictures were dim and very grainy, but they were good enough to tell it was Mr. Henderson and Amanda standing on his porch with the door open. What they didn’t show was Mr. Henderson telling her to get out of there and slamming the door in her face.

‘Amanda, dear,’ said Mindy, her voice dripping with arsenic laced honey. ‘Amanda dear we have to have a little talk. Why don’t you come down to our room?’ Amanda declined of course, and the next day Mindy sent her a copy of the photo in the mail along with a note saying; ‘So looking forward to talking to you.’

Amanda was very haughty. She was going straight to the HM to report us. ‘But the minute you walk out the door, I’m posting these pictures all over campus,’ said Mindy very matter-of-factly. The two of them went back-and-forth like that a few times, with Mindy explaining quite calmly what people were going to think when they saw that picture, and what the HM was going to think. Maybe she wouldn’t think Amanda was such and exemplary student we should all emulate after all? After a few minutes, Amanda was in tears, begging Mindy to give her the pictures.

‘Have some ice cream,’ said Mindy, as Sharon produced a five-liter tub of vanilla. Amanda suddenly understood what this was all about.

‘What do you want?’ she asked.

‘You need to be punished for what you did.’

‘Forget it,’ said Amanda.

‘All right,’ said Mindy, waving the picture in the air. ‘It’s your choice.’

The next night Amanda met us behind the dorm about an hour after lights out. It was probably the first time Amanda had ever broken a rule in her entire time at the school. Mindy decided to memorialize the event by marching her out onto the quad and taking a a picture with the clock tower in the background.

Next we blindfolded Amanda, and we guided her into the tunnels. My knickers were already wet thinking about what lay ahead.

‘What are you going to do to me?’ Amanda was already crying.

‘Whatever we want,’ was Mindy’s reply.

We took Amanda down into this old unused storage room below the gym. We figured none of the night watchmen would look down there on their rounds. Mindy and Sharon had prepared it the night before.

Mindy removed Amanda’s coat. She was wearing a nightshirt as she’d been ordered, First Mindy bound Amanda’s hands together in front of her. Then she slipped a ball gag into her mouth. Next she attached a rope to her bound hands that went up through a pulley attached to the ceiling. Finally, before pulling Amanda up so her feet barely touched the ground, she removed the blindfold.

‘Sharon,’ she said, holding out a pair of scissors, ‘you can do the honors. Only don’t touch her hair, or they’ll know it was you.’

Amanda had a look of terror in her eyes as Sharon expertly snipped the nightshirt off of her, leaving her hanging there in her knickers and bra.

‘Now as I remember from gym class last year,’ said Mindy, ‘Amanda puts her knickers on first and her bra on second, which means she’s more self-conscious about her pussy than her tits, so let’s lose the knickers first.’

Snip. Snip. And Amanda’s knickers were on the floor. She was twisting and turning on the rope in shame. Tears were streaming down her face, and her face was all red and scrunched-up from crying. Snip. Snip. Snip. And her bra was gone.

‘You bitch,’ screamed Mindy in Amanda’s face, ‘now you’re going to pay.’ And she gave Amanda’s nipples the same hard tweaks she had given to Louise’s. Amanda’s face contorted with her nearly silenced scream.

From out of the corner, Sharon produced a paddle that looked very much like the one Mr. Henderson used. In fact, it was Mr. Henderson’s. ‘Nicely done,’ said Mindy, patting Sharon on the head. ‘Nice touch of irony.’

I watched as Sharon delivered the first few whacks. For someone as small as she was, she packed a powerful wallop. Each blow propelled Amanda forward off her toes, her whole body shaking from the impact, and then just as she steadied herself again, the next blow was delivered. After a few hits, her toes were starting to get bloody from the scrapping back and forth on the cement floor.

After about a dozen whacks, Sharon’s arms were tired. ‘Give Deborah a shot,’ said Mindy. She’s got a strong arm. Trust me, I know.’

I was already very excited, and you know where, from watching Sharon, but now I was really excited. Taking the paddle, that same feelings of control and power I had had in the HM’s office both came back, only this time I wasn’t feeling any guilt. I could really just enjoy it as the tingling I felt in my hands with each blow reverberated up my arms and down my body and settled in my pussy. I laid into Amanda with such vigor, the power of the blows surprised even myself. I loved watching her bum cheeks flatten as the paddle hit and then her whole body exploding forward. I was on fire. And I have no idea how many times I hit her. All I know is that when I could barely lift the paddle for another blow, Mindy came up behind me, slipped her hand down the front of my pajama bottoms, gave my clit a quick rub, and I exploded with an orgasm. I sank happily and peacefully to the floor.

Amanda’s bum was beet red and raw. Mindy cut her down without taking a turn. Amanda curled up on the floor and sobbed.

The question now was what to do with her next. We wanted to leave her some place where she’d face public humiliation. Our original plan had been for the dining room, but getting her there would be too dangerous. And even if we succeeded, there was always the chance that one of the night watchmen would find her. We debated several places back and forth. We couldn’t leave her outside, because she’d freeze to death. Finally I hit on it, Mr. Henderson’s room.

It took awhile to get poor Amanda, who could barely walk, through the tunnels and into the academic building. We stood his desk on end, and Mindy, the expert rope and knot person, tied her spread eagle to what was the top of his desk. Sharon finally got to give Amanda a haircut, but not on her head. She neatly snipped away as much of Amanda’s pubic hair as she could, and left it in a nice little pile on the floor between her outstretched legs.

‘Smile,’ said Amanda snapping a picture. She’s already taken at least one roll of film of the whole ordeal. ‘And good night,’ she added, kissing Amanda on the cheek. ‘Oh, and remember if you tell anyone who did this to you, Mommy’s going to get copies of these pictures, and Daddy and uncle Herman, and Grandma and Grandpa, and what’s-his-name. Oh, yes, Sebastian. The Italian boy. The one you’ve been going out with for the past couple of years. I’ll bet he hasn’t seen you like this. You little virgin you.’

The next morning, the three of us hung out in the hallway near Mr. Henderson’s room, waiting for the first person to go in. About ten minutes before class, this girl named Barbara opened the door. She just stood there for a moment staring, and then she let out this cry of; ‘Oh, my God! Look at you!’ That brought the first crowd of people running. And then everyone was yelling and hollering, and some were running off to find other people. And since, by this point, nobody liked Amanda the exemplary student we all should emulate very much, nobody did anything to help her. By the time the class bells were ringing, there must have been a hundred people in the room or crushing in around the doorway. Those in back were jumping up and down trying to get a look. A couple even brought chairs from other classrooms to stand on.

The three of us were in the midst of the crush, enjoying every minute of Amanda’s humiliation, which was made worse by the fact she had wet herself sometime during the night, and there was a big puddle of pee on the floor. ‘She ruined my pile of hair,’ Sharon whispered in my ear.

Finally Mr. Henderson arrived, pushing people out of the way, trying to find out what was going on. When he saw Amanda, strung up like a Christmas stocking, he turned tail and ran. Poor Amanda wasn’t released from her agony until the HM finally arrived and chased everyone away.

The three of us spent the rest of the day waiting for a summons to the HM’s office. But it never came, and as Mindy said that night, ‘She belongs to us.’

**BOARDING SCHOOL: Chapter 25, A MIDNIGHT STROLL**
I blame it on the weather. It was the middle of winter, with almost spring like temperatures during the day, and not all that much colder at night. In short, it was the proverbial January thaw. And I suppose, after weeks of biting cold, it felt even warmer than it actually was.

The three of us were suffering from cabin fever, since the only place we ever really were, when we weren’t in classes or at the library, was our room. The warmish night was just too much, and we just had to get out. About an hour after lights out, there we were on the towpath headed into town.

‘Is this where you did your naked dance?’ asked Mindy.

‘This is it,’ exclaimed Sharon.

‘Repeat performance?’ asked Mindy.

‘Not a chance,’ I declared.

‘No, tonight, we’re taking a naked stroll through the center of village,’ announced Sharon.

‘Fantastic,’ yelled Mindy.

‘Not me!’ I exclaimed.’

‘Oh, you’re such a prude,’ said Mindy. ‘You’re as bad as Amanda.’

‘No, I’m just not as crazy as the two of you.’

Nothing more was said until we reached the edge of town. As usual, whenever we went midnight window-shopping, there wasn’t a soul to be seen. We ducked back behind a store, and Mindy and Sharon started to disrobe. ‘Come on,’ said Sharon. ‘You’ve got to get over this hang-up of yours. Learn to love your body.’

‘I love my body,’ I replied, ‘I just don’t want to show it off to anyone who happens to come along.’

‘But that can be so liberating,’ insisted Sharon, who was now stark staring naked.

‘Come on,’ insisted Mindy, pulling down her knickers.

‘No.’

‘All right then, go home,’ she said.

‘What?’

‘If your not going to join us, you have to go back to the dorm. I don’t want you with us.’

Now I was hurt. I didn’t want to participate, but I didn’t want to be excluded either.

‘I can keep look out,’ I volunteered.

‘Naked or not present,’ declared Mindy.

I’m such a fool. The two of them helped me out of my clothes, and pretty soon the three of us were strolling down the main street hand-in-hand. At first, I was so hot with fear, I wasn’t even noticing the cold. The two of them stopped and looked in every window, and chattered away about what they liked and what they hated, like it was the most natural thing in the world. Whenever they bent over to peer at something, and their white shinny bums were sticking up in the air, I just wanted to spank them both. And the thought of that made me really hot. Occasionally they’d ask me what I thought of something, but aside from staring at their bums, I was mostly looking up and down the street, ready to bolt at the first sight of someone.

‘Relax,’ said Mindy. ‘Enjoy yourself.’

‘I’m too scared.’

‘Love the fear,’ insisted Mindy. ‘Love the danger. It makes it all so much more exciting. We’re a block away from our clothes, and if anyone comes along, we’re probably going to get caught. And if we do, that will be a whole other experience in itself. Live with the possibility.’

By now, I was living with cold. Hot fear and excitement had given way to just plain cold. It was the end of January, and thaw or no thaw, it was cold outside. I started to shiver and begged Mindy and Sharon to start heading back. Finally they agreed.

‘Down the middle of the street?’ asked Sharon.

‘Down the middle of the street,’ replied Mindy.

We walked to the middle of the street. Suddenly Sharon and Mindy threw their hands in the air, screamed their lungs out, and took off down the road. I was right behind them. They were yelling all the way. I could see lights going on in the apartments above some of the shops and shades being pulled up.

Half way down the block, I found myself yelling as well. This was amazing. We tore around the corner of the building where we’d left our clothes, and there they were, sitting on the hood of a police car.

‘Evening, young ladies,’ said the Police Officer standing next to his car. ‘Have a nice stroll.’

We had all pulled up short as soon as we saw him. Our hands flying up to cover ourselves as best we could.

‘We were just doing some window shopping,’ said Mindy.

‘Shopping for clothes?’ asked the Officer.

‘No, just looking,’ answered Mindy. ‘In fact we have clothes. In fact, those are our clothes. Those are our clothes on the hood of your car.’

‘These are your clothes?’ asked the officer.

‘Yes, sir,’ said Sharon.

‘And just how do I know that?’

‘My name’s sewn in mine,’ I volunteered, feeling like the biggest dork in the world right after I’d said it.

‘Okay, girls, let’s get in the car.’

‘Please,’ I asked, ‘could we get dressed first?’

‘Well, now Miss,’ said the Officer, ‘I’m holding these clothes for evidence. But don’t you worry, I’ll turn the heat up real high.’ He held open the back door of the car, and we all had to clamber in, giving him a real good view of our naked backsides. I was burning up with shame. And to make matters worse, he was young, late twenties, and really good looking. He climbed into the front of the car, turned on the overhead light, and turned around and looked right at us. Each of us had one arm across our breasts and one hand covering our crotches.

‘Spread your legs and put your hands on top of your heads,’ he ordered. ‘I don’t want one of you pulling out any concealed weapons while I’m driving.’ I was mortified by what he’d said. Slowly we raised our hands to the tops of our heads and spread our legs. He took a long look at each of us. I mean a really long look. The kind of look that creates a pit in your stomach and makes time almost stand still.

‘Why you two are just a couple of kids,’ he said looking at Sharon and me. I guess he must have thought Sharon and I were the same age, since I was clean-shaven down there. ‘And you? He said to Mindy, ‘What’s a grown girl like you doing with a couple of kids like them?’

‘She’s my roommate,’ I volunteered.

‘Roommate? How old are you?’

‘Almost fifteen.’

‘You sure don’t look like it,’ he said, giving me a very careful once over with his bright blue eyes. I was getting that tingly feeling again. What’s wrong with me?

The Officer turned around, started the car, and pulled out onto the street. He left the overhead light on, which meant if we passed another car, or someone standing by the side of the road, they were going to have a good look at us. Three naked girls with their hands on their heads and their chests sticking out.

‘Where are you taking us?’ asked Sharon.

‘Well, I could take you to the police station and book you all for indecent exposure. Or I could take you back to that school of yours and turn your over to the Headmistress. Or I could dump you in the middle of the campus of one of the boy’s schools, honk the horn real loud, and drive off. Or I could take you home with me and make you my sex slaves.’

When he said that, the three of us immediately burst into tears and started begging him to let us go, but he just kept driving on. Finally he stopped the car by the side of the road, and leaned over the back seat.

‘All right now, you quiet down and listen to me.’ He was speaking with a cold as steel voice. ‘First of all I don’t like you fancy rich kids coming into my village, and treating it with that kind of disrespect. Waking good, hard working, honest citizens in the middle of the night with your carryings on. You’ve got your own place to fool around, so keep your naughty little games over there. Second, I know you girls are all suppose to be real smart and everything, but pulling a stunt like you were pulling tonight is just plain stupid. What if I hadn’t been a police officer? What if I’d been some sort of child molester or rapist? Kids like you go missing all the time. They end up in porno videos, or working as prostitutes, or used up until their dead. And third, what would your parents think if they found out what you were up to?’

That might have been the wrong question to ask, given our family relations. I mean like any of us cared at that point.

‘All right now, take your clothes and get out of the car.’ He handed us our clothing and we piled out of the car. He made us get dressed in the headlights. ‘Facing me,’ he ordered, ‘because I don’t want you to forget this experience, and I don’t want you to forget my face, because if you ever see it again, it’s going to mean you’re in a whole lot more trouble than you’re in right now. Got it.’

We got it.

I don’t know why it is, but in some ways, I find getting dressed in front of someone more embarrassing than getting undressed, especially if they’re already dressed and watching me.

‘What’s your name, Officer?’ asked Mindy.

‘What’s it to you?’ he answered.

‘Just trying to be polite.’

‘Officer Schmidt. Richard Schmidt.’

‘Do you friends call you Dick?’ asked Mindy slyly.

‘Some of them do.’

‘Well, thanks for letting us go, Dick,’ said Mindy.

Once we had our clothes on, Officer Schmidt got in his car and drove off. We looked around and discovered we were right next to the towpath.

As we walked back to the school, Mindy said, ‘God, that was incredible. Just incredible. One minute I thought I was going to cum from the excitement, and the next pee on myself out of fear. Come on Deborah, wasn’t that incredible? What a rush. And the Officer? Drop dead gorgeous. I think I’m in love.’

‘Me too,’ exclaimed Sharon.

‘Don’t be silly,’ replied Mindy, ‘you’re much too young to be in love.’

I decided three things on the walk back to school. One, both of my friends were absolutely crazy. Two, I wanted to be the Officer. No, not literally. I wanted to be the one with the power. I had felt it that first time when I paddled Mindy, and even more so with Viktor and when we terrorized Amanda, but tonight confirmed it. I was excited, but less by my own predicament and more by imagining myself in his place. He could have done anything he wanted with us. Anything. And the third thing I decided was that Officer Schmidt, Dick, might be the perfect ‘older man.’

**BOARDING SCHOOL: Chapter 26, IT’S MY PARTY**
Why weren’t we taking advantage of Amanda? Mindy had said she belonged to us, but every time I suggested we take advantage of the situation, Mindy would only say we shouldn’t press our luck.

‘But you said, ‘ was always my reply.

‘You know what the difference between us is?’ asked Mindy, not waiting for me to reply. ‘The difference is, for me, punishment and humiliation are always a means to an end, while I’m beginning to think you just like them for themselves. For example, the best way to get back at Louise for displacing me, was to totally degrade her. And Amanda, that was about avenging Sharon. But I think you’d take advantage of anyone you could, just because you could. You like it for itself.’

Her analysis of the situation shocked me. I hadn’t thought of it quite that way before, but she was right. I mean I knew I wanted that kind of power over others, but I hadn’t really thought of it as an end in itself. But there it was, plain and simple. I was a little embarrassed by it, but I couldn’t really deny it.

‘Hey, it’s all right,’ said Mindy. ‘Nothing wrong with it. You just have to know how to control it. Take Amanda. We got away with it. She’s there for the taking. We know that, and she knows that. Ever see that look of fear in her eyes when we pass her in the hall? She’s just waiting and dreading the day she’s going to get our summons. But we have to be careful. Over play our hand, and she’ll crack and rat us out. Give it time. And for now, just enjoy smiling at her whenever you can.’

A few weeks later, it was my birthday, and true to the school’s own sadistic tradition, I was pulled from my bed at the crack of dawn by some of the older students, hauled down to the common room, bent over a chair, and my pajama bottoms pulled down, so everyone in our dorm section could help give me a birthday spanking with their bare hands. Usually these were more in the form of love pats, but given my position on the pecking order, no one was holding back, and there was nothing loving about those swats. Even Mindy gave me a good solid smack that really stung, which she later said evened our score once and for all. The only person who held back was Amanda, but she had ulterior motives.

It’s pretty humiliating being bent over the back of a chair with your pajama bottoms around your ankles with everyone taking target practice. I tried hard not to, but eventually I started giving little yelps, and a few tears rolled down my cheeks. The final humiliation was being forced to walk back to m room with my pajama bottoms around my ankles, clutching the tops up around my tummy, so I was completely exposed down below. Mary walked next to me to make sure I didn’t cheat. She mocked me the whole way there.

‘Sorry, kid. There was nothing I could do to help you,’ said Mindy, as she rubbed some of the left over ointment Sharon had brought us last fall into my bum. I knew she was right, and I wouldn’t have wanted her to try, because that would have only ended up making it worse.

For presents, I got 5 Euros from my parents ‘to get yourself a treat,’ read the card signed Mr. and Mrs., plus the signatures of the Prince and Princess. ‘A treat.’ I was obviously still very much in the doghouse. Sharon got me a bottle of perfume, which she insisted she’d paid for herself, though where she got the money from was definitely questionable. And Mindy gave me Amanda for a whole day to do with as I pleased.

‘Two weeks from next Saturday,’ explained Mindy. ‘She’s yours for the day. Just tell her what to wear and where to be.’

Oh, it was just too exciting for words.

‘Just remember, as we have already experienced, sometimes what goes around comes around,’ cautioned Mindy.

I insisted that Sharon and Mindy share my present, and we set out planning on what we were going to do with her.

On the appointed Saturday morning, Amanda presented herself in our room. ‘Raise your skirt,’ I ordered. She pulled up her skirt, her face turning beet red. ‘I thought I told you to wear a thong.’

‘I don’t have one,’ she whimpered.

‘Can she wear one of yours? I asked Mindy.

While Sharon held up her dress, Amanda pulled down her underpants.

‘You’re not shaved!’ I screamed. I specifically told you to shave.’

‘Please. Please, no,’ begged Amanda.

‘You’ve disobeyed me twice, and we haven’t even started. And now we have to waste time getting you properly prepared. You’re going to be punished for this.’

‘No, please, please.’ By now she was starting to cry.

‘Get some hot water will you, Sharon.’

At first I thought I’d have Mindy shave her, but then I thought it would be more embarrassing if she had to do it herself in front of the three of us, although I did let Sharon do the initial snip, snip, snip, since she really seemed to get off on that.

Amanda stood there with skirt and knickers off, one foot up on a chair. We had to give her step-by-step instructions. Watching her rub in the shaving cream was like watching someone who had never really touched themselves down there before, and who knows, maybe she hadn’t. She was so nervous and jittery, and her legs were shaking so much, I thought she might cut herself. When she was done, I made her rub some cream on, ‘to prevent chaffing.’ ‘Rub it in good,’ I urged her. ‘That’s right keep rubbing. Keep rubbing. Keep rubbing.’ It wasn’t hard to tell she was starting to get a little flushed and a little excited. Finally I let her stop and get dressed. She looked really uncomfortable pulling on one of Mindy’s thongs.

‘Now for a little shopping expedition. I have five whole euros to spend. Maybe I can get a sock. Not a pair of socks but a sock.’

**BOARDING SCHOOL: Chapter 27, SHOPPING WITH AMANDA**
We took Amanda to the biggest clothing store in town. ‘Give me your coat,’ I ordered, ‘and go into one of the dressing cubicles and take off all your clothes. We’ll bring you some outfits to try on.’

The dressing area was unisex. There were individual cubicles to go into, which had these doors that looked like the doors to saloons in old American Westerns. You have to be a little careful, if you don’t want to expose yourself to the outside world. We waited until a couple of guys our age walked into the dressing area and followed them. Mindy and Sharon engaged them in conversation while I took a dress into the cubicle for Amanda to try on. She was standing their naked with her arms wrapped around her, sort of huddled in a corner. ‘Here try this on,’ I snapped.

As she started to pull the dress over her head, I screamed, ‘Oh, my God a spider,’ and pushed on her shoulder real hard, like I was trying to kill it. The force sent Amanda falling backwards through the saloon doors and down onto the floor. She was lying there thrashing around on the floor, wrestling with the dress that was over her head. When she finally got it off, there she was on the floor with these two teenage boys staring down at her. Amanda screamed, and moving faster than I think I’d ever seen someone move before, she was off the floor and back in the cubicle, holding the door shut.

I wasn’t sure how Mindy and Sharon had managed to keep the boys occupied until I saw them each hand Sharon a 5 Euro note. She’s definitely going to be a CEO some day.

‘I’m really sorry, Amanda, but there was this big spider on you, and I just had to get it off,’ I explained. She didn’t believe me, of course, but under the circumstances, she wasn’t about to call me a liar.

‘Here,’ I said, handing her three thongs. ‘Put these in the waist band of your own thong.’

‘Why?’ asked Amanda.

‘Because you’re stealing them,’ I replied. ‘Now hurry up and get dressed.’

I walked out and found Mindy and Sharon. Sharon handed me Amanda’s coat. As we had arranged she’d stuffed a couple pairs of socks and a bra into the pockets.

‘Excuse me,’ I said to one of the store clerks. ‘But I found this coat over there, and I don’t know who it belongs to. Maybe there’s some kind of identification in the pockets,’ I added handing her the coat.

The clerk took the coat, went through the pockets, found the secreted items, called security, and off they went to the dressing area just as Amanda was emerging from her cubicle. ‘That’s my coat,’ exclaimed Amanda, and the next thing she knew she was being hauled off to the manager’s office. ‘It looks like she has something concealed under her skirt,’ I helpfully noted, as they escorted her by me.

We waited a few of minutes and then burst into the manager’s office. Amanda was standing there in her thong with her skirt around her ankles. Her blouse was undone, her bra unsnapped, and her nice round boobs hanging out. A female security member was just finishing patting her down in front of the male manager, a typical over weight, balding, middle aged man, who probably hadn’t had this much of a thrill in his entire life.

‘Please, sir,’ begged Mindy. ‘We’re all from the same school, but these two,’ she said, indicating myself and Sharon, ‘didn’t know Amanda, here, was undergoing an initiation for the badminton team. (We didn’t have one.) She had to steal those items you found on her, and we were going to come back and pay for them later. See I have the money.’ She held up the 10 Euros, Sharon had gotten off the boys.

The Manager seemed a little hesitant about letting Amanda go, and it looked like he might hold onto us as well. That’s when I stepped in.

‘Really,’ I declared, ‘I don’t know what it’s like around here, but where I come from, if a store manager had an under aged girl strip searched in front of him, I think he’d be in big trouble, or at least he’d be facing a very big law suit. We’ll have to ask your father, Mindy.’ And then I mentioned her father’s name.

That did the trick, but just as Amanda was buttoning up her blouse, in walked Officer Dick. The clerk had called the police. ‘Oh, you three,’ exclaimed Officer Dick, and then turning and seeing Amanda, he declared: ‘What is it with you girls, that you can’t keep your clothes on.’ Poor Amanda was so flustered by his appearance that she froze, torn between finishing buttoning up her blouse and pulling up her skirt.

The Manager said it was just a misunderstanding, and Officer Dick escorted us out of the store. ‘I don’t know what was going on in there,’ he said, ‘but trust me, you don’t want to see me again today.’ I think even Amanda got hot watching his tight little butt moving away from us.

‘Time for a treat,’ declared Mindy, and we headed off for one of the local eateries, where students from our school and the two local boys’ schools usually congregated on Saturday afternoons. First though we stopped in a nearby alley, and I made Amanda roll up her skirt, so it was almost a micro-mini, and remove her thong. I was loving every minute of this, and I was so hot, I couldn’t believe it.

I picked a table and had Amanda remove her coat. She could barely move without flashing the sweet gently curving half-moons of her lower bum. I put her in a chair. I sat down next to her, and Mindy and Sharon sat on either side, leaving an unobstructed view for a group of boys at the table right across from us. Amanda was holding down the front of he skirt with her hands. ‘Hands on the table, Amanda, dear,’ I ordered. Amanda reluctantly placed her hands on the table, pressing her legs tightly together. ‘Now just relax,’ I told her. ‘You’re so tense. You’ll feel much better if you open your legs a little.’

‘Please, no,’ she begged. I loved the sound of her begging. It thrilled me right to my core.

‘You don’t want to disobey me, Amanda. You’re already in trouble for this morning. Don’t add to your punishment. Now open your legs, just a little.’ She moved her legs a few centimeters apart. ‘That’s a good girl,’ I congratulated her. ‘Now, doesn’t that feel better?’

‘No,’ she said glumly.

‘Oh, I’m sorry,’ I replied. ‘They’re probably still too close together. Open them up that far again.’

‘No, I’m fine,’ she insisted.

‘Now, don’t tell me any fibs, Amanda. You just open those legs like I told you.’ Slowly Amanda opened her legs further. This would have provided the boys at the table opposite a clear view of her naked pussy, if only they had been looking, but they were too busy talking amongst themselves.

After our sodas came, and a slice of cake for me, I was starting to get frustrated by the lack of attention the boys were paying to us. Here was Amanda on display, and no one was paying any attention. Fortunately Mindy took matters into her own hands. ‘Hey!’ cried Mindy, ‘You guys know what’s playing at the movie theatre?’ One of the boys swung around and started to answer before his jaw fell open.

‘N...not sure,’ the boy stammered. Then he turned back to the table, nudged one of his friends, then leaned over the table and whispered something to the rest of them. Soon all the boys were sneaking peaks over at our table, focusing on Amanda’s naked nethre region. Amanda was properly mortified, her cheeks turning bright red.

Finally one of the older boys sauntered over to our table. ‘Look, I don’t mean to be impolite,’ he said looking at Amanda. ‘But you, uh, might want to adjust how you’re sitting.’

Amanda bolted from her chair and ran to the bathroom. The boys all burst out laughing.

‘Okay, Amanda,’ I said as reassuringly as possible, ‘you can come out of the stall. The boys are all gone. Come on we’re going to the movies.’ Following my command, Amanda emerged from the stall. ‘Just think a movie. Two whole hours of sitting safely in the dark.’

The entry way to the theatre brought you in behind the seats, and we sat in the very back row. Everyone else was sitting much closer.

Once the movie started, I turned to Amanda and asked her to hand me her skirt. Moving as little as possible, Amanda slid off her skirt, which I handed to Mindy. I let Amanda watch the movie for a few minutes, then I asked her to give me her blouse. ‘Don’t be shy,’ I said. Nobody can see you in the dark. Once I had given the blouse to Mindy, I had to have the bra, and soon Amanda was scrunched down naked in her seat.

When the movie was almost over, Amanda started begging me to give her clothes back. ‘All right,’ I said. ‘There’s a ladies room, just outside the door to the auditorium, I’ll give them to you in there.’

‘I can’t go out there naked,’ she whimpered.

‘Well,’ I replied, standing up, ‘either you get your clothes there, or you’ll be sitting here like that when the lights come up, and everyone starts filing out.’ Mindy and I then headed off to the ladies room with Amanda’s clothes, while Sharon stayed behind.

According to Sharon, Amanda sat there for a couple of minutes, then realizing she had no choice, she started inching her way towards the main aisle, keeping herself below the backs of the seats. Once she reached the main aisle she crept towards the exit door, staying as low to the ground as possible. When she was about halfway to the door, Sharon stood up, pointed at her, and screamed, ‘Naked girl!’ Everyone’s heads whipped around and Amanda bolted towards the door, her bright white bum glimmering in the reflected light from the screen. Pandemonium broke out in the theatre, and several boys raced up the aisles. Luckily for Amanda, she was safely in the ladies room before the boys got out the door.

Amanda got dressed in one of the stalls, and Mindy warned me that she was near the breaking point.

‘All right,’ I said. ‘We’ll skip the naked jog down the towpath and go straight to final punishment.’

‘Good idea,’ replied Mindy.

**BOARDING SCHOOL: Chapter 28, THE PARTY’S OVER**
What can be worse than receiving an over the knee spanking in front of your peers? How about a spanking in front of a bunch of kids five to seven years younger than you?

There were a dozen of them gathered in Sharon’s room when we arrived. They had all been sworn to secrecy, and since they were all dependent on Sharon for contraband, who had threatened to cut them all off in anyone of them blabbed, I was fairly certain I was going to be able to get away with this.

I was sitting in Sharon’s desk chair, and Amanda was standing next to me her bathrobe hanging off her shoulders, hands bound behind her back, a ball gag in her mouth, looking out at a sea of prepubescent and early pubescent girls seated on the floor or on the beds, all staring at her expectantly. It was delicious. I was in no hurry and chit chatted with the girls, asking them about their families, what they thought about the school, and those sorts of things. Truth be told, they weren’t much in the mood for idle banter. They were all ready for the main show, but I was thoroughly enjoying keeping everyone in a state of anticipation, especially Amanda.

Finally, I told Mindy to remove Amanda’s bathrobe, and she untied the tie and slipped it off her shoulders. She was naked underneath, except for a pair of granny knickers. The younger girls all giggled and smirked and pointed at her boobs. Amanda’s face was the color of a beet. ‘Push her knickers down to your knees,’ I said to Sharon. The girls were all fascinated, staring at what they were all in the process of becoming. Soon they’d all have boobs of their own (if they weren’t like me), hips, bigger bottoms, slightly rounded bellies, and thicker thighs.

‘Do you want to touch her?" I asked. I didn’t have to ask twice. Soon they were all gathered around Amanda, touching her breasts, squeezing her nipples, pinching her bum, rubbing their hands over her naked pussy. This was so much better than I had expected. Then one girl accidentally tickled her, and Amanda squirmed away. That’s all it took, soon a dozen fingers were tickling her armpits, tummy, bottom, and behind her knees. Amanda was squirming and writhing, and finally she fell to the floor, and the girls all fell on top of her. After a minute or two, one of the girls cried out in disbelief. ‘Look. Look at her pussy.’ Amanda’s excitement was clearly visible for all to see. The girls all looked at it with horrified fascination.

‘You disgusting child,’ I screamed at her, imitating the HM. ‘Now you have to be punished for sure.’ Sharon and Mindy dragged her to her feet and bent her over my waiting lap (I did not have one hand underneath), her granny knickers around her ankles. Her boobs were hanging down on one side of me, and her pretty little butt was raised slightly up into the air on the other.

Mindy had suggested I use a paddle, but I wanted the feel of full skin-on-skin contact. I gave her ten quick slaps on each cheek to warm her up. Thank you, Mr. Henderson, you taught me well. Then I laid into her, just as he had laid into me. My hand was soon stinging from the strokes I was giving her, but I didn’t mind. No pain, no gain, as they say.

After several strokes, I was getting very hot down below, and my excitement was only added to by the heat that was now emanating from Amanda and burning into my lap. I kept at her for several minutes until I was afraid I was going to orgasm in front of a bunch of ten to twelve year olds.

I pushed Amanda off me onto the floor and left her lying there for a few more minutes. The girls were all staring at her bright red bottom. I could tell that what they were feeling at that moment was one of pure enjoyment, enjoyment at seeing an older girl suffering from the same indignity most of them had suffered at one time or another at the hands of a Senior Girl, Teacher, or the HM herself.

On our way back to our dorm, Mindy pushed Amanda up against the wall and said, ‘All right, you’re free now. You won’t be called upon again. But if you tell anyone about today, you know what will happen.’

I don’t know why Mindy had that sudden change of heart, but I was sorely disappointed we wouldn’t have Amanda to play with any more.

**BOARDING SCHOOL: Chapter 29, WHAT GOES AROUND**
Amanda didn’t tell anyone, so it must have been one of the lower form girls. Never trust a girl to keep a secret. At least, whoever it was didn’t mention Sharon or Mindy.

Amanda was standing in the corner when Beth called me into her room. Unfortunately for me, Mindy was not around when it happened, otherwise she might have been able to do something. But I’m pretty sure that Beth had planned it that way.

Beth told me about the rumor, and I just said; ‘What does Amanda say?’ Turns out Amanda wasn’t saying anything. She just stood in the corner and stared at the floor, which was enough for Beth to pronounce me guilty. ‘Obviously you’ve got her too intimidated to speak,’ said Beth. ‘I don’t know what it is you have on her, but it’s not going to save you this time.’

‘Please, don’t do anything,’ pleaded Amanda, in that same whimpering voice she’d tried on me. It didn’t sway Beth any more than it had me. The truth is Beth had been out to get me ever since her confrontation with Mindy earlier in the school year, and now was her chance, whether she had any real evidence or not. As far as she was concerned, all she need was that rumor.

‘So are you going to bring me up before the punishment court or report me to the HM?’ I asked.

‘Neither,’ she replied. ‘You don’t get of that easy this time.’

Beth gave a signal and her two minions grabbed me, bound my arms, blindfolded, and gagged me. I didn’t even bother to struggle. I knew it was pointless, and I didn’t want to give Beth any further excuse for beating on me. With her minions scouting ahead, Beth led me down the stairs and out in back of the dorm. I could tell we were moving through the woods, because she wasn’t very careful about helping me avoid tree branches that kept hitting me in the face. Finally we stopped, and I heard a door opening. I was taken inside and plunked down in a chair and my blindfold removed. As my eyes started adjusting to the light, I realized we were probably in some sort of maintenance shed for the school. There was an old wood-burning stove in one corner, and someone had gotten a nice fire going. At least I won’t freeze while they’re whipping my bum, I thought to myself. It would have been merciful if that had been my punishment.

As my eyes adjusted to the light, I realized there were more people there than Beth and her minions. There were four other people to be precise. Four teenage boys to be even more precise!

‘Don’t worry,’ said Beth, noting the sudden fear in my eyes. ‘They’re not going to touch you, and you’re not going to touch them. They’re just here to witness your punishment. Now I’m going to give you a choice. We can either string you up, strip you, and whip you, or you can provide us with a little entertainment.’

I looked up at the rope that was dangling from a crossbeam in the ceiling, and then I saw that Mary was holding a rattan cane much like the one I’d been introduced to in the fall. I looked fearfully back at Beth.

‘My suggestion,’ Beth continued, ‘is you opt for providing us with a little entertainment, sort of along the lines of the entertainment Amanda provided for the lower form girls, only without the spanking. Here’s the deal, I’m going to turn on some music.’ She switched on a boom box. ‘And you’re gong to provide us with a little dance. You know the kind of dance I mean?’ I was pretty certain I knew. ‘You know,’ she continued, â€˜the kind Salome did for King Herod. Do you know the story of Salome?’ I knew. ‘And you know what I’m going to bet,’ Beth went on, ‘I’m going to bet by the time the dance is over, you’re going to be so worked up, you’re going to need some kind of relief. I mean Salome had to have poor John’s head chopped off she was so hot and bothered by the time she was done. But, since we have no heads to chop off, I suppose the only way you’ll be able to get any relief is to provide it for yourself. And we’re all going to watch.’

I couldn’t believe what I was hearing. This was not possible. This wasn’t happening. I’d have rather been bent over the HM’s lap at that very moment, with her finger working away, than where I was.

‘Now what’s it going to be?’ asked Beth, removing the gag from my mouth.

I looked at the cane. I remembered it biting into my bum. I remembered the excruciating almost indescribable pain. ‘How many strokes?’ I asked.

‘At least ten,’ answered Beth.

‘I’ll dance.’

The minions untied me.

‘And no Dorkus dance,’ snapped Beth. ‘I want a real Salome dance. I looked over at the boys. They were already showing evidence of what Mindy called ‘pup tent’ in their pants.

‘Oh, God,’ I thought to myself, ‘this can’t really be happening.’ But it was.

‘Let’s go,’ ordered Beth.

I started moving to the music, trying to let it fill my body, but the truth was I could hardly hear it, my ears were filled with the sound of the pounding of my heart. I was sort of sliding my feet around on the dirt floor, swaying my hips and sticking out my boobs â€“ what there was of them. I turned around and shook my bum. That got the first whoop out of the boys. I started undoing my blouse buttons. ‘Face us,’ commanded Beth.

I turned around. I tried not looking at the boys while I removed my blouse, but I couldn’t help myself. I was like a moth drawn to a flame. And the truth was I was starting to get a little hot down there. ‘Good,’ I though to myself, ‘that may shorten the next part of the ordeal.’ I slipped off my shoes and pulled off my socks. For some reason I started twirling one of them around my head and threw it to the boys. I must have seen something like that in a movie. They all went a little nuts over a sock. One of them placed it over his nose and inhaled deeply and then feigned fainting.

I started to prepare to remove my skirt, realizing that in just a minute or so, I was going to be prancing around in my underwear, and in a couple of minutes after that, it was going to be even worse, and a couple more minutes after that, it was going to be even worser. I wanted to cry. I wanted to beg for mercy. But I knew there was no point, and at the very least, I could deprive them of that satisfaction.

As I lowered my skirt to the cheering of the boys, I looked over at Beth, standing there like the Queen Bee she was. And as I looked into her eyes, I realized, I realized that she was all I aspired to be. What I had done to Amanda? Why I was just an amateur compared to Beth. She was light years ahead of me, both in imagination and daring. I actually kind of admired her for that. She was good, real good. And for some reason, realizing all of that started to make me really hot. I really started to hear the music, and it really started filling me up, and I really started dancing, and the boys really started going crazy.

I unhooked the front of my bra. I knew I didn’t have much to look at, but they didn’t care, looking was all that counted. I teased them, sort of flashing one boob and then the other. I let the straps slip down off my shoulders, and then with a ‘whoops’ look on my face, I let it fall to the floor like it was an accident. I thrust out my meager chest and shook my arms.

Okay, time for the grand finale, I thought to myself. I turned my back on the boys, stuck out my bum, hooked my thumbs though the side elastic on my knickers, and started to lower them down. I brought the waistband down to just above my crack and then hoisted them up again. I did that several times, then straightened up and just danced in place for a little bit, shaking my bum at them. ‘Come on. Come on.’ They were yelling.

Once again I stuck out my bum. This time I brought the knickers down just far enough to reveal the moon of my bum. I kept them there while I swished it back and forth. Finally I straightened up, pushed me knickers down as far as I could without bending over and let them fall to the floor. Stepping out of them, I raised my hands above my head and moving my arms up and down, started to turn around. I was ready to face the music. The boys were totally beside themselves, especially when they saw my naked pussy. I had them completely under my spell. It was just like it had been with Viktor, and I realized I could probably have made them do anything, just for a chance to simply touch me somewhere, anywhere. Sharon had been right, this was liberating.

I could tell from the look on Beth’s face she knew what was going through my head. She knew instinctively that in some sense, I’d won this round. She didn’t care. We both knew what was coming next. And if that didn’t work, she had an ace up her sleeve I didn’t know about.

When she turned off the music, I felt more exposed than I had before. The music had been like the masks in the store. It had provided some kind of protection. Now I was just standing there naked with nothing to do, and with four drooling guys staring at me. Still I was determined not to give in to my sense of humiliation, my sense of shame, or my sense of fear.

Sitting up on a workbench, my legs spread wide apart, I tried very hard just to focus on the matter at hand, so to speak. I would like to have shut my eyes, but Beth had said unless I wanted a taste of the cane, I’d better keep them open and up. Up being into the faces of the boys. ‘All right,’ I thought to myself, ‘show time.’

I began by rubbing my breasts, tweaking my nipples gently until they were good and firm. Then I slid my hand down over my belly and started massaging the area around my clit. I didn’t really have to worry about looking into the boys’ eyes as it turned out, because they certainly weren’t looking at mine. I wasn’t sure how many of them had seen a girl their own age up close and naked, but I was pretty sure they’d never seen one doing what I was doing.

I parted my lips with my fingers and slipped one inside. Not surprisingly, I guess, I was really wet. It didn’t take long after that. It wasn’t a major orgasm, but I played it for all it was worth. I didn’t want to have to go again, which is what Beth had threatened me with if she thought I was faking.

Looking up at her, I realized she still wasn’t satisfied. Certainly I wasn’t thrilled by what I’d been forced to do, but I hadn’t cracked. I hadn’t cried, and I hadn’t begged, and at times I had even seemed to be enjoying it. And maybe I was?

‘Tie her to the chair,’ ordered Beth.

What was this? I thought my ordeal was over. I’d done everything I’d been told to do. But Beth was about to play her ace.

If you ever want to shame a girl, if you ever want to totally humiliate her, make her an object of derision, you can do what the French did to the women they accused of collaboration after World War II. You cut off her hair. That was a secret Sharon knew, and Beth knew it too.

Now I was crying. Now I was pleading. Now I was begging. But snip, snip, snip off it came. Beth had finally figured out how to get me. God she was good.