**Hard Time at Fenton Turrets**

by[Julie20](http://www.literotica.com/stories/memberpage.php?uid=1244252&page=submissions)©

Picture the two of us on cushions on the timber floor of the sports pavilion. Our naked bodies are entwined and our hair in disarray. My lips are at Fran's left breast and my juice slicked hand is caressing her lovebud. Her tongue is flicking my right nipple and driving me wild while her delicate fingers are pressing just inside my tight pussy and the side of her hand is driving hard at my clitty. The building is echoing to our wild cries and moans of ecstasy as we abandon all thought of restraint and just enjoy each other's desperate young bodies.

"Stop that right now."

We jump apart and our hands leap to try to cover ourselves as we look up at Matron and Miss Feldspar. They both look as though they have a bad smell under their noses which may be caused by the heavy scent of hot girl. We are made to dress as they watch us and then Matron commands me to come with her leaving Fran alone with Miss Feldspar.

I am burning with the injustice of how we have been trapped. Obviously someone saw us creep into the pav and they could have come straight in and blown us out for being out of bounds but they deliberately gave us time to get started on..on well what we were doing.

Matron marched me in silence to The Head's room and made me face the oak panelled wall in the corridor outside his door with my hands on my head. As I was standing there at attention with my face burning in a deep scarlet blush at the humiliation Matron, moving like lightning, pushed her hands up my skirt, grabbed my hips and pulled my knickers down so that they fell around my ankles.

"Now you stand there like that until I come to fetch you. If I hear that you have moved your arms you will be in even deeper trouble than you are already."

And then I was alone with my mind in a whirl. What was happening to Fran? What was going to happen to me? How long would Matron leave me here?

Of course girls and teachers kept passing by and one group of girls was the horrible Shirley Quick and her gang who were going to enjoy my plight to the full.

"What's little perfect Julie been doing? If they've taken your pants down it must be a caning."

"The Head will put you over his knee and he likes to grope you down there. When he did it to Georgie you could see the bruises on her pussy."

And so it went on and all I could do was to stare silently at the wall wishing they would go away which, eventually, they did. I was getting more and more anxious and I really thought that I would be caned on my poor bum. Fenton Turrets is known to have a "robust" approach to discipline and our parents would not send us to the school unless they agreed with that policy so the school could really do whatever they wanted to us. After a while the dinner bell sounded and the whole school had to walk past me on the way to dinner which they did with the predictable sniggers and rude remarks. Still Matron had not come for me and my arms were aching; I risked moving them off my head just long enough to wave them about a little to ease the pain. It seemed that I would not be getting any dinner today so I would be going to bed hungry.

Eventually dinner ended and the school again passed me as they came out then Matron came back.

"You may go to your dorm Julie, you will have no contact with Fran until further notice. Do not think that you have been punished for your shocking conduct. You will learn your fate in due course from your housemaster."

So she was leaving me to Lecherous Leckie. Our housemaster had a reputation among the girls for the way that he mentally undressed you every time that he looked at you. He taught history and when we did a lesson on slavery he showed us pictures of undressed slaves in chains while their buyers groped their boobs. He asked how we would feel in that situation and it was pretty obvious what was in his mind. He was a really big friend of The Head so Mr Leckie could do whatever he liked and The Head would support him. I was becoming more afraid by the minute which, of course, was just what they wanted. I had to talk to someone so I told my friend Annie all about everything as we lay in the dark in the dorm with our beds side by side.

Annie was sympathetic but she did nothing to allay my fears.

"Leckie will do you. He does it to all the seniors if he gets a chance."

I think I really knew this but hearing Annie say it made it somehow more real. I was a virgin and had always imagined my first time would be with a hunk of a boy and not with a 50 year old schoolmaster. I could not have been more miserable and the fear of what was going to happen just kept getting worse.

Nothing happened all the next day but I had a terrible shock when we filed into Assembly the morning after that. Fran was standing at the side of the platform and we all knew what that meant because we had seen it before. A girl only stood there if she was going to be whacked in front of the whole school. Poor Fran kept her head down all through Assembly then right at the end Matron told her to move to the front of the platform and Matron addressed the school.

"Francesca Myers has disgraced her uniform and the entire school by engaging in a sickening unnatural act with another girl. She will now pay the penalty for her crimes in front of the peers whom she has let down in every way."

I watched as if hypnotised as Matron and Feldspar each grabbed Fran by the upper arm and turned her around to face the table on the platform then Feldspar unzipped Fran's skirt and removed it to reveal white cotton pants which Feldspar pulled down and off as poor Fran lifted her feet one at a time to assist in her own denuding. With her bare bum on show to 200 girls Fran was made to bed over the table and Matron stood in front of her gripping her wrists to make sure she stayed flat on the table with her boobs being crushed between her body and the wood of the table.

Fran was standing with her legs squeezed together but a girl is deliberately designed so that when she is bent right over her pussylips show between her thighs. The assembled girls were silent as they watched the horrible spectacle but they must all have been wondering who the other girl was with whom Fran had been caught. I could not understand what game the teachers were playing; was I going to be thrashed in tomorrow's Assembly or was this some devious plan to split up Fran and myself? The school did not like "Close relationships" between girls so if Fran saw that I was not caned she would think that I had betrayed her and blamed her for what had happened. Fran must be really hating me.

Feldspar pinned Fran's blouse high up her naked back so that it did not cover the target area then she picked up the senior cane. Miss Feldspar is the gym mistress and we had all seen her throw the discus; her right arm was as strong as any man.

The first THWAK echoed off the back wall and was joined by Fran's scream. Her legs shot up in the air and flailed about and when her feet were back on the floor the second stroke landed. I looked at the silent girls around me and saw their mouths open in horror as we all imagined what it must feel like to be in Fran's place. I had reason to be more frightened than most.

The screams and whacks continued and Fran was breathing in huge sobs between assaults from the cane. When it ended she was limp over the table with her legs apart showing everything to the school and four vivid red lines across each buttock looking as if they had been drawn in lipstick. Matron helped her unsteadily to her feet and she was made to stand at the front of the stage. Fran's hairclip had come out and her hair was straggling over one eye and sticking to her wet, tearstained face. You could see the shiny tears running down her scarlet cheeks and her nose was running. Of course her hankie was in her skirt pocket but that was on the floor.

Her blouse was still pinned up at the back so the teachers sitting on the platform, including the men, had a close up view of her bare bum. The blouse at the front did come down far enough to hide her pubic fuzz so she was forced to stand there displaying her most intimate curls to everyone. The school were told to file out and we all had to walk past the stage so everyone could look up at poor Fran's pussylips. I did not dare to look up at her.

And still there was no word of what would happen to me. I went into Assembly the next day expecting to be summoned up onto the stage but it did not happen. They kept me on tenterhooks until our History lesson on Friday morning when Leckie said in front of the whole class that he wanted to see me in his flat on Saturday afternoon. I overheard a whispered conversation between the two girls sitting behind me. One of them said, "Poor cow," and the other replied, "Just be glad it's not you."

Of course I spent the intervening time torturing myself with visions of all the things which Leckie might do to me. It was more or less certain that he would screw me and I hated the fact that there was not a thing which I could do about it. I had spent all my teenage years in boarding school apart from school hols so I had no real experience of boys but I knew that sex could be painful especially the first time when the precious hymen is torn apart. Sometimes I told myself that the stories of Leckie might just be made up and he would only give me lines or a lecture but other times my imagination ran total riot.

The dorm block is across the yard from the main school buildings and the housemaster's flat is on the top floor. Walking to the flat and knocking on his door was the most miserable time in my entire life. He let me in wearing a big greasy grin like a little boy at a sweetshop window and kept me standing in his small sitting room as he made a little speech about how I needed to be taken down a peg and made to see what happens to naughty girls. As he was talking he moved towards me and began to pull off my red cardigan.

"I think we'll just slip this off for now."

I stood there numb and speechless and then he was standing in front of me and he began to unbutton my blouse. I was horrified but what could I do?

Of course he had soon exposed my little white bra and he eased the blouse off my shoulders and dropped it over the arm of a chair. I was getting hotter and hotter and wondering how far he would go; I soon found out.

He walked around me and I felt him unzipping my grey skirt and then pulling it down to rest around my ankles. While he was behind me he unhooked my bra and it joined my blouse and cardi on the chair. I put my hands over my boobs and stood there sort of hunched forward.

"Take off your shoes and socks Julie."

I hesitated realising that obeying his order would mean uncovering my boobs but, having let him virtually strip me, I was at a big disadvantage so I glumly obeyed all the time feeling his eyes boring into my boobs. While I hopped about taking off my shoes and socks I had moved across the room away from him leaving my skirt in the middle of the room. He came towards me and I backed away now wearing only my thin pink cotton briefs which I knew showed the shape of my cleft very clearly.

"Please Sir, I think I should keep my pants on."

He stopped and grinned.

"I don't think those are regulation school knickers are they Miss Julie?"

I stammered that senior girls did not have to wear regulation pants and he said that he was aware of that privilege but girls who were being punished for indecent behaviour did not have any privileges.

"I will ask Matron to remove all your knickers from your locker and issue you with seven pairs of bottle green regulation gym pants just like the juniors."

This was horrible as I knew that everyone would see my stupid humiliating knickers when I changed for gym and when I undressed for bed in the dorm. I began to plead with Leckie but he firmly told me that if I made a fuss he would ask Matron to confiscate all my bras as a junior girl does not wear a bra.

"It's not as if you really need a bra do you."

Did he know how embarrassed I was about my little A cups? For most of my career at The Turrets I had endured jeers of "Tiny Tits" and I was not far from tears.

As we had been talking he had been advancing towards me and I had been backing away so we had made a little circuit of the small room.

"Are you going to shed your illegal underwear Julie?"

I vigorously shook my head. I could not bear the thought of Leckie leering at my pussy and to my surprise he stopped chasing me around the room and began to write on a sheet of paper on his desk while I stood and watched him. When he was finished he sealed the paper into an envelope and handed it to me.

"Take this letter to The Head's study right now."

I took the letter and moved to the chair where my clothes were. I put the letter on the chair and reached for my bra but Leckie shot across the room and snatched the garment.

"Did I say you could get dressed? The door is there. You have a letter to deliver."

I looked at him in horror but he was clearly not open to discussion so I picked up the letter and opened the door to the corridor. I looked both ways then, with one arm over my boobs, I ran for the stairs. At this time of day the dorm house was empty then I was in the open air with the hard tarmac under my bare feet. There were small groups of girls milling about in the yard or sitting on the benches around the edges and they stopped and stared at the almost naked Julie dashing for the door to the main school. My ears were full of their shrieks and shouts as I ran into the school and slowed my pace as I did not want to be in more trouble for running indoors. The passageway was cold underfoot and I had to walk past two teachers who grinned at my plight as they guessed that I was being punished. I might as well have been naked as my knickers were sticking to my skin and I am certain the outline of every detail was clearly displayed.

At last I reached The Head's door and I knocked. One of Shirley's gang was lounging against a wall thoroughly enjoying my discomfort. The Head's voice called for me to come in and I went in closing the door behind me. I held out the letter still doing my best to cover my bare boobs.

"Mr Leckie said to give you this Sir."

The Head stood up from his desk and met me in the middle of the room then he returned to sit down behind the desk as he opened the envelope and read.

"So you refused to take your pants down when Mr Leckie told you to? Is that true?"

"W well, yes Sir. I didn't want to."

He asked me if I had seen what happened to Fran and of course I whispered that I had.

"Francesca did as she was told and took her punishment. If we had to cane you Julie and you did not co operate we would have to undress you completely in Assembly and make you stand on the stage like that while you waited for the cane. Would you like that girl?"

"No Sir."

"And a girl who was difficult and awkward would not only receive eight strokes."

I hung my head and he asked me if I thought perhaps I should do as I was told.

I whispered "Yes" and he made me say it louder then he told me to hand him my knickers.

Quite apart from the fact that The Head was about to see that part of me which no-one, certainly not a randy old man, was ever supposed to see the act of taking one's pants down and being watched is just about the most bitterly humiliating thing any girl can have to do. I felt a bit sick as I took them off and handed them to him with one hand between my legs. As soon as he took my knickers from me I clamped that arm across my boobs. I hated the way that he was smiling as his eyes enjoyed the sight of the helpless girl in front of him then he turned to a cupboard behind his desk.

"You had better take this to Mr Leckie. I think he is going to need it.

The Head handed me the senior cane. It was quite heavy and made of very dark wood which was a bit knobbly and very flexible so the end wobbled as he held the crooked end. I was barely able to speak as I left the room aware that I was giving him a clear view of my bare bum.

So now I had to get back to Leckie by crossing the yard totally naked and everyone could see me holding the cane so they knew exactly what was about to happen to me. Most people just stood and stared as I went past but a few shouted not very nice remarks after me.

Back in Leckie's flat he took the cane from me and put it down on his desk then he put his arm around me and steered me into his bedroom. He was speaking quietly but I did not really take in what he was saying. He sat on the bed and pulled me down so that I was sitting on his lap and he began to stroke my face then his hand strayed down to my boobs which he stroked very gently. His other hand rested on my flat tummy and then dropped through my pubic triangle and began to press me right between my legs. He was telling me that I had been a very bad girl to do what I did with Fran and that I should be caned very severely.

"Do you want to be caned Julie?"

I whispered, "No Sir." My voice was unsteady due to what his hand was doing between my legs. My legs had come wide apart now of their own accord.

Leckie was saying that he could possibly offer me another choice if I wanted to take that choice. Of course it was obvious what the choice was and I said that I would do it if it meant not having to be caned.

He lay back on the bed and pulled me down with him so that we were side by side with his hand still working between my legs and beginning to make me moisten. Now his face came down to mine and his tongue pushed into my mouth as he was pressing my head back into the pillow.

Leckie must have used his free hand to unzip himself and push his trousers down because when he rolled on top of me I felt his hot member against my opening and he felt me go tense as I prepared to be violated. He made some sounds which I guess he thought were soothing and the hard rod began to ease inside me as I made little moaning sounds. My virgin hole was tight around the invader which felt very thick and as hard as an iron bar. I was sure that he was too big for me and that he would rip me wide apart then he suddenly made a very ugly sounding shout (sort of UUGH) and I screamed as I felt a sharp pain deep inside me and the body on top of me jerked as he rammed through my membrane. His head was bouncing up and down just above my face and he was ramming in and out of me with his body bouncing up and down on me and almost crushing the breath out of me.

I felt dangerously hot and my legs were all over the place but I found that my body was responding to him. My brain must have been full of endorphins and I was feeling much more charged up than I had been with Fran. He kept riding me but he was gentler now and he was telling me how well I was doing. My legs came right up so my bare feet were behind Leckie's back and I did not want him to stop; I was sure that he was a much better lover than some inexperienced boy.

Eventually we were both sated and he rolled off me leaving me laying there covered in his saliva with his sticky cum all over my pussyfurr and warm blood trickling down the inside of my thighs. My head was feeling all floaty and I was dimly aware that my lover was starting to clean up my face with his handkerchief and he was telling me how good I had been.

We laid there on his bed for some time as I recovered and then I have a dim memory of being led to the bathroom to clean myself up with him standing in the doorway. Then we went into the sitting room and he watched me get dressed. Of course The Head still had my pants so I could not put them on. While we had been in the bathroom Leckie had given me a "morning after" pill.

I made my way down to my dorm and curled up on my bed. Later that day Matron came and confiscated my undies from my locker so that I had to wear horrible school pants for the rest of the term although I was allowed to keep my bras. Of course now I was "one of Leckie's girls" and I had to go to his room whenever he called me but my lover protected me and I knew that I would never be caned while I was his girl.