**Claire’s New School**by Becky   
  
**Chapter 1**  
Sitting in the back of the large police car, Claire James, a pretty sixteen year old with a striking English-rose complexion, reflected glumly on her predicament. Her face, normally animated by two sparkling emerald eyes and an impish little smile that had so often assuaged the anger of her father, or whichever other figure of authority was trying to correct her impetuous behaviour, was now contorted into an anxious frown.   
  
She had been caught stealing liquor from a high street off-licence in Worcester, the provincial town in western England where she lived with her parents, and it was not the first time she had been in trouble with the police. If asked why she had done it, she would have been at a loss to explain. The daughter of an wealthy lawyer, Claire had never wanted for anything. Rather she was driven by a restless impatience with what she regarded as the tedious values of the comfortable society which she inhabited, and a tendency to be all too easily led by others.   
  
Recently she had fallen in with a group of boys from the council estate, whose company she found much more exciting than her contemporaries at the expensive girls' school she attended. Despite her angelic appearance Claire was at heart a tom-boy who preferred being left to her own devices in streets and parks of her home town than obediently attending the endless round of music and dance classes, gymnastics and horse-riding that her mother attempted to interest her in: she was at her happiest in her scruffiest denims, getting as dirty as she pleased. As she grew older her desire to be "one of the boys" had led her into less wholesome activities such as drinking outdoors and petty theft. When she first came to the notice of the police Claire had found the experience mildly embarrassing and the shocked reaction of her parents disconcerting, but she soon came to regard her occasional brushes with the law with the same casual indifference that she treated authority both at school and at home.   
  
This was unfortunate, or else she might have detected the recent change in her father's demeanour and thought twice about pinching that bottle of vodka. Mr. James had been thinking long and hard about his daughter's behaviour. She was already 'on report' that week for swearing at a teacher, and her father had been put to considerable inconvenience in extricating her from this latest escapade. The magistrate at the youth court had been seriously contemplating a course of action beyond the many verbal warnings that Claire had already received, but was eventually persuaded by the girl's counsel that a spell of remedial schooling, away from her home town, was the best course of action.   
  
The judge's leniency was conditional on Claire being escorted to her new place of residence - the Martlet Reform School for Girls - immediately. Informed that clothes and possessions would be sent after her, she bid a sullen farewell to her father, failing to observe the strangely triumphant gleam in his eye, and was promptly whisked away by a policeman and a policewoman in a big BMW.   
  
Now she began to worry. Until that afternoon she had always felt in control of her fate. Her misdemeanours were nothing if not carefully calculated: she was well aware of their consequences and took these in her stride. Now she found herself away from home for the first time, uncertain of where she was going and not knowing when, if ever, she would see the familiar surroundings of her large, comfortable bedroom again. Worse, she had no personal belongings with her other than the clothes she was wearing: the girl was fond of her creature comforts, and felt strangely under-dressed without the Gameboy, i-Pod and other paraphernalia that usually accompanied her but which had been taken away when she was brought to the police station. The young WPC in the front of the car, observing Claire's anxiety, tried to engage her in friendly conversation, but the rebellious teenager, imagining she now had a 'criminal' reputation to maintain, immediately put up her defences and rebuffed the policewoman's advances with a frosty stare and barely audible grunts. She did however ask where they were headed, but the WPC simply smiled enigmatically and told her not to worry.   
  
Two hours later the car turned down a sparsely-covered gravel track, scarred with water-filled potholes and densely wooded on either side. Eventually they pulled up in front of an imposing, yet rather sombre-looking, Victorian manor house, with gloomy windows and green paint peeling from the woodwork. The engine was left running while the smiling policewoman let Claire out of the car and pointed her in the direction of the large front door.   
  
"Here we are, my darling. You just ring the bell there, and you'll be taken care of just fine".   
  
And with that she gave the girl's short-cropped blonde hair a friendly stroke - eliciting a furious scowl - climbed back into the car and was gone as fast as they had arrived, leaving Claire alone on the driveway, apprehensive yet strangely elated at the novelty of her situation.   
  
Her first impulse was to disobey the instruction and head in the opposite direction, even though she hadn't a clue where she was, but as she contemplated this the front door was flung open and a fine-looking muscular woman of mature years, dressed immaculately in tweed, strode out towards her.   
  
"Ah, you must be the new girl, Claire. Splendid, splendid! My name is Miss Roberts and I am your new headmistress. Welcome to Martlet", she boomed heartily as she placed a matronly hand on the astonished girl's shoulder and guided her briskly towards the house.

**Chapter 2**  
Claire was bustled through the front door and found herself standing in a cavernous hallway, dominated by a huge oak staircase and dimly lit by small windows on the first floor landing. The solid door closed behind her with a resounding clunk that reverberated uneasily through her insides.   
  
"Come along, dear, come this way", trilled the formidable Miss Roberts. "Let's find you a new school uniform, so you can start classes straightaway".   
  
Claire, who loathed wearing uniforms and was therefore not greatly reassured by this announcement, found herself being marched along a gloomy, uncarpeted passage which gave way to a wider corridor with classroom doors on either side, pleasantly lit by the sunlight of a May afternoon. At the end of the corridor the pair turned right and almost bumped into a group of five girls walking in the opposite direction. All were dressed identically in navy blue pinafore-style dresses, white blouses and school ties. They wore stout, black leather shoes without socks or tights, and straw hats with a school badge pinned to the front. Even Claire, who was no stranger to eccentric school wear, found their appearance peculiarly old-fashioned.   
  
"Splendid, splendid," enthused the headmistress, "these are some of your new classmates from 5D. Girls," she addressed the little group, "This is our new pupil, Claire James, and she will be joining you for the rest of the term. I am sure you will do your best to make her feel welcome. Victoria Wells, what lesson do you have next?"   
  
"PE, Miss Roberts," piped up a plump little red-head with a freckled face.   
  
"PE," echoed Miss Roberts, "Splendid, splendid! Nothing like a bit of a run about to loosen up after a long journey. You won't need a uniform for this class, so why don't you follow these girls and join Miss FitzGibbon in the gymnasium, and you can report to matron afterwards to pick up your things and have a check-up. Run along now girls, don't keep Miss FitzGibbon waiting!"   
  
Claire watched Miss Roberts stride away, before turning to join her new classmates. She felt awkward and puzzled in equal measure. She had expected her fellow inmates to be hardened cases, far removed from her old school friends, and had steeled herself accordingly, but now she found herself surrounded by sweet-looking girls with their hair in plaits, who wouldn't have looked out of place in an Enid Blighton novel. Almost for the first time in her life she was at a loss for words and she restricted herself to replying politely to the inevitable questions of the curious girls.   
  
Entering the changing room, they joined twelve others who were already getting ready for the lesson. Victoria, who had eagerly taken Claire under her wing, showed the new girl to a bench with a vacant peg, before starting to get undressed herself.   
  
"Er, where are the gym kits kept?" Claire asked her new companion.   
  
"Oh, there isn't a uniform for PE," came the reply, "we have to do it in our underwear. The school doesn't believe in spending its resources unnecessarily and Miss FitzGibbon says it's a lot healthier for growing girls to go barefoot and be able to move around freely. Don't worry", she added hastily, seeing Claire stare back at her in disbelief, "it's girls-only and no one really bothers too much what they wear in the gym".   
  
But Claire was bothered. PE was not favourite lesson of hers because, despite her rebellious exterior, she was a surprisingly prudish young woman. In primary school, at the age of ten, she had once forgotten her PE kit and had been made to do the lesson in just her vest and underpants, while the rest of the class, which included boys, was properly dressed in shorts and T-shirts: she had been mortified with embarrassment at the time and still shuddered occasionally at the memory of this humiliation and the teasing she had received. She disliked getting changed in front of other girls and she hated the indignity of having to do activities such as gymnastics or dance in her bare feet and leotard, which she regarded as no more than a glorified swimming costume. Given the choice, she would never be parted from her comfortable, faded denims and beloved trainers, yet now she was being told she would have to participate in a lesson, in front of complete strangers, dressed in little more than her knickers!   
  
Still, she was enjoying even less the experience of being the new girl and, reluctant to draw further attention to herself, joined the others in undressing. First she removed her hooded tracksuit top and hung it on the peg. Then she kicked off her laceless trainers and shuffled the baggy jeans down off her hips. She stooped to peel off her socks, wrinkling her pretty nose with displeasure as her naked soles came into contact with the cold concrete floor. Slightly flushed by her exertions and glancing self-consciously around her, she pulled her T-shirt over her head and hung it up with the rest of her clothes before sitting down hurriedly, thighs firmly clamped together and her arms folded across her chest.   
  
Looking around her, however, she was dismayed to find that she was even more at odds with the rest of the class than before. Uniform regulations at Martlet, it seemed, extended even to underwear - large, unflattering navy blue knickers and vests fashioned from a heavy man-made material, which obscured all curves and contours and appeared to have been designed specifically for the purposes of combat warfare. Claire, by contrast, was clad in only a cotton bra and briefs which, although not exactly indecent, afforded her far less coverage and showed signs of having been put through the washing machine once too often. But worst of all for this curiously bashful girl, they were coloured pink! ("When, and why, on earth did I buy pink undies?" she asked herself!) The furtive glances that she was now attracting from the other girls and the buzz of their excited whispers made her feel even more exposed and painfully vulnerable.   
  
Before she could agonise further, though, a young woman breezed into the changing room and clapped her hands to gain the attention of the class. Although perhaps no more than twenty-five, her blonde hair was scraped back from her crown and nape in a severe looking bun. Her eyes were a striking blue-grey and their coldness was complemented to perfection by a sardonic little smile that seemed to be fixed permanently on her thin lips. Her gaze was drawn almost immediately to the new girl, fidgeting nervously on the bench and whose face and neck were rapidly turning the same colour as her displayed underwear.   
  
"You will be the new girl, Claire James", she spoke rapidly in crystal tones that brooked no debate. "The headmistress has just informed me of your arrival. Why are you incorrectly dressed?"   
  
"Sorry Miss Gibbon," flustered the bewildered girl, "But I've only just arrived and Miss Roberts said I was to collect my uniform after the lesson".   
  
"You will kindly note for the future that my name is FitzGibbon, girl. Well, we obviously cannot argue with the headmistress, but I will not tolerate girls coming to my lessons dressed like tramps. Remove those tawdry rags at once".   
  
Claire felt as though she had been slapped in the face. She had barely endured the indignity of stripping down to her smalls in public and now this woman, not much older than herself, was apparently telling her that she would have to go into the gym wearing nothing but her birthday suit! She was both horrified and speechless.   
  
"Come along girl, I haven't got all day. We've much to get through in this lesson".   
  
Although she could scarcely credit what she was hearing, the nudges and scarcely stifled giggles emanating from other members of the class confirmed that she had not misheard. Embarrassed and frightened at being the unwelcome centre of attention, Claire's initial inertia now subsided into a more familiar tantrum:   
  
"If you fucking well think I'm going to take off my clothes for your perverted little lesson, you must be even more of a fucking lunatic than I thought!"   
  
Miss FitzGibbon barely raised an eyebrow at this outburst, but continued in the same measured tone:   
  
"Kindly moderate your language when speaking to me, young lady. You will do what I have asked you to do in the next ten seconds or I will come over undress you myself, and believe me you will like that even less. Don't be such a silly girl. Do you imagine I, or any of your classmates, have never seen a bare bottom before? We take pride in our appearance in this school and girls who are unable to obey simple rules go without uniforms at all. Why do you think you should merit special treatment?"   
  
But Claire had worked herself into an apoplexy, her face scarlet with rage.   
  
"Do you think it's my fault that I haven't got any fucking uniform. Just fuck off, you fucking lesbian!" she screamed, rising from the bench and stamping on the floor in a fit of charmingly ineffective pique, since her bare feet made no sound on the solid concrete.   
  
The impassive teacher said nothing but strode over to the furious girl and laid a powerful hand on one pale shoulder. With the other she spun her around and whipped down the pink knickers in a single movement so deft that Claire was too astonished to utter even a word of protest. She was brought back to her senses, however, by six stinging slaps applied to her uncovered bottom with swift and ruthless precision, which echoed around the tiled changing room. The punishment over, she stood in a state of shock before the silent class, knickers pooled around her feet and all anger dissipated. Her lower lip was trembling and her eyes brimmed with hot tears that spoke as much of the abject humiliation of having been spanked on her bare bottom in public as they did of the smarting pain that was now spreading from her soft buttocks to her the tops of her thighs.   
  
"Now you know how I deal with such silly behaviour, child," observed the PE teacher coldly. "Had you obeyed me in the first place, you need not have made such an exhibition of yourself. Perhaps you will now finish getting undressed yourself. The rest of you", she addressed the class as a whole, "will go to the gym and prepare the apparatus for vaulting. We have already wasted quite enough time".   
  
The girls filed out silently past their red-faced (not to mention red-bottomed) classmate. All thoughts of resistance had now deserted Claire. Normally she would not have thought twice about answering back to a teacher, but here was a novelty: she had been overcome physically and publicly humiliated in the most outrageous and unimaginable way. She dared not even speak in case she burst into tears. With trembling hands she unhooked the clasp of her bra with some difficulty and removed the small garment, holding it limply to one side.   
  
"Thank you Claire, at last you have seen fit to act your age. Now hand me those rags and join the others in the gym".   
  
The girl stooped to retrieve the knickers from her feet and mutely handed over the last vestiges of her dignity to the young woman. Miss FitzGibbon took the clothes without a word and went inside her office, leaving the trembling girl alone in the middle of the empty changing room, with not so much as a handkerchief to protect her young modesty! The naked and subdued Claire presented a stark contrast to the stubbornly defiant teenager that her parents and teachers were accustomed to. Her small feet turned slightly inwards, her head bowed and her lovely creamy-coloured shoulders and breasts heaving as she struggled to hold back the sobs that were threatening to engulf her, she exuded an air of helplessness and vulnerability. An angry scarlet handprint bore witness to the outrage so recently visited upon her soft white bottom, and was the sole blemish - albeit a rather charming one - on a delightful posterior. In front, two small mounds capped by aureolae so light in colour as to be almost invisible, offset to perfection a dark red nipples, now stiffening noticeably in the draughty room. The gentle sweep of her tummy and the curve of her pleasantly rounded thighs drew the eye naturally to the mossy mound and incline that lay between. Delicately shaded with a soft, golden down that blended harmoniously with the girl's honey-coloured skin, the contours of this most alluring landscape were scarcely obscured. Standing with her legs slightly apart, the beginning of the cleft was clearly visible from the front and the fortunate observer might have fancied that he could catch a glimpse of the softest, shell-like pink, peeking out from between those exquisite lips. (Claire, who was rarely unclothed for longer than was necessary and who scorned gazing at herself in the mirror, was mercifully unaware of how artfully she was displaying her charms, or her distress and confusion might have been increased further.)   
  
Miss FitzGibbon returned almost immediately and with a snap of her fingers motioned for Claire to follow her to the gymnasium. The subdued girl followed meekly, her bare feet padding softly on cold linoleum of the connecting passage. It was only as the teacher held open the gymnasium door for her and she saw once more the rest of the class, that the full extent of her situation suddenly seemed to dawn upon her and she instinctively tried to cover herself up with her hands. Miss FitzGibbon noticed and sighed impatiently.   
  
"Young lady, you have nothing down there that neither I or the rest of the class haven't seen a hundred times before. As you persist in behaving like a seven year old, I shall treat you like one. Go to the middle of the gym, facing the class, and do twenty jumping-jacks. It will give you something useful to do with your hands."   
Claire walked slowly to the spot indicated by her teacher, as if in a trance, head slightly bowed and face glowing with embarrassment under the collective gaze of the other girls who had finished setting up the apparatus and were quietly sitting cross-legged on the floor in a neat row. Apart from a few hurried showers after games at school, she had never been naked in front of others before, let alone been obliged to exercise without any clothes on. Still, her most pressing concern at the moment was trying hard not to burst into tears in front of her fellow inmates, a weakness which she felt would damage her credibility immeasurably and make the rest of her stay at Martlet extremely difficult. She therefore tried to put the unfortunate business of her nudity out of mind (not easy as she felt the cool breeze from an open window waft between her legs and gentle ruffle her pubic hair) and concentrate on the task in hand, an exercise she had not done since primary school days. She had some difficulty co-ordinating her arms and legs at first, but soon built up a rhythm and provided a brief but entrancing spectacle. Her little breasts, which had stood so proud and firm at rest, were unexpectedly animated in the most lively manner, while the smooth, round cheeks of her bottom, similarly freed from all constraint, undulated with a satisfactory wobble. With limbs outstretched, the rest of 5D were treated to an unhindered view of Claire's unclothed front, from the crown of her head to the tips of her toes.   
  
Twenty 'jacks' completed, the flushed and slightly out of breath teenager joined her classmates sitting on the floor. Grimacing as her bare behind came into contact with the cold, shiny surface, she drew her knees up tightly to her chest, hoping to hide at least some of her nakedness, naively unaware that in so doing she was in fact displaying perfectly her most delightful area between slightly parted calves.   
  
Dividing the class into two groups, Miss FitzGibbon gave instructions for the rest of the lesson. Before using the vaulting horse proper, the girls were to warm up by leap-frogging over one another: one girl would act as the 'horse' while the others took turns to jump over her, and so on. Perhaps not entirely coincidentally it was poor Claire who was singled out for the demonstration because, as the teacher pointed out, she was already sufficiently 'warmed up'. Bent at the waist with hands grasped around the back of her knees, hot waves of shame washed over her face and neck, even colouring the upper parts of her breasts, as she realised that the attention of the entire class was now focused on her naked bottom, cheeks slightly parted and still somewhat rosy after her spanking. Closing her eyes she tried again to put her nudity out of her head but was brought back to reality with a jolt when she felt the first pair of hot little hands press momentarily into her back, and a bare foot brush lightly against her thigh.   
  
Her turn as 'horse' at an end, Claire was now obliged to wait in line to jump, trying hard to resist the urge to cover her privates with her hands lest Miss FitzGibbon find an new method of humiliating her. She observed how peculiar the other girls looked in their old-fashioned underwear, which did little to flatter the figure and made bottoms appear enormous as their owners bent over, but groaned inwardly at the realisation that she did not even have the luxury of this much covering. She felt a little more comfortable now that she was no longer the centre of attention, but as she straddled the obstacle for the first time she felt her inner lips ease apart and the air breeze through her exposed genitals and flushed with a fresh wave of shame. Landing on the mat, she was aware of the unaccustomedly free movements of her bottom, normally tightly enclosed in fabric. Although Claire would have admitted that the sensation was not unpleasant, she would have given anything at that moment for even the skimpiest panties to protect her modesty.   
  
The exercise was repeated eight times in rapid succession, at the end of which Claire was positively glowing in the slightly humid atmosphere of an early English summer. Now the lesson turned to the vaulting horse proper, starting with simple straddle jumps. Claire, for all her dislike of gymnastics, was in fact surprisingly well co-ordinated and completed the required exercises with ease, as her teacher noted with approval. Not all the girls, however, were so adept and one in particular, a rather plump specimen with bobbed hair, was finding it difficult even to get her run-up right, let alone clear the horse successfully. Miss FitzGibbon, noticing the girl's struggles, beckoned to her and enquired:   
  
"Rebecca, why despite the repeated instruction and practice you have received this term can you not manage to perform even such a basic task as this?"   
  
"I don't know Miss, sorry," mumbled the clearly embarrassed girl, staring at her feet.   
  
"Look at Claire," the teacher continued, "she has only just joined this class yet her vaulting is exemplary. Observe her technique and learn from it."   
  
Claire, although not keen to be the centre of attention once more, was inwardly rather pleased at the compliment that Miss FitzGibbon had paid her and repeated the exercise with renewed vigour. The unfortunate Rebecca was instructed to try again, but her attempts ended in failure and more frustration. Miss FitzGibbon sighed wearily and said, not unkindly:   
  
"Oh Becky, Becky, you clumsy child, whatever are we going to do with you?"   
  
Then, as if inspired:   
  
"Perhaps you would find it easier to vault if, like our new girl here, you were similarly unencumbered by clothing. Well, why not, we've tried everything else. Remove your knickers young lady and place them in the corner."   
  
Rebecca turned slightly pale but did not reply. Instead she quietly drew the knickers down from her hips and stepped out of them, before stowing them away under the wall-bars and quickly returning to her place, now perfectly naked from the waist downwards. She paused only momentarily to direct a withering look at Claire.   
  
"Bloody teacher's pet!" she hissed furiously.   
  
‘Well, I like that,’ thought Claire, taken aback. ‘I get spanked in public on my bare arse, made to do gym starkers, and I'm the teacher's pet?’   
  
She noted with satisfaction, and not a little curiosity, that the half-naked girl was in one respect even more exposed than she was, for where one would have expected to find a small triangle of hair there was nothing but a mound of snowy-white smoothness, descending flawlessly into a fine, inwardly curving line. The little bud of soft, pink flesh enclosing the clitoris was clearly visible from in front, despite the poor girl's best efforts to conceal her secret charms between tightly shut thighs. The delicately-coloured inner lips of the vulva, slightly damp after her physical exertions, pouted almost imperceptibly.   
  
Predictably the change of outfit had little discernible effect on Rebecca's gymnastic ability and the unfortunate girl suffered further ignominy as she landed on her ample posterior several times and revealed her private parts to all and sundry before Miss FitzGibbon finally tired of humiliating her and attended other members of the class. Rebecca was not told to get dressed again, however, and she was wise enough not to retrieve the longed-for undergarment without permission, so the rest of 5D was treated to an extended viewing of their classmate's delightful bare bottom, with its irresistibly sweet dimples, to the discomfort of its visibly embarrassed owner.   
  
The lesson almost over, there was just enough time for a relay race between the two groups, with each girl running the length of the gymnasium and back again. For the next five minutes the room was filled with the patter and occasional thud of bare feet on the hard wooden floor, punctuated by the breathing of the increasingly exhausted girls. Claire, who despite her nudity had almost begun to enjoy the lesson, experienced a confusing mixture of embarrassment and pleasure as she felt her unsupported breasts and buttocks jiggle perkily, but the sight was not half as spectacular as Rebecca's magnificent naked bottom which undulated and wobbled with a fascinating randomness.   
  
The girls trooped back to the changing rooms in an orderly file, glowing with health after their exercise. Finally Claire was to be relieved of her ordeal as the rest of the class stripped off for showers. Happy in the knowledge that everyone else was now in a similar state of undress, and that she would soon be able to put on her clothes again, she began to relax and almost luxuriated under her shower, despite the tepidity of the water. Even this operation, however, was strictly controlled, with Miss FitzGibbon watching hawk-like at the entrance to the communal facility until she was satisfied that every girl was thoroughly clean. Ablutions over, the naked girls walked dripping into an ante-chamber where towels had been laid on a table. Only five towels were provided, however, which were eagerly seized upon by the first girls to enter the room while their less fortunate classmates had to stand waiting, shivering slightly in their naked splendour, for their turn to dry off. A bowl of talcum powder was made available and its contents were energetically applied to feet, toes and other damp parts, until finally the whole of 5D stood pink and sweetly-smelling - and with not a stitch of clothing between them - ready to be dismissed by their teacher.

**Chapter 3**  
As Claire re-entered the changing room most of the other girls were already hurriedly dressing, eager not to incur the wrath of Miss FitzGibbon. When she reached the bench she was sharing with Victoria, however, she was alarmed to find that the clothes she had left there before the lesson had disappeared. It was certainly the same bench at which she had undressed and had been spanked - the precise position was indelibly stamped on her consciousness through tear-blurred eyes - but nothing belonging to her remained there now. Such had been her eagerness to cover up her nakedness once more that she quite forgot herself:   
  
"Alright, which one of you fucking clowns has stolen my clothes?" she rounded on her classmates angrily.   
  
Unfortunately at that same moment the teacher re-appeared from her office and strode through the lines of benches:   
  
"Young lady, I have already had occasion to warn you about your language. I do not expect to have to repeat myself. I have your clothes, if those grubby, tattered rags I removed from this bench may be described as such. You are now a pupil of this school and Martlet girls do not walk around looking like filthy tramps. As a reward for your performance in the gym I was about to lend you these," she indicated the navy blue T-shirt and shorts she was carrying in her left hand, "so that you could walk to matron's office with a little more dignity than you have managed in the last hour. However, I see that you are a stubborn girl who needs to be taught a lesson. Miranda," she addressed a girl at the adjacent bench who was standing wide-eyed in fascination at the unfolding drama and who had therefore not begun to get dressed after her shower, "go to my office and fetch a red marker pen from the box on top of my desk."   
  
The naked girl padded away silently and without hesitation, her pert little breasts bouncing busily, for she was anxious not to bring trouble on her own head. When she had reappeared Miss FitzGibbon took the pen from her without a word and turned once more to the wretched Claire who by now knew that she was about to regret her latest outburst.   
  
"Turn around," the teacher instructed her errant pupil curtly.   
  
Claire did as she was told. She heard the top of the pen click before three strokes of its moist tip were applied to the right cheek of her bottom with firm resolution. The operation was repeated on the adjacent buttock before the teacher turned Claire around to face her once more and with a flourish of the marker inscribed a further two capital 'Fs' on the flat upper surfaces of the girl's bare breasts.   
  
"This school does not tolerate foul language from its pupils. It is therefore necessary to warn others of your apparent weakness for this nasty vice. Perhaps it will also help you to remember the importance of obeying simple rules. Victoria," Miss FitzGibbon turned to Claire's companion who was putting on her shoes, "please accompany Claire to Matron's office. She needs to collect her uniform and have a medical before she goes to her next lesson."   
  
"Yes, Miss FitzGibbon," replied the snub-nosed girl prettily.   
  
With a satisfied nod to no one in particular, the gym mistress whisked away once more, leaving the class to go its next lesson. Claire sank down on the bench with a barely concealed groan, the wooden slats pressing into her bottom, unhappily still naked.   
  
"How far away is Matron's office," she asked Victoria despondently.   
  
Victoria, who seemed to sympathise genuinely with Claire's plight, unlike some other members of the class for whom the episode had given fresh cause to giggle and whisper, answered reluctantly, "On the other side of the school, I'm afraid."   
  
Noticing her friend's obvious distress she added hurriedly, "Don't worry about losing your clothes, it happens to most of us here at some time. Ignore those idiots," she indicated in the direction of her smirking classmates. "We're all in the buff for our early-morning swim, so they won't be laughing tomorrow. Miss FitzGibbon's normally alright, but she's a stickler for the rules. Last year on school sport's day I hadn't had time to collect my washing from the laundry and I didn't have any knickers to wear. She could have lent me some shorts but she said she wasn't having one girl let the class down by wearing incorrect uniform. I had to run the 1,500 metres in front of the whole school with nothing on my bottom! It was so embarrassing, particularly in front of the younger girls. She doesn't mean to humiliate you deliberately, she just thinks that the school ethos is more important than individual feelings."   
  
Claire was not greatly comforted: after all it hadn't been Victoria's first day at school and she had at least had her breasts covered, but it was nice to hear kind words at last and she was grateful to have found an ally.   
  
"We'd better get a move on," said Victoria, picking up her satchel. "it's History next and if I'm late again I'll be for the chop!"   
  
Claire, who had no satchel - or indeed anything else - to burden her, gulped and rose slowly to her feet, before following Victoria out of the changing room. The two girls turned retraced their footsteps before turning left along another corridor, at the end of which was a glass-paned door which opened on to a large grassy quad at the heart of the crumbling mansion, neatly mown and pleasantly landscaped with wooden seats and a stone fountain. Victoria trotted ahead and held open the door for her companion.   
  
"Sorry," she said to Claire, "I'm already late so I'm going to have to leave you here. Matron's office is through that green door on the far side of the quad, first on the right."   
  
Claire looked aghast. "I can't go outside like this!"   
  
"Look, strictly speaking, you're not supposed to use the quad at all - it's a recreational facility for teachers only, but it's also a good short cut if you keep to the edge and don't get caught. Otherwise you'll have to walk the long way round, past all the classrooms, and I didn't think you'd fancy that much in your present condition. I've really got to go now, or I'll be in deep trouble. I'll see you later at Prep."   
  
And with that the small girl bustled away leaving Claire dazed and confused, the early afternoon sunshine creeping through the open doorway and dappling across her bare body. All alone now, her options were limited. She didn't know her way around the school and shuddered at the prospect of getting lost with no clothes on: she'd just have to risk it. She stepped outside cautiously, closing the door behind her. Remembering Victoria's advice, she made for the perimeter wall and moved rapidly through the lush grass, cool and luxuriant between her toes.   
  
Reaching the opposite side undetected, Claire breathed a sigh of relief and felt that her luck had finally changed. But when she tried to open the door she found it locked.   
  
"Shit," she hissed to herself, tears of frustration pricking her eyes as she realised she would have to make her way back again and take the route she had been so keen to avoid. But before she could turn a sharp rap on one of the plate glass windows caused her to freeze where she stood. Through the gloomy panes she dimly perceived a stout female figure gesturing at her to stay where she was, before unlocking the door with a key from a large bunch attached to her waist. The door was flung open and a thick Scottish brogue enquired of her urgently:   
  
"What do you think you're doing here? This area is strictly out of bounds to girls."   
  
"Please Miss," replied Claire in a quavering voice, "I'm new and I don't know my way round the school. I've got to report to Matron's office."   
  
"I am Matron," said the stout woman, slightly unnecessarily since Claire could now see that she was wearing a white nurse's uniform. "You must be Claire James, I've been waiting for you all afternoon. Where are your clothes?"   
  
"Sorry Miss," sniffed Claire, finally succumbing to the tears that had been threatening to engulf her for some time now, "but I haven't got my uniform yet and Miss FitzGibbon made me do gym without anything on and now she's taken away my clothes."   
  
Matron nodded sagely, her tone softening a little: "Yes, that's bad luck, especially on your first day. Miss FitzGibbon's far too soft with the girls here. When I was at school all PE lessons were done in the raw - it toughens a girl up and it's far healthier than having sweaty fabric clinging to your body. Still, it's no good crying. I see you've already made quite an impression on your first day," she inclined her head towards Claire's ink-adorned breasts. "You'd better mind your language when I'm in earshot, young lady, because when girls are rude to me I use carbolic soap to wash out their mouths. Well, before your medical, I'll give you a guided tour so that in future you won't make the mistake of taking this particular shortcut again."   
  
Matron strode away, followed meekly by a red-faced Claire, rubbing away tears with the back of her hand. The "tour" consisted of a brisk journey through a warren of gloomy corridors that intensified the unclothed girl's discomfort as much as it informed her. Twice they passed small gaggles of pupils on their way to lessons but, although Claire willed the ground to open and swallow her up, they paid her little attention, as if a girl walking through the middle of the school in her birthday suit were an everyday occurrence.   
  
Eventually they reached the door of Matron's office and Claire was ushered inside. She was weighed and measured, and her teeth checked, before being ordered to lie down on her back on the examination couch. Matron looked down pensively at her recumbent subject:   
  
"Normally I remove the pubic hair for hygiene purposes, but I see you've barely got enough down there worth bothering about", she remarked, passing a hand over the girl's little mound and ruffling its soft duckling-down. "In fact, I think it looks rather sweet as it is."   
  
Claire bristled with indignation. She was aware of how sparsely covered she was down below, as she had been teased about it on more than one occasion at school. She had even been accused of vanity in grooming her pubic area, but this was not true: she had simply never been well endowed in that department and the naturally blonde fuzz that was there was scarcely visible against her honey-coloured skin. Not only had this complete stranger been tactless enough to draw attention to this, but she had also had the audacity to touch her private parts! The prostrate girl clenched her fists and curled up her toes in an effort to suppress her fury at this latest humiliation.   
  
Her pubis may have been spared complete denudation, but that was as far as Matron's liberality stretched and over the course of the next half hour practically every part of the girl's naked body was handled and every orifice thoroughly examined with a bewildering array of instruments, before the doughty Scot seemed satisfied. The final part of the medical consisted of a water-based enema: Matron inserted the rubber tube into the girl's anus with such expertise so that Claire was not even aware of what was happening before she felt the peculiar sensation of two pints of warm soapy water trickling into her. The tube was removed with a slight pop and the bloated girl was directed to a lavatory in the corner of the room, with no cubicle, to let nature take its course. As Claire sat down gingerly, there was a knock on the door. To her horror, Matron answered with an emphatic "Enter!" and two girls crept in timidly, closing the door behind them.   
  
"Please Miss," said one of them, "Nicola's fallen over and grazed her knee."   
  
Claire was mortified at the prospect of peeing in front of another girl, but she was absolutely powerless to prevent it: if she held back any more, she felt she would do herself an injury. Passing wind furiously, the liquid exited her with a deafening roar against the porcelain bowl. The girl who had spoken looked up with interest while Matron was attending her wounded friend and fixed an amused gaze on the furiously blushing Claire who used her hands to try to preserve a semblance of dignity. When the torrent had finally subsided, Matron, without looking up from her task, instructed her curtly to collect her uniform from a chair in the centre of the room. Under the intense stare of her contemporary, Claire rose unsteadily after her ordeal and wiped herself with a sheet of coarse toilet paper, trying to block from her mind the fact that she had just peed in front of a complete stranger while stark naked. Blinking back the tears, she put on the same peculiar underwear and old-fashioned uniform that she had seen her classmates wearing, consoling herself that her humiliation was finally over. What she didn't know, however, was that it had only just begun ...