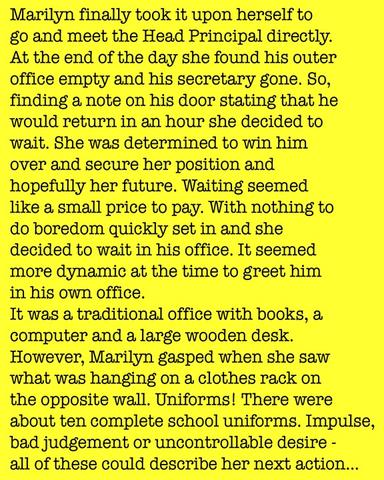
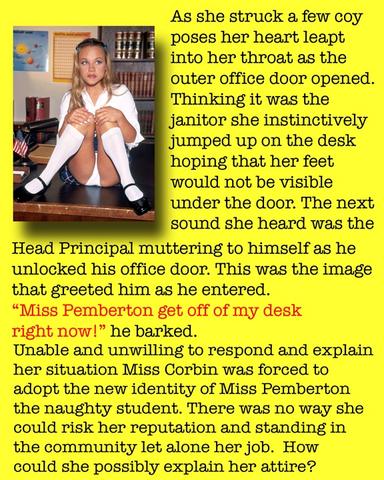
Marilyn Corbin

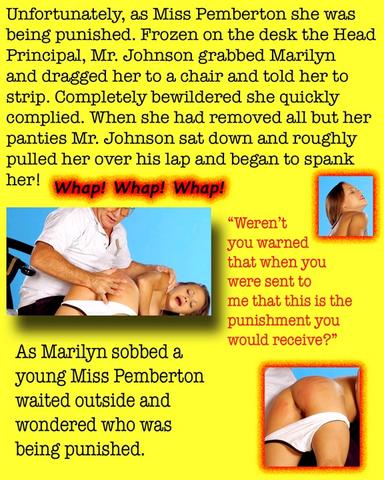












MARILYN CORBIN

by

C. Lakewood and Alec Leamus

Part 1 A Comedy of Errors

It was mid-year, but only the third day for Marilyn Corbin

at the Highland Academy for Girls, and she had yet to meet the

headmaster. (She had been hired, provisionally, by an outside

firm of recruiters -- aka "headhunters" -- to fill a sudden

vacancy.)

All in all, it was a wonderful opportunity. She was attracted

to the school first because of its impeccable reputation. In

addition, the learned staff, the Gothic and Palladian architecture,

and the handsome grounds were all quite impressive. She also knew

that one of her predecessors had gone on to open her own academy

upstate. So Marilyn hoped to make a good impression here -- and

perhaps this would turn out to be a favorable career move for her,

too.

The feature that had most attracted her to the school, however,

had been the students' model behavior. Often in the past she had

had problems with her taller students, due to the fact that she

herself was so petite. Here that did not seem to be an obstacle.

(But she was quite unaware of the extremely strict rules and the

frequent use of corporal punishment. The primary reason for all

the good behavior was, in fact, simple fear.)

She also, secretly, liked the uniforms the girls were forced

to wear. She had attended public schools and never had a chance

to wear one. Once, in college, she had gone to a Halloween party

dressed in a similar outfit, but it had lacked the distinctive

details of real school uniforms. She longingly studied the

uniforms here and wished she could get her hands on one.

At the end of the day, Marilyn finally took it upon herself

to go to meet the headmaster directly. But she found his outer

office empty and his secretary gone. There was a note on the door

of the inner office to the effect that he would return in an hour,

however, and she decided to wait. She was determined to win him

over and secure both her present position and her future, so

cooling her heels for a bit seemed a small price to pay. But,

with nothing to do, boredom quickly set in, and she wandered into

the inner office with the vague idea that waiting for him there

would somehow be more dynamic.

It was a traditional-modern office -- book cases, computer,

wall plaques, polished mahogany desk -- but she gasped when she

saw what was hanging on a clothes rack across the room. Uniforms!

Ten or twelve complete school uniforms....

Impulse, bad judgment, uncontrollable desire -- all of these

could have characterized her next act. Realizing that this might

be her only opportunity, she rationalized that she could try on a

uniform and then change back in fifteen minutes, with time to

spare. She locked the door and quickly shed her clothes, first

tossing them onto a nearby Windsor chair, and then, frowning at

the untidiness, bundling them into her book bag. ("A Highland

girl is habitually neat and proper.") Satisfied, she proceeded

to don the white cotton knickers, the crisp white blouse (whose

starched bosom rasped deliciously across her tender nipples), the

white knee socks, the blue plaid skirt, and finally the black

patent maryjanes. In the pocket of the skirt she found a pair of

clips, which she used to fix her blonde hair into pigtails.

Admiring herself in the mirror, she realized that, with her

small stature (5'2" in high heels) and youthful looks, she could

fit right in as a student here. She giggled as she imagined

herself going from class to class, fooling everyone. She struck

a few coy poses and noted with mixed satisfaction and apprehension

how much bare thigh the very short skirt exposed. Suddenly, she

was startled by the sound of the outer office door opening.

Thinking it must be the janitor, she instinctively and

irrationally tried to hide by jumping up onto the desk. The next

thing she heard was the headmaster, Cyrus Johnson, muttering to

to himself as he unlocked his office door. An instant later, he

was flabbergasted at the sight that greeted him as he entered....

"Miss Pemberton, get off my desk right now!" he barked.

Unable and unwilling to try to explain her situation, Miss

Corbin, the new teacher, was now forced to adopt the new identity

of Miss Pemberton, the naughty student. How, indeed, could she

even begin to explain? She envisioned her entire career teetering

on the brink of disaster. She just simply dared not risk her

reputation, her job, and her future.

Unfortunately, as Miss Pemberton, she was going to be punished.

As she scrambled off the desk, whimpering meaninglessly, the

headmaster seized her by the ear, pulled her over to the Windsor

chair, and ordered her to strip. Completely stupified by this

turn of events, she mutely complied, and, when she was bare naked

(having piled her things on the chair without a thought for

neatness this time), he pulled her back behind the desk. Sitting

down in his big leather chair, he hauled her over his lap and began

to spank her.

His hand was surprisingly hard and calloused for an academic

-- and his arm surprisingly powerful.

"Weren't you warned when you were sent to me that this is what

you would receive, you snotty little troublemaker? I have been

informed you've been sent to Mrs. Henderson three times already,

and the term's not a week old. So, now, here you are with me.

But I'm the last stop! In order to impress that upon your

apparently hormone-addled, teenaged mind, you will visit me at

this time each school day with a note from each of your teachers

reporting your deportment for the day. And you will continue to

do so until ALL of your teachers have given you a satisfactory

report five days running. I'm also enrolling you in Ms. Dykstra's

after-hours punishment P.E. class, starting tomorrow. I do trust

that you will find all this suitably educational."

As Marilyn wailed in despair, Miss Sara Pemberton waited

outside the office, listening with interest and wondering who was

being punished.

\*\*\*\*\*\*\*\*\*\*\*\*\*\*\*\*\*\*\*\*\*\*\*\*\*\*\*\*\*\*

Part 2 A Plot is Concocted...and Implemented

A few minutes later, as the staccato spanking ended and

Marilyn's shrieks subsided into sobs, the listening girl was

astonished to hear the headmaster berating "Miss Pemberton." As

it happened, Johnson was both right and wrong about the real Sara

Pemberton -- she was, indeed, a "snotty little troublemaker," but

there was nothing slow or addled about her mind. In fact, she was

probably quicker of wit than most of the teaching staff (including

Marilyn Corbin).

Thus, when the inner door finally opened and a well-spanked

and only half-dressed girl was hustled out, she immediately

perceived the truth. She didn't hesitate an instant when the

obviously exasperated headmaster glared at her and demanded, "And

who are you, girl?"

"Oh, I'm just Sara's friend, sir; I hope it was alright to

wait for her," she said, in a voice dripping with subservience.

"Ah! A good and loyal friend. Well, be careful your loyalty

is not misplaced. And what's your name, girl?"

"Samantha Stevens, sir. I do hope Sara has learned her

lesson."

The headmaster smiled. "If she hasn't yet, she certainly will

eventually. Now, run along, both of you." He retired to his

office and shut the door.

Marilyn, nose running and blouse buttoned askew, was still

barefoot and bare-bottomed, clutching shoes, socks, and knickers in

one hand and her over-stuffed book bag in the other.

"Come, come, 'SARA' -- don't dawdle," the bigger girl snapped,

grabbing Marilyn's arm and pulling her along, willy-nilly.

"P-please.... I-I'm n-not actually Sara Pemberton," Marilyn

whined, softly.

"I know exactly who you are, you silly bitch -- I AM in your

first period class," the genuine Sara Pemberton hissed. "Now,

let's get out of here."

Sara was a clever, natural bully, and she easily dominated

Marilyn, who was still at sixes and sevens. With Marilyn in

tow, Sara hustled out to the faculty parking lot, commandeered

Marilyn's keys and car, and proceeded to drive the two of them

some distance to a quiet diner where she could sort out just how

this situation could be developed in her best interest. On the

way, Marilyn managed to straighten her clothing and calm down a

bit -- but only a bit. She would have found Sara to be rather

intimidating under ordinary conditions, but in the present

situation....

Over Cokes, while Marilyn babbled, Sara considered. Marilyn

did look very young. As a matter of fact, at present, virtually

without makeup, her hair in pig-tails, and wearing the school

uniform, she appeared even younger than Sara herself. Marilyn

had a face that could look almost classically pre-pubescent: high

forehead, thin lips, short jaw, and small chin. Her slender build,

flat chest, and narrow hips just enhanced the illusion.

(Sara, in contrast, looked slightly older than her years, thanks

largely to high cheekbones and a nose she liked to think of as

"aristocratic." Moreover, though only 5'4", she towered over

Marilyn and, though rather lanky, was still muscular enough to

easily dominate her physically.)

Sara fingered the keys again, and interrupted Marilyn's

drivelling with, "What's this one marked 'Do Not Duplicate'?"

"Oh, that's a master key. Each teacher has one." Marilyn

cleared her throat and put on a pompous expression. "I'd better

have my keys back, now."

"Yeah-yeah.... Let's take things step by step, shall we?"

Marilyn shriveled under Sara's level gaze. "Okay, here's the

deal: I'll keep your little secret, and, in return, you'll take

my place with old man Johnson and Ms. Dyke -- er, Dykstra -- until

I graduate in about 4 months. It's so too late to tell the truth,

and you know there's no way you'll ever pull off this con without

my help. For one thing, Johnson's maybe not real bright, but he's

not a complete moron, either. To him, YOU are Sara Pemberton,

unless...."

"But-but-but...," Marilyn sputtered.

"You live alone? Any boyfriends?"

"Yes, alone.... No, no boyfriends.... But...."

"Well, you'll have to keep your place -- apartment, is it? --

for your mail and stuff, but you'll come stay at my house. I live

with my Dad and never have much trouble talking him into 'most

anything. I'll just string him a line.... You can be an orphan,

maybe...."

"But, I just don't think...."

"Don't waffle. Say 'yes,' and I'll get out you of this mess

you've made. Say 'no,' and you got no chance at all. So, what

d'ya say?"

Marilyn thought back to the moment Mr. Johnson walked in on

her. If she didn't dare 'fess up then, she certainly couldn't

risk being found out now.

"Y-yes," she whispered.

"And you'll do whatever I say? And not give me any shit?"

Marilyn sighed. "Yes...I guess."

"Well, you better stay focused. Playing your role, o'course,

will mean doing a lot of new stuff -- like going out on dates with

guys like those." She indicated a nearby gaggle of raucous boys

from a nearby school. Marilyn looked apprehensive -- but also,

perhaps, a bit curious.

(Sara grinned as she thought, "And I'll see to it that you

date maybe 3 or 4 days a week -- sometimes 2 or 3 times a day --

lots of hot cock...and hot pussy, too.... You'll be the the

school whore, girl. You'll re-live high school...but I'd guess

it'll prolly be a lot different this time.")

She slid out of the booth. "Now, we got lots to do. First,

we go back to the school."

\*\*\*\*\*\*\*\*\*\*\*\*\*\*\*\*\*\*\*\*\*\*\*\*\*\*\*\*\*\*

When they returned to the Academy, it was late enough that the

administrative staff was long gone, yet it was early enough there

were still some kids about (because of one extracurricular activity

or another) -- so two more girls, in uniform, were hardly going to

seem suspicious.

Inside the office (by means of the master key), Sara went to

work efficiently. She turned on the laminator, fired up the PC,

and set up the camera. "I worked here in the office last term,"

she confided, "so I know how to operate all this shit."

She took a picture of Marilyn, then typed up an ID card for

"Sarah Pemberton" and laminated it. "I made you 18, the same age

as me, though you really could pass for somebody years younger than

that." She handed Marilyn her new ID. "When you're not being me,

you'll be my cousin from 'out of state.' I put an 'h' on the end

of 'Sara' on your card. That'll be your out, if you get into a

bind with somebody who actually knows me. Otherwise, nobody's

gonna notice it. Now I just need to phoney up some records, and

then we're outa here and off to Wally-World to get you some

clothes and stuff."

\*\*\*\*\*\*\*\*\*\*\*\*\*\*\*\*\*\*\*\*\*\*\*\*\*\*\*\*\*\*

At the giant discount store, Marilyn was not exactly thrilled

with the things that Sara merrily selected for her -- tank-tops,

t-shirts, shorts, miniskirts, flip-flops, frilly anklets, thong

knickers, some cute barrettes, and a pair of bunny slippers -- but

she held her tongue.

In cosmetics, Sara chose pale pink lipstick and colorless nail

polish. At the end of the aisle, she paused before a rack of

feminine hygiene spray and reached for one at random, saying, "I

'spect you'll need some of this stuff...."

"Oh, no!" Marilyn squealed. "Not that one!"

Sara blinked. "And why not this...'Mystique' brand?"

"Um...ah...well, I-I just...don't like it much."

"You lie so badly, girl, really lame. Now, tell me the truth."

"Well, I'm...ah...somewhat allergic to that brand."

"Oh, yeah? And what happens?"

"It...um...m-makes me itch...." She winced at the memory of

the terrible, unquenchable, 3-day itch that had resulted from just

one application of Mystique last summer.

Sara dropped it into the cart. "Good enough. It'll be a

reminder not to try to lie to me again." She looked thoughtful

for a moment then wandered over a few aisles. "Ah! Yeah, just

in case that allergy makes you have an 'accident,'" she said, as

she took down a large package of disposable diapers (extra large

size). "Especially in bed."

Marilyn uttered a tiny, inarticulate sound, but immediately

thought better of it and made no further protest.

\*\*\*\*\*\*\*\*\*\*\*\*\*\*\*\*\*\*\*\*\*\*\*\*\*\*\*\*\*\*

After a quick trip by Marilyn's apartment to pick up luggage

and a few miscellaneous items, the two went on to Sara's house.

As she had predicted, Sara had no trouble in sweet-talking her

father into letting Marilyn stay until the end of the term.

That evening, after the girls had retired to their room, Sara

confronted Marilyn. "Okay, girl, strip down and let's have a look

at you."

"I-I don't think...."

"Well, DON'T think! There's just one rule: you do Whatever I

say, right away, no whining or stalling, and we'll get along. If

you don't -- you get punished. Right?"

"Oh, I guess so, but...."

"STRIP! You're gonna be buck naked in Dyke's punishment P.E.

class, you know. I gotta see what we need to fix."

"Oh, god! N-n-naked?" Marilyn paused in her undressing,

stunned.

"Yeah. Completely. Not even pussy hair's allowed. You got

any?"

"Of course. Some...."

"Well, we better get it off tonight. Trust me, you don't want

Dyke to do it. Now, get out of those clothes and into the shower.

I'll be along in a few minutes."

Marilyn took an extra-long shower, as if she could wash away

the day's evil events. She had always been a "good girl." She

hadn't been a virgin since her junior year in college, right

enough, but that was different. This was already painfully

humiliating, and who knew what awfulness that wretched Sara

would think up next....

By the time she turned the water off at last, Sara was there,

with a razor in her hand and a smile on her lips. She made quick

work of Marilyn's rather sparse pubic hair and then, as she was

applying a re-growth inhibitor goo, Marilyn voiced a concern.

"About that P.E. class -- won't someone there know I'm not

you?"

"Not really. I've never run afoul of Dyke, and I'm not much

on organized sports; she wouldn't know me from Oprah. And the few

kids that are there right now all happen to be seniors and pretty

good friends of mine. I'll talk to 'em tomorrow and square it --

you'll be my nerdy but promiscuous cousin, blah, blah, who I've

blackmailed into taking my place in the group...."

"They'll go along with it?"

"Sure. They all just love to fuck over the powers that be.

You WILL have to be of service to them in return, though...in the

showers, for instance."

"I-I don't...understand...."

"Oh, don't be naive. Now, rinse that stuff off and dry

yourself. You've got a big day tomorrow."

When Marilyn got back to the room, Sara was waiting, dressed

only in an old Minnesota Vikings jersey (faded to a lavender that

went well with her dark hair). She had some sleepwear for Marilyn:

a pink baby-doll top that Sara herself had worn years ago. She was

also brandishing the container of Mystique.

"Please, Sara, d-don't use that stuff on me. Please! It's

t-torture! I'll be good. Please!"

"I thought it was a little more than you were trying to let

on, sweetie, but...maybe we ought to save it.... Like when you

need to be punished...or if you need to be primed a bit before a

date."

She put down the can and regarded Marilyn's trembling body.

"Okay, show me how you play with yourself."

"What? No! I-I couldn't."

Sara made a move toward the Mystique, and Marilyn yelped.

"Okay, okay! I'm doing it! See?"

She dropped her towel and reached for her crotch.

She was clumsy and uncoordinated at first. She'd masturbated

before -- often -- but had never had an audience before. Gradually

losing her self-consciousness and her inhibitions as her rapture

rose, Marilyn soon plunged into a relentless pursuit of an orgasm,

along the way savoring every sensation of the chase. She diddled

her labia, strummed her clit, massaged her G-spot...and, at last,

orgasmed like a mad woman.

Even Sara was impressed.

When Marilyn had come back to earth, Sara nodded and said, "Do

it again."

"A-again? But...."

"It's always better the second time around. Go!"

While her head was framing demurrals, Marilyn's fingers were

already busy with her sensitized pussy.

She was almost out on her feet after the second one hit her

like rolling thunder. It took some time for her mind to start

operating semi-normally again. She heard Sara only dimly say, "Do

it again. One more time."

Marilyn was too far gone to argue. She just did it again,

obediently, mechanically, but with the same reward at the end.

After that, though, she was spent. She didn't argue about going

to bed wearing just the baby doll top (and nothing else) and was

soon asleep.

Sara waited a few minutes, then, having made sure, she

retrieved the Mystique and spritzed Marilyn's gaping pussy with

a tiny amount. Smiling crookedly, she turned out the light and

was herself soon asleep.

TO BE CONCLUDED TOMORROW.

Part 3 "Sarah" Goes to School

When Sara awakened in the morning, she was immediately aware

of some stealthy motion beside her. Out of the corner of her eye,

she could see Marilyn diligently rubbing her pussy. As Sara

watched, Marilyn had a quiet orgasm, paused a moment, sighing

contentedly, and then resumed the finger exercise.

Sara smiled to herself.

Just before breakfast, Sara handed Marilyn a 3x5 card. "Here's

your class schedule. I've got you down for...your own English

class, Western Civ, your poetry class, regular P.E., and Health &

Sex Ed (Dyke teaches that, too). It's a little light, but that's

okay; I've fixed it so that's all you need to graduate. You're

enrolled in those courses as 'Sarah.' And then you'll also have

the Late Show: Punishment P.E., as me. The only conflict's between

your Advanced Comp course and Western Civ, and you don't need to

worry 'bout that: old lady Schaeffer never takes roll and always

gives the same tests...and I could forge a note from her with my

eyes shut. You'll leave here in uniform, change in the car, and

then change back again (I know a good place) after 3rd period.

No sweat."

The day passed in rather a whirl: the first three periods were

as before, and "Sarah" went to P.E. during Marilyn's free 4th

period. She changed back into her Marilyn outfit, taught her last

class, then resumed her school uniform for Sex Ed. Dana Dykstra

was a muscular, middle-aged butch who seemed to regard her new

student much as a lion might look at a lamb. After class, "Sarah"

asked her about the note she needed for the headmaster, but was

shrugged off until "later." It all appeared to be working out,

sort of (even though she had had to spend most of her time between

classes scratching her itch). Nevertheless, she was still in a

dither when she arrived back at the gym for "Punishment P.E."

There were four other girls in class, the "usual suspects":

crafty Gina Gaetti, red-haired Sharon Shannon, swarthy Dolores

Clemente, and beefy LaWanda Garnett. When "Sarah" arrived, they

were already naked and lounging unconcernedly about the locker

room.

She undressed slowly, very self-conscious about her pathetic,

pre-adolescent body and wet, inflamed cunt. The others watched

her with interest. When she was finally finished, Gina confronted

her. "So you're Sara's cousin? I hear you're quite a slut. Well,

we'll see. Right now, we should get you squared away before The

Dyke gets here."

"Sarah" was cowed into keeping silent.

"First, you gotta remember that you're on the bottom...you do

whatever we tell you to do, AND you do it without any stallin' or

complainin' or arguin'. Okay?"

"O-okay," she murmured.

"Second, you better be polite. It's 'Miss Gina' an' 'Miss

Sharon' an' 'Miss Dolores' an' 'Miss LaWanda.' Understand?"

"Yes, Miss Gina, I-I understand."

A moment later, Ms. Dykstra arrived. She clapped her hands

and shouted, "Into the gym, lay-dies, and start running laps."

It was pretty basic. They ran laps, and the last one to finish

got paddled. They climbed a rope (which was excruciatingly

wonderful!), and the one with the worst time got paddled. They

shot baskets, and the one with the worst score got paddled.

In every case, of course, it was "Sarah" who got paddled. By

the end of the period, her ass was as red as her crotch, and she

was blushing all over and having to exert all her willpower to keep

from suffering the ultimate humiliation of cumming in public.

After P.E., it was shower time.

The five girls were alone in the cavernous shower room. Coach

Dykstra had vanished somewhere, and "Sarah" could see, through the

big connecting window, that the coach's office was dark, except

for...something....

But she had no opportunity for reflection. It was time for her

to play body servant to each of the other four, washing them gently

but thoroughly.

The moment of truth came when "Sarah" had finished Gina, the

top of the pecking order, and was kneeling at her feet.

"Well, kiss it, bitch," Gina commanded.

"Wh-what?"

"Oh, don't be idiot! I hear you just LOVE to go down on girls.

I'm told that my cunt is nice and spicy, Shannon's is kinda bland,

Dolly's is jalapeño hot, and LaLa's tastes like sweaty feet." She

gave a throaty laugh. "Doesn't matter, though, you'll do it and

do it over, until you get it right."

It took her three tries to "get it right" enough to suit Gina.

But she managed to satisfy each of the others without delay.

When she was done with her chores, being thoroughly degraded

(and rather aroused) in the process, it suddenly came to her what

she'd seen in the coach's darkened office: a tiny red light,

winking at her...like that on a -- omigod -- a video camera!

The realization caused her to orgasm.

As if on cue, Coach Dykstra appeared in the doorway of the

shower room a moment later. She sent the other four girls on

their way before turning to "Sarah."

"Okay, girl, time for YOUR scrub-down."

She gave "Sarah" a slap on the butt, and the girl scampered

back into the shower. Dykstra turned on the tap and grinned as

"Sarah" cowered away from the icy water. "Hot water's for GOOD

girls!"

She tossed "Sarah" a cake of "special" soap. "Get to it, bad

girl."

Of course, "Sarah" dropped the soap. And the coach's grin

broadened when the girl bent over to pick it up.

"Like to show yourself off, eh? Well, I'll make sure you get

plenty of opportunity. I hear you're not too particular what dick

you stick up that dirty little cunt...so get it CLEAN. And do it

properly, or I'll get a toilet brush and scrub you myself."

"Sarah" obeyed as the coach ordered her through the process,

step by humiliating step.

"Do your feet. Bottoms, too, and between your toes.

"Now your back. Underarms. And snap it up."

"Sarah" was trying to hurry, but, at the same time, she was

finding this whole scene terrifically exciting. So perhaps, in

places, she did dawdle, just a bit....

"Now your butt.

"Between your cheeks, girlie. Get that nasty asshole clean.

"Now your titties. Humpf! Big nips for such tiny tits."

When she was at last allowed to turn off the frigid spray,

"Sarah" scurried from the shower and across the room and eagerly

reached for the small, coarse towel that the coach had reserved

for her.

"Hold it, you little tramp. Why is your pussy so red and

swollen...and dripping?"

"Sarah" was tongue-tied.

"You'd better confess, or it'll be more paddle for you...."

There was no way she could tell the truth. That would REALLY

open a can of worms.

"I...um...I p-play with myself, ma'am."

"Play with yourself? You mean masturbate?

"Y-yes, ma'am."

"Then SAY it."

"I masturbate, ma'am."

"A lot?"

"I-I guess so...."

"Well?"

"I masturbate a lot, ma'am. I-I NEED to...."

"How much is 'a lot'? How many times have you cum today, for

example?"

"I-I.... E-leven times -- no, twelve.... S-so far...."

"Yes, that would qualify as rather 'a lot.' Okay, show me."

"Ma'am?"

"Demonstrate your technique, girl."

"Sarah" knew that she'd have to do it sooner or later, either

freely or under punishment, so she bowed to the inevitable and gave

herself three more orgasms -- even though the video camera's red

light continued to taunt her.

At last, she was allowed to rest for a moment, dry herself,

and dress. (More or less, that is -- she discovered her knickers

were missing.) On wobbly legs, she staggered off to report to

Headmaster Johnson for her end-of-day reckoning...acutely aware

of her nakedness under the micro-length skirt.

The halls were virtually empty at that hour, for which "Sarah"

was grateful. As she neared the headmaster's office, the few girls

she did pass must have known where she was headed and, from their

generally rueful expressions, what was going to happen to her

there. She was thankful that she met no one who'd recocognize her

as the prim Miss Corbin.

Cyrus Johnson was waiting for her, his desk cleared of

everything other than a wicked-looking and obviously well-used

red leather paddle.

She presented the good behavior notes, which he glanced at and

accepted. Then he leaned back in his chair, steepling his fingers.

"Go on. Prepare yourself, girl."

She stripped, self-consciously.

His eyebrows went up when she took off her skirt and revealed

her lack of knickers. He cleared his throat. "You're not properly

uniformed, Miss Pemberton."

"I-I'm sssorry, sir. I...guess I lost my knickers."

"Lost them, indeed! And I see that you've been spanked already

today. Miss Dykstra?"

"Yes, sir."

"AND, it looks as though you've been indulging in frequent

self-abuse...." He sniffed, loudly. "Smells like it, too. Well,

first things first. You WILL get another spanking from me. Over

my lap. NOW!"

She was expecting a savage paddling, but it turned out to be a

relatively light one, though prolonged. It was quite effective,

however, and she soon found herself compulsively grinding her

crotch onto his knee.

When at last it was over and she slid from his lap, she noticed

the large wet spot she had left on his tweeds. But she mentally

shrugged it off; she was too distracted (and becoming too blasé) to

let something like that bother her unduly. She did wonder, though,

briefly, what effect these proceedings might have had on Johnson.

He seemed to be faltering toward the end -- sweating, his breathing

labored, the swats rather haphazard....

"Hmmm. Go stand in the corner, while I write a note to your

parents."

"I...um...live w-with my uncle, sir -- Andrew Pemberton."

"Very well. I am recommending to your uncle how he should deal

with both your blatant exhibitionism and your disgusting habit of

masturbation.... And stop fidgeting!" After a few minutes, he

sealed the letter and slid it across his desk. "Here. Now, get

dressed and go home. And I fervently hope that your uncle will

take you in hand."

\*\*\*\*\*\*\*\*\*\*\*\*\*\*\*\*\*\*\*\*\*\*\*\*\*\*\*\*\*\*

Sara was highly amused by Johnson's letter. "What a pervert!

He's advising Daddy to lock you into diapers, when you're not in

school, to stop you masturbating." She tossed the letter aside.

"Actually, Daddy'd prolly enjoy it...but, no, we can do without

that; the only one around here who's gonna put your cute butt

into diapers is ME. We'll just lay off the Mystique 'cept on

weekends...and maybe use some makeup on your cunt.... I'll deal

with that when I have to. Right now, though, I'm godawful horny,

and Gina says you got a really awesome little tongue...." She

skinned off her jeans and knickers and pushed "Sarah" backward onto

the bed. "So I'm gonna ride your face for a while, Princess...."

\*\*\*\*\*\*\*\*\*\*\*\*\*\*\*\*\*\*\*\*\*\*\*\*\*\*\*\*\*\*

Part 4 Social Obligations

Though "Sarah" was dog-tired and looking forward to crawling

into bed soon after dinner, THAT was not going to happen. It was

Friday, after all....

Marvin Jenks was no prize. He was fat, ugly, and none too

bright. He had a dismal personality and a complection to match.

But he had a car, an 18-year-old's raging hormones, and no outlet

except playing with himself. That was enough for Sara to decide

that he was an eminently suitable date for her "promiscuous cousin

Sarah." She warned him that the girl played games sometimes, but

was truly hot-to-trot.

And she made sure of it with a generous application of

Mystique.

It was a fairly busy 5-hour date. First, Marvin parked in a

secluded alley and got a blowjob, while "Sarah" fingered herself.

Then they went square dancing -- even though, in crop-top and very

thin, very tight cotton shorts, she was hardly dressed for it.

After working up a good sweat (which turned her crop-top pretty

much transparent and added to the moisture in her shorts), they

visited a series of teen hang-outs, where Marvin could show off

his cute date. Then back to the car for a protracted blowjob, an

interval of cuddling and listening to music, another blowjob (a

quickie), followed by a snack at a pizzeria. At the end of the

evening, her cunt was tormenting her so badly that she was actually

begging him to fuck her, but he insisted instead on yet another

blowjob. And he positioned her so that he could play with her sore

butt and tease her inflamed cunt and still-virgin asshole. He was

flattered to see how easily and how often he could make her cum.

By the time she got home, "Sarah" was practically out on her

feet. She staggered into bed naked and quickly slipped into the

deep sleep of the truly exhausted.

The next morning, Sara made her play with herself while

recounting the date, from beginning to end. Though she had to

include every grisly detail, there was something she was able to

conceal: while the older, up-tight Marilyn personality found it

intensely humiliating, the newer, horny 18-year-old "Sarah" was

beginning to find it rather a turn-on.

So she was also of two minds when Sara informed her that she'd

have a standing date with Marvin every Friday for the rest of the

term. She'd spend Saturday afternoons with LeeRoy Horner (aka

"Horndog"), who was too awkward for sports, too dull for academics,

and too lazy for work. Saturday evenings would be taken up by

Dolly Clemente's weasely older brother, Jaime, and probably a few

of his amigos. Sundays and Wednesdays would vary, according to

whatever was available. She would also be expected to attend Gina

and her minions at P.E. (and elsewhere). And Sara had a major

claim on her services, as well.

Little "Sarah" was going to have a full social life.

Marilyn, of course, was mortified; "Sarah," on the other

hand....

\*\*\*\*\*\*\*\*\*\*\*\*\*\*\*\*\*\*\*\*\*\*\*\*\*\*\*\*\*\*

Part 5 Movin' On

As it turned out, "Sarah" spent three weeks in punishment P.E.

(with the follow-up paddlings by Headmaster Johnson). Life was

somewhat easier after she'd completed that penance, but it still

wasn't easy. Sometimes she felt as though she were walking a

tightrope, and one mis-step would ruin her. At other times, she

had to admit that it could be exciting. The day it all began,

when she was looking at herself in Johnson's office mirror and

weaving a fantasy about masquerading as a student, she certainly

never dreamed of anything so X-rated as this.

Throughout the spring term she received an on-going crash

course in late adolescent sexual activity. Early on, she lost

her last virginity and then was schooled in how to use the rest

of her body to its best advantage. She even acquired a nickname

-- "Choo-choo" -- because of her demonstrated ability to "pull a

train." (Sara occasionally threatened to make her get that name

tattooed across her butt. Like most of what was happening to her,

"Sarah" viewed this with a certain ambivalence.) Marvin Jenks,

however, preferred to call her "B.J."

Marvin was a toad, LeeRoy an ape, Jaime a rat, and all her

other "dates" pigs. She was amazed (and somewhat annoyed) that

none of them ever expressed any gratitude -- or even much joy --

at the repeated gift of her body. They seemed to possess only

feelings of Entitlement. But, in the end, that was okay. They

were all using her, right enough, but she was getting off on it.

And, since she was being FORCED to be a bad girl, she really

didn't have to feel the least bit of guilt about it.

\*\*\*\*\*\*\*\*\*\*\*\*\*\*\*\*\*\*\*\*\*\*\*\*\*\*\*\*\*\*

As Marilyn, she never did get to see Johnson and never got to

pitch her career hopes to him. She was far too frightened of

being outed as that ne'er-do-well Pemberton girl, and so, as

Marilyn Corbin, she deliberately avoided him. Indeed, her career

plans, as far as Highland Academy was concerned, were fading.

It was very late in the spring term, and she was beginning

to think that she'd actually be able to keep up the deception

until Commencement (but was in a quandry about what life might

be like afterward), when she received the following e-mail:

From: Theo N. Erdly, Argos Recruiters, Inc <[TNE@...](http://groups.yahoo.com/group/stripsearchtwo/post?postID=tlTgyhAdb0bzfhlavac8yoeIa7eRwYCQdgYMi5YcBpN8Bgb1cUj239UwJg5ZYuQPg8xqU7frTg)>

To: Ms. Marilyn Corbin <corbin@highland\_academy.edu>

Subject: Employment

Dear Ms. Corbin:

As you know, your position at Highland Academy is a

temporary one, which may or may not be rendered permanent

by the school, a likelihood that, in my opinion, seems

less than probable, given the fact that the spring term is

nearing its end.

I am pleased to inform you, therefore, that Doeville Girls'

Prep School is tendering you a firm offer of a tenure track

position for the next school year, at a salary and benefits

marginally better than at Highland, in addition to a

generous allowance for moving expenses.

According to our records, you were quite impressed with

Doeville during your interview there. If you are

interested in discussing this position, please let me

know without delay.

Very Sincerely,

Theo N. Erdly

Marilyn considered this carefully for a minute or two before

sending a reply to the headhunters.

From: Marilyn Corbin <corbin@highland\_academy.edu>

To: Theo N. Erdly, Argos Recruiters, Inc. <[TNE@...](http://groups.yahoo.com/group/stripsearchtwo/post?postID=tlTgyhAdb0bzfhlavac8yoeIa7eRwYCQdgYMi5YcBpN8Bgb1cUj239UwJg5ZYuQPg8xqU7frTg)>

Subject: Employment

Dear Mr. Erdly:

I would be most happy to accept the position at Doeville

under the terms you outlined. Indeed, the courses that

that school promised me are a better fit for me than my

present situation. Please forward the contract for my

signature.

In a related matter, perhaps you can advise me as to whom

I should consult about getting my niece, Sarah Pemberton,

enrolled as a part-time student at Doeville, beginning

with the summer term.

Sincerely,

Marilyn Corbin