## Girlz Skule

Ch. 1 intro

John Smith had taken the new job as a maths and Computing teacher at Lochullan School for Girls after some putting thought into the matter. He had received offers from various schools in the London area, but he eventually found the idea of a spell teaching in a remote glen in the Scottish Highlands far more appealing. Plus the pay was better and that was before you threw in the fact that room and board were provided. And naturally, private boarding schools had more holidays, when he could expect to be off himself. Most modern schools were now beginning to regard these periods as work time to send teachers off on training courses and the like more and more these days.

The interview had been held in London so he had not as yet seen the place, other than the brochure shots in a prospectus for parents that he had been issued. The two women staff who had interviewed him had also impressed on him that Lochullan was traditional in more ways than he had first thought. They still used corporal punishment long outlawed in other schools, for example. Apparently a simple signing of a legal document by the pupil's parent or guardian would suffice. He had told the interviewers that he was himself a bit of a traditionalist at heart, and having taught in several London inner city comprehensives he sorely missed having access to some form of ultimate deterrent.

He had been renting a flat in London so most of his possessions were books, computer and other electrical gear. These he had boxed and sent up by carrier with most of his clothes and linen. He handed his keys to the letting agency on a Thursday just before the start of the first term week of the new academic year and drove up the 600 miles to the Highlands, breaking at Edinburgh.

He chose Edinburgh because the so called 'saunas' there were in fact a genteel cover for sex services. He went to an upmarket one, not one of the seedier establishments and ordered a two girl massage, selecting a pair of the youngest females on offer, one dark haired and the other a blonde, both claiming to be 16. He remembered to ask them what their 'extra services' were as soon as they went into the cabin. A most enjoyable couple of hours were thus passed, relieving the stress of the long journey. He found that the quality of girl on offer had gone up since his last visit. This was because of the introduction of student 'loans' by the Tory government instead of outright grants as before. About half of the girls were now students from the university making ends meet.

Thus it was noon on a Friday in the summer holiday period that he arrived at the school. The few days before the main body of pupils arrived would allow him to get used to the place rather than have him floundering about as an obviously new wet behind the ears arrival. In other words he would be settled in before the havoc started, as the headmistress put it. A core of staff stayed on at the school over the holiday period since quite a few of the pupils stayed there during the holidays as well, their parents being unable to take them or to visit due to their work or to their commitments.

He drove up the long drive to the school, which was nestled in its own long narrow valley (or glen as the locals put it) which opened onto a sea loch, the school being located on the north side of the water. The nearest town - a cluster of thirty or so houses which really was more of a large village, one pub, one general shop, and one petrol pump - was about fifteen miles from the gates to the private school estate, and he estimated that he had driven nearly seven miles along the glen before he reached the school itself. It really was isolated. He recalled that the brochure had mentioned the short winter break (made up for by extra time in the summer holiday) and that the school was often snowed in during that time.

He pulled in at the main entrance to the core building. This had obviously at one time been a grand nobleman's house or a shooting lodge. Probably the latter since the architecture was rather Victorian. He parked in a space marked for visitors when a young blonde girl approached the car. He had no need to wind the window down since his MGB had its rag top down during the sunny summer weather. She asked if he was Mr Smith and on hearing that he was indeed that person announced that she was to guide him to the staff room in order to meet the welcoming committee.

"I hope you have not been waiting especially for me to turn up" he said as they walked into the building.

"I have been waiting since eight thirty, sir. It was a punishment duty for calling a schoolmate a rude word, sir" she remarked.

She led him first to the deputy headmistress's room. "Good morning Mr Smith, I am Miss James. We will go through and meet the other staff members shortly after a brief introduction to your responsibilities. Sally, you may go now. Consider your punishment completed."

"Do take a seat John. My name is Valerie by the way, but in front of the pupils we tend to the formal. Tea or coffee?." He sat down and they discussed pleasantries until the secretary brought in tea and biscuits.

"Now, on to business. My first question really should have been asked at your interview in the City, but seems to have been overlooked. I hope you are not going to be offended by this as it is a bit personal in nature, but we ask all teachers regardless of gender. Are you hetero or homosexual in nature, John?."

"I am heterosexual in inclination, Valerie. Is that a problem in an all girl school?."

"None whatsoever. At present, we only have two males on the staff. Both are general purpose handyman gardener mister fixit types and invaluable to the running of the school. However Barry and Jonathan are both quite gay in a lovely way. They share the groundsmans cottage as a couple. Apart from them, you are currently the only male member of staff."

"I asked since it really only needs me to point out to you that although we have a strict disciplinary system and run a tight ship during term time, what the girls here get up to in their precious free time is up to them. Outside boys are strictly forbidden by the school code so this place is a pool of randy females, if we were to be brutally frank. Now I would much prefer it if you were to end up paired off with one of the female staff here but so long as you are discreet about it and the girl is willing, and the affair is not pursued in work hours, the school does not object. As I say, we have had male teachers infrequently in the past and the school has come to realise when it is best to face up to reality. This approach means that some little minx cannot blackmail any member of staff (male or female) with whom they have conducted an affair."

"Also, over time at this school you will likely see nearly every female nude at some point or other. Swimming costumes are optional whenever the girls take a dip in the sea, and also our gymnasium is just that - the word comes from the Greek for a place to 'go naked'. The indoor pool is part of the gym complex..."

"There is the added point that we employ corporal punishment. Now, for minor offences we use the traditional Scottish belt or 'tawse' as it is called, up to six strokes on the outstretched hand. However for those offences more serious than six of the best we move on to a proper beating on the uncovered backside. This starts with the tawse, but if we come to more serious offences then we move on to the cane. A belting, whether to the hand or bare behind is normally administered in front of the class or dormitory if it is an after class punishment for say ignoring lights out. Caning is done in private, normally in your office. Only for the more serious offences will a girl be caned in public and this is before the whole school."

"In the summer holiday we relax the rules for those girls who have to stay over since this is really their own time. For example, the girl who was set to watch for you would normally have received four on the rear for using foul language, but instead she has lost nearly four hours of holiday which in break time is entirely free time."

"Now, do you have any problems with any of this?."

"I do not think so, Valerie."

"Good, I will show you the staff room, and introduce you to any of the stopover crew who are there. We will then tour the main building facilities - where the kitchens and the dining hall are and so forth. Then we will move on to show you your accommodation. After that you can spend the rest of the weekend settling in. The hordes descend on Monday, barring a few early comers this weekend."

She showed him the staff room, which was presently deserted. It was the usual staff common room, all over stuffed arm chairs, magazines lying about, but with one difference from most he had seen.

"I can see you have noticed the bar. A small but proper bar, with beer on tap. It is the only alcohol in twenty miles around, and it is used mainly by the staff. However all prefects and sixth years are allowed to drink here on invitation from a staff member. The senior prefects are considered staff, and may use this room if they want. The remaining prefects have a common room and there they are allowed a can bar in their fridge. No money is used here, rather a bar book is used and the amount settled at end of term. All girls are allowed a glass of wine with their Saturday evening meal if they choose to sit down to the full meal, and the seniors (fifth and above) are allowed to drink supervised at hotel bars if you are on an away trip. Needless to say, any unauthorised drinking is a caning offence."

"Smoking is allowed only outside those French doors where there is a part of the quadrangle with a few benches to sit on if the weather permits and a special cigarette bin. Staff may smoke, and seniors with the weed habit may use the smoking zone. You, and seniors alike may smoke in your own rooms. Pupils who are allowed to smoke must not do so in school uniform - it is strictly for private time when they are in casual attire. Free times are unmistakable here as school uniform disappears in a twinkling, as does formal staff work attire."

"Basically free time is from seven at night till breakfast call in the morning, after one on Saturday right through Sunday, and holidays for the stay behind pupils. Wednesday afternoon is considered a sports afternoon, though many retire to their dorms to do their homework, but basically any legal sports attire is allowed, though some of the tasteless shell suits in evidence then can ruin your eyesight somewhat."

She showed him the dining hall next. "All weekly meals are taken here, staff and pupils alike. At weekends there is a burger and chip take away service run from the side of the kitchens for those who prefer snack foods." Along the corridor was the tuck shop. "The girls are rationed to how much they can spend in a term on sweets. We also have other items for sale here, blank cassette tapes and batteries for their stereos (senior's privilege item those), some other sundries and so forth. There is a pile of mail order catalogues here, for the girls to order casual clothes and so forth. We plough the catalogue agency profits into our end of year party fund."

"Now on to your accommodation, which is over at the west dormitory block." This proved to be a more modern construction over a quadrangle across the way from the main building. It reminded him of a slightly more civilianised version of the barracks blocks he had met when in the University Officer Cadet Corps, and he remarked on this to her.

"Yes, these were built in the thirties I suppose, and each is a two story building with four dorm blocks, two each on the ground floor and two on the first, all leading off the central stair core. They are more functional than elegant, I must admit!."

"Now, I suppose I should have mentioned to you that you will be acting as a dorm teacher, and as such your accommodations are part of the dorm block itself. I am afraid that all new staff have to take their turn in the barrel here as and until a space in the main building or the cottages becomes free."

They entered at the ground floor and climbed up the concrete stairs to the first floor. They entered the dormitory which would also it seemed be his new home. The main door led straight into a classic dormitory barracks style large room. Twenty beds were laid out in rigid lines, ten per side of the room each separated from the next by a locker. Each bed was in front of a window, and no curtains were fitted. At the far end of the room there was some open space with a dining type table with chairs round it, and on the other a less formal set of the inevitable stuffed chairs and a rather sad and care worn settee.

"As you can see, one bed per pupil. The large table is for schoolwork, but also doubles for games playing when required - we allow card games and gambling, but never for money. There is gear in the locker to convert the thing into a ping pong table, plus Monopoly, chess and similar board games. Cards the girls have to provide themselves. There is a common room for the pupils in the main building, and also over there is a television lounge. That is the only TV allowed until the girl is a senior. Seniors get a room to themselves or to share with one other, and are allowed a small set, plus other electrical appliances - inevitably that means a CD boom box these days!. Juniors are allowed to visit senior's accommodation, so their access to music and TV is often used as a means to get juniors to do minor chores for them. This is fine so long as the seniors do not take too much advantage..."

A door in the centre of the end wall led into a corridor. "On the left is the ablutions block, and to the right are three senior girl's rooms. The door at the end there leads to your accommodation. The senior's room next to your door will be occupied by a prefect who will be your assistant or 'form prefect' in school speak. The central one will be shared by two senior girls who will help out. The last is for a senior or seniors who will be under your discipline, but not part of the dorm formally unless they decide to join in."

They turned left into the ablutions block. This was a large open room with frosted glass windows. Two baths sat at one side, a line of toilet cubicles against one wall in the centre faced the wash hand basins and a large industrial mirror. At the far end of the room, three shower heads were positioned over a tiled area. Apart from the toilet cubicles there was no privacy screening whatever.

"One point I have to make here John, is that the ablutions block is used by all the dorm, including yourself. There are no private facilities in your flat. Does this put you out in any way?."

"Well I presume I simply put a 'Do Not Disturb' sign on the main door if I need a shower or bath" he replied.

"Oh no! - there will be around twenty pupils who all may have to answer natures call and they cannot be left with crossed legs while one person hogs the facilities. As I said earlier, you will be seeing pupils nude from time to time. This is one such area. Also, as dorm teacher your team is allocated a swimming period which you will take once per week. That is in the gymnasium, and there both the pupils and the instructing staff go naked. The girls will be seeing you undressed as well, you see. Our staff is mainly female, but we do not relax rules due to gender. One reason for having you over early before term gets under way is to introduce you to our somewhat quaint ways. It allows us to gauge your reaction, and also for you to pull out if you are offended or perhaps over modest."

He looked round the stark ablution block for a moment. "Actually I do not think that will be a problem. In fact I have visited nudist beaches with my ex fiancee. Her idea actually, as I was a bit less adventurous before meeting her. Two years back I may have been a bit shocked, but not now."

"Right oh!. Now I will show you your flat." They went out of the ablutions block and into the hall. The door at the end of the corridor led into the living room of the flat. This had a small sink and kitchenette to one side, a telephone, some furniture (thankfully, decent armchairs, not the staff room type) and a small office corner with a desk and bookshelves. The bedroom was next door. He noticed that he was allowed curtains unlike the pupils.

"Dial 9 for an outside line on the phone. Useful internal numbers are on the printed sheet there. There is a TV point but you have to supply your own. Make any personal calls you like, but if you will be cruising the internet or making lots of international calls we will expect a contribution to the phone bill. Your dorm pupils are allowed to use the phone with your express permission for internal calls or emergency outside calls only. They have phone cards to use in the meter phones at the tuck shop for chatterboxing. It is up to you if you allow some of them in to watch TV in your lounge as a treat or whatever. This flat is your private space just as if it were your own home and you set the rules. You have a lock on your main door unlike any other door in the dorm. There is a special key there which opens the toilet cubicle doors from the outside if needed, say if someone faints in one or whatever. In the desk you will find a copy of the school rules, the basic timetable is laid out there as well. Also there is your tawse in case you need to administer any discipline on the dorm. Canes are held at the headmistresses office, and my own as well should you need one. Knowing our crowd, you will use both quite soon I should imagine."

"Now, unless there are any further questions, I will leave you to move in peace. Your boxes have been delivered - they are all dumped in the bedroom. You have the dorm to yourself until term starts, apart from one senior in the middle room. You have already met her - Sally Macdonald - she was the one who was doing guide duty as a punishment. She will probably be out riding or swimming with some of the stay over crowd but will likely introduce herself to you later. She is a junior prefect, and so will be your third in command here so as to speak. A bit headstrong, still gets into trouble from time to time - it is usually the fruity language that she tends to use. Reliable enough to make prefect though."

After she went out, he changed into an old pair of scruffy shorts and a decrepit 'Stranglers' tour T-shirt before wrestling with the contents of his removal boxes. Computer on the desk, then cable an extension cord he already possessed around the top of the door to the phone socket. Stereo and CD collection, and his wide screen TV next were arranged to his taste. Then he filled the existing bookshelves with some of his books. The remainder went into piles in both the living room and the study, with the old flat-pack shelves he had broken down stacked on top as he could not face the task of rebuilding them. The designers of these things never intended for them to be broken down again, so he was going to have to use the metal braces and plastic wood he had already packed alongside them, having moved flat before. Finally he unpacked the boxes of clothes and shoved these all away. He went through to the lounge section and made himself a cup of instant coffee. Luckily someone had pre-stocked his flat with a few basic essentials including milk and orange juice in the fridge, plus bread and some sandwich makings. No ground coffee for his percolator, so he would have to thole the instant pish-water for now. After all that effort, he flaked out in an armchair with a relaxing cigarette.

After the rest break he decided to take a walk about and enjoy the sunshine. As he was opening the door to his rooms, the door at the far end of the corridor burst open. "Good afternoon, Mr Smith!. I'm Sally Macdonald. We met earlier at your car. I am afraid that for whatever sins you may have committed, you have been lumbered with me as one of your staff. I will dump this bag and be out in a jiffy and we can properly introduce ourselves" she merrily chirped as she disappeared into the centre senior girl's room.

He wondered what properly introducing herself meant, since apart from the sports bag over her shoulder and a pair of scruffy trainers, Sally Macdonald had been wearing not a stitch. Her voice came out of the open door to her room.

"Were you going out or anything? - any plans or whatever?."

"As a matter of fact I was going to take a walk about the grounds. Just recce the place as it were" he replied from just outside the door.

"That's great - I can act as your guide and we can do the introductions and stuff along the way - It's too fine a day to waste inside. She popped out of her door, no trainers this time but just a towel over her shoulder and a bottle of shower gel in one hand. "Just give me five minutes to sluice this salt off me as I have just been for a dip in the sea loch and then your tour guide will be ready" as she bounded through the door to the shower room. Running water was soon heard.

A few minutes later she reappeared, towel worn as a turban round her head. "No need to stand about in the corridor Mr Smith, come on in and plonk yourself on the spare bed there - mine is that mess on the right. Oh no need to be bashful sir, you have already seen all of me anyway. A quick squirt of the drier and we can be off."

He sat on the made bed as the naked young woman unconcernedly towelled herself off, then sat on her bed and blasted her mid length blond hair with a hairdryer. He found himself completely tongue tied at the situation - here he was, a schoolmaster, sitting not three feet from one of his pupils. Bollock naked pupil, that is!. An extremely attractive natural blonde, slim with pert small breasts and small nipples (currently erect from the towelling). Long shapely legs led up to a small patch of down which did nothing to conceal the slit nestling in her crotch, just a hint of a small clitoris visible towards its top. Excellent body tone, an athlete type he guessed. Surprisingly although his cock stirred a bit he had no real erection. He put that down to nerves. In any of his previous schools sitting ogling a naked pupil would have been a severe disciplinary measure.

"Right, that's me done. Just a sec while I dress, then we can be off." She pulled out a pair of short white socks from a drawer, pulled them on and then put on the scruffy trainers once more. Then she stood up. "OK, off we go then!."

He found his voice at last. "I thought you were going to get dressed Sally?" he queried.

"Sorry sir, I forgot you were new to this dump. I am as dressed as I ever am on a sunny day in my free time. I was wearing clothes this morning because the punishment was on school time, so to speak. I hope you are not too uncomfortable with me being starkers, but I am afraid it is my personal choice and you will get used to it soon, I am sure. Shall we begin the tour?."

They walked out into the dorm and down the stairs into the quadrangle.

"Pardon me for asking, Sally. But is your mode of attire common in this school?."

"Reasonably common on a nice sunny day sir, when we are allowed to dress freely. Out of nearly 300 girls in this school, I would say 60 or so whenever we can, indoors or out. If we were allowed the option I doubt I would ever bother dressing in good weather at least. Another 60 odds will do so in sunny weather when they would normally wear a swimming costume. And five or six of the teachers strip off too. The school considers nudity to be quite healthy and normal, and in fact everyone goes in the buff on a school plunge."

"A school plunge?" he asked.

"Once a month, whatever the weather first thing on Saturdays before breakfast, everyone in the school strips naked in their dorms (though you can keep trainers on). The fire alarm is rung three times, then we all charge down to the beach, dive in and swim round a buoy in the loch and back. Pull your shoes on and run back to the dorm to shower and change, then off to breakfast. The non swimmers have to splash about in the shallows till about half the field has emerged before being allowed to go back. In the winter when its a bit too cold the buoy is brought more inshore. Just one of these British Public School traditions" she explained. "The school founders were into discipline, good manners and healthy exercise and all that stuff. We are a sporty school but with a decent academic record too."

He had already seen the main building, so she took him round to see the small riding stables the school maintained. They held a mixture of normal hacking ponies and also some small, tough Highland Ponies. "These sort of hill ponies are called 'Garrons' by the locals. Despite their lack of size they can go on all day, and they are real climbers. We use these when we go up into the hills ('bens' if you are into local speak) above the glen. It is rather rugged up there. Landrovers break down, garrons don't."

They looked over the playing fields and an adjoining archery range. "We also have a small bore rifle range in the gym, and a full bore range down the glen a bit. It is not a main sport here, being a girl's school. Now and then we get someone good enough to shoot at Bisley though. As you can see from the number of pitches laid out that this is a hockey school. And I am actually captain of our 'B' team, vice of the school team." He made a mental note to himself that his initial thoughts were correct regarding this lass being an athlete.

"We have a pitch set out for rounders in the far corner. It is much the same game as American baseball, and in fact whenever there are sufficient US pupils here they will play that as well. Cricket never caught on here. It just is not a popular game in Scotland, so it is not done here despite the fact that over half the pupils and staff here are English."

"I know that indoors you do PE nude, does this hold for outdoors games?" he inquired of his naked guide.

"In the warm weather we just wear the necessary footwear, shin pads etc other than the goalie in hockey games. Just put a coloured band over the shoulder of one team. When it gets colder, then dress becomes more necessary, but is still optional for the hardy souls. We dress when we play visiting teams of course and at away games. Courtesy really. Plus it would be an unfair advantage when we play against a boy's school" she giggled with a wicked grin. He found himself smiling along at that though as well. A very extreme form of gamesmanship it would be indeed. He recalled from his youth how viscious female hockey players were, and that was bad enough without adding any hormone induced distractions.

Their meandering took them down towards the fine white sand beach by the lochside. "Most of the stay behinds will be bumming it by the seashore" she said as she led him through the dunes, the sound of voices and portable stereos becoming more marked as they went on.

"Why are you one of the stay behinds, if it is not impolite to ask?."

"My mother is dead now, and my father is a major executive in a Japanese owned investment house in the City. He has an incredibly hectic schedule, though we managed a week together in Japan at the start of the hols. And as usual he had to stamp his feet and threaten to resign if they did not give him a week off. Other than that I could stay with his brother and his wife in Hertfordshire, but I really do not get along with them, they are a bit boring and conservative. Nuding about their place would certainly not be on as they are into some form of zealous Christianity thing. I go to church but bible thumping and prayer meets rank below watching paint dry in my scale. Also I know nobody there and some of my friends hang out here in the summer gang. Barring the few times I can get dad to myself I find it far more interesting to be here at the school."

As they walked onto the sand he could see about a couple of dozen girls of varying ages doing the usual beach kid stuff. Mostly taking the rays, some swimming and one brave soul entangling herself in a sailboard offshore, obviously no expert yet. Normal kids on the beach apart from the fact around half were buck naked, the majority of the remainder being topless. She led him across to a group who were placed by some cooler boxes and had a small portable barbecue on the go. These girls were all older ones - sixteen or more. Seniors at a guess, which soon was proved right.

She plonked herself down on a spare beach towel, motioning him to sit down as well. "This disreputable bunch of womanhood are the seniors of the stay behind team. And most of them are defects like me (oops, sorry, prefects). I won't bother introducing them as you will forget the names. Girlies, this is our newest teacher, Mr Smith" she introduced him and he answered the chorus of greetings.

"Now this corner of the beach is the defect zone. Normally only those of us who are allowed to put gold braid on our uniforms are allowed here, but in the hols other seniors and some trusted juniors are allowed on the hallowed ground. It's hallowed because here rests the beer. Want one, sir?."

"I certainly would appreciate one. Bottle of Beck's by any chance?."

"That crate is a portable Beck's brewery, sir" answered a medium built dark haired girl. "You have just earned yourself several kudos points by choosing the poison of choice round here. Angela Block by the way, deputy head girl. From the Big Apple sir to answer the usual next question" she said in a pleasant drawl while handing him a frosted bottle. She was deeply tanned over her entire body, one of the habitually naked girls he surmised.

"Mind If I smoke, girls?" he enquired.

"By all means sir. Butts go in that tin can by the barbie" answered the deputy head girl. "Mind if I bum one from you?." He passed her one, and a couple of other girls including Sally promptly cadged one as well.

He took off his shirt, and they all shot the breeze for a couple of hours or so as they took the rays and passed the beer and ciggies. Some of the crew did sausages or burgers on the barbecue. The usual beach stuff. The naked surfboarder gave up after an hour of flailing and stomped off to her spot in the dunes, obviously in a deep huff.

"Well I suppose I had best be getting back to my office now, as I have some paperwork to read into. Thanks for the chat. I suppose I owe a few beers. What's the drill with that here?."

"The beach beer box is a communal thing. Just bring some along to help stock it from time to time. Cigs out here are seen as a shared commodity too. We cadged yours today, someone else will be touched for smokes next time" said Sally. "And I will be along shortly to help you with the paperwork, since some of the terms we use here may be new to you. It is part of my job to help show you the ropes, sir."

After a leisurely stroll back he got stuck into the small pile of paper on his desk. He began jotting notes on a writing pad as he went through the various items. A knock on the door.

"Permission to come in, sir?." It was Sally's voice.

"Of course, come on in." he replied, and the naked blonde entered his room.

"Anything I can help you with, sir?."

"Sally, there are several points you might be able to help me with. But first things first. These rooms are my house while I am here, and my rules apply. I am basically an easy going sort of bloke, and if you are invited in here you senior girls from along the corridor are to treat this place as home. Help yourself to a cup of tea or a beer or whatever from the fridge, no need to ask permission first. Also, in here its first names basis, unless a junior is present or it is otherwise official business. For example if I find I have to tear a strip off you for some wrongdoing. You are a form of staff to this dorm, and so this room will likely become a bit of a common room for us all. The name is John by the way."

"Right John, I am cool with that idea. First item?."

"Explain the bed drill to me, please. This just gives the bones - warning bell at so and so hours, then final bell and bed inspection."

"OK, when the warning bell goes, all the girls are supposed to already have washed up, brushed their teeth and got into their night dress. Fat chance, the bell is a really cue for a stampede for the washroom. At final bell you or a deputised prefect make the bed inspection. Each girl is to stand at the end of her bed in her night attire. The inspector does a nose count (main reason for the drill) then inspects the little monsters to ensure they have brushed teeth, cleaned faces and under fingernails etc. You then stand by the light switch and tell them to go to bed. Once they are all in you call 'Lights Out' and switch out the light. After lights out then night rules apply - basically no talking etc. However we tend to ignore quiet or whispered conversations, and only punish really bad transgressions, pillow fights and the like. The inspector is expected to make a few tours up to midnight or at your whim later during the night to check up on them. They are also supposed to stay in their beds, but here we tend to ignore anyone who cuddle up with someone else for some comfort or whatever. And if they are doing each other they just get a warning if they are making too much noise and maybe waking folk up."

"The girls are allowed to hump each other, at least the gay ones I presume?" he asked, just a little shocked.

"The school considers consenting sex a healthy pastime. And most of the girl on girl stuff is more to comfort each other than out of any real lesbianism. After all there are damn few boys hereabouts. In fact you happen to be the only eligible male as the terrible two are lovers. Those who wish are allowed sex toys, but only seniors are allowed battery toys since they are noisy in a dorm environment."

He was genuinely astonished at that one. "Pardon me, but the girls are actually allowed to bring, well dildoes and vibrators and so forth onto the premises?."

"Or buy them in. We have an Anne Summers catalogue in the tuck shop. Just browse, see what takes your fancy then order at the desk. Night attire is whatever the girl in question feels comfortable in. I suppose I should really warn you before you go goggle eyed at your first bed drill. You will see them in anything from naked through normal jim jams to the flimsy Anne Summers stuff and on to industrial strength pyjamas. First years start off with teddy bears and flannel jammies, by second or third year its transparent teddies on their bods. Hormones probably. From fourth year on they seem to get more sensible (or lazy) and it gets to be an old T-shirt or birthday suit to bed."

"Bugger me. I suppose I had this preconception of 'jolly hockey sticks' and all the old St Trinians films sort of stuff" he declared.

"No, although we have discipline, and corporal punishment - bare arse beatings and all, in other things we are quite liberal here. Sex is confined to the dorms or private rooms, and is usually reserved to after hours, but not always. Anyway, what are we getting this year?."

"Now you mention it, I have not yet opened the packet with the girl's details. Here we go, on the outside it says 'Dorm 2A List'." She groaned.

"Short straw then. Probably since you are new, and I am newly a prefect so we are on the bottom of the pick list. Second years, thirteen year olds or thereabouts in the main. Just into puberty, hormones pushing through them and good old teen angst, rebellion and the whole pot-noodle. We will be in for some interesting times. First years would have been so nice, they are such goodie-goodies when they arrive. Well at least for the first and some of the second terms. About the only way I can see to handle this lot is to be damn strict from the off. Hand out a good dose of warm red buttocks and we have half a chance of a quiet time, but give them a millimetre and they will be out of control" she ended with a bit of steel in her voice.

"I feel I must agree with you there. Now on to the next item, bed allocation. This one seems to be entirely up to my discretion. How is it normally handled?."

"You will find the names inscribed on locker tags there. Some dorm teachers place them out beforehand. My suggestion is to check the list and allocate any bed wetters to the ends nearest the facilities. Then just place the rest in a pile on the big table and let them take beds on a first come first served basis. Sounds good to you?. OK, I will sit over here and see who we are getting. I suggest you read the rules section on discipline, as you will likely need it." So saying she moved over to the armchair and sat down in it, one leg carelessly thrown over the armrest. She opened the packet and started reading the girl's dossiers. This was just a one pager each, mainly name age and any known habits or problems that would affect dorm life.

He got on to the task of reading the punishment rules as suggested. She muttered almost inaudible comments behind him as she went through the names but since they were obviously not intended for general conversation he tuned them out. Eventually he reached a point where he had a question to ask, so he turned round from the desk to speak to her. He had her name and the beginning of his question on his lips but when he turned round the sentence turned into a squawk in his throat at the sight that met his eyes.

Sally was seated on the chair with one leg casually flung over an armrest. She was deep in concentration on the document in her left hand and muttering away to herself. This seating position basically opened her pussy lips to his gaze. However it was her right hand that drew his attention since it was gently massaging away at her clitoris and cunt lips.

"Ahem.. Sally?."

She came out of her concentration. "Yes, John?."

"Do you normally do that?."

She realised then what she had been doing but did not stop. "I AM sorry, John, but this is a bad habit of mine when concentrating. Some folk pick their noses or suck their thumbs or whatever. When I am concentrating or listening to music or deep in a book, I fiddle with my privates. I have been doing it since I was a little girl and found out about the nice spot. I just cannot seem to break the habit even though I am seventeen. I hope I have not offended you or insulted you by it" she asked with no trace of embarrassment.

"No, not really, but it is a bit startling to turn round to find a good looking girl with her legs spread and diddling herself. As I said, treat this place as home. Now, I have a question or two about the beating procedure. Rather than go through the points item by item could you just describe to me the basic common or garden bare backside tawsing?."

"Certainly, John." She put the dossiers to one side on the coffee table and leaned back into the armchair. Her hand remained in position but she slipped her forefinger inside herself more often now.

"Basically, for your average in class bare bummer the teacher calls out the culprit for a beating. She then stands by her desk and removes her school skirt and any underwear and leaves these on the desk chair before walking to the front of the class. There she turns to face the class, hands behind back. The teacher then informs the class the reason for the beating, and the number of strokes. The girl is usually beaten immediately, but sometimes she is left facing the class until the end of the lesson. It is up to the teacher. She is then faced to the rear and ordered to touch her knees, or to lie across the teacher's desk. In this manner her backside is turned to the class so all can see the consequent impact on her bare arse. The legs are always ordered to be spread to at least 45 degrees. This is for stability, and it also affords the class an unhindered view of her holes. The strokes are administered and the girl is left in the position for ten minutes or a quarter of an hour to cool off. Sometimes the girl is left in this position for the remainder of the lesson. The nudity bit is intended to be humiliating, so if a known exhibitionist like me gets a bare bummer then its done quickly and back to covered."

"I suppose this is the bit 'Exposure of the miscreant is at the teacher's discretion?'" he mused.

Sally's fingers were getting a bit more active, and becoming less languid. "Yes. Basically the teacher can decree how long until the girl covers up her lower half again. Usually she is allowed to dress on leaving class after a tawsing. It is when you get up to full caning offences that the girl is required to spend the remaining day, or sometimes longer, bare arsed. The tawse just leaves red marks which soon fade but the mark of the cane stays on your buttocks for ages, and is very noticeable." Her fingers began to move faster and her hand to dig deeper into her open slit. She began to gasp a little from her exertions.

"Now explain to me this bit about clitoral stimulation. Which seems very appropriate at this moment Sally, as you seem to have gone a stage or two past mere fiddling and onto a proper wank" he chuckled.

"Yup, getting a damn good buzz here. Basically clitoral stimulation is allowed when bare arse beating a girl. It is a polite way of saying that the teacher is allowed to cop a feel, should he or she so desire. It can be done as part of the humiliation, after all it will be in front of the entire class. Or it can be done as a damn exquisite bit of torture. Mister nice guy followed by mister bad guy, like in the spy movies. The teacher diddles the girl up until she is obviously pleasured then applies the next blow, and repeats as required. One or two of the (female) teachers will lick the girl out rather than finger her, so that is allowed too."

"You sound as if you are speaking from experience there. The licking out bit, I presume."

"Yes, Miss LeJeune, the French mistress is a bit AC/DC. Now please excuse me temporarily as I am losing it here!" she gasped. With this both hands went into her crotch as she closed her eyes and started to grunt and moan and pant to her climax.

Eventually she came, rather quietly, more with a sort of purring murmur. Then sitting with her legs wide apart (the other one having gone over the remaining chair leg somewhere in the proceedings so that he had a perfect view of her open sex almost to the cervix) she reached up and fondled her nipples with both hands in passing as they went up above her head. She stretched both arms straight above herself, then finally opened her eyes and spoke.

"I AM feeling a bit guilty, John, despite having a fucking good orgasm just then. I am an exhibitionist but you are the first heterosexual male (barring dad, and he does not count!) that I have been able to parade my pussy in front of in a year now. I was squirming with anticipation as I waited for your car to arrive. Everyone knew a male teacher was coming, but we had no idea whether he would be some fat little beer gut baldy or a ravishing hunk. I knew that us girls had struck gold when you arrived, and I have just been simply wet between the legs all day as I flaunted myself at you quite deliberately. I do actually fiddle with my clit when concentrating or daydreaming, but that is just normally an absent minded flick of the finger. I did start doing it out of habit when I was reading the dossiers, and it was when you turned round and just about jumped out of your chair that the real buzz came on and I deliberately went on much further. Has Sally been a naughty girl. Sir?" she pleaded in a little girlie voice.

"Sally has been a VERY naughty girl indeed. What sort of brazen hussy masturbates in front of her teacher, then sits in such a position that her most intimate parts are on such open display, Tell me?. Now I must decide on your punishment. Answer my questions truthfully now, or it will be more severe. Understand?."

"Yes Sir" she said in a small voice. She kept her legs splayed apart, however.

"You seemed to get pleasure from describing the beatings procedure. Is that because you take pleasure from being beaten and humiliated in front of your classmates?."

"No sir, I hate pain. I do love to show off my privates, so the pants off part was never a problem. What was making me randy was the thought of being able to dish it out now. I was made prefect on the last day of school, and have yet to be able to use my right to give four on the bare bum. I am straight - I tried the girl on girl in and still share with the same girl - but the idea of being able to inflict pain and humiliation does give me a thrill. I will most certainly be diddling some quivering quim when I get the chance. A power thing, I suppose. Now before you get too upset, I will not be dangerous, beating anything I can. Just firm but fair - power can be abused too easily. I just do not see why I should not enjoy the process of punishment as and when the necessity arrives, is all."

"Fine. Next question. Are you a virgin. Simple yes or no, no details needed.."

"No sir."

"So someone has mined your love lode. Good. Next question. Would you fuck me if asked?."

"Absolutely sir. Fuck me senseless whenever you desire, but no pain or stuff. No anal either."

"Fine. Questions over. Your punishment will be one stroke on the bare bum."

"One, sir?." She had obviously been expecting more.

"One stroke, to go in the punishment book. Reason will be foul language - I heard a 'fucking' earlier on. Tut fucking tut. But suspended."

"Held over, sir?. Why Sir?."

"The reason will become apparent later. Now then, we will start with some clitoral stimulation. Strictly for humiliation, of course. First, sir must adjust his dress for the punishment. Also, you must lie still - only I can touch in this stage." With a couple of movements he was naked before her, cock proudly upstanding before him.

He did start with the clitoris. Rules were rules after all. However his reading of the rule did not seem to restrict the administrator of the punishment to the one spot. They said nothing about keeping to that one little nubbin, and no more. So eventually he had caressed every part of her sweet naked sweaty school girl flesh. Since licking seemed within the rules, he then started with his tongue on her by now engorged and rock hard fun button, again expanding till he had nibbled her everywhere before returning between her wide open thighs for some serious muff diving. Eventually, with three fingers inside her box and quite some time later he brought her to her second climax of the evening. Once again it was a quiet come, some "ohs" and then her hips bucked violently, then the long drawn out "mmmmmm" that was more like the purring of a cat than anything else.

"John, that was simply amazing. Now finish me off with that gorgeous cock of yours. Please fuck me rigid!."

"Sally, now we come to the second bit of your punishment. I will fuck you, but when I think it is appropriate. Not before. That actually will be your real punishment. The waiting..."

"Now the next bit of your punishment. From the rules I can order you to go naked below the waist for as long as I like. The rules basically just say 'uncovered' however, not the extent. Do girls get ordered to go fully nude sometimes?" he asked with a grin.

"Well yes they do from time to time. I recall when I was in first year one shy little senior bookworm was required to go naked for the entire summer term though I have no idea why now. This included the end of year prize giving which parents attend, and as she won several she had to trek up and down to the rostrum several times before the entire school body. Then a speech as she was the principal prize winner that year. Though by then she was a darn sight less shy about showing her body. It is used as a humiliation on the shy sorts though, not for a flasher type like me, so why the question?."

"That bit will be written up as part of the punishment, but actually it is my reward to you for being so helpful today. And because your body is too damn good to hide behind clothes. Entirely naked for a week, beginning now. Shoes if required though."

"The shy bookworm type that you mentioned. I presume she started the summer term a timid little dormouse, if brilliant at her field?."

"Why yes, indeed she did. She won an Oxford scholarship and a bursary as well."

"Did she have to go through an examination - you know, the sort of grilling you get from six professors over an open table sort of thing?."

"Of course. She went off down south with a teacher (and clothing) a week or so before term ended."

"I think that you will agree with me that the little dormouse at term start would not have survived such a traumatic experience for one so shy?. But after a term of being forced to go stark naked, she had gained sufficient self confidence to take it in her stride?. Hmm - I think your story sounds a bit like someone applying some backbone to the girl in a rough and ready sort of way. More therapy than punishment."

"Now then. On to the lists. Anything to note there?" he asked her. She uncoiled from the chair and brought the dossiers to his desk.

"No known bed wetters. So no need for special mattress covers from the sanatorium. And only two real troublemakers - more tearaways really. This one - and that one there." She pointed out the possible miscreants.

Business and pleasure both over for the evening, he bid his little naked blond subordinate a good night, with a gentle pat on her pert bottom. He met her again when they both went to the washroom for a pee and to brush teeth before bed. He had not bothered to dress. As they were finishing, the washroom door opened, and a young girl of perhaps fourteen years charged in. He recognised the unsuccessful windsurfer from the beach.

She was nude apart from her Nikes, no socks. She was short, but with a pleasant rounded femininity, small button breasts with a set of rather large nipples set high on her tanned chest. A large triangle of long brown pubes covered her cunny, matching the short brown hair on her head. She had a pleasant round face and a little upturned button nose.

"Ah, since you are the only one here with a cock, you must be Mr Smith?. Miss James sent me over to inform you that two of your dorm will be arriving early, tomorrow afternoon in fact. Both will be on the Edinburgh train. Expected to be here twoish. Gosh, sir but it is really fantastic to have a dish like you at Lochullan. Must dash now. Cheerio!." And she was out again almost as soon as she had arrived.

"That was the one wrestling with the sailboard this afternoon, was it not?" he asked his nude blonde prefect.

"Yes, Sally Davidson. Plenty of us Sally's about. She is a very talented writer, but simply hopeless with anything mechanical, though she does try hard. The sort of girl that a circle of clear space seems to form around in chemistry practicals is that one."

"Do most of the hard core nude types tend to be in the summer stay over crew?. It just seems to me that an awful lot of the girls today were starkers, compared with the numbers you trotted off earlier on."

"I suppose so, I had not really thought about it really. Perhaps going sky clad rubs off on folks."

"Well, good night naked Sally. I shall masturbate this cock you can look at but not as yet touch, and think about fucking your tight little cunt tonight."

"Rubbing in the punishment, Sir?. Well I shall hump myself off thinking about today and the disgusting things you did to my poor defenceless bare body, and of the cock that will be thrust into me when I deserve it properly. And Monday of course - most girls come up by plane or train, but some parents drive them up, often with brothers in tow. It will be a red letter day for a flasher like me. Thank you so much for your delightful present sir!. Now good night once again. I have a throbbing cunt which needs some loving care and self abuse!."

"I had forgotten about Monday being arrival day for the new school year. Oh well, a little bit of added spice for my little exhibitionist friend!" he thought to himself as he fell asleep after a very, very good wank indeed.

He woke up the next morning about ten thirty and padded naked to the ablution block for a shit, shower and shave. as he walked back he heard muffled groans from her bedroom, so using his teacher's right he simply walked in. She was lying spread-eagled on the bed, the covers kicked off onto the floor. Both hands were thrust deeply into her crotch and she was so wrapped up in her lusty masturbation that she paid him no heed whatsoever. So he simply stood above the gorgeous naked young woman, gently rubbing himself off.

"That Sally Macdonald was always a wee slut, so she was" came a voice from beside the tossing teacher. He turned to find a freckly faced redhead stood in the doorway. Medium height, medium build, but very curvy.

"Shona O'Rafferty, Mr Smith. For my sins, room mate to that one there so obscenely and lewdly playing with her sweet little blond cunt." He let go of himself, and shook hands with the Irish lass with the lilting voice.

"Now it would be a shame to waste a good stiff cock like that sir. I know we are a bit short on the introductions, but shall I take care of it for you?." He nodded assent, and she dropped to her knees in front of him and slipped his rod into her mouth. Then she proceeded to give him the most exquisite blow job.

Sally, having started earlier came before he did. As she floated down to the real world from her masturbatory trance, she looked sideways.

"O'Rafferty, You bog-trotting Papish gob-shite hoor!. Damn your green Fenian eyes, but you ALWAYS get there ahead of me. I was fucking fantasising about just what you are doing and to the very instrument in question. Sod you, you fat cow!'. With which she threw a pillow at her roommate's head. Then she proceeded to watch the final moments of the blow job with definate interest.

The teacher finally shot his load into the back of the redhead's throat, grunting as he came.

As he sat down on the chair and cleaned himself off with a Kleenex from the dressing table, the new arrival began the process of moving back in. This was chiefly a case of throwing two suitcases onto the bed, and exclaiming that she could not be arsed with unpacking the feckers. She sat down and pulled out a pack of camels which she passed around. All three lit up.

"I take it you know our new arrival then, Sally" he stated, rather than asked.

"Of course the pasty faced little prod slit knows me. Sure meself and the wee slag were lovers in the first and second years until she found a man to roger her one summer holiday. Now we are just roommates and the best of friends, and I only get to lap her clitty when she deigns to spread her dainty little Scotch Presbyterian thighs. And speaking of which, close those legs you wee hoor. Yer smelly Calvinite cunt is wide open and a feckin' fly will buzz in, so and it will. It's sore distracting so it is. Now get your nekkid arse over here and give your Shona a kiss. Mmmfh. Now sit yerself in me lap for a bit, while we finish our fags."

"Mr Smith, please let me introduce you to my best pal, and one of the best blow artistes in the universe. Shona gives head to anything presented to her. Cock or cunt or arse makes no difference." Said Sally.

"If that is you two friends meeting after an absence, then fuck me but I in no way would like to be around you pair if you should ever fall out. Now lets go over and get some lunch, then we will be ready for our first batch of girls who will arrive early this afternoon. Shona, stop diddling Sally's clit, we want her at least smelling respectable this afternoon. Off you go, woman."

"I had best be getting changed out of my travel gear and into something more respectable. And a shower will help me loosen up from the train journey." So saying, the redhead removed her sweatshirt, her unconstrained medium sized breasts being released from their confinement. Her jeans went next after she kicked off her sandals to reveal a dark red triangle in her crotch, large puffy pussy lips peeking out either side of a wide slot and a very large clitoris stuffing the gap.

Shona was a no underwear sort of person, he noted to himself as he trotted off to his room to change into some jeans and a reasonably smart T-shirt. He waited and had a coke and another cigarette until a knock came at his door. "Ready to roll, sir whenever you are."

He went out to the hallway where the two prefects were waiting. He found himself not surprised one iota by the fact that the redhead's idea of 'respectably dressed' was an old scruffy pair of blue deck shoes and her wristwatch.

They went to the staff room and ordered lunch from the kitchen, which they ate with some beers on the smoking patio outside. One or two other staff members said hello, but their names went in one ear and out the other. As they were sitting nursing a cold beer after the food, the deputy headmistress came over and sat down at their bench.

"I see that you have given Macdonald here a full strip punishment for a week. And one stroke suspended on good behaviour for the same period. I am afraid that if this is to be punishment for this young lady, you have been sadly led astray. A week spent dressed as a nun, wrapped from head to toe would in her case be a more fitting penalty as she is well known as one of our exhibitionist young ladies. Her sidekick is as bad, perhaps even more brazen if at all possible."

"Actually, Miss James, the strip is in fact a reward for good advice to a newcomer. It is just worded as punishment in order to allow the privilege of not dressing. She does have a punishment outstanding, but it is of a more personal nature."

"Something very lewd and crude I hope. Have you shagged either of these tarts as yet?" she asked in the straightforward sort of way people discuss having new kitchen units fitted, or a new lawn laid. John found that he no longer was shockable, so he replied with the truth.

"Fucking Macdonald is her next reward. The punishment is that I will decide when and where the event will occur. O'Rafferty here has just arrived, and has no punishment or reward to her name. Actually, she has a credit after all. She gave me the most wonderful blow job I think I have ever received this morning."

"Ah, the famous O'Rafferty Oral. But the punishment will have to go as it really is bending the rules somewhat. Now there is no need to be glum dear this is just a rearrangement, and the stroke is removed."

"Pardon me Miss James, but going naked in school time is against the rules, surely?" queried the slim blonde nude.

"Actually, we all thought so until one rather brilliant young lady read the rules and showed us a loophole. She went on to study law at Oxford with a double scholarship or some such. The loophole is in the summer dress regs, which I will not bother you with the minutiae of. The key phrase buried in there goes along the lines of ' .. or any modest summer dress which passes the approval of the deputy or head mistress of the establishment'. Well dear, I find your summer dress quite modest indeed, and hereby approve it. But on condition of good behaviour young lady - no more bad language from now on. And kindly do not fidget with your privates anywhere public. Summer dress code runs summer term, and up to four weeks into the winter term - that is the one starting tomorrow."

"Why thank you, miss James. Would that be a girl back in my first year, won a lot of prizes?."

"That is the one. She decided she needed a boost to her self confidence and self image. So she weaselled out that little turn of phrase. Doing a post grad law at Harvard now I believe, and being seriously headhunted."

"Does my summer dress meet your approval, deputy Headmistress?" asked the naked flame haired girl.

"Has O'Rafferty gained enough credit to be allowed the liberty, do you think, Mr Smith?" she asked of her junior.

"Not quite as yet, Miss James. But almost."

"In that case, O'Rafferty, kindly accompany me to my cottage, as I have a few odd jobs that need attention. We will see if the dress fits afterwards. I am afraid you will be doing without one of your prefects this afternoon, Mr Smith, but I am sure that only two new arrivals will not overtax you. One is a new start, and the other is one of our previous first years. They have been picked up by Barry from the station and will be here in about an hours time. You may as well have another drink and wait here".

It did not seem long until the minibus horn sounded at the gate. They went through the building to meet their new charges at the front steps.

"Here you are, two lambs for the slaughter!", joked the driver as he opened the door. Two girls in civvies got out, the first one charging over to Sally and grabbing her hand. "Hello, Sally, Susan Phelps. You coached me at hockey last year, don't know if you recall. Are you to be our dorm prefect this year?. And by the way, where is our dorm mistress. She should be here to get us?." She was an elfin little strawberry blond, seemingly all arms and legs and freckles. A bit of a tomboy.

"What is this, the Spanish Inquisition?. Umpteen questions in less than half a second flat. Yes I do recall you, good potential in the defence. Ferocious tackler. I am to be a junior dorm prefect. You will be under the three bares, but only Shona and I are here as yet. Now who is your companion, the goldfish?" she asked good-naturedly as the bus drove off to deliver the luggage to the dorms.

The other girl was slightly baby fat chubby, with long dark hair framing an oval face. She was staring at Sally with wide eyes, mouth dropped open, hands thrust into her jeans pockets. Sally got no response, so walked over and half whispered in her ear "Cat got your tongue, missy?."

She came to with a start. "Melissa Gordon miss.. " she trailed off again.

"My name is Sally, and you don't call me miss as I am a prefect, not a teacher. Now what has you looking like a startled little rabbit, Melissa?" coaxed the prefect.

"Er, Sally you are completely nudeys and there is a man there and the bus driver could see all of you too" she half wailed out.

"Well as I am standing here and not dashing off for a towel or something, it should be obvious that I am quite comfortable with nothing on. It is allowed here if you want. And in fact you are looking at your gym kit my dear."

"Gym kit!?" was the startled response.

"Yes my love, we do PE naked in this school. Is your mother an old girl of this place?." The newcomer nodded. "Did she tell you about how we do things here."

Another nod, then "But I thought she was pulling my leg!", and at last a half smile.

"Now back to another of your questions Susan, This gentleman here is a new teacher to the school, Mr Smith, and he will be your dorm teacher this year."

"Good afternoon girls, and welcome to the school. Now that my assistant has kindly enough allowed a space in the conversation where I can actually talk. More for Melissa's benefit than yours Susan, since you already know this but we will start with a tour of the main building. Then off to the dorm to get you settled in."

The two girls were first to choose beds, so Susan took the prime choice. She showed Melissa the next best in her opinion, but the young girl chose another since the view out the window was prettier. They were then left to their own devices to unpack for an hour or so. John and Sally retired to his room, where he got on with some paperwork. She put on a CD and some headphones then flopped out on her back on the couch. Both hands started under the back of her head, however within a couple of minutes as she lost herself in the music, her right hand began its inevitable drift down and over her breast, giving her nipple a twist as it half lingered there before travelling down her tummy and into its natural resting place. There it started to gently fumble around her cleft. The left hand drifted down to do her breasts soon after. John half watched the process with amusement as he read over the brief descriptions of the two girls.

A knock came on the door. He called out "Enter!", whereupon Susan came into the room, wearing just a scruffy pair of knickers and carrying a towel over her shoulder. Melissa stood at the door in a one piece yellow swimming costume, towel in hand.

"Macdonald diddling herself as usual, Sir?. And is it OK if we go down to the beach and grab the rest of the afternoon?" asked Susan.

"Answer the first - what else did you expect?. Answer the second, of course you can. And see if you can explain things to Gordon there. I expect to see fewer goldfish impersonations soon. Off you go now."

Shortly thereafter the O'Rafferty knocked and was called in.

"Summer dress approved as modest enough, so it was. But I will have to floss out me teeth tonight. Miss James should really trim that privet hedge of hers, sure and yez need a damn panga just to get to the sweet spot!. Now are yez after having any plan for tomorrow, sir?."

"I do have a rough plan, but would appreciate some input from my two naturist helpers. Get the wanker over there's attention, would you?."

This she did by the simple means of ramming the CD player volume to max. After the inevitable squeal of protest he addressed the meeting.

"Shona, that was a cruel way to get your friend's attention. Sally, because of the circumstances, I will ignore that stream of gutter filth. But in future please try to limit yourself to 'Oh golly gosh' or some such. Remember your promise regarding fruity language."

"Okay, they are all supposed to be here by midday. I presume most come in as batches from the train station?. (nods). I also presume that those delivered by relatives cars will come in at more random intervals."

"We will assemble them in the dorm, and they can unpack then change to uniform. We will take them as a bunch to lunch. After that, any new starts this year will then be split off and given a tour of the buildings by one of you. Then back here for a briefing at one or back of. This briefing will be on discipline and we will explain the regime to them. I plan to put the foot down right from the start. Any ideas from you two?."

They bounced a few ideas around. Eventually they decided on a plan that might work.

"Right girls. We will go with that plan. For tonight, the two early starts will be introduced to the bed drill. More as a practice session for me than anything else."

"By the way - I heard the expression 'Three Bares' earlier on, Sally. Kindly explain if you will."

"Oh, The form senior prefect is Big Bare sir. She is more commonly called Nikki, since her real name is a bunch of clicks and glottal stops that would task even a Glaswegian Celtic supporter. She is a Matabele from Zimbabwe. And captain of hockey as well" she explained.

"And I suppose from her nickname, yet another stripper?." To which he got an assenting reply.

Then the two girls got into a slanging match about football teams. Naturally the Irish one was all for Glasgow Celtic (green and white - i.e. Catholic) and Sally was all for Rangers (same city, red white and blue, and the opposite religion). He separated them just before it became fisticuffs, but it seemed to be an ongoing argument between the two. Both vowed to get tickets for the next 'old firm' match and to shout abuse at each other from opposite ends of the stand. A Rangers vs Celtic match had more to do with which foot you kicked with than football it seemed to him as an Englishman and Man U supporter.

In the evening the two new arrivals returned and had a shower after some burgers and chips from the kitchens. John made a point of going into the ablutions block as the two girls showered. There he asked them small questions about the swim and so forth. This was more to reinforce the realities of the regime here upon the new arrival than out of any real interest. As would be expected, the old hand had no problems showering and drying off in front of a male teacher but the new arrival took until the drying phase to be a bit more casual about it.

Afterwards the two girls changed into casual gear. For Susan this was the beat up pair of knickers which were still dry, so she obviously had removed them to swim. Her slit was still bald and she had no visible breast development as yet. Melissa had a pair of just started boobs with large nipples and aureolae, and already quite a pubic thatch. She chose a cotton track suit.

The school bell system was not yet operating, so one of the prefects called out the warning 'bell'. Naturally, both pupils were caught unawares despite the clock on the dorm wall, and both rushed into the washroom. When final 'bell' was declared, John walked out into the dorm to make the inspection with both nude prefects in tow. They had already decided that at least at the start of term, they would make a show of force at the formalities in order to intimidate somewhat.

Melissa was in a pink PJ set with a rabbit on the front, wearing a cute pair of fluffy slippers. Susan wore a transparent black negligee which hardly reached below her little girl slit. Well, he had been warned beforehand he thought.

They inspected nails and behind ears somewhat ostentatiously, but this was a dress rehearsal for the military type inspection they planned to initially subject the dorm to. If John had a pair of white gloves, he would have worn it. He had the inspections at OTC annual camp (carried out by real Regimental Sergeant Majors - no picnic) to thank for the procedure he now intended to instil discipline with.

Then came the lights out call and the three retired to his room for a coffee and a smoke. The girls and he agreed a rota system of the check up wanders before midnight. The girls would rotate this, and he would take any wee hours walks if he had to get up and splash his boots. He then banished the two girls to their room and turned in early to get everyone used to the term routine, and the 6 o'clock starts. That bit he was not at all looking forward to. He wanked himself off to a sound sleep.

John woke with a full bladder about one in the morning. After ambling to the facilities to relieve himself he decided to tour the dorm as well. He went out into the hall, his cock gently slapping from thigh to thigh, then out into the dorm itself.

There was plenty of light in the dorm due to the unblocked windows. Melissa was sound asleep in her bed. As he walked by the end of Susan's bed he noticed she was tossing about a bit. She propped herself up on one elbow, bare shoulder visible in the moonlight.

"'Lo, sir. 'Fraid I can't seem to get to sleep" came out in a half yawn.

"Lie back, relax and count sheep or something. That might help. What happened to the nightie?."

"Too hot with it on sir. Ditched it." As he walked into the shaft of moonlight the open window by her bed threw she added: "And I see it is too warm for sir to wear night clothes as well!." She sat up at that, now obviously full awake.

He walked up to the head of the bed and stood facing her. "You are probably a bit excited at the start of a new year, Susan. Plus you will have to get used to being in a dorm again, not your own room at home" he told the little girl.

"I did not have a teacher with a cock before, either!" she giggled. "Can I ask you something a bit rude, sir?."

"Run it by me. Then we will see."

"Could I touch your cock, sir?. I have not had a go at a full sized prick yet. Is that OK, or have I gone too far?."

"No, by all means do so. Consider it part of your learning here. Now sit up on the edge of your bed and have a go. Just remember that this thing is sensitive, and do not grab too hard."

She swung up so she was sitting at the edge of her bed with both legs dangling down. The moonlight fell across her naked body as she reached out and gently took his member in one hand.

"It is rather nice and warm. Oh!, and it is getting harder. I have heard of erections and this is the first one I have had in my hand. What should I do now, sir?."

"Gently slide your hand up and down the shaft. That's it. See how the foreskin goes back and forwards exposing the head of the cock." He went on to explain to the little girl how to masturbate a penis, and he named the various parts as she fondled them. He also explained the plumbing aspects, ejaculation etc.

After a while her ministrations were having the required effect. "Susan, I will be ejaculating soon, or coming if you prefer the vernacular term. Would you like me to spunk over you or would you rather pass me a tissue?. Your choice, but make it snappy!."

"Over me, I think! she said. Hardly had she finished when he fired off right into her face.

"Oh, it is quite warm, as you said it would be. The smell is quite nice too, a hint of fish there, maybe haddock?." She licked a bit from her upper lip. "Tastes salty, not like fish at all!."

"Susan, I think if I did the same for you, you might find it easier to get to sleep. Shall we try that?."

He got a quick nod of assent, so he dropped between her legs, which were over the edge of the bed, spreading them further apart. He then pushed her upper body gently back onto her pillows for support before moving her legs over each of his shoulders.

John started by gently rubbing his finger over the little bald slit and clit now presented hardly six inches in front of his face. As time went by and she became wetter he progressed to more vigorous strokes, and eventually he slipped his index finger in to the depth of one digit. By now she was very wet indeed, hips bucking up and little moans coming from her mouth.

Plunging his head between her open thighs he took his first taste of the sweetmeat before him. He started with gentle tongue flicks round her clit and lips before going on to some lusty sucking and deep probes into her crack with his tongue.

Eventually, she came with a loud "YES!." He let her subside gently then slipped her lower body under the sheets and tucked her into bed.

"Mmm, sir, I think you were right. I am feeling lovely and floaty, and I think I will just drift off to sleep now. Night night, and thank you ever so much. That was just so divine!."

He went off to bed himself after that, content at a job well done, and at having taught a good lesson as well. He reflected that the last time he had played with a little girl slit was when he was about her age too.

John wondered to himself if what he had done made him a paedophile. He decide it did not, since he had not specifically gone looking for bald cunt to lick. The experience had been quite enjoyable all the same, but he decided it really had been a gentle introductory sex lesson for the girl. There was nothing wrong with being a teacher. In fact this school seemed to expect him to provide some practical education for the young ladies. He had no desire to fuck little girls before their cunts were ready to take a cock - that could cause internal damage. He liked fucking, which meant properly developed vaginas.

"There is nothing wrong with playing with little girl's privates, for after all it is really just a form of massage. And it can be useful too, as with helping young Susan there get properly of to sleep. No, I think I will be playing with lots of bald pussy in this job!" he grinned to himself as he fell asleep.

The early morning alarm awoke him all too soon. He stumbled out of bed and padded off to the washroom, pausing only to knock at the two prefect's room as he passed. As he left the stall after his pee, Sally went into the next one and sat down, not bothering to close the door. As the tinkling sound started, she advised him that her roommate was rousing the dorm, such as it was. The bell system was now working, and the first bell for wake up sounded as they spoke.

He was under the shower when the two dormers and the redhead came into the facility, Sally having taken the shower next to him in the communal shower area. Susan came in nude, Melissa in her Pjs. All three went for the toilets first.

As he and Sally began to dry off, Susan and Shona went for a shower and Melissa made do with the wash hand basin.

"Right girls, uniforms on today and remember to make your beds before going off to breakfast. As we will be waiting for the others to arrive, you can go for a walk or to the library or whatever, but be back at the dorm for 12 o'clock" he told them.

He then went off to change into his teaching suit, and the two older girls into smart school shoes and socks. Hair was pinned back as per regulations, but the optional school hat was not worn. Then he and the two nude prefects went over for breakfast after firstly assuring themselves that the two dormers had indeed made up their beds.

"You two should get a pair of gold wristbands made up each, as you are required to show your prefect status. Or just hang your prefect button badges off a simple neck chain. I will ignore it for today, but see you are properly dressed tomorrow!" he reminded them with a chuckle.

After breakfast he put Shona in charge of the dorm as the receiver, setting himself the task of picking up the large batches that would be delivered from the train station by the school bus. Sally he gave the job of picking up ad hoc arrivals since these would be delivered by car, thus giving her a chance to flash any male relatives. Naturally, she took full advantage of this facility over the morning!.

Eventually, by mid day all twenty girls were assembled in the dorm and in uniform. The two senior girls who would take the third room had not arrived as yet since seniors were allowed to drift in until six p.m. on a first day, another privilege. Also, a message was received that their African senior would not arrive until tomorrow due to a delay in her flight.

Uniform at the school, barring a few in (real) summer frocks, as opposed to the two naked prefects, consisted of a short grey pleated skirt falling to mid thigh. On top was worn a white blouse and the school tie, with a grey school blazer and matching round hat optional in the summer. Underwear was optional - the regs just stated that they must be of a neutral colour which did not show through. He had already noted during their changing from street clothes to uniform that for about a quarter of the dorm, neutral coloured underwear was equated with no underwear at all.

"Right girls, all assemble at the heads of your beds IMMEDIATELY!" he shouted and his two acolytes ran about barking like sergeant-majors as they shepherded the dorm into inspection position.

"Allow myself to introduce myself to you. I am Mr Smith, and I will be your dorm master this year. That is correct, dorm master. Those of you who were here last year know what is involved as regards a dorm teacher, and you can explain it to any new starts. Your junior form prefects are O'Rafferty and Macdonald here. Our Senior will arrive tomorrow. You will obey any orders coming from the prefects of this dorm as having come from me. Clear?. Good."

"Now I intend to run this dormitory very tight indeed. I will allow no slacking whatsoever. Firm but fair is how I see it. Misbehaviour will not be tolerated at all. Behave and we will get on fine, but I will beat any who do not come up to scratch."

"We will proceed to lunch. After lunch, we will go to the main hall for the welcoming speeches from the headmistress. After that, you will have the rest of the school day to unpack."

"You will all have received an envelope with details of your classes, a map of the school and any rules updates. All of you from last year will have a copy of the rule book, and this will be in the envelope for new starts. Has everyone got their paperwork?" he asked them.

A hand went up.

"Thomson, what is the problem?" he asked in a stern voice. Judith Thomson was one of the two potential troublemakers he had had advance warning of beforehand.

"Please sir, but I have lost my envelope, sir" she said in a flippant and off hand sort of way.

"Not good enough, miss Thomson!. Not good enough at all!. Immediately after the assembly you will report to the school secretary for a copy. You will bring that directly to me here at the dorm, and then I will have to beat you. Six on the bare behind, miss Thomson. Remove your lower garments and leave them on your bed instantly."

"That's not fair, sir, I only forgot..." she wailed. He cut her off.

"DO NOT talk back to a teacher miss!. Two more for insolence, and remove all of your clothing, NOW!."

Judith stripped and placed her clothes tidily over her bed before returning to the attention position at the head of it, arms by her sides and sobbing slightly. She was a tall and very slim brunette with long hair tied in a pigtail which reached almost to her buttocks. Her breasts were just starting to bud, hardly more than bumps really, each crowned with a little pink nipple. Her little dark thatch had just begun to sprout, merely a little hairbrush crowning the vee of her sex nestling between long coltish legs.

The dorm marched out to lunch. After the introductory speech they all reassembled back at the dorm, bar one. John put them to getting their lockers in order, the prefects showing the girls that needed help the approved methods of storage. Locker inspections were part of school discipline, so things had to be stored in an almost military manner.

Eventually, a naked girl appeared at the dorm door, clutching a fresh envelope. She brought it to him and he verified its contents, then motioned her over to the head of the dorm, where he had placed a straight backed chair from the table. Sally had laid the tawse across the seat of it as they had waited for the defaulter. He called the dorm to attention.

"Dorm, Thomson is to be punished for both stupidity and also for insolence. I will administer the first four strokes of the eight she is due to receive. Each of the prefects will then deliver two blows each. This will serve as practice for them, and also to remind you all that prefects are allowed to beat as well."

He turned the nude girl to face away from the dorm, and made her grasp either side of the chair seat, so she was well bent over, her nose an inch from the instrument of her punishment which lay on the cushion before her gaze. Then he spread her legs wider apart, running his hand up the inside of each thigh and brushing her splayed genitals as he did so. Finally he picked up the tawse and walked forward a pace or two.

He turned and faced the girl. Her position with her legs splayed apart and her head below hip level gave all a perfect view of her sphincter and the open cunt below it. He contemplated the gorgeous view for a few moments then without any warning whatsoever smashed a blow into the unprotected buttocks, with his full force behind it.

She screamed out mightily, her head collapsing to the chair seat as her knees half buckled under her. The sobbing started immediately, great gasping noises and the waterworks were turned on as well.

He ignored this, and repositioned her hips by the simple expedient of cupping her crotch with his hand. As he did so, he diddled her cuntlips and clit, but these remained dry. In fact she flinched a little from the caress. As soon as she was in position again, he repeated the blow on her bare backside with a resounding THWACK of leather on flesh. Her howl this time was muffled a bit with her face being buried into the seat cushion. He repeated the process, feeling up her genitalia each time he straightened her up. She remained unaroused during the beating, so obviously was not one of those turned on by pain.

Each of the two prefects then delivered their two blows. Both took all opportunity to touch the punishee between the legs. The girl was then left crouched over in her position for a half hour after the dorm was dismissed so that her bright red buttocks would provide an example for the others. Finally, he dismissed her.

"Thomson, return the chair to its normal position at the table. I hope you have learned your lesson and that I will not have to repeat this with you. You will not dress until lights out are called tonight."

The newly beaten girl threw herself across her bed in a fit of sobbing as the dorm staff retired to John's room.

Once inside he put the kettle on for a brew.

"Well girls, our first day and our first beating. How do you think our crackdown is being received?" he asked.

"I think we have put the message across quite well" said Sally, and Shona agreed. "Though I bet we will still see some trouble yet, so no slacking off, not for the first week" was her contribution.

They had their cuppa and chatted for a while until final period bell went. The girls were now into free time. Five minutes later there was a knock at John's door. It was Susan in her old scruffy pair of knickers with a towel over her shoulder.

"Is it Ok if some of us go off and swim at the beach, sir?" she enquired.

"Of course, just in future let someone on the dorm staff know if you are off somewhere. And remember you are not allowed to swim alone for safety - take someone along unless there's a crowd already there" he said.

"Oh, and sir, that was a real smashing you gave Thomson. She deserved it though. Last year she was always trying it on, but I think the little bitch has met her match in you lot. Cheers!" as she closed the door.

"Well, one customer satisfied" he remarked. "What sort of problem was she last year anyway?."

"She is the sort of girl who tries to bend rules, while appearing the little miss innocent to staff. Also although not quite what you would call a bully - that sort of behaviour is totally and utterly verboten here - she is a little bit pushy with other girls. Last year she tended to get off with it as she is a sneaky little bitch, always on her best in front of authority. However, the word got around us seniors that she needed bringing into line, sir" said Sally.

"Oh, and you might be wanting this, sir" declared Shona, picking up an envelope from his desktop. "Now, I am wondering how this got here, so I am!" she said straight faced but with an evil little grin. He raised an eyebrow when he recognised Judith Thomson's original documents, but said nothing further.

It being free time, he went into his room to get out of his suit and into casual gear. He was standing in his underwear after hanging up the three piece and his tie and contemplating on shorts or jeans when he made a decision.

"Why the hell not!" he said to himself as he stripped off completely. After all, sports attire was allowed here in free time.

He strode out into the main room just as a knock came on the door once more. It was the two seniors who would be sharing the end room.