Melody Smith's Schooldays

by Eve Adorer

Chapter 1 - My New School

If we are only beautiful when we are young, when I was young I was, believe me I

was, extremely beautiful. I was the girl of every other girl's dreams.

I now earn millions in my modelling career. My face is everywhere and pictures

of my face and body, clothed and not, challenge all young women to a competition

with me they have absolutely no chance of winning.

But what you want to hear about, what everybody wants to hear about since my

famous, or should that now be infamous, television interview, is the

full-uncensored truth of what happened in my final school days. What happened to

an innocent virgin sixteen-year-old new to the ways of what in England are

called public schools because, of course, they offer only private fee paying

education.

I was the only child of a couple with ambitions for their daughter beyond the

reach of their money it seemed. Beyond their reach till their out-of-the-blue

windfall from a lottery ticket given them as a gift by me, of all people: the

first I had ever bought.

I was only just sixteen. I had done well at state school. It some ways it might

have been better had I stayed at state school, but my parents wanted things, as

they thought, better still for me and none of us knew that events would turn out

as they did.

Although I had but two years left to the school leaving age of eighteen, it was

agreed even by me, that I should seek the best education money could buy a girl,

and go to St Catherine's Academy for Girls.

St Cath's", as all who went to or worked there called it had, as well as a

reputation for academic excellence, a history to match its distance from my home

and its number of pupils. All had "five hundred" in their number. St Catherine's

was, more or less, five hundred miles from my home, it was way up in the wilds

of Scotland, it was, or at least claimed to be, established five hundred years

since its foundation by nuns, and there were normally five hundred girls

attending to learn there.

What attracted my parents to send me to St Catherine's was the promotion in the

academy's literature of the positive discrimination self-evidently provided by

an all-female environment, teachers and pupils both. Indeed, at my pre-transfer

interview in London, with my parents present, the academy's head had convinced

my folks that for me to be kept away from boys for a short while would do no

harm at all to my educational and consequently my career prospects.

When I had just turned sixteen, I was what British newspapers now call "a

stunna". Five-feet eight inches tall, with long, long, legs and long slim arms.

I was an innocent, with an angel's face, startling light blue eyes that would

flash green when I was aroused from whatever cause, and blonde hair reaching

down below my very shapely buttocks. Yes, you are absolutely right, I could

indeed sit on my beautiful golden hair.

Like all girls of my age though, I was very self-conscious about my body and oh

so wished that breasts, 37 D-cup, pendulous, with pointy pink nipples,

absolutely exquisitely beautiful as they were to any who saw the truth, were

more petite, not so bold, and more like those of some of my "normal" sized

friends.

I had too, already become aware of the power of my beauty. Though I never tired

of being told how pretty I had become, I was embarrassed by the way grown men I

had known since childhood would now treat me like a goddess. Somehow I

instinctively knew though, that this was not something to take overmuch

advantage of, and I found great pleasure in being reportedly known as "a nice

girl".

At state school so far, I was good, better than good, at everything academic and

was heading for a university place, probably at the best. And I was athletic. I

was the best runner in my school; advantaged by my long legs, though, since I

had become a teenager, I did not want to do exercise that would make me

unfeminine: I did not want to develop obvious muscles.

My parents continued their busy working lives and, though only just turned

sixteen, I considered myself old enough to make my own way by train and cab to

my new school.

Arriving to live-in there on the afternoon of the day before the first of the

new term, I was surprised at how friendly and welcoming the girls who had been

there already for some time were to me, as a newcomer, as we all stood around in

the assembly hall waiting to be formally sorted into our year-groups classes and

dormitories.

But I could not help hearing conversation around me in which the word "slag"

(meaning, I supposed, a whore - a hooker) kept recurring. Yet it seemed to be

being used in the same context as the word "fag" is used in respect of English

public schools for boys. A "fag" is a junior aged boy who acts for a time as a

menial servant for a senior one, just as that senior one will have done in his

turn when he was younger. It is supposedly character building.

I was horrified that anyone would think I was a whore, not that I really and

truly knew what it meant to be a whore when I had just turned sixteen, but my

new found friends and fellow future classmates assured me it was not me that was

being talked about.

As if I should know what she meant, the most talkative of my new companions, a

girl my age called Tania, explained that the School Slag had left at the end of

last term and her replacement was yet to be chosen. She went on to say that

Marion or Josephine were the front-runners, but that I was so pretty I better

keep my head down. Not that I need worry really, "Jo" or "Mar" were certainties:

one or the other. There was even talk of two; but that was against all

tradition.

I was, of course, extremely curious as to what they could be talking about. I

asked to have Josephine and Marion pointed out to me. Tania spotted Josephine

and pointed over her way. Jo was a truly lovely looking eighteen-year-old young

woman, a brunette with an hourglass figure. She smiled at me and her pretty face

lit up like all heaven.

Tania called my attention back. Then, suddenly she stopped talking and a general

silence fell over the throng. I instinctively knew the silence was from fear.

With misplaced arrogance, I told myself I was frightened of nobody. As the

head-girl and her ten prefects marched in, I stood tall, my five-foot eight

inches putting me boldly above the heads of at least the younger girls in the

room.

The prefects, all seventeen to eighteen-year-olds in their last school years,

made no attempt to hide the conversation they were concluding.

"Marion has the legs, you cannot deny she has the legs, but Jo, oh now then,

Jo!" opined one prefect."

"Marion is lovely in so many ways, she has a perfect figure, not top heavy like

Jo........." said another prefect who was actually standing close to Josephine

and talking as if Josephine had no right to protest being spoken of completely

publicly in that way.

Then the conversation stopped. The head-girl was looking at me. The heads of all

other pupils in the room had dropped but I looked her straight in the eyes.

"Well, well, well" said the head-girl in a soft low sneering voice, "just look

what we have here".

"You must be the tart from state school: what's your name?" she snapped.

The question could not have been aimed at anybody other than me.

"Melody Smith" I responded boldly and confidently, "And I'm not a tart!"

This set off a good deal of chatter among the prefects, which the head-girl

listened to whilst blatantly ogling me. When it ended, all the prefects joined

the head-girl in looking at me. The other girls around me were ordered by a

gesture to leave a full clear view of me.

Eleven sets of eyes looked me up and down. The chatter among the prefects

started up again. I could hear the word "yes" from almost every lip it seemed.

Their muttering stopped. Then the head-girl turned toward me having checked the

consensus.

"Well, Smith" the head-girl continued menacingly, "You will report to the

prefects' quarters at 18.00 hours sharp today. Is that understood?"

I was so astounded I just stared.

"Good" said the head-girl, without waiting for, and clearly not considering I

had any right to an answer. "Don't be late."

I could never explain the way this hit my mind, let alone my body between my

lovely legs. As soon as the prefecture had gone, the chat among the other girls

recommenced. Of course I asked what on earth the head-girl was on about, but

nobody would tell me.

"You'll have do as they say and go" said Tania. "It's an unbroken tradition. If

you don't do as they say, you'll get worse trouble than you ever imagined

possible."

Strangely, I knew that I would go. Something in my nature had been discovered by

the head-girl's peremptory command"

"Come with me Tania, please." I begged.

"No. It isn't allowed", said Tania. "I'll show you our dorm and the way to the

prefecture. It's across the quad. You have to go totally alone when the time

comes."

"Is this some kind of initiation wind up? Are you all just ribbing me because

I'm the new girl?" I asked.

I could immediately see in her face that it was not so, and that she felt sorry

for what was happening, but was powerless, completely powerless, to do anything.

Chapter 2 - I Am Expected

It was already four-thirty as Tania quickly showed me where the young women

slept and stowed their clothes and books, and described the way to the

prefecture in more detail.

"Dinner is at 7.00 prompt", Tania said. "You'd better get a shower before you

report to the prefects.

I showered shyly and, as I sat wearing just a towelling robe before the

dormitory's only mirror, Tania helped me brush out the full length of my

glorious blonde hair.

"Your hair's beautiful Melody, I wish mine were even a little like yours", Tania

whispered.

I hardly heard the compliment my mind was somewhere else. Tania helped me get

dressed in the school regulation white blouse and grey pleated skirt my parents

had just bought me, over my own white bra and a pair of school regulation white

knickers, with some flat-heeled slip-on black shoes.

At 5.56, Tania saw me off on my nerve wracking journey. She titivated my hair

and told me I was lovely, kissed my face, and I walked, with butterflies in

flurrying abundance in my poor belly, out of the dormitory, along the corridor,

out to the open air of the quadrangle, into the building opposite the dorm, up

to its first floor, and to the outside door of the prefecture. There, my heart

pounding as if it were in my throat, I knocked gently on the door.

What WAS I doing? Why WAS I standing there so obediently? WHY had I not just

told the headmistress or a teacher exactly what was going on? Okay, I did not

know then exactly what was going on, but I did know I was being picked upon and

bullied by the head-girl and her fellow prefects...

..."Come!" came a voice of command.

I opened the door very shyly and blushing to the base of my neck. None of the

girls there, at least five, with no sign of the head-girl, even looked at me.

"Smith" said a voice that began to belong to a girl as she came out of a side

room. "Yes, Smith, good."

"I'm for you" announced this girl as if I should know what she meant, "But these

girls are waiverers and we have always had unanimity, it is part of the

tradition", she continued to my bafflement...

..."Undo your blouse and take off your bra", she concluded. "Get a move on!" she

added, as I stood astounded, "We haven't got all night have we!"

Eventually she began to unbutton my blouse for me, as I had become all frozen

fingers and thumbs with fear. All the young women in the room were paying

attention now.

The girl in charge of me reached round my back inside my blouse and unhooked my

bra. "Lift it off and let's have a good look at your lollipops", she ordered,

referring as I realised to my breasts.

I stood crimson-faced from forehead to base of neck, my face turned hard away to

my right to hide my blushes, and that what was happening was beginning to

threaten moistening my knickers. She had pulled my blouse off my shoulders and

lifted my brassiere off my breasts and into my right hand so I would hold it

aloft.

"What super little suckbuds", said one voice referring in school slang to my

pert pink nipples.

"More than two handfuls there!" said another referring to the size of my breasts

and meaning it as a joke, at which no one laughed, presumably, as I now realise,

because they agreed the description of my huge pert pendulous extremely pretty

virgin-firm "lollipops" as they would have them called.

"Pull up the hem of your dress and turn so we can see your legs and your bummy"

I began to reach for my hem, "Come on Smith, be quick about it, we want to see

your legs!" the in-charge prefect commanded in a kindly voice now, in sympathy

with my nervousness.

I did as I was ordered, lightly biting my lower lip as I tried to fight back

tears of embarrassment. One girl whistled long low and appreciatively as she

ogled the full length of my long legs. Another simply sighed, "Wow!"

"Do you want the knickers down to see her naughty?" asked the girl in charge of

me of the onlookers matter-of-factly. Nobody answered.

I continued to stand with my skirt hem pulled up to shoulder height, baring my

white standard issue school knickers to them all, and, at their beckoning,

turned to show side and rear views of my thighs and the full firm "bummy" with

which by filling them out so superbly, I transformed those boring white school

knickers into erotic heaven.

"You're absolutely right Jessie" said one of the onlookers to my overseer,

"She's perfectly gorgeous....that hair is superb". It was soon established the

other girl onlookers agreed.

"You can straighten yourself up now", said the girl I now knew to be Jessie."

..."It's been decided that you're to Slag for us this year", she went on.

"Go back to your common room, and bring all you're belongings here." she

ordered.

"The junior prefect will give you the run down on your duties when you come back

here after dinner this evening."

I turned to go and she to go back to whatever she had been doing when I had

knocked.

"Oh, and Smith", Jessie called and caused me to turn back shyly, "You are

exquisite! I'm afraid Josephine and Marion don't hold a candle to you. Be gone

now, and take that ring on the side-shelf there, you wear it on your wedding

finger - the finger next to your little-finger on your left hand............"

Against all school rules, I ran to the communal dormitory in tears of confusion,

fear and, I have to confess, sexual pleasure. Tania was astonished at my still

dishevelled appearance. "Did it all go okay?" she asked.

My deep scarlet blush was her answer, as I unfolded my fingers and showed her

the old battered gold ring with its capital "S" insignia depicted by a snake

with its forked tongue out, and slowly slid it on my wedding ring finger.

"You want it don't you?" Tania mused out loud, "You have no idea what's

involved, but you want it don't you?"

I made no answer other than to blush deeper still and by the bright shine in my

eyes and by beginning to pick up my belongings to take them to the prefecture.

Of course I wanted to be acknowledged as the most beautiful girl in the school,

what girl wouldn't!!?

As we went to dinner, Tania showed me the way, I heard whistles of appreciation

and the odd subdued wolf whistle and I knew that the whistlers knew of my

appointment or had just spotted the ring on the hand I was using very

self-consciously: I would never before have waived with my left hand.

I was also feeling some discomfort at the attention, because I had become aware

that since I had put the ring on, Tania had become a little more distant from

her original friendliness toward me.

Before food was served, we all stood for the headmistress. She led the saying of

grace and remained standing as the grating of wooden-legged chairs on the

ancient wooden dining hall floor told even the deaf of the world that we were

sitting ourselves down.

There was a multitude of coughing and chatter that stopped as all we girls

realised that the headmistress was still standing and waiting for our attention

to be paid her.

"Before we begin our meal, I have some brief announcements", said the head.

"Josephine McBride and Marion Stephens will take the two prefect vacancies as

from today."

There was a round of polite but unenthusiastic congratulatory applause, at which

I could see the delectable Josephine blushing.

"There has also been another traditional appointment, the head continued, "We

must all congratulate Melody Smith on her very rapid advancement and anointment

even before her first full day here. And I am sure that Marion and Josephine,

unfortunate last moment runners-up though they be, will be pleased to be among

the first to applaud Melody, to whom the whole school gives its welcome to her

indispensable role, which I am sure she will grace with her transparent beauty."

The applause was very brief: nobody knew me at that stage of course, but my

light blue eyes momentarily flashed a stunning electric-green as I moistened the

gusset of my knickers, with what my fellow schoolgirls would call my honey, at

this official public recognition of my beauty.

Chapter 3 - I Am Instructed

I was back in the prefecture feeling extremely nervous. I had dumped all my

belongings there in a small side-room with single bed, too short for my

five-foot-eight, and a tiny shower cubicle, but had yet to unpack.

My mind was more completely divided than it had ever been in my young life. Deep

pleasure at being clearly acknowledged as the loveliest girl in all the five

hundred at the academy, and curiosity about what lay behind the ring on my

finger, vied with a determination only to play along with whatever was going on,

as a necessary disguise of my true intention to escape as soon as I may.

Josephine, newly appointed and therefore joint junior prefect along with Marion,

had volunteered to instruct me. As we sat opposite each other, I was only too

aware that the very pretty brunette's gorgeous brown eyes were running up and

down the full length of my legs.

Josephine knew the rules for the Slag. She had been at St Catherine's from the

start of her senior education. What she now told me was horrendously shocking,

but not to her, for she had rehearsed it and seen it in practice and, indeed,

been a recent joint candidate for the role.

I listened in completely riveted silence as Jo made it clear what I had been

selected for. The silence was from my totally stunned shock.

I would go along with what she said of course!

Like hell I would!!: no way!!!

I knew I must be careful. I had seen the fear the prefecture had radiated

through the assembled school earlier. I was in danger. Like a damned fool I had

left my mobile phone in Tania's dormitory. I would play along with this till

tomorrow....Tania seemed a nice girl, she would help me get out of this....

Josephine was very sweet to me, as she listed off what I had to remember.

"It goes back years" she began. "Seems this place was always isolated and the

nuns never saw a man. We're cut off now, so picture what it was like when there

were only nuns"

I knew what she meant.

"Seems they accepted the inevitable and made the prettiest one.........well, you

know....rather than have them all ........." Jo blushed as she ground to a rapid

halt...

I did not show it of course, but she was beginning to confirm worse than my

worst fears of what was intended for me...

"The rules are a lot of them," she said (making sense, if not grammatically):

"You study along with the rest of us in the prefects dorm, and do your prep here

(she meant my homework - my after school work in readiness for the next school

day). But of course you are not a prefect and have none of the prefects'

privileges."

"It is your duty to be at your lovely best at all times. You are the only girl

in the school allowed to wear make-up and not necessarily to have to wear school

uniform."

You must take the highest possible pride in your appearance, your hair, your

face, your nails, everything about you must be as near perfection as you can

manage at all times."

"You already have dispensation to grow that wonderful hair to your knees, if

only it will do so, and you must keep it at least as long as it is now."

Josephine smiled deliciously at me, and then blushed once more.

"You will also keep all your finger nails at least one-centimetre from your

finger ends, and always file them: never use scissors or clippers."

"You may wear nail varnish and paint your toenails too if you like," she

continued.

"You must keep your body fit," she went on. "You will run a very minimum of two

miles every morning without fail. You will also swim at least a mile every other

day and perform one-hour's aerobics at a very minimum on non-swimming days."

Her list seemed endless already, but she went on.........

"Except for sport or exercise, you will never wear knickers or knickers, and you

will never wear a brassiere in any circumstances either, except if it is in

itself an outside garment such as in a bikini."

"You will wear the ring you were given, on your wedding finger at all times.

Don't dare lose it: it is said to be five-hundred-years old!"

"The only exception will be when you are menstruating: then you will transfer it

to your right hand wedding-finger-equivalent until you are clean once more."

Josephine whispered this so apologetically that I felt sorry for her and her

blushes were cherry-red.

"When menstruating, you may wear a sanitary towel but never ever anything else,

no tampons never..." Josephine coughed with deep embarrassment again...

"You will have the hems of your dresses and skirts trimmed at no more than

one-and a-half-inches below the base of your bummy, where your bummy meets your

thighs when standing."

"When dressed for school and evening, you will always wear suspenders and

stockings, or just stockings and garters. You will never wear tights".

"You will wear one garter when in suspenders and that garter must be worn at the

top of the stocking on your left thigh."

"You must always wear heels or the equivalent of not less than three-inches. The

only time you will not wear heels is when you are exercising."

"You will never speak first to a prefect let alone the head-girl."

"On the approach of any teacher or any member of the prefecture you will pay

them sole attention and curtsy to them. If there is a group of them together,

you will direct your curtsy to the most senior amongst them."

"You may have such friends as you please, but you will be wise not to fall in

love, because you are not, strictly not, allowed to go to bed with anyone other

than prefects or teachers; at least not without our permission."

"If any other girl or girls touch you without our permission, you will be punished."

"You will never at any time reject any advances the prefecture or teaching staff

may make to you." I caught Josephine's lovely eyes at this point, as she raised

them from drinking in the beauty of my thighs.

"You will spend the night in the bed of any prefect or teacher who chooses to

have you."

"In bed you will submit to such acts as that girl may choose to perform on you,

without protest."

"You will be submissive in bed at all times, unless commanded to perform and act

on a girl, in which case you will do exactly what she has commanded you to do."

"Normally, you will only ever go to bed with the prefecture or the staff. But,

on days of our choosing, your body will be available to any other girl in the

school that wants to feel you."

"On those days, on being told by any girl or group of girls that they want to

stroke you, and the production by them of the written permission of at least one

teacher or prefect, you will go with them to wherever they appoint and submit to

whatever is there wish, save that you must never reciprocate but only be passive

and obedient."

"You will be relieved to hear that punishment is extremely rare." Josephine

relaxed a little from her previous seriousness now.

"For you to have your bummy smacked as foreplay is, of course, perfectly

permissible. But nobody other than the head-girl or the headmistress is allowed

to actually punish you, or they can with the head-girl's say so though." (I knew

what she meant here too).

"I'm sorry, but the head-girl is entitled to beat you."

"If you end up before the headmistress or the head-girl for a big "no-no", you

will almost certainly be given a thrashing."

"The demands on you are very high. No missing of them by you will be tolerated

I'm afraid. Even chipped nail varnish will be noted." Josephine was serious once

more. A serious face did not make her any less stunningly lovely.

"And you must be absolutely clear, that at no time whatsoever will you EVER

touch your naughty; not even if you are told to do so. If you are ever caught

doing so it will be a thrashing offence," Jo coughed at this point, yet again to

hide her deep-blushing embarrassment.

"Your mail and your phone conversations will be monitored of course."

Why "of course" I wondered!

"I'm afraid Melody that nobody is going to believe what you might think you

could tell, anyway."

Now I knew, but I would take my chances to get out of this. Did they think I was

a complete fool? What they wanted from me was truly horrible!

"And if you succeeded in getting any message out about what you are being asked

to do, once that message is discovered, you will find yourself expelled the very

next day, with your character blackened beyond recall by all the school

staff..."

They had thought of everything. My heart sank a little....

"As I said before Melody, the ring is a sign of your status in the school."

Jo was now looking around distractedly for a way to compose herself for what she

knew she had to tell me next: the most embarrassing thing for her to have to

say, was coming up for this lovely girl.....

...."The other required sign is, the other requirement, what you must do that

is, I mean the rules say, and well, you have to because its always been done

..... I'm afraid, you have to, well ... ..... your naughty ..... your naughty

must ..... you've got ..... it has to be bare....you've got to shave your

naughty totally bare......"

Jo looked away from me at this point, and her face was an extremely deep scarlet

once more - she looked divinely beautiful.............

"......The School Slag is not allowed pubic hair," she almost whispered,

recovering her composure. "It's always been one of the signs to mark out the

Slag...along with the ring..."

".....You must shave your pubic region every day without fail, twice per day if

necessary. You will also use whatever proprietary hair removal cream you like

to, and you will keep your legs and the rest of your body, except your forearms

and your head of course, immaculately smooth also."

..."Have you any questions?"

Before I could even begin to answer Josephine continued to tell me I would get a

clothing and make-up allowance and that all clothes stockings and garters and

such would be chosen for me.

There was a supply of all I would need for now, already in the drawers and

cupboards of my room, and adapted dresses and skirts in my wardrobe. I had

better dress myself in the morning immediately after my run and shower.

First thing to do though, must be to shave off my pubic hair. I would find

scissors, shaving foam, and safety razor near my shower. I must not forget to

shave every day twice per day if need be, starting tomorrow.

"One last thing" said Josephine, as I rose to go deceptively obediently to my

room and think as hard as I could about how to get out of this horror, I looked

at her exceptionally pretty face:

"You are incredibly beautiful," she said.

"You may say 'thank you' if you wish," she concluded, exerting her newly given

prefect's authority for the first time, but oh so gorgeously charmingly.

I did want to thank her for the compliment.

"Thank you Miss Josephine" I said.

The lovely brunette smiled at me as I curtsied, and I felt a melting sexiness in

my tummy.

Chapter 4 - My First Day

For the next fifteen to twenty minutes, unseen by me, the girls in the prefects'

room proper gave each other knowing smiles and eye-contact nudges as they

listened to the 'snip' 'snip' 'snip' from my scissors as I carefully denuded

myself between my thighs. I then took a warm shower and applied foam before

gently shaving what I would soon learn to refer to as my "naughty" totally nude

and washing off the remaining foam and shaved-off curly blonde hair.

I had to go along with what they demanded of me at least this far. But I told

myself that this far is as far as I would go. I must, just must, get to my mobile...

I awoke at 5.00 the next day. I struggled out of bed and into my jogging kit. I

was, at first, too bleary-eyed to think of how it made me look.

The kit comprised of a canary-yellow vest the hem of which extended only to the

base of my ribs leaving my belly bare, and crimson school knickers that were at

least a size too small for my bountifully beautiful bottom. On my feet I had

white lace-up trainers. Canary-yellow and crimson-red were the school's sports

colours, though I did not know that then, as well as being in the school tie, as

I did of course know.

I had already determined to run to the train station and back again to fulfil my

daily quota. I was sure I could remember the route from the cab bringing me to

the school. There must be a pool for my swim and a gym for my aerobics. I would

seek Tania out and ask her where these were for when I had got out of this Slag

business.

The run was easy for me. I could have done twice the distance. But, by the time

I sneaked back into the prefects' dorm quietly afterwards so as not to disturb

anybody, in order to shower, I had worked up a whole lot more than a sweat in my

running-kit.

I had worked up more than a sweat in large part because I awoke as I ran to just

how sexy a sixteen-year-old schoolgirl I was, as I trotted with my "lollipops"

jiggling and joggling in my vest and my gorgeous bummy "smackybumps" (as my

individual bum hemispheres were referred to in the schoolgirl slang I was

learning) swinging and swaying with my hips, and my superb long strong shapely

legs propelling me like a breeze.

I had never run without a bra before. It was incredibly erotic for me. My huge

lollipops bounced and danced with joy at their freedom, up and down and

side-to-side they jiggled and joggled and swung and swayed, and my pretty pink

"suckbuds" (as I now knew my nipples were to be called) were rubbed by my sweat

soaked vest.

Never before had I fantasised as I did now of throwing my vest off to one side

and running like the wind with my bare breasts free to judder jiggle and joggle

as I jogged...

...And this sexy thought and the actuality of what was happening with my lovely

breasts even with my vest on, and perhaps because my nipples were being rubbed

by the vest as my breasts danced and pranced, caused my honey to ooze into my

tight virgin-schoolgirl's naughty, and beyond my naughty into my scarlet knickers as I ran.

...And I ran all the faster from my arousal knowing just what an incredibly

irresistibly sexy and beautiful sixteen-year-old I was...

...And my unrestrained lollipops jiggled joggled juddered and juggled around on

my chest and I was entering school grounds again now as I ran. And my scarlet

knickers were soaking wet not just with sweet-virgin-schoolmaid-dew, but also

with virgin-schoolgirl-honey...

...And I tore off my sweated-up yellow vest and wrapped it around my right arm

as I began to run the last three-quarter-mile in just my scarlet knickers, bare

chested, glorying in my exquisitely beautiful virgin-firm perky pendulous now

totally bare breasts, as they jumped and bumped. And the more my breasts flipped

and frolicked around on my chest the more honey oozed from my slit...

...And I jogged faster so that my lollipops skipped and smacked, and my suckbuds

were pulsing and peaking and swelling and hardening...

...And I stopped and jogged on the spot, raising my knees purposely high to

excite my lollipops so they danced and pranced on my bare chest, and I even

jumped up and down to make my titties bounce together and slap as hard as I

could make them on my chest...

...My honey was flooding into my knickers now as I jogged my knees up hard,

dancing on the spot to make my breasts flick and kick, up and down and side to

side, alone, together, then one, then both, then my right lollipop, now my left

lollipop, then my left lollipop again, now the right one, now both my lollipops

together, then my right lollipop, and then both my lollipops together and apart

together or apart so free so natural so beautiful so bare so nude so exposed so....

...My body was shining with dew from my running and jogging and jumping, and my

knickers were totally soaked with my honey and my peek-a-boo was pulsing and

throbbing out from its hiding hood in my cunty, and I stood still panting

breathlessly and took my divine dew-slippery lollipops in my hands standing with

my long legs wrapped around each other panting for breath and touched, just

touched, just feathered my nipples with my index fingers ...... and I orgasmed...

...And as I knelt on the ground gasping with the magical wonder of my first ever

grown-girl's orgasm, I longed to be totally nude. I gloried in my sexuality and

my sexiness and my powerfully magnetically wonderful sixteen-year-old-virgin-schoolgirl's body, in its perfection and in the evidence within my sopping-wet virgin-schoolgirl-honey-saturated knickers that it was in fully powerfully perfect sexual working order.

I was so gorgeously orgasmically wonderful, so heavenly, so uniquely

extraordinarily girl...as I jogged the last few yards supremely gorgeously

leggily along to the prefecture building exhausted and excited at one and the

same time at what had happened: at what I had discovered.

As I stripped breathlessly for my shower, I examined my newly shaven and still

honeying sex. I adored looking at it. My infolding lips were so tight. I looked

so virginal: so innocent. I was of course a virgin: I was indeed innocent.

My only worry was a little redness of my soft sensitive skin. I was not used to

being shaved there, and, having not shaved since the evening before, I must

shave all over again now ready for the day.

I showered, and that cooled my ardour. I then re-shaved, as were my orders,

gently fully and very carefully.

It would always need half-an-hour or more to brush out my hair it was now so

long. I made up my face and eyes; choosing a coral pink lipstick. And I decided

against nail or toe varnish on my first day. A little blusher went just below my

cheekbones.

I chose pitch-black nylons. My creamy skin would be such a contrast with black

stockings. I put on black suspenders with a pretty red ribbon at their front,

and rolled each of the stockings in turn up my never ending legs, fixing them to

the suspenders.

I wanted so much to please, that I selected a black garter with a red ribbon to

match the one on the suspenders, and fixed it as per my orders, on my left thigh

at the top of that leg's stocking.

I chose a white blouse for the day, fastened its cuff buttons at my slender

wrists and its front buttons up to my neck, and then put on the pleated light

grey skirt that completed normal school uniform.

The skirt only just covered my naked bum as I fixed its belt around my waist. I

finished dressing with the yellow and crimson-red striped school tie and checked

the ring on my finger.

Though September it was officially still school summer, and no jackets were to

be worn.

I felt very vulnerable, and very, very, sexy.

I knew why I was doing this and yet I did not know! Had I discovered an instinct

to obey? Yes and no.

In my total confusion, I was doing everything I had been ordered and yet

considered I had found a plan of escape. One half of my mind told me I would go

along with them till I could get word outside. As soon as I could locate my

mobile phone I would text for help, or talk if I could find where I would not be

overheard. I had left my mobile in the dormitory Tania was in.

The prefects were stirring as I went through the main room to the door to leave

for my school day. And it was the gorgeous Josephine's long low slow whistle of

appreciation of me that I heard as I slinked through and off to Tania's dorm in

my three-inch heeled sling backs.

"Hello beautiful", I heard her drawling-low-yawning whisper as I glided out of

the prefects' dorm.

My mistake was to assume that I was today the same Melody Smith that had come to

live-in at the school yesterday. I could not be more wrong.

My eye-catching beauty turned every girl's head as I slinked along: and I loved

it. I really and truly loved being the centre of attention.

My "wedding" ring told them who I now was. They knew the rules the School Slag

had to obey. They knew my titties were bare under my blouse. They knew my cunt

was nude shaven totally bald beneath my skirt. And so did I. So did I...

A light cool breeze blew on that September morn and I felt it: as I walked

across the quadrangle I felt its cool caress on the most sensitive organ of my

wonderful body. It cooled the bare flesh at the uncovered tops of my beautiful

thighs above my stocking tops, and it chilled the exquisite heavenly virgin

tight infolding bald shaven super-sensitive-lips of my slit, smiling vertically

and vulnerably instantly freely caressable between my thighs.

Some much younger girls went by as I made for Tania's rooms: "We can see your

bummy!, we can see your bummy!", they chanted behind me. I blushed cherry red.

My glorious blonde locks flowed in the breeze and settled back to tickle my

creamy-smooth soft-skinned bare thighs above my stocking tops.

A teacher came by. I had never seen her before. "You must be Melody" she said,

stopping my progress. I curtsied.

"I'm so pleased they've appointed such a lovely one again. Darling, you look

absolutely stunning: you look like an angel" she said.

I was too overwhelmed to say more than a whispered, "Thank you ma'am."

I had become very wet between my legs. I was having difficulty not oozing my

honey from my naughty. I blushed an even deeper red as Tania came toward me

looking me up and down like the sex object I had been made into.

"Wow" she called out, "Have you got legs!" she exclaimed.

"Have you come across my mobile?" I asked her.

She continued to ogle my body, walking slowly around me to take all of me in.

"Handed it over she said", distractedly, "they're all handed over for the term.

The teachers keep them safe if you're worried. We aren't allowed to use them"

My heart fell with a dull thump. What could I do to escape now?

Tania was only too pleased to be seen with me as, amongst more wolf whistles, I

glided along to the first class of the day.

With legs as long as mine, it was very difficult for me to sit gracefully in my

micro-mini-skirt and keep hidden that which a girl must keep hidden. Tania sat

alongside me in class and could not take her eyes off my thighs as I crossed my

legs She would have noticed anything I did with my legs, her attention was so

transfixed.

I tried not to be sexy. I wanted Tania as a friend. But I was sexy: nature had

made me overwhelmingly sexy: I could not fight nature.

It was the same young teacher that had complimented me so fulsomely that was

taking this class. She made every excuse to come to where I was sitting, and I

knew without looking that her eyes were feasting on my black stockinged-and-suspendered white thighs.

As the bell went to announce the morning break, she gave me my first

demonstration of my true new position in the school. As I walked past her she

patted my clothing covered rear.

I ran from the class amidst cheers and wolf whistles, including from Tania. But

I was so pleased and feeling so very randy. My mind was in a complete spin.

There was to be no refuge for me in the sports ground where we took our morning

and afternoon breaks. I would not be left alone. Girls gathered round me like

bees seeking nectar. They wanted to talk to me. Just to talk; not to touch,

though one tried to take my hand.

The air was saturated with compliments about my face, my hair, my eyes, my

figure, and especially my legs. I thanked all who whistled at me and said such

nice things.

My mind was in a total turmoil. My brain was in the command of the mistress

between my legs and she was moistening her gorgeous lips as my blushing face

showed all too clearly.

I feared. I was becoming very turned on by this overpowering attention. I must

break away. I decided to make a straight line for the bathroom. Surely I would

be safe from attention there.

It was a big mistake. I could not have been more wrong. Girls gathered around me

as I entered. Leading them was Tania.

"You can't expect to walk around looking like you do and not get felt," she said

to all-round approbation.

Two of her companions took my hands and held them gently behind my back. I could

have escaped easily had I wanted to, but the mistress between my legs wanted me

to yield to curiosity and go through with whatever might happen. I kept my

thighs tight together. There was the total silence of expectation and

fascination as Tania began to unbutton my blouse.

But, just as she was about to pull it aside to reveal my breasts, the head-girl

came along.

Immediately I was let go. I remembered my duty and curtseyed to her. "You need

to be more careful Smith. Straighten yourself up and get back to your class."

How could I face the class now? Most of them had been watching...

My beauty won the day. As I walked, head lowered in shame back into the class at

the end of the break, the two young women that had been with Tania and held my

hands behind me, now held my chair for me, let me sit, moving the chair gently

under me, and then leant over and told me that I was absolutely adorable: and

they meant it.

From here on, these girls, Mary and Sasha, would become something like

protectors. They desired me, but they wanted my friendship. They wanted to know

the real Melody Smith as well as this compellingly sexy creature that displayed

her lovely long legs in class for the pleasure of all.

The rest of the day went much as the way it had begun. I was the never ending

centre of attention, but with Mary and Sasha with me as I went about the day

that all the other young women went about too, I had no more trouble and began

to build trust and confidence in my new found friends.

Compliments fell on me like confetti but I found the award of a smile was

overabundance of payment to the originators of those compliments, who were

happy, blissfully happy, to have got such a pleasing reaction from me. To have

been noticed by a beautiful girl was all they sought. To win a smile from me was

more than heaven itself could send them.

Chapter 5 - My Second Night

My stomach turned more than a little at the thought of the evening in the

prefecture and the demands they would be likely to put on me, authorised as they

were, to have my body if they so desired.

In fact, perhaps because the head-girl was not there, apart from not being

allowed to join in the conversation, as I was not their equal, I found peace and

quiet enough to do my studies.

It was expected of me that I make drinks and toast or whatever the prefects

wanted by way of food snacks, and that I tidy and clean the kitchen. But that

was no major burden, even if it was a little demeaning.

The imminent return of the head-girl set the room buzzing though.

"You had better stand," said the lovely Josephine to me, "You're bound to get a

whipping for what you let happen in the lavs today".

I turned pale at the thought of this. It was the first time any notion of the

possibility of my being punished for real had crossed my mind.

The head-girl entered. I curtsied to her. She ordered me to make her coffee. The

whole room then seemed to relax once more, and the evening went on till I wished

to take a shower and go to bed. I rose and began to head for the door of my tiny

separate room.

"Before you go to bed Smith, I'm afraid I have to teach you a little lesson",

said the head-girl. The rest of the prefecture paid attention. "You will stand

facing the back of the dining table chair over there" she pointed.

I did as I was told. I was aware that the head-girl had now got a three-foot-long leather strap in her right hand.

"You behaved appallingly in the lavatories today. I saw with my own eyes what

you were allowing to happen. You have been told that no other girl may touch you

without our permission and yet you were showing no resistance to having your

breasts exposed and, no doubt, felt", she announced matter of factly.

"Before I punish you, you will remember now, and absolutely remember now, that

you must NEVER; EVER; touch yourself sexually", she ordered with firm vehemence.

"Keep your legs together, lift your skirt fully clear of your buttocks, and bend

over that chair till your fingers reach the base of its front legs, and you can

grasp the chair's legs", she ordered.

I was all too aware of all the eyes on my beautiful body as I obeyed the order.

Whistles of appreciation sounded out, despite the threatening atmosphere, and an

astonished gasp of pleasure was followed by awed silence as my beautiful nude

shaven virgin's nest peaked between my superb long rounded white thighs when I

was fully bent.

"You will remember now, and absolutely remember now, that you must NEVER; EVER

touch yourself sexually", the head-girl repeated.

Then she stood to my left, lifted the strap and with an unforgettable whistle

from the speed with which it frisked through the air, she brought it down, with

the fullest force she could muster, at the tops of my wonderful thighs where my

half-moons curve into thigh and where the lips of my nude shaven naughty were

fully exposed to the strap's horizontal kiss: THWICK!!!!!

I screamed with the pain of the blow. I shot bolt upright. "Don't you dare touch

yourself Smith!" the head-girl reminded me.

I grasped my belly with both pretty hands as I bent double and gasped with the

pain. The stinging at the tops of my thighs was nothing to the zinging and

throbbing in the most girl part of my gorgeous girl's body. I oh so, so, so

longed to sooth my pain. But I dare not touch myself. I dare not touch myself. I

must not touch myself even as my slit throbbed from the horrendous blow, I must

not touch myself, and I could not sooth myself.

It was as I was squatting on the floor moaning with the throbbing in my

girlhood, that the pain turned to pleasure and my moans to sexual desire. I

looked with pleading at my onlookers who just smiled knowingly.

Keeping what dignity I could muster, I pulled down my skirt and wiggled to my

room. There I stripped naked and got into my bed. My naughty-honey was trickling

from me as I lay with my legs doubled toward my chest like a foetus, holding my

hands hard behind my back, uttering little moans of sexual pleasure of a depth I

had never experienced before.

All night long my cunt throbbed and urged me, and I tossed tumbled and turned

with unfulfilable frustrating want...

...At three I got up and ran a cool shower using the water especially between my

legs to douse my desire. After that I managed to sleep, if fitfully.

Rising the next day to ready myself for my run, I was surprised to find no mark

on my body from the lash.

Before I set out. I saw my clothing for the day arranged. It included gym kit.

This latter was explained by a note to the effect that I was to exhibit myself

in the gymnasium at lunchtime that day where I would exercise in my selected gym

kit, skipping rope.

Chapter 6 - My Second Day

Running the next early morning brought my thoughts to focus. By that second

morning I had forgotten all about escaping. The sexual pleasure I had

experienced from my first night's whip kiss had me obsessed. The brain between

my legs had taken charge of me totally. She would be obeyed. She must be obeyed.

She wanted the deep pleasure I had been given by the whip's kiss. She wanted the

frustration I had experienced too. I ran faster and faster thinking of this, my

mind filled with desire to please.

For class, I wore the same, but fresh laundered, clothing that second day as I

had on the first: school uniform with pleated micro-mini skirt. The only change

I rang was to forego suspenders in favour of garters alone. They were lovely. I

had black stockings on once more. I adored these; they were such a contrast with

the creamy soft whiteness of my exposed thigh above the tops of them. The

garters were black with an elasticised ribbon interwoven, which were made into

large scarlet roses I would wear at the sides of my thighs at the top of the

stockings. They would draw even more attention to my legs, and I adored the

attention I was getting.

Before dressing I showered and shaved, being careful with my fingers not to

touch "she who must be obeyed": my most sensitive girl part.

I brushed my hair out till it crackled with static. Because of my upcoming gym

aerobics, I quickly spun my hair into two very long plaits, so I could keep it

away from my face as I did whatever I was to do for exercise.

I chose an almost orange lipstick, so much did I want to be noticed, and I fixed

an artificial scarlet rose in my hair on the right-hand side of my head. The

scarlet rose in my hair would draw attention to the scarlet roses in the garters

on my orgasmic thighs.

That morning, I slinked and glided to my classes in four-inch stilettos alive to

every whistle and compliment my appearance drew and loving them all, and

smilingly genuinely thanking the complimentors.

That morning I was only too aware of the cool breeze on my totally nude shaven

sweet soft super-sensitive slit under my micro-mini, and glad of it, for every

compliment was causing her to dampen.

As I wiggled into class all eyes were on my million-mile long legs and my lovely

bummy. Even the teacher stood silent as I glided by her. All attention was upon

me till I sat and the riveted eyes watched the hem of my skirt slide up my silky

soft thighs to show yet more bare flesh between gartered stocking tops and skirt

hem.

All were hoping and praying for a flash of the glory between my stupendous

thighs. All had to settle for a glimpse of my right smackybump as I crossed my

legs and my skirt slid off my smoothness. I smiled at the teacher. She blushed

and recollected herself.

"I hear you were whipped last night", whispered Tania. I blushed deep scarlet as

my slit seeped instantly at the recollection of it. I felt so randy: so turned

on by my girlness.

I uncrossed my legs and lucky Tania caught a microsecond flash of my moistness

as I re-crossed them. I looked her in the eyes, and my own blue eyes

twinkle-flashed green, I so wanted to have love made to me by anybody.

But I must concentrate on my work. I had the body that every girl in the class

was trying to see; but I must, just must fight the mistress between my legs and

concentrate on my work.

As I slinked out of the class for the morning break, several girls took turns to

sniff at the seat of the chair I had been sitting upon, to smell my fresh musk.

At the morning break itself, admirers surrounded me once more. They all but

drowned me in compliments, particularly about the scarlet-rose-decorated garters

on my thighs. I smiled gently and said a laughingly pleased "no" in answer to

the repeated pleading of a small group of younger girls for me to let them see

my bare bum.

So highly aroused was I by the never-ending attention and compliments that I

decided I would give some reward. I did not know if I would be reported and

punished for it. But at one and the same time I hoped not; and I hoped so.

Wolf whistles greeted my return to class and my chair. I was blushing a deep

scarlet with pleasure as my naughty oozed my honey.

Then I executed my plan. I slid gently into my chair with all eyes watching my

skirt's hemline rise once more: and I let it. Acting entirely as if I had not

noticed, I let the hem rise up off and completely uncover my bum, so I sat with

my bare bummy on the chair.

Of course I crossed my exquisitely shapely long, long, legs to hide my honeying

slit. And then I looked challengingly at my class companions who were all

falling off their chairs to get a better view of my entire right thigh from knee

to curvaceously curved nude right smackybump.

So distracted were they that the teacher, poor girl, had to come and ask me to

pull my hemline down. No eye in the room, not even hers, was off me as I

wriggle-wiggled and took the hem back over my gorgeous bare bottom once more.

The morning passed with me in a dream at my admiration from the other girls. I

was being confirmed as really and truly the loveliest girl in the school. And it

mattered: it mattered to me.

As instructed by the note left in my room, I had taken my gym kit to class. The

time was now coming when I must go to the gymnasium for public aerobics.

Tania eagerly led me to the changing rooms. I would have them all to myself

alone. I opened the bag. I had not looked at this particular PE kit before. The

first thing I took out was a wooden handled skipping rope.

Then I searched in the bag for what I was to wear. I found regulation crimson

red cotton school knickers, a bright yellow cotton vest, and white trainers. I

had some doubt if the other kit was big enough for my body, but the trainers at

least would be a perfect fit.

Deliberately chosen for being too small for me as it had been, I squeezed myself

into this kit as best my body would go. Then I gathered up my two plaits and

tied them, individually quadruple folded, with ribbon, so they would not get in

my way as I skipped rope

And I looked into the mirror. Though I say it myself, knickers were never more

delightfully filled than these I wore, and my firm pert pendulous lollipops with

their conical peaks were beautifully poking out the fabric of my top, which was

so lifted by them as to leave my midriff totally bare.

I took up the rope and found the whole school it seemed, whistling and cheering

as I slinked into the gym. I would show them. I would give them a display they

would never forget.

I had not skipped rope since I was a child, but soon got going. I must skip for

an hour. After half that time, lovely sweet smelling girl-sweat made my

beautiful legs shine, and my thighs were mirrors with its dew as I danced to the

tune of the rope I turned, and my lollipops jiggled and joggled and bounced

mesmerisingly under my top.

There was utter silence but for the sound of the rope, my feet drumming on the

floor, and my breathing as my dew slowly soaked my top to show the outline of my

titties and perky nipples, and my knickers wet up with the dew between my legs.

But it was not sweat alone that was wetting my knickers.

As my hour drew to its close, applause and wolf whistles followed my nearly

quarter-bared bummy, the wonderful shape of which was delineated through my

sweaty knickers, as I glided exhausted to the changing room and shower.

I was supposed to be left in peace and privacy there, but girls followed me as

far as the door begging me to throw them my soiled knickers.

I blushed scarlet knowing the state they were in and why. But the clamour

continued: "We want your knickers! "We want your knickers!". They chanted.

I took off my sweat and honey stained knickers and reached round the door with

them, dangling them from my index finger, only to have them snatched and to hear

a fight break out with the unmistakeable sound of tearing material and screams.

I was told later that the girl who finally got the crotch held it up to her nose

and smelled it as if she were inhaling a drug. She was indeed on a drug. The

drug was my drying honey.

The atmosphere in class that afternoon was so electric. The whole class rose and

applauded as I slinked proudly back in, still in my mile-long golden plaits.

Yet, later, I was aware there was planning going on. Something was intended for

the afternoon break. Something I wanted to happen but for which I knew I was

sure to be punished.

In the sports ground an hour and a half later, I could see Tania Mary and Sasha

coming toward me. I had a feeling I was going to love what they wanted to do,

but not going to like the aftermath of what they were coming toward me for. I

was soon to find out.

"Come on Melody" said Tania with a glint in her eye. "You're going to get what

you deserve".

The mistress between my legs had control of me entirely. I had no choice but to

obey her. Tania with Mary and Sasha, the two girls who I thought were my

friends, led me gently by the hands toward one of the lavatories.

"We know what your after!" "We know what your after!" taunted young voices as we

passed them.

Mary and Sasha only watched Tania, as Tania backed me up against the lavatory

wall and gently patted the insides of my upper thighs, the bare flesh above my

gartered stockings, to bid me part my long, long, legs.

I did as I was ordered. A crowd was gathering. I turned my head to one side as

Tania tried to kiss me, I too knew what she was after and wanted her to just get

on with it.

"Okay then, you're going to get what you're asking for anyway", Tania hissed,

upset by my refusal of her kiss.

To cheers she sucked the longer middle finger of her right hand, and without

ceremony found my slit under my skirt and slid her digit in, up to its hilt with

a single hard unmerciful unkind and ungentle thrust. There was no resistance:

her finger shot into my cunt, I was so lubricated with my honey.

"Oh please don't" I said. But in truth I adored it.

To cheers from all the onlookers she worked her finger insistently but slowly up

and down within me whilst her other hand went up my skirt onto my bum so she

could feel my glorious bum as she raped me, and I gasped and gave little moans

with very, very real pleasure, tossing my long blonde plaits from side to side

in total rapture, as my legs turned to jelly.

My eyes rolled up and back in my head, I closed my eyes and moaned and squealed

with the wonderful sensation of this crude penetration.

"She loves it: she loves it!" said a voice. The voice was not wrong.

Then I could hear ringing in my head. The school bell was clattering. The break

was over.

Tania just took her finger out of me and left me.

Alone now, I grasped my belly and doubled over. I longed to finish myself off. I

wanted to come. I wanted an orgasm. But it was forbidden me to touch

myself...........

..........I knew I must gather myself. I splashed my mouth with cold water and

drank some. I straightened my skirt hem as best I could. I also knew now I would

be whipped too and l had not even had relief.

I felt soiled and humiliated. All the rest of that afternoon as the class

continued to ogle my legs, Tania would, within my seeing, but out of sight from

the rest of the room, smell her right hand's middle finger with my cream dried

on it...

Chapter 7 - My Third Night

Given the severity of my punishment for letting the girls begin to strip me on

my first full school day, you can imagine the fear I felt returning to the

prefecture after Tania's fingering in the afternoon of my second full day. I

thought it an absolute certainty that I would receive a severe beating. I was

not wrong, but I calculated without consideration of the depth of psychological

mischief the head-girl and prefects were able to bring to bear.

Only Josephine was there to greet me as I entered the prefecture. She was a

prefect now of course, and oh how lovely she was and how sexy.

At eighteen Josephine was a gorgeous dark-haired brown-eyed woman-girl without a

straight line in her lovely body. The girl between my legs wanted to be ordered

about by her. There was only Jo and me in the prefecture. I could easily have

disobeyed. But, if I was to be punished, to be punished by the gorgeous

brown-eyed brunette Josephine was going to be heaven, or so I thought.

I curtsied to Jo, as was my duty. Even as I lowered my body in respect, and my

eyes, I could feel the gorgeous Jo's brown beauties taking in the two-mile

lengths of my black stockinged and red rose gartered legs.

I looked up to see that Jo was blushing deep scarlet, whilst trying to keep her

prefect's dignity.

"I've been ordered..." she began. "You disobeyed letting them touch you this

afternoon. I looked at Jo with sympathy. "I have been ordered to punish you",

she blurted out at last blushing an even deeper cherry red as I curtsied again

to show that I would obey her.

What happened next took me totally by surprise. Jo walked up to me as if about

to kiss me, and oh how I would have adored that. Then she slapped my face

stunningly hard, ripped my blouse off my tits with both her hands, buttons

flying hither and yon, tore my skirt from me as I turned from fear of another

face slap, threw me front down on the communal couch, and commenced to slap my

gorgeous bare bummy as hard as she could with her delectably pretty right hand.

I was so taken by shock that I uttered no sound as the room echoed with the

"slap", "slap" "slap" on my poor bare cheeks as Josephine beat my sexy bare bum

as hard as she possibly could. As I got my breath back I cried out for her to

stop, and that she was hurting me, and she slapped my nude half-moons even

harder.

And I loved it. I loved it. I could have fought Jo off, but pain and pleasure

were melting my mind and my body as she beat me and beat me and beat me. I could

have fought Jo off, but I knew I had to take my punishment like a girl.

And I was taking my punishment like a girl and the mistress between my legs was

taking my mind to new heights of pleasure as Jo rhythmically slapped my bare bum

as hard and as often as she could, alternating cheeks and then concentrating on

one lovely smackybump and then slapping hard the other in case it thought it had

been forgotten.

The loud slaps echoed from the walls like whip cracks. Jo slowed and slapped my

bummy harder, then she speeded and slapped my bum more gently, if only slightly

more gently. Then she stopped. Then she gave my right bare smackybump an

extremely hard slap. Then she slapped my bum alternate smackybump by alternate

smackybump. Then she slowed and slapped my bummy harder than ever before. I was

beaten breathless as she smacked my nude bum over and over and over again.

After fifteen minutes, Jo's pretty palm had marked each wonderful millimetre of

each of my gorgeous cheeks from where they merged to become my back to where

they creased to become my thighs. She was merciless as she slapped me and

slapped me and slapped me.

Tears welled in my eyes as Josephine smacked and slapped me, and my bum

smackybumps became rose red and red hot with her harsh unrelenting spanking.

After half-an-hour, there was no part of my bum that Jo's smacks had not visited

at least a dozen times or more, she beat my sexy bum with such ferocity. I was

gasping with pain and then, as my centre rapidly moistened, I moaned with sexual

arousal...

...And, as no doubt planned and ordered, her slapping immediately stopped.

I was totally humiliated as I groaned with the stinging pain from my half-hour

beating both hurting and arousing me. I wanted to beg for the beating to

continue or for Josephine to take me in any way she pleased to, but I knew I

must be silent and obedient as I lay on my front on the couch aching to touch

and sooth my poor beaten red and red-hot skin, but not daring for fear of

breaking the rules that the School Slag must live by, tears trickling down my

rose coloured face cheeks.

"Let that be a lesson to you" croaked the sexy Josephine kneeling beside me,

still in the pose in which she had slapped me so long and so hard, and in a

voice I knew to be even huskier than usual because of her own sexual arousal.

"Get showered and go straight to bed, and don't you dare touch yourself". I

staggered to my feet. I was the naughty schoolgirl complete. I was being sent to

bed without food for having been a bad girl. I had had my bare bottom smacked

very hard for being a bad girl.

I knew lovely Jo's gorgeous brown eyes were riveted upon the livid nuclear-red

glow from my freshly smacked bottom as I wiggle-walked in my torn clothing

obediently to my shower.

"Think yourself lucky we didn't hand you over to the lower third for them to

spank you" Jo called behind me, and I bit my lower lip and honey flowed from me

all the more at the thought of the shame of enduring such a fate.

My juice was trickling from my centre onto my long strong thighs as I stripped

off such clothing tatters as remained on me and ran my shower. My heart was

thumping in my throat, my face flushed almost as crimson red as my poor beaten

bottom.

As I stepped into the shower, I tight wrapped one long, long leg around the

other squeezing my thighs hard together, gritting my teeth and doubling over

making dainty fists with my pretty hands to try and stop what was happening to

my between-legs-mistress: she who was now in absolute dictate over me.

Then the mental picture Jo's parting shout had conjured, of a naked me, bound

hand and foot helplessly, being dragged inexorably into the dormitory of the

lower third where the young girls had been given carte-blanche to feel me and

stroke me and smack me, caused my honey to dribble down my thighs, and I gasped

and fought not to scream as orgasm after orgasm wracked my body.

Next, as if in a dream, lovely Jo was in the shower naked with me, she took me

in her arms and kissed me full on my willing mouth. She told me she adored me

and that I was beautiful.

We showered. Then she towelled us both dry, leaving my long, long hair still

damp and knotted, and being extremely gentle with my poor puce blue black beaten

bruised bum. Afterwards she led me gently by the hand to my bed, where for the

rest of that night I was in seven-billionth heaven as Josephine gently caressed

and kissed me to oblivion and beyond.

I was in love. Jo let me caress her legs. I was head over heels in love. Jo let

me touch her lovely breasts. I was lost in love. Jo let me kiss her nipples.

Nothing now could undo my love for my gorgeous Josephine. I would do anything

for her as I lay with the middle finger of her right hand deep in my naughty,

and she kissed my mouth to take me to orgasm for the twelfth or twentieth time

that night.

Chapter 8 - My Third Day

I awoke the next morning to find myself alone in my bed, Josephine gone.

I felt incredibly stiff. I rose to ready myself for my compulsory morning run.

Today I needed that run to ease the rigidity the savage spanking Jo had given me

had caused in my muscles.

The first sight I caught of my naked self in the full-length mirror that fronted

my wardrobe, was of the left cheek of my face and my left eye. I had a black eye

from Jo's preliminary slap. I turned and looked over my shoulder at my lovely

bum. It was purple blue and black with bruising from the palm of Josephine's

lovely hand, with clear signs at the edges of where her fingers had hit me too.

With great difficulty, I donned my running kit and left for my run, noting as I

did so that it would take an hour to brush the knots out of my superb long

blonde hair as a result of it being wetted in the shower last night and not

combed and brushed out immediately afterwards. As my sexy long shapely legs took

me three miles that morning, it was the slowest run of my young life.

Fortunately, I was very early, since, as well as my hair being in a complete

mess, I knew I needed to shave my slit and depilate my legs. I needed a good

hour to ready myself for the day ahead.

The thought that I had now been thoroughly loved by another girl for the first

time in my life played no part in my thinking. I felt terribly hot. This was it.

I knew it was that time of the month for me. My period was coming on. I was

about to start that uniquely girl experience: menstruation.

I returned to my room feeling like hell I was so hot. I took a tepid shower. I

used my shaving foam and shaved my slit, before spending half-an-hour shaving my

legs. I only had fifteen minutes for my hair and did what I could before I must,

but must, dress for classes.

My clothes were set out for me. I donned a crisp white semi-translucent blouse.

I needed a sanitary towel, so I put on the sanitary towel belt and affixed a

towel to its front and rear hooks. I put fresh towels into my handbag.

Suspenders would be difficult to wear with the towel belt, so I covered my

gorgeous legs with the dark-green stockings they had left me, and to top and

hold these, I slid up my stupendous thighs dark-green-ribboned black frilled

garters. And then I put on my green-tartan micro-micro-mini kilt.

It was obvious to me why they had chosen that kilt for that day, and why it was

so sexily short. Wearing it, at any given time half my freshly beaten bottom

would be displayed to the world. Around my waist I fitted the sporran.

I looked in the mirror after putting on my four-inch stilettos. Although I

personally felt like hell, I had to admit I looked incredibly sexy. Through the

frilly semi-translucent blouse my pink rosebud conical strawberry nipples could

be clearly seen. The micro-micro-mini kilt came halfway down my bum, leaving my

punished body on display to humiliate me. At the front, the sporran hung low to

hide my nude shaven naughty, or at least it would have, just about, if it were

not already covered by the sanitary towel I was seeping copiously into.

I braced myself to face the day. Taking the Slag's ring from my left hand

wedding finger; I slid it onto the same finger of my right hand, to signal that

I was "unclean". And I wiggle-walked graceful leggy striding to even louder

whistles cheers and jeers than I had been used to. I was displayed to erotic

perfection; but I had never felt less sexy in all my life and, worse still,

Josephine completely ignored me.

That Jo should ignore me after the passion we had just shared in my bed, hurt.

My mind was already racing with feverish distorted thoughts from my being on

heat. That the girl I loved should take no notice of me hurt me very deeply.

"Who smacked your bummy?!""Who smacked your bummy?!" a gaggle of young girls

chanted as I slinked by. I could have killed them, I felt so vile.

I knew I was still being punished for letting Tania finger me. I assumed that

Josephine was part of my punishment. The head-girl had spotted my attraction to

Jo and had ordered Jo to take me into love with her, so that my heart could be

broken, or so I thought.

My heart was indeed broken and my humiliation made total by the display of my

beaten bottom to the whole school. What I thought had been love from Josephine,

was now revealed as having been no more or less than rape. The savage slapping

Jo had given me, had not been a preliminary to love, it had been to disarm

disable and arouse me for my full deflowering.

I sat in class stiffly; my bare bruised bum-cheeks on the hard wooden chair, so

short was my kilt. After half-an-hour, the teacher excused me so that I could go

to the bathroom to change my towel. And there I had a little cry.

At the morning break, Jo came up to me in the exercise yard. I curtsied and

tried to look for any sign of returned affection in Jo's eyes. In truth it was

there for me to see. Josephine was as much in love with me as I with her. It was

just my state of mind with my being on heat that distorted my view, and was

causing my young heart to ache. Jo was indeed under orders to torment me by not

returning any affection, but she could not in fact resist me.

Jo warned me about the state of my hair and cautioned that I risked being

whipped if I did not make more effort with my appearance. I thanked Jo, trying

to convey by my look how much I longed for her smile. Jo avoided my eyes and

told me to report to the medical centre at lunchtime so that she could treat my

bruises.

And so there I was once more totally naked lying face down with Josephine, the

love of my life, standing over me. And oh how I adored her gentle soft pretty

hands as she caressed my poor beaten mounds and smoothed into me a cool clear

ointment to ease by savage bruises. Then she kissed my forehead and I began to

cry as she caressed my face and told me I was adorable.

Chapter 9 - My Third Week - Monday

Certain of Josephine's love, I worked hard on my fitness over the next few days.

My period eventually ended and my bruises disappeared and I gave the exhibition

of exhibitions to the school on the Sunday beginning my third week, when I swam

in the school pool totally naked for their pleasure. They saw me bathe in water,

but I also bathed in their adoration and their wolf whistles and their comments

about the beauty of my body, crude though some of these were.

Nobody, bar the gorgeous Jo, had touched me sexually whilstever I was on heat,

and she only to caress the ointment into my poor bruised and abused bummy. But

now my period was over, and I had returned my Slag's ring to my wedding finger

on the Saturday morning immediately prior to my naked swim.

The girl that strode to class the next Monday was a new me.

That day I was dressed in a tight fitting knitted top with horizontal alternate

light-blue and white-hooped pattern, in the manner of a French Apache dancer. It

had long sleeves but covered only a little below my lovely firm breasts leaving

my flat midriff and belly-button bare. It also hung off my delectable shoulders

baring my long slim swan's neck.

My golden hair cascaded down to below the base of my bum shining and shimmering

in the morning sun. I wore five-inch spike-stiletto heels, a wholly new high and

a very sensual and sexual sensation for me; they made me wiggle so, as I walked

on near tiptoe in them.

On my legs I wore midnight black fishnet stockings that were held up by my

deep-space black suspenders, one suspender running down my thigh at the front of

each of my legs, and the other purposely sexily, if impractically, stretched

right over my lovely bum half-moons to hold the stocking up at the rear.

My regulation garter was also deep-space black with a huge black rose. And my

skirt was again black. It just, and only just, covered my bum as I stood, and it

was slit all the way up both sides so as to reveal the whole of my thighs and

the sides of my bottom as I walked and even more of my bottom when I sat.

I had never ever felt so sexy and my nude shaven cunt was moistened by my

arousal and the cool air that blew over its soft tight-closed lips as I

wiggle-walked in my five-inch heels to my class, only to be stopped in my tracks

by the head-girl and her deputy.

I curtsied flashing more delectable strong fit heaven-made gorgeous leg.

"I have decided I want a fresh laid egg for my tea" announced the head-girl. I

looked up astonished to know what she meant.

To my utter incredulity, her deputy proffered a dark brown and freckled

chicken's egg from her hand. And, as if it happened every day, passed it to me.

"You will carry my egg, cook it in your juices for the day, and lay it for me

when I am ready for it this evening" ordered the head-girl.

Astounded, I could only answer, "Yes mistress" as I curtsied once more.

The metaphorical wind had been taken out of my equally metaphorical sails. I was

astounded. I was speechless. And yet I knew that this was just so sexy, so very,

very sexy.

Weird: it was undoubtedly weird. It was intended to humiliate me, but I was so

much on high with my girlness and femininity that I all but welcomed the

humiliation.

Some part of my mind wanted me to be humiliated. It was, of course, never in the

forefront of my mind. But in a secret part of my brain I wanted the secret

torture. The mistress between my lovely legs wanted every new experience and

turned every experience to sex.

Taking the already hard-boiled egg, I wiggle walked amid loud wolf whistles from

the junior girls going to classes, and took myself to a lavatory cubicle.

Of course I knew where the egg must go and where it must stay for the day. I was

so naughty-wet from the sexiness of my clothes and the wolf whistles and the

humiliation of what I had been ordered to do, that I easily slid the egg into my

slit, broad end first, deciding, that it was less likely to slide out that way.

Then I wiggled gracefully over to a sink keeping my thighs so close they rubbed

together, for fear I would lay my egg prematurely, to wash my fingers and

wondered how I could possible last the day with the egg filling me and always in

danger of being crushed by a wrong move. I had no doubt that I would be whipped

if I broke the egg, so the rest of my walk to class that day was slower than the

slowest snail.

I held the egg in me as I sat, resisting the natural pulses that would have

ejected it from me. In the snug warmth of my lovely naughty I slow-warmed my

first egg as I sat with the full incredible length of my glorious legs revealed

by my spilt skirt, right up to my cheeky bare bum cheeks.

As I stood to go to the lavatory, I must needs move very carefully and to walk

so slowly I feared I would gush forth my pee before I made the bathroom. Even in

peeing I kept a finger on my egg to hold it safe from even the slightest risk of

being prematurely ejected.

Morning break saw me standing legs crossed to keep the egg in my cunty. Girls

made clucking noises as they passed. I blushed with shame not hitherto knowing

they knew I was carrying an egg for my chief mistress. I found myself forcing my

naughty's lips closed and thereby exciting myself as I fought to keep my egg in

its delectable cooking pot.

By the end of the fifteen-minute interlude from lessons, I had become so honeyed

my egg must surely shoot from my slit and so, to ever-louder whistles and cheers

and jeers, I wiggled back, walking close-legged to tight hold my egg in my

naughty.

Chicken clucks and "cock a doodle doos" greeted me as I wiggled back to my seat

and lowered my bum carefully so as not to let go my precious first egg. Then I

blushed deep crimson at my deep, deep humiliation.

At lunchtime I declined to move amid comments about how the little hen must have

gone broody and how she must sit on her nest till she can lay. And I continued

to fight to keep the egg in me as near orgasmic pulses went through me. I bit my

pretty lower lip and squeezed my glorious thighs hard together to retain my egg.

Yet I knew I must walk to my next class. I was terrified I would abort my egg if

I stood. I held my thighs tight together and rose very, very slowly.

"Cluck, cluck, cluck, cluck", went the cruel young women witnessing my torment.

Then I stood and breathed a sigh of relief. I walked in mincing little steps my

slit grinding my egg as I wiggled sexily along. "Cluck, cluck, cluck, cluck",

and "cock a doodle doo" assailed my ears.

I would obey. I would carry my mistress' egg. I would be my mistress' hen. I

would be my mistress' cooking pot. It was my egg; my precious egg that I was

carrying. This hen would carry her egg to its full term and not lay it till it

was ordered she should. She would carry her egg for days or weeks if it were

ordered she do so.

My precious egg was warming in my spice. The heat of my naughty and the spice I

surrounded it with had heated my egg almost all the way through. My wonderful

cunt-heat would continue to slow warm my egg for my mistress for the rest of the

day.

Whilst others found some way to concentrate on their lessons, I sat gently down

on my hard wooden chair for my afternoon English lesson, with only my egg on my

mind. My egg was my mission. I would shelter and protect it in my lovely nest. I

would warm it slowly in my cunty and keep it safe and sound for my mistress.

My egg. It was my egg! My first ever egg!! Nothing must go wrong with my first

ever egg. They might mock me and jeer me, but I was going to be the loving

mother hen to my first ever egg, no matter what.

I was used to it in me now. I glowed with a little pride that I could hold it

safe and keep warming it in my naughty as I sat on my seat determined not to

move, so that my egg would be held safe and sound. I was a human chicken on a

human chicken's nest, so preciously did I sit to hold my egg within my sweet

soft cooking pot.

Then a sudden vision that I might be incubating a chicken in me shot though my

mind, and the class turned toward me as I gasped at the thought of the tapping

of beak on shell till shell broke, and a pretty yellow chick eased its way out

between the lips of my slit.

Was I really just warming this precious ready-boiled egg or was I being made to

bear a chick? My mind whirred as I sat on my metaphorical nest, obediently

warming my egg and hoping I would satisfy my mistress so that I might carry more

eggs for her.

And so I spent that day, alternating between arousal and discomfort as I

determinedly did my duty as a chicken sitting upright proudly on my nest.

That evening, school over, it took me ten minutes to walk the normally

five-minute route to the prefecture, such was the care with which I must wiggle

walk to keep from laying the egg, my egg. My first ever egg; my precious

treasure slowly warming in my delicious honey; my gorgeous cooking pot; my

beautiful naughty.

Chapter 10 - My Third Week - Monday Night

On my return to the dormitory, I sat very gently on a hard chair, legs together

at the knee, pretty hands on knees, glorious hair tumbling down my left flank to

the floor, patiently awaiting the head-girl's pleasure and order for me to lay

my egg for her.

I sat, and I sat, for half-a-hour, then an hour, still holding and warming my

egg within me.

"I'll have the egg now" ordered the head-girl.

The other girls gathered around me, as a cushion was placed on the floor. I rose

tight closed thighed from my chair and wiggled over to where the cushion was.

Then I squatted, parted my stupendous thighs as wide as I could, and fought to

ease the egg out of me without using my hands. A chicken must lay her egg

naturally I told myself.

To the onlookers it was anticlimactic. The egg shot from me onto the cushion and

I obediently rose and curtsied to hand it, still on the cushion to the

head-girl, blushing at my humiliation and torture and the wetness from my oozing

nectar the recollection of my chicken duty was causing, but also glowing with

pride at my achievement for my chief mistress.

"I've changed my mind" said the head-girl. "Throw it away!"

My humiliation was total as I curtsied unquestioningly once more, and

wiggle-slinked to the kitchen to deposit the egg, my egg, my first ever egg, the

egg I had taken care of in my little honey pot so carefully and lovingly, my

precious egg, the egg I had so assiduously borne within my naughty all that day,

obediently to the trashcan.

As I returned to the common room of the prefecture, tears welling in my eyes,

the head-girl simply ignored me.

I caught sight of my lovely Josephine and tried to smile her way. But I was

taken aback as the head-girl, without looking up from her studies, told me: "Go

to your room and strip totally naked: Marion, Elspeth, and Georgina want to

stroke you."

I must obey. It was my duty to obey. I dare not hesitate. I knew I would be

whipped were I to hesitate. I tried to catch a glimpse of lovely Jo as I turned

for my room, but she had forced her head down.

Minutes later, totally naked as ordered, I sat on the very edge of my bed for my

room to be invaded by the three prefects who wanted to make love to me.

As they came in I stood and curtsied obediently. They sat me down on my bed and

wasted no time taking what they wanted from me. They eagerly kissed my pretty

mouth in turn: long and passionate kisses that I must accept and return if so

ordered. Then, whilst Marion continued to kiss me, the other two of them sucked

on my tit-tips.

I was deeply aroused despite myself. And it was not long before the peace and

quiet of the next-door lounge was shattered by my girly gasp cry of extreme

pleasure as Marion's long middle finger was inside my slit and taking me to

ecstasy.

My supremely super-sensitive young-girlness took over the whole of my body as

the three older girls stroked my thighs, and rubbed my lollipops, and ran their

pretty hands over my bummy and my suckbuds.

I was their slave. I must be obediently subservient to their wishes. I could

make no move that they did not command. Though I longed for their fingers in my

purse, I could neither tell them nor guide them that way.

I loved my thighs being stroked. Marion was behind me kissing my neck as

Elspeth, and Georgina slowly stroked my thighs back and forth, back and forth,

back and forth, and Marion's finger was then wiggled wildly in my purse the

while. And poor Josephine must sit next-door pretending she did not care as the

air was torn by my scream as I orgasmed on Marion's lovely finger.

They lay me on my back on the bed, and Elspeth, and Georgina then pulled me up

suddenly and harshly by my nipples. As Marion kissed my mouth, deep tonguing me,

my titty-tips were being squeezed brutally hard. Then they let them go and it

hurt more than when they were being pinched. Elspeth, and Georgina slapped my

tits twice each very hard as Marion rammed her finger into my slit again and

poor Jo listened to my girl-girly squeal as I orgasmed once more.

They turned me on my face, and began to stroke the whole length of my parted

legs from ankle up calf, over back of knee, along long thigh, to a smackybump,

which was smacked lightly, before the stroke went back over the two-mile length

of my gorgeous legs and back again to smack one of my smackybumps. I was totally

wanton now. They reached under me, took a nipple each, pinched it very hard,

slapped my bottom hard, and poor Josephine heard my squeaks and shrieks as I

orgasmed a third time.

Now Elspeth, and Georgina had turned me over and were sucking and licking my

lollipops as Marion got down between my legs to kiss my slit. No sooner had

Marion's tongue touched the outer lips of my slit than poor Jo heard me squeal

once more as I orgasmed a fourth time.

They made me stand legs apart and Elspeth, and Georgina again pinched my

suckbuds as Marion struggled to find my clit in my sopping-wet honeyed naughty.

I howled with pain when she grasped my clitoris and squeezed it as hard as the

other girls were pinching my suckbuds. And, ten seconds after they all let go,

Jo heard my girly wanton squeaks as I orgasmed a fifth and then a sixth time.

The rough treatment was over now, the girls just wanted to take turns in kissing

me and feeling my purse.

Elspeth had first turn. As Marion and Georgina went into the main room to get

some water to refresh themselves, I lay on the bed on my left flank, my trunk in

Elspeth's arms, Elspeth's middle finger stroked up and down the tight outer lips

of my super-sensitive nude honey-wet naughty, and her eager mouth kissing my

mouth passionately.

Then she entered my sopping wet slit, and her enthusiastic prying fingers found

my girl-penis and she pressed and stroked my slit, and then deep fingered me and

pressed with the heel of her hand on my peek-a-boo's hood, and Marion and

Georgina next door as well as Josephine, heard my rising moans, and gasps, and

desperate sighs, and girly cries, and my shout and my scream as I orgasmed a

seventh time.

Georgina now returned, took me in her arms next and her warm hand was soon on my

seeping naughty. She pressed and squeezed and stroked my smooth nude shaven

purse, without seeking to penetrate me as I longed for her to do. And she kissed

my eager mouth with sexual wanton, whispering in my ear that I was an incredible

bitch who deserved to be whipped.

Then she parted my purse with a rapidly thrust middle-finger that took my breath

away, and I gasped and I cried out and I shook my golden hair from side to side

in astonishment as I went as rigid as if I were having a seizure, and once more

lovely Josephine heard my helpless girly-girly squeals as I orgasmed an eighth

time.

Marion had me lie on my back and a pillow put under my bum-cheeks. Her head was

between my helpless thighs and she began, as I had never experienced the

absolute heaven of ever before, to lick the cream from my eclair. I could not

help but take hold of her hair and caress her, even though it was forbidden me.

I arched up from the pillow in my ecstasy and girly squeals and screams uttered

from my agape mouth, and I orgasmed screaming my pleasure as I came a ninth and

then a tenth time.

Finished with me as they were now, I was let slide to the floor.

Broken and fucked as I had been, I screamed with sexual wantonness from this

disdainful and cruelly dismissive abandonment of me higher and higher and

higher, and I howled with total animal abandonment writhing uncontrollably on

the floor and pulling my wildly scattered straw-blonde hair with my pretty hands

as if in a fit.

Longing to touch myself, to feel and caress my sopping soaking crack that was

torrenting honeydew, and to press hard on my throbbing pleasure-painful

clitoris, I orgasmed for the eleventh and twelfth time, each time more totally

overwhelmingly than before as I went me to girl-heaven and far, far beyond.

Unbeknown to me, as I had begun to sleep exhausted on the hard floor, it was

Josephine and Marion who lifted me into my bed and covered me over. And it was

Josephine who stole the chance to kiss my forehead as I slept exhausted by my

love stroking, and whisper that she loved me.

Chapter 11 - My Third Week - Tuesday

As I dressed for class the next morning, I was newly girl-woman. I had

experienced sexual pleasure and lost some of my sweet innocence. I knew I could

please sexually. I had the confidence now that I lacked on my arrival, the

confidence in my astounding outstanding attractiveness.

The clothing I was to wear that day seemed to have been chosen with this in the

mind of others than myself alone.

I was naked as I looked in the mirror to ensure I aligned properly the

bright-crimson velvet choker I was fastening around my gorgeously long slim neck

struggling to get my hands behind the cascading waterfall of my superb

dazzlingly shining almost unbelievably long blonde hair.

I had already painted my exquisite mouth with crimson-red lipstick and I was

admiring the light freckles on my face and forehead that a late summer sunburst

had brought to the fore.

I was a fantastically pretty girl and I knew it. I knew it not in any swollen

headed way. I knew it in the way that counts it as a gift: an honour. I was, I

knew now for certain, beautiful, and I wanted to give pleasure to the world

through my beauty.

I was a golden-girl. I was more precious in my loveliness than mere gold though.

I was a woman with the power to devastate by my body, my face, my hair, my eyes,

a glance, a smile, even the merest sigh.

I knew now that I had power. I had woman's power. I also had a woman's

vulnerability. I needed the confirmation of my beauty that the other young women

at the school gave me by their unrestrained admiration.

I knew I had power because I saw the look on the faces of the girls who wanted

to please me and failed to win my smile. And I knew I had power because I saw

the look on the faces of the girls who wanted to please me and won my smile or,

even more so, a smile and a thank you from me.

I was putting livid-scarlet suspenders around my superb hips as I recalled the

passion with which I had been taken the night before and how I had caressed

Marion's hair as she had licked the cream in my eclair and nibbled my clit with

her lips and tongue.

Onto my stupendous legs I rolled the brilliant-scarlet rose-patterned stockings

that had been put out for me, and up onto my left thigh I took, and carefully

placed at stocking top, the bright-crimson velvet garter with huge bright livid

scarlet velvet artificial rose adorning it.

And what a dress they had laid out for me. Brilliantly bright-crimson velvet:

clinging figure-hugging bright-crimson velvet. I put my long slim blonde-downed

forearms through (it was sleeveless), and lowered it over my delectable body,

taking its hem down as far as it would go, and then lifted out the never-ending

abundance of my tumbling blonde locks.

I looked in the mirror to check my dress was on straight and looked also down at

myself.

This was the first time I had shown cleavage. My firm virgin-girl's breasts

poked out the front of the material in delightful round hidden pinnacled

hillocks. My breasts were well covered but a slim vent ran from my breastbone to

my neck: a cleavage-revealing vent: coy, shy, virginal; but cleavage-flashing

nonetheless.

But that was nothing compared with the hemline. Could this hemline be meant? It

surely was: yet is surely was not.

At the back of the dress my bum was only three-quarters covered, and delicious

quarter-moons of my gorgeous firm buttocks peeked brightly-whitely out,

contrasting so with the bright-crimson velvet of the dress as to make them look

whiter and even more innocent of the delight they gave.

And in the middle at the back where it displayed my bummy quarter-bare to the

world, the hem formed itself into a long round tail in pitch black velvet now

that ran down to coil on the ground behind me, and finished in a bright-red

crimson-red arrowhead. It was the tail of a devil, a devil, a deviless, and I

was the deviless it adorned.

If the hem of my bright-crimson velvet dress did not cover all of my delicious

bum at the back, at the front it covered nothing at all.

Was I to walk around all day with my naughty, my totally smooth fresh shaven

shiny soft-skinned super-sensitive virgin schoolgirl's slit on display for the

entire world to see? And how was I to sit with my dress so very short and tight

that it must rise completely off my bummy and show my all and everything

blatantly and shamelessly shamefully shamingly?

I blushed as honey again moistened my slit and my peek-a-boo danced within it at

the thought of this.

But then I noticed a hook sewn into the front of the dress, at centre and just

above the hem. I looked and found an answering loop in the tail that trailed on

the ground behind me, my deviless' tail.

Curiosity caused me to take the tail forward between my thighs and, yes; it was

to hook onto the front of the dress to hide my naughty. I found this incredibly

sexy and fought not to let my honey escape me and anoint my tail.

And yet the tail now hung so strangely. I looked at its arrow-headed-end and

noted that there was a loop attached to it, just behind the arrow itself.

But that was for later: for now, where were my shoes?

I looked high and low around my little side-room, but all I could see was a pair

of bright-crimson ballet shoes.

I could not believe that these were really they. I picked one up and examined

it. It was a ballet shoe, I had danced ballet till I was fifteen, less than a

year since, so I knew a ballet shoe, nobody could deny me that.

And yet this shoe was different. The material was crimson-red-velvet, but there

was more difference than that. As I felt around within it, I soon realised that

it was reinforced with metal. The toe-ends were metal. The soles were made rigid

with steel I assumed: metal too, definitely.

Then I realised what was intended and despite my resolution my slit shot full of

my juice and I let go a tiny fart of arousal.

I cannot deny the eagerness with which I tied on these modified ballet shoes and

ran their laces around my calves and tied them off in double bows, at front of

my legs, just below my knees.

This done, I rose before my mirror. I rose in my ballet-shoe-shod feet. I rose

not just to merely stand. I rose to stand on tiptoe, en pointe. This was the way

I was intended to stand this day. This was the way I was intended to walk this

day: all day.

This and my bright-crimson velvet dress, and my livid-crimson rose-patterned

stockings, and the devils tail coming up between my thighs over my slit, the

loop in the arrow-headed end of which I now put around my right wrist, made me

the complete, the absolutely complete, the totally irresistibly complete

deviless I was to be that day.

As I rose and turned to look at myself dressed-out, no devilled-out, in my

mirror, I saw that the hem of my skirt was now half-off my gorgeous cheeks. I

made no attempt to replace it. I looked at my bum-cheeks as I stood tiptoe

steepled in my ballet shoes and ogled the concave dimples my pirouetted stance

gave my both my cheeks. This was the way it was meant to be. My naughty was

dripping with my honeydew now.

I wiggled out the perfect she-devil, the stupendously sexy deviless half-bared

concaved-cheeked bummy undulating mesmirically, shouts and whistles and cat

calls and "wows" filled the corridors and the school sports ground as I

mince-step-tiptoed along with my divinely long legs looking even longer and more

erotically beautiful than ever before, and that was saying some, as I wiggled

along steeple-legged in constant ballet-dancered pirouette.........

I was in heaven as the adoration of the other girls in the school was poured out

on me. My nipples were hard, my naughty-lips torrenting honey, and my girl-penis

rigid and throbbing as I wiggled and minced along with my long mock-devils tail

trailing from my dainty right wrist, I was but a micro-hairsbreadth from a

public orgasm at the wolf whistles, in my incredibly, incredibly sexy

livid-bright-crimson-red devil's arrow-tailed erotically orgasmic velvet near

non-dress.................

.......and then the head-girl stopped me.

"Smith. You touched Marion's hair last night without permission. You will pay

for that. You will spend tonight on the bitch-wheel before the whole school."

I curtsied, and lowered my head.........

..........And, when I had stood myself up straight once more, a much younger

girl ran up behind me and gave my exposed half-bared dimple-sided firm right

femininely-muscled smackybump a resounding slap: "SMACK". .........And a

split-second later I orgasmed...

.....I orgasmed openly and shamelessly in public, squeezing my thighs on my

devil's tail so that it rubbed on my nude crack, I orgasmed with erotic little

innocent's open-mouthed-closing-eyed-shocked-tiny-girly-gasps, so highly

girl-sexually charged was I...........

Chapter 12 - On The Bitch-Wheel

The deep pleasure for me of my exhibition in my devil crimson velvet dress went

on all day.

I showed miles of leggy-leg and astonishingly huge strong thigh when I sat in

class. And I bent over to display my delectably delightfully delicious

smackybumps, when girls snatched my books from me and threw them on the floor

purposely to make me have to pick them up again. I wiggled super-girlily as I

slinked along on tiptoe in my reinforced ballet shoes.

I was mega-charged with my girlness and in adoration of exhibiting myself for

the pleasure of the other girls, who gathered round to tell me, as I never tired

of hearing now, just how incredibly lovely and sexy I was.

The other girls wanted to make me blush. They wanted to make me blush, not just

because it made my gorgeous face even prettier but because they knew that each

and every blush marked an excretion of fresh honey from my slit, I was so

sexed-up. They knew because of course I was wearing no knickers and they could

smell my musk.

.......I was ordered to take a cold shower when I returned to the prefecture

that evening.

Only as my over-sexiness cooled in that shower did I begin to think of my

upcoming ordeal.

What was the bitch-wheel? And why should I worry at being punished before the

whole school, they adored me didn't they?

I was not allowed to dress. Marion, Marion who had betrayed me, was delegated to

brush my hair and put it into a single extremely long plait, knotted at its

nether end with my own hair.

Then I was grasped by Marion and the head-girl and force-marched naked through

the schoolyard. I was totally naked and they walked me openly through the

schoolyard.

And it began: my torment began. The cheers and "wows" and wolf whistles of the

morning, had turned to a different sound. It was a frightening sound. The school

knew I was going to be punished and they could not wait to watch.

The words "bitch", and "slag" hurt me now as they were meant to hurt me from the

cruel way in which they were being used.

Most of the school was at dinner as I was frog marched to the main assembly hall

where they would come to witness later, this bad girl being punished.

I was deep blushing from shame at my total nakedness now, and there was no

corresponding moistening between my legs this time.

I was marched into the school assembly hall. On the stage I could see what

looked exactly like a huge old-fashioned multi-spoked wooden-spoked wagon wheel.

And that is exactly how it should have looked, because that is exactly what it

was.

I was made to kneel. Leather straps with buckles were brought to me, and each of

my legs was individually strapped around the ankle and upper-thigh next to my

groin using one strap on each leg, so that my legs were helplessly individually

bound folded double.

I was then lifted and taken with my back facing the wheel, which must have been

four or five-feet in diameter, and placed on it with my feet through stirrup

straps dangling from its hub, so that my individual feet now poked through a gap

in the spokes with one spoke between them.

My arms were next taken over, from elbow onwards only, over the rim of the wheel

and tied at the wrist to two more purpose fitted leather straps coming up from

the wheel's hub.

To finally tie me to the wheel, a strap was passed around my waist and pulled

very tight to tie me to two spokes, before it was buckled, and another strap, a

slimmer strap anchored at its far end to the hub, was taken up between the lips

of my slit and buckled to the strap around my belly.

It now took four young women to lift the wheel with my body strapped on it, so

that its hub went onto an axle angled so as to hold the wheel at 30 degrees back

from strict vertical, mounted on a hugely strong wooden frame in the middle of

the school stage.

I was hanging on the wheel such that top of my head was between my elbows as my

forearms were pulled painfully over the wheel, and the top of my head and elbows

were therefore at the wheel's rim. Meanwhile with my legs being bound folded

double, my knees were at the opposite rim, my long gold plait was in front of

the wheel, beside my right thigh.

As I was presently upright, the cruel strap dividing the lips of my sweet purse

was pressing very hard on my hooded clitoris as my trunk slumped down. I could

relieve this only a little with pulling myself up using my feet through the

leather stirrups that held them.

I could move my thighs individually or together, but little else.

To hang on the wheel bound thus was very painful.

I was also aware that I was going to be whipped.

They could not whip my lovely bummy because I was facing out. But with horror I

realised how exposed my thighs and my poor lollipops were, and I hoped and

prayed they would not whip my lollipops.

"Right and left mean your right and left" the head-girl told me, breathless as

she still was from helping lift the wheel, with me tied to it, onto its axle.

"You are really going to learn a lesson here Smith", she sneered.

"This is the wheel that gave St Catherine's its name.

"You, you useless bitch, are going to rotate the wheel to my command."

"You will rotate it to the left if that is what you are told to do, or you will

rotate it to the right if that is what you are told to do. To the left or to the

right you will do as you are told. And if you don't do as you are told, or if

you slack, or if you don't speed the rotation when you are ordered to, or if you

don't slow it down when you are told to, or if you don't stop when you are

ordered to, then you will be whipped!"

The look in the head-girl's eyes as she told me this and showed me the three

foot long, one inch wide, quarter inch thick leather strap she wielded, was one

of pure sadism.

"Right!" she barked.

Her intonation seemed to turn this single word into a concluding rhetorical

query conveying, "do you understand?" I therefore took this word only as an

emphatic ending to her previous statement, as if she was just questioning my

understanding of the orders she had just been giving me as I hung there nude and

helpless.

The strap-whip whistled through the air and "THWICK" it slapped me murderously

hard across my poor nude left lollipop.

I howled with the pain as my lollipop was savagely compressed and bounced back

to show a livid red weal on its perfect skin and I bucked on the wheel as she

shouted, "Right, I said right, you stupid bitch."

Now I understood. Now I understood not only extreme pain but also what she had

in fact been ordering me to do. I had misunderstood that she had actually been

commanding me to rotate the wheel to my right.

I struggled in my bonds to get the wheel turning. I worked my glorious thighs

and to my surprise I began to sway side to side and then suddenly to tip,

suddenly I was upside down with my long blonde plait trailing the ground then I

was upright again. I was rotating the wheel. Down and round I went a second

time. I was rotating the wheel: I had got it doing round by the efforts of my

body strapped to it.

The whip whistled down still harder "THWICK" on my exquisite left lollipop. I

screamed with the pain.

"Right, I said right you stupid bitch, not left"

I did not know how to stop myself from going round. I held myself stiff. Would

that work? Yes, thank goodness, yes it did.

I worked my thighs, my stupendous folded thighs to rotate myself the other way,

and low and behold I was going round, I was going round, My head was down at the

bottom of the circle, my knees at the top and then my head was at the top once

more.

I worked my thighs and body to keep up the rotation of the wheel.

"Faster bitch" the head-girl snarled

I worked the wheel with my thighs. I took both my thighs to one side to speed me

on the down side and then over opposite to take me up the far side, and I made

the wheel turn and I worked it faster as I was ordered.

"Faster bitch" the head-girl spat out once more

I thought that I must surely be going as fast as I could as my plait kept

brushing the ground at what seemed increasingly frequent intervals. The

head-girl lifted the whip, and I worked my thighs harder still and I went around

faster to avoid the painful lashing she threatened.

"Left!" she barked cruelly laughingly.

This was part of my disciplining. The whole school was assembled to witness this

now, but I was oblivious of all but my struggle to obey the command, and stop

myself rotating to the right.

I struggled and had just begun to rotate to the left, no more than ten turns,

when......

"Right!" the head-girl all but screamed, and the whole school laughed at me.

I was bathed in sweat as I struggled to get myself stopped and start myself

rotating right once more.

I tumbled round but five times to my right when the head-girl shouted, "Left!"

and the whole school giggled and then laughed out loud at me once again:

hurtfully mockingly and cruelly they laughed at me.

I obeyed my orders and got myself rotating left, and there I was alone, going

round and round and round and round and round, obeying the last order I had been

given to drive this huge wheel, the bitch-wheel, round and round with my thighs.

The head-girl left for her dinner now. The lovely Josephine was left with the

whip to watch over me, with permission to beat me if I slacked.

Round and round and round and round and round I went head at top, head at

bottom, knees at top, knees at bottom, I worked the wheel obediently round and

round and round and round and round, my mouth agape with my concentration, my

body bedewed in my sweat as I worked my stupendous thighs to rotate the wheel as

I must.

Round and round and round and round and round I went displaying my beautiful

body, my wonderful sweaty thighs my glorious pendulous perky titties.

Round and round and round and round and round I obediently worked the wheel with

my wonderful body, my breasts, firm though they were, rising and falling and

tipping both together to one side and then the other with gravity as I worked

the wheel round and round and round and round and round with my orgasmic thighs.

Round and round and round and round and round I went dutifully, fully the slave

to my order to rotate the wheel with my body.

Round and round and round and round and round I worked the wheel with my

stupendous thighs, round and round and round and round and round...

The futility of this occupation was purposely humiliating. I worked the wheel

round and round and round and round because I had to, to avoid being whipped on

my breasts, not because it did anything useful. The only worthwhile thing it

did, from my torturers' standpoint, was to drive home to me my total

subservience.

I worked the wheel round and round and round and round to kill my will, and

enslave me. I was on the sexual equivalent of the treadmill as I worked the

wheel obediently round and round and round and round with my enormously strong

thighs...

..............................

...Round and round and round and round and round I worked the wheel. I had been

rotating it for an hour now and still I was to keep it going with my thighs.

Round and round and round and round and round I went.

Round and round and round and round and round I went, dew dripping from my body.

Round and round and round and round and round I worked the wheel. Josephine had

gone and Marion was standing whip in hand ogling my nudity.

Round and round and round and round and round I went, head up top, knees up top,

head at bottom knees at bottom.

Round and round and round and round and round I worked the wheel, the assembled

school had long since got bored with the spectacle, conversation had broken out

and the rising noise had prompted the head-teacher to dismiss the girls back to

their respective dormitories.

Round and round and round and round and round I worked the wheel with my

sweating and now aching thighs.

..............................

...Round and round and round and round and round I worked the wheel with my

naked thighs as I had now been doing totally obediently for over two hours ...

Round and round and round and round and round and each time my thighs were at

the bottom of the circle the little strap that ran through my purse pressed

brutally hard on my poor little peek-a-boo.

Round and round and round and round and round I turned the wheel, surely I had

been punished enough now for merely touching Marion's hair in a moment of sexual

ecstasy.

Round and round and round and round and round, head at bottom, knees at top,

knees at bottom, head at top, I worked the wheel obediently round and round and

round and round and round.

..............................

...Round and round and round and round and round I went each top of circle with

my head, pressing the naughty strap hard against my girl-penis as my body

slumped down. It had been three hours now and I was nearing exhaustion...

..............................

Round and round and round and round and round, I turned the wheel, my overseers

changed at half-hourly intervals, was this four or five hours now that I had

been made to rotate the wheel with my gorgeous thighs?

...Round and round and round and round and round, I made the wheel go, it had

indeed been five hours and I was all but fainting with dehydration and the pain

in my muscles and my naughty and from my terribly sore strap-chafed

peek-a-boo...

Round and round and round and round and round, I drove myself for fear of being

whipped on my titties...

..............................

...Round and round and round and round and round, until the sixth hour had

nearly come and I fainted and the wheel stopped: and I awoke to the vicious pain

of the whip on my left lollipop once more, catching me with full force on its

sensitive perky pretty strawberry-sweet titty-tip...

I howled miserably with the brutal pain...

Then Marion, who had charge of me alone at this stage, dropped the whip and

turned me head down so she could lick the salt on my dew caked body. Tipping me

upside down she kissed and licked the insides, the soft fleshed, the soft

sensitive fleshed insides of my thighs.

The head-girl found what was going on and seized the whip from where Marion had

thrown it.

"Who said Smith could stop?!" she balled.

Marion took no notice as she undid the strap that ran through my slit. I

squeaked out with the pain as my clit, made sore with the pressing from that

strap over the hours was freed. But I was not too exhausted to raise my

super-tender eager naughty to Marion's mouth and kiss her with my naughty-lips

in hope she would lick my peek-a-boo.

Marion was taken aback at my boldness, not expecting to be the one who made the

first move, but her soothing hot eager tongue was soon in me, and I cried out

with pleasure as she sought to find my poor sore clit now back in its hood...

The head-girl pushed Marion to one side and pulled the strap back through my

prize buckling it even tighter.

"Rotate the bitch-wheel Smith or I will whip you" she spat

I tried to move the wheel but was too exhausted.

The whip hit my folded left thigh with a resounding THWICK and I half rotated

and fell back. THWICK I rotated three-quarters and fell back. THWICK I screamed

with the pain as I began to rotate fully once again and THWICK, I was being

whipped round.

It was no longer my efforts that were spinning me on the wheel I was being

whipped round by my naked left thigh. THWICK I went head over heels once more

THWICK, I screeched with the pain as once more I went around from being hit

savagely hard on my left thigh.

As my head rolled round to the top of each spin of the wheel my bound trunk fell

hard on the viciously tight strap dividing the lips of my naughty, pleasure

paining my poor sore clitoris now once more out of its hideyhood and throbbing

madly...

...THWICK the head-girl hit my thigh harder and harder, I begged and squealed

for mercy. THWICK she hit my thigh harder still and I spun faster.

THWICK was that a squeal or was it a moan? THWICK that was a cry, but surely not

a cry of pain. THWICK I was being whipped round and round and round. THWICK that

was definitely a cry of sexual pleasure. THWICK what was that word I uttered,

was it "more"?

...My girl-penis was rigid, my nipples erect, the strap dividing my slit

marinated in my honey..

THWICK I was spinning like a top round and round driven by the brutal whipping

of my bare left thigh. THWICK did I scream "more, please!"? THWICK that was

definitely an orgasmic gasp and THWICK I was coming. THWICK I was coming. THWICK

I was coming. THWICK I was coming. THWICK oh heaven in heaven I was

coming!!.....

THWICK I spun helplessly dizzily round, whipped round by the flogging of my nude

left thigh. THWICK I was coming. THWICK I was coming. THWICK I was orgasming.

THWICK I WAS my orgasm. THWICK I had come and was squealing to be whipped

harder!!!

THWICK I was coming again as I spun round on the wheel head over knees, knees

over head and my bare left thigh was whipped harder still to drive me round and

round and round and round and round and drop my weight at the top of each

wheel-spin on my raw peek-a-boo within my strap-rubbed slit...

...THWICK and I screamed and screamed and screamed and screamed as I orgasmed

and squealed as I orgasmed with the pain as THWICK I was driven round once more

THWICK; THWICK; THWICK; THWICK; THWICK .............I screeched as I orgasmed a

third and final exhausting time and fainted in my cruel bonds...

... after six hours I had finally been broken on the bitch-wheel ...

Chapter 13 - Temptation Tempered

The pain-pleasure experience of my being broken on the bitch-wheel seared my

mind. I had become, without doubt I had become, more girl as a result of the

savage sexual beating I had been given. I was more feminine, more sexy, more

craving of the admiration of my fellow girls for my shear girlness.

Initially I felt broken in spirit, frightened like a fawn that my fellow girls

would feel contempt for me exhibited publicly as I had been, totally naked,

enduring a whipping till I openly orgasmed. The attitude of the girls who had

seen me dragged to the bitch-wheel and cheered and jeered not lifting a finger

to help me, had broken my spirit for a time. But, now I had thought long and

hard about it, I agreed with what they had done. If I had seen an incredibly

sexy girl being dragged to be whipped for my pleasure I knew I would have jeered

and cheered also. I had been given what I had needed to be given. I had been

given what I deserved to be given. I just had, just been given, just only my

just deserts.

I enjoyed; no, I loved being a cunt-tease. Dressing sexily so that my body was

displayed for the taunting delight of being seen but not allowable to touch,

satisfied a deep natural craving within me. I knew I was gifted with incredible

beauty facially and bodily. I was a three-dimensional living breathing work of

superlatively erotic art. Nature had given me physical gifts that the world had

a right to share. My face and my body made the world a better place for their

beauty.

My leggy-long-leggy-legged glide to school lessons each day had now become a

point of assembly for all the other girls in the school to witness. My long

blonde hair, growing down to the backs of my knees would catch the breeze which

would tangle it out behind me, as I wiggled along most often now in heelless

balletic booties that tiptoed me to display my long girlmuscular, slim, strong,

curvy-shapely, calf-muscular, dimple-kneed, compellingly thighed, orgasmically

erotically steepled leggy-legged-legs.

I would be skyscapered on the very tips of the tips of my big toes, so that the

hemispheres of my superb round spankable dimple-sided bottom, my smackybumbs,

would individually undulate eye-transifxingly as my hips swayed as I kicky-sexy

ballet-stepped along. I would be skyscapered so that my back curved to emphasise

the super-slimness of my waist. I would be skyscapered so that my wonderful soft

firm virgin's breasts, my lollipops, nude beneath my dress or blouse, would fill

my dress or blouse with their constantly mobile jiggling and joggling: these,

the most girl part of my girlness aside from the sweet sweating naked totally

bald shaven slot between my glorious thighs: my quim, my heaven-hole, my

girl-smile, my naughty.

I was the belle of the school. I was the School Slag. I wore the ring worn by

the succession of School Slags over the centuries. My cunt was shiny, always

fresh-shaven bald, nude, virginally naked, and never ever covered, so that its

supersensitivity to the soft breezes that blew in the open areas of the

schoolyard and sports field would blow over my girlity, reminding it and thus me

of my soft vulnerable exposedness and my constant instant availability to my

fellow girls.

For all the girls in the school, masturbation was strictly forbidden and

punishable upon discovery that the act had been performed by an individual upon

herself, by public punishment: a punishment in front of the whole school, staff

and pupils both. This was my role. This was my station in life. I was chosen by

the school to be the conduit for all the pent-up sexual frustrations among the

other teenage girls to save them from the evils of masturbation.

Their sexual relief was me. Given permission from the prefecture, my body could

be masturbated by them so that they could experience the giving of pleasure to

another girl. I must be, and indeed most decidedly was, the most attractive girl

in the school, because I would therefore become the centre and sole focus of the

other girls' fantasies. I was there to be the focus of the whole school's lust

and love and the relief for that lust.

If anything, after my bitch-wheel beating, my clothing, the clothing chosen for

the School Slag to wear, had become even sexier. It was my sexy clothing that

brought about a typical instance of my body being used.

As always that morning, the morning of the day of the incident I am about to

relate, the girls who loved to cheer me as I came out of my dorm to wiggle my

sexy way to the first class of the day were in for a stupendously pleasurable

treat.

My day had gone routinely. I had taken a three-mile run as part of the

compulsory programme of fitness maintenance that the Slag was under orders to

perform, and it had made me feel particularly randy. Looking back, I realise

that it was the week before my period. It was the week before the onset of

menstruation. It was the week I always felt very randy. I was horny; I was

feeling overwhelmingly horny. I was feeling overwhelmingly girl.

As I dressed for the day and to face the gauntlet of cheering leering admiring

girls who would wolf-whistle and "wow!" me to the start of my day, I realised

that my mistresses, the prefects who had charge over me, must have chosen what I

was to wear in full recognition of how very girl I was feeling. I slowly donned

the clothing laid out for me in the side room I occupied, the side room from the

prefects' dormitory.

My suspenders were crimson as were my stockings. My suspenders though, were

incredibly long as they needed to be, for the stockings I was to wear that day,

had tops that came only one-quarter way up my thigh. The sexy suspenders

therefore needed to stretch all the way down my three-quarter-bare soft firm

girlskin thighs, before they could be attached to my crimson stockings.

My garter, the one garter I must wear when I was in suspenders, the crimson huge

artificial-rose decorated garter I had been given to wear that day, I took up my

lovely left leg, till it neatly surrounded the top of my left stocking, just

one-quarter up my thigh.

My dress would be next. Crimson red, like all my clothing that day, I slid my

arms into its long sleeves which came down to and beyond my wrists, to half

cover my dainty hands. The material was figure-hugging velvet. And oh-girl did

it hug my figure! My huge 37 D-cup pert breasts were hugged-to-outline curvature

of superlative bountiful shapeliness ensuring there could be no doubt whatsoever

ever that I was indeed a girl.

The top of the dress finished in a long turtleneck-tube, so that the top of my

body, though hugged and therefore outlined to display its wonderful girlness,

was also demurely and chastely covered. But it was not the top of this dress

that was to excite and entice, though it would and did, so much as the bottom:

the hem. The hem of this dress was such as to make even the category

"micro-mini" obsolete and certainly inapplicable. The hem of this dress was so

short that it only just qualified the garment as a dress as opposed to a top.

The hem of this bright scarlet velvet figure-hugging sexy-body outlining and

girl confirming dress came absolutely no further than halfway down the cheeks of

my bottom.

The hem of this bright scarlet velvet figure-hugging sexy-body outlining and

girl confirming dress, the dress I was to wear that day all day, came absolutely

no further than halfway down the cheeks of my bottom and thus left my pretty

purse, my curvaceous cunt, my gorgeous girl-lips, my "nice naughty" as the

younger girls spoke of it, completely and openly exposed.

I was to walk around the school all day this very day with my cunt on open

display. I looked around to see if, after all, I had been issued with knickers. I

wondered if perhaps some mistake had been made. I thought that maybe the dress

had been for one of the younger girls: one of the previous Slags not as tall as

I was at five-feet-eight. I thought too that I was at risk of insulting my

mistresses by wearing this day's clothing in some way not intended: in some way

incomplete.

I put on my scarlet heelless steel reinforced sole and toe-tips ballerina

permanent-tiptoeing shoes, the long crimson laces of which decorating my

compelling curvaceous legs to be tied off in bows just below my knees, and I was

ready. I had concluded that I was ready. I had concluded that I was in fact

fully dressed as intended. I had concluded that I was in fact fully half-dressed

as intended, and that I was indeed to heaven the day with the glory of the tight

infolding soft-skin of my very-tight, virgin-tight, naked-shaven, nude cunt on

completely open display.

This was it then. I was to walk out of the prefecture semi-naked with my most

girl part on open display: my magnificent minge. I could hardly wait. It must

seem strange to hear it, but I could hardly wait. I had a longing to tease and

please with my girlity: to entice attract frustrate with my beauty, my heaven

sent girlness. I was a cunt-tease. I enjoyed, no, I loved the thought of the

sight of me, my face and my body making the naughties of the other girls moisten

with desire for me.

I wiggled my feminine wonder through the prefecture in my tip-of-tiptoe

ballerinaising shoes, permanently-pirouetted long-leggily, my head held high

with the pride at my superlative girlness, ready to look the other girls in the

eyes as their eyes would eventually look up at me having first been compelled to

look between my thunderous thighs at my stunning cunty, my naughty, naughtily

exposed, with a look that said, 'what were you looking at?' and 'Oh of course,

isn't she beautiful?'

In the event though, I was disappointed as my totally exposed cunt completely

stunned the assembled girls initially. They were stunted to overwhelmed silence,

before the heaven of the lips between my legs, the proud lips of the pert purse

that made me girl: the lovely lips that made me girl, the luscious lips between

my lovely long lithe legs, caused them to break into awed applause and me to

blush deep scarlet, scarlet of a hue to match my velvet dress.

Come the morning break, and girls were all around me like flies swarming to warm

meat. I had been creaming in my randiness and my musk pervaded the air with its

heaven-sent-scent, attracting the whole school to ogle my dress, or perhaps my

undress, as I stood on my glorious legs with my oh so smackable bum half nude

and the pods of my powerful purse perfectly pert prominent promising proud

pretty petals proving my pulchritudinous perfection.

Smiling and laughingly polite as I blushingly thanked the thousandth

complimenter of my astonishing beauty, I noticed a group of some ten

fourteen-year olds waving a piece of paper.

"Please miss! Please miss! We've got a permit. We've got a permit miss. We want

to stroke you miss".

Way was made by the other girls to let the spokesgirl of these through to hand

me the paper she so eagerly waved in the air.

As I read it, though I dare not show it, my heart sank. It was the duty of the

School Slag to be available for the prefecture and staff at any time. She also

had to surrender to any other girl or group of girls in the school who obtained

the written permission of a member of staff or a prefect. One signature would

suffice. These girls had the one signature that mattered. That was what made my

heart sink. I must surrender my body to these girls for their pleasure: that was

heart-dropping, to be so humiliated was heart-dropping. What sank my heart fully

in an instant though was to see whom it was that had signed the permit. My

lover, Josephine, had been the prefect to condemn me to be ravished by these

young girls. My lover, Josephine, had betrayed me, and that hurt.

I put on my bravest face as I asked, "Where do you want me please?"

"In the toilets miss. We want you in the toilets miss", she giggled nervously.

There were loud moans of disappointment as I was taken by the hand by two of the

ten pretty fourteen-year-olds who had permission to use my body, and taken to

the nearest lavatories, where they wasted no time in making me stand facing the

wall before lifting off my bare bottom, such little of the hem of my dress as

made the slightest attempt to cover its glory.

"God, you have a lovely bum miss!" exclaimed one of the younger girls. Then she

bent over and kissed me. She bent over and kissed me in the deep dimple at the

side of my bottom caused by my skyscrapered leggy-legged tiptoed stance in my

ballerina shoes. My mouth opened with a stifled sigh of astonishment from my

pleasure at this worship of my delectable derriere.

And so it continued, as each of the ten girls took their individual turn to kiss

me gently on my bare bottom. And I became aroused. I became sexually aroused. I

became very sexually aroused. At the very first kiss on my rear I became very

sexually aroused, until at the tenth kiss of worship of my supreme girlness, I

turned my head and told all the girls, "Thank you".

"Please may we kiss you again miss?

I sighed sexily in surrender from my pleasure at the honour these girls were

placing upon me with their gentle young lips as each now worshipped my bummy,

covering my bummy half-moons, the particular half-moon it was their individual

delight to choose, with kiss after kiss after kiss after kiss after gentle kiss,

telling me over and over that my bum was the most beautiful bum in all the world

ever and then kissing it and kissing it and kissing it over and over and over

again and again and again.

"May we give your pretty bum a thousand-million kisses each please miss?

"Oh please, please do" I sighed as I melted with the eroticism of their worship

of my bottom.

Then a tongue licked me. Then a tongue licked my right bare bum cheek and I

gasped sexily sexually with astonishment and then the kisses were raining down

on my bottom once more over and over and over again the girls, all ten young

girls, took their turns to kiss my bare bottom. And it was so erotic. I was

finding their devoted worship of my bottom incredibly erotically arousing. And I

was seeping. I was seeping. I was oozing sweet honey from my love-lips. I was

on-heat, I was randy, I was horny, I was being worshipped with kisses on my

rear, and I was honeying and gasping for a cum.

All the while the ten girls continued to kiss my bum, turn and turn about, with

but the politest complaint if one girl felt she had missed her turn to adore me.

"Your bum is our goddess miss. We want to worship our goddess miss. We want to

kiss your bum for ever and ever!" cried the obviously sexually heated girl who

had been the one to pass me the signed permit, before she bent over and kissed

me passionately on my right bum cheek yet again.

And the kisses were now getting longer and more worshipful and more and more

sexually charged and passionate and my bum was being kissed with lips and

tongues. And then it happened for the first time. And then it happened for the

first time. Two girls were bent over kissing one each of my generous firm

bummy-halves when, as if planned and at a signal, as indeed it was, they began

to suck me, the girls, these extremely pretty fourteen-year-old girls began to

suck my bum.

I was gasping and squeaking with sexual heaven as my bum was sucked and sucked

hard. With lascivious sucking sounds slurping, the two girls seize-sucked my

lovely bum-flesh into their mouths and lash-licked the sucked-up firm salty

flesh nipped gently unbitingly between their teeth, side to side to taste me

with their tongues. They were sucking my bare bum to worship my bare bum. To

adore the beautiful flesh of my bare bum, they were sucking and tasting me. They

wanted only to suck my bum, to suck my bum in the most passionate of bum kisses.

They were bum worshippers and my bum was their heavenly goddess, and my bare

bummy was being adored absolutely unquestioningly adored by these girls who were

sucking my bum and licking and kissing my bum in complete worship of the most

beautiful thing they had ever seen in their young lives. And I was cumming. My

nectar was dripping on the inside of my legs such was the passion with which

they were worshipping my bum and such was the passion that the passionately

worshipful bum-sucking by these superbly pretty girls had aroused in me.

But I was not yet cum when my finger strayed to my slit. I was not yet cum when

my finger strayed to my slit. I was reaching a completely innocent right-hand

middle finger unthinkingly to my naughty, when the head-girl's voice barked out,

"Smith! You're masturbating!!"

............

How long the head girl had been behind me watching as, with my body facing the

wall of the lavatory, my bottom was kissed, and licked, and passionately sucked

I had no idea. I had no idea but I would have a long while to think about it.

I had been caught masturbating. I had not in fact been masturbating. But I had

been accused of masturbating. The head girl had accused me of masturbating and

that was one and the same as if I had in fact been masturbating.

Masturbation was the most heinous crime in the school rules. Masturbation would

be punished. Masturbation was totally and utterly forbidden the girls. That

masturbation would never ever be allowed was a promise made by the school to the

parents of pupils even to its discrete but prominent written mention in the

school prospectus. The phrases "unhealthy self-stimulation" and "unfortunate

solo practices" could only be read in one way. Parents bringing girls for

school-entry interviews would confirm that they were concerned that little Emma,

or whatever her name was, should not be allowed to indulge "M". In return, they

would be assured that the "naughtiness" was totally forbidden, and always very

severely cracked down upon whenever it reared its ugly head.

The instant after the supposed discovery of me loving myself, I found myself

being led by the head girl and the prefect Marion to the school gymnasium where

I knew I was going to be severely punished as an example to the whole school of

what happened to girls who could not resist touching their naughty parts.

Word soon got around the school that the lovely Melody Smith had been caught

masturbating and teachers, having checked with the head teacher the truth of

what was the case, formally announced to their classes, that a young lady had

been caught, "using her fingers inappropriately" and the school must assemble in

the gymnasium after dinner that evening to witness her being duly punished for

her completely unforgivable misdemeanour.

For me though, there would be no dinner. I was hanging in readiness for my

punishment. I was on the triangle and I was in agony.

On our reaching the gymnasium, I had been stripped naked other than for my

ballerinaising shoes. My long-blond hair, the gorgeous golden cascade that

shimmered down to the back of my knees when I stood, had been crudely gathered

up and fixed atop my head. I had then been lifted legs apart and deliberately

sat astride a triangular shaped horse: a punishment horse: a cunt paining horse:

a cunt punishment horse.

I was now, and had for an hour now sat, sitting with my beautiful long legs

stretched down either side of a triangle of wood the very pinnacle of which was

viciously painfully dividing the lips of my cunt. My wrists were tied at my neck

so that I could not ease myself. My feet, still in the pirouette shoes, were

tied to the bottom of the sides of the triangle and I was in the most horrendous

pain I had ever endured in my sixteen tender young years.

I was sitting on the super-sensitive inner lips of my girl-hole. I felt as if I

were being slowly inexorable split. My cunt lips were divided, brutally divided

by the completely unyielding unmercifully hard wood of the triangle's tip. I was

suffering the preliminary for one of the standard school punishments for a girl

caught masturbating.

I sat in my purgatory trying so hard not to scream out with the pain of my

delectable 120 pounds of gorgeous girlness pressing down on my opened cunt. Even

though my eyes were mostly closed, as I gasped and moaned with the horror of the

agony in my naughty, I watched as the gymnasium beam was being readied for a use

I was yet to discover and I became aware form the hubbub of girlish sopranos and

loud and hushed whispers that combined in a cacophonous chorus, that the school

was assembling to witness what a "wanker", as the girls would label that I was

accused of, got for her just deserts.

My pitiful cry of pain silenced the audience, but none of them, not even the ten

girls who had so lovingly adored my beautiful bottom just two hours since I had

been impaled on the triangle, not even they called out for me to be shown mercy.

The headmistress made a speech.

"We should all share the shame of Melody Smith", she began. "Melody brightened

our lives when she arrived here at the beginning of term. Melody lived up to her

name. A divinely pretty girl, even on the day of her arrival, even indeed before

she had spent her first full day at St Catherine's Academy, Melody was, as we

all recall, honoured by being chosen as the new School Slag. The post of School

Slag is an historical one. Our resident researcher has traced its origins back

well over more than four hundred of the five-hundred years that this Academy and

the nunnery it evolved from have existed. The School Slag is a source of

pleasure. She is given as a reward. Her body is available to us as a gift for

good conduct. She is an outlet for the animal desires that, so very

unfortunately, we are all subject to, especially when we are young. The School

Slag is instituted to assure that this academy is free of the terrible

debilitating practice of masturbation. It has been made clear to all of you

almost daily since your arrival here, that any girl caught masturbating will be

punished and punished very severely"

The headmistress paused for effect.

"Unfortunately, Melody has fallen by the wayside. This lovely girl of whom we

expect the highest example of sacrifice to others for their pleasure, even at

the foregoing of her own, was today witnessed by the head girl, touching herself

in the wickedest way. Nobody denies the right of the School Slag to attain the

ultimate pleasure god-given to a girl when she is having love made to her. But

nobody, and I mean nobody, not even the School Slag, is allowed to indulge the

weakness of self -delivery", She paused again.....

"......I have decided that Melody must be whipped. Melody will learn the hard

and painful way that she must never ever touch herself in a sexual way......"

At this point I found my feet being untethered and I was lifted off the

cunt-dividing triangle hollering out screams of pain as the blood rushed back

into the numbed region around my painful cunt and the super sensitive abundant

nerve-endings of and in my naughty agonised me unbearably.

Tiptoed still in my balletic shoes, I walked in brutal pain over to where the

parallel bars awaited me, tears glistening on my pretty face as I sobbed with

the throbbing in my girlhood, so long sat parted upon the pinnacle of the

unyielding triangle.

There I was arranged facing the wall with my hands apart touching, no, gripping

the bars with my long strong legs apart, and my trunk bending so that my pretty

purse, slightly opened by the wide gap between my legs, was fully displayed in

all its naked perfection.

The headmistress herself was going to punish me. For this purpose, she had in

her hand readied, a three-foot long, two-inch wide, quarter-inch thick heavy

leather strap.

"Melody Smith" she announced as she prepared herself. "You, Melody Smith, have

been caught masturbating. For that I am going to whip your cunt. You are going

to be given four lashes on your nude cunt. You will maintain your present

legs-apart stance to receive all four of your lashes. You will count out each

lash after it has been delivered and you will thank me for each lash after it

has been delivered. You will say after each lash, using the appropriate number:

'One lash. Thank you headmistress for delivering me from the evils of

masturbation', and so on, and so on, after each individual stroke. If at any

time you so much as twitch your legs toward bringing them together Melody, your

punishment will begin all over again. Do I make myself absolutely clear Melody"

"Yes headmistress." I sobbed.

"Before each stroke of your punishment is delivered", the headmistress

continued, "You are to kiss the whip with your mouth to thank it for saving you

from the evil of the devil".

The headmistress now proffered the strop-strap up to my pretty mouth and I

dutifully kissed it.

Then she took her place measuring her distance from my superlatively shapely

long lissom legs parted for the punishment of my purse, and I heard the whip

whistle up from below to slap me brutally on my girl-lips with a resounding

"THWICK!". And I screamed and screamed with the pain.

"Oh!!, oh!!, one, one, one, one stroke. Oh, oh, thank, thank, thank you, you

thank you headmistress for delivering me from the evils of masturbation", I

stammered.

I kept my grip on the beam and I kept my legs apart. How I kept my legs apart I

do not now know.

I was made to kiss the whip before my second lash.

A loud horrible whistle whisked the air and then a reverberating "THWICK!" and

my scream of pain as my cunt was slapped so hard that I leaped off my feet

momentarily and nearly doubled at my knees, gripping the bar with my lovely

hands being the only way I could save myself.

"Ahhhhhhhhh!!!!!!!! Oh please oh please it hurts it hurts so terribly

please...." I begged as I fought the all but overwhelming desire to comfort

myself by bringing my legs together.

The headmistress gave me a severe look and I recollected myself. "Two strokes.

Th' th' thank you headmistress for delivering me from the evils of

masturbation", I sobbed between my moans of severe pain.

As per my orders, I kissed the whip for the third time knowing full well what to

do so was preliminary to, and she whistled, the strop-strap whistled through the

air up between my parted thighs and "THWICK!!" she kissed me, the whip kissed me

on my naughty with her full power, and I hollered with agony as my slot was

slapped so seriously severely strongly that it stunned me.

"Oh god!!, oh god!!!! it hurts!! it hurts so very much!!!, please....."Three

strokes. Oh, oh, please, please, oh thank you headmistress for delivering me

from the evils of masturbation" I gasped.

I dutifully kissed the whip for a fourth time. The whistle and the "THWICK" were

louder and harder and I screeched out my excruciating pain as my sex lips were

slapped with the strop-strap.

....."Fourth stroke. Thank you headmistress for delivering me from the evils of

masturbation" I gabbled almost inaudibly whispering hoarsely, the pain from my

cunt being so horrendous that I could hardly speak

I had dutifully obediently kept my gorgeous tiptoed girlmuscular legs wide apart

and now I was biting my pretty lower lip as I was aware, only too aware of the

throbbing of my cunt; the throbbing in my cunt; the throbbing of and in my

freshly harshly whipped nude cunt.

And I was moistening. My honey was beginning to flow I was become girl-aroused.

My juices suddenly shot from my honey-pot and dripped to the floor between my

legs, my glorious legs still kept parted for absence of any permission for me to

draw them together. And I began to moan with my ever-heightening sexual arousal.

And I gasped with amazement as more honey dripped from my naughty as my high got

higher and I began to beg to be allowed to cum. I was wild wanton girl. I had

been whipped into being wild wanton girl. I was trickling girl-honey in

abundance to the floor between my parted legs and I was begging to be allowed to

cum. I needed to cum. I must cum. I screamed and begged inhumanly animally for a

cum. My clitoris throbbed and hardened so greatly that it hurt and its hurting

heightened my high and I begged and begged to be allowed to bring my legs

together so that I might cum. But no order came and no cum came, and I dribbled

copious cunt cream, crying in pleasure agony for the next half-hour with my

legs, my woman-wonderful legs wide parted in denial of my cum, in denial of the

cum I craved crazily crying, calling for my cunt to be cracked with the whip to

finish me. And in the full half-hour and more of receding fire as my naughty

dribbled her cream to add to the pool I had already long since formed on the

gymnasium floor, I was suffering my real punishment, the real and intended

punishment I should suffer as a sixteen-year-old schoolgirl caught masturbating.

I was suffering the agony of hypersexual frustration and cum denial.

Chapter 14 - "The Wicked Wench"

Two months beyond my punishment before the whole school for an accusation of

masturbation that had in fact been no more than a split-second's straying of an

entirely innocent finger, all the talk in the air at the academy was of the

upcoming vacation. The chatter and excitement among the girls was inescapable.

Here we were, near five hundred burgeoning young women isolated in the wilds of

Scotland far away from home, and longing to see parents, siblings, old friends

and, in my case, my adored pet: Benji.

At such times, my heart went out to the girls that had come to the academy from

foreign parts. We had charming Americans and captivating Australians among our

number, as well as lovely girls from the Indian subcontinent and delectable

dolls from Japan, Korea, and China.

The vacation upcoming was to celebrate Easter, which that year was in early

April and what passes for early spring in the northern areas of the British

Isles. As it was mid-term, it would only be the bare three weeks and thus these

poor fellow pupils would have no chance of getting home and back. For them the

opportunity to see their parents and families must await the longer summer

break.

I was therefore to be among the lucky ones. Home for me was in southern England,

just over five hundred miles away: a long train journey or short air flight. I

would, out of preference go by train. I was afraid of flying in those days. An

only child, my folks would be so pleased to see me, and then there was also

Benji.

I had not seen Benji since the previous September. My Alsatian must be fast

becoming a grown dog now. Benji had been and still was the joy of my life. I had

worked in kennels for a time during holidays from my former school, and Benji

was a loveable rascal of a stray some cruel boy or girl had abandoned on the

highway. He had probably been given as a pet within a family that could not

really afford to keep him.

Don't get me wrong. He had not been treated badly. But Benji had not been too

well trained, so he was a little wild and unruly. He was undoubtedly a rascal,

and "Rascal" might well have been his given name, but that he wore a collar with

a tag confirming him as "Benji". So Benji he had been and Benji he stayed.

I had had to leave Benji as a consequence of gaining my place at St Catherine's

Academy for Girls. I had only left him on sworn assurance from my parents that

he would be looked after as well by them as if I were there to do the duty

myself. I cried when I had to leave him. I know it's silly, but I was so upset.

I would not have come up to St Cath's if my father had not sworn that Benji

would be alright.

But the break from school was still someway off. It was still a week or so away

rather than imminent within days, and there was another school tradition I was

to become involved with. There was also another instance of the head girl's

cruelty toward me.

It was part of our teaching that we girls compose weekly letters to our

respective parents. Though it was always monitored by the prefects or staff, we

had free use of a long telephone call home once a week; we also had email. But

at St Catherine's the old-fashioned snail mail trail was still a weekly routine,

with considerable emphasis placed, as much as on content and grammar (something

I never mistressed), on calligraphy, for the letters we composed were forbidden

to be tapped out on a computer.

I was, this particular evening, sitting in the prefects room working in

preparation for a test paper in English to Spanish translation that I was due to

sit the next day, along with the other girls in my class, as one of a series of

examinations to check our learning progress was on target.

I knew that I was looking delicious. A girl knows when she is beautiful, but

even with a beautiful girl there are times when she is, for some indefinable

reason, even more radiant and compelling, and such was the case with me that

evening.

I could not help my beauty nor would any girl there have wanted me to do so.

I was sitting upright on a wooden chair, in heelless pirouette shoes, big toes

pointing strictly vertically to ground, with my red fishnet-stockinged calves

consequently curvaceously contoured, first guiding the eye heavenwardly to knees

lightly touching in their seeking of the modesty necessitated by the extreme

minimality of my split-sided black micro-mini-dress.

Thereafter, my awesome thighs, carved classically, curved the captivated eye

compellingly toward where my naughty nestled virginally vulnerably, hidden below

the vee between their topmost massive smooth

beyond-stocking-tops-completely-naked soft girl-flesh.

My dainty hands were with pretty finger and thumb holding a page ready to turn

it, as my heavenly heavy bosom rose and fell with the light sweet scented

natural unselfconscious breathing of my concentration, but oh so very

distractingly, as my breasts, boldly ballooning my white blouse, blessed my

every breath with their bountiful gently-moving, deeply moving beauty.

My long blonde hair trained to the ground in a waterfall of goddess gold behind

the back of my chair. My face was angelic in its prettiness, with my kissable

lips pursed pouting as I pursued my passion for language and literature. And my

eyes lighted the room with the concentrated glow of my young-womanliness,

intelligence, and youthful vivacity.

I was heaven: I was girl.

My concentration was broken by the silence. As I sat attracting distractingly,

every girl in the room was compelled, one-by-one, by my astounding outstanding

loveliness, to look at me and enjoy the vision of heaven on earth I honoured

them with. And with the turning of each head to drink the sweet wine of my

winsomeness, they fell silent in admiration and awe, until I heard their

silence.

I was proud of my beauty. There was nothing in it for me to be ashamed of. So it

was not with shame but with pleasure and charm that I hung my head and lowered

my book with a shy look to ground, as I blushed livid crimson at the dawning of

realisation in me, of the silent audience admiring my unsurpassable girlness,

and the eight pairs of eyes quietly ravishing my figure and face, gliding up and

down, and down and up, tip to toes of me, via my lavishly long legs, as I

blushed and felt tiny tears of embarrassment start in my eyes.

My cunt was honeying, as I looked up with my face still suffused crimson in

gratitude for their admiration of my wonder, when the head girl walked in and

instantly broke the hyper-high, supremely sexually charged spell.

"It looks as if your parents have written to you from Italy, Smith".

I rose in an instant, on legs compulsorily havened by the tiptoe heelless

ballet-pirouette shoes my dainty feet were shod in, and glide-wiggled

mesmerisingly on the tip-tops of my big-toes within them, long strong leggily

over to the head girl, to whom I then curtsied as per the School Slag's standing

orders, thus tensioning the wonderful muscles of my legs as I flashed high

thigh, thigh high in my humility.

I then advanced a dainty hand, with perfectly girlicured fingernails crimson

nail-varnished, to take the letter the head girl was clearly proffering, the

letter on which I recognised my father's handwriting and an Italian postage

stamp, only for the head girl to whisk it out of my reach.

"Let us not be too anxious Smith", she sneered.

She had no consent to treat me like this. I was the School Slag, but even the

School Slag had the right to the same external contact with friends and family

as the other girls, as long of course, as she made no attempt to reveal what her

duties as the Slag entailed.

"Please may I have my letter head girl?" I stage-whispered in my nervousness,

the nervousness I always felt in the presence of this bully.

"You may" the head girl answered coldly, "but only if you agree to take part in

the Easter winemaking".

I had no idea what she meant. A quick flash went through my mind of girls with

the hems of their dresses rolled up, bare foot and bare legged, tramping on-the

spot in half-barrel tubs loaded with red grapes. I wanted my letter. I wanted to

know why my folks were in Italy, and I longed to know what they had done with my

beloved Benji.

This flash of storybook-like memory of winemaking, I combined with the eroticism

I knew the School Slag was clearly expected at all times to provide, and I

assumed that the girls were to have the pleasure of watching my lovely legs as I

trod grapes, perhaps even naked, with the blood red juice oozing between my

delightful toes and smearing my exquisite calves and thighs.

"Of course" I answered, not noticing the smiles on the faces of the other girls.

"Of course what?" the head girl taunted and teased.

"Of course I will take part in the Easter winemaking" I answered in a tone

seeking to please.

"Good", said the head girl, still retaining my letter, "And you can have this,

when we've secured the vintage".

My heart sank, and I turned my lovely face to look for help from the prefects,

but all eight of them that were there, looked away. All of them that were there

were as much cowed by the bullying head girl as I was as the School Slag, so all

eight of them looked away.

............

It was the next evening that I found out what the head girl had been talking

about.

All that day, and consequently that evening still, I had been dressed in

wine-coloured clothing. I knew this to be something of an old school ritual. I

was part of an old school ritual and I was taking part in an old school ritual

connected with the spring.

My top comprised a cut-off, torn-off would be almost more appropriate, crop-top

t-shirt the bottom end of which was only just over my wonderful breasts, which

were of course, entirely bare. When I say only just over, I mean that it barely

covered my nudity and the under-curvature of my individual breasts was clearly

visible.

Half white and half wine-red, the two colours divided at my cleavage and

one-hundred-and-eighty-degrees opposite around my back. Over my right breast,

where the material was red-wine coloured, was the single word "Red" in white

lettering. Over my left breast, where the material was white, was the single

word "White" in red lettering.

This t-shirt would have left my arms bare. But this day my arms were not to be

bare. Instead on each arm, running up from fingertips to my armpits, I wore long

gloves. On my right arm the glove was white. On my left arm, the glove was

wine-red.

Under my skirt I wore suspenders that were, as you have no doubt already

guessed, half white and half wine-red and on my legs I gloried in stockings that

were also of the wine and white colours. On my left leg, the stocking was white.

On my right leg, the stocking was wine-red.

My make-up included red-wine coloured eye-shadow and dark-red-wine lipstick. And

then there was my skirt.

My skirt was so sexy. It was broad-striped in wine-red and white alternates. Its

top was a tight fit around my hips just above where, at the back, my hips became

my buttocks, but from the top it simply flared out in a stiff almost unyielding

wide circle with the hem so far out from me, like a rigid open lampshade or

open-ended bell, extending downward in depth no more than would a miniskirt, but

flared so far from its origins at my hips, that the whole glory of my suspenders

and stockings and the wine-red garter I wore atop the left stocking and, above

all, my girlmost attribute, the part of me that confirmed my undoubted girlness,

my virgin's quim, my love mound, my mound of Venus, my naughty little naughty

with its totally nude shaven shining gentle infolding tight lips, were on

constant blatant display.

And on my feet I wore foot-curving ballet shoes. My feet were curved, arched at

the sole in almost a semi-circle, by some kind of metal reinforcement within the

soles of my ballet-shoe type footwear, so that I stood murderously tiptoed

almost beyond tiptoe and so that my calves were arched even more divinely and my

buttock cheeks extremely heavily heavenly sexily deeply side-concaved. One shoe

was of course white and the other wine-red. On my right foot, the shoe was

white. On my left foot, the shoe was wine-red.

My glorious golden goddess' hair tumbled down to the hem of my stiff flared

open-bottomed skirt and beyond, looking for all the world like the train of a

fairy princess at her wedding.

All day I had felt so horny. To walk around dressed so that I was almost more

naked than if I were in fact naked turned me on terribly, and I had had no

concentration whatsoever for my test papers. Indeed, as I wore a skirt in which

I could not sit normally, special arrangements had had to be made for me to

place my beautiful bottom and precious purse petals on a high stool. Sitting

thus, I displayed all my stockinged legs and had finally been asked to sit at

the back of the examination hall so that I did not distract the other girls.

Even so, I noticed that the teachers invigilating had no reservations about

constantly ogling me and whispering to me as they passed by, that my legs were

supremely beautiful.

Horny all day I was feeling incredibly horny still as I swung my divine legs in

balletically poised dainty-tiptoed foot-angled-out perfection-of-femininity

steps. I was wiggle-walking to the prefects' quarters and my room. My wonderful

body with my naturally swaying bottom, each hemisphere rising and falling as it

was tensed and relaxed alternately as it bore my weight in the step and let go

in turn, my back arched, my breasts flowing freely and jiggering in their soft

firmness, I was a cornucopia combination of captivating curves.

I was girl. Girl has no plain surfaces. The world is curved; the galaxy is

curved; the universe is curved; heaven is curved; girl is curved. It is a girl's

curvature that makes our eyes pass so easily over her. We look at her and long

to know what is around the next supreme corner. And she is so curved there are

constantly more curves to corner. And if her curves take our eyes back to where

our eyes started their ecstatic journey, we are compelled to go over her again

in longing to lose our eyes in her amazing curves, her maze of curves, the

curved maze, her compelling constant curvature.

My lovely back-of-knee length hair fluttered in the breeze and lifted and flowed

from my head, twisting rising and falling gold filigree in any stronger wind. I

looked proud and haughty, super-tiptoed in my enforcedly curve-soled shoes,

walking without heels to rest with, on my big toes, the whole weight of my

divine body on my big toes within my shoes, the whole weight of my divine body

crushingly on my big toes.

I was not really being haughty but I was proud. My erect body super-tiptoed made

me look down on the smaller girls, but my genuine pretty smile and blushing

thanks at the torrent of compliments and appreciative whistles as I glided by,

affirmed I was my sweet innocent self and epitomising the dutiful School Slag by

providing the focus for the erotic needs of developing young bodies and minds.

No sooner was I in the prefecture, than the delightful dark-haired brown-eyed

Josephine, with whom I was still in love, gently grasped my gloved hand.

"Come on angel" she smiled lovingly at me, "We are to walk over to 'The Wicked

Wench' for the annual winemaking festival. All the other prefects and the head

girl are long since there already."

Despite Jo's delightful smile, I suddenly felt a little fear.

"It's out of bounds and I'm too young to drink...." I began to protest.

Jo's sweet face could never look threatening, but her brow furrowed momentarily

delightfully as she instructed, "You will do as you are told Melody. Do I make

myself clear?" I will whip your bum if I hear any more from you by way of

protest.

I gasped and blushed scarlet as the impact of the thought of having my bummy

beaten by the delightful Jo impacted my horny mind. I was still blushing at

knowing that she knew why I was blushing when I looked into her gorgeous brown

eyes and answered, "Yes mistress."

"There is nothing for you to worry about darling", Jo coaxed, with genuine love

for me in her gentle voice. "Deneel is doing the honours this year. You will

need to know what happens though for when it's your turn."

"Deneel was your predecessor bar one as the School Slag. She's almost as pretty

as you", Jo teased.

"Once a School Slag always a School Slag of course. They say that she's had to

come all the way back from touring Japan just for today. They also say she'll

lose her place in the company. But she has to obey the orders of the Old

Cathrinian's Hellgirl Club, for whom she must still Slag on demand even though

she is twenty now, and long since left school........."

All the while this conversation, if a one-sided fear-of-my-future provoking

monologue can ever be classed as a conversation, was going on, Josephine was

gently leading me by my gloved hand, in my swinging bottomed majestic all

curvaceous steppy-leggy super-tip-top-tiptoed wiggle-walk glide out toward the

school gates and The Wicked Wench. The Wicked Wench was a public house hired

exclusively once a year around Easter by the Hellgirl Club, a club established

some one-hundred years since, and still exclusively comprised of existing and

former prefects and teachers from St Catherine's Academy.

And as I wiggled irresistibly sexily along, I just knew that all eyes were drawn

to the beautiful tight side-dimpled bottom topping my ballet-tiptoe-torsioned

legs, longing to catch a glimpse of my heavenly completely shaven naked naughty

flashing between my girlmuscular thighs, and I felt so horny, so very very horny

at my own sexiness, my girlness, my being the extreme essence of girl: my being

girl.

It felt so strange to be out of the school gates at night, as opposed to in my

regular morning fitness runs. Butterflies turned in my belly, as I wiggle-walked

out of the gates in my nearly non-existent top and the fully-flared-out

all-revealing lampshade bell-skirt, blushing again at my awareness at one and

the same time of my near nudity, my sexiness, my vulnerability, my horny state,

my fear of what was coming, my fear I would be punished for going out of the

academy's bounds without a teacher's permission, the knowledge that I would

probably be the only one at The Wicked Wench who was under the legal age for

drinking alcohol, and the horror that I might be made to drink in breach of the

law, and thus be expelled from the academy with a blackened character as a

consequence.

As we drew closer to our goal, I heard loud laughter and a sad clear voice

protesting sweetly, "Please not again", followed by cheers and rhythmic

clapping, and then more loud cheers.

It all sounded terribly threatening, and I would have resisted going further had

it not been for my trust in Jo and the fact I knew that I would have my bare

bummy beaten if I did not obey her charming command.

"Maiden Mead", Jo announced, as if I should understand what she meant.

As we approached The Wicked Wench public house, a gorgeous auburn-haired girl

was leaving to attend to something in her car. This girl was definitely leaving

the public house to attend to something in her car, but then she caught sight of

my captivating body long-leggilly gliding toward her and she instantly stopped

in her tracks to ogle me.

"My goodness me!" she uttered in her open-mouthed astonishment, "I'd heard she

was stunning. This must be the new one. It is Melody isn't it?" she asked Jo.

"It is Melody", Jo smiled at the astonished young woman.

"I'd heard she was gorgeous but my heavens she's more than that!" came the

response as this admirer walked around my pirouetted body "What a pretty face,

incredible legs, and what wonderful hair. She's a dream!!"

I hung my head in deep blushing pride.

"You girls at the old acad are so damned lucky. I can't complain. In my time,

well, toward the end of my time anyway, we had Deneel. She's in there now, and

still very beautiful. She was the first girl I ever took to bed, Deneel", the

girl reminisced with obvious pleasure showing in her misting eyes. "Have you

bedded her, I mean this one? My god how could any girl sleep at night with her

in the same world let alone the same room or the same bed."

Jo was blushing and made no answer to what instantly, from the lack of a

response from her, was converted to a rhetorical question.

"How's it going in there?" Jo asked shyly, wanting to change the subject.

"Let's see. It's five in the afternoon now, and they started at six this

morning. They've done the five and are nearly ready for the sixth and last",

came the answer. "She's heavy on the red. Poor kid's been at it all day. I don't

know why they stick to just once a year myself." Then the young woman laughed at

herself. "Silly that. I'm a trained economist. I know the sale price is as high

as it is because they stick to once a year to make it even more special, and

then I ask why they just do it once a year......I'm such a clot sometimes....."

We moved on. Jo giggled divinely when we reached the narrow doorway of The

Wicked Wench and found that my lampshade skirt was too wide for me to enter

without a tight squeeze that almost threatened to crush the hem.

The restriction of the doorway successfully negotiated, I wiggle glided dainty

pretty-leggy stepping into a room where, perhaps because the day was so bright

outside, I had to have my eyes adjust themselves before I could really see what

was around me.

Though my eyes had to adjust, the eyes of those already there could see me very

clearly, and a hush fell. A hush fell. A momentary hush fell, as all eyes

focused on my face and my body, and then a cheer went up and tables were thumped

and wolf whistles blushed me to deep crimson once more.

"Sweet heaven, what a honey!" came an American accented voice.

My eyes were adjusting if not yet accustomed as eager girls sought a tall stool

for me to rest my deep dimpled bummy upon it. I thanked them for their kindness,

and lifted myself leggilly, to place my bare bottom on its sweat-making white

leather, the hem of my stiff open-bell skirt lifting to show my everything, so

that I must cross one divine thigh over the other to hide my nude shaven mystery

from compelled eyes and dainty noses seeking its site its sight and its scent.

My eyes were now fully attuned to the dim insides of The Wicked Wench and I

looked around at the faces of the young women admiring me, and to try and assess

what was going on: what the woman we had passed in the car park had been talking

about.

Jo sat alongside me as chaperone, and I felt comfort from her delightful and

lovely loving presence as she held one of my gloved hands.

There seemed to be nothing remarkable. The bar girl was very pretty. Her face

looked familiar. First of all I thought I'd known her as a neighbour in my

hometown, then I recalled she was, or at least had been, a cleaner at the

academy. So, that would be where I remembered her. I had not seen her lately.

Perhaps this was her new job and she'd given up the cleaning work.

The head mistress was there and several of the academy's staff. There were no

men there. Someone had been drinking a lot of cheap white wine. There were six

or eight bottles on just the one table, with one bottle as yet unopened. That

gaggle of girls, whoever they were, would have a heavy hangover on the morrow

that was for sure.

Then she came into view. She was staggering and she was staggering. My mouth

fell open in the instant of my first seeing her. She was stunning. I looked

around for confirmation that all other eyes were compulsorily stalked as mine

were by the presence moving toward me. I looked around also in disbelief that

the wonder that was wandering waywardly my way was real.

It was unbelievable that she could be real. It was unbelievable that she was

believable. She had my senses reeling.She was immeasurably exquisite. I felt

tears start in my eyes as heaven graced toward me.

She was what? She was a negress. She was five-feet seven maybe, and maybe 115

pounds at most. She was naked or almost. Jet-black hair below her shoulder

blades ran in the tightest of coiled scattered natural curls captivatingly

gloriously tossed over her face and one eye as if fresh scattered by a violent

storm.

And her face: oh her face!Heaven must have such a face. Her face was heaven.

Her high cheekbones bestowed eternity-outlasting beauty. Her eyes were as wild

as her hair. Deepest of deep deep brown they flicked shyly side to side as if

just overwhelmed by a looking glass vision of the veritable vision that was her

very own visage. Her mouth, oh that mouth, those lips so generous so gorgeous so

sweet and so loveable, forming as they did a permanently proffered kiss in their

gentle repose on her stunning face reposed.

This girl looked as if she were nature. She was nature personified. She was

tamed wildness.

Her figure was naturally divine. She had divinity from nature but had obviously

been sculpted by dance. There could be no doubt that this angel was a dancer.

Her body was lithe and supremely finely muscled from trained use and constant

renewing exercise.

Her belly, curved and smooth like the Venus she either was or if not outshone,

swept up to small firm perfect protuberances: angel's breasts, crowned with

chocolate pink nipples proud prominent and pertly pointing atop each heavenly

sub-mountain.

She moved with the puma's grace. Trained constrained power was packed in her

perfect limbs. Her legs, steepled like my own in the pirouetted permanence of

rigid curved-footed tiptoed torsion, were sculpted and delectably muscled

delightfully by dance. Her arms were long, slimly graceful and femininely

lightly muscle-toned. Her buttocks rock hard compact and deep side dimpled from

her tiptoe towering, were free of even an infinitesimal scintilla of surplus

fat.

She was a ballet dancer. There could be no doubt that this black beauty was a

ballet dancer. This pirouetted performer had been perfected by dance.

I gasped out loud when I saw her. I gasped because she astonished me. I gasped

because she astounded me. I gasped because she enraptured me. I instantly

instinctively turned to Jo for confirmation that I was really seeing what I was

seeing, but all I saw were Jo's eyes transfixed by this same girl, this girl of

girls, this epitome of girl, this pulchritudinous perfection personification.

I gasped again as the poor girl staggered, and I would have gasped once more if

I had been aware how much my honey was anointing the white leather on which my

perfect purse was poised, because of my desire for this heavenly vision.

Then I raised by pretty gloved free hand to my mouth and cried out in pain for

her. I cried out in sympathy for her. I saw her back. As Deneel staggered I saw

her back. She had been whipped. This glorious creation had been whipped, and her

poor back was bleeding.

I moved to get off my stool to tippy-top-tiptoe over and comfort her, but Jo

grasped my hand. "Pain is necessary for the perfection of the product", she told

me.

I still wanted to comfort this adorable creation, but Jo sensed my movement and

restrained me by taking a firmer grip on the hand she held.

"This is Maiden Mead time." Jo said. "She is very lovely isn't she? Deneel is a

dancer with the Ballet \*\*\*\*\*. They're out touring Japan at the moment."

"Who is Maiden Mead?" I asked gentle Jo, trusting she would not punish me for my

impertinence.

"You mean 'what is' not 'who is'", Jo responded in a conspiratorial whisper.

I raised my eyebrows and smiled to put the question in the "what is" in place of

the "who is" frame, and Jo simply smiled back as her face showed she was

composing a compact answer to lighten the darkness of my ignorance.

"Maiden Mead, is an extremely expensive exquisitely indulgent luxury. Neither

you nor I could afford it. It's been a product of the academy since it was a

nunnery. The nuns took a vow of poverty, but the nunnery that was the

predecessor of the academy had to be kept in repair somehow, and that meant

making some money from such earthly assets as the nuns had."

"I tried to look as if I understood what Jo was telling me and, as a

consequence, she told me no more and I remained mystified momentarily.

Then I recalled what Jo had said earlier when the horror of poor Deneel's

whipped back had stabbed pain into my heart for Deneel.

"Why is pain necessary? Jo turned to me..."For the Maiden Mead, you said

pain....." I reminded her.

"Ah yes" Jo responded, "The girl has to be in constant pain. She is usually

heavily whipped and then has her wounds salted before production begins. She

must also be menstruating of course. That's why it's tinged red. It's the very

essence of a girl you see. The pain is like for lobsters that go pink when they

drop them in live in boiling water. The pain makes the product perfect. It

ensures the girl is concentrated on producing the concentration you see."

I was no nearer an understanding than before I had begun to ask, and I was not

going to risk Jo's patience by pestering her again, so I sat silently and

pondered.

Deneel moved among the girls as if she were in a dream drugged or drunk. On her

staggeringly stupendous legs she staggered. She was clearly in pain and had

obviously been drinking alcohol very heavily.

"Please" she shyly uttered, "Please...."

"She's saying she's ready for the next one", Jo announced to my baffled mind.

"The girl we met outside said that this would be number six. I wonder if she

meant the end product or its immediate preliminary......", Jo mused.

The perfect Deneel stood swaying slightly, her ballet trained perfectly smooth

girlmuscle outlined legs parted. I noted she was near the table where I had

spotted the wine bottles.

"Please" her lovely negress' lips whispered, "Please...."

Two prefects grasped her arms to steady her and the headmistress moved toward

Deneel with some kind of funnel on the end of which was a clear glass bottle.

"You said you were ready last time" the headmistress curtly snapped, "You'd

better produce this time in full or I'll have you whipped again!"

At this, the headmistress gently removed a sealing self-adhesive bandage plaster

that completely covered Deneel's lovely nude love lips, before placing the

curved funnel over Deneel's beautiful shaven brown sex. And Deneel, furrowed her

pretty brow, before closing her eyes, and then letting go her urine, into the

funnel and thus the bottle.

"That's it sweetheart. You're doing just fine. Let it all come" the headmistress

encouraged. This is number five and one more round will be your duty done my

angel".

Then turning aside to one of the prefects holding Deneel the headmistress

audibly pronounced, "She's on a heavy month with the menstruum. This'll be a

classic and probably a premium I'd say".

The funnel was held in place till the last drip of urine was captured.

"You are an angel my darling" the headmistress praised. "One more round my

love."

I could hardly believe what happened next.

"Seal her," the headmistress instructed to a girl behind her, and a fresh

self-sticking plaster was used to cover Deneel's delectable cunt lips against

the escape of her menstruum I assumed, rightly.

"We can't take a risk" said the head and beckoned another girl to whom she then

handed the funnel after taking it from the top of the urine filled bottle.

Deneel, knowing she could not escape what was coming next, bent back her head so

that her tight curly hair fell like a mesmerising waterfall behind her, and

gagged as the funnel was placed in her wonderful mouth.

I gasped audibly as I watched what was happening and I creamed on my stool at

Deneel's sexually compelling comeliness.

Handling the bottle she held as if it were the nectar of the goddesses, the

headmistress began to pour and poor Deneel to cough and gurgle. It was horrible.

It was terrible. How could they do this to such an angel? Deneel was being made

to drink her own urine!!

I rose from my stool perch to go and aid the girl over whom I was head over

heels with infatuation.

"Hold it Melody. You mustn't interfere. This is Maiden Mead making day. It's a

tradition going back hundreds of years. It's not your place or mine to

interfere!" Josephine insistently grasped both my arms to sit me back down as

she instructed me thus.

"It starts with the white wine", Jo began, in order to fully enlighten me.

"Deneel's beautiful body processes a couple of bottles of the wine. Then, after

a time, she produces her own wine, and what was cheap white wine has become girl

wine. For perfection, Deneel's own wine, mixed with more white wine, must be

processed through her a minimum of six times over. Each time more white wine

washes her liquid gold and her mouth spittle into her, so she can convert it all

to girl wine too, mixing the fresh white wine with the girl wine that has

already gone through her before. This is the last cycle. And the product of this

cycle needs to be made into mead, and that is where you come in my angel. One

bottle is laid down every year. It has to ferment for ten years. We sell it by

auction on the internet now. Last year's bottle fetched a cool hundred thousand

dollar spot price when it was laid in the crypt to begin its ten year

fermentation!......"

"You see" said Jo, "You see, except for her milk being impossible to obtain

because she is arid, it has to include every delightful girl-liquid Deneel

produces, her blood, her sweet sweat, her spittle, her menstruum, above all her

pee, and there is just one more that you need to help her produce when the times

comes for her to release the white wine and fifth-cycle girl-pee she has just

had poured into her. When she has processed those, this sixth and last time in

the heavenly still of her gorgeous body: mead needs honey".

The pee poured into the angel Deneel was followed funnelled into her, as she was

held fast by two strong prefects and as the headmistress did the slow pouring,

by another whole bottle of white wine. This was the eighth bottle she had been

forced to drink at the rate of nearly one bottle every two or three hours. Was

it any wonder that the poor girl staggered on her supremely superlative superb

legs?

The funnel was removed and Deneel released, only for her to have to be grasped

to save her cruelly whipped body falling to the ground with goodness knows what

harm to her perfection that risked. Even though nowhere near her, I reached as

by reflex to catch her and protect her, and thank goodness so did those who

could do for real that which I longed to do from the perch my pretty purse

perfected by its pressure upon it, as I sat sexily adorning it: my high stool.

Once more I wanted to rise from my stool, which was now heavily anointed with

the outpouring of honey from my naughty that my desire for Deneel's stunning

beauty was causing me to torrent. Once more I wanted to wiggle-step prettily

over and rescue the perfect negress as she struggled in her pain, her enforced

drunkenness, and with her beautiful body being used and abused as a processing

still for the wine that was the essence of girl: wine that could only be

produced by girl: Maiden Mead.

Deneel must have been near the end of her endurance. My eyes filled with tears

now as I caught full sight of her back. How horribly they had whipped her. She

was criss-crossed with open stripes of livid red that were still bleeding. And

they had salted her! They had rubbed salt into her open wounds to increase her

pain! Oh how I longed to kiss her wounds and sooth and comfort her!

My eyes were glued to Deneel's every move as she was allowed to tiptoe

wiggle-walk as gracefully as her drunken state would allow her, among the ogling

girls, who were as transfixed by this vision of heaven as I was.

Deneel was so inebriated by now and this eighth bottle of wine she had had

poured into her, that she had to hold onto tables and the bar to move around.

Nobody spoke to her, but all the eyes in the room being upon her, must have told

her that she was being adored, even though nobody dare look this vision directly

in her guilt making incredible deep dark brown eyes.

After but half-an-hour she opened the delectable lips that formed a

dark-petalled permanently proffered kiss on her adorable face in repose, and

pleaded with a, "Please", that she needed to urinate, only to be ordered to hold

her pee or else be whipped.

All the while I ran my eyes over and over Deneel's wonder, and that was all the

while, and my naughty was honeying, as I had never known it honey before. I had

glazed the leather of the stool on which I perched so thighilly prettily,

crossing and re-crossing my dreamy creamy long legs to hold in my horneyness,

and was letting out little sixteen-year-old schoolgirl girly-gasps of innocent

sexual arousal at my desire for the twenty-year-old ballet-princess, the black

beauty perfecting the world by her presence in it.

Such was my concentration upon Deneel that I only noticed at the last second

that the headmistress and the head girl were instructing Josephine to let go my

hand, and I was being made to stand long leggilly as I unavoidably must.

"We need honey for the mead," the headmistress reminded Jo, who obediently let

me go.

And, I stood tiptoed on tip-of tip-of-big-toes in my bent foot curved-back-sole

ballet shoe shod pretty feet, my long legs locked back at their dimpled knees,

and thunder in the stupendous power of my thighs, my skirt flared rigidly out to

the hem of the lampshade bell it formed, to be the mockery of a skirt hiding

nothing of the glory of my tightly tensioned derriere so delectable dimpled, my

smooth shining slit so sinfully shaved, and above it my bare belly so flat and

yet curved up to bountiful breasts, and my face so angelic with girlhood's silk

soft complexion, my mouth prettily agape and my eyes showing the sin I was in as

honey was flowing in my naughty. Then I was led, to cheers from the all the

girls In The Wicked Wench to centre floor.

And being brought to meet me centre stage, was the non-pareille negress, Deneel,

her devil-deep-down-brown eyes wandering and wondering, too drunk perhaps to

even notice me, and how I longed for this ballet-tiptoed perfection swaying on

her plus-perfect dance-trained dance-honed girl-muscular legs, to notice me. And

I was ordered to arouse her. I was ordered to arouse Deneel. I was instructed to

kiss heaven on heaven's heavenly lips. And I willingly longingly tried to reach

this angel, but my hem; the hem of my stiff lampshade-flared-out-bell-skirt

prevented me. And so I bent stiff-long-lissom-leggy-legged at my hips and

therefore instantly flashed, openly displayed behind me, my honeying naughty so

sinfully sexily shaven nude to confirm my innocence, the innocence of a virgin

sixteen-year-old schoolgirl, visibly wantonly slavering sex-honey from her

secret slit, as she bent to kiss the lips of heaven, Deneel's lovely mouth.

And I took Deneel in my gloved hands at her shoulders not daring to touch her

cruelly whipped back in my longing to show her compassion and gentleness. And I

felt the searing heat of her, the heat of a girl on heat, the heat of a

menstruating girl, the heat of a menstruating angel. And she became aware of me,

my heaven shone at me with focused kaleidoscopic devil deep brown eyes that drew

me in with overwhelming compulsion of desire and wanton want and naked need as

they glowed with pleading for my tenderness in her suffering, and I reached my

face to kiss her burning lips, I reached to kiss heaven on earth, and she

responded and reached up to kiss me with embrace fire and passion of pursed lips

that caused my honey to trickle from the tightly sealed lips of my love slit, so

blatantly displayed between my wonderful thighs as I bent over straight-legged.

And my love honey dribbled down my legs to pool at my feet. And I felt her

nipples pulse and peak. I felt Deneel's nipples pulse and peak. I felt Deneel's

body yield and I heard her gasp for breath to kiss me again and lose herself in

the passion of desire of girl for girl, of angel for angel, the highest passion,

the passion of all the angels of heaven.

And suddenly we were being parted. We were being spilt asunder. I was being

dashed down from heaven. I was being cast out and down. My heavenly angel Deneel

was being dragged from me. I had made honey run in her heaven's hollow, and she

was ready to have her honey mix with her girl-wine: she was secreting the

heavenly honey needed to make the Maiden Mead. And so she was ripped, aroused by

me, from me, and had the sealing strip torn from her honeying heaven hole, and

the funnel placed to catch her torrent as she loosed in waterfalling abundance

her girl-wine, six-times recycled through her divine body, mixed with her

menstruum her spittle, her perspiration, and now her heavenly honey, her

girl-honey, the ultimate in her girl secretions, to supply the nectar of the

goddesses, to be laid down treasured and guarded with life for ten years to

perfect its power through fermentation: that rarest and finest of supremely fine

wines known only to the connoisseur of connoisseurs within the cognoscente:

Maiden Mead.

Chapter 15 – My Vacation Vocation

Supremely aroused as I had become holding the divine Deneel in a tender embrace

as the ultimate phase of Maiden Mead making had been given over to me, a long

tepid shower was needed to lower the summit of my ardour and save me from the

evil compulsion to touch myself.

My body came down from its peak of heat but very slowly. My mind continued lost

in the maze of lust for the remainder of the sleepless night through which I

turned and tossed abed, fighting to keep my pretty fingers from mischief, and

unable therefore to douse my fire, my red-hot lava flowing as I closed my eyes

and envisioned Deneel's visage endlessly over and over again. For days

afterwards I longed to see Deneel once more. I had never seen anything in all my

sixteen tender years as wonderful as that twenty-year old nubile negress, so

miraculously sculpted by nature and nurture, by heaven's beneficence and

ballet's benevolence. If that was what ballet training did for girl, then all

girls should be ballet dancers by law!

I had even almost forgotten the letter: the letter the head girl held: the

letter from my father: the letter from Italy. Such was my passion for the

plus-perfect pulchritudinous Deneel; all other matters in my life were relegated

by the empty desert in my desire driven mind.

I was a young girl experiencing the powerful drive of compelling sexual desire.

My body and mind were of single focus. My body was womanly ripe: my mind was

still a young girl's.

Sexually, I was no longer merely budding. Sexually, I was mature. Sexually, I

was no longer burgeoning. Sexually, I was in full young flower. My infolding

love petals kissed virgin tightly, hiding my deep hidden pistils. Subliminally,

I was probably still driven then, by a longing for a pistol to pump and pour

pollen in my purse and, despoiling my purity, propagate in me to populate from

me. But, even then, I had no fore-conscious desire for penis. At surface, nature

compelled and body mind and soul were as one in obedience of the compulsion, and

my compulsion was girl-girl.

I longed for love. I longed for sex. I longed for girl. They were all three one

and the same in a sixteen-year-old schoolgirl's body and mind. I was driven

girl. Nature had control of my head and heartstrings. I would dangle and dance a

puppet at nature's command. Nature would drag me along willingly or unwillingly

to fulfil my sexual needs. My heart was in my slit. My heart was in my slit, and

my slit willing and wanton and willing me to be wanton. I was waiting wanting

willing wanton girl.

I felt no guilt that my longing was girl for girl. For me the love of girl for

girl was heaven's greatest gift. I was innocent and ignorant of any alternative.

Of course I knew that I had been begat by boy and girl combining in love

labour's lust. My ignorance and innocence was my wholly holy virginity in the

boy girl realm: a lesser world, a nether world; a world I had no desire, even

then, ever to visit. Having discovered heaven's locus, why would I look for

lesser love in a lower world? My heart was in my slit. I wanted girl in my

heart: I wanted girl in my slit.

I feared that neither mummy nor daddy would understand. It is odd that I felt no

guilt but could feel concern that my parents should not know my love was only

for the love of lovely girl. My thinking here was not that I was in the wrong

and would be discovered; it was that they were in the wrong and that I did not

want to hurt them by making them show they were so very wrong about something so

exceptionally extremely wonderful.

It was the last week of term before the three-week break for Easter. It was five

days after my experience at the Wicked Wench, where I had witnessed the making

of Maiden Mead. The head girl had finally given me daddy's letter from Italy. It

was written in long loving endearment to say how sorry he and mummy were that

they would be unable to see me that upcoming Easter vacation, because of the

death of my great-uncle exiled in Italy and the need to attend mummy's much

loved uncle's funeral.

Daddy was sure; he said in his letter, that I would be looked after at the

academy by the headmistress, with whom I was to stay that Easter. He added that

the headmistress had given her word that Benji, my adorable adored Alsatian,

would be looked after in her home too, so that I could see him. The

headmistress' only condition was that Benji be returned to my parents after the

three-week break. Benji, daddy assured me, was even now (at the time he wrote)

in kennels, and by arrangement, would arrive with the headmistress on one of the

first few days of my vacation.

……………….

On the last day of term, by popular request of the other girls in the school, I

was wearing another version of the lampshade dress I had worn at the Wicked

Wench. This one was canary yellow, and I wore canary yellow stockings,

suspenders, and hugely filled a cupless strip of canary yellow silk over my

breasts, knotted tightly behind my back to prevent my abundance overspilling.

Seven-inch bright yellow stiletto heels gloried my gorgeous legs, and a huge

yellow rose was on my left leg's stocking-top garter. My long blonde hair had

been twin plaited and then rolled into two tight glowing harvested-corn

circled-coils at the side of my head. I daringly wore canary yellow eye shadow

and even canary yellow lipstick.

I was orgasmically compelling, and my modesty at my overwhelming loveliness a

central essential component: the catalyst making me overwhelmingly orgasmically

adorable.

Girls laughed in loving love with and of me as they pointed to my pretty

mouth-lips lipsticked livid yellow. It was daring. It was sexy. It was a young

girl's privilege taken, to challenge convention and allure with lurid lips the

more kissable for their startling colour, so naturally unnatural: it being

natural for a young girl to go against nature and paint her lips so unnatural a

colour.

On my seven-inch heels, toes pointed to earth's core rising me on legs leading

to the lips gating and guarding heaven between their dreamy long, leanly long,

creamy-complexioned girl curved miles, I stood, sex on luscious legs, longed

for, and longing for sex. Girls' head-turning in my mystery and my radiant

desirability, availability and unavailability, I was listening to the head

teacher, Miss Pringle, at the full school assembly with which every day at the

St Catherine's Academy for Girls started.

"Now girls, those of you living locally and who have been with us for some time,

will know that we look to you to have the school pets in your loving and caring

homes for the three-weeks break so close upon us. The school will be fully

closed down, so, there will be nobody in the school to feed and water them. You

must have parental permission to take one of them home for the break of course.

Not all of us wish to find a laboratory rat in our homes!" Nobody laughed at

this intended joke, not realising that the limp way in which the headmistress'

voice had been raised at the end of the announcement, signalled that it had been

one; that it was intended to be a joke.

To hide her embarrassment at her failed attempt at humour, the headmistress

turned to a brown pretty hand held high in the congregation.

"Yes, you, Nulinda", she pointed to a gorgeous Asian-Indian girl, a

fifteen-year-old with luxurious straight black hair down to the bottom of her

bottom, and framing a face almost as lovely in repose as in smile, with features

of delightful complexion including eyes of joyous sparkling brown, that she

turned momentarily, brown hue and eyes both, my way to indicate whom she was

talking about.

"Yes, you, Nulinda", the headmistress pointed to this girl who had her hand

raised, to raise that she wanted to raise a question.

"Please miss", Nulinda's delightful white-toothed smile widened as she plucked

up her courage with the whole school, all five hundred girls, listening intently

to her sweet voice, "Please miss, all the girls say Melody Smith is a pet, so

may I take Melody home for the hols?"

Even the headmistress had to laugh along with all the school at this very cheeky

little girl's joke. Then all eyes turned to me, but in the midst of my blush I

only saw Nulinda, and knew from her look, which was now so sensuously serious,

that she wanted me. And oh how at that moment I wanted her beauty, her innocent

delight: this, the girl who was the school comedienne with childish cheek and

cheeky wit to match her winsome worth.

"You will go a long way in life Nulinda!" the headmistress smiled, "But not a

long way with Melody during this vacation I'm afraid. As Melody's parents are

unavoidably away abroad, Melody will be staying with me this Easter".

A long sympathy-and-disappointment-conveying comic chorus, "Ahhhh!" followed by

girlish laughter, teased Nulinda as it echoed mock pity from the other girls at

the head having to "disappoint" the Asian angel, who giggled in embarrassed hot

blushing pleasure at having her childish joke so enjoyed by the whole school.

"Report to my office at the end of the day Melody" the headmistress instructed,

as if she had only just recalled that it had been arranged I stay the vacation

through with her.

I long lovely legilly curtsied my acknowledgement of Miss Pringle's orders.

Arrangements for the real school pets, several rats, a dozen mice, and three

rabbits, were made, and we dispersed to our classes. As I wiggled steeple-legged

in my seven-inch stilettos on my way to classes, I could not help but notice,

because it was so blatant, that Nulinda lingered to be near me.

"May I say you are so very pretty miss?" she asked shyly.

"Of course you may", I blushed, smiling at her loving countenance, watching her

spellbinding brown eyes slowly sip the delights of my body from toes to top, and

settle on the green shining lovely lightening flash in my irises, as her

compliment caused my slit to wet and be whetted with wanting.

"I…..I…….I love you miss", Nulinda sighed with her black hair suddenly shyly

curtaining her lowered loving lovely face.

I had no real idea how to answer this stunning sudden surprise. This was surely

a very young girl who did not know what she was talking about. But how much more

did I know, not even two years her senior?

"I am deeply honoured Nulinda. You are a very pretty girl." I answered, my

virgin slit now shining as my honey seeped.

"May I kiss you miss?" Nulinda's eyes begged as compellingly as her lips.

"Not without a prefect's written permission", I countered with what was intended

as a kind and gentle passion cooling laugh in my intonation.

But this girl was not going to take "no" for an answer, and she gently took my

dainty hand and lured me unwillingly willingly into the nearby and, fortunately

and unfortunately unoccupied lavatories. There she instantly knelt on the ground

and kissed my yellow stockinged steepled right foot in its seven-inch stretched

heeled high, as I closed my eyes in wanting to say "yes" and having to say "no"

confusion.

And then Nulinda gazed up in rapture at my completely nude shaven harbour haven.

And I noed my willing yes as the fifteen-year old Asian angel now put her

delightful face so close to my honeypot, fully exposed as it was under the open

bell hem of my lampshade skirt, that I could feel her breath on my sensitive

nude lips. A split of a split second later her mouth was on my slit and her

tongue beginning to part the guardian gates of heaven, when I gently caught hold

of her shoulders….

….But she was strong for one so young and persistent and insistent, and the heat

of her sweet breath condensing on my heaven-hiding-lips made me secrete my

secret honey and my honey to dribble, as I "no, no, no, no, noed my aroused

"yes, yes, yes, yes, yeses" my head "no, noing" side to side as my sensated mind

nodded assent to this girl's ascent into my nirvana nerve-centre.

Nulinda was now between my wide-parted welcoming legs, and I listened to her

eager slurps as she sucked my honey and it glistened on her lips to match the

sheen in the gusset of her pure white tight-white knickers as she was

approaching a cum at her pleasure in tasting my nectar, the essence of me: my

essence: my supreme girlness.

Somehow I must, and did distressingly and hurtfully, find the strength to ease

her off me…

….."No my angel, no, please no!! I'm so sorry Nulinda but it must be no. Please

love me still, please adore me!"

Caught off-balance, Nulinda tumbled back off her haunches and flashed the very

wet girl-juice-soaked school-issue knickers that sucking my essence had caused,

before she scrambled to her feet.

"You fucking cow!" she cursed me, with her lips still moist with me, in her deep

hurt frustration and passion propelled anger.

"Oh no!" I begged, "Please don't blame me Nulinda. I have to obey……..I am the

School Slag… I have to obey the School Slag rules!"

But she stormed out, tears running down her adorable face, as my arms reached

out to try and take and comfort her, too late, far too late, far far too late

………

…………….

For the rest of that day I tried to get near Nulinda, who, joy of joys finally

came over to me and said a simple, "Sorry miss". It brought tears of joy to my

eyes to know that I was still loved and adored, wanted and now forgiven by this

beauty among beauties, despite the denial of her fulfilment from sipping nectar

between my petals.

And then I understood in the instant why I was forgiven, as Nulinda, smiling

radiantly, showing me a certificate.

For her as well as for me, I felt such joy that this Asian-Indian ingénue now

had signed licence obliging me to let her have me: signed indeed by Josephine,

the prefect who loved me as I her.

The little Asian treasure looked at me with such pleasure in her flashing brown

eyes, as I bent my willing head straight legged in my wide hide-nothing stiff

hemmed canary yellow lampshade skirt to hear Nulinda whisper what she wanted of

me, where, and when, as my passion petals flashed hot-moist.

That I should blush the deepest of deep crimson as she unashamedly told me,

showed how deeply this brilliantly-bright-button of girlish silly jokes and

loving loveable desire to be loved and desired was capable of thinking.

"Yes of course" I answered, my slit wet and whetted and keened once more as my

mind registered her request.

And so later that day I looked distantly distinctly over at Nulinda in the

sports ground, as we had our afternoon break from lessons, and watched her in

that distance telling her pretty, young, pretty sceptical friends something, as

she showed them a transparent plastic bottle, that clearly aroused their envy.

She several times faced my way so that they looked over disbelieving despite her

repeated insistent assurance she was telling the truth.

Then she again showed them the bottle with its clear golden-yellow contents,

before hugging it to her and kissing it with the sweet lips that had tasted my

honey that morning. For she was telling her disbelieving friends, that this she

showed them, time and time, over and over again, was a bottle of my wine. She

was boasting to her fifteen-year-old peers that she had a bottle of Melody

Smith's golden-girl-pee, and was going to savour slow sips of its glory every

night of the three-week holiday, sharing it with absolutely nobody!

And I sighed my disappointment that Nulinda's highest pleasure had been my

golden treasure and not something that would result in a cum for her, or for me,

or for me from her for her. But I also sighed my pleasure that a sip of my

golden treasure was an unsurpassable pleasure for an angel such as she.

I wiggle-walked past this crowd of Nulinda and her friends, blushing as they

whistled and cheered at my seven-inch high-heeled girl-legged glory gracing by

on open display under my belled-out bright yellow stiff-hemmed lampshade skirt,

displaying all my legs, my bummy, and my naughty nude naughty to the world and

its life, on my way to report to the headmistress, as I must since I was to stay

with her for the three-week Easter holiday to begin the next day.

……………….

I knocked nervously quietly on the headmistress' door. Miss Pringle, in fact

Doctor Pringle, for that was her real name, and not "Old Prickle" or "the

Prickly Doc" as we girls called her behind her back, was a very frightening

lady. "Old Prickle" was, in fact, no more than thirty.

A very bright girl, she had flown through university with a bachelor

double-first from \*\*\*\*\*\* England followed by time at \*\*\*\*\*\* in the USA. That she

had followed in turn with an outstandingly brilliant and seminal doctoral thesis

titled: "The Insistent Prevalent Presence of Sapphic Obsession Within Female

Dyads in Distaff-Sided Unisexual Institutions and Institutionalised Environments

- Its Provenance, History, Physiology, Psychological Foundation, Persistent

Occurrence, Subversion, Recurrence Prevention, and Curative Obliteration", a

book that marked her as the unparalleled sociology student of the century at

\*\*\*\*\*\* England, to which she had transferred to complete her tertiary education

on her return from \*\*\*\*\*\*, just six summers since.

Miss Pringle had then breezed through teacher training, and her appointment as

head of St Catherine's Academy for Girls, recognised internationally as the

crème de la crème of girls' schools, was a simple formality.

She was by far the youngest woman ever appointed to the headship of St

Catherine's. She was also by far the prettiest. Many a young girl at St Caths

had a secret crush on her. Their calling her "Old Prickle" and "the Prickly Doc"

was often just a disguise for the emotion that stirred in girlish hearts when

this attractive but stern lady glided by.

Miss Pringle, "Amelia" to her friends, had, unfortunately, apparently left her

soul in one of the books she had steeped herself in at university. She seemed to

be the frustrated spinster epitomised. Her feminine curves were always

completely hidden in a black dress that covered her neck to toes. Her studying

had hurt her eyes, and her choice to use pince nez that dangled from a

black-silk choker around her slender neck, when they were not needing to be

clipped halfway down her nose for reading, made her seem a grandmother in

apparent age to we young girls.

There was talk, there is always talk among schoolgirls, that Miss Pringle had

been unlucky in love, and was taking it out on her pupils.

If only she would smile, her face would have been so pretty. If only she would

be more advised about her dress, and wear her hair down, instead of always

primly properly tied in a tight bun at the back of her head, she would in fact

have looked lovely. Miss Pringle's hair was lusciously dark auburn and of great

beauty, but the severity it gave her young face with its being so sharply drawn

back, did her appearance no justice.

She had green eyes, Miss Pringle. Her long-sightedness made them look misty and

dreamy. Talking to you, she always seemed to be looking through you, as if she

could see an x-ray of your real thinking. She made you feel shallow by the way

she looked past you, or seemed to pierce your very soul.

Her skin was gorgeous. Like all redheads, Miss Pringle was very pale. In summer

her face would display tiny freckles noticeable across her forehead and nose,

despite her attempts to hide their delightfulness under pancake makeup of some

kind.

She had always been kind to me. I thought her misunderstood and would have

argued in her defence had I not been the chosen School Slag, with it thus not

being my place to argue or even join in debates in the prefecture where I was

housed.

Okay, so Miss Pringle had once whipped me very hard on my bare split. But I had

been very naughty, or at least there were credible witnesses to testify that I

had been extremely naughty, and so I could forgive her the pain and humiliation

I had suffered in the ritualised beating she had made me endure, even though it

had been in truth completely unjustified.

"Come", Miss Pringle's voice called when, after getting no audible response from

my first attempt, I had dared to knock on her door a second time.

"Ah, Melody!" Miss Pringle greeted me with this, as her eyes looked my

delectable body over head to tiptoed toe in my seven-inch high spike heels.

"You are such a pretty girl Melody. God spared nothing when she made you".

I flushed fully floridly at this unexpected compliment from a woman I thought

had never ever regarded me as a girl as opposed to solely seeing me, as yet

another student.

"Thank you Miss Pringle" I shyly sighed, as I dutifully curtsied.

"We in the tutorial staff are not really allowed pupils in our homes Melody",

Miss Pringle announced from behind the huge desk at which she sat and before

which I stood long-legged, pretty hands behind my back.

"We are not, properly speaking, allowed pupils in our homes, but I have made an

undertaking to your parents and those of another pupil for the three weeks of

this tedious vacation now upon us", she mused as if she had rehearsed the line

she was taking.

"We are not allowed pupils, but we always arrange for the school pets to be

housed. So, with you my angel, we will have to indulge a little subterfuge". She

smiled as she announced this as if she had been looking forward to the

fulfilment of a plan that she had perhaps mulled over for weeks.

"You will strip yourself completely naked Melody, but leave those delightful

coils of your wonderful hair at the side of your head, so they won't get in the

way whilst you are on your little holiday from being a schoolgirl as such."

"Miss?" I queried.

"Do as you are told Melody and do it now if you know what is good for you!"

Miss Pringle's voice was measured and calm. She was used to having her own way

with all the staff, let alone the pupils, and I was no challenge at all to her

complete autocracy.

With nervous fingers I unclasped the securing buckle that held my bright yellow

stiff bell-skirt to my hips, and dropped it to the floor. Having sweet sexy

leggilly stepped out of the bell, I could now reach my seven-inch stilettos and

ease my aching feet from them. To un-knot the yellow silk band that contained my

huge breasts was a little difficult, so I abandoned the attempt temporarily

whilst I rolled my unhitched canary yellow stockings down my miles of luscious

leg.

I was surprised at how intently Miss Pringle watched me as I stripped before

her, feeling terribly self-conscious.

"You will also remove that ridiculous yellow lipstick and eye-shadow" she

instructed.

With a nervous, "Yes Miss" and swift beautiful bare legged curtsey, I confirmed

my intended full compliance.

I thanked her as she finally helped me undo the bow at my back that the silk

cloth covering my breasts was tied in, and showed me to a side-room, mirror,

cold-cream, and tissues with which I could see and operate to remove the makeup

from my pretty face.

Miss Pringle disappeared into her office as I smeared my lovely cheeks with

cold-cream, the cool feel of which on my schoolgirl-soft complexion I had always

adored.

As I emerged from her side bathroom, naked as nature apart from my hair in

ripe-gold-corn-coils, I spotted gloves on her desk. Gloves in April I thought!

Gloves in April: I ask you!! What an old fuddy-duddy "Old Miss Prickle Pringle"

was!!!

But the gloves were not for her; they were for me.

"Put on the gloves, but first cover your knees with these" Miss Pringle

commanded, as she handed me two of what were clearly knee-pads, similar to those

I had worn when roller-blading in my even younger days.

I was as good as obedience, and strapped the black rubber pads over my knees,

before donning the black rubber gloves, mittens without even a separate thumb in

fact, with thick padding where my palms were within them.

I then looked at Miss Pringle, obedience personified, curiosity controlled.

"Kneel, my angel" she coaxed, and I obeyed yet again, getting down so that my

padded knees were on the floor and my long pretty toes bent forward to hold me

squatting.

In a moment Miss Pringle was down beside me. To my joy she ran an enquiring hand

over the vast expansive of the massive boldness that my right thigh formed as my

legs were folded.

I gasped open mouthed in sudden sweet surrender as she stroked my magically

majestic gigantically strong bare right thigh inquisitively gently, and my honey

flowed in my naughty as I sighed loudly to tell her that I loved her touch. And,

had she cared to look at my moist mouthed innocent pleading eyes, she would have

known that, being the supremely super-sensitive all-over head-to-toe erogenous

zone I was, I was showing my desire fire aflame from her tender touch on my

erotic body, my gasping moist mouth matching my gaping moist south.

"Magnificent!!", Miss Pringle crooned, "Totally magnificent: truly wonderful.

Such latent power, such orgasmic grace, such enormous contained restrained

titanic beauty!!"

At my side, she had dropped two leather straps with buckles, one of which she

took up now and passed around my folded right leg, so that it went over my ankle

and came up between my thighs. This she buckled off tightly, so that my leg was

bound folded massive-thighed double.

A repeat of this process with my left leg, left me tied with both superb

storm-strong-thighed legs tied inescapably tight-folded double.

Finally, she came up behind me, and only by feel was I made aware that she was

passing around my long slim neck, a collar: a dog collar: a studded dog's

collar, for this is what I was to become: a human dog: a human bitch.

A strange feeling in my naughty reflected the equally strange feeling in my

girlmind as I squatted obedience bound and bound to obey.

Miss Pringle repeated her earlier words: "We are not normally allowed pupils in

our homes, but we always arrange for the school pets to be housed….".

So, this humiliating fate was to be mine.

But why did I not protest? Why did my naughty moisten when Miss Pringle fitted

my collar? Why did this unnaturalness feel so natural to me, for me to endure?

Why did my mind welcome what my mind knew to be cruel and obscene? I was a girl

in heaven's name! I was a sixteen-year-old schoolgirl sent by her parents in

trust that she would be looked after in these, the most sensitive years of her

burgeoning womanhood. And here I was, trust replaced by trusses, tied like a

dog, bound like an animal, having my schoolgirl innocence savaged, having my

schoolgirl's body abused and used, being mentally raped and deflowered by

bondage to please the perverted lust of this woman, my headmistress, the girl in

charge of my college, the girl charged with my well-being and honoured with the

duty of care for my young mind and body.

I lowered my lovely eyes and blushed knowing that my naughty split was dribbling

my honey as Miss Pringle held my dog leash ready to fix to my collar.

"Ah there you are at last", her voice threw over my head as I knelt unable to

see and not daring to turn to look at whom she was addressing her greeting.

"Take this bitch to my car. I will join you there when I've finished my

paperwork.

Miss Pringle handed over the leash, and someone behind me fitted it to my collar

and tugged so that I rose on four limbs: mittened "forepaws" and padded knees

forming my doggy bitch forelegs, rear legs, and four legs.

And as I rose thus, obedient as always, I was turned and could look at my

mistress of the moment, the girl in tiptoed heelless rigid-soled ballet shoes

steepling her to wondrous magnificence of girl-leg-glory who had hold of me by

the doggy lead I would be forced to crawl along by.

And I looked at her calves. I looked at the calves of my mistress. I ogled the

calves of my mistress as they were at my humble head height as I knelt in

preliminary to being made to crawl. I looked at the carved curved calves of my

mistress at her tight soft-skinned curved trained calves, ebony and beautiful

beyond the human eye to endure without arousal of humility longing and lust, as

Deneel tugged once more on my leash and I began to wiggle crawl, the white-girl

human bitch I had been made into obeying completely her beyond-beautiful black

mistress.

……………….

Deneel, the heaven's heaven black ballet dancer and now my mistress walking the

doggy that was I, was gentleness and patience itself, as she led me slowly along

giving me time to learn to crawl in the bondage in which I would be bound for

the three weeks of the Easter vacation from school proper.

I crawled at the end of my leash down corridors with which I had become so

familiar, past cleaning staff who seemed to think nothing of the sight of the

two visions of exquisite loveliness, the ebony mistress as far to the one end of

nature's wonderful colour spectrum, as the white girl she dragged along was at

the other.

I crawled at the end of my leash down familiar corridors, my head held so that I

gazed upon the strong unstockinged ballet-trained girlmuscular calves of the

divine Deneel, whose model's walk in her tip-top-of-tiptoe-tiptoeing shoes

always saw her place one foot precisely before the other so that her body swung

swivelled wiggled and swayed with all the fabulous femininity of finest female

feline.

This wonderful girl prowled like an alley-cat. Like a ballet-cat, she impelled

the eye to watch and savour the walk of a dream on legs; legs that were dreams

within the dream. Dark-black-cream-smooth supreme-smooth completely unblemished

flesh shone with her glorious ballet-trained fitness, and gloried her

scintilla-of-a-scintilla-of-a-surplus-milligram-free poundage and god-given

perfection of hourglass shape. She was the girl that no girl could fail to want

and want to be wanted by. She was a goddess of goddesses in super-human shape.

She was impossible to believe the existence of, such was the perfection of her

absolutely pure and totally unadulterated girlness.

And I had kissed her. I had kissed her heavenly mouth. I had kissed her goddess

of goddesses' lips…..

…..But this was no time to reminisce, for whose were the lovely slim brown legs,

also tiptoed in heelless pirouette shoes slinking so lightly and sexily toward

us: toward the divine Deneel and toward me as I crawled on all fours?

Oh heaven I recognised that gorgeous girly giggle: that innocent charming laugh,

but I had not before fully seen the slim and very pretty legs of Nulinda. For

indeed it was she: Nulinda, the fifteen-year-old Asian-Indian angel was slinking

toward my tethered body. I glanced up to glimpse the raven-black of this sweet

girl's pubic hair, for she was, but for her heelless ballet-shoes, as naked as

heaven intended, as was the goddess Deneel.

"You take her to the car, and I'll remind the head that term is over, even for

her", Deneel's contralto voice way above my head ordered the eager and willing

Nulinda.

Tumbling raven-coal-colour curls were replaced by straight raven locks, as

Nulinda took my leash and led me crawling in obedience to her, to where I must

negotiate the cold marble steps down from the grand entrance to the school,

cross concrete blinding in the reflected heat of the beating sun, and arrive and

be ordered, "Sit", as indeed I did in the instant in huge thunder thighed squat,

at the rear door of a vehicle.

"Good gwirl", coaxed Nulinda in a voice that always contained the verge of a

magically attractive girly giggle barely restrained.

"Good gwirl", she coaxed and my eyes could not help but run the length of her

lovely slim naked legs.

"Good gwirl", coaxed Nulinda, talking to me precisely as if I were a dumb and

stupid animal.

"Good gwirl", she whispered as if I were her pet.

"Good gwirl", Nulinda coaxed me, and I blushed as her humiliation of me creamed

my naughty even more as I looked up at her wickedly pretty, brown, nude, tight

little bottom.

As she bent to arrange something on the back seat of the car she had opened the

rear door of, Nulinda's sixth sense told her I was looking at her beautiful bare

brown buttocks, her smackybumps, and the lips of her very tight naughty, and

enjoying what I saw.

Immediately she had done her business in the vehicle, which she seemed to

purposely slow down with, to tease and entice my feasting eyes some more, she

turned to me and, still with my dog's leash in her hand, hauled me up to my

"four" legs giving me a quizzical, "I know what you were looking at" look, and

then went behind me, bent over me, and smacked me twice, very hard, on my bare

right bummy flank.

SLAP!! "Nwaughty gwirl!" ………SLAP!! "Wewy nwaughty gwirl!"

Her smacks hurt and I yelped both times.

Then, stroking my head as her scented body, so young lithe and desirable,

squatted at my side: and my honey trickled from my naughty, Nulinda whispered:

"Melody has got to be a good wickle dwoggy, and mustn't be a nwaughty dwoggy,

looking at my pwitty wickle bwummy like that".

I gasped as I creamed with humiliation as this fifteen-year-old chastised me

with the cruel taunt of her deliberately childish language….

"I know I've gwot a wery pwitty wickle bwummy, but Melody has no wite to wook at

my wery pwitty wickle bwummy. Melody is going to be a gwood wickle dwoggy and

won't look at pwitty bwummies even pwitty wickle bwummies like mine."

I flushed from hair roots to the base of my neck at this humbling humiliation

and degradation. This young girl knew how to mistress me. I sighed as I hung my

head in absolute shame that her command over me had reduced me to animal, as my

honey dribbled down the insides of my enormous folded-leg formed thighs:

secretion seeping from my doggy degradation.

"Cwum on pwitty dwoggy. Cwum on", I was lead to the open rear door of the

headmistresses' car and was being instructed to get into it, high above my

tight-tied-folded legs.

After much struggle I managed it to the tune of Nulinda's melodic…

"Dwers a cwever wickle dwoggy!"

Blushing deep pink with knowing Nulinda knew what my helpless hopeless bondage

capped by her humiliation was doing to me, I momentarily glanced up at this

fifteen-year-olds perfect pert lollipops: her superlatively-firm conical

breasts, protruding twin mini-brown-mounts-Fuji capped with huge strawberry-pink

nipples.

"Nwaughty gwirl! Nwaughty nwaughty gwirl!!" Nulinda's pretty forefinger beat the

air side-to-side in warning for my daring to look at her naked beauty once

again, and forewarned of another slap on my bummy if I did not behave, I lowered

my head shamed humbled and disgraced.

I hung my head in shame at my desire for Nulinda's beautiful young body, and my

consequent sexual arousal and my further arousal at being shamed for my natural

desire, and at my being shamed by my arousal from my shame at my arousal. And my

hurt at being denied to look upon her heavenly face and figure aroused me like

an animal. And so it was that not only by my physical bondage but by the mental

bondage they, Nulinda so far at least, were taunting me with, I was being made

the dog, the bitch I was bound as, and thus bound to become.

I crouched on the floor at the rear of Miss Pringle's car as she got in to drive

us to her home. There I squatted with four of the most beautiful legs I had ever

beheld in my young life, exquisite calves arched supremely by tiptoe-shod feet

pointed toward the centre of the universe, legs rising to heaven as Deneel and

Nulinda sat either side of my cowering body, and I dare not look: I dare not

look: I could not look at heaven on earth.

"Don't forget" said Miss Pringle, turning whilst sitting in the driving seat,

before she started the car. "Don't forget the deal was that you could have the

doggy to play with over the holiday, provide you looked after her entirely,

including keeping her groomed and well exercised."

"Yes, Miss Pringle", my two young tormentors affirmed in near chorus.

"You must also teach her discipline", Miss Pringle reminded Deneel and Nulinda,

"There is nothing in the world of pet animals as awful as an ill trained doggy.

You must teach her to obey. She must learn to obey in an instant without the

slightest sign of demur."

"I'm afraid we may have to use the dog whip on her Miss Pringle", Nulinda's

mischievous giggly voice sounded out soprano clear.

"If it is necessary it is necessary" Miss Pringle responded.

……………..

"May I use the bathroom please?" I begged as we lurched along, the car jerking

with Miss Pringle's appalling driving.

There was silence.

"May I use the bathroom please?" I pleaded once more.

"Did you hear a voice?" Nulinda enquired with a leering mocking cruelty in her

tone.

"Once we have arrived, you'd better take the doggy for a walk. She may not be

house trained, and I don't want any little accidents on my carpets, thank you

very much!" Miss Pringle instructed.

"Please!" I begged, "I need to go now!"

A heavy sigh was heaved by the three beautifully cruel women in near unison, but

the car drove on, my plea to be allowed to relieve myself being utterly ignored.

The desperation I felt about the urge to urinate was psychological rather than

from a reasoned assessment of the need. My mind was crying out internally that I

must, but must, be allowed to pee, because I was not able to do what I needed to

do in the circumstance I was in, and because I had no idea of when I would be

able so to do. But, in fact, if my circumstances and situation had been such

that I had been in a position to urinate without let or hindrance I would

probably not have been feeling any urge to do so at all.

Whether from real need or from need prompted by the impossibility, the urge to

urinate had taken my mind over. We motored on, and every second seemed like an

hour as I forced myself to retain restrain and refrain. I had no idea how far we

had gone on our journey, let alone how much further we had still to go.

All I knew was the feeling that I could not hold myself much longer and that

nature would force me to eject that which nurture had taught me I should retain

and refrain from spilling until in an appropriate place in the time and space

continuum.

I was aware from an "accident" I had had in my knickers in my early school days,

of the danger of my letting myself go on the verge of arrival at a place where I

could relieve myself: the sudden release from relief at being in-sight, rather

than retention for the spilt seconds needed for the release to be on-site.

Every child does such a thing once. Every adult recalls the event and is thus

reminded of the risk that the release of Ladysmith might have preceded her

relief. The danger of the little dribble that turns to a torrent, and the

arrival at the point target already emptied is a desperately shaming and lesson

teaching event for a girl.

I was sure I was going to release my wine, and equally sure that it was

worthless my appealing to be allowed to do so where it would be appropriate for

me to do so. My previous requests of the right to release my natural fluid had

been completely ignored. I would only be tormenting myself for my captors'

continued evident pleasure at denying me, were I to plead again.

Perspiration was diamonding my gently furrowed brow as I strained to refrain and

not release even the teensiest trickle knowing it would only be the prelude to

the torrent, when the car we were in, wherein I crouched on all fours, bound

like a hound at the rear, pulled over to the side in a Scottish country lane.

Although in stress at my restraint, I dared to glance at Deneel's beautiful

ebony calves as they tensioned from her pressing her toes hard to ground, as she

lifted her heavenly naked body from the seat, to exit the rear of the vehicle

and leave open the door. And I could not help my eyes taking in her glory, as

she reached over, all girl scent, and complex curvaceous contours fit and lithe,

to attach my lead to my collar and tug, so that I must crawl out of the car.

What I wished to do, I wished to do in privacy and, despite the burning pressure

that had built up inside my naughty, I waited for them to unbind me, so that I

might at least hide over in the bushes. As it was their wish, and obviously an

extension of my duties as the School Slag, I would then submit to being bound up

once more, even though it was grossly cruel.

"I thought the doggy wanted to pee!" Nulinda's voice teased.

I waited and waited, but there was not the slightest move to untie me, and none

to move me away from the passing public driving by the open grass verge on which

my doggy bound body stood on its "four" legs.

Deneel began to pull my leash to take me back into the car. And then it

happened. I could hold myself no longer, and my golden pee poured from the tight

lips of my mystery, hissing in hot steaming abundant abandon to the grassed

ground.

Tears ran down my face at this complete and utter humiliation as my pee splashed

on the grass between my wide parted thighs.

But worse was to come for the build up of tension within my divine body and the

heat it had generated within me as I had held my wine back within the perfectly

proportioned beautiful carafe my body formed for it, had brought on a build-up

of wind and the overwhelming urge also to defecate.

Worse was to come, as I knew it must, for a disgusting open fart was followed by

a turd emerging inexorably from my anus. In my legs bound state, I moved to

squat for the defecation, and hung my head in complete surrender to complete

utter total degradation as I expelled in their turn, two turds of girl-chocolat

on the open ground in open display on open property in the open air, openly

naked.

"It is a shame to let her wine run to ground like that", remarked Miss Pringle.

"When we have her at the house, we must farm her for that delight and enjoy it

with our evening meals."

"Shall we gather her chocolat too? Nulinda enquired in sweet innocence.

"If you wish it", Miss Pringle responded.

"Well, I for one would like to try it" Nulinda embarrassedly confessed, thereby

seeming to admit to a delight that her fellow girls did not necessarily share.

"It is an acquired taste Nulinda", Miss Pringle warned. "Personally, I enjoy the

expelations of beautiful girls by mixing their chocolat with sweetened milk. If

you will join me in that, I will join you in enjoying Melody's chocolat too".

"Oh, yes please!" Nulinda's giggling voice sexily pleaded as she rose to even

higher tiptoe in her tiptoe booties with her excitement.

"May I also join in that?" Deneel asked, in a voice indicative of the fear of

being left out.

"Of course you may my angel", Miss Pringle assured her.

Whilst I was defecating, I had watched from the corner of my eye, pretty Nulinda

pull a short branch from a tree. I thought nothing of this other than the

assumption she was passing time. But as she had waited for me to answer nature's

call, and watched me embarrass myself, she had been plucking off the

sub-branches and leaves from this pliable strand. It was only as Deneel took my

leash to make me crawl back to the car that I heard a whistle of air being

swiftly penetrated by a whisk of wood, and THWICK!, Nulinda whipped me on my

naked right thigh.

I yelped with the pain.

"Why did you do that Nulinda?" Miss Pringle asked in a measured tone hinting of

a telling-off to come.

"I just wanted to" Nulinda answered nervously.

"Well, we mustn't hit the doggy when she is behaving herself. That is no way to

teach her her place. The doggy will become confused if pain does not only

immediately follow naughtiness, and Melody has not been naughty in any way that

I have noticed."

"Sorry Miss Pringle", Nulinda answered with a touch of fear clearly evident in

her voice.

"It is not I to whom you should apologise, it is the doggy", Miss Pringle

instructed.

I now saw the pretty legs of Nulinda begin to bend at the knee so she could

squat beside me and tell me she was sorry. And I felt a melting in my heart and

in my naughty as Nulinda's lovely figure squatted down beside me and I could

adore her pert breasts as her pretty hands stroked my face and she said "Swowwy:

werry, werry swowwy" and then kissed my forehead.

"Why don't you get the doggy to forgive you, by using the stick to throw, so she

can bring it back to you? Doggies love that!" Miss Pringle proposed………

……….."No. On second thoughts, we'd better get on our way", she continued. The

doggy will probably want to chew that stick to pieces after it has hurt her.

Throw it away when she is not looking, so she won't try to chase after it." Miss

Pringle ordered.

…………..

The rest of our journey took but a short while we being but a short time and a

short distance from our arrival at a surprisingly large almost mansion-sized

house, the home of Miss Pringle whom, I realised, must be very wealthy in her

own right, as this was not a home that could be afforded on the pittance paid to

the headmistress of St Catherine's Academy for Girls alone.

I felt dirty and sweaty and would almost have sold my soul for a shower. The

mental and physical soiling of my public urination and defecation and my

uncleanliness from being unable to wipe myself hygienically, combined with my

sweaty state and my mental state to make me feel filthy and disgusting. But

there was clearly no intention on the part of my captors to release me from my

bonds. To them my soiled state was no more than that to be expected of an

animal.

"We agreed you would exercise the doggy" Miss Pringle reminded her two all too

gloriously sexy naked companions, Deneel and Nulinda. "Let her go chase this

little rubber-ring. I bought it specially. She'll love to run after it and, if

you teach her right, she'll bring it back to you each time, time and time again"

We had not actually entered more than the front-door hallway of Miss Pringle's

house when this conversation took place. I was still on my leash, wiggling along

on all-fours, with Nulinda's lovely lithe slim tiptoe-torsion-tensioned-calved

legs, adorably flashing their divine compelling completely sexy sexually

arousing erotic way in front of my feasting eyes.

I longed for indeed all but prayed for rest. My bound legs were hurting from

mild cramp and I was not used to using my pretty arms as if they were legs.

"Take her round to the back garden: you know the way", Miss Pringle instructed.

I had no choice other than to obey, and thus faithfully crawled on my "four

legs" along the crazy-paving path that led to Miss Pringle's very large and very

untidy and even more very overgrown back garden.

What a contrast this back garden was to the neatly trimmed span and spick front

lawns with their grass green, a sprinkler scattering water droplets to keep them

thus, and evident care taken to stripe them decoratively during frequent careful

mowing.

There must be something wrong in Miss Pringle's domestic arrangements, perhaps

even caused by a financial shortcoming, that she could not afford to keep all of

her garden in the very commendably smart state it was in at the front of her

home. It did not occur to me to think that this back garden of chaos weeds and

abundant complex briar was an act of choice. I did not then know that Miss

Pringle had wanted her rear garden to return to nature, and thus give the birds

she adored their nesting and hunting grounds.

As I crawled along into Miss Pringle's back garden, I was also blissfully

unaware of the resentment that had built up in the childish mind of the

petulantly pouting pulchritudinous Nulinda.

Nulinda had resented being told-off by Miss Pringle for whipping my bummy with

the tree-branch when we had stopped so that I could empty my bladder. She dare

not show her petty annoyance to Miss Pringle, but she was determined to take her

spite out on someone, and that someone was going to be me.

Unseen by Miss Pringle Deneel or I, Nulinda had taken a dog whip, made of

tapering two-foot length black intertwining plaited leather strips, from Miss

Pringle's entrance hallway, and had my superb thighs very much in her minds eye

for this whip's curt kisses.

"You mustn't!" the stupefyingly lovely Deneel's perfect kiss-forming negress'

lips called sweetly out to Nulinda, as Nulinda immediately walked me, still on

my leash, purposely over to where tall thistles were growing.

"Don't you try and tell me what to do; you're not a teacher!" the fiery tempered

Asian-Indian beauty responded tartly. Nulinda pulled hard on the collar around

my neck as I momentarily tried to resist being made to crawl, as I was being,

over to an outcrop of high healthy huge thistles Nulinda intended, fully clearly

intended, to make me crawl through in my total nudity.

"Please don't hurt her, she was so gentle with me" Deneel pleaded, recalling our

divine kiss in the Wicked Wench.

"Mind your own business Deneel! You're not even at the Academy anymore!" the

vengeful foot-stamping so very pretty fifteen-year-old Nulinda pertinently

pointed out, pert lips pouting petulantly, her beauty exceptionally enhanced by

the fire flaming her veins: her smouldering resentment at being told what and

what not to do having taken bright red flame, adding an extra-wide emphatic

side-to-side pendulum wiggle to her perfect bummy as she stormed and

tiptoe-stomped in her anger.

"So, mind your own business" Nulinda repeated.

"Come on you bitch!" Nulinda spat out at me, as I cried out with the pain when

my lovely pendulous jiggling and joggling titanic titties were the first parts

of my superbly schoolgirl smooth flesh to be pricked and scraped by the prickles

on the thistles, followed by my belly and the insides of my folded legs tied

tight at the ankles to my upper thighs.

"Please don't! You're hurting her!" Deneel pleaded hopelessly helplessly on my

behalf.

"Shut up you ugly cow!" Nulinda shouted, before forcing me to crawl to and fro

through the thistles twice more, staring defiantly, nostrils flared, mouth ready

to show contempt with her tongue at the gentle Deneel as she, Nulinda, dragged

me by my dog's collar through fresh thistles to purposely hurt me, and I cried

out with moans, gasps, squeaks, and squawks with the pain of my naked body being

prickled and pricked and scratched.

And strange things were happening to me as Nulinda forced me to degrade myself

by crawling through the abundant fresh thistles. And my nipples showed that the

attentions of the spiteful spike-ended fronds of the thistles to my sensitive

girlbody had promoted a strange arousal in my innocent schoolgirl mind.

I was very young. I was very sexy. I was very sexual. I was very girl. And a

peek at the peaks of my perky points provided pertinent pert proof I was

prolifically powerfully provoked by Nulinda's pouting pique, and her purposely

passing me through the painful thistles.

Deneel then tried to snatch my leash, and remove it from my dog's collar out of

sympathy for my plight. She was to be more than a little surprised, therefore,

at the strength with which the slim schoolgirl Nulinda pushed her to one side,

and began to drag my perspiring pained body toward her next target for my

torment and torture, and her petty petulant revenge on Miss Pringle through me.

Hauled cruelly by my leash and collar, I crawled with my naked schoolgirl soft

body, being in my behaviour the obedient doggy, not least because I was highly

turned on by my nipples being tortured by the thistles, some of the spikes of

which were still penetrating my perky throbbing nubs. I was being forced to

crawl, without hesitation, reservation, or resistance. Indeed I was moving at

the nearest to top-doggy-speed I could manage to running, toward where I was

being fully purposely dragged by Nulinda: a huge bed of fresh spring stinging

nettles.

Deneel called out in horror for Nulinda to stop, but I was forced to be the

obedient doggy and my cries of anguish and pleasure pain echoed in the silence

of the garden as even the lovely wild birds stopped to listen to a wanton girl

in the highest state of horny heat as she took the torture intended by Nulinda,

as she, I that is, had my lovely breasts and their supremely sensitive nipples

stung cruelly by the nettles that kissed my girlsoft flesh, as I obediently

crawled, totally nude, completely naked, into their heady pain forewarning

foreboding forbidding perfume.

I obediently crawled into the heady scent of the terrible stinging nettles, the

insides of my arms, the front of my breasts, my glorious pointy pink nipples,

and the insides of my bare thighs being stung and reddened, and become sore and

painful as my lovely body reacted to the nettles using their defence mechanisms

upon my gorgeous totally nude, completely naked unprotected flesh.

My pain only increased and seemed, after only milliseconds, to throb through me

like mass pins-and-needles, and my pretty mouth gasped as I realised what I had

enforcedly submitted myself to. And began to regret it, as a red rash spread

over my beauty where the nettles had stung me so extensively, a rash from my

rash run, a rash from my rush into the stinging hell, with horrible raised lumps

that hurt and itched with parallel and combined intensity.

Meanwhile, Nulinda was beside herself with sexual arousal at torturing me this

way. And so to add to and heighten her pleasure, she ordered me, by indicating

with her index finger and pulling on my leash, to turn. And I turned in my full

glorious huge-tied-thighed nakedness totally nude, completely naked in the

stinging nettles, and I was stung on my breasts and my nipples and my belly and

my thighs and my bound lower legs. And I cried out and girly-gasped with the

pain. And Nulinda showed me the rubber ring I was to chase like the faithful

doggy I was bound up as. And Nulinda ordered me to "sit" she commanded me "sit"

and I sat, I squatted down with my rear and I yelped as my sex was stung. I

yelped as my nude shaven naughty was stung by the stinging nettles.

And my cries were sexual as I was obedient to the letter of the instruction

given me by the dainty Nulinda. And my love-lips were stung and swollen, and

swelling as the venom of the nettles that had kissed my slit, urged my honey to

flow to sooth my sex as it burned white-hot with the instant red rash that

suffused my nude-shaven naughty naughty's naughty lips. And my honey flowed as I

wiggled my bummy in the nettles so that I would be stung even more on and in my

naughty. And it hurt, oh how it hurt, and oh how I loved its hurt! How I loved

its hurt!! How I loved its hurt!!! And I wiggled my bummy purposely to have my

love-lips stung afresh and then stung some more, and some more, and some more,

and how I loved its hurt! How I loved its hurt!! How I loved its hurt!!!

And Nulinda unfastened my leash: Nulinda took off my dog lead and then threw the

rubber ring she had been given by Miss Pringle for me to chase. And I ran out of

the stinging nettles being stung the more on my lollipops as they swung and

swayed uncontrollably freely in my nudity, and I wiggled, my body red with the

stings I was enduring, with my naughty creaming cum-honey to sooth the vicious

stings that had reddened its raw virgin shaven nakedness. And I ran-crawled to

where the ring had landed. I ran on all-fours, the obedient doggy threatened by

the dog-whip if I did not obey, but needing no beating to make me obey, to where

the ring had landed: to where the ring had been deliberately thrown by Nulinda.

And I ran headlong into the unforgiving ripping embrace of a massive tangle of

brambles that grew thicker and more complex and more imprisoning of my nude body

as I forced myself into the hell of its embrace, an embrace that grazed and

scratched my superlatively baby-soft peach-soft girlskin, and tore at my breasts

and spiked my nipples and ripped at my thighs.

And I forced myself into the brambles. Naked as the day I was born, totally

nude, completely naked, I forced myself into the brambles. Naked as the day I

was born but now a full-grown sexually awoken, sexually aware, sexually

complete, sexually complex, sexually aroused schoolgirl, I crawled into the

unmerciful brambles so that they closed around me and wrapped around me and

bound me so it was impossible for me to be more embraced and impossible for me

to go forward or backwards without my peachy skin being scratched and torn, I

was so entangled in the briar. And I slowed and was forced to an irreversible

halt.

My progress was slowed, and then unalterably halted, as the brambles wrapped me

in an impossible imprisoning tangle. I was a naked schoolgirl wrapped in the

multiple-tentacled multi-thorned tentacles of lascivious brambles that held my

lovely body in their soft-girlskin tearing, painful multi-arms: an embrace of

thorn-strewn tangled tentacles that had scratched my honey-soft skin and grazed,

cut, and kissed me with cruelty, the cruelty with which I bled. My fabulous

flesh was torn, my soft firm breasts scratched and grazed, my exquisite nipples

bleeding. And I was caught in the vicious grip of the unyielding brambles

cocooned in the embrace of the thorns of the tangling brambles.

And as I tried to back out, a vicious fallen bramble tentacle was suddenly

dividing the lips of my naughty and spiking my outer and then also my inner

love-lips. I cried out and screamed with the pain: and then the pleasure: the

strange overpowering sexy sexual pleasure. Its thorns were kissing my super-soft

super-sensitive outer and inner love-lips, and I was crying with the

excruciating pain, tears of regret torrenting down from my innocently deeply

enticing deeply blue eyes.

And yet I was coming. I was all-girl being reminded by my bleeding nipples and

even more the thorns of the bramble splitting the tenderness of my girl-lips

that I was absolutely girl, extremely girl, supremely girl. And I was wrapped in

the brambles; I was tied in the brambles by the unyielding soft girlskin tearing

briar. I was lacerated and bleeding. I was wounded and wound-round with the

tentacles of the briar which scratched my pretty face as I suffered their

impossible inescapable embrace; the cruel embrace that my sexually driven desire

had forced me to obey the order from Nulinda that I drive my naked body into,

the cruellest of cruel entanglements: I was the girl in the burning bush. I was

afire with the fire of my desire suffering for Nulinda's ire.

And with my lovely arms, my beautiful legs, my exquisite breasts my supremely

slim waist and even my pretty schoolgirl's soft complexioned angel's face caught

inescapably immovably in the torturing tentacles and tearing thorns of the

vicious briar ripping my naked flesh, I came. And as I closed my tear-filled

eyes with the unendurable pain, as the thorned bramble splitting the lips of my

honeypot, sworded and sawed-at my super-sensitive lubriciously saturated inner

girl-lips, I came. And I howled like a hound with my cum as I worked my honey

soaked naughty on the horrible spikes, the terrible tearing thorns parting my

girl-lips. And I came and came and came, as I purposely wantonly masturbated my

bleeding nettle-stung lip-sundered thorn-torn honeypot on the spikes of the

bramble tentacle splitting my slit. And I anointed the flesh ripping briar with

my blood and my girl-honey: my cum honey, screaming with pain and pleasure and

pleasure and pain as I orgasmed; and orgasmed from having my orgasm; and

orgasmed from my orgasm from my orgasm, and orgasmed from my orgasm from my

orgasm at my orgasm ……..

………………

Nulinda had had her revenge on Miss Pringle through me. The petulant

Asian-Indian fifteen-year-old had me wrapped in the incredible ramble of

bramble, that the gentle Deneel, with sweet tears of love trickling from her

dark-brown heaven's-window eyes, was now using pruning shears, held in hands

protected by strong-garden-gloves to ward off the thorns, to snip the briar

branches to free me from their cruel enraptured capture: collateral consequence

of my compelling concupiscence.

Despite Nulinda's horrible rudeness to her, Deneel wanted to protect the Asian

angel from the wrath of Miss Pringle who would be, she knew, or at least thought

she could be sure, incandescent when she saw the state I was in.

But, in the end, there could be no hiding my stung and rash covered, torn and

bleeding body from Miss Pringle, and Deneel was terrified that, as the older

girl in charge over me, it would be she who received Miss Pringle's tongue

lashing or lashings of a lashing with a different and far more painful lash.

There was no hiding my wounded state as I wiggled-in led by Deneel at the end of

my leash, with Nulinda trying her hardest to look as if she were not there. As I

crawled in my "four-legged" bondage to the rear entry to Miss Pringle's lovely

home, I passed a wooden construction, like a miniature garden-hut with an open

doorway and puzzled myself as to what such as the hutch this appeared to be was

for.

In contrast to the fear of anger from her the two lovely girls escorting me had

anticipated, Miss Pringle seemed unshocked by my scratches and grazes, merely

instructing Deneel to bathe the doggy whilst asking Nulinda to help in the

kitchen where a meal was to be prepared.

I was led crawling on my padded palms and knees, sweating and still feeling

filthy from the animal way I had been forced to urinate and defecate, into a

washroom where, in readiness for me, a large inflatable-rubber, children's

paddling pool was ready. I was dragged in by my leash, my collar was removed,

and I had the highly sexually charged honour and deep pleasure of having my

girl-sensitive body bathed by the supremely sexy negress Deneel.

Try as I might, I could not control the sighs and cries that the flow of

Deneel's lovely hands bearing a sponge of white soap bubbles over my bare body

caused me to emit. I wanted to show how I loved Deneel's tenderness, and how I

could still taste her kiss and was not so chaste as to not to want to chase her

for more.

I tried so hard to tell her with my eyes and my sighs as she soaped my thighs

that my cries were for her and she could have me. But Deneel simply kissed my

forehead and told me I was adorable. Deneel's shapely arched back was still

recovering from the last whipping she had endured at the hands of Miss Pringle,

the whipping Deneel had had to be given to break her, and make her cry and

bleed, so her girl-tears and her fresh-blood could be two of the fluids used to

found the making of Maiden Mead. Deneel had a strong will and had resisted

crying until the second lash.

The memory of the pain and how Miss Pringle had denied her an orgasm by dousing

with ice the fire in her menstruating minx, brought on by her scourging, still

horrified Deneel who had no desire for an early reprise. Deneel knew she would

be whipped by Miss Pringle if she dared to touch me in any sexual way. So, even

I could not tempt the temptress negress.

Then Deneel's soaking soaping stroking of my sopping body to wash me of the

thorns and prickles that had scratched torn and tauntingly tormented me, stopped

as both our ears pricked up at the sound we could hear from next door to where I

was being doggy bathed.

"No!!" came the unmistakable pretty sound of the soprano Nulinda.

Then followed the steady "slap, slap, slap" of the percussive pandying of a

perfect pert bummy, mingled with Nulinda's cries of shock and pain as the blows

repetitiously rained unstoppably: bare hand baring down on bared bummy.

"You will learn to do as you are told!" Miss Pringle could be heard to say

measuredly calmly followed by Nulinda's petulant: "No!!" followed by more smacks

followed by Nulinda's crying "Oh!" and more smacks followed by Nulinda's pleas,

and more smacks followed by Nulinda's "Please!" and more smacks followed by

Nulinda's sexy sighs, and more smacks followed by Nulinda's cries, as the

fifteen-year-old little girl uninhibitedly orgasmed.

Nulinda's very youngness made her sexually afire at the very first smack on her

bare bummy, and she knew no inhibition, being almost more child that grown-up,

so that her body and mind were as one in the experience of the pain-pleasure

continuum, and she was without constraint in kicking her pretty legs as she was

smacked, and had no control of her girl-juice as her innocent pure animality

caused her naughty to pour forth copious cunt cream unrestrainedly. At her first

of twenty smacks Nulinda had immediately orgasmed, and she had orgasmed twenty

times all told more strongly each time, she was so sexed, she was so sexy, she

was so sexual, she was so young, she was so innocent, she was so girl.

My own slit wetted and whetted and keened as I heard Nulinda's deeply sexual

sighs and cries. And my ears had pricked up too, as I had heard an unmistakable

barking and yapping, in protest from a dog seeing a pretty girl being smacked on

her bare bummy. My ears pricked up because I knew it must be Benji. My adorable

pet Alsatian Benji was here and I could hear him so near barking at Miss Pringle

to try and stop her spanking the delicious fiery feline Nulinda.

At last I would have a reminder of home. My lovely loved and loving pet had

arrived to spend the holiday with me. Even as I listened to Benji's baritone

barking, I realised he was no longer the puppy mummy and daddy had given me as a

surprise present. I longed to see him and see for myself how he must have grown.

Benji was here! Hurray! Benji was here and my loneliness was at an end!!

I was being towelled dry by the negress nubile Deneel as I fought not to show my

excitement at the chance to see my pet doggy once more. I feared disappointment.

I was indeed to be disappointed. Deneel replaced my collar, attached a chain and

led me out of the back of Miss Pringle's home.

We were outside near the little wooden hut, as Deneel instructed: "You must go

into your kennel"

Realisation then dawned. This was a kennel. This wooden hut was my kennel. I was

to be treated like a dog even to the degree of having to sleep in a kennel!

Perhaps it was because I was so tired that I obeyed and backed myself into the

hut hutch kennel, my kennel, so unprotestingly. Perhaps it was because I was so

tired that tears started in my eyes at this latest humiliation, as Deneel hooked

my chain to the outside front of the kennel, my kennel, and placed two feeding

bowls on the ground before me: one bowl containing cold water, and the other,

disgusting smelly meat.

As I knelt on all doggy-bound four legs, Deneel's sweet scented body knelt

beside me momentarily.

"Forgive me sweetheart", she whispered, and she then stood and I watched her

glorious ivory dance-muscular tiptoe-topped legs, as she wiggled away to leave

me for the night.

I was so very tired, that I lowered myself down, so I lay with my bound up

"rear" legs front of thighs on the hard wooden floor of the kennel, and my upper

body crushing the miraculous firm soft natural cushions a girl is provided with,

my huge breasts, hard onto my chest.

It was extremely uncomfortable, but I fell asleep and awoke with no recollection

of having fallen into slumber. I fell asleep in the fading light. I awoke in the

dark of the night, cold, hungry, stiff, weary, and aware that an unpleasant

cycle had made its natural arrival: it was that time of the month: I was

menstruating.

I felt so wretched as I began to trickle red, and to compound my misery a flash

of lightening was followed by a crack of thunder and tumultuous heavy rain

poured hard down, bouncing diagonally up from the ground multi-directionally,

and soaking my exposed head: the exposed head of a bitch on heat.

I backed into my kennel as far as my chain would let me, and it would only let

me shelter fully from the rain if I stood on all-fours as I now must for as long

as the rain might choose to last.

…………….

I had licked water from my over-spilling bowl but could not face the stinking

meat. I was therefore glad of the scraps that Miss Pringle threw on her kitchen

floor to make me humble myself my licking them up with my pretty tongue and

lovely lips.

I had already undergone the humiliation of being taken for a morning walk by

Nulinda pouting and sulking and hating me in a teenage fury. I had had to

urinate and defecate as a doggy bitch must, but that was nothing compared to the

hideous discomfort of being totally naked as my body moved fully into its

monthly cycle and my slit seeped.

My slit was now my wound. I bled like a girl must. I bled like a girl. My

bleeding confirmed I was a girl. I bled for my girlness. I bled for my beauty.

My tenderness and love invoking bleeding, made me profoundly beautiful. My

bleeding confirmed my cyclic fertility. My bleeding announced I was ripe for

reproduction. My bleeding wound refreshed my fecundity. That my slit could bleed

in this ultra-feminine way confirmed I was girl.

I was given no aid to absorb my flow. I seeped red. I seeped red-heat abundantly

from my shaven naughty. And I was given no aid to soak the flow. I must be

natural girl. I must be natural doggy. I must be natural bitch. And so I must

seep red throughout the hot-high of my cycle. With no ministering to my monthly

menses, I was to leak like the uncaulked boards of a boat caught in the fury of

the tempest: the "unstanched wench".

I felt hot and miserable. I longed for my torture to stop. There was no other

word than torture for the way I was bound up. Perhaps now I was so clearly

having my period, they would unbind my legs and let me be human once more. This

I thought: that I thought wrong.

"I have guests this afternoon. I want you to bathe the doggy so she is fit to be

among my guests" Miss Pringle instructed.

My bathing this time was to include the incredible full-length hair that was

still wound up in now untidy plaited coils at my ears.

Never was a doggy bath so refreshing, even if I did turn the water red. But I

felt no pleasure at being girlhandled by Deneel and Nulinda both. I just felt

hot tearful tired and wretched.

It took an endless age to wash comb and brush my hair and wind it back into the

coils of corn-coloured-blonde plaits that had all the appearance of being my

doggy ears. But it was done, and I was put back in my kennel listening to the

arrivals at the front of the house as any number of women arrived and were

greeted in turn or in group by Miss Pringle.

Wretched as I was though, I could not but react to the sexy sight of Nulinda and

Deneel as they came a while later to fetch me, for both lovely girls were

dressed as maids.

Both wore flared-out "French-Maid" dresses, with frilly aprons, suspenders and

stockings, and, quite blatantly obviously, no knickers. But what caught the eye

was that these two stupendously too stupendously lovely sexy girls, were dressed

like photograph and negative.

Nulinda's light brown black-haired sensual sexy fifteen-year-old girl-woman's

flawless loveliness was enhanced by her wearing a black maid's dress, with her

gorgeous slim legs displayed in black net stockings held up by the visible

suspenders that stretched their tops but left dreamy creamy brown thigh on

display below the shadow between her thighs where her black-haired naughty was

openly exposed for the delight of the eye.

By supreme contrast, Deneel, the black beauty with her curled coils of coiffure,

wore the same, but with a dress and net stockings of white and an apron of

black: Dennel's quim being, of course, open and exposed bald and bare, having

been depilated since the days of her being the School Slag at St Cath's.

Both girls were naturally firm of bosom, but both must have been wearing a

quarter cup brassiere, or some other aid to their natural pre-eminence, as both

displayed wonderful prominent protuberances, perkily pushed out, roundly

smoothly heaving heavenly soft firm breasts, and abundant cleavage, proudly

proving they were undoubtedly girls.

Both also wore identical shoes. Eight-inch heeled delights, with slim strong

ankles decorated by broad straps: Nulinda's in black patent leather, and

Deneel's in white.

I was unchained and fitted with my leash by Deneel, who now led me to the

gathering where I could hear the clamour of inconsequential chatter as girls and

women caught up with the latest happenings at St Catherine's Academy, fascinated

by the tales headmistress Amelia Pringle could tell them, and waited upon by the

two lovely "French Maids" who had now come to fetch me.

My nerves were a mass of massive tingles as I wiggled along on the end of my

leash. What would these women know: no: what could these women think of me? I

longed to hide myself, but could not help but be dragged inexorably along at the

end of my lead.

I was terrified as I was taken, and my leash untied, leaving me stranded

standing on my "four feet" in the middle of the room. And yet I was being

ignored. Here was I, a sensuously sense-stunning sexy stripped sixteen-year-old

schoolgirl, with strawberry teats tipping my monumental mammaries, my

devastating half-moon demisphere rear, my sigh-making heart-aching fabulous

thighs, my angelic innocent's face, and I was not, at least not apparently, even

being noticed as I crawled bound like a doggy-bitch among Miss Pringle's guests.

So prickly and sensitive was I in my on-heat state however, that even though to

be totally ignored had been my one most devout and prayed-for wish as I had been

made to crawl into that room; to be ignored now I was in the room was deeply

hurtful. I was girl and what I wanted I did not really want when I could have

it, and what I had I did not really want because I had already got it.

Then Benji came around from behind a settee, stretched out his front paws,

lifting his rear, his tail up like a periscope, and yawned with a little lolled

tongue: a yawn ascending to a yelp.

It was Benji! It was my pet! It was my lovely loveable Alsatian! Even in my

misery I had a friend and I wiggled over to snuggle to his muzzle and remind him

of our fun in the park near our home, the home of my parents back south near

London.

By his instant reaction, Benji had not, as I feared he might have, Benji had not

forgotten me, and he licked my face joyously, stopping only occasionally to

sniff the air.

I was careful to ensure I was still not being particularly looked at by the

guests, as I whispered in his ear: "Benji! Oh you adorable…Benji!" and Benji

licked my face all over profusely and with unapologetic unselfconscious

uninhibited doggy joy.

Stopping only to sniff the air. Benji yapped his joy at rediscovering his

mistress, and my eyes filled with tears of innocent happiness as he danced

around before me, wagging his tail wildly, thrashing all and everything and

everyone in sight, wagging his rudder and snuffling the air and licking my face.

But then what was this? Benji was going around behind me as I stood on my

all-fours. Benji was going around behind me his nose quivering. And Benji was

around behind me and his head was between my bound-up legs. And "No Benji! No!!"

I shouted out loud, silencing the chatter and the clatter of teacups for a split

second before they both, the chatter and the clatter, and the clatter and the

chatter began again, as if nothing untoward or surprising in the least was going

on.

"Nooooo Benji! Noooo!!" I cried once more, but this time it caused no

disturbance and nobody was in the least concerned that my own pet dog, Benji,

was licking my nude love lips because he wanted to taste my hot menses. And my

blood, the blood from the high-heat pinnacle of my cycle seeping from my slit,

was turning him on.

The message of my menses to Benji as he massaged my naughty with his eager licks

was that this was a bitch on receptive heat.

"No Benji! No!!" I cried helplessly tearfully yet again, but my lovely pet's

licking tongue had parted my nether lips and was lapping at my inner lips and I

was loving his loving. "No Benji! No!!" I sighed as he rose on his back legs

with his paws on my bare back. "No Benji! No!!" "No Benji! No!!" "No Benji!

No!!" "No Benji! No!!" "No Benji! No!!" I gasped and begged and panted

breathlessly, with desire inspired, as his erect penis sought my seeping

naughty. And a split second later he was in my inner innocence, and in my

innocence I was being shagged, I was being fucked. My own pet dog was shagging

and fucking me.

And a split second later still, he was out of me, and I cried out with

frustration that he had begun what he had begun and not finished what he had not

finished, and I had been mounted and surmounted, taken but forsaken. He had

aroused me and now frustrated me, and I wanted him to have me; I wanted him to

shag me; I wanted Benji, my pet Alsatian, to fuck me. I wanted his cock in my

cunt. I wanted him to tail his mistress. I wanted him to divide my shaven

slavering slippery slattern's slit. I wanted his shaft in my sheath. I wanted

his sword in my scabbard. I wanted him to shag me and shoot his creamy cum in my

cunt. He could fuck my bummy! Would he like to fuck my bummy? Please fuck my

bummy! Oh Benji, oh Benji please fuck me. Oh god, Benji, fuck me!! Fuck me!!

Fuck me!! Fuck me!! Fuck meeeeeeee!! I screamed inside my head, and with my

voluminously vocal girly squeaks and heavy heaving sighs.

But Benji had tasted all he wanted to taste and wandered off leaving me openly

crying, tears streaming in depraved deprivation, desiring the return of the

split-seconds of my slit being split, the microseconds of physical love, the

physical sundering and plundering that my body was created for and craved.

And I, the craven deprived depraved cur, cried and cried as my cunt-fire cooled:

desire unsated; arid; my eager furrow unploughed; unseeded; unsown; fallow;

waiting; wanting; wasted; deserted; begging; hopeless; the lover lost to her

lust: her lust lost on a lover left, and thus left loveless and listless,

forlorn and lovelorn…….

……And the chatter of voices and the clatter of tea-cups…………

and the clatter of voices and the chatter of tea-cups………..

……and the tea-cups' clatter and the voices' chatter …………

………went on all around the room betwixt Miss Pringle and her guests, as if

nothing had happened: as indeed for still powerfully passionately panting

pulchritudinous poor maiden me, nothing had, save a "something nothing",

amounting to less than a "nothing nothing". By my being had, and not had, I had

been divided and ruled; but I had been sundered; not plundered: so I wept and

wept and wept for want: wanton for want, wanton for more, wanting more, craving

more, crazy for more, craven from less, sobbing from excess, excess of less,

frozen frigid from fierce fiery fulminating frustration.

Chapter 16 – Belle of the Ball

The three weeks of the Easter vacation being over, the school, and of course I,

returned to our normal daily routines.

I was still somewhat bruised and scratched from my time serving as a doggy-bitch

at the headmistress' home. But I was young and healthy and fit, and soon

recovered my pristine loveliness.

I was, as ever, the centre of the heated desires of the other girls at the

school, as it was my duty to be. I was the locus of the focus of their

fantasies. That was my role: the role of the School Slag.

I continued my daily fitness runs, my swimming and aerobics. I had asked, in the

interest of maintaining my body beautiful, to be allowed to participate in team

games, but the head-girl forbid me on the grounds that it might lead to

wickedness in the showers. She could not be everywhere to keep an eye on me, she

said, as if I must automatically be the one to blame for any misbehaviour. I was

very upset until she added, perhaps not meaning to tell me, that it was not me

she did not trust.

Ballroom dancing is not boring! I may make myself sound older than even my

present still youthful years by saying that. St Catherine's Academy's role was

to send soundly roundly accomplished young women into the world. Lessons

therefore included etiquette, elocution, and attainments. To learn to dance,

"proper dances properly", as Miss Pringle, "the Prickly Doc", our headmistress

put it, was one group activity I was allowed to partake of. And, believe me,

there was no shortage of girls wanting to have the chance to hold me in their

arms, as we would dance.

I was only taught the female dance steps, whilst most girls had a turn at both

male and female steps as we had more than a shortage of men at the school: none

at all!!

I found it wonderful exercise. I was not particularly good at it at first. I had

to find a partner I could trust not to use her having her arms around me, as an

opportunity to have a furtive feel of my favours.

The partner I loved to dance with was Josephine. Lovely Jo, one of the prefects

now of course, was so kind and considerate, and treated me like a lady. She

could keep her hands to herself. She was not constantly trying to feel my bummy

as we embraced for a waltz; unlike some girls I could mention!

I was still in love with Jo. I always hoped it would be she who commanded that I

warm her bed after the school day was done. It was her misfortune, our

misfortune, for her to only have a chance of a turn to explore me and toss me

all the sleepless night in her bed, when I was striped red by my monthly bleed.

We neither of us enjoyed it. She could not get me to cum. I felt so sorry for

her and for me that I could not please her; but she kissed me and forgave me,

she was so lovely was Jo.

The term from after Easter to the beginning of the summer hols was an intensive

one for study. St Catherine's Academy for Girls had a proud record for

university admission achievement. Ninety-nine-percent of St Cath's girls went on

to university. Most went to Scottish universities: the best of these being

better in many respects than their more famous English counterparts, even if

rarely credited in recognition of that fact.

I was academically bright. I was diplomacy itself too. For a time, the head-girl

and I would forget my Slag status as I assisted her with the finer points of

pure mathematics as we all studied of an evening in the prefecture, where I was

domiciled. She was a two-years older girl and therefore in a later age-stream

than I, but my mind was ahead of this eighteen-year-old about to take her

'Highers': that was how bright I was.

The term from after Easter to the beginning of the summer hols was an intensive

one for study and I concentrated on my work, wanting to make mummy and daddy

proud of their daughter.

Of course I had not forgotten my doggy-bitch bondage and the fire that had

filled my young body when Benji, my gorgeous Alsatian had momentarily ridden me

and poked my naughty. The extreme high Benji had taken me too; even in the brief

seconds he had penetrated my mystery, were a recurring wet-dream, and I had had

to fight the fight of fights not to finger my nude shaven heaven, thinking about

the joy and frustration, and the joy from frustration, I had experienced and

endured from being so tentatively and briefly-swiftly cocked by my lovely pet

doggy.

You may think I thought Miss Pringle, cruel to have treated me as she had in her

home. That was never in fact so. What Miss Pringle, Amelia, had done was to

teach me a psychological lesson. I had learned a lesson about my body my

sexualness and my mindset. It had been a lesson in life. It was a lesson I

gained from and have never ever forgotten as a consequence.

People say that our minds blank-out horrible experiences so that they cease to

distress us, because the full detail of the events is wiped from our memory bank

as a safeguard against recurring nightmares.

There was no wiping clean of my mind on that event. I had been shagged by my pet

doggy. That may seem dirty to the world at large, but to me in memory, then as

now, it was a beautiful experience. My naughty had needed its visitor. Even my

frustration that my naughty's uninvited guest had hardly got beyond my

threshold, before letting my sliding-doors slip shut, had been a lesson in my

drives, my desires, my desirability, and my need to ration and discipline, as

well as being disciplined by my sexiness.

We worked very hard in that term. The older girls had to face their university

admission qualifying examinations at the end of it. We younger girls had past

papers to face in rehearsal for when our turn would come to tackle our Highers

for real.

"All work and no twirl makes Jill a dull girl", announced a poster near the

school assembly hall one morning in June. I hardly paid it attention. Talk of

the end-of-academic-year ball it was advertising, had been in the air for ages.

Hard-working schoolgirls need something to distract their minds, and talk of the

ball and how someone's mummy had bought a girl such a lovely dress for the

occasion, peppered the moments when we looked up from our computer screens or

our books to communicate with one another.

It didn't hurt my feelings that I had not had an invitation to the ball. Well,

yes it did. It hurt me to be left out. It hurt terribly.

There was a fire safety limit on the numbers allowed in the hall. At least that

was what we were told. I could believe it. St Catherine's was older than the

hills. It had more pupils now than the nuns it had been originally built to

house had totalled: indeed something approaching twice the number. Lovely

historic buildings such as those comprising St Cath's could not be ruined by

haphazard alterations: it was just not allowed. So, the school had to make best

use of what it had.

Doubling the pupils attending the school had been an economic necessity. It had

been prompted by excellence. St Catherine's Academy for Girls could have been

doubled or quadrupled again in size, and still have had to turn away more

applicants than the number of new pupils it could take-in in each new academic

year.

However, St Catherine's chose: "by intellect and not by income", so the number

of girls in the school, some five-hundred, was at just over break-even point in

respect of the balance between costs and the fees the school charged: fees kept

as low as possible, to allow girls from poorer backgrounds a chance of

attending, if they could pass the entrance interview.

There were also some bursaries. Wealthy ex-pupils donated monies to fund

teaching posts, or the admission of a worthy girl from a poor family for

example.

One of the benefits of a St Catherine's Academy education, was that, even if one

did not in the end do too well academically, to be able to tell a prospective

employer that one had been there, was an instant rung or more up the ladder to

the higher reaches of an employer's organisation. Those girls, the vast

majority, who went on to high attainment in academia, were highly sought after,

thus highly remunerated, and thus well placed, in their later years, to fund

bursaries in honour of their alma mater and, truth told, for the benefit of

their personal taxation.

There were buildings enough for dormitories and classrooms at St Catherine's.

The hall used for the ball was also big enough for the whole school to assemble

each morning to start the day; but that is obviously not the same as a dance

where there would be a need to move around.

Even though it would only be the teaching staff and the older girls: those aged

sixteen or over, who would be allowed to go to the dance, there were too many of

even we older girls for the size of the hall if used for entertainment. The

local fire chief was adamant on the issue, and she would know best.

Even so, the deepest hurt for me was the discovery that already planned absence

of a number of the girls qualified to go to the ball meant the numbers that

particular year were already in fact below the safety limit.

Quite a number of girls were returning to their distant homelands immediately

after the examinations. This kept the number of girls for the dance down below

the maximum allowed: and yet I was still Cinderella and there was talk of giving

the below-sixteens admission to make up the maximum number.

I wondered if I had just been forgotten. I was the School Slag: it seemed unwise

for me to ask outright. I was too wise not to know that I had no rights in the

prefecture. I was there fulfilling my duty to be decorative and available for

sexual favours.

I had been taken to bed by all the prefects and the head girl that term but,

although I gave them a taste of heaven through their making love to me, none of

them had seen fit to ensure I had one of the treasured gold-lettered invitation

cards. It hurt: it really hurt.

……………

It was the head girl's notion that I would look great in jeans. It was off the

scale for the usual wear for the School Slag, but Miss Pringle gave her

permission, and so it was that my lovely bummy was filling fully fulsomely tight

light-blue jeans as I wiggled about the school one hot summer's day in a pair of

seven-inch-heeled mules. My midriff was bare, and I had a white silk blouse

tied-off with a knot in its hem above my navel. I, of course, wore no bra or

knickers, as they were completely forbidden me.

Miss Pringle had insisted, very forcefully, on one stipulation. I could only be

allowed to wear jeans if they had neither buttons nor a zipper, so that my

completely depilated naughty could still be accessed readily.

Scissors soon took care of that, right and proper concern, so that it was the

head girl herself who sent me out of the prefecture with the loudest longest

wolf whistle, as she witnessed my pretty bummy swaying enticingly before her at

the beginning of my first day at school in my all but tourniquet-tight jeans,

and that was on the morning after she had spent the whole night stroking my

naked body in her bed: that was how sexy she thought me in my blue jeans.

She was evidently not alone in finding me enticing in my spicy pants. I lost

count of the number of times I had to say "thank you" as I was whistled and

"wowed" with full volume appreciation of my girlness by the other girls in the

school that day.

It was to be the day of the ball: the night of the ball would end the day. Girls

queued up to talk to me at the break in lessons that morning, and my sadness

grew as they would ask me if they could book a dance with me at the school ball

that evening, and I had to apologise that I had to say no.

It was quite the unhappiest day of my St Cath's years and it was very hard to

keep a smile on my face as I wiggled my sexy body in my high-heeled mules and

tight bottom-hugging jeans back to the dorm that evening.

I wiggled by with my lovely head lowered in thought. I wiggled by a group of

girls tending the front of school decorative garden flowerbeds, my lovely head

lowered in thought.

It was Nulinda's pretty voice that called "Hi" to me, as I bummy-wiggled by in

my seven-inch-heeled mules.

"Hi sexy!" Nulinda called as second time, her first "hi" having been rather

rudely unheeded by me in my distraction.

I looked up with, extremely rarely for me, a little flash of anger born from my

hurt at knowing I would have to be alone all night in the prefects' dorm, whilst

all the other girls of my age would be enjoying themselves and relaxing at the

dance.

Then it hit me and caused me to gasp in sexily-pretty open mouthed gorgeous

moist lipped shock.

Then it hit me: Nulinda and her three companions turned their watering hose on

me, and sprayed my top-front and then pointed and giggled as I stood with my

white silk blouse made all but transparent by their soaking of me, my nipples

ruby-hard from the cold of the douche, and the water from the hose running in

rivulets over the supremely soft, smooth, naturally-oiled skin of my

feminine-configuration-confirming bare midriff, turning the top of my jeans

darker blue as it was soaked-up by them.

"Oh! You're horrible, horrible………!!" I began to call out, the ending-sound of my

statement turning distortedly indecipherable with my onrushing tears.

I began to cry in my tensed-up mixture of sadness at being the school ball

Cinderella, and this abuse of me by the younger girls led by the mischievous

Nulinda.

Of course I knew in my heart-of-hearts that these girls only wanted to see my

beautiful breasts; but all they had to do was ask a prefect, and they could see

my bosom totally bare at any time they might wish, and even get to caress and

rub my titties and my nipples, no matter how I might feel about it, just as much

as they might desire

"Sorry!" Nulinda called in all sweetness, "Sorry Melody!" she called, as I began

to run as fast as I could in my restricting mules, my now exposed titties

wobble-bobbling, and then flowing rhythmically side-to-side and bouncing

extremely excitingly, as I gathered rhythm in my run, as I trotted away as

quickly as I could, my gorgeous face contorted and rivered with tears.

I knew, when I thought about it later, I of course knew it had just been a sexy

joke. These young girls wanted to enjoy the look of shock on my adorable face

when the water hit me, and of course, the thought of being able to view my

divine breasts and perfect nipples as my wet white top clung to my superlative

young body was hardly the lowest item on their naughtiness agenda.

I would and can recall the delight in their eyes as my wetted silk top outlined

my always bare bosoms, complete with their pink-sided and darker-pink-tipped

Fuji-conical stiffened nipples, shot to rigid shock-rock-hard attentive

attention by the chill of the splashing water in an instant, the infolding

milk-ducts on their deliciously succulent tips, tight closed against the ingress

of potentially diluting cold moisture.

I also knew, though I was not able to admit it to myself at the time, that the

girls had wanted me to share in the sexy moment. They had intended my wet-top

exposure be as exciting for me, once the shock had worn off, as they knew it

would be for them. They had envisaged my lovely laughter as I realised I had

been had, and could do nothing about my sudden naughty naked exposure; not my

tears. I also also knew that they, Nulinda not least, were genuinely sorry to

have upset me so, when their well-planned prank went so wrong.

I was still crying when I got back to the dorm I shared with the prefects. Even

though the warm sun had dried my top, it could not dry my pain at being left out

from the end of school year celebrations. And, try as I might, my misery showed

on my contorted appealingly sweet young face as I wiggled into the prefecture

and made quickly quietly, head down, for my room.

…………….

So why was it that the whole prefecture next heard my squeal?

It was the very night of the summer ball and all I had to look forward to was my

Cinderella role alone in the prefecture, with all the other girls being at the

dance. All the prefects bar Josephine were still in the prefecture just now, as

I went into the little side room allocated to the School Slag, my room. And a

split second later they were smiling and laughing with joy for me as they heard

my involuntary squeal of ecstatic delight.

And why would I not squeal when Josephine, my adored Jo, met me inside the

doorway of my little side room, holding across her arms the most beautiful

evening dress: the beautiful evening dress I was to wear at the ball?

I squeaked and put a pretty hand over my delicious lips and gentle bit on my

forefinger so as not to let out another girly squeal of uninhibited joy as Jo

showed me my dress and confirmed that, absolutely yes, it was for me, and that

absolutely yes, I was to go to the ball.

I hardly listened to gorgeous Jo as I stripped for a shower dancing up and down

with joy and running over to her, and against all the rules the School Slag

should abide by, kissing her all over her face as I stood naked my titties

waving and wobbling excitedly excitingly to match my uninhibited joy, as I

danced up and down on the balls of my feet, flexing my stupendously shapely

legs, and thus bumping and bouncing my incredible titties innocently erotically;

Cinderella no more.

As I showered and washed my hair, my blonde hair that tumbled to the back of my

knees as I stood in the shower naked, Jo berated me gently for my being such a

clot as not to realise that the School Slag never got an invitation to the

summer ball, because it was compulsory for the School Slag to be there.

I felt such an idiot!

Jo called in to my shower that I must hurry so she could help me with my hair,

but I wanted to linger and savour my overwhelming ecstasy at being included: at

my not being the Cinderella I had so stupidly assumed I was going to be anymore

after all.

I wanted as much as I needed the regard of my fellow girls. I was a

communicative animal. I was a girl who loved to talk and gossip and giggle with

her friends. As School Slag, most of these freedoms had been denied me. My

squeaks of delight at discovering that I was in fact included in, from what I

had hitherto thought I was included out, must have sprung from my pent-up desire

to be accepted and wanted.

I had been more than a little naughty in making such noise, and I was very

fortunate indeed not to be given a spanking.

But, for this night at least, there was a more relaxed atmosphere in the

prefecture. All the older girls having completed their examination papers, and

the girls my age having faced their mocks, the letting loose of pent-up tensions

was being forgiven: even for me: very luckily for me. It was also the case that

the head-girl was away from the dorm, which always made life there more relaxed.

It was just as well that Jo could be trusted not to betray me, as I chatted and

giggled to her constantly and unstoppably. As she blow-dried and combed and

brushed my hair whilst I sat before my dressing table wearing only a bath-towel

wrapped around me, I garrulously gabbled to an extent well beyond the limits

properly allowable to the School Slag.

I was excited beyond measure, like a girl going to her first ever ball, because

I was a girl going to her first ever ball.

It took an age for Josephine and I to get me ready for the evening and yet the

end result looked so simple.

My hair was just allowed to tumble in its full-length down to the backs of my

knees, where its fresh-washed golden-gold shimmer terminated in natural

fresh-washed up-curling ends. Yet it was drawn back from the sides of my

stunning face enough to reveal that on the lobes of my ears I wore earrings:

gold earrings with a clasp on my pretty earlobes, from which dangled a half-inch

tapering gold helix, point of coil at my ear, widest part hanging down, holding

a dangling and swinging pure black pearl, one pearl, one real black pearl, at

each ear.

To keep my heavenly blonde hair in place, around the top of my head, across my

forehead, I wore a black silk band, at the centre of which, dangling down from

its bottom edge on another tapering gold helix, was a single black pearl, that

tickled me between my eyebrows as it nestled so intriguingly decoratively on my

innocent's face.

Around my lovely swan long neck, I bore a black silk choker, tied off behind,

lost in my hair, but with another single black pearl dangling down on a twist of

gold, swinging to-and-fro between my collar bones as I breathed in my girly

girlish excitement, and my heavy bosom heaved.

On my feet I wore eight-inch-heeled black tiptoeing stilettos with a divine

broad strap buckling them to my shapely slim ankles.

On my arms, the full length of my arms from fingertips to armpits, I wore black

silk gloves.

I, of course, wore no brassiere, but for this event I had been given knickers.

They were mere wisps, existing more in faith than in reality. An infinitesimally

slim string of black silk went around my hips at the top three-quarter height of

my bare bummy, supporting another single almost invisible and even more almost

non-existent string that was pulled up spicily tightly between the cheeks of my

bummy and the lips of my nude naughty.

The string of these knickers that came down to mark the division between my rear

hillocks, clearly sundered the wonder of my girly-lips, and from within my

totally nude shaven girly-lips, dangling down from the string of my knickers from

the top of my pussy purse, on the end of a little tapering gold helix, with its

apex within me, was another sexily decorative black pearl.

My only other underwear was a black lace suspender belt, supporting shear black

silk stockings running the whole supreme length of my extremely superb legs, bar

a top surround of naked shiny soft-skinned supremely smoothly soft girlmuscular

thigh.

And then there was my dress. And finally there was my dress. It was black. It

was black of course. It was bound to be black to match everything else I wore.

It had the repeated pattern of a rose, stem, leaves, and huge opened flower, in

black worked into it. It had slim straps on my lovely shoulders and a swooping

dipping neckline that curved at front such as just to reveal my cleavage,

dropping further at the back so as to reveal my shoulder blades and much of my

bare back, it gently hugged my waist before its skirt-end ran down to my ankles,

and it was semi-transparent.

My dress, my lovely evening dress was so transparent that all of my wonderful

young schoolgirl body could be seen through it, from the crisp perky pointy pink

nipples of my thirty-seven-inch D-cup heavy pendulous breasts, to my bald shaven

naughty, and all the supporting cast. My lovely legs and desirable derriere, my

slimmest of slim waist, and a black pearl decoratively held resting in my naked

navel, were on display, openly, visibly, on display.

I turned to Jo flashing the full length of a supreme stockinged leg from the

vent, the one vent that ran up the left side of my translucent dress, all the

way up till it very sweetly revealed a hint of cheeky bare bummy.

Jo squealed joyously as I stood in front of the full-length mirror in my

wardrobe.

"Do I look alright?" I shyly slyly asked Jo, knowing that in fact I looked way

beyond delicious, but longing for reassurance, as even the prettiest girl longs,

even though they are told so often how gloriously close to perfection they are.

"If only I could kiss you!" Jo answered with tears almost coming to her eyes as

she sipped the wine of my gorgeousness.

I looked at the shiny crimson lipstick with which the pretty lips of my mouth

glistened-out from the pale ghostness of the rest of my perfect schoolgirl

features.

"Do I look alright Jo?" I asked with tears of fear that I had let the world down

starting in my eyes.

"Darling angel, no girl has ever, or will ever, look lovelier than you unless it

is you!" Jo smiled as she raised and kissed the gloved fingers of my right hand.

I started to cry at Jo's kindness and she gently ordered me to stop, saying I

would look like a dragon if my eyes went red from my tears.

I giggled as I fought my tears back. I pulled myself together and nearly let

fresh tears trickle once more as I looked at my beauty and saw the evident love

for me in Jo's stunning dark-brown orbs, her eyes, the epicentre of Jo's

astonishing girlness.

Would I get to dance with Jo? Oh what heaven it would be to be held in Jo's

arms!

"Will you dance with me?" I asked Jo with my lovely blue eyes flashing bright

green as my love-juice threatened the tiny string gusset of the knickers I wore:

knickers so scanty they risked skeptics challenging their existence: knickers so

skimpy that almost only in the belief of the faithful did they exist at all.

"Of course I will", said Jo to reassure and arrest my evident nervousness,

"Believe me my sweet angel!"

…………..

The ball had already long-since begun as Jo, my chaperone for the evening, and I

arrived. I was already gone nine in the evening, my hair had taken so long to

prepare. But the evening was still young: midnight and beyond still to come.

An all-girl orchestra in white evening gowns was on the stage where the

end-of-term school plays were acted out, and girl pupils were in each others

arms gliding the floor in lovely dresses of every colour chosen as enhancement

of or in compliment to their hair or their eyes, or to show a lovely leg, or

whatever else would most allow them to disport their feminine charms most

effectively.

A familiar slow tune was rending the warm outside air as my eight-inch-heels

click-clacked on the old stones of the pathway to the hall, where a waltz began

as I approached the open door, with lovely Jo, delicious and delightful in dark

blue, in escort just behind me.

I had not considered the effect, the impact, my entry would make. I was not so

immodest as to assume that all heads would turn and the dancers almost fall over

each other as I hung my head in shy blush. I did not fore-realise that I would

be the bombshell that burst like a supernova onto the floor.

It was not for me to instruct that they carry on dancing, and so I blushed and

blushed at the whistles and stares knowing not how to hide my heavenly face, and

knowing in my heart of hearts, indeed in my slit of slits now honeying at my

arousal, just how much I was enjoying being completely devastating, as my sexy

decorative dangling black pearls swung hypnotically on the ends of their little

gold tapering helix hangers at my forehead, my ears, my neck, and my nude

naughty.

Then I met the challenge of my daring myself to look up, and raised my head

still blushing almost so red that my shiny-lipstick matched my high boned high

heat hot cheeks. My eyes swung wildly side to side trying not to look at them

looking at me, wanting them not to look at me, wanting them to look at me, not

wanting to see them looking at me, wanting to see them looking at me, not

wanting them to see that I could see they were looking at me, loving them

looking at me, shied by them looking at me, proud that they were looking at me,

hoping I was pleasing, pleased to be pleasing, honoured to be so admired, so

adored, so wanted by these girls.

I gasped as my naughty honeyed in the glow of the admiration of my fellow girls

for my stunning body so divinely visible beneath my gown, my nipples pulsing as

my purse grew wetter.

Again I blushed and lowered my head knowing that my gasp would have given away

my secret, and that my nipples had betrayed me by portraying in deed, indeed

unmistakably conveying, my aroused state, my girl state as my musk marinated my

panty's tiny-tiny-tease- string-gusset.

I so wanted to turn around and go back to my room, but lovely Jo led me more

fully into the room by a gentle guiding hand on my slender gloved left wrist.

Then suddenly, even as the orchestra recovered itself and got back to its

musical duties, all the girls at the dance were surrounding me and begging me to

let them be the first to lead me onto the floor.

I became like a startled doe, almost overwhelmed by their attention, and turned

my frightened eyes to Jo, imploring with my look that she save me from this

bedlam.

But Jo could not keep hold of me, and I was being almost carried by an overeager

tide of girls grasping my arms to try and take me onto the floor to dance with

them and them alone.

There was chaos and confusion and the orchestra had stopped playing once more,

fearing a riot and wanting anyway to look at the stunning young girl they had

been told was the School Slag: me.

Then suddenly I was let go of, and stood confused and bewildered my head

spinning and reeling and feeling I might faint, so frightening and distressing

had the pawing at me by some fifty girls been just now.

Then suddenly I was let go of, and was momentarily too dazed and upset to

realise why…

…"Why" was Miss Pringle.

"Sorry Miss" I curtseyed having almost forgotten to do so.

"You have no need of being sorry Melody", Miss Pringle announced in a voice

intentionally so moderated as to ensure all the girls at the dance would be

crystal clear on her disgust at their behaviour.

"I have never in all my career witnessed such unladylike behaviour as I just

have from your fellow pupils Melody. If I had heard it reported to me rather

than witnessing it with my own eyes, I would have refused to believe it to be

true." Miss Pringle scolded the assembled hall, in a voice conveying more sorrow

than anger and thereby conveying Miss Pringle's suppressed annoyance more than

had she been shouting.

"At the very least, the school will be mindful of the impression it gives our

honoured guests from the \*\*\*\*\*\* Orchestra. Even then, I would not expect, and

will never again accept such animal brawling. Do I make myself clear?"

"Yes Miss", was muttered by fifty young heads lowered in shame.

"Thank you" Miss Pringle sarcastically acknowledged.

"We are here to enjoy the end-of-school-year ball" Miss Pringle continued. "I am

not going, as I considered I might: I am not going to call proceedings to a

close, but I am going to remove the cause of the trouble".

All eyes, mine not least were on Miss Pringle, and we all thought as one, that

Miss Pringle meant me: that I was "the cause of the trouble".

I was resigned to my lovely evening having ended before it had begun.

I fully expected to be instructed, or someone else told to take me, back to my

dorm. I had even begun to turn my head to hide my tears and ready myself to be

so ordered. But I remembered my manners, fought back my misery, and waited with

the other fifty girls for Miss Pringle to make her pronouncement.

What came next astonished me and all at the ball, and overjoyed me with

surprise.

"Melody: will you do me the honour of my having the first dance with you?" Miss

Pringle enquired with all ladylike propriety when asking a young girl.

I blushed girlilly once more.

"I would be very honoured Miss Pringle", I answered as I curtseyed to the

headmistress once again.

The orchestra struck up a waltz and the other girls dared a happy cheer as Miss

Pringle, in one of her dowdiest opaque all-black neck-to-floor spinster-miss

dresses, took me gently in her arms and swept me around the floor.

My breath was sucked from me by the skill of Amelia Pringle's dancing, which was

such as to hide completely my own comparatively complete inadequacy.

It felt so natural as Miss Pringle took the lead and I the girl's role, and we

floated around the floor of the hall.

Over time, the other girls saw that their chance with me was gone, and they had

as well settle for something far less than even second best. I was, self

evidently, going to be booked solidly solely by the one girl, Miss Amelia

Pringle, our headmistress, for the whole evening.

"You are heaven on heaven's legs my angel" Miss Pringle whispered in my ear as

the whole floor was a sway of dancers.

And I was in love with being loved by this older woman. What was she: thirty?

When you are sweet sixteen as I was then, thirty is a century away in time.

I thought Miss Pringle a million years old then. I was enjoying our dance

though, because she made me look so feminine and so elegant, but I was beginning

to look over her shoulder for Josephine, and hoping against hope that lovely Jo

would be next to sweep me off my feet.

"Your beauty is as transparent as your lovely dress my angel" Miss Pringle

whispered.

I was so shocked at my headmistress insistently complimenting me this way.

"Miss?" I responded, almost tripping us both over.

"You have the most kissable mouth Melody?" Miss Pringle breathed in what seemed

to me, at least later when I was old enough to realise it, a state of passionate

heat.

I was, she, Amelia Pringle, fully well knew, in no position to answer her as I

might a fellow girl, even were I not the School Slag.

I began to wonder, in my own sweet naïf way, I began to wonder if Miss Pringle

was, perhaps, a secret drinker. I began to assume that Miss Pringle was a little

bit drunk and I was becoming very frightened.

"I want to stroke you Melody" Miss Pringle averred in a loud whisper in my

unbelieving ear as the dance came to an end.

And as the dance came to an end, to daring rising pantomime boos of

disappointment from my fellow girls, Miss Pringle had gentle hold of my gloved

left hand, and was leading me out of the ball hall to her private dormitory.

And soon outside in the cooling evening humid air, I was wiggle-walking along,

Miss Pringle gently holding my gloved left hand, my steps clicking and clacking

as my metal-tipped eight-inch-heels shot the occasional spark in the darkening

dusk from the cobbles of the causeway: I was wiggle-walking along querulously

quaking quietly with fear.

……………

Strangely, my fear subsided as I walked around Miss Pringle's dormitory: as I

walked around the headmistress' dormitory: as I walked around Miss Pringle's

dormitory stark naked.

I had felt a little more relaxed as I removed each item of my clothing. Miss

Pringle seemed unable to take her eyes off me. Somehow, as I stripped in the

powerful spotlights of her eyes, and the quiet light of her room, her green eyes

focused upon and running ever up and down my body and over my face, I, without

at that time being able to put a label upon it, I felt, I experienced, I

achieved, a transference of power.

Contrary to the seemingly obvious likelihood, as I stripped naked at Amelia

Pringle's gently expressed request, I felt that I, and it was a fact that I, or

at least at the time it seemed to be true that I, became less, rather than more

vulnerable.

Amelia, may I dare to call my headmistress "Amelia"? Amelia, showed me around

her dormitory seemingly for no other reason than that thereby she would be able

to watch my lovely body move, and enjoy the grace of my arms, the power of my

thighs, the rotundity of my bottom, the youthful virgin firmness of my breasts,

the provocative supremacy of my impertinently pointing nipples, the completely

evident virgin tightness of my naughty, the sweet prettiness of my flawless

sixteen-year-old's face, the glory of my endless hair.

As any pretty girl might, I began to enjoy bathing in Amelia's, Miss Pringle's,

admiration, and purposely controlled my actions so that she would see the

natural me, rather than any me behaving so as to be provocative: the natural me

as only a female god could possibly have made me.

"May I offer you coffee?" Miss Pringle enquired.

"Yes please!" I answered unthinkingly.

"Yes please Miss Pringle", I corrected myself, curtseying in all my divine naked

glory in recompense for my gaff.

We moved, Miss Pringle moved and I followed, into Miss Pringles tiny kitchen. My

bare feet grew slowly colder on the stone tiled floor of Miss Pringle's

kitchenette as I stood obediently, my head lowered in the gaze of her unabashed

continued staring eye-ravishing of me. It was little compensation for that

coldness at my lowest extremes when I was able to hug a mug of instant coffee in

both my petit hands.

But Miss Pringle's attention to the beauty of my body and my every move even

extended to her fascination when, absent-mindedly, I had lifted my cold left

foot from the floor to wiggle my toes, and then run the sole of that foot down

the inner side of my right calf, to draw warmth into my foot from that calf and

from the gentle friction on my soft smooth flesh.

I had done this; I had made this move completely unthinkingly. My feet, at least

my soles and heels, felt like snow from standing on the stone tiles. I had done

this with my left foot almost in reflex and without really realising I was doing

it, and how rude it was to my host.

It was only when I realised that Miss Pringle, who had busied herself such that

her back had been turned for a while, was now watching me once more, and what

she was watching me doing, that I recognised consciously what I had been doing,

and apologised to her, blushing deep crimson as I did so.

"There is absolutely no need to say sorry, sweet girl", Miss Pringle smiled

gently and sincerely, "I don't want you getting cold. Go and sit by my fireplace

and get your pretty feet on the warm carpet".

I wiggled obediently to sit where Miss Pringle bade me, turning only to gently

smile an enquiry if she was going to join me.

Reading my serene blue eyes, Miss Pringle answered, "I'll be with you in just a

moment".

I sat my gorgeous bare bummy on the edge of a chair I judged to be not the one

Miss Pringle usually occupied herself. I assumed that her regular chair was the

one facing me: the one with the pile of book-marked-books alongside it.

As I sat, I cupped my mug of coffee in pretty hands, taking an occasional sip

and beginning to dream a little. Of course it went through my mind that all

this, this, my walking around naked for Miss Pringle's pleasure, was just a

preliminary to bed. But I knew by now that I could satisfy in bed. I had been

had by all ten of the prefects that term. I was in heaven in their arms as they

stroked me to pleasure me.

Miss Pringle was very old to my sixteen-year-old eyes, but that did not make me

nervous or repulse me. I knew I was made to pleasure my fellow women. I had no

qualms about Miss Pringle having me. I knew that I was so supremely sensitive

and so girl, that I would absolutely certainly cum as she caressed me.

My body swooned in total surrender at the touch of another girl. I reacted

instantly to a caress. I would come time over time totally uninhibitedly

abandonedly girlilly. I was made for love in its most physical manifestation. I

was made to pleasure and to please. I knew now how to use my fingers my toes my

mouth and my pointed tongue. I was no whore: I was just sex: I was just a girl

knowing how to be supremely divinely unrestrainedly uninhibitedly pleasurably

surrendered or, on command, delightfully wickedly naughty in bed.

I tried so hard not to show shock or surprise as Miss Pringle came in from her

kitchen.

I tried so hard not to show shock or surprise as Miss Pringle came in bearing a

bowl and with a white towel over one arm.

I still sat cupping my coffee mug as Miss Pringle bending, put the bowl on the

floor next to my toes. And I innocently gasped as she, kneeling now, lifted my

foot; my left foot at my slender ankle, and put it gently in the bowl of warm

soapy water, before lifting my right foot and doing the same.

Still on her knees, Miss Pringle then proceeded to wash my feet with a soft

flannel mitten on one of her hands. It was divine! It was immeasurable

pleasurable as Miss Pringle caressed and pressed and kneaded the feet she had

determined needed kneading and warming and washing and worshipping.

It was over in less than five minutes. But in that near five minutes I had spilt

my cunny-cream on Miss Pringle's chair as she had washed by feet and lifted them

each in turn, and dried them, each in turn, with her warm soft towel, and kissed

them, as I gasped open-mouthed in sexy surrender to her attentiveness, her

gentleness, her caresses, and her kisses.

Miss Pringle took the bowl away and left me sexily bedazzled with my now warmed

feet on a warm fresh dry towel. I was still cradling my coffee mug, sexily

stupefied, as she returned and bent over me as I sat, and sought my ever-willing

lovely shiny crimson-painted lips, and we kissed.

Miss Pringle took my mug from my uncontrollably trembling hands and put it on a

table to one side, and then raised me gently by those same pretty hands, took me

in her arms, and kissed me full on my sixteen-year-old schoolgirl's mouth, her

arms wrapped around my wraith-slim waist, her right hand holding firmly onto my

naked right conspicuously curvaceous firm bummy mountainette.

I had not reacted to her first kiss: the kiss she had given me as I still sat,

so taken by surprise had I been. But now the full realisation that it was my

headmistress who was holding me, her innocent sixteen-year-old schoolgirl pupil

in her arms, and kissing me, sexually kissing me full on my gorgeous mouth,

struck home and I tried to resist.

But my resistance was almost a minus on the scale of milliseconds as my body

took me over, and my compulsions overtook my body, and I was aflame with girl

passion and responded to Miss Pringle's mouth with all my dreamy molten

willingness and even more powerfully overpowering eagerness.

Miss Pringle's tongue flicked in and out and then filled my mouth and her

mouth's moisture was wetting and whetting my willing mouth lips to almost the

same degree as by now another more intimate moisture was giving divine shine to

the entrance to my nude-shaven naughty's lips.

Time was standing still as Miss Pringle's mouth twisted around to taste every

angle of my own sweet moist supremely extremely responsive livid crimson-lipped

oratorical orifice. And I was not going to be the first to end this passionate

embrace, I would be drowned or smothered and die before I would break away. Even

as Miss Pringle seemed to be pulling back, my mouth followed hers to let her

know that I was willing, I was hers, I was surrendered and defeated, and

captured and open, and enslaved and enraptured, and to be had to be held,

keeping only unto her, from this daze forth, for her for, and for her for,

whirled without end, girl-girl only and therefore amen.

I was snatching and gasping at breath with my supremely moist livid lovely

limpid lips as we broke apart. And Miss Pringle eased my down-to-the

back-of-my-knees length golden blonde hair off my left shoulder and kissed my

neck in worship of my overwhelming loveliness. And I nearly fainted with the

rapture of it. Had I nerve endings in the sweet swan sweep of my naked neck's

nape that even exceeded in their sensitivity to sensuality those, yes even

those, in my sacred slot? Miss Pringle merely brushed her lips on my bare neck

and I gasped and squeaked drooling-mouthed with astonishing astonished

astonishment at her touch: at the touch of her eclectic electric lips on the

nape of my nude naked neck.

I longed for her to kiss my neck once more and tilted my head, eyes rapturously

closed, with tears of desire in their corners, eyes rolled-up raised-up to

heaven behind my burning lids, to invite her, and she kissed and then began to

bite my neck, and I gasped again a pure-girly-gasp of heavenly joy with the

sudden shock of the pain and the pleasure of her love bite, and I moaned and

squeaked my heavensentness as she kissed the bite and the licks and the sucks

she had just devoured my honeysoft skin with.

And a wave of pain shot down my spine as she bit me, as Miss Pringle bruised my

swan neck's nape with a love bite, a delectable wave of pain followed my

orgasmic spinal curvature and through my perineum to service my salivating slit,

slavering slatternly, sullenly sulking, sweating secretions of sweet surrender,

neglected and jealous of my mouth and my neck: a cunt keening for kisses, and

clawing and pawing, pouring powerful pulchritudinous perfume, pouting in its

perfidious petulance.

And I wanted to be had and to be had now. And Miss Pringle took me in her arms.

My scarlet red, harlot-red, lips, still shining from the moisture, her mouth

moisture, the moisture from her kiss, my lips, my scarlet lips, sheened from her

kiss, Miss Pringle took me and let me gently down so that I sat edged on a tall

stool. She sat my lovely bummy on the edge of a tall stool, and once more began

to look at me, she backed from me, her eyes feasting on every very

micro-millimetre of my feet my legs and my thighs, as I sat with my long legs

tiptoed on the ground, in a joy of sweet surrender to love and lust, with tears

of girl-serenity trickling down my soft cheeks, and my eyes lost in another

world, the world of girl love, the love for girl, the girl for girl world, the

love of girl whirled, the love of girl for girl, the world that is not of this

world; not even of heaven, but of the seventh heaven of the seventh heaven of

the seventh heaven's seventh heaven.

My naughty was afire with desire and I sweetly held my slender loving arms, my

gold-glistening-downed-forearms, and my pretty hands, imploring Miss Pringle to

take me once more, and explore me, and have of me what she would, or more than

she would, or more that more if she would: whatever she desired of me was hers

and hers and hers.

My slit slid on the stool snailing a trail as it dribbled higher and higher

deathly dire desire, swooning me with its sopping soused seducing. Saucy and

searing, it was seeking sacrifice to sexual savagery, sucking of its succulence,

slapping of its spunkiness, surrender to sex: Sapphic or Sabine or Sapphic and

Sabine sex.

And my suckbuds, my perky pointy pink nipples atop my virgin lollipops, my

schoolgirl breasts, were peaking and pulsing and peeking impertinently painfully

plainly planely at Miss Pringle, all ready for her to suck or bite, to knead to

squeeze to lick: two to lick, two to nibble, two to nurture, two to pinch, two

to flick, two to ravish, two to bite, two to roll in fingers my desire pointed

pertness, or to take in to her mouth to suck me, to suck on my nipples and take

me to higher heaven: breasts, two breasts, two beautiful, two too beautiful

breasts, and two nipples, two beautiful, two too beautiful nipples, my girl

confirming frontal protuberances exuberantly female and exceptionally girl, and

wanting to be had and held and caressed and felt and ravished and pleasured, and

to please and to pleasure my lover my lovers, and my love from my heart, my

breasts next my heart from whence my love was pouring down my begging

outstretched arms to my dainty fingertips, begging and pleading alms in the arms

of Miss Pringle.

And out of my slit slid my sweet musk and inside my slit danced my swollen clit.

My clit squeezed from its little red hiding hood. My clitoris compelled to swell

by the overwhelming power of my arousal, swollen so hard and so fulsomely that

it had escaped its hood and shone pink and pulsing, powerfully painfully pert,

hurting with hardness, in the brutality of its wanton wanting of rampant

ravishment and rapine.

And Miss Pringle was moving behind me, and her arm was around my divine body,

her right arm was embracing my body, and reaching for my quim, my quim aswim

with moist musk, and I sigh-screamed to let her know whilst-ever she was going

where she wanted, she was going where I needed, and there would be no resistance

to her from my slavering slot whose guardian gates shone so sublimely, slippery

with shining welcome. And no please yes, she was loving me, and no please yes,

she was pressing on the top of my mound and her kneading was answering my

needing, her echo-sounding pressure was reverberating through to my hugely

engorged clit so that I screamed with surrender to the sender of the sensation

to my pulsating sensated unscabbarded dangling dagger.

And she was masturbating my naughty, she was heavening my sensationally

sensitive slot. And so very suddenly her right-hand middle finger was in the

slipperiness of my supreme slit, and within the limits of the angle Miss Pringle

had to me, nodding my dangling clit. She was flip-flopping my clit, steeped in

the copious cognac my cunt was creaming, she was flip-flopping my clit. And I

was screaming with shock-pleasure at my mystery's doors being sundered and my

treasures deep plundered by a full-fathomed-five wriggling finger, out of my

control as it flicked inside my super-sensitive high-tension-nerve-ended soft

pinkness, enslaving my lust to the command of its curiosity, so that I was rigid

attention to its every sensational explorative twitch and twist: a fixatingly

transporting girl having her fascination fulsomely explored fingered and felt by

her fellow-girl, and thus herself transported.

And Miss Pringle worked me with her right hand middle finger, battering my

clitoris to-and-fro as if it were a hanging punch-ball being thrashed by the

gloved fists of a boxer in training. Flick flip, flick flip, flick flip, my

dangling hugely swollen joyfully hurting clitoris was batted and battered

to-and-fro and fro-and-to, to my rising gasping orgasmic transportation. Flick

flip, flick flip, flick flip my clit throbbed as it was thrashed and threshed in

rhythmic pendulum as tried to use my enormously strong thighs to stop what I did

not want stopped. Flick flip, flick flip, flick flip. Oh god make it stop!! Oh

god make it stop!! Oh god make it stop!!! But don't god, oh god, don't stop it,

don't stop it, don't stop it!!! Flick flip, flick flip, flick flip, and "Oh god

no!!" I cried as I almost came. Flick flip, flick flip, flick flip. "Oh god ner,

ner, ner, ner, ner, na, na, na, no, no, oh no, oh, oh, oh, oh NO, NO,

NOOOAGH……NO!!!!!" I panted and screamed as I almost came again.

And I cried and begged Miss Pringle to let me hold her, and she would none of

it, until she changed hands. Suddenly that slippery finger was out of my slot

and I was gasping from want of its return as Miss Pringle rewarded me with the

new and the same sensation from her left hand middle finger pressing and

squeezing my hugely distended extended and expanded clitoris, and boxing it with

a flickering flicking thumb that primed my pump and made my seeping naughty pour

profusely as I cried out with every flick and flip of my nether epiglottis with

Miss Pringle's perfection-from-practice at taking a girl out of this universe.

And Miss Pringle's right hand was on my lovely face and I was smelling my fresh

copious compelling musk on her right hand, and as naturally as a child suckling

to its mother's mammary, I took the drying naughty-cream coated middle finger of

Miss Pringle's right hand into my eager mouth and ran my pointed tongue along

its extent to lick the me that was on it into the me that had secreted it, and I

sucked like a babe on Miss Pringle's finger with my livid-red passionate

schoolgirl's lips, until it was wholly holy clean.

And my honey was copious on her finger as she bade me lick and I sucked her

finger until it shone, cleaned of my musk with the moisture of my mouth as I

tasted as she bade and made me. And now, still with her left-hand middle finger

plunged into my maiden's furrow and playing my clitoris gently then harshly, and

forcing me to emit gagged gasps of repeated pleasure-shock as she flicked my

clit back-and-forth-and side-to-side, I turned my head to be sure that I was

servilely ready for any kiss she wished to adorn my lovely mouth with, my eyes

opened wide with shocked deflowered innocence and with huge black irises and a

look that told the truth of the degree to which I was absent from the real world

in the surreal world of the supreme pleasure of being physically and mentally

taken.

And I felt her hand, I felt Miss Pringle's right hand caress my bare bummy, and

I felt her finger fresh from my mouth, slide, and it was poking my tight-closed

sphincter, and I gasped and squeaked to tell her that her choice of the way to

have the joy of me was the choice of choices, the perfect choice of all the

choices, the choicest choice that could be made for the having of my heaving

willing wilful wanton wanting body. And I sighed so sexily as her still moist

finger, her still moist finger, the finger moistened with my sucking kiss, found

my bummy slot and slid into my bummy's hole until it was as far into my lovely

bummy as it would go, as she held me.

Miss Pringle held me tightly by my wraith waist, and her eager face was nuzzling

aside my copious hair and needing to find the naked nape of my swan neck. And I

prayed as she preyed on my bummyhole, fingering inside my bummy hole deep deep

inside my bummyhole, as I gasped and gagged and cried and moaned and groaned and

squealed and squeaked and croaked with pleasure, crying that her lips would find

me. And she was kissing my neck as she fingered my bummy, she fingered my bummy

as she kissed my nude neck at its nape, and I cried out with adoration of my

body's reaction to the sensational pleasure of sensation itself as my bummyhole

was being plundered by Miss Pringle's finger as she rode her finger in and out,

and in and out of my bummyhole, and her lips were on my neck and she was kissing

me on my nape and my nerves were running the pleasure of her kiss from the top

of my head to the tips of my toes to the tips of my tits to the tip of my clit

and to the core of my fully-fingered slot.

And then she bit me, gently at first but growing gradually more painfully she

bit me, a love bite a lust bite on my swanlike neck, Miss Pringle bit me, and

bit me very hard and as my eyes shot open with the pleasure and the pain, and my

mouth shot open with the pleasure and the pain, and I gasped and gurgled and all

but giggled madly maddened, insane with the pleasure and the pain, and I cried

out helplessly with the pleasure and the pain, and Miss Pringle rose from her

bite and her kiss, and she ripped her finger, her middle right hand finger out

of my bummy, and pushed it coated with my naughty smelly bummy dirt into my

mouth, she pushed her finger coated and tipped with my bummy dirt into my

gasp-gaped opened innocent's mouth, between my crimson lips and onto my lovely

pointy-ended pink tongue: she pushed her finger coated and tipped with my bummy

dirt into my innocent sixteen-year-old schoolgirl's mouth. And despite or

because of the stench of it, and despite or because of the degradation of it,

and despite and because of the horror of it, I eagerly closed my perfect virgin

schoolgirl's mouth and wrapped my pointed-pink-tongue willingly and excitedly

around her invading finger, and suck-kissed her finger in sacrifice of my love

to her love, and I came; and I came; and I came, as I sucked and licked my fresh

bummy dirt from her finger, I came and came and came as I sacrificially sucked

and licked my very own fresh soft bummy dirt from Miss Pringle's loving middle

finger, until her finger was obediently pristinely cleaned of my fresh chocolat

by my eager kissing tongue and lips as I came, an exceptionally exquisite naked

sixteen-year-old schoolgirl, ravished raped and betrayed in her headmistress'

adoring arms.

Chapter 17 – My Summer Holiday

"Local Girl Makes Good", was the headline in my hometown newspaper shortly after

I had returned to my parents in R\*\*\*\*\*\*, near London, for my first long summer

vacation since transferring to St Catherine's Academy for Girls in Scotland.

And to accompany the headline was an embarrassingly bad photograph of me, in

school winter uniform, standing with my parents.

Since my new school was the subject of the article, I had to be wearing the

uniform of white blouse, pleated light grey skirt, white knee-socks, black

low-heeled lace-up "sensible" shoes, the yellow and crimson-red striped school

tie, a bright yellow beret, and the yellow and crimson candy-striped uniform

jacket, with the St Catherine's Academy coat of arms on its badge.

The coat of arms on the badge for St Catherine's Academy, worn next to my gentle

left breast, depicted a large old-fashioned cartwheel with six wooden spokes,

and a cat o' nine tails. The nine cruel knotted tails of the cat, shown lying on

the ground in front of the wheel, were trailing from its handle like

forked-lightening. Beneath the badge was the school motto: "Mirabile Visu:

Gratia Placendi" roughly translatable as: "Wonderful to look at: delighted by

pleasing".

Mummy and Daddy were so proud that I had got into St Cath's, that they wanted to

tell the world, or at least R\*\*\*\*\*\*. They had timed the article and accompanying

picture so I would be able to see picture and article at the time of their

publication. And so it was that my picture and the following caption appeared in

'The R\*\*\*\*\*\* Reporter', at the end of my second week of the six-week summer

vacation at home: -

"Melody Smith, the charming daughter of Mr David and Mrs Sonata Smith, residents

of "Gold Gate", the exclusive apartments in High Plains, in the S\*\*\*\*\*\*\*\*

District of R\*\*\*\*\*\*, has just completed her first year at the highly prestigious

St Katherine's School in Scotland. Melody (15), pictured above with David and

Sonata, hopes to win a place at O\*\*\*\*\*\* University. Many readers will recall

David and Sonata's 'rags to riches' state lottery success was reported in these

very pages exactly a year ago. Melody's good fortune in winning a place at the

highly rated and internationally renowned St Katherine's, under the headship of

Dr Amy Prindle, has sprung from that good fortune. How lucky David and Sonata

are to have such a clever daughter. 'The R\*\*\*\*\*\* Reporter' joins with all the

people of R\*\*\*\*\*\* in wishing you every success Melody!"

It was, of course, just a "good news" article to fill a corner of a page at a

time of year and in a town where there was little enough news to fill the spaces

between the trivia and abundant advertisements our one-and-only local newspaper

conveyed to the anxiously waiting world each week.

Mummy was so annoyed that they had spelt the name of my school and got the name

of its headmistress wrong. But it was so nice of mummy and daddy to arrange this

for me, and a copy of it was put in my hands almost as soon as I had got home,

kissed my folks, and said hello to my adorable Alsatian dog, Benji.

I recognised the photo straight away. It had been taken just before I had gone

up to St Cath's. I had only just had my new uniform arrive. We had had to send

for it to come by mail, as nobody in R\*\*\*\*\*\* or even London could supply one. I

was only fifteen at the time of the picture: at least they had got that bit

right!

I had come back home after my first academic year at St Cath's, now a lot wiser

girl.

Obviously, you are bound to be asking yourself if I "split" on what was going on

with me at school.

Of course I didn't. What had happened had been life-changing for me. I knew

where my loyalties lay. My loyalty was demanded by my school. My school would

not be let down by me.

Furthermore, I was in absolutely no doubt that, were I to let-on about what was

really happening in my school life, St Catherine's and Miss Pringle would ensure

they were as white as white as suddenly and assuredly as my character would

become correspondingly Satan black.

Besides, St Catherine's had not neglected my education. I was the leading

student in my year-stream in a school with the highest academic achievements to

its merit. That St Catherine's had also turned me into, most probably, one of

the horniest schoolgirls in the land, was something I only understand now in

retrospect.

At the time, when I was just sixteen, my incredible drives and desires seemed

perfectly natural for a girl my age. For example, although it shocks me to

recall it now, I had been planning all the way home, how best to complete some

unfinished business with Benji, my lovely loving pet Alsatian.

As I travelled home, the day I travelled home, and when I got home, I was in my

horny week, the week before coming on with my monthly bleed.

My one opportunity to seek closure on the sensational encounter I had had with

Benji at Miss Pringle's home the previous Easter hols, came immediately after my

arrival home: on the very same day as my arrival home. In the past, for as long

as I had owned him, Benji would follow me everywhere in our house, even to my

bedroom and I was to take advantage of that.

It had been very hot on the train. I had worn the St Catherine's Academy summer

uniform: a white cotton and polyester short-sleeved shirt-blouse, buttoned from

collar to tummy and tucked into my skirt; the yellow and crimson-red striped

school tie; a grey pleated light cotton mini-skirt; white ankle socks; and black

lace-up shoes. (Winter or summer, stockings or tights were not part of standard

school uniform).

At least, that was what I wore on the outside. Before all and any of us had left

for the holiday, Miss Pringle, the headmistress, had reminded us that we were

"ambassadors" for our school and, apart from those travelling to places abroad,

when it would be impractical, should wear our school uniform with pride on our

trips to and from home.

And so, on my journey, I wore the academy's summer uniform of short-sleeved

blouse, skirt, tie, and "sensible shoes" on the outside. But underneath, to my

regret, I wore all I had been able to find that did not need to go to laundry,

and so I was wearing pink nylon knickers.

I mention knickers. I need to explain that, of course, since I was off school

premises going home on vacation, I was no longer under orders, as the School

Slag, never to wear a brassiere or knickers. When I began to do so again, I had

been so long without knickers that, for quite a while, I felt them to be very

strange. More strange to me was wearing a bra. So strange was that for me, that

I immediately discarded my bra again.

I had known it was going to be a hot day, but I had not dressed for coolness:

nylon is not the wear for ventilation and coolness. Most of my knickers had been

thrown away, as at school I would never ever need them. So I had just thrown on

the only knickers I had that did not need washing. The rest of my out-of-school

clothes, all soiled bar the one bra I now felt uncomfortable in, were stuffed in

several black plastic trash-bags and accompanied by my fervent wish that mummy

did not insist on telling me to: "do your own washing for a change my girl!".

That was a regular refrain at home before I had left for St Catherine's. Mummy

would be calling after me as I went out the house to see my friends, "It's about

time you did your own washing young lady", even as she loaded my dirty laundry

into the machine. And I knew she did not really mean it, and that my clothes and

underwear would be fresh, soft, and smoothly ironed by the time I got home,

expecting to be nutritiously fed before I went out again immediately afterwards.

Mummy was so lovely!

It was very hot and humid on the train. There was no air conditioning, and even

a girl as fit as I, found she was aglow with a sheen of perspiration and needing

not to move too much if she did not want to have unfashionable and unsightly

beads of moisture on her lovely brow.

I hated humidity and the accompanying threat of thunder and lightening. Ever

since I had been a little girl, I had been terrified by thunder. Even hiding

under the duvet with my pretty hands held hard over my ears, could not muffle my

fear. Mummy had always had to come into my room to hold me, and reassure me till

the storm was over, or else I would scream in absolute terror.

This day was horrendously humid. My gorgeous body was sweating to such an extent

that, within my white blouse, my virgin-firm breasts were anointed by a delicate

sheen of lubricious perspiration, and I was aware that, enlarged and visibly

perky as my suckbuds were from the shear warmth of the day, they were erotically

poking out my blouse in blatant eye-catching confirmation of my supreme

girlness. Sweet girl-sweat was also trickling in occasional tear-like rivulets

in the deep high-heaven's valley, between my through-the-clouds-climbing

pink-tipped lollipop-mountains.

The choice to wear close-clinging nylon knickers: no choice that is, since it

was all I had clean to put on, was not wise from the standpoint of keeping cool.

My naughty had no ventilation, because my bright pink knickers were made from

cheap nylon. And so, with my supreme sweatiness, my knickers were close-clinging

saturatingly wetly to my bountiful bummy and my slit. And my slit was thus

entirely and fully marinating in clinging clammy cloying perspiration.

And because I was not ventilated below, between my orgasmic thighs, my upper

body was perspiring the more from the transfer of the heat, and this was the

cause of the incredibly eye-compelling pointedly-pointy-peaked suckbuds display

through my white cotton and polyester blouse.

I was, of course, still completely shaven and, because of my close-clinging

nylon knickers, the silken softness of my nude naughty, sat on the seat, was the

hottest and sweatiest part of me as the train snailed through the weekend repair

works, and stopped seemingly for longer than it would ever go in any length of

time. I say that my honeypot was my sweatiest part, but the trickling dampness

under my bare lollipops as they nestled divinely close-clingingly on my chest

was a very near match.

It was so humid, that even my lovely back-of-my-knees-when-I-stood-length blonde

hair, tumbled in heavenly abundance down my back and onto my lap as I sat,

seemed matted and unkempt, despite that it had been washed and conditioned just

before I had left Scotland: and I had had to use my pretty hands to remove

clinging strands from my pink-flushed angel's face.

Thunderstorms had been forecast and would be a blessed relief if only they would

arrive to clear the clinging clammy air; but please, oh please let me be in

mummy's loving arms when the thunder came!

………..

I don't blame Benji for not managing much more than two wags of his drooping

tail to greet his lovely sixteen-year-old schoolgirl mistress. After all, my

poor Alsatian was wearing his fur coat in the heat of the hottest of hot July

days!

Benji followed my sweat-sheaned-stunning-shiny bare summer ankle-socked legs

upstairs to my room.

I had not been made so lethargic by the humidity of the day as to forget the

horny thoughts I had had on the endless journey on the train. I had worked on

making myself forget them, because they had made me want to touch my naughty,

and I knew that that was unforgivably wicked. However, the incredibly clammy

heat made me hornier still and I was already incredibly randy from being in

horny week, just before my period.

I was unpacking. I was unpacking and thus leaning straight lovely leggy-legged

over my bed, my bed on which I had dumped and unzipped a suitcase. I was

unpacking and bending. I was unpacking and bending so that my grey pleated

school mini-skirt had slid up my perspiration lubricated shining bare thighs,

and I was flashing my completely girl-sweat saturated close-clinging

transparent-with-their-wetness, soiled with my having worn them all-day-long,

bright pink nylon knickers, filled by my thoroughly girl-sweat steeped and

day-long-slowly-perspiration-marinated-and-slow-cooked naked nude shaven naughty

pouch.

I had been completely unselfconscious and unaware of the fact I was flashing my

knickers-contained girlest-of-girl part when Benji had come up behind me and

sniffed the highly erotic aroma of my sweet salty sweat-soiled and

pungent-strong-thick-piss-droplet-stained pink nylon knickers.

I gasped sexily open mouthed with shock and pleasure at his pressure, the

pressure of Benji's nose on the tight lips of my virgin's slit, beneath the

microns of my sodden panty's gusset, and the coolness of his damp cold nose on

my humid horny hot thighs. And in an instant the joy and frustration of his

brief cocking of my naughty at Miss Pringle's home flashed across my mind and

the gusset of my already sopping sweaty salty concentrated-pee-droplet stained

panty's gusset, was being further challenged to absorb the swift sweet honey

secreted instantly from the tight lips of my aroused slit.

I stood upright and turned, my eyes afire with unsated insatiable incredible

randy desire and I reached, with my moist mouth agape with a never ending gasp

of want and need and demand, I reached up my skirt and slid my virgin's sweaty

luridly pink nylon knickers down my supremely shiny-with-sweat lubricated thighs

and long long legs.

And then I bent over, letting my micro-mini-skirt slither up my powerful thighs

once more, and proffered my panty's stained gusset, their gusset soaked and

stained and smelling of the me-most of me, to Benji's nose, and watched his cock

grow in an instant, as he smelt girl. Girl-sweat, girl-pee, girl-salt,

girl-honey: all my supreme aromas, the un-bottleable erotic smell of intimate

girl, on the completely day-long-worn-by-me gusset of my dirty knickers drove

Benji's cock to instant painful looking hugeness.

I was dreadfully randy. I was compulsive for a cum. I was not allowed to touch

myself and would never ever do so. But, oh god, how I needed a cum. But I was in

my parents' home.

Okay, this was my bedroom and my folks appreciated my need for privacy, but this

was no longer my home in the sense that I now lived at school more than I was in

my own bedroom.

Though mummy and daddy would knock at the door before entering my room, I could

be discovered were I unlucky. And yet the thought of mummy or daddy or, better

still, of mummy and daddy both discovering me being ravished by Benji made me

utter a sexually sexy gasp that I only just managed to stifle with the palm of a

pretty hand.

Benji was sniffling and snuffling my deeply soiled knickers on the bedroom floor,

and his huge erection was throbbing with his excitement and arousal from

smelling the meest-me. I must but must see what would happen.

I was desperately dying for a cum. In the terrible high humidity of the day,

with my bright pink nylon knickers just removed, my slit was wetter than wet with

a steaming and streaming slick of dripping girl-sweat and my horny-honey. But I

also shuddered at the thought of being discovered. So, I must make it look as if

I were busy unpacking. Yes! That is what I would do. I would carry on with my

unpacking and it would not be my fault if Benji jumped me and licked my slit.

Crazy as this sounds; unsound as it sounds, I was decided in microseconds that

my sexual heat was too much to bear and I wanted Benji to nail me with his cock,

his hugely engorged massively aroused cock, his cock shot massive by the very

first sniff of the girlness of my sodden soiled

all-the-horrendously-humid-sweaty-day-long-worn bright pink nylon knickers: my

virgin schoolgirl's knickers steeped in girl, my bright pink nylon knickers

saturated in me.

I wanted Benji to nail his mistress. I wanted Benji to cock my cunt. I wanted

Benji to fuck his mistress endlessly and without mercy. I wanted Benji to make

his mistress come on his cock. I wanted Benji to cum inside his mistress'

sweaty-slattern's-slit. I wanted Benji's scolding hot seed to spurt inside my

naughty as he shagged me: as Benji shagged his sixteen-year-old schoolgirl

mistress.

And I bent straight sweet-sweat-sheened leggy legged over the bed, pretending to

continue unpacking my case. I bent over the bed my hair, my torrential hair

cascading down to hide my gorgeous face, and, my school uniform mini-skirt

having slid up my sweaty and shiny bare bummy, I flashed my nude-shaven naked

girl-scented girl-centre slit as if I were unaware, as if I were behaving as a

any girl would, as if I were going about my normal business, as I was, sort of,

so as to cover for the fact I was so incredibly horny.

I desperately needed a cum, and longed long beyond longing to finger my slot,

and I wanted Benji to deliver me of what, because it was so very very wicked, I

was not allowed to deliver myself.

And, in a trice, Benji was there between my legs and licking my supremely sweaty

unwashed dirty and highly girl-scented nether lips and I was trying so hard not

to scream my joy as I poured out honey. And I went about my business of hiding

my true intentions by unloading my suitcase, with increasing inefficiency, as I

could hardly move my arms for the supreme pleasure of the leisure with which my

sweaty dirty and unwashed nude shaven naughty was being licked and nuzzled and

explored by Benji…..

……And then had come Mummy's knock at the door, and immediately after, her head

had popped round the door to see if I was alright in the storm she knew was

about to break. And then had come the brightest flash of lightening, instantly

followed by the loudest clap of thunder as the storm arrived, and I had shrieked

with fear at being discovered by mummy, and in genuine fear of the horrible

thunder. And I had squatted down on my luscious haunches, huge heavy orgasmic

thighed in consequence, and Benji had come to be the hero to his frightened

schoolgirl mistress and licked my face to comfort me. And I had smelt my honey

on his tongue as Benji innocently licked my nose. And I had scrabbled behind me

on the floor, where I thought they were, to retrieve and grasp and hide my

soiled knickers.

And Mummy had come fully into my room in that instant; and she had spotted my

dirty knickers on the floor and picked them up before I could find and hide

them.

"Don't be frightened sweetheart, it's only a storm," she said as I had stood and

stepped into the comfort of her ever-loving arms.

"Don't be frightened sweetheart" she soothed as she stroked my hair.

"And don't leave your dirty laundry on the bedroom floor!" she mock-scolded to

console me in my fear of the dreadful storm as she clung onto my soiled knickers,

with her reassuring arms wrapped around me.

And the lightening flashed and the thunder clashed, and the lightening clashed

and the thunder flashed: the lightening revealing my superbly shapely young

bummy still bare, as mummy had accidentally caught my skirt's hem up in her

consoling and comforting arms.

And I laughed and sobbed with joy in the comfort of mummy's arms as a another

flash of lightening made me shiver and squeak with fear: the fear of the storm

and its thunder and the fear mummy had seen in that first flash, that mummy had

seen in that first flash of lightening, the flash of my supremely day-long

unwashed dirty and sweaty nude humidly highly humanly hornilly scented naughty,

peaking between my stupendous thighs as I bent, and my plus-perfect pleasure at

Benji's long tongue languidly licking and lapping and loving, wandering within

my young girl's body's most wonderful wonder.

…………

As it happened, I never had another opportunity to sate myself with Benji. But I

did tease him once again by letting him sniff some knickers I had worn all day

long. I know now it was not very nice for poor Benji. Sniffing my just-taken-off

knickers gave him such a big stiff cock with nowhere to put it for his relief. It

was very naughty of me.

Although, whilst on vacation away from school, I was once more allowed to wear

knickers, I did not relax on the other rules I must obey as the School Slag, and

so I kept myself shaved of course.

I did not want mummy to know I was shaving my naughty. I don't know why. I just

thought she might ask an awful awkward question. Nor did I want daddy to know. I

think he wondered why his daughter spent so long in the bathroom of a morning,

when he was wanting to shower and get to his office. But I only had to smile at

daddy and he would forgive me anything. And, besides, I heard him say to mummy

that I was a growing girl and it was only to be expected I would want to look my

best for the boys I must "understandably" be taking an interest in by now, as

much as they would undoubtedly be taking an interest in me.

I had quite taken to wearing tanga-knickers. I still liked having my bummy bare.

I was used to having my bummy bare. To wear something very brief and wicked

under my skirt or jeans turned me on too. I always chose the brightest colours.

My favourite was a sunshine-yellow, and my even more favourite, livid lilac.

Truth to tell, I stopped wearing a bra after a few days of trying it. Mummy gave

me a funny look when she noticed. Daddy never even saw! At least, he never

seemed to see that his daughter's lovely lollipops were daringly wild and

free-swinging, and rampantly on the loose!

I had lots of friends back home. Well, not really. My friends had moved on since

I had been away. Most of them had boyfriends. They didn't want me around. They

didn't want any of their former schoolgirl pals around come to that. They had

other things on their minds: besotted with and by boys.

Even the girls without a boy in tow, did not greet me in the same way. Before I

left to go to Scotland and St Cath's, our greetings would have been an

unselfconscious hug and kiss on the cheek. Now it was just a "hello" as my

former friends passed me by. I was outside their circle now and my coming back

into it was not seen as desirable or necessary by or for my former hometown

friends.

I would have been very lonely if I had not been set loads of school projects to

complete before the new term was to begin in the coming September.

Some boys would try and attract my attention of course. I say "of course". I

ought to say "of coarse". They all seemed terribly young and very immature to

me.

I already knew that I was greatly admired by older men. I never tired of them

running ahead to open a door or do any other little service they could to win a

smile and a "thank you" from me. I loved their attention. I knew I was extremely

attractive. A girl always knows. I would never take advantage of it, but I knew

I bowled men over with my youthful beauty.

Then there was Angela.

My parents did not approve of Angela.

I met Angela one morning. I was in the town centre on a mission to buy

grandpoppa a birthday card, or rather a birthday card for mummy to give

grandpoppa, her daddy, for his birthday. I was gliding felinely along alone, my

lovely down-to-the-back-of-my-knees length hair majestically fluttering in the

summer breeze, and the delightful freckles that arrive when I have been kissed

by the sun, punctuating the stunning loveliness of my face. I was gliding along

in a half daydream, when my mobile began to play 'the William Tell Overture'

(Honestly, it was the only tune I could get it to play: I'm so hopeless with

machines and things!)

I met Angela one morning, when I had bent over to rummage in my back-pack to

find my insistently ringing mobile phone. Dressed in a short-sleeved white

tee-shirt, loose at my supremely flat-curved belly, not tucked into my jeans,

and blue-jeans daddy said I must have been poured into, they hugged me so

closely, and some three-inch-heeled brown-leather booties, I had lowered my back

pack to the ground, and bent over straight-legged to scrabble around inside it

when:

"Purple!" said this giggling female voice from behind me, and I had blushed

almost that very shade at the realisation I had just flashed the rear top of my

tanga-knickers of the day to the world as I had reached over, and my low-slung

jeans had eased part off my bummy.

I had turned and looked blushingly at a girl I was soon to learn was Angela, as

I chatted to Mummy on my phone, and Angela just hung around and looked

unselfconsciously admiringly at me, with a broad grin.

In my ignorance, I thought Angela was a hells angel. Well, no she wasn't really,

but she loved the black leather gear and wore motorcycle leggings, black leather

boots, and a leather jacket. It was part of her "image", along with her

short-cropped blonde hair standing up in spikes, and her constantly chewing gum.

I supposed she was seventeen or eighteen, from just looking at her.

Even as I chatted to mummy, Angela turned her back to me and bent over to flash

her leather-pants encased bottom, in imitation of how she had first seen me, and

I had begun to giggle uncontrollably.

I had explained to mummy, when she had asked what was going on that: "It's just

a girl pulling a face at me to make me laugh".

Mummy went on and on about my being home in time to go and visit grandpoppa?

reminding me, as if I could have forgotten since I was out and about to buy a

card for him, that it was his birthday coming up that next weekend. Anyone would

think I could not be trusted! Parents are so annoying?

Angela was now pulling her leather jacket down just off her shoulders, and

walking up and down with a wholly exaggerated slink, like she was a model on a

catwalk, and I was about to burst I wanted so much to laugh.

On my mobile, mummy would just keep on and on and on?

Angela then showed me the studded pattern on the back of her jacket, which

"dotted" out the words "Anger - Rude Girls" as she purposely waggled her bum to

make me laugh some more.

My conversation with Mummy over, I switched off my mobile, and was about to go

on my way.

"You're Melody ain't yer? Angela challenged, surprisingly shyly.

"I might be", I answered cooly, with a smile as a reward for Angela making me

laugh so.

I had stopped in my tracks. Angela was by no means getting in my way, but I did

not want to be rude to her, so I gave her her chance to have her say.

"I'm 'Anger'; 'Angie'. 'Angela' is what me mum and dad called me. Seen yer

picktcher in the paper ain't I?" she said, turning her head sideways, to look at

me like a caged-bird might, then fluttering her eyelashes ridiculously.

I stifled another giggle turning to a genuine laugh as Angela now one-eye-winked

at me.

"My photograph was in the local press", I answered still half in giggle,

blushing and feeling very shy at Angela's boldness.

"You're one foxy chick!" said Angela, with a look that told of greater

sensitivity than her way of behaving and speaking would in themselves convey.

"Thank you" I answered, lowering my head in genuine pleasure at the compliment.

"Yer posh, but you ain't no snob" Angela mused.

I didn't know how to answer her, not knowing if it was a question or just Angela

thinking out-loud.

I lowered my head, then lifted it, then giggled at the recall of Angela's

fooling about. Then looked at her, unselfconsciously radiating my sun's-core-hot

stunning sexiness.

"What yer doin' tonight den?" Angela asked as if she didn't care, though I could

tell that she did.

"Going to see my grandpoppa with mummy" I answered honestly.

"Be round to take yer to the movies tomorrer night den", said Angela.

"I might be out" I answered trying to stop a pleased smile.

"No yer won't" said Angela, in a cock-sure tone.

"You don't know where I live" I smiled my glorious light-blue eyes aglow with my

unsurpassed because unsurpassable loveliness.

"Yea I do! It were in the paper wannit?"

I smiled, and then giggled again at another recollection of Angela's larking

around.

"Seven tomorrer your place. Don't be late. I don't like chicks what keep me

waitin' " Angela all but ordered me, but in a tone seeking my agreement, despite

the words used seeming presumptuous.

As I began to go on my way, with it seemingly taken for granted by Angela that I

would be ready for a date the next night, Angela called out………

"You'll be there won't yer?!"

"I might be" I turned and answered, trying to sound cool and hard to get, but

giving away the fact I was already looking forward to it by my smile and my shy

giggle.

I could feel Angela's eyes on me as I wiggled further into town on my errand.

Then from a whole block's distance away from her, I heard Angela's,

"WoooooHooooooooWheeeeeeee!!!" yell of overwhelming joy as she celebrated having

met me and chatted me into a date. And I blushed and smiled, gently lightly bit

my bent right forefinger with my lovely white teeth to stifle my giggles of

pleasure, and anointed the gusset of my purple tanga-knickers a darker purple

with a drip of my honey.

………………

There must have been something about my behaviour over the next forty-eight

hours that gave my little secret away. Somehow, both mummy and daddy sensed I

had met someone a little bit special. Mummy went all serious on me, as if she

was worried about her little girl. Daddy was one for teasing me, and took it

light heartedly.

But, even so, it was he who, catching me alone, simply said: "You know we love

you, mummy and me, don't you?"

"Yes, daddy, of course I do!" I smiled, and wrapped my arms around him.

"We don't want to pry. Your business is your business", daddy said very

seriously, "But I'm sure they'll have taught you, at that very expensive school

of yours, about 'the birds and the bees': you do know what I mean don't you my

angel?" he enquired trying to sound light-hearted.

"Of course daddy", I answered, blushing, my blush unseen as my head was against

his chest, my eyes lost in loving reverie, my ear pressed just above his noble

loving heart.

"You will be careful, won't you my precious?" he asked, with a hint of fear in

his voice that I had not heard before.

I reached up to the tip of my toes, stretching my supremely lovely legs to their

outstandingly stunning full length, and kissed him on his moustached cheek to

reassure him.

………..

There was a ring from our front door bell. It was Angela.

There was a ring from our front door bell, but nobody answered it, as both mummy

and daddy guessed it was a guest for me.

There was another and longer ring from our front door bell. It was Angela.

Realising I was probably still busy getting ready for my date, mummy went and

answered the door.

"Hello Mrs Smith. I'm Angela. Is Melody in please?" I heard Angela's extremely

polite enquiry.

"Yes" said mummy's voice down below in the hallway, as I listened whilst I

titivated my face in my bedroom mirror, watched lovingly by Benji, sitting with

his head comically to one side as his pretty mistress painted her lips.

"Yes" said mummy's voice down below in the hallway, "And who are you?"

"I'm Angela" Angela repeated.

"Oh, so you're in a foursome?" mummy let out, her worry that I was going on a

date alone with a boy slightly lifted.

"Sorry?" said Angela, her voice seeking a repeat of mummy's point, the logic of

which was completely lost on my newfound friend.

"I'm so sorry: Angela isn't it? I'm so sorry Angela. I'm being rude. Do come in.

Is there anyone else? Do the boys want to come in till Melody is ready?" mummy

enquired.

"No. that'll be alright thank you Mrs Smith" Angela's voice responded, with a

hint that she had caught onto mummy's line of thinking: mummy's assumption;

mummy's presumption.

"Do you always wear your hair like that?" mummy blurted out, saying by her very

way of asking that she did not at all admire Angela's gelled and spiked-up short

blonde hair.

"Yea" said Angela, obviously not having caught-on to mummy's tone. "Great

innit?" Angela concluded, in reference to her hair and in concluding her answer

to mummy's embarrassing blunder.

By the time I came to the top of the stairs, something in mummy's voice had

drawn daddy to join her and Angela in the hall.

All six eyes were fixed on me as I appeared, an apparition of supreme extreme

femininity atop the stairs leading down to the hallway and Angela, my date, come

to pick me up for our evening together.

I focused my eyes on daddy. I desperately needed daddy's approval. I need not

have worried. I tried not to look at mummy. I desperately needed mummy's

approval too; but I knew I had cause to worry and that my best way to win mummy

was to win daddy.

I had to take great care walking down the stairs. I had to take great care,

because I was wearing mauve coloured, completely heelless steel-soled and

toe-tip-capped balletic shoes, and was thus raised on the

very-tips-of-the-tip-top-top of my big toes, giving the most extreme girlature

to my agonisingly beautiful legs.

My balletic shoes, my steel-soled ballet shoes, were, otherwise than the curved

sole and the tip I was stood upon in steel, of soft kid leather, bright mauve

soft kid leather. They had long leather laces, also mauve, which were

criss-crossed around my lower legs, surrounding the profound pulchritudinousness

of my supremely shapely muscularly stretched calves, and emphasising the natural

taut beauty of my legs, till they, the mauve laces, were tied-off in neat bows

just below my dimpled knees.

These emphatically erotic laces, were over my sun-yellow nylon stockings. I wore

three-quarter-leg-length stockings of the brightest sun-yellow. These lucky

stockings clung to every supreme contour of my exquisitely girl-confirming legs,

till they concluded, these stockings, these sun-yellow nylon stockings,

concluded in stocking-tops, ringing around the bottom-quarter of the length of

my sigh-worthy thighs, just above my dimpled knees. And within the tops of my

extremely sexy self-supporting stockings, were ten rows of a horizontal "W"

zigzag pattern in eye-disturbing mauve, to match the colour of my tiptoeing

shoes.

To look at the zigzag of the pattern worked into my sexy self-support stocking

tops, was to instantly have the eye deflected to the absolutely orgasmic wonder

of my bare thighs. And with no strain to the eye whatsoever, you would be drawn

up my curvaceous smoothness, to the hem of my crocheted dress.

I wore a sun-yellow, a bright sun-yellow, extremely tightly figure-hugging

woollen crochet-knitted dress, that clung like a second skin to my every, and I

do mean every, astonishing undulating contour: the incredible hills, the curving

plains, and the majestically magical valleys of a completely and utterly girl

body.

My crocheted dress ran from my neck to my bummy. Along the way, it covered my

gorgeous slim arms, including my golden-downed forearms, down to my wrists and

the back of my hands a little, as it had hoops at the end of each sleeve through

which I had passed my little fingers and my thumbs.

My sun-yellow crocheted dress clung so critically closely to me, that, through

its crochet network, it was blatantly obvious that I wore no brassiere, and the

very tips of two too gentle pink rosebuds were peaking shyly through the holes

in my dress, as my suckbuds performed in horizontal mode, the rites of the first

shoot of a plant in spring, sneaking and peeking and peaking through the

mothering soil.

I felt no shame or shyness that I was so blatantly showing the top tips of my

nude nipples or that the outline of the firm softness of my virgin schoolgirl

lollipops, my bountiful bounteous breasts, was entirely displayed by my wearing

no undergarment beneath my crocheted dress. I knew that I was beautiful and that

I must reward the world with the sight of my incredible loveliness. It was my

duty to be heaven on earth.

The hem of my dress clung to the back top of the curved-flat back, the taut

muscled curved-flat back of the tops of my thighs, having travelled, the back of

my dress having travelled, the extremely mountainous course it must to hug the

double domes of my defiantly dominant derriere, my smackybumps daringly bare,

and visibly so through the holes of my crocheted body-hugging dress.

And through the same fretwork of holes in my bright sun-yellow crocheted dress,

could be seen that I wore bright mauve lace tanga-knickers, with the fine

filigree of the wholly holey lace of the gusset of my knickers, hardly hiding the

lips of my haven harbour: my wholly heavenly wholly holy heaven hole.

My head held high in pride at my compelling wonder, my stupendous long blonde

hair, tumbled down my back to curl multi-ways at its bottom fringe, a bottom

fringe now even a little below the back of my knees.

My bright-blue, light-blue eyes flickered an excited and exciting green, as I

knew I had my audience transfixed. My angels face lit up with a radiant smile.

My face lightly naturally suntanned and delectably delightfully slightly

freckled across its forehead and the top of my nose, wore no, bore no makeup,

bar on my luscious lips, which, though their natural beauty was supreme, I had

joyfully exuberantly youthfully lipsticked the same mauve as my decadently

deliciously daring lace knickers, and my pirouette shoes, and the zigzag pattern

in my stocking tops.

As I wiggled supremely stunningly fully into the view of my parents and my

would-be girlfriend, I could see mummy's face turn to frowning worry that her

daughter had grown so, so as to be the angelic girl-woman whose naturally

swinging hips pendulummed her alarmingly spicily, enticingly, and wonderfully

sensuously, along the passage of the hall as she tiptoed in her pretty balletic

shoes on supremely beautiful high stretched legs.

Daddy's jaw literally dropped, as did his hands holding the newspaper he had

been reading and still held when he had come into the hall. As I approached him,

my body swinging at its hips as I walked on extreme supreme tiptoe, stepping by

placing one serenely tiptoed foot directly before the other, so that my body

swivelled at the hips, as I all but rubbed one orgasmic thigh on the other with

my model-girl's catwalk gate, the way I had been taught to walk in deportment

lessons at St Catherine's Academy for Girls, daddy's jaw literally dropped.

I was making no effort to wiggle, I was just natural girl with the rhythmic sway

of a girl's body making her bottom sway as her hips swivelled by heaven and pure

nature to the silent music of her felinely graceful walk.

Daddy's jaw literally dropped as he saw his daughter was an incredibly beautiful

young woman. Daddy's jaw literally dropped, and he turned to look at mummy, and

she at he, before he blurted out against mummy's wishes, had she not been too

stunned to intervene to stop him: "My darling, you look absolutely wonderful!"

"Thank you daddy" I smiled lovingly daughterly at him, before looking at mummy

to ensure her face admitted her defeat: her indirect defeat by me through my

daddy.

I just knew that mummy was going to say something about my not possibly going

out dressed as I was, but daddy's hand took hold of mummy's, and as tears

started in mummy's eyes, he summed up what both he and mummy had realised about

their lovely daughter, from the fact of Angela being alone when calling to

collect me for a date. And he reassured me: "Mummy and I love you darling. And

mummy and I understand. Really we do, my darling. We do understand."

Mummy then broke free and hid her tears by dashing into a neighbouring room.

"Angela" daddy gently intoned, caught between wanting to be polite to my beau,

and wanting to be with his wife to comfort her.

"Angela. You take care of our lovely daughter now: do you hear me!?" And without

waiting for an answer, he was gone to comfort mummy.

Even had he waited, Angela was too stunned by my tremendous sexiness to have

answered him. So transfixed by my heavenliness was Angela, that she had stopped

chomping on her chewing gum: and for Angela that was the ultimate sign of the

poleaxe having struck her right between the eyes.

It was, of course, Angela that I had ultimately dressed to please, and to have

won her stunned silence was the highest praise indeed.

Immediately we had stepped outside, and I had closed the door on my parental

home and summer vacation residence, Angela made me smile with joy as she

breathed: "Melody…are you one sexy chick, or are you one sexy chick!?"

I blushed at Angela's shy compliment as I swayed and swivelled my hips, stepping

tiptoe one foot exactly before the other, swinging one orgasmic thigh around to

cross in front of the other orgasmic thigh, to take the next move of my perfect

120 pounds of gorgeous girlness, cat-slinking model-girl-like along.

I walked this way so naturally and thus so perfectly displayed and disported

myself as pure unadulterated undiluted girl.

Angela was the opposite pole to me. If I were south pole she was north and thus

was, and this was, our attraction for and to each other.

I was drawn to Angela by her confidence and brash humour. To me she was

strength. I wanted to be feminine-girl to her Sir Galahad. I wanted to be

sweet-child to her brashness. I wanted to be shy-little-waif to her boldness.

Even before I had got to know her, I blossomed in Angela's presence, knowing she

would defend me against the world, against the universe, against any and all

evil universes.

It was a short graceful feminine wiggle for me, with Angela behind mesmerised by

my rolling swinging bummy, to the car Angela had borrowed from her parents for

the evening. And the supreme demonstration of why I was immediately attracted to

Angela, came as she swept entirely naturally in front of me as we approached the

car, to open the passenger door for me to alight my delight gracefully within.

As I sat in the car, my dress performed the absolute miracle of revealing all of

my miraculous immaculate thighs, whilst still clinging tenuously to my beautiful

bummy.

My calves were extremely erotically shaped as I sat, still with my toes pointed

hard to the earth's core by my balletic shoes, and my bare thighs demanded and

commanded an exploratory hand to caress and feel their soft smooth-fleshed

muscular running-trained supremity. And such was their orgasmic compellingness,

that the highest compliment to my charm was that they remain so commandingly

drawing-on, but be left untouched, unfelt, unstroked, unravished, even though

they were the supreme highway to the naughty little nude-shaven slit-pouch on

which my 120 pounds of perfect girl-delight perched.

In Angela's company I could be totally feminine, totally devastating, totally

explosively girl.

As I sat my delightful 120 pounds of pure girl on my precious slit pouch, with

only microns of the gusset of my mauve panty's lace between my succulent secret

slot and the leather of the Angela's car's passenger seat, I turned my radiant

sexiness to Angela and smiled my surrender to anything and everything she might

like to do for me or with me.

I thanked her as she reminded me to don my safety belt. And, I confess, I

initially felt disappointed that, although I knew that I was walking talking

sex, Angela made no attempt to touch me: not even a finger tip did she try to

caress me with. And then I felt complimented: Angela could be trusted.

This was so new to me. At school I was compelled to be constantly available, and

the prefects would take me aside in the corridors even, to have a swift feel of

my smoothly shaven cunt. With Angela I realised it was different. The prefects

told of their lust by their fumbling me; Angela told of her love for me by

humbling me by her respect.

As Angela drove us to town, I signalled my availability by sitting with my

pretty hands at my sides, so that my entirely bare thighs, as my legs swayed

together from to side when we cornered, my entirely bare thighs, bare other but

for the mesmerising zigzag pattern tops of my self-supporting short nylon

stockings, were her canvass to caress should she care. I even let my thighs

drift slightly agape, consciously unconsciously, to entice her more by flashing

the gusset of my mauve pink lace knickers.

And yet it was more erotic for me that Angela never offered to touch me.

Angela's constraint was my licence to increase my feminine wiles the while: it

was permission to be sexy: it was my let to be even more girl.

After we had parked up, I sighed to let Angela know she had done exactly the

right thing by taking gentle hold of my pretty hand to escort me as we walked to

the cinema. And at every wolf-whistle from the girl's who turned to watch my

lovely bummy swish from extreme to sex-dream as I swivelled my hips in my tiptoe

balletic one-foot exactly-in-front-of-the-other-gait, I turned my compellingly

completely pretty face to Angela to tell with my big blue green-flashing

baby-doll eyes that the 120 pounds of all girl beauty that was bowling every

other girl in the street off her feet, was hers, was Angela's: that I was hers,

that I was Angela's.

As we got near to the movie house, Angela let go my hand, the hand through which

ecstatic static electricity had throbbed at my every pulse-pulsating step, to

find her money to pay for us both. And so I turned and stood before Angela, with

my legs a little apart to show I could be accessed at her whim, and my lips

ready and red for a kiss should she care to adore and adorn them.

But I was as happy that Angela made no move other than to take my hand again

gently, as I would have been if she had swept her arm around my egg-timer waist,

and bent me over to all-but break my back as she kissed me.

And Angela took my dainty hand again, and led me into the darkness of the cinema

where the dim glow of the safety lights would sheen from my naked thighs as I

sat next her through a horror movie, letting my young girl's emotions be felt by

her through my fingertips, as I grabbed her right hand in both mine, and held

the three hands unselfconsciously in my warm lap, close next my thin lace panty

decorated completely depilated naughty pouch blessing the cinema's seat with its

majestic wholly whole virgin-hole's holy holiness.

……….

Don't get the impression we had not spoken. On our journey, and during our walk

o the cinema, I was irrepressible in Angela's strong reassuring presence. Her

charming vernacular contrasted with my perhaps over-sweet over-elocutioned

English. Before we were in the cinema, I had told her all about school, except,

of course, that I was the chosen School Slag and what that meant. Angela had

told me all about the electronics factory where she was a machine operator and

her friends, and her mummy and daddy, and how her mummy and daddy were divorced,

and how her mummy now lived with a girlfriend who was like a daddy to Angela,

and how Angela lived with her mummy and her mummy's girlfriend, but still loved

her daddy.

As we left the cinema in the simmering heat of a summer's evening I clung to

Angela's leather-jacket-clad arm a completely feminine divine vine, dotingly

snaking my hips, my lips afire with higher desire, my eyes aglow to show I would

never say no, my sighs higher than my thigh's fire to be parted and my petals

sundered and my slit gently plundered.

We walked slowly and I was deeply in love, with all the high unqualified and

unquenchable certainty of a young unworldly and inexperienced schoolgirl: the

very young, the very unworldly, and the very inexperienced schoolgirl that I

exactly was.

Angela and I walked slowly and I was deeply in love, and my body rolled at its

heavenly hips as I slithered and swung, feminine female stepping in my pretty

mauve long laced completely heelless rigid-steel-soled ballet-shoes, on the tips

of my big toes, swivelling my hips to mesmerise with my bummy from behind, and

my thighs from front, in my skin-tight very short mini-dress, as I graced the

world with my sexy gait, risking rubbing one supreme thigh upon the other

supreme thigh as I wiggle-walked with putting one pretty foot in front of the

other in my catwalk rattlesnake slink.

The night was dark and Angela was walking us both, my beau was walking me, back

to her car on the comparatively early evening so that she could get me safely

back to mummy and daddy long before the midnight hour, and thus win points with

my parents by ensuring she showed that she could be trusted with me and had

heard daddy's plea for her adjuration she would look after his and my mummy's

lovely daughter.

I loved Angela all the more for her taking me home early. I would have obeyed

mummy and daddy had they ordered me home early too. But to be taken home early

by Angela, was yet another sign of her respect for me.

The street grew dimmer. The lights had been vandalised and were broken. Angela

suddenly gently drew me into a doorway, and my heart pounded. Oh god let this be

a kiss! I held myself in surrender for Angela. In the dimness of the light, I

looked down at my turgid nipples, made full-swollen and hard by the heat of the

night and my sexual excitement in my clinging to the girl I adored, and thus

thrust poking perkily hard and fully floridly provocatively, completely through

the fretwork of my crocheted mini-dress. And by so doing, by eyeing my suckbuds,

I hoped that Angela would be guided and decided to kiss them for me, to ease

their burning heat.

Angela seemed so shy as she held both my pretty hands in the darkness, and I

sighed to let her know she was again doing exactly the right thing…………

……..when, oh god what was this!!?

I felt Angela's hands being ripped from mine, and someone was behind me with a

hand over my mouth to stop me screaming, and Angela was cursing and struggling

with someone else, and then a knee was being pushed into my bummy to make me

walk forward, and I found that what had been a closed doorway inviting lovers to

kiss and cuddle was now opened, and I was being forced to walk through, and

Angela was being separately forced along.

And the doors were closing behind us, Angela and I both struggling, but both

surprised and helpless. And I realised that the hand over my mouth had planted

sticky tape on my pertly perfect dreamy kiss-demanding lips, and my dress had

ridden up off my bummy so that my mauve lace tanga-knickers were openly exposed.

And the lights went on. The doors had been shut and the lights went on and in my

terror I watched as Angela was having her wrists tied behind an upright post in

what seemed to be a disused storehouse. And Angela's mouth was also taped up.

And I could see tears trickling from Angela's eyes as she realised she could not

help me.

And as my eyes got more used to the burning light, I tried to show Angela with

the look in my eyes that she was my love and that she had not failed me. And I

realised there were five other girls there, dressed in leather and wearing black

leather hood masks that only revealed their eyes, their noses, and their mouths.

And as two of these other girls were tying Angela, two more were dragging me, my

wrists held hard and painfully in hammer locks up my back, toward the fifth

girl. And as I looked around in terror at Angela, I saw that the leather jackets

the two girls tying and taunting Angela wore, had studs on their backs reading:

"Teechers Frum Hell".

And how was I to know that this was a group of disaffected schoolmistresses from

several local state schools, including the one that Angela had not long since

attended, who had set out to avenge themselves on misbehaving schoolgirls, by

"putting them in their place" outside school hours.

Unable to instil discipline in school, because of what they considered to be the

"liberal" indoctrination of the policy makers preventing them from putting even

a finger on their rude and disruptive young charges during the school day, this

gang of vigilantes had formed up and set out to terrorise the local schoolgirls

out of school hours, and thus gain back the upper hand.

I knew only a little of Angela's history as of then. For instance, I did not

know then, that "Rude Girls", the legend on the back of Angela's leather jacket,

was a gang, of which Angela was the chief, and that, although Angela had left

school, many of the gang's members were still in education and spent days of joy

making their teachers' lives a total misery.

The younger women teachers in the local state schools had decided they would no

longer put up with this, and the other less organised disruption of lessons, and

the general rowdy behaviour among their young female charges.

They had got together for a drink one night to drown their sorrows in downed

alcohol. Then one of their number had proposed a toast to the forming of a rival

gang.

Uproarious laughter, fuelled by gin and vodka, and the mental picture such a

ludicrous idea painted, had slowly turned to a seed, and then gradually

germinated into a secret sworn, "one for all and all for one" in time honoured

fashion, and a group formed so as to, "get our retaliation in first".

I was now kneeling on the floor, displaying my stupendously huge hornymaking

thighs, whilst having my dress pulled by its hem up and off my superb young

body, so that my breasts were lifted and then flowed and swung marvellously

majestically swooningly swaying till they settled in their full glory rising and

falling eye compellingly with my fear heaving chest.

My hitherto heated and hotly hornilly throbbing nipples were now tightly back to

taut conical peeks. My face was pale with fright. I knelt in the dust of the

disused barn in only my stockings, my balletic shoes, and my mauve lace knickers:

my scanty little knickers: my scanties.

"Who's the horny honey then Anger?" the chief among the rebel teachers, the girl

before whom I knelt, demanded of my girlfriend, addressing Angela by her adopted

sobriquet.

"Oh dear. I'd forgot. You're gagged. Poor little dear can't answer? That makes a

change for you, you little fuck!" sneered this woman, one of Angela's former

tutors, as her fellow rebel teachers mocked poor Angela with their deliberately

coarse laughter.

"You always attracted the first rate honeys though. This one is fabulous. One

day you can tell me what it is you've got Anger. Meanwhile, we're gonna find out

what she's got" the teacher's leader slowly scoffed.

"Take the angel's knickers off, and lay her across that bench over there were

Anger can watch" she ordered.

I was lifted to my tiptoed feet by one strong girl, as another reached up and

slowly pulled by lace scanties down my long long long lovely legs. My knickers

soon joined my inside-out dress on the floor. Then I was frog marched over to

the bench that had been prior arranged before my capture; Angela and I having

been secretly followed all night.

Lying with my back bent over the bench was very uncomfortable. The bench, a worn

out and discarded sawhorse in reality, was in the small of my back and my body

thus arched in a backwards parabolic curve of compelling girl, so that my

ballet-shoe-shod tiptoed toes were just on the ground on one side, being lightly

held apart by two girls, and my hands were being held to the floor on the other.

Bent over cruelly backwards as I was, by two of the Teachers' Gang, my head

dangled trailing heavenly snakes of my abundant luscious and lustrous locks,

which Niagarared to a huge tangled and deeply mysterious and inviting blonde

pool in the dust of the floor, exciting lust and thrust, as if it could be dived

into in trust and swum among, albeit at risk that its octopus tentacles would

ensnare and ensnake and drown the lucky lover in its supreme soft sensuously

scented imprisoning siren waves.

And as my helpless light-blue eyes switched from side to side, I moaned with the

pain from my neck as my head hung down. And my glorious breasts flowed upward on

my chest, and outward at rest, and my nipples invited the kisses that my covered

and taped-closed mouth could not enjoy: my nipples, their eye and lip inviting

pointy rouge roundels only outshone in their natural colour by the passionate

redness of my sweet wild-strawberry lips now taped over.

I could not see Angela, but I knew I had been purposely positioned so that

Angela could see, as I bent curved over the bench, my depilated and desert-dry

slit. My slit, arid and dry from my fear, but no less wonderful and no less the

most wonderful part of my staggeringly supreme girlness, was directed,

intentionally directly in poor Angela's eye line as she looked down on my

beautiful body in the hands of our captors.

The head of the Teachers' Gang came around to stand before my held parted legs.

"The choicest of French cheese or the finest fresh fish; which is it Anger?" the

Teachers' Gang leader mock-questioned the taped-up-mouthed Angela: Angela

moaning with frustration in her tight bonds the while.

I sensed, as I heard Angela's gagged cry, I sensed the gang leader kneeling

between my supreme legs. And then I was sure she was putting her head between my

heavenly thighs, as I heard her sniff in a stage-actorial manner in the region

of my tight-closed incurving completely nude shaven honeypot.

Drawing in my girl-scent with over-dramatic deep inhalation, the gang's leader

querulously announced: "Brie!?"

Angela fought her bonds and howled with horror.

The gang leader put her nose near my naughty once more, and once more drew in

deep breath: "Not Brie. Camembert? Mmm, maybe supremely creamy Camembert."

Angela groaned and fought her bonds, making her wrists bleed in her

helplessness.

"Let me get a little closer" said the Teachers' Gang's boss, and I swayed my

head in a 'no' as I felt her nose touch my supersensitive lower lips.

"Fish! The finest and freshest of feminine fish: just look Anger, just look at

this horny little angel's clam. All girls are cheese or fish, and you have

netted a horny honey with the tightest of tight little clams…..."

"……But is it a clam or is it an oyster?" the Teachers' Gang leader continued to

taunt in cruel revenge on Angela, as I braced myself for the horror I feared was

going to be visited upon me at any moment."

"I reckon we've got ourselves a little girl with the finest of fine oysters

here, so lets see if I can find her pretty little pearl!"

I gasped and raised my divine right leg, escaped from the girl who was supposed

to be holding it, straight upwards in worship of heaven: my gorgeously shapely

and beautiful leg kicked up like a periscope pointing the way to heaven by my

still balletic shoe shod big toe, in my instant near fainting ecstasy, and then

outwards to open my honey-pot. And my big toe formed the tip of the church

steeple, and my unmatchable, save for my left leg, beautiful right leg, the

church tower, as my body was being worshipped by a highly experienced tongue in

the temple of my temptation, kissing and sucking and licking my luscious lips

and lapping the copious nectar I was streaming in milliseconds from this girl's

first passionate kiss of my nude shaven oyster, as with slurping sounds aplenty

she sought up my slithering slot to suck in and lick on my precious little

pearl, my supremely extremely sensitive clitoris.

And one of the girls holding my hands down, reached and ripped off the tape

gagging my mouth. And, the grip on my other foot having been left off, I alofted

both of my exquisite legs to form twin steeples for the church and the altar

between the towers my luscious legs formed, the altar in which I was being

supremely sucked licked and worshipped.

And I wide-parted my supremely sexy aloft high steepled legs and then bent them

sexily, toes still pointed to show the glory of their sexiest shapeliness, I

bent my stupendous legs at the knee and then lowered them as my congregation of

one again sought the pearl within my oyster.

And my nipples were instantly super-erect and provocatively powerfully pointed

and then they were being sucked by the girls holding my hands down, and I was

gasping and moaning "No; nah; no, nah, oh god, oh no, nah, nah, n, n, n, oh god,

oh god, naaaah, naaaah! naaaah! naaaah!, n, n, naaaaaaah, oh god oh god oh god

oh god oh god oh god!!!!! naaaaaaaaaah!!!!!!" as my sweet young body betrayed me

and I was taken to a hugely heavy, blindingly blissfully heavy, heady cum.

Unseen by me, Angela had slumped forward in her bonds, and the Teachers' Gang

leader, rising from licking out my slot to taunt her, had to raise Angela's tear

stained face to implant a kiss, smelling of the meest of me, on Angela's taped

over mouth, just below her nose.

And Angela could not look as my bare body, now taken off the cruel stool, was

willingly bucking on the floor to invite the fucking my cunt was being given by

the eager tongue and mouth of yet another gang member until I cried out with yet

another murderously powerful orgasm as she nibbled my hugely engorged and

violently throbbing pearl: my little girl penis: my clitoris.

And then Angela had to watch as my eager mouth was kissed, sexually kissed, by

all five of the Teachers' Gang in turn, and I responded with all my fire and all

my desire and all my driven sexually compelled extreme girl passion. And I did

not care which mouth worshipped my mouth as long as a mouth was tasting my

softly surrendered lips and a tongue exploring my tongue and throat.

And then they left me. Lowering me gently to the ground and kissing my lovely

arms and my pretty hands when they had done so, as I held them outstretched

imploring them for more, they left me.

The gang had decided enough was enough, and began to withdraw. And I sat on my

delicious derriere in the dust of the floor, my mouth still moist with the last

harshly passionate kiss of the "Teechers Frum Hell" Gang leader, my nipples

encrusted with slowly drying saliva from the kisses of heaven, long and sucking

succulent kisses they had so recently received and willingly wholly perky

pointed peakingly welcomed, and my naughty trickling seemingly absolutely ever

forever unstoppable sexual honey.

I was too exhausted other than to plead with my lovely loving arms as I sat

having let five lusty girls visit and worship some of the heaven-on-earth I

represented.

I felt no shame at what had happened. I was a horny girl who needed her

honey-pot lavishly sucked and licked. Angela should have taken her chance. I had

been on high-hot-offer all night for her.

………

After a long while after my gang rape, I rose shakily to my tiptoed feet, like a

newborn pony in my physical exhaustion from my sexual satiation.

I immediately moved to help Angela, but she nodded toward my clothing, thereby

telling me to dress first. Thus, yet again I had the joy of my beau treating me

as a feminine lady, this time even to the extent of continuing to suffer the

horrible pain of tight tied bruised and bloodied wrists. It was so lovely of

Angela to be so loving and courtly to me, when she must have been in such

distress, still bound and gagged as she was.

I rose on my divine legs and recovered my knickers and stepped supremely leggily

into them, before easing them up over the endless curvature of my powerful legs

to cover my recently worshipped heaven.

And then I picked up my dress, and turned it the right side out, before, having

put my delicious arms down its long sleeves, I rolled it down over my voluptuous

lollipops and my hourglass waist, and my stupendous bummy. And then I quickly

hauled out of it, my never-ending siren's hair, to let it dangle delightfully

down to the back of my knees once more

Having re-dressed, I wiggled in my tiptoe shoes over to where Angela was still

tied to the post so as to force her to watch me being raped.

And my nimble fingers released poor Angela's bonds. And with my pretty hands I

caressed her poor chafed bleeding and rope-burned wrists to return her

circulation to them. Then I gently eased off the gag tape.

Perhaps I did this too gently, as the gagging tape had stuck to poor Angela's

pretty lips very adhesively, its stickiness having been increased by the warmth

of her skin. I tried so hard not to hurt Angela, and she was incredibly brave,

not emitting even a murmur.

But as soon as she was able to speak, she stabbed me with cruelly hurtful

words….

"You loved it you whore!" she sobbed.

"Oh no! Oh Angela my love, please, please no!!" I cried in horror.

"You fuckin' loved it!" she sobbed.

"Oh no my love…….." I took Angela in my arms and kissed her tearful eyes trying

so hard to get her to let me kiss her lips. And Angela, slumped in my lovely

loving arms. And I hugged her close to my beautiful body and she sobbed and

sobbed uncontrollably and inconsolably.

Her poor girly pride was deeply hurt that she had been unable to save me from

the rapists. As so often happens, she was trying to hide the hurt from something

the poor girl had had no possibility of overcoming, by taking it out on me. I

thus became twice the victim. I had been gang-raped, and now my lover was

hurting me with deeply cruel words.

My gentle nature accepted this cruelty as if I deserved it, and I decided I must

bring poor Angela some recompense: some comfort, some reward for her loving

gentleness and respect for me.

And with my lovely and extremely pretty fingers, I reached for the zipper on

Angela's leather motorcycle pants, and, with great difficulty, lowered it. And

with no resistance from her, I squeezed my lovely hand into Angela's outer

pants.

And within, I felt her knickers, and momentarily flinched and caught, just in

time, a gasp of total shock, as I touched Angela's knickers and found that they

were totally saturated with Angela's cum-honey: cum-honey that portrayed and

betrayed that she must have become extremely aroused, and perhaps even come,

when watching me being gang-banged.

But I would forgive Angela anything, even the further cruelty that she had

evidently enjoyed watching me being raped, and then used her savage words

accusing me of having enjoyed being on the receiving end of something so

horrible.

Honestly! I ask you! As if I could possibly have enjoyed having love made to me

forcefully like that. Okay I had come. But of course I had come. I was bound to

come. After all, I was only a girl!!

I forgave Angela even the double cruelty to me of her probably coming at my

distress and of her savage words, and showed her my willingness and forgiveness

with my lovely fingers. And she flinched as I touched her love-lips with my

dainty hand. And, unable to get inside her knickers, I pressed my lovely hand on

her girlness and she sighed and cried and swiftly but unsatisfactorily came.

Whether her quick cum was because she had orgasmed already at watching my rape,

I will never now know. Whether her cruel words to me were the result of having

come, watching me being ravished by a gang of girls, I will never now know

either.

…………..

Angela and I travelled home: Angela took me to my home in all but silence.

Once home she escorted me as I wiggled up the pathway and undid my front door.

"Would you like to come in for a coffee?" I asked just knowing the answer would

be no.

Moments later, I listened indoors as Angela revved up her borrowed car and made

the tyres squeal in her anger as she drove away. And I wiggled to my bedroom,

and threw myself on my bed and cried and sobbed helplessly hopelessly.

And, hearing my terrible total misery, mummy came in into the darkness of my

room to try and comfort me.

"There, there, my precious angel. Don't cry so!" she crooned.

"Did she hurt you sweetheart?" she asked after a while.

"No mummy", I sobbed, truthfully.

"There will be other loves my darling. Believe me. You may not think it now, but

there will be other loves."

Oh mummy I cried unintelligibly, my words distorted to incoherence by my

unstoppable crying, as I sat up on my bed and clung to mummy, my tears of pain

at the loss of Angela even before I had won her, trickling endlessly down my

divine soft cheeks.

"We must find you a nice boy….." said mummy as she gently patted my back, whilst

my breathing heaved as if I were asthmatic, such size had my uncontrolled and

uncontrollable sobs of unconstrained uncontained and inconsolable misery, as I

heard mummy not.

Chapter 18 – 'The Founding Mothers'

Such was my misery at losing Angela's love, that I welcomed the chance to go

back to St Catherine's Academy for Girls at the beginning of September for the

new academic year.

I had become seventeen in the August – coincidentally August 17 th to be exact.

Mummy and daddy tried so hard to make my birthday lovely. I did my best to

smile, even though I was to be often found gazing through the window that looked

onto the main road, as if I was waiting for Angela to turn up once more.

I was day dreaming of course. I suppose too, looking back, I was being more than

a little self-indulgent. But in my defence, if ages sixteen and seventeen are

not the right times in a girl's life for the powerful passions to hold sway in

her mind, when is she ever ripe for the feelings that all is either black and

doom and gloom; or white and joyousness?

Despite the discomfort of my journey home at the beginning of my summer

vacation, I still preferred to use the train on the way back to Scotland, even

though daddy did offer to arrange the aeroplane flight. I had a horror of flying

then: I still do now, if I am honest.

My first action on returning to the academy, and having carried my cases into my

room within the prefect's dorm, from the cab I had hired from the railhead to

the school was, of course, to take off my knickers.

As I recall, I did it so matter-of-factly. I simply put down the first suitcase

I had struggled to carry, and before going out to the cab to collect the second,

reached up my skirt, slid my knickers, still warm from their intimacy with me,

down my supreme legs, and stepped out of them, before throwing them into the

wash-pile, knowing I would not need them again for the remainder of the term.

My second act, on returning to the dorm with the second case, and the remaining

last of my baggage, was to put on my left hand wedding ring finger, the ring

that confirmed I was the appointed School Slag.

As was custom at the start of term, there was to be a teatime assembly of the

whole school. I had no time in which to unpack properly, my train had been two

hours late. I must away to the assembly hall, where the end of previous term

summer ball had been held, to meet the new intake of girls, and hear what the

headmistress had to tell us all.

I was wearing the school winter uniform, including the yellow and red

candy-striped blazer, the tie with its diagonal stripes of the same colour, a

long-sleeved blouse, a mini skirt of grey pleated wool, white knee socks, black

lace-up shoes and, outdoors at least, the canary yellow beret. I had obeyed to

the letter, the headmistresses' directive that we girls wear our uniform with

pride on our journeys to and from home.

As I hurried down the corridors to make my way to the assembly hall, I came

across the head-girl and two prefects, including the delicious Jo, talking to an

extremely attractive newcomer whose name, I was later to learn, was Kimi.

In my haste not to be late for the gathering, I dropped a perfunctory leggy

curtsey to the head-girl; on the reasoned assumption that all appearances showed

she was too distracted to notice me.

My assumption was wrong.

As I hurried by, the head-girl's voice called after me: "Smith, are you wearing

a bra!?"

I stopped and turned. I was blushing the deepest of deep pink at being hailed so

and shamed so in front of the new girl. I dropped a proper lovely legged

submissive curtsey to my superior, and answered her with the truth: "No ma'am"

"Come here Smith" I was ordered.

I slinked toward the head-girl as per my command from her, and took more, as

much more note as I dared, of the delectable young girl she was talking to.

Kimi was of Japanese origin. She was a dainty little doll with adorable heavy

lidded brown eyes, and lustrous hair as black as midnight in outer space. Her

perfect teeth flashed in an extremely shy but devastatingly attractive smile as

I looked at her. She was no more than five-feet-two or three, but she clearly

had a figure that would cause a pope to wolf-whistle, with a self-evidently very

heavy bosom for such a little girl. She was maybe fifteen as I thought. I could

instantly see why the head-girl, Jo and another prefect were attracted to her:

she was a stunning little honey! One look at Kimi's closed mouth, with her

generous upper-lip curling and curving flatly like Cupid's biggest and boldest

bow, and the only word was "wow!!"

As I stood with the group of girls, including Kimi, who, for some reason was not

in school uniform, nobody made any attempt to introduce me, not even the

supremely lovely Josephine.

The head girl beckoned me so that I stood facing her, and with Kimi standing

shyly looking between us. Then the head-girl put an eager enquiring hand under

the hem of my skirt, and felt my nude naughty: right in front of the new girl,

who clearly did not know where to hide her face, so embarrassed was she, having

to watch as the head-girl felt me.

I had no choice, being the School Slag, I had no choice other than to let the

head-girl explore and feel me. It was over in seconds, but in less than that I

was creaming honey at being degraded by being "felt up" in front of the gorgeous

Kimi.

"You're a bewitching tart, Smith!" the head-girl told me as she removed her

hand.

"Thank you ma'am", I answered with all due respect as I curtseyed lovely long

leggilly to the head-girl once again.

In some ways I had dreaded another term as the School Slag, and this demeaning

treatment upset me. But what upset me more, was my superb body's instant

reaction to its being felt.

I was either still upset over losing Angela, or just enjoying imagining I was

still upset over losing Angela. I was a very young schoolgirl. I was only just

seventeen. I was young enough to have the right to enjoy wallowing in a little

self-pity. I was in the years of high emotions and swinging moods. I was a

teenage girl being a teenage girl.

I had kept up my running during the summer vacation. Now I was back at the

academy, I began my first full day of the new year, with a three-mile run to

keep up my fitness and my superb figure.

On return, a little more breathless than usual, having perhaps run a little too

arduously, I showered and then looked for my clothing for the day.

I knew my clothing would be set out for me. What the School Slag was to wear

each day was decided by the prefects which meant, in effect, the head-girl,

since she was extremely dominant.

What had been laid out for me this day, was school uniform. It was school

uniform, except that it was not the St Catherine's uniform; at least not all of

it.

It began: as I dressed I began with a tar-black suspender belt around my slender

tender-girl's hips. Then I rolled up each heavenly leg I was adorned by, and god

had clearly given me perfect copies of her own legs, murder-at-midnight-black

stockings, which I sexily-open-mouthed in my deliciously-appealing

lightly-furrowed-browed-concentration, fixed to my erotic black-knight

black-night suspenders.

Next came the standard-issue St Catherine's Academy winter shirt-blouse, a

tailored virgin-white blouse cuffed at my wrists, and buttoned from my neck to

below my wasp's waist, before just covering the tops of my delightful bummy.

Now and next, I put on the St Catherine's school tie, with its canary yellow and

crimson-red alternating diagonal candy-stripes, and I was ready for my skirt.

I say "skirt", but what I was in fact to don next was neither skirt nor dress:

what I was to put on next was an old-fashioned, cotton, schoolgirl gymslip.

My crimson gymslip, like most all gymslips, comprised a pleated skirt with

inbuilt waistband having a side fastening to pull it tight to the wearer's

middle. At it's front, as a continuation of the skirt, it rose to form a bib,

like the front top of an apron. At the back of my crimson gymslip, from the

waistband, dangled two straps of the same cotton material as the gymslip skirt,

and just as an integral part of the garment as the skirt and the frontal bib.

As I looked into the skirt of my gymslip in preparation for putting it on, I

immediately saw that it had been modified especially for me. I had been the

School Slag for long enough now to instantly understand the modification, its

wicked purpose, and how I must wear it.

And so, I raised the temptation of temptations, my right leg and stepped that

perfection into my gymslip skirt, before lifting the siren of sin, my left leg,

so that I stood momentarily bent at the knees within the skirt of the gymslip,

and would now slide it up my already stockinged legs.

And so indeed I raised myself as my pretty hands lifted my gymslip skirt up the

legs-of -heaven, till the silk rope that had been purposely sewn into the skirt,

the silk rope that was sewn at its ends to the waistband of my gymslip, the silk

rope that was thus between my goddess' thighs, was ready for the home it was to

nestle within for the day.

And, as if it were the normal way to wear a skirt any and every day, I continued

to pull up my skirt with my divinely gentle and soft hands, till I could make

the waistband fit my waist, and I gasped audibly as by doing so I pulled the

in-sewn silk rope between the thus parted lips of my naughty naughty.

I then reached round to my left, and put the little leather strap's third and

last eyehole into the answering buckle that, when strapped by strap-and-buckle

would pull my gymslip skirt hard tightly to my rightly wolf-whistle-worthy

waste-not-even-a-milligram-of a-milligram waist.

Thus was the silk rope modifying my gymslip pulled hard up tight within my

honeypot, dividing, and by dividing, ruling my naked nude-shaven naughty. And

even though it was already tight, I must still take the straps that dangled

behind me, one each over my shoulders, and fasten those straps by three buttons

each strap, to the bib of the crimson gymslip, and thereby pull the silken rope

even higher into moist heaven.

And as I fastened the second strap to my gymslip bib, the bib was pulled hard to

my chest and thus divided my deeply-cleaved bosom, so that my soft virgin firm

breasts took up any and all the slack in my virgin-schoolgirl-white blouse, and

I thus sported two feminine torpedoes either side of the bib: torpedoes with

clearly visible dangerously-easily-triggered pert percussive caps, more

explosive and devastating in their

hair-trigger-fire-power-pointed-potent-potentiality, than any merely nuclear

warheaded sub-marine mean machine.

Lastly I donned my steepling black-leather heelless, black-leather-laced, steel

soled and steel toe-capped, balletic tiptoeing shoes, and I was as dressed for

the day as I was undressed for the day.

To check that I was the perfection that my shyness would never allow me to admit

to myself I indeed was, I wiggled over to look at myself in my gymslip

micro-miniskirt in the full-length mirror I had in my room. And as I ran my

lovely light-blue-shining-star-eyes over my reflection from stem to stern, I

instantly assured and ensured there was no possibility the silk ropette pulled

up almost cruelly hard into the very naughty cleft of my very naughty naughty

would ever cause rope-burn, by lubricating it with my carnal cream, copiously.

…………

If an orgasm could walk: if an orgasm could talk: if an orgasm could have human

form, I was an orgasm on orgasm's orgasmic legs, as I wiggled, my hips rotating

when I planted each supreme tiptoed leg before the other in my deportment

trained model-girl's rattlesnake wiggle-walk, and I stunned my fellow

schoolgirls to silence as my near-four-foot-long blonde hair flagged my arrival

as the gift of the true goddess as it flowed out from my heavenly head in the

strong wind of a cool September morning.

I was on my way to work the day in the academy's library.

At the afternoon assembly that had preceded the arrival of this, the first day

of the new academic year, Miss Pringle, the headmistress, had appointed those

who were to have a whole week of "work experience". These were the

seventeen-year-olds such as myself. The only difference between myself and

almost all the other seventeen-year-old schoolgirls at St Cath's, being that

Miss Pringle had ensured I retained a work experience posting within the

academy, so that I would be available for my School Slag duties after school-day

hours.

And so it was to the school library to girl the counter there all day, indeed

all week, that I was snaking my lithe very sexy body in my crimson gymslip with

my moonless-midnight black stockings, a simple crimson garter atop my left

black-hole-black-stockinged thigh, and my thigh's tanned flesh showing and

shining with its smoothness where my clearly visible suspenders did not

inverted-V-pull my stocking-tops over their divineness.

And I was swinging my hips so that my naughty lips were 'chewing' on the silken

rope splitting the shores of the Styx that flowed with sure pure honey, the

ropette in the valley of the honey river dividing the banks of heaven: the

immeasurable, questionably-existent, infinitesimal if actual, gap between girl

and very heaven itself.

Despite my misery at losing Angela, I was an angel aroused by the tease-rope

pulled hard up into my cunt, the tease-rope I was baptising with heaven-honey as

I wiggle-walked all-girl to my library duties.

I was feeling extremely sad and still very sorry for myself. As I had thought of

Angela, I had been letting myself get more miserable by the hour. I fought not

to show it because I feared I would be questioned and bullied by the other girls

in the prefecture.

I was feeling extremely sad and still very sorry for myself as I thought of

Angela, and so to dress like this was a sort of self-punishment: to be forced to

go around the school all day so very erotically garbed, was to sacrifice myself.

It was self-torture. I was going to degrade and humiliate myself before the

whole school by having to go around dressed, indeed undressed, as I was, whilst

every other girl wore her proper and normal school uniform.

And I wanted to degrade and humiliate myself before the whole school. I wanted

to suffer for Angela. I wanted to debase myself in sacrifice to my love for

Angela, more imagined than real though I would never admit it to be.

This state of erotic schoolgirl near-nudity was to be my martyrdom. I was going

to go exposed and degraded in my gymslip for Angela. This was going to be my

punishment for betraying Angela when I had suffered being gang-raped.

These were only my own thoughts. None of those who obliged me to dress this way

knew anything of Angela. This was going to be my punishment for betraying

Angela. These were only my own thoughts, but why oh why did my naughty

moist-flow so, as I thought these thoughts? And why oh why did my little clitty

wiggle and pulse as I thought these thoughts? Was it because my clitty's

hideyhood was under the purposeful pressure of the taut-tease-rope, now so

slithery within my secretions as I walked in my natural waltz on my divine

tiptoed feet with my cunt lips being constantly rubbed on it and by it?

In my 'sacrificial' gymslip, I wiggled with pride out of the prefects dorm to my

duties, and knocked every other girl in the school off her feet, as their mouths

fell open and they could not even wolf-whistle so staggered were they at the

sight of my incredibly beautiful seventeen-year-old schoolgirl's body

swan-gliding by them in sexy swaying undulating bummy swing, as I put each foot

before the other in my trained naturally sexy catwalk way: as this apparition of

angelic perfection, dressed in crimson mock-schoolgirl gymslip, with her long

golden blonde hair tumbling in the wind, dancer-tiptoe-walked; nay apparitioned

by, and they just stopped in their tracks, silent, stunned, astounded, and then

clapped their hands to applaud my ravishing beauty.

As the girls in the playground and paths I blessed by my passage to the library

gathered around to ogle me at close quarters, I felt the return of my confidence

in my sublime loveliness and the power it gave me over the other girls. And I

once again began my incredible shy sunny sincere smile, and thanked them every

one for their whistles and their torrent of compliments on my incredible wonder.

And leading among them were Nulinda, the fabulous Asian-Indian girl, and

Josephine, my one-and-only-love, or was she?, my Jo, the dark-brown-haired,

dark-brown-eyed Jo.

……………..

I swept two stray tails of my down-to-the back-of-my-knees length golden-blonde

glistering glistening hair, back over my shoulders with heavenly pretty hands:

hands furnished and finished with squared-off impractical but very decorative

fingernails, hands now delightfully lightly light-brown tanned by my time in the

summer sun when at home on holiday.

I had been the bodacious beach belle in my bikini in France for a week. My

lovely skin turned readily brown with the suns caress, and I had incredibly

lovely freckles on my innocent face. And my face was not the only lovely place I

wore a stunning tan: I had dared to go topless!

Mummy and daddy had whisked me off to southern France before my summer vacation

ended, to try and ease my pain at losing Angela.

…………

In the library on duty, on 'work experience' duty, with shining beacon

light-blue baby-doll-eyes downcast in apologetic shyness, I passed the scanner

over the bar-mark on the books, listened for the "beep" from the monitor that

confirmed I had performed this function satisfactorily, flashed my glorious eyes

and compelling lovely smile at a little black-haired Korean girl, and once more

brushed back my heavenly heavy long blonde hair.

I was now working daily, for the week, in the comprehensively well-stocked

library at St Catherine's Academy for Girls, gaining some experience of what it

was like to be in paid employment in the outside world. At least, that was the

declared intention: though I wasn't actually being paid and I wasn't actually in

the outside world.

I almost felt I had got to know the adorable Japanese doll who had visited the

library four times that day, my first at the library: "Miss Kimi Hai" according

to her library membership card.

How had I mistaken this girl for a fifteen-year-old newcomer!? I had been

shocked when I had seen her being introduced to the assembled school by Miss

Pringle the previous afternoon. Miss Hai, 'Kimi', was the new head of art and

science. But she looked like a schoolgirl and a very young schoolgirl at that!

No wonder she had not been wearing school uniform when I had first come across

her and the head-girl in the corridor as I rushed to the afternoon assembly: she

was no schoolgirl, she was staff.

I certainly knew Miss Hai's taste in reading. She had taken out: 'Story of O',

by Pauline Reage. I say that I knew her taste in reading. That is not strictly

true. I only knew the 'taste' of the books' covers; I had no idea of their

content. I had certainly not read, and nor would I ever be allowed to read

'Story of O' at school.

Perhaps I flatter myself, but I began to wonder if the frequent visits of Miss

Hai to the school library were as a consequence of my being there in my

incredibly sexy, more sexy than she probably knew, unless she knew of the

silk-rope dividing my love-lips, my incredibly sexy crimson micro-miniskirted

gymslip.

………….

That was how it had begun. That was how my day had begun. Now I was reminiscing.

I needed to think back. I needed to try and understand how I had got where I was

now: where I was now very much later on that same day: the same day as my first

day in the school library on work experience; the same day as the first day in

the new school year.

I had little recollection of how I had got to where I now was. I was in the

sumptuous 'Founding Mothers' Building of St Catherine's Academy, or at least I

was in a side-room there.

I was not there voluntarily.

Having previously made questionable use of the school library where I had just

worked my first day, I had read the detective novels where 'the dame' gets

slugged or drugged, and then held hostage till the world-weary heroine decides

life is worth living after all, as her piercing eyes run up and down the

glorious girl-confirming figure of 'the dame', after she finds her, to rescue

her on behalf of her super-rich daddy. I had not yet come across the one where

the beautiful innocent damsel has a cloth soaked in chloroform held over her

mouth and nose; but I had not long since starred in that very scene for real.

My head had swum as I had awoken on a rough bed in a scruffy room I recognised

as being where painting, pottery, sculpture, and practical science were taught,

surrounded by pretty girls from the fourteen-year-old age-group of St

Catherine's Academy who, as I came around, were gently stretching one of my feet

so that my toes pointed straight ahead at-one with my divinely shapely leg, as

they covered the full glorious length of that leg, and stretched outstretched

foot, with wax and then moist plaster-of-Paris.

I lost consciousness again and came round a second, or was it a third or fourth

time, with a demolition hammer smashing my forehead it seemed, such was the

thunderous headache my abduction under anaesthetic had left me with. But I was

awake enough to see that beside me on a table, were any number of plaster casts

of the parts of a girl's body, including, I took in at one glance, before losing

consciousness once more, arms, hands, legs, face, and buttocks.

What I had not fully taken in at my second, or was it my fourth or fifth

awakening, was that the casts of the beautiful parts of a beautiful girl's body,

were the casts of the beautiful parts of my own very beautiful body.

"May I have water please?" I had gently asked and been willingly granted by one

of my pretty captors as I had awoken at long last half-fully, for I still had my

head throbbing as never before.

………….

They had overcome me in a storeroom at the back of the library. It had been

planned for weeks. Of course I knew that St Catherine's was a key target for

recruits to the SGS……

…..I need to explain……

The SGS exists, but does not exist.

There: now you have the explanation.

Not satisfied?

Okay….. Let me say 'CIA'.

Of course, you immediately know the CIA is the Central Intelligence Agency of

the USA. Thus it shows just how well kept a secret is the SGS, the Special Girl

Service, that you have never before even had the slightest inkling of an inkling

of its existence.

Up to World War II, the majority of world leaders had been male. Even after, as

before World War II, these would have been married men. Britain had waned as a

world-power even before World War II. But Britain still punched above its weight

in espionage.

The James Bond stories are just silly frippery. The truth of what was going on

was far stranger than that flatulent fiction. For example, do you really think

we have been told the truth of Hitler's death in the Berlin bunker? Of course

not. What we have always been told is a lie: a cover-up.

It was no suicide. Hitler's death was no suicide. An SGS girl assassinated

Hitler. I cannot name her. Suffice it to say she was a statuesque Norwegian

blonde, who spoke perfect German. She seduced Eva Braun. Yes: incredible isn't

it? The truth often is. This girl seduced Hitler's mistress, Eva Braun, and thus

got Braun to admit her to the bunker. Once in the bunker, the Norwegian beauty,

a trained SGS soldierette, excused herself to where she could take her silenced

special pistol from its very intimate holster, and …….well, the rest should have

been the history if the truth had been possible to tell.

Whilst I had been at home on my summer vacation, and briefly sunning my stunning

self in France, potential SGS recruits had stayed behind for a summer camp.

At that summer camp, as part of training, they had had to plan an abduction.

That was part of SGS training. The few girls finally chosen would spend their

youthful years working their wiles on the vulnerable wives of 'inconvenient'

world leaders to undermine, destabilise and / or, ultimately if so ordered, to

assassinate, mostly nowadays under sub-contract from British Intelligence to the

CIA.

Of course, none of these girls knew it was SGS training they were undertaking as

they planned to abduct me, once school had returned. It was routine Army

adventure training they were told they were taking part in.

The back room of the library was not overlooked. It had been obvious from

day-one of planning that it was the ideal spot for my abduction. A wheeled

stretcher, a blanket to cover my unconscious body from prying eyes; it had been

simplicity itself.

Miss Hai would be pleased. Miss Hai did not tolerate failure. Miss Hai never

uttered a syllable of praise. The avoidance of Miss Hai's wrath was the best the

girls she was spying out for their potential worth as Special Girl Service

operatives when they matured, could hope for; and the abduction had gone so

smoothly it had surely succeeded in wrath avoidance supreme.

I myself remembered little of it. The lovely little blonde fourteen-year-old I

had never noticed among so many pretty girls at the school before, had said

there had been an accident in the library's storeroom-cum-kitchenette. I had

rushed there as quickly as my stunning balletically stretched legs would let me

wiggle. Then a sweet taste was on my tongue, then the ceiling was spinning

ever-faster round and around, the white light bulb aglow dangling from the

middle of the store room ceiling, quickly turning red and then black. .…….

……..I had struggled in reflex but in no determined way. I had been taken totally

by surprise. Having experienced not even one split scintilla of a suspicion to

put me on my guard, I had put up no discernable struggle. Nonetheless, a pair of

girlacles had been snapped on my slender wrists in case I came round

unexpectedly. In case of nothing in reality. It had in fact been immediately

necessary to catch me to save my lovely body being bruised in a heavy fall, as

my mind absented itself from reality in the fumes of the chloroform on the mask

across my gorgeous face: a textbook SGS abduction, albeit in training rather

than in the field.

…………..

"May I have water please?" I had gently asked and been willingly granted by one

of my pretty captors, my 'pretend captors', as I had awoken in the scruffy room

at long last half-fully, if still with my head throbbing as never before.

As my lovely full-lipped sensationally kissable mouth daintily sipped water from

the glass I had been given by the pretty blonde I recognised as the girl who had

raised the false alarm, I thought back over my first day in the library. The

adorable Japanese girl had been there maybe four or five times. What was her

name? Miss Hai \*\*\*\*\*, of course. I had only forgotten for one split-second, and

only then because my mind was still not fully unfuddled from the chloroform.

What I recalled most of all was the way Miss Hai had kept an eye on me on every

visit to the library. Even as I had busied myself, I had been aware, with my

in-built girl's seventh-sense of when she is being admired, that Miss Hai seemed

always to be looking, even staring at me.

To no surprise to me, I had found this obvious admiration of my gymslipped

charms by this perfect compact doll of a girl, exciting in a very nerve-tingling

way. Once in a while I had raised my gorgeous blue eyes to check that I was

indeed still being looked at. Then I had flicked my head to rearrange my

stupendous hair, as I had lowered my face to try and concentrate on my task once

more, smiling to myself and secretly to the woman staring at me, should she care

to see, as I did so.

For a long time these proceedings had continued as if a courtship ritual. I knew

I was being admired. I liked, nay loved being admired. But the woman showed no

sign of wanting to talk to me. And, whether it was intended to do so or not,

that had made me the more curious about the enticingly excitingly pretty doll.

It had happened on the third visit by Miss Hai. Having logged out six romantic

novels for another of the academy's teachers, I had looked up to see Miss Hai's

eyes on me yet once more.

Miss Hai had said nothing, but I had wiggled over in my supremely feminine

dancer's glide, my stunning cunny being erotised and erotically constantly

caressed inside by the taut-silk-tease-rope that parted its glistening guardian

gates as I slinked over, because the look on Miss Hai's face was calculatedly

that of a customer asking the librarian for assistance. There were other girls

around on work experience too; but I was fully aware that Miss Hai had purposely

waited to ensure it was I who came to the 'rescue'.

The fragrance of my profuse heavenly heavy wild blonde hair: hair swirling in

unnavigable golden bewitching torrents, from my crown to the back of my very

knees, must have filled Miss Hai's sensitively sensuous nostrils as I had come

up close.

"May I help you madam?" my softly pouting constant sweet kiss proffering lips

had whispered submissively attentively, as I had curtseyed in my scarlet gymslip

to this new full-time member, and former summer casual member of the academy's

staff.

I had then cast down my eyes humbly, knowing that my very heavy bosom

'torpedoes', my firm virgin's breasts double-belling-out my blouse, barely

contained within my near bursting virgin-white blouse in their stupendous bulk,

were being studied with the most profound pleasure by this older woman.

"May I help you madam?" my pertly kissable lips had whispered once more. Then I

had raised my sparkling light-blue eyes and stunning tanned and adorably

freckled face, knowing that my body remained under the unrelenting seemingly

unblinking gaze of this lovely older woman, with the schoolgirl-age appearance,

and blushed deeply as I had felt a shockingly pleasurable moistness in my

naughty, and an acidic wave of gastric nervousness pass through my tummy, as my

naughty moisture marinated the extremely tight tease-rope dividing my divine

heaven's gates.

"Top shelf: Jemima Royal!" Miss Hai had snapped in a peremptory order rather

than a request.

I had begun to tremble as I had pulled over the stepladder and risen in my

tiptoe shoes upon it to the third-from-top-step and thus the

third-from-top-shelf, the alphabetical "P, Q, and R" shelf. Knowing for almost

certain that all this woman really wanted to do in fact, was to ogle my

black-stockinged legs, I had grabbed the first book to come to hand from that

shelf, and stepped down as quickly as I could.

"No!" Miss Hai had commanded, patiently but firmly, as I had tremblingly offered

her the book I had blindly grasped in my state of supremely tingling

nervousness, from the novelists with surnames beginning with "R".

"Let us both have another look shall we!" Miss Hai had demanded, and I had full

well known that Miss Hai meant another look at my luxuriously long goddess'

legs, and not merely another search for the book.

I had risen on the step-ladder once more, this time to it very top step, and

this time, spotting the book demanded, stretched-up to the very top shelf,

revealing the smooth tautly girlmuscular bare flesh of my running-trained thighs

above the supreme contrast of the stretched tops of my black suspendered

stockings, as the micro-miniskirt of my crimson gymslip had inevitably,

inescapably, inexorably, inched: inviting eyes inside it, to inspect my

inspirational incapably ineptly-hidden inner secrets, as my crimson gymslip had

risen to reveal the very-tight bright-white silk tease-rope, sundering and

plundering my mesmerisingly moist maiden's minx.

"Will it be 'A Critique of 'Story of O' madam?" I had enquired from my stretched

tip-of-tiptoe tight cruelly painfully rope divided nude

virgin-naughty-displaying aloftness.

"Most decidedly!" Miss Hai had answered with a calculated double-meaning I would

have recognised instantly if I had ever read, or were in future to read, that

particular tome, or its original subject.

I had blushed and shaken with the confusion of the messages my body was giving

me, as I stepped down from the stepladder onto my tiptoe-shoes, and nervously

handed Miss Hai her chosen book: a book Miss Hai had, unseen by me, purposely

moved to the very top shelf, the wrong shelf in fact, earlier, so as to get to

look at my legs, my bummy, and my cunny in close and intimate detail.

"You are an extremely attractive girl Melody," Miss Hai had then told me

matter-of-factly, as my trembling hands had handed over the book. And I had

immediately and disobediently wiggle-trotted to the bathroom to hide the state

of fear and confusion I was in, at what this woman seemed to have reawakened

within me.

Then had come my abduction: my practical practice abduction by fourteen-year-old

fellow schoolgirls, undertaking very preliminary SGS training under the

all-seeing eye of Miss Hai in her vacation job of many recent years, running the

SGS talent-spotting and recruitment camp in the vacations between St Catherine's

Academy's academic terms.

Now I lay sipping water and looking at plaster-of-Paris casts of my body. Naked

as the day I was born I lay on a rough bed in the art and practical science

room, surrounded by enthusiastically busy schoolgirls being taught art and

science by Miss Hai. I was looking at the plaster casts on the neighbouring

table, and wondering what on earth they had been taken for, and what in heaven

was to happen to me.

"Your to be bathed shaved and waxed", announced the pretty blonde that had

played decoy.

The chloroform was still stupefying my intellect, and I made no attempt to

resist as I was helped from the bed and made to walk, stark naked as I was, into

a neighbouring bathroom where lovely naked fourteen and fifteen-year-old girls,

bathed my body of the residue of moulding wax and plaster-of-Paris, whilst

showering my endless hair.

Despite my fears to the contrary, I found these girls had the skill to avoid

getting my hair into an irrecoverable tangle, as they both showered it, gently

shampooed it and, at one-and-the-same time ran a comb its full tumultuous length

to keep it from knotting.

The girls giggled as they soaped my stupendous breasts, and I blushed at the

familiar pleasure of having other lovely girls touch my intimate parts.

At their command, I rose and stood in the sunken bath. The Founding Mothers'

Building was the former home of the Abbess, when St Catherine's had been a

nunnery. It had since seen service as a private home, and as a guesthouse for

VIP visitors: hence the bathroom.

The girls now delighted in foaming and shaving my lovely legs; not that they

really needed re-shaving; I kept myself so gloriously smooth. My only protest

came when they foamed my naughty and showed clear intention of re-shaving me

between my legs. But even to that did I surrender in my still stupefied state:

the state I remained half-in from my abduction.

Led from the bath by a pretty fifteen-year-old brunette, I submitted to a

triple-ensuring waxing of my gorgeous ballet-dancer-muscular legs, and of the

lips of my honeypot, whilst my head's hair, hanging to ground and coiled thereon

beyond the end of the couch on which I lay face up, was being blown dry,

brushed, and continuously combed.

All the while, this was accompanied by the music of girlish chatter and lovely

giggles, as these burgeoning schoolgirls admired my lovely older-girl's body.

Talking to me in American-accented English, the decoy blonde suddenly told me:

"Our mistress has a very important guest tonight. She has a very wealthy

American chat-show hostess and her entourage at dinner. You will serve table and

provide the entertainment."

In the way this was announced, there was no question that a question was

unquestionably beyond question, and so I held my peace whilst my mind began to

whir as I looked for some means of escape.

But how could I escape totally naked as I was, and surrounded by eight or ten

girls as I was also?

An object and a window. A heavy object and an outside window. I recalled the

advice I had been given in this very school. I would attract attention from the

outside world by breaking a window from the inside of this room, by throwing

something heavy at the glass to burst it noisily outwards.

Suddenly I shot up and grabbed a pottery bowl full of shaving foam. But, in that

same instant, strong fingers were on my neck and I was paralysed.

Whether my captors had realised my intention or not, I could not be sure, but

the same blonde, simply said: "We don't want to have to whip you Melody", thus

conveying beyond doubt that they had authority so to do.

There was also something about the calmness in the voice of the girl warning me,

that told me the threat was real and reality probably close at hand, so,

instantly the pressure on my neck was released, I signalled my surrender by

putting down the bowl.

Why had I sought to escape when I knew I was on school premises? So many have

asked me that. What needs to be recalled is that I had been gassed: I had been

chloroformed and was still stupefied and not my full highly intelligent self.

My magically glorious hair, my literal crowning glory, was blow-dried and combed

and brushed to a sparkling shine, and I was now ready: but ready for what?

I was bade to stand up and they began to prepare me.

What was going on? Why were they bringing in what looked like the plastic legs

used in stores to display stockings for sale? And why were there, what were

obviously moulded hollow arms and hands as well as legs?

I watched with the fascination of horror. Of course, this was why they had been

making casts of my body with the plaster-of-Paris! How they had managed to so

speedily mould these hollow transparent plastic limbs from the moulds of

plaster-of Paris so quickly, I would never know.

What I soon did know though, was that two girls were approaching me with what

looked for all the world like the front and back plates worn by a knight in a

suit of armour, save that the front and back of this 'suit of armour' were of

the pliable transparent plastic, and the front piece had to make extremely

generous allowance for my very feminine frontal attributes.

I had the back piece placed upon me. It fitted me like a moulded glove for,

though not of course a glove, it was moulded from me and thus could not fail to

fit. Then my distress began, for at the front, the moulded "breastplate" was

shaped to fit my body down over my belly and to my hips, having hugged my

ribcage, but not shaped to cover my superbly huge breasts in their natural firm

soft shaped pendulous curvature. Instead it was going to take my massive glories

and shape them, force them into two obscene huge mountainous perfectly formed

cones out of the ends of which, as I was squeezed into it, my gorgeous nipples

poked like the flames flickering up from twin volcanoes.

This was of course deliberate. As the attendant girls used the straps at the

sides of the front and back plates to pull the plates together so that my upper

body was fully encased within them, I looked down at my erotically squeezed and

conicalised breasts, and my nipples poking from the ends of the cones, and

noticed that just behind my nipples, the sides of the cones flattened off, and

were screw-threaded for some reason on their outer ends.

Care had of course been taken to ensure I could breath, but the plates I wore

were very tight and hugged me perfectly when my chest was out with my sweet

exhalations.

Now they brought to me a hollow moulded arm. An arm that had been moulded from

my own lovely arm. My chest and back plates covered up to my neck including,

therefore, my shoulders. And, at my shoulders, there were grooves into which

could be mated the top of the moulded arm, the left arm transparent plastic cast

that my real live left arm was now being encased within.

My left arm was encased in the cast, one side of which was split so it could be

eased open to admit my real arm, and thereafter strapped shut to rigidly contain

and control my real arm. A check was made that my encased arm would rotate

forward and backwards in the groove at my shoulder: it could, but it could make

no other movement. And I had now got my arm tight strapped in the casting

moulded from it, and was having my right arm bound within the transparent rigid

plastic that had been moulded from it too, and it too checked for the single

movement it could make.

Each plastic arm cast finished at my slender wrists with a similar groove to

that at my shoulders where my arm casts mated with my front and back upper-body

casts. To these grooves at my wrists, I now had the "gloves" moulded ready from

my pretty hands, fitted over my lovely fingers. In these moulds allowance had

even been made to encase my fingernails and the School Slag's ring I wore.

Now that my hands and arms were both encased, I noticed that my arms were

rigidly held bent at the elbow, and my hands fixedly turned upwards with the

thumb, which I could articulate slightly, held up from the fingers, which were

in turn curved up rigidly and immovably. My arms and hands combined were thus

held in positions of subservience, offering permanently rigidly, to hold

something for a superior.

Some haste now seemed to be going into my preparation, as I heard the word

"inspection".

Brought to fit to me next, to fit indeed to the groove at the base of my front

and back-plates which went over my hips, were two halves of a pair of rigid

transparent plastic knickers, the rear of which was clasped around my delectable

thighs, and into the groove at the bottom of my back-plate. They soon covered my

divinely huge delightfully firm derriere at rear. But at front, care had to be

taken. At front, the knickers included a little circular funnel that would just

hold open the sensitive lips of my sweet virgin naughty, and care must be taken

not to harm my purity.

I noticed the funnel in my 'panty' fronts, and that the same funnel protruded

out as well as entering into me, and that where it protruded out, as with the

ends to my breast cones, there was, for some reason, an outward facing

screw-thread.

It did not go without being noticed by the girls strapping the sides of my rigid

transparent plastic knickers to hold them in place, that there was wonderfully

musky lubrication to aid the insertion of the love funnel within my naughty

nude-shaven and waxed naughty.

At the bottom of the knickers too, running all around the tops of my superlative

thighs therefore, were grooves with which to mate what came next. And what came

next were the rigid transparent hollow plastic legs down to and including feet

that I must wear.

These were extremely erotic. my legs were exceptionally powerful, and equally

exceptionally shapely and beautiful. And so too must the moulds take on and hold

in place their exceptional strength, shapeliness and beauty, and they did. These

moulds were wrapped around my glorious legs and their split-open-sides were

strapped tight at intervals down the insides of my thunderous thighs and my

compelling calves, so that my legs were held rigid at the knee, on constant

super-tiptoe.

With these moulds fitted, I now stood on tip-of-tip-of-tiptoe, where the moulds

containing my powerful legs had been squared-off, so as to enable me to stand

so. And I must stand so, without the aid of heels, for I wore no shoes but stood

on tiptoe in my moulded rigid leg encasing transparent plastic moulds, only able

to articulate them sufficiently to step straight-legged, perhaps one or two

inches at a time, as I was yet to discover.

I was indeed yet to discover if I could move at all, because they were finishing

my fittings. Around my hips they were fixing a rigidly flared-out plastic

mockery of a micro-micro-micro-mini-skirt which, apart from being fully

transparent in any case, stuck out as if I was in a constant twirl, hiding

nothing of my encased delicious derriere domes, or my tunnel penetrated

completely naked-shaven naughty.

Finally they gently took up my crowning glory, my wonderfully heavenly heavy

head of hair, and fastened over my face, covering me right up to my freckled

forehead, and fitting it at its base into the mating groove in my front chest

plate around my neck, and also fixing a matching rear half, my head-mask.

This was terrifying for me, as it covered my gorgeous innocent delightfully

slightly-lightly-tanned and sexily-freckled schoolgirl face over entirely.

Fitting like a glove to my nose and cheekbones with holes to let me breath

through my nostrils, it ignored the fact I had ears, leaving but two tiny holes

for me to hear through, just encasing my pretty ears within its horrible

embrace. At the front it took my perfect lips into a wholly obscene wide

inviting "O", by means of a funnel that entered my lovely mouth sufficiently far

to hold my teeth wide apart.

They arranged my hair, which now tumbled out of the top of my full-face mask,

covering the back of my mask, and dangled divinely over my delectable derriere

and my tremendously powerful thighs.

I was robotised. I had been purposely robotised. I was robotised and thus

contained and controlled beyond any means of my resisting!

And to me within my robotised imprisonment? To me this felt by very very far,

the sexiest thing that I had ever experienced in my tender young life. Here I

was, in truth an extremely shy girl, forcibly displayed, obscenely displayed,

for all the world to see, and as hopelessly helplessly bound within my

transparent plastic robotising mouldings, as if I were cocooned.

Two gentle hands took my imprisoned hands, and led me in my slow very stiff

robotic rigid-legged tiptoe walk, the only walk I could manage in my imprisoning

suit, to where I could see myself in a full-length mirror. And I saw the

extremely erotic sight of a supremely beautiful schoolgirl, imprisoned from head

to tip-of-tip-of-tiptoed feet in transparent plastic, showing my everything to

the world, more totally nakedly than if I were in fact completely bare: with my

glorious strong legs long stretched and pointing to mother earth by their big

toes, and my shapely hips decorated with the obscenely flared out mock and

mocking micro-micro-micro-mini-skirt, and my arms held always submissively

forward with my sweet palms and fingers upturned to serve, and my wild blonde

hair tumbling in glory, down beyond the balloons of my encased bare bottom, my

mouth held in a sexually inviting constant "O", and my stupendously huge breasts

coned gigantically straight-out from my chest like two massive mountainous

sun-tanned volcanoes, exposing raspberry-pink nipple as if erupting lava

exploded from their tips. And the girls that had bound me thus heard my gargled

cry of ecstasy and knew that I was girl: wilfully wild wet wanting wanton and

willing girl.

…………

"Is the whore ready? I have important guests waiting!" demanded a voice from

behind me, which I could only just hear through my muffling mask, as all eight

of the girls that had robotised me turned and curtsied to their mistress, Miss

Hai.

The school had a very important guest. This was the Founding Mothers' Building.

St Catherine's Academy could not survive on school-fees alone. To charge

too-high fees would detract from its mission to find and educate the brightest

girls regardless of any girl's pecuniary position.

To charge high fees would bring about the exclusiveness St Catherine's did not

seek. St Catherine's did not want exclusiveness from cost; it wanted

inclusiveness of intellect. Accordingly, St Catherine's was always scouting for

the generosity of a 'Founding Mother', so called after the Victorian widows who

had banded together to leave in their individual wills, all their worldly wealth

for the benefit of the academy.

It had been in the Victorian era, around the 1870s, that income from fees alone

had begun to leave the school embarrassed from a shortfall against running

costs. In order to try and save the day, the school had doubled the number of

girls admitted, but that had only been a temporary palliative.

Only one among the aforementioned wealthy Victorian widows had been an

old-Cathrinian, but that had been sufficient, as her able proselytising had

recruited the others, and an arranged presence of the widows as witnesses at the

1875 Maiden-Mead making event in the Wicked Wench, had sealed the deal.

Although not strictly Founding Mothers' of the school, the four widows had been

honoured in their lifetime with the title of 'Founding Mother', and so had been

any other wealthy lady willing to donate a million dollars or more in their

lifetimes or in their wills.

Miss Hai, Kimi Hai was on trust to entertain a very wealthy and famous American

chat-show hostess who had indicated she was willing to finance the school for

the honour of being able to call herself a 'Founding Mother'.

"Where are you manners whore?!" Miss Hai was demanding, very clearly looking

straight at the imprisoned me.

"Try as I might, I, though I wanted to show my subservience, could not bend at

the knee and thus could not curtsy to Miss Kimi Hai.

"I'll teach you manners you little slut. You clearly need to learn some

discipline. I've had you bound to obey, so you are bound to obey: and obey, have

not one single moment of doubt, you absolutely and totally unquestioningly

will!" Miss Hai sneered.

"You are a slut and a slattern and a whore. You are an undisciplined harlot: a

harlot with pretension to brains, and just you look at where your supposed

brains have got you, you filthy little whore!!"

"I have guests, including one very important person, a potential Founder waiting

next door, and you are going in there right now to serve my VIP to her demand.

And don't you dare let me down! Don't you dare let me down you filthy whore!!"

…………….

My lovely light-blue eyes closed with the pain these insults caused me. Behind

the flat lenses in my facemask, my lovely eyes closed as if I were flinching

from a whip, so savagely sharp to my innocent young girl's ears, were the verbal

barbs I had just endured.

I had no choice other than to obey Miss Hai of course. In my transparent plastic

robotising costume, I was as imprisoned as any girl behind iron bars: indeed

more so.

It was impossible for me to tremble in fear in my robotised state without my

robotisation multiplying the effect. And so it was a frightened and shaking,

rigidly erect tip-of-top-of-big-toe-steepled, lasciviously long legged,

goose-stepping, tanned-bodied, glorious long-blonde-haired wonder of sexual

invitation, that tippy-tiptoe wiggle-goose-stepped submissively behind Miss Hai

to face Miss Hai's guest and submit to her wishes.

In constant threat of falling, I obediently followed my mistress, my obscenely

conicalised breasts pointing the way the rest of my robotisised body must

follow.

The heat in my erotising robotising bondage suit was horrendous. The only parts

of my delicious schoolgirl-soft skin that could breath were the top of my head,

my "O" wide opened mouth, my protruding nipples, and my gaped naughty.

The perspiration that longed to escape to cool me, thus made my divinely soft

lightly-tanned skin hug to the insides of my robotisation the more closely

clingingly, so that I was become one and the same as my transparent outer shell.

At the end of my conicalised breasts, my raspberry-pink nipples were

eye-catchingly swollen and dripping translucent diamonds of my salty sweet

girl-sweat.

As I obeyed, by wiggling long leggidly behind my mistress, the heat of my body

was only matched by the heat of my mind. The heat of my body escaped the little

it could through the clear diamond droplets adrip from my sensationally

startlingly succulent, sensitive strawberry-red nipples. The heat of my mind was

escaping the only way it could, through the moistness that my naughty was

secreting, the secret secretions of a sexual girl in the supreme sweet heat of

succulent surrender.

As Miss Hai entered the room where her guests were assembled, Miss Hai stepped

aside, and a very audible gasp of overwhelmingly astonished delight followed by

spontaneous rapturous applause broke out at the sight of the naked robotised

beauty that wiggle-stepped into full view: the sexually contained gloriously

blonde-hair-crowned, erotically robotised lightly-slightly-tanned-bodied

electric-blue-eyed me.

"My god Kimi, what a heavenly girl!" cried an American accented voice, the voice

of the woman, the one woman in an all female gathering, who appeared to be the

girl that Miss Hai was looking most to please.

"Her name is Melody Smith. She is, as I informed you, the current School Slag"

Miss Hai announced to the much older, but very attractive woman, who was ogling

the imprisoned me with openly obvious pleasure.

"As I explained" Miss Hai continued, "Melody has been on 'work experience' this

week in the academy's library".

"My god, Kimi, I'd be there every day for my books for this babe! What a

honey!!"

"She is here this evening to serve and entertain you". Miss Hai announced.

Miss Hai and the talk show hostess then exchanged a look at this confirmation,

that it was just as well I did not see.

"You don't say Kimi?"

"Fully for your obedience ma'am" said Miss Hai

"Oh my god Kimi! Oh my god!" was all the answer that came from the astonished

and overwhelmingly pleased guest.

"You told me your intimate dream. You thus told me your wish. Your wish is our

command. Melody is dressed as in your intimate dream. Melody is thus dressed to

your command. Melody is your erotic dream come true", Miss Hai mock-bowed, with

a pre-flourish of one hand in circular motion before her.

"Oh my god Kimi! Oh my god!" was all this woman, the normally endlessly

loquacious hostess, the queen of the daytime chat show, appeared able to utter.

Such was my exceptional beauty, that had I been dressed as any modern girl might

dress in normality, I would in any case have been the sole centre of attention

in that gathering. My cruel erotic robotising bondage only served to add to my

overwhelmingly stunning attractiveness, and all eyes were consequently

constantly caressing the complex of complicated curves this curvaceous coquette

comprised.

Every woman and girl there ran her eyes constantly up and down and around my

astonishing body, in its savage tip-of-tiptoe standing robotic enslavement.

Every woman and girl there switched ravishingly from my delightful derriere, to

my languorous legs, to my thunderous thighs, to my tremendous hair, to my lovely

face, to my delicious electric-blue eyes, to my "Owed" mouth with its sexy

darting moist pink tongue, and my superbly kissable lips, to my lovely slim arms

held submissively servilely by my bondage, to my pretty hands held palms up,

begging to please, and to my lollypops, monumentally mountained out cruelly

mockingly, and my erupting nipples provoking like the flames of desire from my

volcanoised breasts, with diamonded perspiration droplets tipping them.

I was sexy. I was sexual. I was sex. I was sexy girl. I was sexual girl. I was

supreme girl. I was extreme girl. I was girl!

I was robotised and erotised. Every beyond-wonderful square micro-millimetre of

my girlness sighed sex. Every woman and girl at the Founding Mothers' dinner

table, or helping in service to their mistress, Miss Hai, longed to bed this

beauty. Every woman and girl was compelled to look at me. Every woman and girl

saw in me, a combination an assembly of the multitudinous components of the

beauty that is girl. Every woman and girl looked at whichever component of me,

most turned them on to the beauty of girl.

They looked mostly at my bottom, at my legs, at my breasts, at my hair, at my

face, or at my arms. But every woman and girl saw the part of me that most

turned them on, not in isolation, but as a particular quintessence within the

quintessential whole of a very girl girl.

However, had a camera been there to record the focus of all eyes at the moment

that I obediently submissively turned to tiptoe strut to the kitchen to fetch

for my mistress at table, it would have shown a surprising and complete

unanimity of focus on a locus of surprisingly supreme eroticism. As I turned my

deliciously-tanned-brown white-girl gorgeousness to wiggle my bummy in my

supreme extreme girlness, all eyes, unknown to the unity, all eyes were

single-mindedly, delightfully enlighteningly, engaged in gorging themselves on

the sweetly contrasting pristine white of the soles of my superbly pretty feet.

I was obedient from my soul to my soles. The surprising whiteness of the soles

of my lovely stretched tiptoed feet served only to contrast with the superlative

flawless complexion of my lightly-tanned body; just as the very perfection of my

slightly-lightly tanned complexion served to make the whiteness of the soles of

my gorgeous feet the more extremely orgasmically erotic.

Inside my transparent plastic moulded robotic bondage, I had no idea of the

flurry of erotic arousal the mere soles of my feet were causing. I could not

help being sexy: I was girl: all girl. And the locus of the focus of the

attention of the women and girls I wiggled my obedient way among, being the

soles of my deliciously delectable feet, only served to confirm that I was

indeed and absolutely girl, from my tip-top-top to my tiptoe-topped-toes. I knew

not where the locus of the focus of the eyes all around me was, and would have

been shocked, and have very sexily sighed with embarrassment, had I been

surprised by being apprised of the focus of their eyes. I could not help being

sexy: I was girl: all girl.

Inside my transparent plastic moulded robotic bondage, I had no idea of the

flurry of erotic arousal the mere soles of my feet were causing. Inside my

transparent plastic moulded robotic bondage, I knew only the two heats. I

endured the heat from my divine body being unable to breath in the close

clinging sumptuous curvature controlling and containing plastic 'armour' I was

forced to wear. And I knew the heat of my super-erotic arousal: an arousal that

shamed me. An arousal that my mind told me was very dirty and extremely naughty.

An arousal that filled me with guilt. An arousal that my highly intelligent mind

told me was unforgivably wrong. An arousal that shocked me. An arousal, the

overpowering musky scent of the product of which, within my naughty, betrayed me

by telling the truth of me: I was girl.

My mind fought against it but my body persistently insisted and despite all my

mental effort, my body was girl: my beautiful bound body was all sexual and

sexy, wanting and wanton, wicked and willing, brown-tanned girl.

I was ordered to serve table solely for Miss Hai's guest of honour. I

tiptoe-wiggled obediently submissively, adoring the wolf whistles jeers and

cheers that followed my sensational robotised tiny-steppy-wiggle-walk-strut,

wherever I went from kitchen to table at the bidding of my American talk-show

hostess, guest mistress and hoped for donation gift giving Founder.

I was truly thoroughly deeply shocked at my own submissiveness. My unquestioning

obedience. My unchallenging endurance of my robotisation torture stunned my

mind. And the very fact that, despite my mind screaming that this was wrong, so

very, very wrong, my enforced unquestioning submission and submissiveness was

turning me on. My body's misuse and abuse and its disobedience of my screaming

thoughts, turned me on sexually.

And the attention I was getting? I loved having all the eyes of the other girls

compulsively constantly ogling me. I adored being so sexually exposed. In truth

told I was such a shy girl, the fact that I was being forced to display the

whole of my beautiful body for the whole of the world so see, shamed me, shied

me, and yet again stimulated and aroused me.

As I obediently carried dishes and wine and cleared table between courses, my

lovely light-blue eyes opened and closed reflecting in my enforced "Owed"

mouthed silence, the state of my confused mind, as my mind went around in a

whirl trying to fight the evil to which the very girlness my extremely

completely utterly feminine body was betraying me to.

And I had picked up on how the soles of my feet, on constant display as I was

forced to walk on the very tip-top of my big toes, were turning the other girls

on. I realised the contrast the other girls were enjoying, had its encapsulation

in my tiptoed feet. Within my captivating beauty, self-containedly, I displayed

the erotic contest of the contrast between my still summer-tanned body and the

white soles of my feet. I had realised that the contrast between the whiteness

of the soles of my feet and the comparative tannedness of the rest of my feet

was compellingly beautiful, and compelling the eyes of the girls who had me

under their compulsion, to look at my feet and adore them.

As I bent my robotised body to pick up a used plate, and thus stiffly slightly

lowered my volcanoised breasts for my hostess to assess admire and adore once

more, my mind screamed "NO! You are a schoolgirl of the highest intelligence,

with a brain that will see you easily to a brilliant doctorate. Your body is

beautiful and you body is yours not theirs!! What right have they to display you

this way?! What right have they to bind you and imprison you and make you do

their every bidding?!" And as my mind so thought, so my centred slit secreted

siren secretions of supremely strong scent.

…………

"Has the little whore been serving you well, ma'am?" Miss Hai enquired of her

honoured guest in my hearing, as I did my best to pour coffee, using my

robotised hands.

"She has been far too slow," the hostess from prime time TV complained.

Miss Hai instantly clapped her hands to call the attention of the lovely little

blonde that had acted as decoy for my abduction.

"Hornetise the whore!" she commanded.

"Yes ma'am" the blonde honey, curtsied to her mistress.

Then the blonde took my plastic robotically gloved hand and led the stunning

beauty that I was, around to the front of the dining table, where I was given to

understand I must stand and wait in clear view of the guest-of-honour.

I stood in my obedient tiptoed glory, my gorgeous electric-blue eyes cast down

submissively. All sex, and all sexy and all sexual and all girl, I would have

lowered my head to show my complete obedience had my head mask allowed me. My

mind had completely given in to my body, and I was now all willing slave to my

sexiness my sensuality my sexuality my girlness.

Yet my eyes lifted from submissive base as they must with surprise and then

shock and then horror at what I saw being put on the table in front of Miss Hai

and her guest, and thus openly in front of my robotised serenely beautiful body.

First to be placed there, was an old-fashioned scent spray bottle, with a rigid

elongated nozzle and the kind of rubber bulb used to eject spray, that went out

of style with the invention of the pressurised aerosol.

But this was nothing to what came next: for what came next were three

transparent plastic globes, open at the one end, save for some kind of sheath

that must be there to prevent the escape of what these plastic globes contained.

And what these three plastic globes contained was nothing less than live, very

live, very lively, huge vicious hornets: gigantic wasps.

Each of these globes, globes made of the same transparent plastic as my robotic

suit, contained three huge hornets, save the third, which contained six.

My eyes were now wider than wide with horror. And, as if it were done every day,

the pretty blonde picked up one of the globes, and was watched with the terror

of fascination on my exquisite face, as she used the screw thread on the outside

of the tip top of my right breast, to screw the globe gently but firmly and

immovably over my already swollen and sweet sweat dripping right nipple.

As the blonde screwed the globe over my hitherto bare nipple, I could see that

the globe included a number of holes so the horrible insects could breath, a

membrane behind which the insects frolicked and crawled, and a gross or more of

in-facing very sharp, needle sharp, spikes.

I was frightened as the first globe was screwed over my right nipple, horrified

as the second globe was screwed over my left nipple, and petrified as the globe

containing the six vicious hornets was screwed to the end of the tube that led

up into my purposely gaped naughty lips.

Her task done, the pretty blonde fellow-schoolgirl turned and curtsied to Miss

Hai and the hoped for Founding Mother, the American talk-show hostess.

"Burst the membranes then, you stupid bitch!" Miss Hai sighed. And the little

girl, so rudely and crudely reminded, nervously gripped a metal rod, which she

poked in turn through the breathing-holes in the globes screwed onto my nipples

and over the tunnel to my sex, to pull away the soft plastic sheath that had

previously covered and protected my bare flesh, so that the hornets were able to

rest themselves now on the honey sweet girl-softness of my teats, rising and

falling with a constant throb from the heave of my totally, but totally

terrified breathing.

All the membranes were pierced in turn, till I stood rigid with my eyes almost

crossed as I stared in fixated horror at the huge hornets in the globes attached

to cones ending in my sweet nipples. I felt the horrible tickling feet of the

hornets resting themselves on my bare nipples, with their bodies rhythmically

undulating: their tail ends bobbing dancingly horribly up and down.

"They cannot stand lavender" Miss Hai informed her guest as the blonde picked up

the scent spray and inserted its nozzle into each of the globes on my nipples in

turn, and squirted.

And after she had squirted the lavender on my gorgeous nipples, so within spilt

seconds the hornets went wild with anger and, wings buzzing with fury, dug their

long horrible stings into my nipples and pumped in their poison, and I screamed

inhumanly as my nipples were stung and the pain of the stings and my nipples

swelling massively in reaction ballooned my beautiful nipples to agonise them on

the multiple spikes inside the globes which my excruciatingly painful nipples

shot massively to fill as the hornets stung my lovely soft flesh a second and

third time in defence against their being crushed by my swelling tortured

nipples and I screamed and screamed and screamed and screamed and screamed

uncontrollably.

And kneeling between my legs as two other girls held my threshing tortured body

steady, the lovely blonde had inserted the long stiff nozzle of the scent spray

through the breathing-holes in the globe over the end of the tube leading into

my moist naughty, and sprayed liberally within my heaven centre. And the six

immediately angry hornets flew buzzing louder than a rotary saw into my naughty,

and stung me unmercifully. And I, now tight gripped in the hold of my

tormentors, screeched my total, my absolutely total agony, as my sex lips

swelled with the terrible, terrible pain of the hornets stings. And I screamed

as the walls of my naughty swelled, and as they swelled with the stings, the

hornets felt threatened by my swelling and stung my inner sex on its

super-sensitive walls again and again, to agonise the screeching me, so that I

screamed and screeched as the walls of my sex swelled-in to meet each other and

thus defend my girl-honour. But they were too late, and I screamed a terrible

crescendo screech, as my hugely ballooning sex's walls crushed in on each other,

and a tell tale trickle of squeezed out girl-juice, my natural and profuse

girl-lubrication, trailed from my naughty into the globe at the end of the tube

leading into my heaven.

And my naughty dripped my fresh-squeezed sexual wine, as my still swelling

nipples spiked within the globes they were nearly bursting, bled from the spikes

their swelling had driven deep into them. And as I was stung repeatedly more in

my naughty by the vile vicious violent violating hornets, I was moved to moan

with a different tone. For I had now accepted my lowly place in the girl-world,

and that I was at soul solely to surrender to sexual slavery, and the salivating

salaciousness of my sisters singularly so satisfied.

And I wanted the pain to reign and confirm me as a servile subject of its

thrown. I wanted to be adored by my peers: by the other beautiful girls, but to

be their inferior and endure the consequences of having to learn my

inconsequence. And my highly intelligent mind gave way to my forceful, fully

fundamental female animality. And my screams were no longer of agony but of

treasured pleasure.

And I moaned and groaned and sighed wantonly openly as I enjoyed enduring my

total total agony, and as the swelling waves of my first orgasm took me to

ecstasy and far beyond, to be followed by a second stronger still, a third

stronger still than the second, and a fourth that took me into a screeching

howling inhuman human surrender, mind body and soul to the power of my naughty,

the power of my femaleness, the end of my girlity, and the start of my

womanhood, as a fifth screeching orgasm shook me to painful rigidity once more,

and I all but fainted with the exhaustion of enjoying enduring my uninhibited,

openly exhibited, overpoweringly powerful pleasure, at the dawning of my

womanhood and the shedding of my innocence: the completely savage taking and

forsaking of my heavenly girlness through the wanton wicked wasp-rape of my womb

to womanhood, as I gasped and screamed and cried, head to toe and toe to head

one whole body of immeasurable unrelievable unbelievable unrelenting orgasm and

pain and pain and orgasm…….

……..Miss Hai's honoured guest of that terrible evening for me, now has her name

carved, with the carving highlighted in gold-leaf, on the Founding Mothers'

Honour Board in the St Catherine's Academy's main entrance. I had bought and

brought her multi-million dollar lifetime donation by my horrible, and

horribly-wonderful, robotic torture and wasp-rape. I had no award, or reward, or

honour. It had been my duty as the School Slag to obey my mistresses: and obey I

had. Though there was undoubted honour in being the St Catherine's Academy

School Slag, there was no concomitant honour board.

Chapter 19 – The SGS

After leaving school, after finally leaving St Catherine's Academy for Girls, I

had done well in life by most people's standards. I was a successful lawyer with

a high chance of high office in the Public Prosecutor's Office in London, the

town where I now lived.

Every girl has her strengths and weaknesses though. At thirty I was being talked

of hitting the career heights; but at thirty I was also a "DZ", a disaster zone

in the highly important matter to me, of affairs of the heart.

I am, and can acknowledge now, have always been, a lesbian. I make no apologies

for my sexual orientation. Why should I?

People say the cruellest things. They say I only wanted Ming Si for her money.

They also say I am exceptionally sexy, exceptionally beautiful, and

exceptionally intelligent. When they say all three of these latter things

together about me though, it seems always to include the sly inference that I am

a gold-digger after money security and power using my lovely face and my divine

body to gain vicariously, what I cannot earn and do not deserve in my own right.

I loved Ming Si. Okay, her mummy was worth zillions from oil, but I truly only

wanted to be beautiful and sexy for Ming Si and we lived together as girl and

girl for ten years, starting before our joint graduation from \*\*\*\*\*\*.

When Ming Si left me for another girl and threw me out, racists implied that

Ming Si left me for Deng Tsu, because I was a white English girl and Ming Si

would want ultimately to settle down with her fellow ethnic Chinese.

I knew, of course I knew, that my Ming Si had met Deng Tsu on the film set. My

long-time friend Sasha ran a film company. To Ming Si, being an actress was just

an indulgence. She was wealthy enough to work or not, just as she pleased. Deng

Tsu had been the submissive in a number of 'spanking' movies Sasha had directed

the pair of them in.

I suppose a girl who has failed in a relationship does not readily admit that it

had not been working for years. I was no exception.

When Ming Si threw me out, I threw myself into work and into fitness training. I

have been told often enough that I am exceedingly sexy with a stunning body,

gorgeous features, and astonishing legs; to be proud of my five-feet eight, 37

D-cup, twenty-two, thirty-seven figure, my straight golden blonde hair down to

the back of my knees, my electric-blue eyes, my slim pretty nose, the almost

indiscernible cleft in my delicate chin, and my full strawberry-red passionate

pouting lips, to wish to keep myself in top condition.

I had hardly let myself slip in this regard, despite being such a busy girl. But

Ming Si's love being lost by me, made me doubt myself and thus throw myself

harder into jogging the streets, pumping iron, machine rowing , stationary

cycling and, I admit now, virtually starving myself to keep slim.

Using the sun-bed, I was always lightly beautifully all-over-tanned: such a

contrast with my blonde hair, my gold locks shimmering and shining like a halo,

and my kiss-red lips. But it took the real sun of summer to produce the pretty

little freckles across my forehead, nose, and upper cheeks that made my face so

compellingly adorably pretty.

I met Sasha in "The Lady Lawyer's Briefs", a wine bar near the law chambers

where I practised. As girls together we soon got round to talking about

relationships and my recent loss of the love of my life: Ming Si.

It was an all-girls wine bar. "The Lady Lawyer's Briefs" was a girls-only wine

bar. Accordingly, we girls could feel wholly free to chat away on the subjects

dearest to our hearts and even cry if we wanted to: and I wanted to: believe me,

I wanted to.

Heads had turned when I had slinked in. I was dressed in black. I struggled to

walk but still wiggled supremely sexily in eleven-inched-heeled black mules.

Around my neck I wore a half-inch wide black silk choker. And, together with

these, I wore a black velvet mini dress that clung to me like a second skin.

My "little-black-number" had a deep-swooping curved neckline revealing abundant

cleavage between my heavenly heavily abundant frontal blessings. It was

sleeveless, leaving my lovely arms, including my golden-downed forearms,

completely bare. Its hem was but four-inches down my stupendous thighs from my

breathtaking bottom's cheeky cheeks, and thus I flashed the whole length of my

tremendously supreme-dream creamy-smooth-bare-tanned-legs as I walked.

I wore nothing else. I wore no bra and no knickers no tights no suspenders or

stockings. I was dressed as Sasha had instructed I dress for our interview and I

was spellbindingly breathtakingly sexy. So heads turned and there were low

whistles of adoration of my stunning sexiness, and many pairs of eyes looking me

appreciatively up and down, as I wiggled into the all-girl 'Lady Lawyer's

Briefs' wine bar, knowing my sexiness and my vulnerability, and desperate to

espy Sasha, so I could join her at the table she had booked for our chat.

Sasha stood as I approached. I watched her eyes delight in the full length of my

arousing arrogant gorgeousness. As I wiggled toward her, struggling in my

eleven-inch-heeled flip-flopping mules, Sasha moved to the bar, as I knew she

would, as she had said she would, and patted a tall barstool next to her, on

which I was to have to sit in this miniest of micro-mini-dresses I wore.

A silence fell as I turned to raise myself onto the tall bar stool. The

collective breath of all the girls in that bar was being held, as their

selective eyes focused upon me, and saw my crimson blush as I raised myself with

my lovely arms, backwards onto that bar stool, backwards facing outwards from

the bar, and my hemline rose slowly; inevitably but slowly; showing bare leg to

lust for, and thigh to sigh for, until a ripple of applause confirmed I was

precariously prettily perfectly perched, and the girls could return to their

chatter, whilst turning many times and often to look once more at my stunning

bare legs: legs held with knees tight closed together: legs I could not cross

one over the other because I was obeying Sasha's emailed instructions forbidding

me ever to do so.

"Hi Sasha" the sexy topless redhead barmaid, with bar wiping cloth ever at the

ready in a pretty bright-red-fingernails-painted hand, greeted the familiar to

her face of my companion.

"How's it going, and what can I get for you and your lovely friend?"

"The house's white wine for me, and Natalie will just have water" Sasha replied

with a smile.

The barmaid slinked sensuously away, looking back over her shoulder to enjoy

looking once more at me as she went, and Sasha turned to me.

"You look absolutely knock-dead gorgeous!" Sasha whispered.

I lowered my head and blushed once more.

"You've dressed the dress, but are you really sure you want to go through with

this?"

I was a girl with a broken heart: but I was also a girl for whom a broken heart

was not enough.

"Certain sure" I answered oozing the sincerity I wanted to convey through my

prettily-creased freckled brow, the intensity of my electric-blue hugely-wide

black-pupilled stunning eyes, and the pursing of my naturally proudly pouting

provocative lips.

"I said I'd do anything to get Ming Si back, and this is my 'anything'" I

sighed, near to tears once more as I thought of my lost love.

"You know its no holds barred and nothing will be done to stop it going all the

way?" Sasha reminded me.

I changed the subject slightly. "Does Ming Si know I'm in it?

"Yes" Sasha answered, hoping that by saying the minimum she could save me the

maximum of hurt.

"Is she pleased: has she asked after me? I interrogated intensely, my

universe-sparkling-electric-blue eyes looking for some small token, the smallest

speck of cause for joy from Sasha's face or demeanour.

"I'm sorry sweetheart" Sasha answered without looking at me.

Had I had any doubts about going ahead, this would have decided me anyway. What

was another splinter in an already smithereened heart?

I lowered my head, chin to my chest, as I realised the desperate state I was in

in my quest to win Ming Si back.

There was a long silence between Sasha and I.

"I've done everything you asked me to as a signal. Everything you asked me to

do: everything in your email. You know I would never ever normally dress like

this!" I all but sobbed to Sasha, as if Sasha could get Ming Si back for me.

The barmaid was coming back with our drinks. She sensed the silence between

Sasha and I, and showed the diplomacy innate in even the most occasional casual

employee in the bar trade.

Facing out as I was, I was unaware of her presence behind me, as with my head

lowered I added emphasis to my 'I've done everything asked' statement, by

whispering to Sasha: "I've even shaved it. I've shaved myself like you told me

to".

"Oh my god!" the barmaid gasped out loud, very loudly, unintentionally at what

she had just overheard.

"Sorry! sorry! sorry!" she stage-whispered with her pretty hand near her lips

apologising for the shock of pleasurable joy the thought of a beautiful girl

like me being shaved totally bald between her legs had just given her.

I gasped as I blushed never so ever so deeply at what I had been overheard to

say.

When I dare raise my lovely head again, Sasha asked, "When are you due on?"

I lowered the heavenly soulful lanterns that were my eyes, and passed my pointed

pink tongue unselfconsciously over my lips to wet their dryness and make them

even more made-to-be-constantly-kissed than they always naturally were. I then

took a stray of my stunning blonde hair in a delectable hand, and lifted it back

over my flawlessly soft-complexioned shoulder, and lightly slightly shook my

lovely head to settle my gilded glistering glory. "I'm due about the week after

next" I whispered dry throatedly.

……………….

Ming Si and Deng Tsu ignored me. We were on the film set. We had flown out to

the heat of the \*\*\*\*\*\* jungle. Everything was prepared for the filming to begin,

but Ming Si and Deng Tsu ignored me.

I had known it was a desperate last throw of the die to come out here and be in

the film that was to be made. I had read the script, I knew what was to happen,

and I still thought, despite all the very clear evidence to the contrary, that I

would win Ming Si back through my role and her participation in that role. But

Ming Si and Deng Tsu ignored me.

I was having a heavy period. I was bleeding quite profusely. I was enduring that

most feminine of feminine glories, her monthly bleed.

I was to be the star in one of Sasha's erotic movies, a fantasy made reality.

The fantasy was in the story: the reality was in the action.

Silence was called for. Sasha was to do a voice-over introduction as the camera

panned around the jungle scenery. Of course, this introduction could have been

recorded after the film was electronically cut and spliced, but Sasha liked the

immediacy and risk of doing her voiceovers contemporaneously: it gave her a buzz

and her words an urgency and an extra-sexy edge she thought.

The clapperboard snapped shut with an echoing crack, and Sasha began

proceedings:

"You will never have heard of the Special Girl Service, yet the 'SGS', as they

were and are still known, served well beyond bravery in World War II, Korea, and

Vietnam. It was an SGS operative that worked her way into Hitler's Berlin bunker

by seducing Eva Braun. That brave agent shot the evil dictator after poisoning

Eva. Of course, history has been re-written so as not to record SGS involvement.

Even now the SGS officially never existed and does not exist; except that it did

and it does."

"Among the brave and beautiful women employed as volunteers in the SGS was

Natalie Paris. Natalie's parents were forced to leave their native France by

Hitler's invasion in World War II. They made their way to London, where they

raised a family including youngest daughter Natalie. Once adult, Natalie, a

brilliant pupil at St Catherine's Academy for Girls, volunteered as an SGS

soldierette to fight the war against communism, which her parents told her was

equal in evil to the fascism her parents had been forced to leave France to

escape."

"Our American allies were desperate to locate the women's concentration camp

being run in North Vietnam by an evil commandant, in which several of their own

girls were being held captive. Natalie volunteered to go in. Natalie knew she

would be alone and that her membership of the SGS must at all times remain

secret. This film is dedicated to the brave young women of the SGS and tells

you, honoured viewer, of the representative story of Natalie Paris, the brave

French beauty who fought for our liberty in the heat of the \*\*\*\*\*\* jungle in the

Vietnam War".

At this point the camera focused upon me as I prepared to be lowered from a

helicopter into the jungle on my mission. I was dressed as an SGS soldierette

and it was this that the camera wanted to see and have the eventual viewers of

the DVD see.

As the camera moved in on the character 'Natalie Paris' a French Jewish girl

that this English girl: me, was playing, I was on my very sexy haunches about to

leap from the rear door of the 'helicopter' that had flown me in over the

jungle-clearing that included the evil Girl-Camp that the North Vietnamese

authorities had erected just over the north / south border of that divided and

unhappy land.

The 'helicopter' was, in fact, just a high platform with a side and slide door

made to look like the side and door of a helicopter in flight.

The camera lovingly caressed my lovingly carressable body as I squatted. It

showed that I was in full SGS soldierette's uniform. My bright-as-the-sun golden

hair had been swept up of my sweetly slim neck and was held under my American

style World-War II steel helmet, which was strapped at my little chin.

Around my lovely swan's neck, at the top of each of my slender arms near my

armpits, and around my stunning bare midriff, I wore tight-gripping olive-green

bandoliers full of shiny 'gold' bullets for my SGS weaponry.

As a top garment, I wore only a torn-off olive-green vest. This vest was

ripped-off just below my thirty-seven inch D-cup overwhelmingly beautiful

frontal feminine glories, which were braless.

Below my bandolier belted, otherwise bare slinky-slim midriff, I wore an

olive-green suspender belt, with front suspenders decorating the exposed topmost

of my orgasmically huge sweat-sheened, sweat-smooth, sweat-lubricated, thighs,

and rear suspenders over, impractically but surrenderingly sexily, over my bare

sweaty bottom.

These suspenders led to my olive-green stockings, the tops of which my

suspenders stretched to two inverted Vs front and back of each leg. On my feet I

wore black platform-booties with ten-inch stiletto heels: booties laced up

strongly from near my toes to their tops above my shapely ankles.

On my left wrist I wore a watch-cum-compass-cum-vanity mirror. On my left wrist,

I wore a strap holding a mini-comb, a mini-hairbrush, a mini-razor for my

fabulous legs, and to keep my naughty bare, and a choice between two lipsticks.

On my stupendous right thigh I wore an olive-green garter that holstered my

pistol, and a bag containing a towel, soap, shampoo, three choices of scent, two

of eyeliner, two of blusher, four of eye-shadow, nail clippers, nail file,

needle and cotton, toothbrush, toothpaste, and dental floss. On my no less

stupefying left thigh, I wore a garter scabbarding my dagger, and another bag

holding, reserve lipsticks, six choices of nail varnish, a battery-powered hair

dryer, depilatory cream for my legs and my love lips, and sanitary towels. In my

pretty hands I cradled a black Tommy gun

Again around my hips, I wore a sanitary-towel hook-belt, and this held between

my orgasmically erotic thighs, an olive-green stained camouflaged

sanitary-towel, into which my monthly bleed was silently slowly seeping.

I wore no makeup bar olive-green lipstick. My face and all my gorgeous tanned

fit body glowed with the moistness of sweet perspiration. Despite my fitness, I

shone with pretty pearls of trickling girl-sweat from the humidity of the

genuine jungle we were filming in, and from my fear at what was to come next.

I knew what I must do. I put down my Tommy gun and reached for two leather hoops

at ether end of a strap I was pulling around my back , noose-hoops which, having

lifted up my vest, I put over my two beautiful, too beautiful, plus-beautiful

heavy breasts until they were tightly around their respective bases, and then

clasped the catch together in my cleavage to hold the hoops in place. I then

picked up my Tommy gun and prepared for my next action.

Sasha's voice-over broke in at this stage: "Because of the speed and accuracy

with which it could deliver an SGS soldierette to her action station, SGS

soldierettes would often jump in by titwire. Her titwire enabled a soldierette

to drop-in silently swiftly straight on target………"

Trembling from head-to-foot in fear, I took up my Tommy gun, stood up and leant

myself at an angle, body to attention, leaning out from the platform as they

filmed me. I was sweating with fear as the hoops of leather around my breasts

tightened and tightened. And then I kicked my lovely legs off the platform and

screamed inside my head as I fell thirty whole feet toward the jungle floor, and

then bounced, suspended two-inches from the ground by the savagely strangling

nooses throttling my breasts.

I had jumped thirty-feet, and I gasp-choked, winded as my body's whole weight,

deliciously only 120 pounds of pure girl as I was, was taken by my titties, and

I bounced up and then down on the ends of the straps that were strangling my

enormous endowments: my enormous endowments performing as shock absorbers for my

fall.

My silent inside-screaming stopped as I realised I had done it: I had made the

drop. I held my Tommy gun in one hand as I released the press-button catch in my

cleavage that enabled me to break the hold of the strap around my titties. I

then slid slowly to ground: my tensioned tits slipping out of the nooses. The

nooses pulled my titties hard out opposing sides of me and tightening as they

pull-slid down my super-stretched breasts, as I lowered to ground, tips of toes

first to touch terra firma.

My tits had served as shock absorbers for my thirty-foot fall on the end of a

wire rope from the mock helicopter. My tits had absorbed the momentum of 120

pounds of hurtling girl, stopping me crashing into the unyielding ground. In

cushioning the velocity of my otherwise unstoppable descent to mother earth more

effectively than any parachute on a NASA probe seeking to land safely on Mars,

my tits had saved me from the certainty of breaking a beautiful leg.

The cameras watched my every deeply extremely femininely sexy move, as the

painfully tight straps eased from around my breasts, and I then wiggled in my

ten-inch-heeled booties over to where I could squat thighily to hide. The

evidence I had dropped-in by titwire was then hidden by the wire being pulled

back up to the platform, which was now mocking a helicopter flying away to leave

this SGS soldierette alone in the savage jungle.

Now the cameras watched delightedly as my extremely pretty hands and delightful

fingers caressed my huge breasts to ease the pain their strangulation had caused

me, and to bring the blood into circulation around the myriad of delicious blue

veins just visible beneath the immediate surface of my absolutely flawlessly

complexioned skin.

Having caressed my fulsome breasts fulsomely and unavoidably exceedingly sexily:

everything I did was steeped in sex: steeped in girl, I was so sexy and so

sensual and so sexual and so feminine and so girl, I pulled my vest back over my

supremely ample extremely handsome bosom with my delicious delicate fingers.

My breasts were still throbbing as this supremely sexy SGS soldierette rose on

her ten-inch heels on her lovely steepled feet on her startling shapely strong

girl-confirming legs.

Of course I knew that the cameras were ravishing me. Of course I knew that the

cameras were raping me. I wanted to be exposed, ravished, and raped by the

cameras, so that Ming Si would see the astonishing beauty of the girl she had

bedded this ten-years past, and know that I was to be had and would obey and

adore her, if only she would have me back.

I had never been adventurous in bed. I was shy. I also came so readily. Another

pair of pretty hands upon me, peaked my nipples in milliseconds, and had my

naughty moist in the twinkling of one of my electric-blue eyes. I had always

thought Ming Si loved me because I was so sensitive and so responsive, and

surrendered so beyond-completely to my lovers.

I knew that my unrestrained squeals, passionate squeaks, and abandoned screams,

could be heard next door, as the young housewife living there had told me as

much one day, when I had gone around to ask if she minded my car being parked

outside her home for a while, and she had tried to kiss me.

Where had the love between Ming Si and I gone wrong?

I had tried so hard to please her. I suppose my private school upbringing had

inhibited me. Even so, I had gone along with it when Ming Si had sent me around

to the same young housewife next door to be spanked by the housewife and her

thirteen-year-old daughter.

My thoughts and memories echoed around inside my head as I played the sexy SGS

soldierette, wiggling in my ten-inch-heeled booties my bare bottom flashing side

to side mesmerisingly as I tottered along on my supremely sexy legs.

Now, as per the film's script, I squatted behind a bush on my full-thighed

haunches. Looking around over the bush to ensure I was safe; as safe as I could

be behind enemy lines, I lowered my Tommy gun to the floor.

Having done so, I followed the script I had rehearsed in my head endlessly. I

once more looked around to check all was clear. Then I lifted the olive green

vest off my wonderfully huge left breast, lowered my head, lifted my breast to

my gorgeous lips and began to kiss my delicious raspberry pink nipple, holding

my huge breast up so that I could suck myself. Then I made out as if I were

sucking milk from myself, occasionally raising my head to lick my goddess' lips,

before returning to kiss and suckle on my nipple as I mimicked a girl feeding

herself from her own tit.

Sasha's explanatory voice-over broke in here: "Now we see the skilfully trained

Natalie demonstrating the complete self-sufficiency of the SGS soldierette, who

carries her own supply of highly nutritional liquid and food. Every SGS

soldierette was given the necessary hormonal treatment to facilitate this. The

side-effects of this treatment was to make the soldierette even more feminine.

To be so feminine was not necessarily an advantage in war. But the balance of

benefit is clear: total self-sufficiency."

"In World War II, many SGS soldierettes served in the North African desert where

they could, as if human camels, survive for endless days behind enemy lines

without any need for allied aircraft to fly over and drop supplies to them,

thereby risking their positions being given away to the enemy. That was a

definite wartime asset."

I gave a little girl fart of fear because I knew what was coming next. I had

just replaced my firm soft breast behind my olive green vest, when the film

showed two bayoneted rifles pointing directly at my bosom. Ming Si and Deng Tsu

had come into the film. At his stage, these two very attractive ethnic

Chinese-Americans were supposedly North Vietnamese soldierettes, in green

jackets, green mini-skirts, black six-inch heeled booties, and green bush-hats.

As scripted I reached my lovely arms for my Tommy gun, and it was kicked out of

my reach. I now sought to get my pistol from my lovely right thigh, and Deng Tsu

put her boot on that very thigh and pushed me over into the dust.

As I lay in the dust guarded by Deng Tsu's bayonet, Ming Si, my adored Ming Si,

took my pistol from its thigh garter-holster and my knife from my left thigh

garter, and ordered: "Stand"

I rose to my divine stretched and tiptoed legs and my bare-bottom, with the

impractical but extremely sexy suspenders stretched over them from my suspender

belt to the rear tops of my stockings, wiggled rhythmically before my captors,

as they drove me at the threatening ends of their bayonets, toward the prison

camp, where I was taken before the supposed governess, played by Ming Si once

more, but with some epaulets to make her look like an officer.

My mission was, of course, as scripted, a complete failure.

I lifted a sexy arm to salute my senior in rank, and my shorn-off vest lifted to

reveal the absolute beauty of my right breast, and its impertinently pointing

perkily-peaked pink nipple.

"You SGS!" Ming Si, in her role as the camp commandant, accused

"Name rank and number only" I replied, my dainty nostrils flared and my fabulous

chest heaving and throbbing and bobbing with my fear.

"You SGS!!" Ming Si repeated.

"Name rank and number only" I replied again.

"You SGS. We whip SGS see how brave!" the 'commandant' ordered.

"It is against the Geneva conventions to torture soldierettes taken prisoner on

the battlefield. You must report my capture to the appropriate authorities" I

gasped out, as my breasts juggled jiggled and joggled with the hyperventilation

I was experiencing from my rising fear.

I was still held at bayonet-point as the commandant drew her knife from her

belt, walked slowly up to me, and cut the holster and scabbard garters off my

thighs, threw my waist belt and amulet bandoliers on the ground. Sliced through

my suspenders, so that my stocking began to slide down the superbly smooth flesh

of my thighs. Cut off my suspender belt itself, and sliced open my stockings so

that she could tear them down to my ankles, and thereafter bare both of my legs.

I gasped with genuine pleasure as Ming Si, in her role as the North Vietnamese

commandant, put an exploratory hand on my naked left thigh.

"SGS have beautiful leg" she averred in her role-play.

"If I were SGS I would be highly trained and highly skilled in the ways of love

commandant" I gasped in short breaths, my gasping showing my still rising fear.

"It is not against Geneva Conventions to take me to bed if I am willing" I tried

to persuade.

At this point I lifted off my helmet with my gorgeous hands and shook down my

bouncing cascade curtain of down-to-the-back-of-my-knees-length shining straight

glistening golden blonde hair.

"SGS whore!" Ming Si shouted, and slapped my lovely face.

Tears seeped from my magically seductive light-blue eyes. Doe-like, calf-like,

my eyes showed my gentle loving lovely girlness, as my salty tears trickled down

and gathered on my sensuous succulent upper lip.

"Whip SGS whore!!" Ming Si ordered.

Ming Si must now do a quick change of jacket to become in the film being made,

once more the private soldier she had been when I had been captured at bayonet

point.

This done, I was dragged outside by both girls and suspended by my wrists from

the midpoint of the crossbar on a soccer-style goalpost erection, so that my

still booted toes were barely on the ground.

To further strip me and add to the prolongation of my anticipation of torture,

Deng Tsu used her knife to cut and then tear off my vest, and then to slice my

laces and remove both my boots, and the residue of olive-green stocking that had

been in them.

As I dangled by my wrists barely able to touch the ground with my big-toes, my

legs were being ogled and admired by the cameras, which also drank in my huge

bare breasts, high-lifted by my suspension, and my firm bottom.

Under the strain of this stance, my head fell back and my hair, my lovely golden

hair, was on the backs of my tremendously shapely calves, as I moaned with the

pain of the strain on my delicious arms from being suspended this way.

Ming Si now unhooked my sanitary towel from its belt, and showed how soaked and

red with my monthly-blood it was, by dangling it before the camera. Now grabbing

my hair cruelly hard, she forced my head forward and ordered me to lick my

towel, to lick my menstruum.

I turned my head away despite the pain from my hair being gripped so hard, so

she grasped my nose, to make me open my mouth, and then gagged me with my

sanitary towel. She pushed by blood-red, blood-soaked soiled sanitary-towel into

my mouth, and I could do nothing but taste my own menstruum, as my mouth was

stuffed with my dripping-monthly -blood-soiled cunt cover.

Ming Si next showed the camera the whip that was to be used on me. It had a

one-and-a-half foot long round wooden handle, near the end of which, a hole was

bored through. Through that hole was passed a two-and-a-half-foot long single

strand of wire, pliable bare steel wire, which was knotted at the one end to

stop it going through the hole in the handle, and at the other end to kiss my

bare skin.

This was what I had wanted to be in this film for. I wanted to show my love for

Ming Si, by showing her that I would do anything for her. I wanted Ming Si to

whip me, so that I could show how far my love for her went and would always go.

But oh, horror of horror of horrors for me, as I shook my head as I watched it

happen. I shook my head as my titties waved side to side in opposite motion to

emphasise the negativity I and they wanted to convey, even though I was

helpless, because this was not meant to happen. I shook my head and thus waved

my titties as Ming Si passed the whip to Deng Tsu!!!

Deng Tsu made the whip whistle through the air once and then twice to get a feel

of the handling of it, and then it began. …….

"THWICK!" Deng Tsu whipped the outside of my gloriously beautiful left thigh and

I danced like a dervish with the agonising pain. Sexily seductively I danced on

my bare tiptoes dangling from the rope by my wrists as I was, as blood ran down

from the cut in my whipped thigh: my salty crimson blood trickled from the

curved stripe that followed the heavenly outside curvature of my fabulous thigh

and even more from the wicked cut in my supremely soft smooth skin, where the

knot at the end of the wire lash had given me the kiss of the darkest devil.

Oh god had I known it could and would be so painful?!!

"THWICK!" Deng Tsu whipped the outer side of my right thigh and I flexed the

lovely muscles of my extremely erotic legs lifting my legs to point down my toes

to try and ease the terrible pain, I was seducing and sensuous and deeply sexy

in all I did and in this even more so. I was displaying and disporting my legs

wickedly. I was made sexual and sexy by my wonderful muscles shaping my lovely

legs wantonly abandondly erotically as the whip made me dance the decadent

dervish dance of the dirty devil.

"THWICK!" Deng Tsu whipped my left thigh's outer side yet again, and my eyes

rolled to the heavens as I winced and sobbed with the unbearable pain as my sexy

legs danced and pranced and kicked and posed themselves eye-compelling

erotically.

And as I danced the dervish dance, trickles of my warm crimson blood rolled down

my legs, following their supreme curvature to run round my smoothness, and find

gravity drawing their trickling escape from the pain of my crimson stripes, by

running down the glory of my calves.

I was being given a sexual whipping. I was being whipped to make me dance

erotically. I was being whipped to make me dance orgasmically.

My gorgeous bloodied legs were dancing the dance of the devil-girl, exciting and

inviting, inducing and seducing in their extreme supreme girlmuscular

shapeliness, my extreme supremely shapely girlmuscled legs. legs that would have

god herself fall head-over-heels in love with me.

Between the lashes I was dancing and prancing in fear: flinching and lifting my

lovely legs, dancing on my tiptoes showing the total glory of their erotically

charged compelling shapeliness and my muscular power to reshape them and re-pose

them unintentionally, each pose being no less, and more often more erotically

compelling than the one that preceded it as I fought to avoid my wonderful

thighs being whipped again.

"THWICK!" Deng Tsu whipped my right thigh yet once more and I cried out with

agony and more blood ran down my right leg. And "THWICK!" Deng Tsu whipped my

beautiful left thigh as soon as my sexy dancing to try and relieve my horrible

pain stopped.

"THWICK!" Deng Tsu whipped my right thigh and once more cut my lovely soft skin

with the wickedly cruel wire whip. And each stripe of the terrible wire whip

applied with the fullest fearsome force across my bare legs, was cutting my skin

and ending in the ripping kiss of the deliberate knot at the end of the wire

lash, the knot that gave it the weight to whistle the more wickedly as it burnt

the air in its rush to kiss my lovely nude body and to cut hard into my flesh as

it bit me with the maximum force that the end of the lash was flying at.

Moaning with agony, I lifted my lovely left leg running with rivulets of my

blood from the terrible horizontal crimson stripes it had been given, and in its

raised toes pointed down in a muscularly beautiful girl-leggy pose: "THWICK!"

Deng Tsu whipped my exquisitely beautiful left thigh once more.

Moments of extreme agony later, I fell with a thump to the dirt ground as the

rope I been hitherto hung by was cut.

The cameras moved in on my lovely legs stretched out by me to try and ease the

dreadful pain of my seven sexy sexual agonising crimson-red stripes: the cruel

stripes that cut my perfect skin on my exceptionally wonderful legs, to only

enhance my erotic loveliness, my girlness, my goddessness, as I panted with pain

and coughed and choked from the horrible menstruum soaked sanitary towel: my

blood filled sanitary towel that had been forced into my mouth to gag me. And

the blood still flowing from my naughty to mark my supreme femininity: the blood

of my monthly cycle still trickled from my girlmost part.

"You SGS whore", Ming Si, my lost love in real life, spat out at my tortured

body.

The blood soaked blood soiled sanitary towel was forced further into my mouth,

and I was made to stand, as I heaved for breath, my bountiful breasts were

swinging and swaying wildly both from my girlhandling and from the heaviness of

my breathing in supreme extreme pain panic and fear.

Beaten and defeated; and defeated by having been so savagely cruelly beaten, I

obeyed without dare of protest as my captors made me crawl on my bloodied bloody

beautiful legs, over to where what looked like half a tree-trunk was suspended

between two supporting trellises, with perhaps three-feet of clearance

underneath the log.

This was not in the script! I had read the script cover to cover so many times I

could even tell you how many wine stains there were on my copy. This log,

whatever was to happen with this log, was not in my script.

I knew Sasha wanted some immediacy in her films. I had been warned by some of

her submissives, several that had appeared in Sasha's spank-movies, that she

could be very inventive and cruel,

"You SGS whore", Ming Si in her role of one of the North Vietnamese soldiers

torturing me, spat out once more. "You SGS whore: you no subject rules of war!"

I crawled for fear of being whipped even once more: I crawled under the log, and

then, at my captors bidding, squatted on my huge hugely erotic orgasmically

spellbinding massive and massively femininely shaped masturbation compelling

thighs. My thighs made massive by my squatting, my red striped beautiful

bleeding cruelly savagely whipped girl-thighs: the thighs of a goddess on earth:

thighs to dream on: thighs to cream on; thighs to sigh for; thighs to die for:

the thighs of a beautiful woman in the full flower of full thighed womanhood:

thighs so wonderfully beautiful that they could only ever have love made to them

by another beautiful girl, or by a cruel whip. Thighs too massively beautiful

not to have love made to them by a whip. Thighs that should have been whipped

every day twice per day since they had taken on the loveliness of teenage girl,

with the whipping increased to four-times per day as they had grown to mature

woman: thighs that commanded awe or cruelty: thighs that commanded awe and

cruelty: thighs to be worshipped: thighs to be kissed: thighs to be adored:

thighs to be strangled by so that one would be in heaven before death and mere

tertiary heaven, as their two too total magnificence throttled the life from all

but your multiple multiple orgasms in the wondrous wonder of their throttling

grip, as your eyes rose not to heaven's rapture, but at the rapturous crushing

power of the two heavens wrapping you in their massive capture: my thighs: my

very very beautiful thighs.

My torturers now tied rope around my pretty wrists, and then stretched my arms

out, before tying the rope around the massive log, and thus my girl's slender

wrists to the log, and thus the log to me, poised above my shoulders.

With considerable skill Ming Si, back as per the script now, now put a silk rope

slip-loop noose around my waist, drew its loose end between the cheeks of my

bottom, passed that same loose end through the rope around my firmly flat belly,

and then pulled it up unmercifully hard between the still menstruum seeping lips

of my naughty. Then she tied this rope, as was not in the script, around the

log, in the middle of the log, just above my sweetly soft bare shoulders as I

squatted, and tied it off to the log.

"SGS whore stand", Ming Si ordered.

For fear of the wire whip on my goddess' thighs yet once more, I struggled the

all but impossible struggle to rise and lift on my shoulders, my lovely soft

girlskinned shoulders, the truly massive weight of this half tree trunk.

"SGS whore stand!!", Ming Si shouted, as she readied herself to whip my poor

thighs to drive me to the super-girl effort even Supergirl herself could not

have achieved: the lifting on her shoulders, the lifting on my soft shoulders,

of the huge half tree trunk

"SGS whore stand!!!" Ming drew back the wire whip to lash my lovely thighs, and

the power and the beauty of my orgasmic legs came to my rescue as their superbly

feminine muscularity slowly raised me up in the staggering agony of the huge

log's weight, as I gasped and moaned and sweated and panted in the sultry jungle

heat with the massive massive log, its rough bark grazing the supremely soft and

smooth dreamy creamy skin of my delectable slim girl's soft shoulders and arms,

pulling on my pretty arms and incredibly curvaceous spine agonisingly.

My long blonde golden glistening hair was so caught up under the cruel burden I

was under the crushing weight of, that I could barely raise my head to point my

pain contorted face forward as I stood on my incredibly gorgeous legs, with my

knees erotically sexily dimpled, locked back as they were: my supreme legs

bending bowed back to hold my brutally weighted body barely standing, clearly

staggering, under the more than Olympic mass of the huge log on my pristine

shoulders.

"Mercy!" I inaudibly begged: it being impossible for me to talk for the

menstruum saturated sanitary towel I had had shoved cruelly down my poor sweet

sexy contralto's throat, so that I was choking and gagging on its absorbent

horror, even as I could taste the thirst making salty blood, hours of my drying

copious crimson-red monthly bleed, in which the bloodied towel was deeply

steeped: my essence of girl: the ultimate evidence of my never ever anyway at

anytime questioned let alone doubted for one-split-millisecond femininity.

"Please have mercy!" my eyes would have begged were their glory not filled by

the tears from my pain.

Ming Si and Deng Tsu, then fixed a rigid steel spreader-bar between my ankles to

part my legs some three feet one from the other. This made me almost stagger and

fall, as only by having my lovely legs two feet apart fore and aft of me, could

I prevent myself from being crushed, or crashing to the ground, under the

horrendous burden on my poor girly-soft, girly-slim, girly-pretty shoulders.

I was too all consumed by the agony of this huge burden, not to show the pain in

my pretty face and not to have the dehydrating perspiration from carrying this

huge log, run down my lovely girlsoft body, sheening me like a mirror, a mirror

needing beauty the equal of my own if it were to condescend to reflect anything

other than my own unmatchably miraculous girlness.

"Walk SGS whore!!" Ming Si shouted.

Oh to walk! Oh god, how was I to walk!?

I shuffled one bare pretty foot, and then heard the bitter whistle of the

violence with which the air was being cut and seared, such that it was a wonder

that lightening was not sparked and thunder did not clap, as the wicked wire

whip whistled up between my purposely parted legs and slashed the tender flesh

of my nakedly obvious, obviously naked, shaven nude naughty, splitting my

naughty's innocent lip, as it pouched out blatantly between my thighs as I bent

under my burden, with the savagery of inhumanity, so that my muffled scream of

horrendous pain, burst the needle on the films sound recording, as I was

compelled by the compelling message that my cunt was to be whipped without let

hindrance or mercy if I did not carry my burden as ordered, to stagger my

excruciatingly agonised next step forward.

My heart was totally broken. My hope to seduce my lover back to me had failed.

All the beauty of my body could not win her back. Or was there still hope?

I was now being driven along by the unmercifully brutal cutting slashing

striping wire whip being used on my girlmost part, my tender loving, love

loving, love giving, cunt. One vicious stroke between my gorgeous legs had been

enough to drive me to the superhuman, super-girl effort of carrying the huge log

that bore down on my lovely girl's lovely body more heavily than the world on

Atlas, and I was but 120 pounds of gentle feminine girl and no muscularly manly

Atlas.

One lash, that one lash that has cut my left girl-lip in an instant, kissing my

poor lippy with the savage devil-evil kiss of the wholly wicked knot at the end

of the steel wire the whip whirled unmercifully onto my girl-softness. My

super-soft, super-sensitive nude lippy had been split and now dripped pearls of

crimson agony to the jungle floor as I carried my brutal burden on slender

girl's shoulders rubbed raw and also bleeding from the roughness of the terrible

weight of the huge tree-trunk I was being driven without mercy to carry to

torture me.

My journey was short in distance, but my travails were long in time and sheer

unrelenting agony, as my incomparable achingly lovely legs, shuffling pretty

feet wide parted by the spreader bar, being grazed and bruised on the raw jungle

floor. I bent under my burden, to present my roped-through naughty easily

readily to the eager lash of the wire whip were I to show any hesitation, or

even if I obeyed completely should the whim of my torturers Ming Si, and Deng

Tsu will it.

My left sex lip was bleeding, and the rope within my sex's lips was being soaked

from within my gentle cunt by my monthly bleed. And my spilt left girl-lip,

savaged by the wire whip, was now the epicentre of my beautiful terrible pain.

And as my incredibly wonderful body bent forward under the pain of my weight,

the literal weight on my shoulders, my shuffling bleeding feet being rubbed and

robbed of their tenderness by the rough stones, rocks, and ripping roots on the

route I was being driven, my unclean state, my menstruating-girl state, was

being forewarned to any who might be before my seemingly endless path of tears,

as my warning bells, my bounteous bountiful belling breasts beat my steps with

their silent bouncing into and off each other, swinging like the warning bells

of a leper, their exquisite nipples the heavenly ever-silent clappers of the

unbearable beauty I bore so proudly on my chest.

I was a girl given by god. She had gifted the world with the most beautiful of

beautiful creations she could make in her own image, and she had awarded me not

one but two medals of honour to proudly wear on my chest for the world to see

and know that I had been honoured by her.

My stupendous body had been her gift to the world. My character, my charm, my

alarming disarming attractiveness, my gentleness, my grace, my sweetness, my

loving loveableness, were of nurture as much as nature, and insofar as they were

of nurture, thus equally so far did god in her wisdom decide that I was

deserving of medals to show that I had helped her achieve her aim, of affording

yet another perfect girl to the world: and so I had been awarded my two breasts,

the medals that only god could award, my rewards for my unsurpassable

loveliness.

No medals of honour could honour a girl more than the awards of heaven on my

heaving chest: the god given awards fixed to my chest and waving wildly like

wanton sirens, silently swinging out and in, and apart and together, and

bouncing off each other's sweaty sweet succulent suckable swaying natural

heavenly heaviness. These medals I wore so proudly, proudly prominent pertly

pointing on my chest, my glorious breasts, were the award god had given me for

being the beautiful girl I was.

My two torturers were totally without mercy as I was made to wiggle my sexy

naked body at the supreme command of the threatening ever-unmerciful wire

whipping of my totally naked body.

I had to be whipped. I had to be whipped, as it was the only way to make love to

a girl as impossibly beautiful as me.

Other girls had loved me. Other girls had taken me. Other girls had forsaken me.

For me to be loved by other lovely girls was the only alternative to whipping

me. Now I had been forsaken by lovely girls, I must be whipped, as it was the

only remaining way in which to make love to a girl as beautiful as I was.

To whip my beautiful body and cut my glorious skin was to do god's work: Her

work. For to whip my beautiful body was to kiss me and crisis me and my pain

would drive me to even greater beauty as my lovely face contorted and my tears

poured and my heart and spirit were broken by the relentless lash on my naked

body, so that I became even more unbearably beautiful: the more unbearable the

pain of my whipping: the more unbearable my beauty. Beauty must bear the marks

of the Beast on her bare body. I was Beauty; the whip was the Beast: Beauty must

be whipped by the Beast.

Beauty must be whipped by the Beast. Beauty must be scourged by the Beast until

the unbearable bloody stripes she bears, whip her to orgasm. And the whipping

must not stop with her orgasm. Beauty must be whipped by the Beast until her

body is striped and stripped raw, and she orgasms from her orgasms from her

orgasms from her orgasms from her orgasms and from her orgasms from her orgasms.

Beauty must be whipped by the Beast until she IS orgasm. Although her skin is

stripped right off her, although her blood flows and her nerve-ends are exposed;

Beauty must be whipped by the Beast until she is one endless eternal orgasm, a

raw red flayed five-foot-eight inch 120 pound 37D-23-37 inch red raw clitoris

with a clitoris and, even then, she must be whipped as many times more.

Beauty must be whipped by the Beast until she has no flesh. Beauty must be

whipped by The Beast until she has her nerve-endings exposed burning to air.

Beauty must be whipped by the Beast until she herself is one red raw nerve

ending: until she is raw and roars with the agony of the ecstasy of being one

epic eternal endlessly everlasting orgasm.

That was the only way left to make love to a girl as beautiful as me: that was

the only way: I must, but must, be whipped and whipped endlessly and endlessly,

and endlessly eternally whipped: whipped without let hindrance and, least of

all, mercy.

We were approaching a very firm upright wooden post. We were approaching a very

firm but slim upright wooden post with flying buttresses at its base, angled to

support its rigidity, and a forked top, forming, for some reason, a 'V', thus

making the post as a whole into a 'Y' with its elongated tail standing erect and

its very bottom deep in the ground.

The unbearable heaviness and my struggle to carry that unbearable heaviness, the

unbearable heaviness of the log I nonetheless bore on my pretty shoulders, had,

as intended, broken my spirit. I was on the verge of collapse. My spirit had

collapsed: my physical collapse was about to follow. My spiritual collapse had

broken my heart and my will: my physical collapse would have broken my bones.

My back felt as if a red-hot poker had been fed through every link in my

backbone. My knees were agonising me. My lovely strong and fit legs were

beginning to shake with muscular contractions from the strain of the brutally

huge horrendously heavy weight on my girl's soft shoulders. The shaking and

quaking of my legs under the burden I bore, reverberated to my bosom, and my

breasts, my bountiful breasts, were juddering unstoppably erotically.

I was on the verge of total collapse as I shuffled my bruised and bleeding feet

to stand before the upright wooden 'Y'. I was on the verge of total collapse,

but Ming Si and Deng Tsu cared not one jot. Were I to collapse they would merely

whip me turn and turn about until I stood up with my burden on my shoulders once

more.

This was as true for the film being made as it was true to the real, and real

life, hell I was suffering. In the film I was an SGS soldierette being broken to

make her confess to being SGS, and to make her spill all and every item of

information about the American and South Vietnamese armies. In real life, I was

Ming Si's former lover, and she and Deng Tsu, her new lover, were beside

themselves with joy and pleasure at having full let to torture me.

There I stood shaking uncontrollably with strain, all my muscles spasming, and

my glorious breasts juddering and joddering and joggling and boddlering on my

chest to mesmerising erotic orgasmic masturbatory unwritten unheard music.

The St Vitas' dance of my breasts end-echoed the uncontrollable twitching of my

exhausted body. My breasts quivered so compulsorily compulsively compellingly,

that my nipples were dancing a zigzag of hypnotic enticement that no stripper or

pole dancer or lap dancer could hope to emulate: my nipples zigzagged as

eye-compellingly as the 'eyes' in the tail of a Peacock. But I was no cock; I

was hen, and this poor tortured hen's St Vitas' reverberating uncontrollably

vibrating and dancing breasts, with their nipples conducting wild unheard St

Vitas dance music, was enticing her cruel fate and not lording over a mate.

Then my spreader bar, the bar that rigidly led my ankles three-feet apart, was

unstrapped and removed from me. Was this mercy?

Then next, as I thought, and as I therefore thought wrong, mercy was really

being shown me as my cut and bleeding wrists stretched out horrible painfully

cruciformly to help balance the huge log on the top of my shoulders, by the

girly gentle muscles of my slender pretty arms struggling to take some of the

massive weight: my bleeding slender girl's wrists were being untied, so the only

rope now tying me to the log, was that noosed around my waist, and its 'loose'

end then pulled between the cheeks of my bum and the lips of my naughty, before

being tied around the middle of the log: my log.

If this was mercy it was some mercy! For now they were, the two girls were, my

two torturers were, two-girl-struggling to lift what this one poor girl had been

made to carry wholly alone, and I swayed more in crisis of falling now, almost

more in crisis of falling now, than when I had borne the log, so light headed

did I become in the instant of the log being lifted of my back.

But, if this too was mercy, it was some mercy, for the girls carried the log so

that the rope that ran up through my sex was passed through the 'V' at the top

of the 'Y' upright, the rigid upright post I stood quivering nakedly in front

of, and let go the log so that the burden that had been on my shoulders pulled

so hard on the rope in the 'V' and within the inverted 'V' of my naughty, that

it instantly ripped me to agonising tiptoe, slapping my naked body hard up

against the pole, so I howled with shock and horror and agonising burning pain

in my naughty as the rope attached to the huge log pulled me onto the tip-top of

my big toes, the big toes of my feet, launching my lovely legs into

heaven-in-heaven of shape, and heaven on earths pose, on the very tip of tiptoed

toes.

The rope through my bum cheeks and my sex was ripped up as the log fell, and I

was therefore thereby ripped onto my tiptoes, thus holding me facing the 'Y'

post on the tips of my toes, glorious legs and savagely whipped thighs both hard

together.

Now I heard the chink of two or three metal objects and the clatter of some wood

behind me and turned my lovely face, now showing my total exhaustion at enduring

unendurable torture, my face pale from adrenalin pumping to keep me going in

hope that my hopelessness was not hopeless.

In truth I was helpless and hopeless and I turned to face the post in submissive

surrender as Deng Tsu began to push me forward hard against the post, with both

of her pretty hands. Leaning so as to apply all the pressure on my trunk that

she could, Deng Tsu was pushing me hard up against the upright of the 'Y' post

before which I stood high-stretched on high tip of tiptoe.

Ming Si, now put a leather strap around my waist and pulled me by it very tight,

to hug me to the upright post, the very rigid upright wooden post.

My head was back as my chin was pressing on the post, so I could only feel Ming

Si arranging my breasts. Ming Si was playing with my thirty-seven-inch heavenly

heavy huge heaving chest. She was arranging my breasts either side of the post

that ran up through my cleavage. Ming Si was arranging my bare breasts, and

loving what she was doing as she made sure they were cleaved by the post, and

none of their exquisite soft firm girl-heavenly lovely skin was caught in any

way.

I heard the chink of two or three metal objects behind me once more.

I moaned with my pain and my contentment and my love and my lust, as Ming Si ran

her thumbs casually across my nipples. Casually she ran over both my nipples

again with her bent forefingers and watched my all-girl body react as I sighed

my wanting and my pleasure and my continuing pain: the pain from my whipped

thighs, my whipped love-lip, my agonisingly red-hot burning backbone, and my

burning wrists, wrists which were once more being tied, this time at bellybutton

height in front of me and behind the upright of the 'Y' post I stood facing.

I listened to the musical chink of metal on metal again, as Deng Tsu increased

her push on my back.

But his pushing eased for the moment as Ming Si began to play with my nipples.

And oh god how my nipples betrayed me! A menstruating girl in my tortured

distress should have been extremely difficult, if not impossible to arouse, but

in the instant of even a non-insistent touch from Ming Si, my traitorous

nipples, my lovely rosebud nipples, peaked and throbbed, and, as they were

rubbed gently, then pinched hard, and then flicked I was hard nippled: my

nipples pointed out like flashing red beacons as they throbbed to the arrival of

my sexual arousal.

Ming Si had teased my nipples huge, and now she kissed them in turn, and they

grew harder still. And then she bit my right teat and gripped it in her strong

white teeth and pulled it out hard, stretching my nipple an inch out with her

teeth biting down hard and unmercifully, as Deng Tsu joined in the fun and

showed me why I had two teats: it was to double the enjoyment of making them

hurt. And both girls chewed my nipples in their teeth and licked them, lashing

the end beyond their biting down teeth side-to-side with their tongues. And I

waved my head in hot agony as my nipples were being bitten so incredibly hard

and tongue lashed so lasciviously. And in unison, my nipples were let go and

snap slapped back from their inch-long stretch whilst being bitten, and they

were bleeding, and they were throbbing and they were pulsing and they were

hugely painfully hard erect and hurting from my ever gathering deep-high sexual

arousal.

Then behind me I heard a noise of metal and wood and my head turned to see long

nails, steel carpentry nails, being tapped through two wooden battens, in which

holes had been pre-drilled to receive them, and then the pointed ends of the

nails tapped back, so that only the very tip of the point of one nail each, was

through each wooden batten

What was going on? What was going to happen. I watched round the post as the

first batten was brought around in front of me, by Ming Si. Deng Su's forceful

pushing on my back increased. I was being hard forced pressing to the upright,

the rigid wooden upright of the 'Y' post.

In one hand, Ming Si held a two-inch wide, six-inch long, half-inch thick,

wooden batten, with a six-inch-long quarter-inch diameter flat headed shining

steel nail introduced into the hole running right through the middle. In her

other hand, Ming Si held a ball-paned nail hammer.

Oh god what were they going to do!?

Whatever they wanted to do they could do: I was broken and helpless!!

Then I felt the sharp end of a pointed object on the side of my bare left

breast. I tried to flinch away, but Deng Su was ready, and applied equal, and

then more than equal and opposite pressure on my back to keep me in place.

It was done very swiftly. Five taps did it. With five taps of her nail hammer,

Ming Si nailed my left breast through its side to the upright post running

through my divine cleavage. Ming Si nailed my left breast to the upright wooden

'Y' post with but five taps of the hammer on the head of the nail. With five

taps of her hammer as I screamed with the pain, Ming Si slowly drove a

six-inch-long quarter-inch diameter flat headed shining steel nail into the side

of my beautiful fulsome breast, my soft warm mothering mammary, by feminine

glory, and nailed me to the post: she nailed my left breast right the way

through, nailing my breast to the post

It took five taps of the hammer to nail me by my left breast. It took six taps

of the hammer to nail me by my right breast. Six agonising taps to drive the

six-inch-long quarter-inch diameter flat headed shining steel nail through my

soft tit-flesh and thereby nail me by my right breast to the upright of the

wooden 'Y' post cleaving my cleavage by my right breast. ……

…And it was done. And Deng Tsu let go her pressure on my back and the belt tying

me to the upright of the 'Y' by my slender waist was removed.

And I was standing on my tiptoes nailed by my breasts, both of my voluptuous

breasts, to a wooden post. I was nailed by both of my breasts to a wooden

upright. I could not believe it had really been done. I looked down as best I

could at my left breast and saw that indeed it had been done. A nail, a shiny

steel flat-headed nail went through a hole in a six-inch long vertical batten of

wood, and then through my breast. My breast was squashed where the batten of

wood pressed on my lovely flesh, and the nail went on through me and into the

wooden upright dividing my divine breasts' valley, to nail me in place. I was

nailed in my place by my breasts: I had been nailed by my breasts to a wooden

post: I had been nailed to a rigid upright rod of wood by my breasts: I had been

breast crucified: I had been crucified by my breasts!!!

My already very pale face looked around in total astonishment to try and find

any sign of mercy in the faces of my torturers, and then the real pain hit me.

It was if I had been in shock and thus felt comparatively little pain before.

But now it was literally excruciating, and I howled and screamed biting down on

my menstruum soaked sanitary towel gag as I stood there, my glorious legs on

their tip of tiptoes, brutally nailed by my breasts, crucified to a 'Y' post: to

a wooden post, nailed to wood by my tits.

And I knew I could not move. I knew how soft my lovely breasts were, and that I

could not move a millimetre without tearing them.

My horrible gag was pulled out of my mouth and I begged for mercy. I howled and

screamed for mercy. "Yes, yes, I was SGS. Oh god yes I was from the Special Girl

Service. Oh please god unnail me. Oh please, oh please, oh please unnail me.

Have mercy on me. Oh god have mercy on me!" I howled.

Even in my blinding pain I recalled that it had been chosen to torture me whilst

I was menstruating to avoid my torture in any way arousing me, and yet what was

this feeling in my naughty? What was that fluid anointing the rope through my

love-lips? Why were my nipples dancing with joy? Was that my erected clitoris

rubbing on the rope? Why was I sighing now at my helplessness? Why was I no

longer screaming, but now gasping sexy little girly gasps with my lovely mouth

lips? Why had my tortured body never ever before felt so beautiful? Why had my

tortured body never ever before felt so aroused? Why were my astonishing

astonished beautiful lightening-bolt-light-blue eyes widening as my sexy gasps

begun to get longer and less constrained and contained and more and more

surrendered? What was that liquid that was trickling so warmly down the insides

of my torsioned thighs? Was it my menstruum? Was it my girl-juice? Was it my

menstruum and my girl-juice? Why was my mind sighing, "whip me", "whip me",

"whip me", "whip me"? And why, now they were whipping me with the wire whip on

my beautiful bare thighs to make me move and tear myself, was I moaning as if

each stroke was a lover's kiss, as it cut my thighs and made me bleed? And why

were my nipples rock hard as they whipped my bare thighs? And why was my

clitoris dancing with joy as it rubbed on the torsioned tease-rope as they

whipped my naked thighs? And why did my mind cry to them to whip me, and whip me

and whip me!!? And what was this feeling at my complete and utter helplessness,

nailed by my breasts to the rigid wooden upright so that I dare not move even as

they cut my lovely bare thighs with bloody whiplash after bloody whiplash? And

what was this feeling in my naughty? Oh what was this feeling in my naughty? Oh

god what was this feeling in my naughty? What was this overwhelming me as they

whipped my thighs with burning bloody stripe after searing burning bloody stripe

with the wire whip as I hung by the nails impaling me by my breasts? Was I

coming? Was I coming? Was I coming? Was I coming? Was I coming? I was coming! I

was coming! I was coming! I was coming! I was coming! Oh why was I coming? Oh

why? Oh why? Oh why? Oh why? Oh why? Oh why? Oh why? Oh why? Oh god

whyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyy!!!!!!!!!!????????!!!!!!!!!!!

As I fainted with my cum, and hung by my crucificially nailed breasts, my naked

thighs striped with one-hundred lashes of the wire whip, thighs stripped of

flesh, blood pouring in tears from my wounds down my gorgeous calves, a tell

tale trickle of my crimson menstruum seeped from my naughty, my slit, my split,

my purse, my love-hole, my love-lips, my honeypot, my quim, my twat, my cunt, my

pussy, my minx, confirming my extreme supreme girlness: a tell tale trickle of

my crimson menstruum trickled invisibly. invisible among the blood from my

whipping, a tell tale trickle of my crimson menstruum mixed with my copious

carnal cream, as my lost love Ming Si took gentle hold of my head and kissed me

on my forehead, whispering to me over and over "I love you!" "I love you!" "I

love you!"………

……………..

………"I love you!" "I love you!" "I love you! Sasha sighed as she held me close in

her arms.

"I love you, and I love you", she repeated

"Tell me another?" I begged sweetly all-girlishly, my innocent

seventeen-year-old's fresh-freckled schoolgirl face imploring.

"No way!" Sasha teased, showing me the moistness of me drying on the second

finger of her right hand, the finger on which I had just had the most heavenly

cum, as Sasha had made love to me: the St Catherine's Academy School Slag, for

the fifth time that night.

"That was me wasn't it? 'Natalie Paris' was me?" I eagerly enquired, trying not

to wake up Mary, whose warm body lay on my other side as we three naked girls

shared my bed that night.

"Might have been…" Sasha teased.

"Tell me another, Mary is fast asleep, you can tell me another, please, please!"

I girlilly begged.

"You be careful: don't forget I have the right to spank you now young lady!"

Sasha reminded me, smiling laughingly lovingly at me.

I cast my eyes down and then looked up at Sasha, so

blue-eyes-flashing-instantly-green appealingly, that she just knew that her

warning about a spanking had wet and whetted my nude-shaven naughty yet once

more. I blushed with frustration as Sasha then jokingly wagged a 'telling-off'

index finger before my face as she looked at me smiling mock annoyance, before

touching her forefinger on the tip of my pretty and delightfully freckled nose.

I lovingly made myself go cross-eyed, and shyly put the tip of my tongue out at

her, mock naughtily, before pretending to take a tiger-kitten's snap-bite at the

end of her finger once it was safely out of reach of my pretty mouth and lovely

white teeth.

Then I sighed contentedly and stretched my lovely naked sated body in my bed

next to the sweet scented warmth of the lovely slumbering Mary, who had also

earlier made love to me twice.

"You're such a hot little honey Melody! Sasha, one of my first two friends in

class when I had come new to the academy, and now a newly appointed prefect

along with Mary my other early classroom friend, mock complained. "And besides",

Sasha teasingly observed once more, smiling again lovingly as she ran a gentle

forefinger up the joints of my backbone, along the pristine soft skin of my

completely naked body, "You really must just give me a minute to think up

another story!"

Chapter 20 – Angela!

Is it possible for a melody to hum a melody? Probably not: but this Melody

hummed a melody, indeed a medley of melodies, as she showered after the joy of

her night in bed with Sasha and Mary, two of the new school year's nubile new

prefects.

There is no happier creature in the world than a Melody that has had passionate

love made to her all night long! That night, the night before the shower I was

enjoying, I had come six times, and could have come twenty times more. Yes: I

was insatiable! At seventeen, I was at the peak of my sexual heat. I was a siren

for sex, succulent and ripe. In the shower I hummed and 'la laa'd' musically

melodically living up to my name, because my body had enjoyed precisely was it

was tuned for and attuned to: attuned for and tuned to.

I was lucky on the dawn of what was going to be another hot day in early

September. I was lucky on the dawn of what was going to be another hot day,

because the head-girl was away. I was lucky because the other girls in the

prefecture took delight in my pretty humming and trilling. I was lucky because,

had the head-girl been there to hear me behaving so, even though I was singing

unselfconsciously, without really realising I was doing it, she would have had

me spanked.

I had completed my morning run, and was showering for the day: another day when

my compelling loveliness would entice and excite the other girls in the school

as I obeyed and abided by my duty to be beautiful: my duty to draw to myself

alone all the 'unhealthy' feelings these isolated girls, my fellow pupils at St

Catherine's Academy for Girls, might begin to feel for one-another, were it not

that they could focus all their love and lust on the girl chosen to sacrifice

herself to them and for them: the prettiest and sexiest girl in the school: me:

Melody Smith: the official School Slag.

I mention the head-girl only by her title. You will, no doubt have noticed that.

Throughout my recollections here, I mention the head-girl only by her title. I

can name the head-girl now. Or, at least I can name the girl who became

head-girl during my time at St Cath's. But I cannot name the girl who was

head-girl at my arrival there. I dare not name the original head-girl because of

the high office she still holds in Scotland.

I would be well advised too, not to name the office she holds now that we have

both left St Catherine's behind us. I can be pretty sure she knows I am writing

this story, and that she will be reading every single line along with you, dear

reader!

Suffice it to say, that there was to be a change of head-girl at the upcoming

October of my second year. The original head-girl had only stayed on with the

school for a while, because she was awaiting a place at a prestigious American

university.

That was to be in October. We were still in September and only just a little

into the term immediately following the summer break. We were still in

September, and I was just beginning to overcome my either real or really only

imagined broken heart: my pain, real or self-indulgent, at the loss of my summer

love, Angela.

I would still have my moments of sadness. I would still have my moments of

sadness despite the atmosphere in the prefecture having become a little more

relaxed. There had been a changeover in the prefects. Not only was the present

head-girl about to leave, but some of the older girls had already left at the

end of the summer term. Among those already departed had been the horrible

Marion, Josephine's rival for the Slag's post I had won. Elspeth, and Georgina

had also gone.

Elspeth, and Georgina had been replaced by Sasha and Mary, the girls who had

protected me in my first days in class: the girls with whom I had just spent a

night of bedded bliss. Marion had been replaced by Tania, the very first girl to

have befriended me on my arrival at the school.

When it came to thinking about girls leaving and prefect replacements, the one

girl I tried not to think about ever going was Josephine. My lovely Jo was

already eighteen though, and the Christmas holiday would see her join her

family's publishing business, and be lost to my life forever.

I knew that that heartbreaking event was coming. Jo's family were wealthy. Jo

was not destined for university. At least, Jo had been headed for university,

but her mummy had persuaded her to prepare to take over the reigns at \*\*\*\*\*\*\*,

the internationally renowned Edinburgh scientific publications house.

Persuasion was not difficult. For a girl to be able to say that she had been

educated at St Catherine's Academy, was better than being able to say that she

had a first-class honours degree at any but the best universities. As her very

successful mummy had been at St Catherine's before her and done so well in life

without bothering to take a degree, Josephine was easily persuaded of that

argument. Jo also acknowledged that an 'apprenticeship' in the family business

would serve her for life and that, in her case, as with her mummy, university

was an irrelevance.

The prefecture was more relaxed now. At the start of my second term, I was

housed among girls who had been my companions as 'just girls' rather than

prefects when I had started at the academy. Consequently, now these girls had

won their advancement to the prefecture, they treated me less officiously.

The still current head-girl was newly often absent from the dorm too, and

everybody relaxed when her bullying presence was not casting its gloom and doom.

I was even allowed to join in conversation. The new prefects treated me as if I

was their equal, and the few remaining of the older prefects benignly neglected

to correct them.

When the head-girl was not there, on evenings in the main room of the prefects'

dormitory, reminders of my compelling sexiness would still come though, such as

when, relaxed as I could be now, I sometimes giggled uncontrollably and would

end up blushing, as I would be the last still giggling among the girls, when

every other girl in the dorm would be agog watching my blouse as my endless

musical giggle sent my lovely soft firm virgin schoolgirl's titties into vividly

vivacious vibrato. And I would end up hanging my golden-hair-curtained angel's

face, in a deep flushed blush knowing what they were looking at, and loving them

loving to look at what they were loving to look at.

On other occasions I would forget the shortness of the hem of my skirt, and

unselfconsciously draw a leg up as I giggled: draw a leg up as I sat, draw one

leg up by my pretty hands clasped on my knee. And even before I had pulled that

leg up, leaning back in my chair with gorgeous girly giggles, my heavenly eyes

ashine with tears from my pretty laughter, I would be made conscious of my

unconscious action by becoming conscious of the unconscious focus of the eyes of

all my fellow girls, consciously waiting to see if I would flash my nude shaven

naked naughty between my god-given thighs to heaven their night in their sight

and with their sighs.

All that goes before here, is not to say that I was allowed any relaxation in my

role as the School Slag. I was still used to eyes following my pretty legs, the

backs of my dream calves tickled now by my still lengthening glorious corn-gold

hair, as I wiggled around the dorm: nothing had changed there! And, on a given

night when more than one of the prefects wanted to stroke me, I would wait with

graceful blush as the they drew lots to decide whom I was to go to bed with.

I was 'bedded' most nights. Truth told, on the rare occasions I was alone in my

bed, I found it hard to get to sleep!

Not every girl wanted to take me to a cum though. Geraldine, another of the new

prefects, just wanted to look at me. For her I would strip completely naked, so

that she could just enjoy my overwhelming loveliness as I moved around the room,

bathing in her adoration and dressed only in my back-of-my-calves curtain of

glorious glistering gold: bathing in my back-of-my-calves curtain of glorious

glistering gold and dressed only in her adoration.

I loved Geraldine's gentleness, and her worship of me was something I would

never ever betray. That Geraldine would rather die than even dare to touch me

with the tip of her littlest finger, was our little secret: a secret I would

always keep (and have changed her name even now, so that it is still kept).

If my hair brushed against Geraldine as I graced naked before her, I would utter

a little girly gasp, as if she had in fact touched me. This made Geraldine blush

to the roots of her redhead's hair. But my smile told her I was only gently

teasing her, and the lifting of my pretty index finger to my pouting perfect

kissy-kiss lips, told her that my sexy little cry was also to cover with the

girls who might be listening in the main dorm, so that they would think

Geraldine and I were in passion's embrace, as indeed we were, albeit the embrace

of a more distant non-physical hold as I would look over my soft smooth

shoulder, eyes afire with the go of my glow, my thus turned head lifting my

shower of golden glory, to reveal the smooth rotundity of a semi-sphere

demi-sphere hemisphere derriere demimonde, and look at Geraldine and see her

eyes transfixed, and know that the moistness consequent in the lower lips of my

lovely lissom body, was only an effect of the perfection that Geraldine's pupils

were reflecting, as her eyes worshipped me as her goddess, and I enjoyed being

so unreservedly unquestioningly completely and utterly adored.

After my night of passion with Sasha and Mary, with Sasha having made me cum

with yet more of her deeply sexy and highly inventive stories, as she always

did, and as I looked forward to her turn with me for, I was showering and had

now showered to face a warm, nay hot, September day.

I had been singing in my shower, such was my relaxed happiness, and I was now

loving the glow of the warmth from the self-heating shaving foam I had squirted

onto my lower belly and my lower lips, as I prepared to shave my naughty, making

a mental note to smooth myself with some moisturising milk, having run out of

the cream I usually used, so as to ensure my close shaving did not leave my skin

dry.

We were enjoying what in Britain is called an Indian summer. September days in

Scotland are shorter in daylight hours than mid-June of course, but that year

they were long enough for a high-pressure zone hanging over us, and not even the

lightest breeze, to make the heat of the days in the second week of the new

term, greater than summer itself had been on some June and July days.

Having showered and shaved, I looked for my clothing of the day.

My clothing for the day was to be black. Thank goodness I would be naked under

it, for black and hot days do not go well together. I loved black though. To

wear black was for me to maximise the contrast between the glory of my blonde

hair and pale complexion, making me look beautifully the white girl I was, even

when I was tanned. For me to wear black was as magical in the contrasts for me,

as for an equally gorgeous negress to wear bright yellow or white.

With shapely little hands, I turned over my clothing to be, as I stood totally

naked, to see that I had a dress, stockings, suspenders, garter, and, to my

surprise, a hat, all in velvet of the black of terminal space. A note with this,

my clothing for the day, simply read: "Pigtails".

I was never one for getting annoyed, but I admit I thought it a bit late to

order me to put my hair in pigtails! For goodness sake, had I not just spent

almost an hour brushing it out strait!? But, whoever had ordered this of me, I

instantly forgave, when I saw that my rummaging among my clothing to be, I had

accidentally knocked to the floor a black velvet bow. This must be one of a pair

of pre-tied elasticised bows that were to adorn the ends of the pigtails I was

to braid my hair in, and it looked so pretty in midnight velvet black.

For the next nearly half-hour, my fresh freckle-sprinkled face was a study of

adorable concentration as my pretty practiced pretty fingers nimbly worked my

hair, after I had combed it to give myself a central parting, nimbly worked my

hair into two pliable corn sheaths of precious shimmering gold, to the

long-distant ends of which I affixed the two delicious black velvet bows,

leaving just the ends of my endless hair to three-inch conclude my single

schoolgirl twin pigtail plaits.

My pretty pigtails slid over the smoothness of my naked bummy now as I stood, to

adorn my hips with the raven-black suspender belt. And what was this? Had it not

been in one of Sasha's sexy stories in bed with me, where the heroine had worn

suspenders that stretched over the cheeky cheeks of her bonny bummy?

I had rolled the first of my pitch-black stockings, stockings with a network of

diamond fretwork patterning them, up the million miles of one of my legs, and

fixed the front suspender, and was reaching around behind me with pretty mouth

slightly pouting-kiss-roundly agape in my concentration, eyes aglow with

undiluted vivacity, pretty furrow on my ordinarily completely unlined brow, when

I realised, with a girly gasp at its daring sexiness, that Sasha's story was

come true, as I was to have to stretch the suspender belt's rear elastic

suspenders over one each of the cathedralic domes of my darling derriere.

It felt so wicked, that I could hardly wait to adore my other leg with its

adorning stocking. And, having devastatingly prettily open mouthed with

concentration, so adored and adorned, I turned and blew my bummy, erotically

pressed into by my two overstretched stretched over suspender suspenders, a kiss

in the mirror.

I had fastened the suspender's suspenders, of my midnight stockings so that the

pitch-black stockings front and back of my orgasmic thighs, were pulled into

inverted Vs, the rear ones of which were wickedly near the line where thunderous

thigh ceases and creases and creases and ceases to be the heaven of thigh, and

starts curving into the joy of curvaceous bottom. I turned and blew my bummy a

kiss in the mirror where I could see both suspenders stretched over the

mountains of my firm white rear moons indelibly incredibly sexily. And with my

blown kiss at the erotic sight of my suspenders stretched over the horizons of

my bummy, came a familiar girly moistness in the infinite intimacy of my

intimate innocence.

And soon surrounding the top of the stocking of my left thigh was the crown

imperial of the frilly black elasticated garter, with its livid red crimson red

interwoven ribbon, the tails of which ribbon, hanging over from having made the

prettiest of pretty crimson bows, dangled down to my knees at the outside of my

thigh, and ended in cute little black elasticised bows fitted to them in direct

imitation of the cute little black bows at the ends of my golden pigtails.

My eyes looked absent as my arousal grew from knowing that I was being

erotically adorned for worship of my beauty. And I sighed girlilly as I took up

my black velvet dress and eased my slim golden-downed forearms down its long

sleeves and then put my pigtails through its polo neck, before lifting it over

my face and easing it down till its polo neck was around my long swan's neck,

and then lowered its slanted hem over my bare bummy, till I was adored and

adorned by the black velvet clinging to me as if it needed to cling so tightly

so as to save its poor life, as I 'poured' it onto my fulsomely full, fully

handsome and some, goddess' curvature.

And I stood stocking footed in clinging black velvet dress, in a cloying black

velvet dress, with a hemline that sloped upward right to left, to be a quarter

down my thigh on my right leg, and purposely not down my gartered left thigh,

which thus showed the side of my left bummy hemisphere and my

stretched-over-my-bold-bummy suspender, and the whole of my bare,

bar-stocking-and-garter, left leg. But the eyes of any other girl in the room

looking to see how I was dressed would have been compelled to the front of this

dress, for the tactile velvet covered the whole of the deep sweep curvature of

my back, from my bummy to its polo neck.

So, if the tactile velvet covered the whole of the deep sweep curvature of my

back, from my bummy to its polo neck, why would any other girl's eye sigh and

widen in amazed pleasure at the sight of the front of this black velvet clinging

cloying slant slope hemmed dress I wore? Would it perhaps be, because its front

had two holes in it purposely to leave my breasts entirely bare? Would it

perhaps be, because, except for a strip of material through my cleavage the

front of my curvature clinging black velvet dress had two holes in it purposely

to leave my magnificent breasts entirely bare? I wonder!

I unruffled the ends of the sleeves at my slender wrists and looked for my

shoes, dangling my divine naturally huge completely bare titties as I bent to

pick one up.

As I eased my toes into the pair of steel soled heelless balletic shoes, black

soft leather steel curved soled balletic shoes, I had by now become used to

wearing, so that they gloried my glorious legs, I became aware that this time,

my toes would not be on the ground. This time by toes were being divided and

going through individual holes in a sort of 'foot knuckleduster' that would

leave me standing, on the outside of the shoes, on the shoes' steel toe-ends,

but with my very real toes bare, and wiggling freely, as within the shoes, I was

actually standing, very painfully, on the gaps between my toes, held thus by the

five-holed steel 'toeduster', my pretty toes were being separated by.

I had not painted my toenails, and yet my toes were going to be on open display

all day. Oh, how annoying! If only they had told me!

My boldly bare bountiful titties flowed like cream dreams, my rosebud nipples

pointing the way as, shoes now on and legs stretched thus to high heaven, I bent

to pick up the soft black velvet hat, that was to adorn my head with its Spanish

toreador flat crown, and wide circular brim, curving down to shade my shoulders,

its brim being soft and unsupported so that its own weight made it flop every

and any way like a bunny rabbit's ears.

And so I arranged my hat, bending up its brim at front, pulling it back a tad

off my forehead, both these so I could see where I was walking, and slanting it

saucily to one side, the opposite side to my barest leg: my leg barest from the

slope of the slant of my mini-dress, my glorious left leg.

And so with my golden pigtails gently smacking and caressing the backs of my

black stockinged curved calves I began to wiggle my way through the prefects'

dormitory to face my day.

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To walk on the in-betweens of my toes was very painful, and I was wiggling my

bare and openly exposed toes, as if forgetting that everything I did was erotic

to the N th degree, as I swayed my hips in my fashion-models wiggle walking

sashay, my proud bare breasts proudly waving imperiously like two princesses

greeting their adoring subjects with condescending waves from their passing

carriage, as my carriage caused them to wobble and bobble and jog and jig their

glory, to greet the glory of the glorious day and the baying longing girls

thronging my way.

The pain from my feet would not and could not end until I could sit. But oh the

compensation of the adoration of my fellow girls as I felinely flowed to my

class for the day in silence of shock and awe at my total stunningness, so that

I was reduced to captivating pretty-fingers-on-mouth-and-nose trilling thrilling

tintinnabulationry giggles, as I tried to hide the moisture I was secretly

secreting inside my secret slot as the girls gawped at my slide by glide by

slide glide show, with my completely bare imperious titties to the fore and then

my bummy to adore, heaven on the luxurious long limbs of heaven.

As I entered the class, I paused and then curtsied to Miss Kimi Hai, who was to

be our first teacher of the day, and who acknowledged me with a smile and

admiring surveying eyes.

"You look absolutely perfect, Smith" Miss Hai, the pretty little Japanese doll

smiled.

"Thank you ma'am" I slinkilly curtsied long dark latticed stockingly leggilly

once more.

As I slinked to my chair, I could feel Miss Hai's adoring eyes on my rear. As I

slinked to my chair, I could also see that something was strapped to its seat.

In a moment, I found Miss Hai alongside me, and she almost made be jump with the

surprise of it.

"Yes ma'am" I curtsied once more, in enquiry of what she had moved alongside me

for.

"Melody. Now Melody, I want you to lift the hem of your skirt as you sit down:

you will see why." Miss Hai, our arts and crafts teacher instructed me.

"Yes Miss Hai" I curtsied yet once more.

Then I turned and saw what was on my seat and prepared myself to sit as ordered

and lifted my dress' hem, and my suspender's suspenders stretched over my cheeky

bummy, stretched to their utmost as my bummy bent as I lowered my 120 pounds of

utterly undiluted unadulterated girl onto the cold metal device that was

purposely on my seat, sitting with the curviest of curvy calves, tiptoeing shoes

tiptoed to ground as, surrendered to my sexiness, adored by the class and the

school, I obeyed Miss Hai to the letter.

Miss Hai was now at the front of the class and had clapped her hands to draw the

classes' attention away from my divinely sexy presence.

"Smith, you must sit up straight, not move, and not cross you lovely legs!" Miss

Hai called out to me.

"Yes ma'am" I answered, feeling the cold of the metal on which I sat my 120

pounds of pure girl, and almost disobeying her, as by reflex I began to stand in

order to curtsey as the School Slag must to her superiors.

"Our subject this morning is still and movie photography" Miss Hai announced.

"Many artists, over the years, have regarded the human body as the most

beautiful thing on earth or in heaven for painting and photographing", Miss Hai

began.

"How accurate is that statement?" she challenged the class.

Hands went up in the class, eager to give an answer.

"Nulinda?" Miss Hai pointed to the raven-haired brown-eyed Indian-Asian angel,

still only fifteen and still growing ever more beautiful by the day.

"Should it not be 'girls' bodies' ma'am" Nulinda sopranoed breathily.

"Excellent point!" Miss Hai congratulated.

"Now, if two of you will move Melody's desk to one side, we will look over her

lovely body, to show and discuss the major artistic interests and the problems

of capturing such beauty in paint or photographed picture, still or moving. And,

come the morning break from lessons, I will give a prize to the girl who takes

the best still photograph of a delight that Melody is developing for us right

now", Miss Hai announced.

Oh the embarrassment and oh the pleasure, as my face and my body were discussed

and photographed and, metaphorically, dissected for the delight of the class,

when for the next hour, as I sat obediently on cold steel, Miss Hai used my body

as the canvas on which to paint a word picture of the artist's impossible

struggle to capture and convey girl to the world.

The lesson dragged on for seemingly endless, endless, hours. It was not that it

was not interesting; it was that it was getting increasingly uncomfortable for

me, as my poor bummy went numb sitting my whole delightful 120 pounds of girl on

what was purposely on my chair seat.

After nearly two hours, I was so very numb with sitting still on cold steel, the

cold steel device on my chair, for which I had raised my dress' hem and bared my

bummy, that it was like the announcement of the opening of the pearly gates,

when Miss Hai indicated she was about to let me stand.

"Now girls. As I said at the beginning of this lesson, there is the prize of

some sinful dark chocolates for the girl who takes the best photograph of the

work of stunning live three-dimensional art that the lovely Melody graces us

with day by day."

"In a moment, Melody will stand with her back turned toward us, and look over

her left shoulder so that we can capture the loveliness of her delightful face,

whilst holding the hem of her dress up off her pretty bummy"

Miss Hai made sure all the girls in the class had hold of their digital cameras.

"Hold it Smith!" she called to me, as I began to move.

"Not like that Nulinda. Have you even got the flash set to go?"

"Yes Miss, the light is on" Nulinda whispered.

"Sorry: you were right all along Nulinda", Miss Hai apologised.

Now turning once more to me, Miss Hai called over for me to be sure my hat did

not hide my lovely face as I stood, and I stood slowly, initially a little

stiffly from sitting still for so long, as ordered, with my suspenders stretched

sexily over my bummy mountainettes, and turned as ordered, my back to the eager

audience class of photographers, and was showered with the lightening of flashes

as my fellow girls took photographs of my bare bottom deeply embossed in its

deep-dimpled side cheeks with deeply red deeply concave roses, the reddening

roses impressed into me by nearly two hours sitting on cold steel dies that had

driven the image of the pretty roses in full bloom into my glorious bummy, as my

120 pounds of one-hundred-percent pure girl had pressed down upon them. And the

bulbs flashed repeatedly lest my adornment fade as it must as my circulation

returned my bummy demispheres to their normal natural smooth flawless beauty.

And, where I had sat being wonderfully impressed from 120 pounds of pure girl

pressing down and pushing them into my unyielding yielding youthful softness, I

also stood with delicious marks from my suspender clasps having pressed and thus

impressed into girlsoft skin to form decorative red seals 'branding' the topmost

backs of my fabulous thighs: seals of approval confirming the highest of highest

high quality girl: seals marking the two-most-foremost-first-in-class thighs:

seals confirming the magical majesty of my curvaceous legs: seals: compressed

impressions in my beautiful body's lowest limbs, confirming them as the two most

utmost foremost legs of one most utmost foremost girl.

………….

The morning break had come and we drifted into the exercise 'playground', and I

so wanted to be alone.

I had come over with melancholy. Melancholy had overcome me. I was once again

dreaming of my lost love, Angela. I wiggled painfully with my bare toes dangling

and flexing in my shoes, walking with all my shapely weight on the spaces

between my toes, my bare toes prettily exposed to air for all to see, the

adorning pattern of pretty roses impressed in my bummy still visible were I to

lift my dress' hem.

My look of distracted sadness must have communicated clearly to my fellow girls

because, bless them, despite my horny beauty's temptation, and even with them

all still wanting to see my bummy roses, they let me wander and wonder yonder

alone for a while.

The day was already very hot, and my black clothing, hat, dress, and stockings,

all the more sexy for the purposely erotic 'cruelty' of having to wear black on

a hot and breezeless day. The day was already very hot, and the unrelenting sun

beat down on my bare breasts searingly, as they bobbled and boggled on my chest,

end-echoing the shudder judder of my every sexy step, bouncing and flouncing

gently in unison.

My soft pretty hat was hugely wide brimmed, and cast a corresponding shadow to

shade my lovely skin from the cruel sun, but only were the sun higher overhead

would it protect my firm virgin breasts. And so I could feel the sun's

mid-morning unrelenting unyielding fiery heat on my nipples as they

rosebud-pointed the way I was to wiggle and was wiggling, titties joddering and

jiggling, but pointing the route to heaven, as heaven lay before and aft of

everywhere and anywhere I blessed with my passionate passing presence and my

past passing presents were in the prize of my visiting perfection.

I was poetry in motion as I wiggle wandered a wonderful wonder, wondering, and

wandering wonderfully. At my dainty steps my bummy swung and swayed one way and

then the other, and my glistering glistening schoolgirl pigtails dangling at my

calves, swayed and swung the other, and my bare titties plunged and lunged yet

other ways still, completely wilfully independent of me and of each other.

In the heat I was moist with sweet perspiration and glowed with the warmth of

the early day and the go of my girlness, as I blessed the earth with the angel

steps my heavenly legs essayed, pure girl gold assayed, in my black dress,

blacker in blackness than even the dress my shadow wore: the taller slimmer

fully feline facsimile that tried so hard to copy me as she followed behind my

behind, duly fully failing the impossibility of simply silhouetting the supreme

cream dream of my being.

I was feeling lost love. I was being self-indulgent you might say. But I was

feeling lost love with all the passion and compassion of a young girl, tears

beginning in my eyes and a sob rising in my bosom at the memory of my summer

vacation.

I had graced to the back of the main school building, to where I could see a

gang of tough strong girls from the local recycling depot, emptying the trash

bins into the truck that took the schools refuse away. And I stood and I watched

them, not really watching, nor really seeing these strong girls, who, having

emptied the bigger containers, the ones on wheels, were shouldering the bins of

recyclable waste, to carry and then heave their contents into their lorry.

Then one of the 'dustbin girls' spotted me, and pulled off her gloves, before

putting her fingers in her mouth, to give me the loudest longest wolf-whistle I

had ever so far been given in my sweet young life.

And I instantly started, and came back to the real world my mind had wandered

from in wonder, to hear her call her companions with: "Fuckin' 'ell, just look

at that will you!! ….Oh my fuckin' god just look, just look!! For cripes sake

just look!! What a fuckin' honey……..!! You gotta look! What a fuckin' angel!!

You just gotta look at this! For cripes sake you just gotta see this!!!"

The gang of tough girls, four out of the five of them at least, stopped what

they were doing to stare at me, and I loved it. Woken from my sad reverie, I

raised my lovely head a little, haughtily but sweetly: just a little, just a

little haughtily, just a lot, just a lot sweetly.

"Give us a smile then sweetheart" the wolf–whistler bawled to me.

I managed a shy tiny, tiny shy smile, my bright blue eyes saying 'please don't

look at me, and look at me please' as I raised and then lowered my gaze to beg

them not to look and to beg them to look, and for me to be sure they were

looking. My brief shy smile was a blessing on her day that the wolf-whistling

girl could only hitherto have wet-dreamed of.

"You're a fuckin' doll, you are luv! You're a fuckin' angel, that's what you

are!!" the wolf–whistler shouted over to me, as her mates joined in

wolf-whistling, and cheering me for my beauty.

"Come away Smith!" I didn't hear Miss Hai call.

"Come away Smith, and come away right now!" I didn't hear Miss Hai call a second

time.

I didn't hear Miss Hai, for my lovely electric-blue eyes had spotted the one

girl who was yet to turn to look at me. The girl her mates were telling to turn

lest she miss the blessing of my near distance, clear distinct, presence. The

girl in the black leather with her short blonde hair gelled into spikes. The

girl with the last full trash bin on her shoulders.

"Angela!!" I all but screamed as the back view of this one girl transfixed me

and all but felled me.

"Angela!!" "Angela!!" "Angela!!" "Angela!!" I was squealing as I wiggle totty

trotted as fast as my tiptoed leggy legs would let me, my bummy swinging and my

bare titties bouncing and bumping and juddering and joggling up and down and

down and up in thrashing threshing ununited and separated unison, as I screamed

with joy, trotting on the legs of heaven with my schoolgirl pigtails gently

bashing my bummy, toward the group of tough dustbin girls, and the back of the

girl with the spiked hair.

"Angela!!" "Angela!!" "Angela!!" "Angela!!" I screamed in my joyous joy of joy.

"Oh sweetheart, you'll take a tumble! Don't fall, please don't fall!" called the

overwhelmed wolf-whistler as she witnessed my tiptoed kicky leggy trot toward

the waste disposal gang and feared for me in my impossible, impossibly erotic

tiptoe shoes.

And I was among these tough-girls-turned-gentle as they were moved by my

loveliness, and my bare breasts heaved on my breathless chest as I stood behind

the girl in the leather with the short spiked blonde hair, and she turned and I

smiled my total adoration and complete and utter surrender, tears of love

running down my freckled honey soft honey sweet adorably innocent adorable

innocent's face, and I raised my mouth for a kiss from my Angela….. and the girl

turned, and this was not Angela…….. and I instantly fainted.

………….

Some of those strong girls must have carried me. Perhaps, no, probably at Miss

Hai's direction, some of these strong girls must have carried me to where I came

round: the headmistress' office.

Miss Hai had my slightly dimpled chin in her hand as my eyelids flickered and

from my eyes the sun shone with thrice the sun's intensity once more.

Realising where I was, I tried to rise from my chair in order to curtsey to Miss

Pringle, the headmistress, but she put up a hand to stay me in my seat.

I felt a strange tightness about my honeypot as I sat. As I came round from my

faint, I felt not only that strange tightness, but realised with some shock,

that for some reason, my pretty thumbs were in some way linked together behind

me.

"Your parents are on their way Smith" Miss Pringle told me.

'All the way from London?', I thought: 'why would mummy and daddy be coming all

the way to Scotland just because I had fainted?'

"Your father telephoned me yesterday" Miss Pringle continued.

'But I fainted just now, today!' I thought.

"Your father telephoned me yesterday" Miss Pringle repeated.

"He was, quite rightly, concerned about an association you appear to have struck

up during the summer vacation, with a highly undesirable type, rejoicing in the

name 'Adele', or 'Adella', or some such."

'Angela' I realised now that Miss Pringle had been told about Angela.

"The details are immaterial and irrelevant, save that it was clearly a

completely undesirable unhealthy and unforgivably inappropriate association. It

was certainly not the type of, let's call it 'friendship', I will ever allow a

girl from this academy to strike up whilst ever I am its headmistress." Miss

Pringle insisted very firmly.

"From what Miss Hai has just apprised me of, you appear to have a penchant for

the unpleasant peasant type, Smith!"

"I do not! I repeat, I do NOT expect to find, or receive ever again a report of,

one of my girls being found disporting herself among refuse collection trash!"

"And don't you dare try to deny it Smith! You were clearly seen by Miss Hai

displaying your….your……your….er…….your, your bosom to the filthy trailer trash

whose disgrace it is to have no career other than that of dealing with the

detritus their superiors naturally cannot be expected to think about, let alone

touch."

After a pause to recover her composure, Miss Pringle continued: "Your father,

fully supported by your mother he confirms, telephoned to tell me of your

disgusting conduct during the summer vacation, and to ask that I effect a cure".

"I am, of course, relieved that your father does not blame this establishment

for your shortcomings. He was, quite rightly, at pains to remind me however,

that we, St Catherine's Academy for Girls that is of course, effectively act as

parents to you, and owe that the honour of your charge to us by your loving

parents, is returned by a clear demonstration that we have taught you well in

all aspects of your life."

"Accordingly, the degree of shame you have brought on your poor parents by your

behaviour with this slum slut, 'Adele', or whatever her name was, this summer,

is proportionately more dishonour on this establishment, your alma mater: the

'parent' that has you in its loving charge for a greater period of the year than

your actual relatives do."

"I am not, but absolutely not, going to put up with this kind of behaviour from

you young lady. Your father is entirely right to ask that you be cured.

Accordingly, after much careful deliberation, I have decided that you will

receive suitable punishment in front of the whole school this afternoon, once I

have spoken face-to-face with your parents."

I gasped audibly…….

"Don't you dare challenge me young lady!" Miss Pringle, eyes afire, spat out at

me.

"You appear to have acquired a habit of wandering off too Smith. So I have

therefore had to take precautions against that happening again."

"Now get back to your classes!!"

"Go! Be gone! Dismiss!!" Miss Pringle ordered in a quiet but quite total fury.

As I rose in my tiptoe shoes I became fully aware that my thumbs had been either

tied or linked or cuffed together behind my back. And as I tried to walk, I

looked down to see that metal toe-cuffs fastened my bare big toes together with

a three-inch chain to hobble my step, and I read from this that my thumbs wore

steel chain-linked cuffs too.

Miss Hai escorted me to my English lesson, as I shuffled, as I must, the

prisoner of my chains, also aware that the tightness around my honeypot was from

a pair of very tight black rubber knickers that had been pulled up onto me:

black rubber 'school-issue' knickers with elasticised top and elasticised

leg-holes that gripped around the topmost of my thighs where my thighs melded

into my bummy bumps: black rubber 'school-issue' knickers that encased my purse:

black rubber 'school-issue' knickers moulded so closely to my bummy it

metaphorically smouldered.

As I wiggled and wriggled my bummy struggling to walk in my chains back to my

class, we were passing the lavatories and so I asked Miss Hai:

"Please may I go to the bathroom, I have not been all morning, Miss Hai?"

"No!" said Miss Hai, "We are not going to have you wasting any more valuable

school time!"

Truth told I was rather, no, more than, desperate to go for a pee and so, as I

sat in class unable to work on my computer keyboard because my hands were tied

by their thumbs, I grew steadily hotter and hotter and my mouth dryer and dryer.

I had needed the bathroom as Miss Hai and I had passed them by: and. oh girl,

was I beginning to need the bathroom now!

Only fifteen minutes into my English lesson, I politely rose to ask Miss

Hardstaff, the academy's head of English, for permission to go to the toilet.

She ignored me. I re-seated myself.

More time passed. I rose again.

"What is it Smith?" Miss Hardstaff enquired with world-weariness edging her

tone.

"Please may I go to the lavatory Miss?" I enquired in the sweetest tone even I

could muster.

"No Smith. For goodness sake: you've sat there for the past half-hour staring

into space and doing nothing. Anyone would think you had your thumbs tied behind

your back!" Miss Hardstaff deliberately mocked, and I heard at least two loud

sniggers from my crueller classmates.

Another fifteen minutes went by, and I stood with the full intention of asking

permission to be allowed to attend to a now incredibly pressing call of nature

that I urgently needed to release and relieve.

"Sit down Smith and sit down now!" Miss Hardstaff ordered in a manner leaving no

doubt that I had breached the limits of behaviour she would allow from the girls

in her class.

"Don't let me ever catch you moving again without permission Smith. Do I make

myself absolutely clear!? Miss Hardstaff enquired very evidently entirely

rhetorically.

Another fifteen minutes went by, and I was flushed and blushed and wriggling on

my seat as if an army of ants was biting my bummy within my hot and sweaty

rubber knickers. I was struggling and striving to fight, having to fight,

fighting with all my might, the terrible inevitability of having to pee in my

knickers if I was not allowed to go to the bathroom and to go right now.

And yet, I was clearly not going to be allowed to go to the bathroom and relieve

myself properly. And even were I now to be so allowed, to leave class and go to

the lavatory, it was already too late because, with my big toes chained together

by a three-inch hobble, I would never make it in time. Indeed, it was by now

even too late if they had unchained my big toes so that I could maybe run. It

was too late and far too far for me to wiggle in my tiptoe shoes. And even if I

could have got to the bathroom, how was I to pull down my knickers with my

thumbs cuffed behind my back!?

"Oh for goodness sake, sit still Smith!" Miss Hardstaff barked at me.

"Sorry miss", I answered sweetly submissively.

I tried my hardest to obey, but shortly after this telling off, I once more

began and continued to grow hotter and hotter and to dance divinely sexily on my

seat, squeezing my knees hard together and pushing my bummy down hard on the

chair and wishing 'if only my toes were not chained' so that I could cross my

thighs and squeeze my naughty closed tight, fighting the hot burning pressure of

my pee trying to dying to escape me: a mental and physical fight.

I felt a little seep a little weep a little peep of my pee escape me, and I

redoubled my efforts to make it to the end of the lesson so I would surely be

allowed to go to the bathroom. Oh no! Another little pee peep. Oh no! Another

little seep. Oh no! Another little weep I was going to pee my knickers for sure

unless I could make the door!!

I was flushing and blushing and perspiring with the strain, as I continued to

grow hotter and hotter still, and my mouth dryer and dryer still too, and still

hotter still till, even though I knew it was far beyond far, far, too late,

already long since, I disobediently rose from my seat to beg to be allowed to go

to the bathroom, and instantly felt myself copiously peeing my knickers.

My hot pee gushed into my school-issue knickers blush burning me with its

scalding shaming warmth, as I seemed to pee twice the amount I would normally

have expelled from my bladder. And I was thus twice shamed as, even though I

tried to stop it coming, I could not and it would not stop from filling up my

knickers. Slowly but as inevitably as it was gradual, as I stood with my golden

hair haloed head hanging knowing that all the girls in the class knew that I was

peeing myself. Right there in front of them, I peed my knickers. And my fresh hot

pee swept and wept into my knickers until the last shaming drip drops dropped

and dripped.

As my pee gushed hotly burningly into my knickers, I hung my head in equally hot

burning shame, and emitted sexy little surrendered surrendering gasps. I seemed

to be peeing endlessly as I stood, and as I stood I was filling my knickers to

their very brim. Because my rubber school knickers were so tight, they kept much

of my hot pee still in my naughty. My relief, the chance to pee, was nothing

compared with my utter deep down beyond base bottom shame as I stood before the

whole class, that whole class of my fellow girls knowing I had just peed

copiously completely into my knickers.

"Was there something you wanted Smith?" Miss Hardstaff drawled sarcastically at

me, with a voice that said I was not going to get it, whatever it was anyway.

"No Miss. Thank you Miss" I answered as I hung my head in unutterable

unrelieveable unbelievable utter shame, and I slowly sat my soft young bummy on

the seat, feeling the warmth of my fresh pee being squeezed around in the gusset

of my tight black rubber school knickers, having thoroughly fully peed myself,

for the first time since I had been a child.

"Good!" barked Miss Hardstaff, "Then perhaps we can get on with our lesson, if

that's alright by you that is Madam Smith!" she sneered.

An hour of my shame passed and my naughty began to feel quite sore as the acidic

pee in my knickers gnawed at my soft skin.

My head was still hanging and flush blushed with my total and absolute shame as

I sat obediently quietly on my seat in my wet pee filled knickers, as a girl

came in to pass a message to Miss Hardstaff.

"Smith!" Miss Hardstaff moments after called to me.

"Smith! Are you listening girl!?" she roared.

"Your parents are with Miss Pringle. You have my permission to leave class and

see your parents. And, may I say, for all the worth you have contributed here

today Smith, it is as easy to let you go, as it is to say 'good riddance to bad

rubbish'!"

I rose from my seat, and bobbed a curtsy, sloshing the pee in my knickers

silently around within my quim, as I began to wiggle my walk, hobbled by the

three-inch chain, to see mummy and daddy in the headmistress' room.

Daddy would save me from all this! I was daddy's girl. Daddy would save me from

all this! Daddy would have talked to Miss Pringle and would rescue me. I loved

daddy. Daddy was so handsome! Daddy would save me from all this without a shadow

of doubt!

As my beautiful egg-timer figure shuffled the corridors, still dressed in the

black velvet slanted slope hemmed mini-dress, black diamond fretwork patterned

stockings, and soft black broad-brimmed hat I had worn all day, with my

bountiful bosom abounce in its bare abundance, mummy and daddy, having finished

talking with Miss Pringle, came toward me. Daddy looked very stern.

In my bonds and my shaming pee filled knickers, I could not manage a smile for

mummy and daddy. As they approached, I slowed my painfully slow progress, the

slow progress inevitable from my big toes being cuffed with a three-inch hobble

chain between them, so I could only take little wiggle steps.

As we stood opposite each other at last, I looked adoringly appealing at daddy's

rugged face.

"David!", Mummy's voice intervened as my loving eyes shone obediently daughterly

up at daddy, "David, she's only a child….!"

Mummy was pleading for daddy to be lenient with me, but how accurate was my

imagination that it had in fact been mummy who had badgered daddy about my

association with Angela, until she had forced daddy to make that phone call to

Miss Pringle?

Daddy left hand took mummy's right hand and he patted the back of her left hand

reassuringly with his right hand fingers.

"Hello daddy" I said, purposely not looking at mummy so as to punish her for

what I knew she must be behind: that phone call.

"Hello sweetheart", daddy's moustached lips whispered as he gently kissed my

left freckled cheek alongside my mouth.

"We are in a bit of a pickle aren't we my love", daddy began, "But we know it is

for the best, don't we sweetheart?

"David!" mummy, intervened in a sharp voiced single word intended to remind

daddy he had something to ask or say.

Daddy looked at my knickers, clearly evident at the side where the slope of my

dress' hem left my left leg bare bar its black stocking. He then looked at mummy

as if to say, 'there is self-evidently no need'.

"Go on David" mummy insisted, thereby confirming to me that she was the power

behind all that was happening. "Go on" she repeated, as he hesitated, thereby

confirming she saw no reason not to proceed as had obviously been previously

agreed between husband and wife: my mummy and my daddy.

"Go ON David" mummy insisted more strongly.

"We've been talking to Miss Pringle………" daddy began and then stopped, and turned

to mummy whose lips silently insisted, with an indicative head nod, 'go on!'

"We've been talking to Miss Pringle……… and she says. Miss Pringle that is. When

I say 'she' I mean Miss Pringle of course………" daddy ground to a halt.

My lovely bright blue eyes had not left off from adoring and imploring his

handsome noble face: I adored daddy: I was daddy's girl.

Daddy was clearly gathering his courage………

……..Daddy did not look at mummy this time, because he knew she would urge him on

to what he was trying to avoid saying………….head down he almost mumbled………

"We've been talking to Miss Pringle", he started over yet again, all over again,

"We've been talking to Miss Pringle, and she says that you deliberately go about

the school without any knickers on in order to tease excite and entice the other

girls. Is it true sweetheart? Tell me! Is it true!?"

How could I answer this charge without breaking daddy's heart?

"No daddy!" I instantly unhesitatingly lied.

"No daddy. No." I twice further multiplied my lie.

"It must be another girl" daddy turned and, with an emotional lump in his voice,

told mummy, who clearly did not believe my answer, "It must be another girl".

"I knew it must be another girl" daddy told himself out loud……….There are so

many, Miss Pringle must be confusing you with another girl.

Daddy looked back at me next, and as if it hardly mattered simply said, "When we

talked to Miss Pringle, she said that you don't have to be caned".

At his saying this, it took a full five-seconds for what he had said to

register, it was so unbelievably wonderful.

After daddy saying this, I stood stunned. After his saying this and after I had

stood stunned, my heart then pounded faster and faster and it leaped for joy as

did I, and I danced even higher on my toes, flexing my divinely sexy legs in joy

as I reached up and forward to kiss his dear face: "Oh daddy! Daddy! Oh thank

you thank you thank you thank you daddy!!" I kissed him all over his cheeks in

my near tearful joy at this god-sent relief.

At his announcement of my release and relief from sentence, I stood higher than

tiptoe on incredibly erotically shaped legs kissing daddy my hero. My daddy had

rescued me, my daddy was so clever, my daddy was so strong, my daddy was so

handsome, my daddy was my daddy: my daddy had saved me as I just knew he would!

But there was something about daddy's reaction as I smothered him with

daughterly loving trusting worshipping kisses that told me, why he had told me I

did not have to be caned, in such a 'bye-the-bye', aside, sort of way.

"No sweetheart, no" mummy intervened, "What daddy meant to say was that Miss

Pringle has given you the choice between being caned or being expelled".

Instantly my heart fell like a hydrogen bomb. I was more stunned than when daddy

had seemed so clearly to announce I was no longer to be punished. This tore me

apart. This was my mummy: mummy who had got me in the straits I was in, telling

me I had the choice between the devil and the deep blue sea.

"Let them cane me then!" I suddenly blurted out weeping proudly with tears in

the corner of my lovely eyes, as a way to hurt her and get my revenge for what,

in my extreme teenage view, in which everything that was not white must be black

or vice versa, was her out-and-out betrayal. And even before I could change my

mind, I heard my daddy whisper, "I think it would be best".

The first I had heard that I was to be caned had been from daddy's lips. My

daddy: the daddy I adored!

I adored and loved and worshipped my daddy and yet he could not look at me now,

as the head girl came to escort me to the assembly hall for my punishment.

"Daddy!!" I sobbed, as the head girl began to lead me away………. "Daddy!!…………….

Daddy!!!!"………..

And all I saw in answer to my tearful pleas as the distance between us grew,

with me staring wildly back over my shoulder as I wiggled under escort away from

my parents, was that he hung his head, and that mummy took him in her arms to

comfort him.

……..Daddy!!!!!!!!"………..Daddy!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!"..

………….

The school hall buzzed as Miss Pringle was yet to make her appearance.

The school hall was filled with a soprano hum as girls settled to watch the

necessary cruelty about to be acted out for their education.

The school hall hushed as my mummy and daddy walked in, their heads hung in

shame, to take their seats at the front, to witness me being punished for having

been naughty.

The momentary hush for my parents then rose to a soprano crescendo for a while,

and then pin-drop silence as Miss Pringle came in.

Then I was brought onto the stage next to Miss Pringle. I was, bar for my two

pigtails, absolutely totally naked.

They had taken me in a shower to strip me. They had had to cut my rubber knickers

off me. My pee had dribbled out my knickers and I had peed again, to my shame, I

had had to pee right there and then again, letting pour from me what, poor me, I

had had to retain again for fear of peeing my knickers twice.

My naughty was very sore where it had nestled in a pool of my pee, in my pee

filled knickers. They hosed me clean, but applied no lotion or ointment on my

burning skin: my soft smooth skin, the skin of the outside lips of my naughty

made sore and burning from nestling in my acidic pee for hours on end.

"Kneel!" Miss Pringle ordered me, when I had been walked to the front of the

assembly hall stage by the head girl.

And I knelt in the instant of her command, hanging my head in humble shame.

The head girl now brought a leather collar and put it around my neck, before

fixing my dainty wrists into metal cuffs dangling at its rear, behind my head.

Then, with thin silk rope, she began to tie my nipples. She made the ends of two

individual slim silk ropes into nooses, and put the nooses in turn around the

base of my nipples, and pulled the noses individually very painfully, very

tight.

I was then made to stand, and wiggle under escort of the head girl, to a board

that was on the school stage. This board stood on a latticework of one-inch deep

wooden blocks, and had two holes in it, and two hoops in it, the hoops being of

steel, screwed into the board base some distant forward of the holes.

There was complete silence as I was made to put my big toes into the holes so

that my other toes were tortured in the horizontal plain on the board proper, on

which they remained. The complete silence continued, apart from my cry of agony

from the pain in my bent up toes, as my big toes went down the vertical holes

provided for them.

I now stood with my virgin schoolgirl's legs soldierly straight slightly agape,

raised in pain from my other toes, in tip top toe big toe erection, on the legs

of supreme dream heaven, my compelling shapely legs profoundly stretched and

girl-muscularised: dream calves, locked back dimpled knees, thunderous thighs,

deep side-dimpled tight held anal retentive bummy cheeks from my tiptoed stance.

I was to be bent over for my caning. My audience followed the flow of my

hourglass curvature, pleasing and easing the eye such that a blind girl who had

just regained her sight would have looked at my body and been made instantly

blinded again by its unmatchable erotic beauty.

I was to be bent over for my caning, and the slim ropes from my nipples were

pulled down, making me bend over, and then tied to the hoops in the board, so

that I now flashed the gateway to heaven between my torsioned thighs. The

reddened and sore pee-steeped, pee-marinated, gateway to my treasure, to my

pleasure, to my teaser, to my pleaser, to my 'please', to my pleas, to my

heaven, to my haven, to my pistils, to my stamens, to my rosebud, to my flower,

to my power, to my kappower! my slot, my slit, my split, my minx, my minge, my

quim, my twat, my Nellie, my organ, my girl-hole, my purse, my pouch, my tunnel,

my honeypot, my love lips, my love hole, my sex, my cunny, my cunt, my naughty,

and my hymen: for I still had my hymen.

I still had my hymen. I was a seventeen-year-old intact, fully intact, virgin

schoolgirl with her mysterious mischief mischievously explored, but her barrier

still completely intact: for I still had my hymen and my hymen was pristine and

unbreached. I was an innocent little girl, with full little girl's sexual

weaponry, but, or should that be 'and'?, I had not been breached: I had not been

taken to womanhood. I was a seventeen-year-old fully intact virgin schoolgirl:

daddy's little girl: grown up, but still daddy's little girl.

I was bent with my love lips openly on display slightly open. I had been a

naughty girl with other naughty girls often enough to have had my naughty

naughty fully explored, but I still had the septum of my maidenhead stretching a

tight barrier across my vagina, a barrier only needing policegirls with guns and

patrol cars with flashing red and blue lights to confirm that it indicated

'absolutely no entry ma'am. I can't let you past the barrier ma'am. More than my

jobs worth ma'am. No: I can't tell you what's in there ma'am I've never been

allowed in there myself ma'am: nobody has. "Need to know" ma'am and, with

respect, you and me we don't need to know ma'am. This is a protected area ma'am:

please turn around. No: no visitors ma'am, the barrier's never been lifted

ma'am. The barrier means what it tells us ma'am, no visitor's, the barrier's

never been breached ma'am, never ever.'

I was bent double and kept bent double by having my nipples tied to the board

platform on which I stood by the bent up toes of my pretty feet, and on the tip

of my big toes in the recess holes made for them, bent over, far over, my

nipples straining on short reins, flashing my sore nude virgin schoolgirl's

intact naughty to the whole school. My legs were not together as in disobedience

of the time-honoured advice from mummies to their daughters: my legs slightly

apart together failing to protect my honour.

I moaned in agony as my fellow girls tried so hard not to enjoy the astonishing

beauty of my thus tiptoed legs or to imagine the pain in my nipples, or to wince

at the evident soreness of my poor naughty, which had been steeped in my pee all

afternoon, so that my pee's acid had burnt and chapped my silk soft skin, as my

purse had sweated and sweltered in the rubber school knickers, awash with urine,

my urine in the black rubber knickers I had been forced to wear.

The forced wearing of the rubber school knickers to make me raw and sore had

been deliberately aimed at taking away any sexual pleasure I might get, it was

feared, from being caned. The alternative would have been to cane me during my

monthly bleed, but my punishment could not wait until I was next due on heat, so

I had been made to wear preparatory punishment knickers.

The head girl finished my preparation, by giving me a rubber gag on which to

bite down on to ease my pain as I was whipped.

Miss Pringle's presence and my divine body divided the attention of the school.

Miss Pringle wasted no time in getting to her point.

"I will not: I will NOT have girls from this academy dating riff raff!"

Miss Pringle paused to let her words echo in young minds. Then she began……..

"Let me just remind you ladies once and for all, one and all, that St

Catherine's Academy for Girls is an elite institution but not elitist. You are

all here, insofar as possible, given that we must necessarily charge fees, you

are all here for your high intelligence. We turn wealthy girls away: we turn

poor girls away; but we don't turn away either wealthy or poor girls who pass

our entrance examination. We are therefore not elitist in the sense that our

uniqueness is only open to money. We cannot be bought by money. Places at the

academy can only be bought by a girl having the brains to get into it".

"We are not elitist; but we are elite. Girls entering these portals will be

sought after by employers for their intellect and the high standard of education

their presence at this institution assures those employers, that girls coming

here have attained. Potential employers will seek St Catherine's girls out even

before those girls go to university. That is how elite St Catherine's is."

"And in exchange for what we give our pupils, what does this fine historic

establishment of five-hundred years standing ask of you girls as its pupils?

'Nothing'. That is the answer: 'nothing'. Nothing that is, of course, other than

that you uphold the honour of being here in your conduct within our hallowed

walls and, just as much, of course, if not even more in fact, when out in the

world beyond."

"And despite and in direct contradiction with that perfectly, surely perfectly

reasonable request, what have I found? I have found a silly little girl who

thought it fun, or perhaps funny, to throw all we have given her back into our

faces with a sneer, by dating a factory girl. A factory girl! A production line

worker for goodness sake!"

"Am I in contradiction? No, I am not. Of course we have the daughters of factory

workers here. The young lady who has disgraced us, was also, this very day,

disporting herself among the girls who collect the school's trash and yes, we

have the daughters of refuse disposal workers here. So, am I in contradicting

myself? No, I am not."

"We have the daughters of the poor here to raise them up in the world. We give

all the girls here a chance to rise by becoming better than equal and better

than their beginnings; not to revert to and associate with those unfortunates

who must fetch and carry for us, as somebody must in any society."

"Melody is a beautiful name for a beautiful girl. Melody has graced us with her

loveliness for just over a year now. She is also a highly intelligent girl with

great aptitude for the more arcane reaches of mathematics. And yet she has

behaved like a tramp. Her own parents had to tell me, and just imagine how

hurtful that must have been for poor David and Sonata, who have agreed to be

here today: her own parents had to tell me that Melody Smith was dating

inappropriately during the summer holidays."

"No doubt, Melody thinks, or at least thought, she was in love!

Another pause, was intended by Miss Pringle to let this sarcasm sink in.

When I first heard of this completely unacceptable behaviour, I was minded to

expel Melody. However, I have listened to her parents, and they have agreed, and

I have conceded, a harsh but lesser lesson. I say conceded, because none of you

should imagine that this sets a precedent!"

"Melody no doubt thinks, or at least thought, she was in love. I'm afraid that

Melody needs to have such a ridiculous notion taken from her silly little girl's

head."

"As a lesson to us all to find love appropriately at the time it is due, and not

whilst we are still silly little schoolgirls, I'm afraid Melody must be given a

severe, and I do mean severe, caning. Melody is to be caned. Melody will be

taught a lesson. Melody will be taught THE lesson. Just be sure, all of you,

that you too, learn the lesson that Melody is about to taste."

There was total silence after this coldly cooly deliberately calmly delivered

tirade, displaying Miss Pringle's total snobbery at its very worst.

But the rights or wrongs, rights and wrongs of Miss Pringle's arguments were

immaterial to me. Right or wrong did not matter. It was an arid argument.

Whatever the rights or wrongs of Miss Pringle's discourse, my bent-over bare

bummy was about to feel the savagery of her heartfelt despicable opinions!

Miss Pringle readied her cane behind my bent-over behind, but first signalled to

the head girl who, from my left side, swung her cane horizontally across both my

bare bummy cheeks as one and: 'THWICK!!!!!' the cane kissed my bewitching

twitching bummy, and I bit hard down on my rubber pain relieving gag and cried

with a deeply sexual deeply sexed deeply sexcited scream and moan.

I was girl. I was very girl and my very girlness glorified the school hall as

the waft of the wand of the whip of the cane ripped blistering fire across my

derriere raising instant glistering desire in my honeypot from the shame the

humiliation and the searing burning shock and pain of the deep red rut stripe

welt my bummy was fresh thrash threshed with, as I screamed and then moaned

girl-wantonly with all my sexual fire aroused roused and raised desire craven

raving in the very instant of my subjugated agony. I was instant animal with a

cannibal cunny dripping with girl-honey as I gasped and called sirenly for meat

in my heat to devour with my power, a girl being a girl beyond girl to animal,

uninhibited animally wanton and waving her whipped bummy to seduce and traduce.

I sang my irresistible sexy tune and gasped my wanton willing and wanting gasps

as I flexed my legs and bent my knees and pulled on my titties tied by their

nipples with sensual sexual eyes-raised-to-heaven heaving, having heavenly joy

in the pain of the wicked witch switch cane mistressing my bare bummy …..

…….And 'THWICK!!!!! the head girl's cane thrashed crashed and slashed across by

bummy again!!

And where her previous stroke had crossed or crissed my glorious bare bummy was

crissed or crossed, and I was criss-cross and twice kissed with a crimson deep

welted 'X' for sex, as my bummy was afire with searing flames of scorching

desire at the cane's deep red rut stripes, deep-cut into its immense and

immeasurable beauty, and I screamed in a mix of pain and wanton fire, fire from

a higher desire than even that burning my blisteringly blazing bummy: fire of

desire not doused by the terrible pain from my tormenting terrible torture twin

whip swipe stripes.

To administer my third stroke, Miss Pringle stood facing my bent over bummy, and

therefrom brought the cane through its violent whispering wickedly whistling arc

with unerring accuracy in the valley between my bummy mountainettes, with its

wicked tip right viciously hard on my anus, on my sphincter, on the opening in

my bummy, on my rear love hole 'THWICK!!!'

I screamed with agony not only from the savage whipping impact on my sensitive

sphincter, but from the echoing agony that shot up my backbone and seared my

head brain, and my lovely body went into a rhythmic unstoppable dance in which

my glorious legs flexed their perfect shapely muscularity and my body pulled up

hard on my titties in instant reaction to the impact, to too-late-pull my bummy

out of target, trying to stand me up and ease my agony, as I screamed and

screamed, stretching my nipples and tightening the nooses around them as I bit

down on the rubber gag in my mouth in excruciating pain, too much in pain to

even cry tears as opposed to crying out with horrendous hurting.

Oh god! Oh god! My eyes glazed over as more waves of agony swept through me.

In the audience, my attentive audience of five-hundred of my fellow schoolgirls,

initial gasps and escaped squeaks at the horror of my pain, had quickly become a

silence of hung heads, and eyes in pretty faces that looked down, sharing

blushes but not looks, because no individual girl was going to admit that she

was creaming her knickers at my screaming.

And Miss Pringle repeated the dose, 'THWICK!!!' hard on my bummyhole so that I

shot up from my bent over stance screaming aloud loud again, as I pulled on my

nipples unmercifully and howling as the agony pulsed up my backbone like a

lightening bolt, my glorious legs sexily dancing and flexing back and forth and

forth and back at the knee as I fought and fought the terrible pain from my

whipped sphincter. And my bummy went into muscular spasm and sexy waves of

inviting St Vitas twitching girl muscle, frantically dancing cheek by cheek,

with each cheek unstoppably twitching in opposite spasm, violently, sexually

excitingly for the onlooker, and violently sexually painfully for me, as my

sphincter burned red hot as if it had been branded.

Five-hundred girls shuffled their bummies on their seats, or licked pretty lips,

or tried to pretend they were not watching me being thrashed, because what was

being meted out was so savage. Five-hundred girls in a trance, many with their

nipples adance, many more with their knickers patched muskily at gusset, fought

to hide their shame and pleasure. Five-hundred emotional young girls were

emoting in their pretty knickers as I squealed.

Oh god! "Mercy: mercy!!" I mumbled indecipherably into the rubber gag I was

biting down on to ease my unbearable pain and my musk dribbled down the heavenly

soft insides of my thighs from my succulent suckable fuckable sopping soaked

slot steeped and swimming with my sweet nectar.

And Miss Pringle repeated the dose yet again, 'THWICK!!!!!' oh god the agony the

shear unutterable agony as the whipping of my sphincter echoed up my backbone

and into my brain and into my purse and momentarily stunned me, before I

screamed and cried and howled and bawled and pulled on my nipples as I tried to

straighten myself to ease the dreadful dreadful dreadful pain, and to escape

this savage cruelty, as my bummy's muscle spasms went into virulently violent

overtime, and my longingly long lissom legs danced the witches twitch, thrashing

fore and aft to try and ease the truly unbearable horribly horrendous tremendous

agony of my bummy's sphincter burning as if ten red-hot-pokers had been inserted

within my tender girlness. To try helplessly to ease my pain, I thrashed my legs

back and forth at the speed of light despite the agony this gave my toes, and

even as my heavenly honey ran down the insides of my lithe lissom longing

longed-for languorous legs, as my cunt betrayed my head in its hunt to be fed.

Five-hundred colours had the rainbow as stars swam before my eyes from this last

stroke. And five hundred different colours of panty, had five hundred patches of

darker hue among my fellow schoolgirls, none of whom would ever admit ever

after, what she had felt as I was flogged, nor why their dormitory's laundry

basket was so full of stained knickers and so fulsomely super-erotically scented

later that same day.

And then I became rigid again as a wave of new pain went through me from the

easing of the anaesthetic effect of the third anus stroke itself: what had been

numbed by the power of the impact of that stroke, was now stoked to agony as the

numbness lifted, so that I now stood bent rigid and immoveable, as wave after

wave of raging pain held me stiff and helled me.

And then, after exceptionally careful aim and waiting forever for my sexually

excited body to settle the writhing rhythm of its everdance prance stance from

the agony of my beautiful cane stripes from the fury of the fearsome cane

strikes: from middle behind me, standing so that she could bring her cane up

between my lovely legs, Miss Pringle's cane swished up between my thunderous

thighs and its rocketing end cut into, deep deep into my slot my slit my purse,

ripping into my naughty hole with the speed of light like a guided missile

homing on its programmed target, whipping inside my honey sodden naughty,

purposely accurately and precisely aimedly whipping me inside my naughty and

ravishing raping and whipping and ripping by hitherto intact hymen into ribbons

'THWICK!!!!!' so that I screamed and shot upright stretching my titties to

eternity in my agony as I must thereby, before returning to my subservient bent

over posture, and wriggling my luscious long legs in a dance of passionate pain,

as a telltale trickle of bright red blood mixed with my cunt-cognac eased from

the sore lips of my hitherto intact virgin's virgin naughty, and trickled

telltale end of tale end of tail fresh crimson red on the ground from my mound

between my tiptoed agonised feet, announcing that I had been whipped into woman

from girl: I had been whip raped from girlhood to womanhood in an instant of

frighteningly lighteningly lashing pain, never ever to be a girl again.

The third anus stripe swipe had ultimately stunned and poleaxed me to rigidity

so the rape stroke rip-cut-sliced my hymen in an unmerciful unerring unbearable

excruciatingly agonised instant of blitzkrieg pain, and I was now finally bent

over straight-legged a sunny honey with her honeyhole dripping red wine. A

schoolgirl ripped ripe with a striking stripe stripping raping and ripping her

of her maidenhead, and the proof of her purity now passed and past shown by a

crimson trickle as the last vestige of her childhood innocence, the blood from

her cut pluck fucked and rapid rape ripped protective hymen, trickled from her

no longer innocent but now insolent naughty now naught she her maiden girlhood

any more.

And they cut the ties holding me bent: holding me down by my nipples. And they

eased my big toes out of the holes. And they took my gag out, near bitten

through as it was as I bore my pain, and untied my wrists from my neck. And I

lay curled up foetus like on my side on the whipping board, with the blood from

my whip-ripped hymen trickling down my handsome right thigh from the lips of my

once but no longer virgin naughty, as I heard daddy say to the headmistress in

what sounded like sobs: "My wife and I cannot thank you enough Miss Pringle.

……It had to be done……… It had to be done….."

They had tied up a girl. To cane me they had tied up a girl.

They untied a woman. Having caned me and whip-raped me, they untied a woman.

And I felt only betrayal as I lay there fresh whip-raped and incoherently

sobbing "Daddy! Oh Daddy!" whilst a blanket was being gently placed over the

naked woman, the once naked girl, now the newborn, no hymen to warn, no hymen

worn, her hymen torn, naked girl-woman that was now me.

And, as blood from my whip-raped, whip-ripped hymen still trickled from my

honeypot's lips, I lay panting and sobbing beaten breathless: beaten brutally so

that I was, in a crimsonly visible, internally eternally physical sense, no

longer daddy's little girl.

Chapter 21 – Escapades

Oft in years not so very long ago, had my lovely granny threatened: "I'll tan

your hide so that you won't be able to sit down for a week my girl!" when,

tomboyishly, I had scratched my knees climbing her orchard trees. I was so

assured that she never meant it that I did not take the slightest notice.

Besides, as proof positive it was all talk, most often it was being said as she

lovingly smoothed ointment on the graze from my latest skateboarding tumble or

the like, and as she kissed my cheek to dry my later childhood tears in my later

childhood years.

The pain from my caning took more than a week to ease. For the first two days

after it, I could indeed not sit down. Those first two days were spent lying

face downward, naked, in a bed in the academy's sickbay. I spent the whole week

following my punishment in the sickbay. Throughout that whole week, I continued

to learn 'the lesson' that the cane had driven into my impertinently pert

petulant posterior with such unpitying force, not least when I had need to

urinate or defecate; both and either of those functions being extremely painful

from the whipping on my anus and within my secret slot.

The pain in my body was at least equalled if not exceeded by the pain in my

young mind. Mummy had betrayed me. You may think that it had been my daddy that

had let me down. Looking back from now as I write this, he was equally culpable;

but to my young mind at the time, anything daddy did was forgivable and anything

mummy did was traitorous.

As I lay on my tummy recovering, I found balm for my stripes in working over in

my mind how much I hated mummy. "How much do I hate thee? Let me count the

ways…..". At the time I thought I knew a million ways and could have listed them

sequentially by strength of supposed justification, or even alphabetically, had

anyone asked, so much did my hatred stew in my mind. I was, of course, just

being a teenage girl. I can see that fact now.

My hatred for mummy fermented into a mathematical formula, the solution to which

was my swearing to myself that I would never ever talk to her again! It seems so

silly now. It was more than a little silly then, since I was more of the year at

a distant boarding school than at home with her. That being so, my resolution

was hardly likely to be tested, except in the sense of it needing to meet the

challenge of still being in place when end of term time called on me to go to my

parental home.

I suppose I was covering a little for a lot of loneliness. My daddy had wanted

me beaten and deflowered to make me grow up. For the present though, I was not

letting go of my childish aspects: my unquestioning unquenchable adoration of

daddy still being paramount among them, even if he had slipped a little down the

pinnacle.

My geographical and now emotional distance from my parents threw me in on myself

and on my school companions. Even before my thrashing, I had appreciated the

particular friendships I had with Josephine, Tania, Sasha, Mary, and Geraldine.

The beating on my bare bummy in the presence of my parents drove me into the

need of the comfort that only happiness in the love and companionship of close

schoolgirl friendships can deliver.

All of these girls, except Geraldine of course, had been naughty with me. They

had all had me and enjoyed me. The love and schoolgirl companionship I am

talking of here is more whole and more holy than just sex alone. The physical

lovemaking was a component, a lovely manifestation, a completion: the gilt on

the gold with no guilt to be told or tolled.

It was now as natural, as perfectly natural, for me to spend an evening being

kissed and cuddled by Sasha or Jo, as it was for us to talk, or to study in the

dorm. Even Geraldine, shy lovely Geraldine, would sit for hours holding my hand

and adoring me with her eyes. There was no border between sex and any other

component in my life. As I went around the dorm, a prefect would take gentle

hold of my hand, and turn me and kiss me. Afterwards, she might just praise my

loveliness or lead me to bed. It was as natural and flowing as a river. There

was no fanfare of trumpets. The prefects had privileges and I was one of their

privileges.

All of the girls I name, and many another would come and see me in the sickbay.

Even the head-girl came to see me. She even allowed me to stay lying on my

tummy, rather than rising to curtsy to her as, properly speaking, I was obliged

to.

She came, she said, to say goodbye. Her place at H\*\*\*\*\*\* University had been

confirmed, and she was to spend a short break at home before flying out to the

USA to take up her scholarship. She was being funded by a bursary from the

academy.

She particularly thanked me for my help with her mathematics. We shook hands,

and that was the last I saw of her. Of course, now that she is in Scottish

politics, her face is in the newspapers and on TV, when there is an election in

the offing not least. However, that departure at St Cath's is still the last

occasion on which I saw her in person.

I should have been jealous but I was pleased for her. I'm not talking about the

head-girl now. I mean Geraldine. On my third day in the sickbay she announced to

me that she was in love. I should see her, she opined. I was to imagine her as

like Miss Kimi Hai, the Japanese arts and crafts tutor, but prettier by far. I

tried to imagine any girl prettier than the dainty Japanese angel Miss Hai, and

failed totally.

Me Si, was her name. Geraldine spoke it as if Me Si were Belgian chocolate

wrapped in gold leaf with a multi-faceted diamond decoratively atop. For some

time in the revelation of her rapture, I assumed that Me Si was a fellow pupil.

It was only when Geraldine spoke of her teaching gym, ballet, and deportment,

that I realised a long outstanding vacancy on the tutorial staff had been

filled. Me Si was from South Korea. To hear Geraldine, you would have thought

she was from Shangri-La itself. South Korea was further away and yet maybe a

little closer at hand, and Me Si had in fact only hailed from there.

All we girls at St Catherine's Academy took ballet and deportment lessons. Ever

since I had joined the school, those lessons had had to be taken by Miss

Pringle, the headmistress herself. I had at first assumed that that was an

economy measure. Later I learned that it was because they could not find a

teacher of the calibre they desired. Even now, Me Si, a former prima ballerina

who had ruined an ankle, was something of a compromise. She was on trial.

……………

Why nobody told me I do not know. When I was allowed to go back to the prefects'

dormitory, I found out that a new head-girl had been appointed, but nobody, not

one among the girls who came to visit me in the sickbay, at even hinted at it.

It was Sasha. The new head-girl was Sasha.

I was so pleased for Sasha. She deserved it. She was quite the brightest pupil

in the school even, though I say so myself, putting my brains into comparative

shadow. She was just seventeen, my age. I had, of course, known her from almost

my first day at the school. I felt so pleased when I learned of her promotion. I

felt so happy knowing that we were friends, and that the newly relaxed

atmosphere in the prefecture, where I, as School Slag, was quartered on

notionally lesser terms than the appointed prefects, was going to continue under

Sasha's head-girlship.

It had been Sasha who had made me cum to deeply sexy stories. The one about me

being girlnapped and suited up in transparent plastic, so that hornets could

sting me in my honeypot was the one I had since cum to twice in my wet dreams.

But the one about me being breast-crucified was not far behind in its continuing

arousal factor.

I could not have been more wrong. My assumption about the continuance of the

relaxed friendliness in the prefecture was proven wrong on my first meeting

Sasha after learning of her appointment: indeed at one and the same time as my

first meeting with Sasha after my caning.

On my return to the dorm after my week in the sickbay, I entered during the

school day to find only Sasha there. I immediately walked up to her smiling to

give her a kiss on the cheek as the only prize I could give her for her

attainment, when she stopped me in my fragrant flow: "Haven't we forgotten

something Smith?" she asked quietly.

I thought she was joking, and, giggling musically as I did so, renewed my move

to embrace her.

"Remember your place Smith!" Sasha barked.

I was taken completely and utterly aback.

I instantly, as if by reflex, drew away, curtsied deeply, and hung my

soft-gold-hair-crowned head submissively.

"That's better Smith. Let us not forget ourselves from hereon in. Do I make

myself fully understood?" she challenged in a firm manner I had never known her

adopt before toward anyone, least of all myself.

"Yes Sas….., er. I mean yes head-girl" I answered with my head lowered further

still, curtsying down near the ground, with one superb leg stretched with tiptoe

miles behind, the second time.

"I feel that it is long since overdue that we bring some of the old standards

back into the academy" Sasha opined, as if thinking out loud whilst meaning what

she said to be taken as an unquestionable directive.

"We might as well start with you Smith. You're getting very lax and too friendly

by far with my prefects. I will not have it. You will learn your place. Until

further notice from me, you will strip yourself completely naked and stay naked

at all times whilst you are in this dorm. Apart from your shoes, you will go

naked henceforth and wait upon us naked, from the end of the school day,

dressing only for the dinner interval, and undressing completely immediately

afterwards. Do you understand?"

"Yes head-girl", I curtsied, head on chest

"I also require you to provide essential services for us. We will so direct as

and when such offices are called for. And you will provide such as I and my

fellow prefects call for from you, without question", Sasha concluded.

"Yes head-girl", I curtsied once more, this time so low I almost fell over,

which would have been comic were what I was being told not so cold.

I felt tears starting in my eyes as I rose, and tried to win Sasha with my most

appealing look.

"Don't be insolent Smith. I will let you off this time, but don't try that sort

of thing on me ever again", Sasha sneered. "What's more, for what you have just

tried, I'll add to your directives, that from henceforth, you will talk to

nobody in this dormitory ever again, unless they give you prior permission to

speak."

I curtsied once more, silently but for the rustle of my school uniform skirt.

I then obediently, blonde haloed head down, wiggled to my room to strip

completely naked, and began to cry with my shock as soon as I closed the door

behind me.

My loneliness began as I stripped till I wore nothing at all bar my beauty and

my black balletic tiptoe-tip-topping heelless shoes. I adorned the world

superbly. It was unavoidable that I would adorn the world, I was a very curvy

girl.

I realise now that I was a goddess-given opportunity for Sasha to act out in

reality the fantasies that her fertile mind had bedded me with. As head-girl,

Sasha had the power to order I be encased in the transparent plastic armour of

her imagination if she so wished. It had only been a story before, but reality

was close at hand were Sasha so to demand.

I slinked thus garbed and ungarbed back into the prefecture where all the

prefects had now gathered at the end of the last day from which I had been

excused lessons as I recovered from my caning. I stood quietly, submissively,

with my head lowered to avoid my friends addressing me, as the head-girl, Sasha,

was still there and she had forbidden me speak unless after preceding

permission.

"Wow you look so sexy Melody!" Mary exuded to try and cheer me up.

"That will be enough of that, thank you Mary", Sasha instantly ordered.

"Sorry head-girl" Mary responded in reflex reflecting hardly hidden astonishment

in her intonation, whilst looking around at her fellow prefects for support for

a more rebellious response: support that was conspicuous by its copious absence.

As if spotting the brief flash in Mary's eye, Sasha called the attention of the

prefects to herself for an announcement.

"I hope nobody thinks that in talking to Mary as I did just now, I was

overstepping the mark", she began.

"No head-girl" came the mumbled answer of the multitude with "yes" not hidden

too far beneath its superficial veneer.

"Good" Sasha responded. "I realise that this is only my first full day as

head-girl. And I do not want to make the habit of making announcements, but I

will have obedience."

There was silence.

"Miss Pringle has appointed me with an express directive to restore standards in

the school. She was not alone in noticing the laxness that crept in toward the

end of the time in office of our previous head-girl. She is, as I am too, of the

decided opinion that that laxness centred upon one institution and the current

holder of that time honoured office. I am, of course, talking about the School

Slag."

"Smith is not a prefect, nor can she ever be one. She is the School Slag. As

such she is a dustbin for the moral laxness than is inevitable given our more

animal drives. Yet, of late, she has been treated as if she were an equal."

"I am not going to say that this must stop. I am going to say, and I say it

right now, that this WILL stop"

"I do not intend ever to repeat that statement, because I do not expect it ever

to be challenged".

Sasha paused for effect and to check that even the last molecule of rebellion

had drowned in the sea of surrender.

"I am finding Smith's attitude entirely tiresome. I have therefore decided to

re-introduce some of the duties that have, in the past ten years or so I'm

informed, been detrimentally dropped from the Slag's curriculum."

"Henceforth, out of school hours here in the prefecture, Smith will wait upon

our command. Her schoolwork will be secondary. It will be for her to fathom how

she will fit it into her time. It is of no concern of mine or yours how she does

so, or even if she does so at all, successfully or otherwise."

"Smith will not speak unless she is given prior permission. At all times whilst

I am in the prefecture, the only one empowered to give that permission will be

me and me alone."

"I have also issued you with a diary and pencil to carry with you or keep close

at hand. In this you will score Smith out of ten each day, for the efficiency

and effectiveness with which she performs her duties, regardless of whom it is

that appoints those duties."

"At the end of the month, I will add up and average the scores, and for each

point below ten-out-of-ten Smith manages to obtain, she will receive from me,

the appointed number of lashes of the strap on her bare bottom.

One point lower than ten will earn one stroke. Thereafter, the punishment for

each point doubles at each interval lower. So for two points lower than ten,

Smith will get four lashes, for three points lower than ten, twelve lashes, and

for four points lower than ten, thirty-two lashes, and so on".

"If this does not deliver an efficient and obedient School Slag, then I will

reduce the interval between punishments to one week, and even to day-by-day if I

have to. It seems to me to be the only way Smith is ever likely to learn".

"And I expect absolute honesty from you as prefects when marking her efforts.

There are other girls in the school willing to be prefects. I hope I do not have

to lose any of you from my charge simply from dishonesty concerning the mere

calculation of the strength of corrective treatment needed for an erring Slag".

Sasha did not wait for any confirmatory acknowledgement of her express orders.

She merely turned to me and, I curtsied, my lovely breasts dipping swooping

swinging and swaying as I lowered my bare body when she looked over my way.

"Smith. For starters, I have decided that henceforth I myself, and all my

prefects, will have their soiled knickers hand-washed. You are aware of where the

laundry baskets are. You will use the facilities in your own room to wash our

knickers. All prefects' knickers will be washed dried and ironed by you from now

onwards. Furthermore, you will not despoil our clothing by including among it

any of your own. How you take care of your own laundry needs is entirely your

look out. You are banned henceforth from using the school facilities for your

laundry. Now get on with it."

I curtsied low, and obediently wiggled on my completely curve-carved calved legs

to bend at waist straight-curvy-legged straight over the laundry basket and

flash erotic thigh, bold bummy bare, titillating titty, and nude shaven

tight-lipped naughty slot, as I began my duties.

I was frightened. This was something new. I had thought the regime of the

previous head-girl, and her horrible companion, Marion, was awful, but it now

looked likely to be seen as a time of joy and laughter compared with what had

just been announced for me by Sasha.

I was hopeless at the domestic chores I was under direction to perform. Mummy

had always done everything for me at home.

I had only the smallest washbasin in my room. To avoid mixing my own clothing,

and because of the comparative quantity of it, I would have to wash my own

clothing in the shower, using my washbasin dedicatedly for the tiny knickers the

girls wore.

For a week I suffered this silently. I was allowed no rest. As soon as I

returned to the prefecture, I stripped naked to my heelless balletic shoes and

began washing or ironing, or wiggling about fetching and carrying food and

drinks for the girls.

Between whiles I was made to stand around on my balletically beautiful legs for

my next demeaning instruction. All the prefects used me as their waitress,

skivvy, slave all but. I even had to clean the prefects' room, make their beds,

scrub out their showers and their lavatory bowls. And, at the end of each and

every day she was there, Sasha would order me to run her bath water, and have me

undress her and bathe her.

It was so humiliating and so exhausting. I had no time for myself, or my

studies. Furthermore, I was not exempted from my orders to keep fit, and must do

my runs and my swims and my aerobics, to keep my beautiful body beautiful. And

nor was I excluded from the requirement to be the bed companion of whoever might

choose me, or be chosen by lot to have me.

Every morning now, when back from my run and after my shower, I was to put on

school uniform and, thereafter, stand beside Sasha's bed till she might choose

to awake, and then help her bathe, and dress her.

Even after only a week of this blisteringly burdensome regime, my schoolwork had

got all but irretrievably behind. I had no time for myself, and such very little

time as I had left from chores, was finding me so exhausted that I was almost

falling asleep.

Another week of this drudgery and slavery went by in parallel with another week

of my extreme loneliness. And yet a third week of the same and the same.

It was in that third week that I met Me Si, the newly appointed gym, ballet and

deportment teacher.

Actually, that is not strictly true. I had ballet and deportment lessons three

times per week, but I was to meet Me Si, who took those lessons, in a particular

way during the second lesson in the third week of Sasha's regime.

Let me tell you now, that Me Si was every bit and a lot more besides, as pretty

as Geraldine had told me she was. She was not a petite pretty doll. She did not

have the face of an angel. She was not straight raven-haired with the biggest

brownest eyes you could die for, and a mouth with broad upper lip to kiss which

you could only sigh for. She was all of these combined. She was so pretty she

blew your mind. This little Korean doll was a dream come true. She was a vision

on earth.

Me Si was completely compellingly pretty. Me Si was on trial as a teacher. And

Me Si was failing her trial.

Some teachers have it and some do not. It is not as if St Catherine's Academy

was lax in that regard. Perhaps it was because there were too many strictures

and too much strictness, that emotional pubescent girls such as we were, needed

to find a safety valve through which to blow-off their pent-up spirit, their

fire and, let us be honest, the last vestiges of their childishness.

Silent attention was expected of us all in class. We were required to sit

upright in our chairs with out knees pressed together and with our hands on the

desk, and pay full attention to our lecturers.

That was why, in part that is, I was an outlet. I was allowed, as the School

Slag, to give full unfettered let to my spirit and my femininity. Dressed in my

hyper-high hemlined school uniform skirt, my unparalleled parallel legs could

talk for me as I wiggle-walked showing their incredible unquestionable wonder to

the world, all gracious curve and swerve and verve, the legs of a girl with the

strength of a woman, being horny and sexy on behalf of her classmates who were

comparatively repressed and suppressed by the system for the greater part.

Whilst their lovely breasts were contained reined-in and reigned over by the

copious confining cups of brassieres, mine were free as wild horses to balloon

my blouse and arouse as they floated and flowed, a part of me and so independent

also from me and from each other, like alike unlike twins, sharing their

identity and disputing their territory as they wobbled and waggled enticingly

spicily, kittens fighting under a bed-sheet as I juddered and joddered them

rhythmically behind my blouse with my dainty steps.

My luxuriant blonde hair now full flowed from my crown to my completely

captivating curved calves a curtain of gold rain let loose to pour in profuse

shimmering showering glimmering gold, decorously dropping down past and drowning

my derriere, to curl copiously at tail tip, multi-way swishing and swaying

silently sirenly as I swanly swept slide-gliding grace to the fore completely

made to adore.

At my every step my daring darling derriere swung from side to side with no

attempt to hide that she was girl and I girl to a T, and a tease, and to please,

and to praise, and to raise the horny in the dead, as my tiptoed tread swung my

bummy to entice and invite and excite, ire and desire and fire, and put the

whirl in any girl heeding my skirts undulated twitching switching swishing

swirl.

Despite that I was now a girl-woman newly ripped to ripeness by the cane's tip,

my face and my eyes told and tolled innocence: freckles to the fore, a mouth to

adore, tiny ears that would miss no wolf-whistle or "wow" as my angelic features

duly fascinated my fellow females, my light-blue lanterns the windows on my

sexual sexy soul as, forbidden the solo act, I must seduce and seek satiation in

satisfying, and satisfaction by seduction.

And new-woman-girl between my thriving heart-throb thighs was my prize openly

closed on parade as I made my way a maid made woman by whip, still a girl in her

tiptoed trip, smiling vertically between her legs,

tight-infolded-incurling-lipped, to be openly praised for being tight-closed,

and to have her pride pried-open and unfolded as prey in the night fight to take

her to delight at the demand, hot or cold, that she do as she be told and hand

her slot to be sucked and fucked like a slut's.

I was girl.

I was by now lonely girl. For so long could any girl withstand the loneliness of

longing to be able to talk to her fellow felines, and I had been forbidden to

speak without permission.

I had suffered physical punishment, but the forbidding of my talking without

licence so do to, was an emotional torture more formidable and crushing of my

spirit than even the swipe; smite; spite; strikes; of the cane on my soft smooth

gentle skin.

I tried to make up for the loss of companionship this forced upon me, by my

passion in bed, and by my actions in class, where my giggle was now the longest

and loudest, even though it was less genuine more forced planned and actressed

than its natural before.

I wanted: I longed to win friends I was becoming so very lonely.

I was bedded every single night and my body still surrendered to the pleasure it

both gave and received from the lovemaking it was created for by our goddess.

But loveless love was all I had. It was my relief. For the while I was being

passionately stroked I was in heaven, but how I longed for a meaningful kiss

rather than being used like a love-doll or a whore.

Even Geraldine, now she had overcome her shyness, just used me, and had me lick

her red-curl-haired lower lips without any compassion for me. And the new

head-girl, Sasha was a sadist. If Sasha had been able to match reality with her

stories and dress me in transparent plastic armour to make me a robotic slave,

or even to nail me to a pole by my tits, as per her other favourite story, I

swear that she would have done so.

As it was, I can only be grateful that reality put its limits on Sasha's

behaviour with me. As it was also, she thought nothing of taunting me

continuously for my low status as the School Slag, a status that had risen till

her appointment as head-girl and her consequent subsequent insistent lowering of

it and me with it.

For her love-making, Sasha would make me sit in a bath full of cold water for

hours from midnight till the early ticks and tocks of the morning when she

might, just might, choose to rape me by holding my head under the water by my

throat as she savaged my slit with my frozen body fighting and my leggy legs

kicking and flicking water in a halo of hello to hell as their luscious power

threshed up a shower with their helplessly hopelessly decoratively

pedal-kicking, like swan's wings but with greater grace and gorgeousness,

threshing and bicycling the air in fearsome fight at the fright and fear of my

drowning. Then she would order me to mop up the mess she considered that I alone

had made in her bathroom, using my soaking-wet hair as the only aid to my

slavery as she salivated over by servile succulence, or returned to her warm dry

bed leaving me shivering and quivering and goose-pimpled in my teeth chattering

deep chill.

On other occasions I would enter her bedroom naked as was my command to be now

at all times in the prefecture, only to find two fourteen-year-old girls from

the lower forms there, whom Sasha delighted in giving authority to beat me. To

my deep and everlasting shame, she would even hold me so they could slap my face

to my disgrace to make me cry, then she would sigh as they smacked and smacked

my bare bummy till I howled, disastrously degraded, with my horny honey

voraciously volcanoing lava from my insatiable love-hole.

To see me wiggling in my tiptoed shoes around the school with black-eyes and

facial bruises from being beaten-up at Sasha's command was now commonplace, as

was the consequent contempt in which the younger girls, who now knew they could

have me at their whim, only having to get a cursory nod from Sasha, held me in.

And yet I still longed for the love and respect of my fellow-girls and tried to

win them over by my misbehaviour in class, where my giggle was now the longest

and loudest, even though it was less genuine more forced planned and actressed

than its natural before.

Poor Miss Me Si: "Miss Sigh" as the girls who lusted after her called her. She

just could not keep discipline in her lessons. We girls, so repressed by the

strength and fearsome fire of the other teachers had early latched on to poor

Miss Me Si's shyness and girlish vulnerability.

It happened like this. I was practicing my deportment. I was in the school

uniform with white blouse twice bulged boldly out by my torpedoic gentle bosom

and my grey pleated skirt pleasingly hemmed at one-and a-half-inches below the

base of my bummy, my long golden fleece flouncing at my calves, as I wiggled a

straight white line, rotating my irresistible hips as my bummy hemispheres rose

and fell like bountiful bells, summoning the faithful to worship at my church

with its unalterable unutterably urging altar between the inspiring spires my

legs formed, wrapping rapidly across each other as I put one tiptoe-toed foot in

front, directly in front of the other, no affront to heaven as I essayed my

dainty step with a heavy book flat atop my head that I must balance head and

book and look solely forward a forward girl beyond word to worship as I weaved

my fragrantly flagrantly secret scented girl-musk secreting way to learn the

lesson of how a girl must walk her way to heaven by being unleavened heaven in

her walk.

My musk was strong in the warmth of the room, the gymnasium smelt my womanly

warmth with my having no knickers to hinder the rise of the spice from between my

thighs. I was washed and I was clean but my musk was serene and keen to

sensitive girls' noses aroused and with nostrils atwitch at my girl-sent

girl-scent.

I was wiggle walking the line with the grace of a ballet dancer or a geisha

having just taken my turn at the tiptoe table tennis that the sweaty Sasha and

Tania were enjoying and enduring. They were not as used to being tip-top-toed in

heelless balletic shoes as I, and to make them dash hither and yon in tiptoe

chase of the table-tennis ball at opposing ends of the table-tennis table, was

considered perfect introduction of their shapely legs to the strain and balance

constraints of ideal female deportment: it would get their legs fit to be fitted

with six and seven-inch stiletto heels, as the academy insisted these were the

very lowest heights of heel for a girl to wear to rise in business post school.

I saw nothing of the incident. I felt so sorry for Me Si when I heard the

kafuffle and turned to see that Sasha and Tania had sneaked up behind this poor

innocent new young teacher, reached up her skirt and pulled her knickers down to

her knees.

It was just a schoolgirl prank but its proportion was disproportionate to the

youthful shoots this poor girl, risen from poverty in Seoul via university in

the USA to the highest of highly acclaimed St Catherine's Academy for Girls, had

experienced of career ex Korea.

It dethroned her. She was lost in despair. She had had no control over the class

before and was now as degraded as she was depantied. With the gentle teasing tug

at each side of her pretty purple knickers to pull them down to her pretty knees,

Sasha and Tania had debagged poor Me Si and ended her lifelong longing to be a

teacher, by failing her, by falling her knickers to degrade her.

As Me Si struggled to pull her knickers back up, I could see that she was

fighting tears and the longing to run from the room. It was make or break for

her as she thought. She was broken as a teacher and would never teach again, but

as yet she thought she could save her day.

I was alone in not giggling. The girls laughed uproariously and pointed at the

poiseless svelte ballerina, failed as a dancer and now failed as a teacher, as

they mocked Me Si unmercifully whilst she struggled to restore her lost dignity

along with her lowered knickers.

"You, here now!" Me Si choking tears pointed my way commandingly.

I was innocent of taunting her with my giggle, but I felt so sorry for her that

I willingly obeyed, putting aside the book I bore on my head as part of my

deportment walking, to lend poor Me Si some of the authority that getting me to

do as she instructed would give her.

The rest of the class was silent now, not from newfound respect for Miss Me Si,

but from curiosity.

"Get on table undo blouse" Me Si ordered me and I obeyed her, lifting myself on

the table-tennis table with my extraordinarily erotic legs massive thighed as I

knelt astride the table-tennis net, undoing the buttons of my blouse as my

crowning glory dangled wildly widely down to the table top.

"I beat girl who make me trouble!" Me Si announced with tears almost audible in

her tremulous croaking voice.

I stopped unbuttoning my blouse at that announcement, realising that she had

singled me out even though I had neither said acted or reacted in any way to her

detriment.

But Me Si was not going to listen to any protest I might make as to my innocence

of her charge, as she came around behind me and pulled my opened blouse off my

tremendously stupefyingly stupendous titties, pulling my blouse down my arms so

that it trapped my arms helplessly as my bare titties swung like soundless

bells, the bells of a belle, the bells of a church, the bells above my altar, my

altar now squatted astride the table-tennis net.

My lovely firm soft bosom bells rose and fell and fell and rose with the rising

panic in my breathing as I watched with horror, as Miss Me Si took hold of one

of the table-tennis bats and without more ado slapped me extremely hard on my

right titty with all her dainty might.

And to my agony she began to beat bat my titties, thrashing them hard into my

chest or beating them upwards and downwards or acrosswards as I hollered with

the pain till she skilfully or accidentally or intentionally or unintentionally

sought and caught my nipples with swipes that caused them to recoil and regroup

and engorge gorgeously so that I was having my poor bare titties bells thrashed

and batted and battered from pillar to post and post to pillar with the heavy

bat slap slaps flattening my breasts viciously hard so my nipples were smacked

and smashed and their peaky points thrashed back from where and when they

appointed to point higher still. And as my titties were smacked to stretch out

upwards toward my chin, I screamed. My titty bells were slapped, alternatingly,

up violently hard to teach me to be good: to be a good girl. I was being taught

by having my breasts brutally battered. My eyes closed as my slot began to seep

as I was degraded before the class by the fury of this lass who had lost her

dignity and now more completely her temper as she wildly slapped my poor breasts

as hard as she could to take out on my divine body her frustration, only to

leave me frustrated as her victim violated had her bare breasts slapped upwards

alternately gasping with the shock of the slap of the battering bat on her bare

flesh and at the coincidental incidence of internal egress of eve's eden I was

excreting excitingly excitedly, and my ever shocking to me surrender to being

paddled pummelled and punished till she was exhausted and I was distinctly

unextinguished with my distended nipples athrob pulsing like neon lights

Me Si dropped her bat and my titty spanking was over. She dropped her bat and

ran out of the class and was never seen again as I struggled to hide my arousal

from my pain and pull my blouse over my brutally bruised and abused titties once

again.

………………

And as I fought to replace my clothing, my degradation was complete as the

mockery of the class turned from the departing teacher, Miss Me Si, to giggle

and point at me, as I shuffled to get myself off the table of my torture, with

one pretty hand holding my still unbuttoned blouse as closed as it could be over

the over-ample samples of supreme femininity that adorned my chest and were

still spilling out of my unbuttons as I squeezed their soft fullness together by

the action of my gathering my blouse as shut as one lovely little hand could

manage.

My bosom bells swung and hung as I had to let go my grip on my unbuttoned blouse

to get myself to ground on my tiptoed toes. I held up my pretty face proudly,

but inside I was as battered and bruised as my breasts were batted and beaten. I

was girl mind and body and the interconnectivity of my body betrayed me, as my

nipples told of the pulsing of my clit within my slit and, shockingly, this only

increased as I was mocked.

I did not want this to show. I did not want them to know. I hung my head in

shame and gave a little girly fart to punctuate my state, as I blushed rose red

whilst I put my breasts back within the light confines of my white shirt and

buttoned my thus proudly belled-out swelled-out blouse to the slow handclap of

my teasing tormentors.

"We can smell your honey! We can smell your honey! my classmates, led by

Nulinda, chanted, as they pointed at and mocked me whilst the truth of what they

chorused oozed from my love-lips.

Is it any wonder that I decided to run away from school?

Okay, so I was seventeen now and not some prima donnas fourteen-year-old. You

can say that I was old enough to know better and that I was being childish and

that I should have taken my punishment like a girl.

You would be right on all counts of course. But my state of mind was driven by

my loneliness. I needed the love and companionship of my fellow girls, and being

enforcedly silent unless allowed to speak, and so rarely allowed to talk in

fact, I had thrived and fed on unreason to the extent that I was prepared to be

extreme.

I had made up my mind to run away and run away I would.

Even to run away needed some thinking though. My morning runs took me, on trust,

out of school bounds, but that was hardly the best time to make an escape

dressed only in my running gear.

At least my morning runs gave me a sight of the city that now encroached upon

the historically isolated academy. I could not run away in my running gear. How

long would I last dressed only thus, before the chill of the October weather got

to me?

Yet, if not my running gear, all I had to wear was school uniform. Dare I steal

some knickers so that I could keep my honeypot warm?

No: I did not want to be a thief. I had only had one pair of knickers of my own

at the school: the disgustingly sweaty-making nylon ones I could no longer bear

to wear and had thrown away. I had access to the knickers worn by the prefects

and head-girl, since I had to hand-wash them all, but I was not going to be a

thief and steal a pair.

It was a week after my breasts had been pummelled to punish me for something in

which I had no involvement or blame. It was coming up to the time when the

diaries the head-girl had handed out to her prefects, would be examined for the

marks out of ten I had attained, for anything less than ten-out-of-ten in the

averaging of which, I would be whipped.

Is it any wonder I ran away from school?

It was easier than I imagined for me to walk out. I had on full school uniform,

white blouse, grey miniskirt just one-and-a-half-inches below my nude shaven

cock-pit, black suspenders, black fishnet stockings, black heelless pirouette

shoes, the candy-striped crimson and canary-yellow jacket, my crimson and canary

yellow slant-striped necktie, and my canary-yellow beret.

It was ten in the morning. I had been excused from class to go to the bathroom,

where I had hidden my jacket and beret in readiness, and now simply

tiptoe-wiggle-walked my way out of a side-gate at the academy.

I suppose if I was seen, it was assumed I had had permission to visit a doctor

or dentist in the town. Certainly, despite the high tension tingling of my

nerves in expectation, I was not challenged as I graced my heaven sent heavenly

scented heavenly centred way toward the city.

As I wiggled along, lost in thought and misery: "Allo darlin' you come out to

play den?" called a rough tough looking girl down from up her ladder where she

was cleaning office windows.

I was, as ever, only too pleased to be pleasing, and blushed as this girl called

after the swinging and swaying bummy of the passing me: "You're a fuckin'

cracker you are darlin'!!"

I raised my lovely golden haloed head to hello the world with pride in my beauty

as this crude call pleased my between-thigh's brain and sparkled my enchanting

electric-blue eyes. But the autumn chill was entering my bones, chilling my

exposed bare thigh where my stocking tops stopped and my skirt hem was still

some miles above, and I must needs find some warmth and shelter.

The shopping mall was open, and its humid heat hit me welcomingly as I circled,

heaven on luscious legs, within its revolving door and entered its heart.

Having nowhere in particular to go, such was my inadequacy as a planner, I made

for the escalator in order to be able to see around me as I rode up to the next

floor, without flaw in my fulsome femininity.

I had turned a little-lot to look up-down behind me at what was on the lower

floor as I rode a floor and arose, a rose in the world to adore. I was half

up-down the escalators rise-ride and was turned, ignorant of my innocent

display, as my honeypot smiled beneath my hem-high, hiding nought of my naughty

naughty, spied and espied especially full-freely by a group of three girls below

looking up from below, and easily up my skimpy skirt.

Of course I should have realised the view from below as I stood tiptoe

curve-legged supreme, a dream to be seen, my simply sumptuous bummy dimple-sided

from my tiptop-tiptoe stance hollowing my clinging mini-skirt, and my shining

shaven purse-lipped-purse proudly patently impertinently proffered as proof

positive of the pulchritudinous prize between my slightly parted thighs that

proved beyond doubt that I was a girl.

A cheer from the three bellowing schoolgirls below helloing me, all girls from

the local school, low calling with a lowing call after my 'canny cunny' as they

would call it, told me of my forgotten under-skirt nudity.

The sight of my naked love-lips, lingeringly luscious tight infolded incurving

virtually virginal though violently deflowered so recently, had made the day of

these fifteen-year-olds 'wagging-off' school. Here was a new girl for them to

feel if they could reel her, me that is, in. There was no debate that I was

become theirs to fish for, and their wolf-whistles were their fishing lines to

reel me in and net me for real, for a feel if they could seal the deal.

I was innocent and ignorant of their desires as I reached the top of the

escalator and slowed my walk to let them catch me up. They were of my

generation. I was two-years older than they, but they represented people of my

age more-or-less, that I could talk to and thus end my loneliness.

At the top of the escalator, a charming mid-twenties housewifely girl came over

to me first. She had been more immediately below me as we had ridden up the

moving staircase: "De yer ken yer nay got yer knickers lassie?" she asked me

rhetorically, in a strongly Scottish-accented stage whisper, having first

beckoned me to one side.

I blushed as I curtsied to her and lied, saying I had not realised I had none

on.

"Sure, it happens to us all somewhile" she conspiratorially sympathised.

"Aye, but it was a brau view! Fair made my dee yer southern smile did yer ken!!"

she grinned knowingly over her shoulder as she went on her way having winked at

me to praise my horny honeyness and dangerous desirability, centred on my

sensationally sensuously scented crack, the crack she had coveted as it grinned

at her from betwixt my bewitching legs as we rose toward heaven together, with

the doors to the heaven she so wanted to enter between, between my rising riding

high hiding, high thighs.

"Yer nay from the acad are yer?" came a fifteen-year-old's voice from behind me

next.

I recognised a completely limp opening introduction, to worsen which would have

been impossible. But, in full uniform obvious of St Catherine's Academy for

Girls, plus the additional provocations of suspenders and black fishnet

stockings, I turned and smiled sweetly at my would-be and wished for by me,

companions.

"Yes" was my only response, as the three younger girls, absent-without-leave

from their school also, caught up with and gathered around me.

"Sure she's bastard Anglish! Tell her to fack off back a ware she kem." said one

of the three lagging a little behind the rest of the 'fishing party' I had not

yet realised were out to hook me, and who themselves were yet to turn full

huntress even though they were bowled over by my simply stupendous sexiness.

My one word in an English accent, and a southern English accent at that, had

been picked up on by the third local Scot's schoolgirl with her curly red hair

wildly soft and fresh and frisky and unkempt framing a ghostly-white gorgeous

face with green eyes ashine divine.

"Wanna drenk?" the girl who had first called after me asked, ignoring the

protest of the redhead.

"Yes please" I answered, realising I had no money.

These girls, even the reluctant one, now gathered around me and we walked over

to an open-air, save enclosed in the mall, 'open-air mock' café, where the

leading girl held a seat for me, to put under me as I sat.

This charming disarming obeisance in obedience to my overwhelming girlness won

my rosebush blush of pride as my head shook aside the curtain of certain gold

that rolled from my crown, and I smiled up a bewitching irresistible natural

generous-mouth-lips-pouting-proud come-on-and-kiss-me-it's-what-I-was-made-for

'thank you' for the recognition of my fascinating femininity this little act and

big fact bestowed, showed.

As the girl strangers looked at me, them to me strangers too, I felt no danger

in using my pretty hands to part the heavenly way through my heavy wave of hair,

so my winning stunning freckled features, and sunny innocent smile, shone fully

openly, as my hair flowed behind the back of my chair to curl a train of

glistening glistering gilt without guilt on the ground I hallowed and holied

with my me.

My micro-miniskirt was ridden up full filled and fulfilled by my bumptious

bummy. I felt the cool clamminess of the plastic chair on my hairless peerless

unpantied fully depilated slit, as my skirt hem had disappeared from my rear

when I lowered my body to seat. And so I crossed a monumentally magnificent

thigh high over its magnetic twin, and my black fishnet stocking top was less

top-stretched, by my exposed black suspender's suspender relaxing its grip and

revealing more of my sensitive sensual sinfully soft smooth crème de la crème

complexioned curvaceous bare thigh skin.

I was a little nervous, and my breathing heaved my handsome uncontained

unconstrained straining bosom, opening and closing my school uniform jacket a

little to indicate the way to the valley twixt my mountains with their

unsettling petal-pink Everest's peaks.

I was full fresh flesh and blood, thriving and throbbing, breathing speaking and

seeing, talking walking and hearing, animated and alive, unbelievably

constituted in a condition known on this side of heaven at least, surely

surprisingly, merely as 'girl'.

A bottle of chilled spring water was put at my right hand. I made no move. The

girls were all sitting around me. I made no move. Then one of them stood and

opened my bottle, and I thanked her for her observant service to my alarmingly

disarming girly girl charm.

"Ye're knock-dead gorgeous yer ken!" I had immediately become the conversation.

I had hoped to converse about girly matters, but I had become the conversation.

"Thank you" I smiled, blushing the while, genuinely pleased at the uninvited

compliment.

My startling light-blue eyes flicked from side to side, and I sought to hide

that I had wanted to hear, and not hear, this said, by taking a dainty

self-conscious sip of my water straight from the plastic bottle.

The girls were silent too as they looked at the shine diamonded on my succulent

lower lip by the water, but I felt their eyes running all over me and loving

what they saw.

"Eh what's the use eh? We wanna drenk yer pretty winey."

"Excuse me?" I asked, ignorant of what the leading girl was asking of me, it

being disguised from my understanding behind her strong local accent.

This seemed to put her off asking again. I smiled to show I was just not

understanding, not just saying 'no'.

"I'm sorry. I was not being rude I promise you!" I sincered gorgeously with my

full-on full-open full-blue full-shining eyes, and the lightest furrows in my

unlined lightly slightly freckled brow.

"We wanna drenk yer pretty winey: yer 'wee-wee'. Ye're so feckin gorgeous, yer

pess, yer 'wee-wee', can only be as gorgeous as yer are sweetheart" she

whispered only as loudly as I and her two friends could hear.

I had been taking a sip of my drink as she said this. I suddenly gulped on my

drink and spluttered in shock, and put a shapely pretty fingered gentle hand to

my mouth and nose, so as not to spill from my heavenly lips any drips of the sip

of water.

I managed to swallow, and to hide my surprise by lowering my eyes. These young

girls wanted, really wanted what they wanted. They clearly fully appreciated

girl and wanted to savour her, that is, my wine.

I felt a little moistness between my incredible legs at this homage to my

supreme girlness.

I looked at the leading girl of the three, their spokesgirl, astonished at her

boldness.

My eyes swung wide each side wildly in my head as I though about what they were

asking for, and blushed with humility that they should wish to worship me so.

I quickly assessed the look in the eyes of the two other girls. They had maybe

not had fully in thought what their self-appointed leader had in mind, at least

not before, but they clearly had now.

"Ye're incredible yer know thet. You need a dammed gud feckin. Aye yer had it up

yer? I min a mon. Aye yer had a mon up yer?"

I shook my gorgeous golden hair. No man had ever had me.

"Yer dunna nid a mon up yer. Ye're a lass' lass yer ken. Ah bit yer nivver hed a

lass in yer neether".

My shy interrogative look and profuse suffuse red blush immediately told my

questioner that I was no innocent of other girls.

"Hell. Who'da belived it eh!" my gentle teasing tormentress increduled,

laughing.

"We're gonna tek yer in the a hidey-hole and drenk yer pretty pee. We wanna

drenk yer lovely wee-wee. We wan yer te gi us yer gelden winey straight from yer

cunny."

I gulped on my drink knowing now that it was the intended prelude to the

interlude these lasses longed for.

They wanted to drink my wine. And why should they not? Miss Pringle had had me

farmed for my pee when I had undergone the doggy bitch bondage at her home. I

was girl and a girl's pee is the most copiously produced and most often expelled

essence of her intimate femininity. A girl's wine can be consumed in

separateness from her. It is a means of taking her within one.

"Okay" I said, blushing yet once more and yet more deeply with my gilded head

lovingly lowered.

The glory of a girl's wine is proportionate with the incredibleness of her

beauty. These girls saw in me a carafe containing supreme silken smooth

savourable softness.

As 'Vin Femme' recorded in its January 2000 (centenary) issue :

"A mid to late teenage girl produces a young wine of course, but there need be

nothing tentative about its fulsomeness. It will be fruity and fecund proud and

impertinent. It will cheek the pallet but yet be faithful and not cheap or a

cheat.

It will have the body of non-citrus fruit; full mellifluous and flowing in its

high notes like a loving violin, rather than sorrowing like a viola. Its

youthfulness will ensure it will never be unseasonably sharp. Even lack of

fermentation does not detract from the fervent full favour of its flavour.

The girl who drinks only fresh spring-water will produce the finest wine. A

purely vegetarian diet will assure and ensure the fullest fruitsome body.

Recent exercise will give it a tang and a scampering simpering tendency to a

pleasing ochre, assuring an assertive aftertaste and a bon vivant nose to

delight in. A lingering fragrant bouquet is to be expected and indeed savoured.

Recent exercise will also assure minimal salt and enwrap its peaceful but

boastful forcefulness in the sweetness ensured from a lusting body, and thus

charge it with powerful piquancy.

It is a perfect little wine, with a bossy substantiality and quiet assertiveness

ranging to proud presumptuousness, commanding the sensitive pallet and

commending the taste buds.

It will usually kiss the lips shyly; but it can be a tease. Where so, it is

often pert and frolicsome in its teasingness. Furthermore, it can be challenging

in its demand to please.

Rarely, but rewardingly, it can also be a little taut, or deploy a bucolic

innocence.

Particularly rewarding if rolled over the tongue like the smoothest cognac, it

can, alternatively, be mulled. It should otherwise be swallowed like the finest

oysters straight from the fount, whence it will slide down the eager throat

anointing the tonsils with the slither of its silken smoothness.

Like all young girls' white wine, it can be as well favoured chilled. But the

hot direct torrential spring of a girl in her spring has heaven in its favour

and pulsating power in its flavour. The white wine of a mid to late teenage

girl, particularly the pure lesbian variety, and even more so that of the

lesbian virgin, is definitely a wine to savour!"

"It's up te yer noo. We wanna drenk yer pretty pee if ye'll letus"

"Cen yer held it atween pees. I min cen yer pee in three lots so as we can all

git a drenk o yer geld winey like?"

I blushed as I nodded assent to ability at bladder control.

The leader of the three came around the table and held the back of my chair to

let me rise.

"I'll shew yer where yer can share yer wee-wee we us" she smiled.

"Yer jest so feckin gorgeous we gotta drenk ye" she said by way of explanation

as I rose a blushing rose from my seat, the temporary throne of my princessdom.

I wiggled tiptoe-tip-topped ahead to a hidden run-down area of the mall where

the shop windows were boarded-over and labelled with "To Let" signs. One of them

had a door obviously a little ajar.

Looking around to see and assure we had not been spotted, my pretty little hand

was gently taken and I was led within the abandoned shop to stand with my back,

shoulder-blades to the back wall, and my pubic area thus thrust a little out,

and the first girl knelt down between my parted legs, my skirt hem lifted off my

majesty, and cupped her mouth over my slot with her hot tongue out long and

concaved like a spoon, ready to catch any stray drops I dripped.

I was surprised at the speed with which I was able to deliver as I pissed spurts

into her eager mouth. And, as she gulped my precious gold, she shook her pretty

hands rotating them at her wrists and flexing her fingers held aloft to tell her

friends just how glorious my wee-wee was.

After I had peed into her what I felt to be a third of my store, she rose and

sang my praises out loud: "Oh god thet's gid. Yer nivver tassted the like. It's

perfict. Ye'll nivver tasst anythin' as gid as thet no mitter ha long yer live.

It's like feckin peaches. Oh god it's so sweet. Like peaches I tell yer. She's

Anglish, feck her, bit she knows howter still her feckin' winey. She musta lived

on fruit al her lif. It's like yer nivver new it ced be. It's so feckin fruity.

Ye'll feckin cum drinkin' it I feckin tell yer! It's like peaches! It's no

feckin' pee thet; it's feckin peaches! Oh god if I hed nay med a deal with yers

I'd drenk it all mesell. I ain't nivver tassted nothing like it. It's like

peaches I tell yer. She's a feckin peach and she pisses feckin peaches."

A second eager mouth was drinking my second pouring of fresh pee.

"Dunna let a drop go yer bitch or I'll feckin' kill ye" the first girl joked to

her eagerly slurping companion.

Then the third girl took her turn of my emptying bladder.

As this girl, the redhead she, arose from kneeling between my handsome thighs

licking stray droplets from her eager lips, I looked winsomely at the first

girl.

"I think I have a drop more to come if you'd like it" I smiled.

"Are yer feckin' kiddin' 'if I'd feckin' like it'? Yer gotta be the sweetest I

ivver tassted. Ye're a feckin honey and yer piss peaches yer dee"

As she knelt between my lovely legs I summoned the last drops from my bladder

and her eager tongue licked the moistness from me as my peeing concluded.

"Ah feckin' hell, I'll nivver tasst winey like thit agin in my whole lif:

nivver!! I ain't gonna drink anythin' like thet ivver agin. Oh god you piss

feckin' peaches. Jest te think we mighta lit yer go on without tasstin yer

pretty piss."

I pulled the hem of my skirt the not-very-far-down my thighs that it would and

would not go. Two of the girls took my dainty little hands and kissed them to

thank me for letting them drink my piss.

We all meandered out from the boarded-up shop back into the busy mall.

"Where yer ef te now then yer stunnin' gorgeous wee lassie eh?" asked the first

girl as if I must have had a destination before I had met them.

I had hoped to stay with them. I was desperate for companionship. I knew that

they too should have been at school. I had to let them think I had a purpose in

my being out of school.

"I was going to the train station actually" I lied to keep up appearance of

apparent purpose.

"Thet's a rough part o' toon. The lassies there'll pinch yer pretty wee botty if

yer ne be so careful"

I blushed at this care for my welfare and at shame that I had lied and could not

get myself to simply say 'please can I stay with you?' as I so longed to do. I

even hoped they might just say they would come with me to the station. But they

seemed to have some plan I was not going to be told of, let alone let in upon.

"Yer aff to the station and yer nay get any grips? Yer know: bags an' cases an'

that?" the bold girl queried.

"Oh. No. I mean, I don't need my suitcases. I'm…….. I'm, I'm meeting someone

there actually." I lied yet once more again.

"Who's the lucky lassie? Yer get a gelly whose kissin' yer and drenkin yer winey

then"

I blushed deep rose red at this enquiry into whether I had a steady girlfriend.

"No!…….. I mean yes!…….. But I'm meeting my mummy actually. At the station I

mean."

I had now completely white-lied my way into a departure from these girls.

As they went their way, and I my lonely mine, their leader called over: "Hey!

And when yer see yer gellfriend tell her from me she's a feckin lucky lassie to

hey a feckin dream like yer for her gel. Look after yesin you gorgeous gelly.

Watch yon lassies at the station don't pinch yer pretty wee botty now! Just yer

look after yesin angel!"

I tried to wiggle-walk with dignity and purpose, as if I had destiny. I had been

out of school for two hours or was it three by now. I had run away from school

and had nowhere to run to, let alone hide.

I wiggled my enticing exciting inviting way to the train station. I might as

well. I had said I was going there. Perhaps the girls I had met would recall

that fact. Perhaps they already had. Perhaps the wonder of my wine would cause

then to come and find me so they could taste some more of my piss in due time.

Because, I suppose, because of its familiarity, I made my way to platform three

where trains from my home town usually pulled in. I had no money and no spare

clothes. I could go nowhere.

As I stood on the platform angelic delight to the sight, on the site of my

arrival at the school just over a year since, a large middle-aged woman slowly

sidled up close to me.

"You're wasting your time and mine, waiting for your girlfriend honey"

I tried to ignore her.

"Well, it ain't a boyfriend is it?" she continued, "You're from the academy.

That's the St Catherine's uniform you've nearly got on your sexy little body.

They're all lessies at the academy. They've got lesbianism top of the curriculum

I hear told."

"Please go away" I entreated with my sweetest winning smile.

"What you need is a real woman!" she insisted, evidently offering her, in her

mind, indispensable services.

I wiggled a little further along the platform and looked with flawless gorgeous

wrinkled brow into the distant, even holding a lovely hand, salute-like, over my

eyes to shelter them and see further toward the nothing in fact I was looking

at, as if there were someone I would soon spot that I was waiting for.

"What you need is a damned good spanking", my unwanted companion, who had

followed me, averred.

"I'd make you squeal. Bet you squeal like a stuck piglet when you cum."

"Please leave me alone!" I begged almost bursting into tears.

"Stuck up little bitch! I'd slap your bum if I were your headmistress!"

Then a hand, not her hand, but another woman's hand went up my rear skirt hem

and pinched my bare bummy's taut right cheeky cheek as hard as it could, and I

yelped and leapt with the shock and surprise at the invasion of my privacy and

the cruel pinch that had bruised me.

Tears smarted in the corners of my eyes, as the two women, my taunter and my

tormentor, laughed at my sexy little-girl's squeak and leap of sharp shock and

sudden surprise at having her bare bum painfully pinched.

"That got her Gladys" mocked my original goader.

"She ain't got no knickers on neither" Gladys crowed in surprise to my original

tormentor.

"Fucking dirty little slut! You ain't kidding me are you Glad?"

"No kiddin': no knickers and 'er in a skirt as short as that. She deserves what

she gets if you ask me"

"So we better had give it to her then, eh Glad!?"

"On the count of three we grabs 'er and gives 'er the old what-for eh? She's

fuckin' asking for it anyway, the dirty little cat!!"

They each grasped tight hold of one of my sweet little hands and smiled at me,

to make it look to any closed-circuit security cameras that what was going on

was from willing friendliness, but intending in fact to rip my arms up my back

if I resisted their taking me somewhere to feel me.

They were going to drag me away and feel and caress me. They wanted to feel my

youth. They could see how flawless my body was, and how incredible shapely I

was. They intended to run their hands endlessly over every single part of me,

turn by turn, to enjoy my youthful rigour and vigour, to feel and caress my

smoothness, and assure themselves that the delight their eyes saw, indeed in

reality had three warm pulsing pulsating dimensions and all of them beyond

delightful.

"……one!….... two…… they began to count up to their intended taking of me to

where they could caress me. I looked around wildly and desperately. I could not

run in my tiptoe shoes and they knew it. It was part of their foreplay to tease

and frighten their intended victim and I was frightened, very frightened. I

spotted that a third and fourth woman waiting to grab me if I escaped the first

two. I was being lined up for a group-feel. These women, complete evil strangers

to me, intended to take turns to run their hands all over my silk smooth, milk

smooth, taut tight young girl's body, stripping me naked even, of that I had not

the slightest doubt.

A train began to pull in and I was never so pleased, in my young life, to see

doors opening and strangers alighting as I knew I was being lined up to be

stroked had the two tormenting women had their full way.

They had to let go my hands and only one now held just my dainty fingers, and

those more gently, hoping to still grab me to strip and feel me, once these

passengers, and potential saviours of me, had dispersed.

Then I spied mummy getting of the train.

I had no reason at all to know she would be there. I knew not why she should be

in Scotland. But it was mummy getting off the train. It really was mummy getting

of the train.

"Mummy!!" I screamed, and the two women let full go of me with muttered vile

oaths questioning whether I was worth caressing in any case, and suggesting how

I had best earn my living, as I totty-trotted in my tiptoe heelless shoes,

heedless of the damnation and hatred I had heaped upon mummy in my mind after my

caning, toward my mummy whose loving arms soon held me and squeezed me in warmth

and tenderness.

"Melody! Sweetheart!? What ARE you doing here!? Why aren't you at school?" mummy

gasped in her total surprise.

Mummy hugged me and in her sweet clumsiness caught up the rear hem of my skirt

and held it around my waist so I was showing my super-smooth perfectly-soft

flawlessly supremely creamy dreamy complexioned deep-dimple-sided firm young

bottom, with a fresh sweet bruise where I had just been cheekily pinched on my

right cheek, completely, demandingly, commandingly bare, to my would-be

caressers.

I knew what I was showing and they were seeing. And, safe in mummy's protection

and comforting arms as I now was, I turned and smiled shyly at them as they

looked helplessly at the heaven they had just missed feeling.

Then, out of mummy's embrace, as I wiggled by them, holding mummy's hand my

glorious gold hair flicking my incredible calves when I swung my hips, it was

abundantly clear that my would-be ravishers were entirely right: I not only

deserved, but also decidedly needed, a damned good spanking.

Chapter 22 – Closure

For dating inappropriately, I had been given 'six-of-the-best' with the cane on

my bare bummy. You can therefore surely imagine the fear that gripped my belly

when I realised it was inevitable I would have to go back to the academy: back,

that is, after running away from that very school that very morning earlier.

Mummy had met me at the station. It was completely unplanned. She had come up to

Scotland for a business meeting I had no foreknowledge she was due to attend.

Coincidence. I had been a temporary refugee from the bullying I was experiencing

from Sasha. I had gone to the train station because it, or at least platform

three on it, was familiar to me. It was where I had first arrived to enter St

Catherine's, and the location I had hitherto associated with the happiness of

going home to London. Such happiness compared with once more having to face

Sasha!

Mummy was so annoyed when she learned I had run away from school. She was

furious! She told me, in no uncertain terms, that I would thoroughly deserve it

if I were to be caned again when Miss Pringle found out, and that she, mummy,

had half a mind to cane me herself. I had never ever known mummy so angry.

Of course I tried to explain. We went over to one of the seats on the platform,

she was pulling on my hand so hard to drag me over to it, that I almost tumbled

over, being only just balanced on my tip-top tiptoes as I was in my balletic

shoes.

She made me stand. She sat down and put her briefcase and overnight baggage

under the seat whilst she held both my pretty hands by my fingertips in hers,

with me standing, as if by making me stand on my lovely legs on the tips of my

toes in my tiptoeing shoes would make me give more honest answers.

"I want the truth from you young lady: do you understand? How could you run away

from St Catherine's? What possible justification could any girl have for running

away from an institution recognised world-wide to be of the very highest

academic standing and with an impeccable record for post-school attainment among

its former pupils. And how could you, Melody, how could you in particular run

away when you are doing so incredibly well there?!"

Mummy was going on and on and giving me no chance to answer. Indeed, everything

she said by way of composing her interrogation of me, was pre-loaded with the

assumption I was in the wrong.

But the more she went on at me, the more determined I became to tell her the

absolute and total truth about how I had been forced to become the School Slag

at St Catherine's and fully and totally what being the School Slag meant and had

particularly meant for me.

And when, at oh so long last, when she let me get a word in edgeways, I gave her

the unvarnished truth, even down to the fine details of how I was treated, and

how girls were allowed to sleep with me. I even told her about how I had to keep

my naughty shaved nude, and how I wore a ring on my finger with a snake depicted

upon it; the 'S' the snake formed, being 'S' for 'Slag'.

There was silence from mummy as she listened to me. I had had to talk quietly of

course, because we were in a public place with trains pulling in and out and

would-be passengers and now-be ex-passengers scurrying hither and yon around us.

"Is that the truth? Is what you have just told me the whole and unvarnished

truth darling? Mummy asked at long last, after a pause in which I was pretty

sure the shock of what I had told her had finally gone right deep down wholly

home in her mind.

"Yes mummy. I'm afraid it is" I answered, with pretty tears of relief almost

starting, that mummy had listened and believed me and could see that my running

away from school in face of all I had had to endure, was long since past

justified.

I watched her think it over. I urged a bright gold stray short strand of my

down-to-the-back-of-my-shapely-calves-length hair off my lovely freckle-dappled

cheek, by blowing a sweet scented zephyr with my ruby lips puckered as if to

kiss, and oh that a prospective kiss from me should be so wasted! Someone should

have been arrested and imprisoned for life for having let my kiss go!

I shifted my 120 pounds of pure girl from being majored on one supremely shapely

leg, to my other and equally surdreamly shapely leg, smiling sadly at mummy,

awaiting the outcome of my appeal to her reason, even as I stood a wet-dream in

full season.

Then, as my sweet heart, the sweet heart of a sweetheart, sweetly pounded, mummy

at long last asked quietly and calmly: "If you have been telling me the truth

darling, then where is the ring?"

In instinctive reflex, I looked at my wedding ring finger, knowing I would see

nothing on it. There was no ring.

Of course there was no ring. I had not wanted to be arrested for theft. I was

not going to run away from the academy wearing a five-hundred-year-old solid

gold ring worth, goodness knows, probably squillions! I had left it in my desk

in the classroom I had been in before I had made my way out of the school. I was

pretty sure it would be found. I was not going to wiggle off school premises,

intentionally forever, with a guaranteed gaol sentence around my dainty finger.

"You've been lying to me young lady, haven't you?" mummy challenged in an

audible whisper of resigned frustration.

For support of my case, I looked desperately exasperatedly around at the

passengers, who had been attracted to the extremely attractive micro-miniskirted

schoolgirl with the gorgeous figure, lovely long hair, and amazingly shapely

legs, who was evidently lost in a significant private discussion with her

mother.

They, the passers-by, were pretending not to be trying to hear what was being

said even whilst their ears fought to pick up the odd words among the overriding

overwhelming noise in the station, and their brains to subsequently assemble

what was overheard in sense and context.

"If you haven't been lying to me Melody, then where is the ring?" mummy enquired

gently, with a hint of despair for me in her tone of voice.

"I left it at the academy so they would not think I had stolen it." I answered,

completely truthfully.

"You left it at the academy" mummy whispered, not really making a question from

how she intoned what she said, but beginning to make it sound, yet once more, as

if she did not believe me.

"Yes mummy" I answered, with all the sincere honesty I was capable of, telling

the absolute truth as I did so.

"How very convenient", mummy sighed.

"Mummy please. What do you mean?" I begged, as even more girls and women

gathered around mother and daughter, mummy and me, clearly having a mounting

toward major falling out.

"How am I to believe you Melody? The one concrete item of proof that your

fantasy, for that is what all that……. that complete and utter rubbish you were

rambling on and on about just now amounts to……..For goodness sake, you are

seventeen now! How can…….How could……….Why would ……..Just how could you for one

second expect me to believe……..You are such a dreamer…………!"

And at that mummy caught tighter hold of my hands, then my left elbow, and

dragged me from standing on my lovely legs, till she had me across her knee with

my rear proudly prominent in the air.

"Mummy!" I pleaded, just before mummy slid my micro-miniskirt the infinitesimal

distance it needed to be slid to be slid right off my deep-dimple-sided

firm-soft bare bummy, and began smacking my bare bummy as hard as she could.

"Mummy!" "Mummy!" "Mummy!" "Mummy!" I squealed as she swatted my bummy-bare with

echoing slap after ricocheting slap, time after time, with all the fury of an

outraged parent finding her daughter out as a fantasist and a liar.

Mummy slapped both my smackybumps as hard as she could over and over and over

till I was howling with the pain, helplessly kicking my lovely legs, and my poor

bummy was red as rage, and tears rolled down my lovely freckled innocent face,

as the women and girls gathered around us, cheered mummy on to smack my

delicious bare bummy harder and harder more.

"These young girls these days, they have no respect", I heard opined as my

posterior was being profoundly soundly pounded whilst I squawked and wailed with

the pain and the degradation.

"Serve's the little madam right for being so cheeky!" said another woman,

obviously oblivious to the apt description of the perfect pert beauty of my

rear-end, that her damnation of me contained by way of double-entendre.

Mummy's forceful slaps rebounded the resilient compound of my deliciously

delightful derriere as she slapped my soft gentle skin turning it and me thus,

as red at my rear as I fear were the cheeks of my face, as tears streamed from

my eyes from the indignity and the injustice and the genuine pain of being so

harshly publicly spanked.

Mummy slapped and slapped and slapped my naughty little bottom, that wicked part

of my amour-arousing anatomy that did so much to entice and excite and invite

and invoke and provoke the other girls as it wiggled and undulated and swayed

and swung more naturally than nature, as I merely deigned to wiggle-walk.

Mummy slapped my bummy harder and harder, till she had given me the rosy cheeks

that are legendarily the delights of the English rose, though more usually the

metaphor applies only to the cheeks of her lovely face, and not, as in my clear

case now, to a fourfold delight, glowing with flushed innocent loveliness fore

and aft, with appealing apple red flush in cheery cherry red face cheeks (were I

not sobbing my heart out) and my cheeky nether cheeks too.

It, my public humiliation, the total degradation of having my bare pretty bummy

repeatedly smacked in public on the platform of a busy railway station, only

stopped when a police-girl came up to see what was going on, why a cheering

jeering crowd had gathered: and ordered mummy to take me somewhere private if

she wanted to continue to smack my bottom, as she had no doubt I thoroughly

deserved.

At this, mummy let me rise from her knee. She then grasped both her bags from

under the platform seat in one hand, and my lovely right hand in her other, and

dragged me, me with my skirt still pulled up, its hem caught in my waist belt,

my skirt still pulled up off my ruby red rosy beaten bottom, which reverberated

with my every sexy tiptoed step, my every sexy tiptoed step posing my exposed

deep-dimple-sided smacky-smacked, flame-red naughty-girl's

radiantly-red-reddened punished bummy, as she dragged me out of the station to a

cab rank to the endlessly echoing cheers and jeers and wolf-whistles of the

girls and women who had watched my bum being spanked on the station platform.

"St Catherine's Academy for Girls, please driver" mummy instructed the redheaded

girl driving the taxi, as I sat and sobbed with pain and injured pride beside

mummy on the red leather of the rear seat, my red seat seated on an equally red

seat.

……………

It had hurt like nothing had ever hurt before. I don't mean the indignity of my

being spanked on the platform of the train station now.

"Are you alright sweetheart: you were looking very pale just now?"

This was from a slightly older girl, perhaps nineteen or twenty, as she sat

opposite me on the train. She was a brunette with gorgeous soulful brown eyes

that poured forth gentle kindness and obvious attraction to my charms.

She was lovely. Her face conveyed precisely her character. She was as beautiful

within as without, and she was therefore twofoldly, within and without,

decidedly not without beauty without and throughout.

I sensed this girl was attracted to me and wanted to, as they say in England,

'chat me up', as we travelled together toward Scotland, and I back toward St

Catherine's Academy for Girls.

"You hair looks lovely, what shampoo do you use?" she asked addressing me about

the glistening glory that poured from my crown to caress the seat of my

princessly presence: the seat on the train I profoundly anointed with the regal

royalty of my 120 pounds of stunning natural girlness.

It was a terribly limp opening line, obviously the first thing that had come

into her head.

I watched her chocolate-dark eyes follow the full flow of fabulous leg I was

perforce of course showing in my micro-miniskirt, in my school's winter uniform.

I could see her pupils expand and the grow of the glow of gentle desire in her

sweet face.

I too looked along the captivatingly curving line of her long dark stockinged

legs, one stunning leg crossed thigh over thigh of the other, and loved what I

saw.

She was dressed in a sort of business suite. It was dark blue. White blouse.

Skirt, mini-skirt that is, and jacket were dark blue. Not so dark as to be near

black. The black was in the vertical stripes, the pinstripes, and her stockings

of course. Dark blue suited her dark hair and dark eyes. She was well suited,

and well suited by what she wore.

'Tinkle'

She tried again to engage me in conversation.

"What is that that looks a bit like…….well lightening, you know, like in the sky

when there's a storm…….I mean on your badge, the badge on your school blazer?"

she asked pointing a pretty, well-manicured, long fingernailed forefinger toward

that part of my school uniform that was voluminously belled out by my belle

bells, my bountiful bosom.

"It's a whip" I answered openly honestly, "A cat o' nine tails in fact. A whip

and a cart wheel."

"Oh!" how horrible, I saw her say but heard her purr as if a cat stroked, as

perhaps the thought of cat strokes on naked kitten me stoked her pussy fire.

"What school do you go to then?"

We then fell into easy conversation in which I told her about St Catherine's

Academy and she me about how she had just won the 'Businessgirl of the Year'

award from the Scottish trade department, for the brilliance with which she had

negotiated an export order for a specialist form of personal computer her

company: yes she owned the company and she was only twenty: had developed.

'Tinkle'

I saw her knickers as her conversation grew more enthusiastic and more animated

and more relaxed.

'Animated' she certainly was. She used her long long fingers and her long long

limpidly lovely hands to express herself, touching her mid-chin, forefinger on

her pouting lips, circling the air, chopping the ether before her into equal

portions as a pretty silver bracelet she wore caught the daylight sparkling,

circling the globe before my eyes, wagging a forefinger foretelling and

retelling warning events, counting four and five and nine with very pretty

digits aloft oft, she conducted the world in the sweet symphony of life and love

with her adorable hands.

And I saw her knickers.

I saw her knickers. She was wearing stockings. I saw her knickers as she crossed

and recrossed her legs. As her conversation grew more enthusiastic and more

animated I saw her white soft silk knickers, as she full-well knew I would and as

she full-well intended I oft should.

Lorraine.

Her name was Lorraine.

'Tinkle'

Lorraine was English and from near R\*\*\*\*\*, my home town. She had gone to the

state school I had left to go to St Cath's when daddy and mummy had won the

state lottery with the ticket I had brought and given them. Though, with her

being three years older than myself, I had either not met or never noticed, let

alone known her, at my original school. 'Small world' was the inevitable

applicable cliché supplied and appropriately applied.

The carriage we were in emptied as we sped north, still in England, but headed

for Scotland, but we heeded it not as we were left alone, all bar a few, as our

eyes smouldered melted and merged, and we became one girl, a unisexual

hermaphrodite, both sexes not, but and bar the one that mattered as our irises

explored and adored. And, melting, we knew unsaid unthought unconsciously, we

had sown loves seeds: two Eves whose becoming eyes had the fruit on the tree of

knowledge become. It all came down to the eyes and our eyes never left our eyes,

as we talked unconcernedly inconsequentially eyes melted and merged, so Lorraine

saw through mine and I through hers the desire that was growing and knowing.

'Tinkle'

Making the excuse "You have a loose hair my love" with the sweetest musically

soft tone of her contralto voice, a tone as melodic as my name, Lorraine reached

her fingers to my face as I bent willingly thrillingly forward: and she bolted

her electricity through my spine, as she caressed my cheek with gentle trusting

lusting loving longing, and I turned my head to feather kiss her fingertips.

Now Loraine, praying preying paying lip-service-to-love, leaning right forward

almost out of her seat me kissed. Lorraine kissed me full on my innocent's lips,

and I pulled away swiftly shyly, suddenly realising how far this had gone.

I paused for breath, the beat of my heart fit to beat the breath from my body,

taking my eyes off hers for but one milli-millisecond, and then turned to look

serenely surrenderingly up at where she, she looking back playing the mature

woman to my poor little lost and mystified schoolgirl, gazed gently and

longingly lovingly back at me.

'Tinkle'

"I'm just going to pop to the ladies" Lorraine announced for public consumption,

as she, without looking back at me, confirmed what I fully knew without need of

word or signal open or hidden, that I was to follow her to that secreted

possibility of sacred sacrifice, girl and girl, girl with girl, girl from girl,

girl to girl, girl-girl: girl.

I composed myself as best I could as I watched Loraine's alluring luring rear

disappear down the aisle between the seats.

Then I rose to follow, a rose on her road, musically melodic as Melody my name,

as I swung my bummy, and my titties jiggled while I, tiptoeing my steps down

that same aisle, following to rally and dally in a dalliance, whiling a while

with my wild wiles.

'Tinkle'

The lightest tap on the door of the lavatory saw it open and found Loraine's

arms surround around me as her mouth surrendered mine and I succumbed, eyes

closed and blind anyway to other than heaven's guiding angels, moulding into one

with her, melting to her full-on passion.

Her hands were soon in my blouse, and she silently instructed me to off my

school blazer, so she could feel fully to fulfilment the fullness of my fulsome

bosom and thrib-throbbing nipples as I longed upon longing for her to do.

My buttons undone I was undone, as one of Lorraine's supremely expressive hands

was soon cupping the conspicuous poundage of one of my girl-confirmatory

pendulous appendages, and drawing an exciting erecting thumb over its press-stud

central eruption, corrupting this willing schoolgirl by taunting and tormenting

her tremendously timid tremulously tumultuous nipples, so that they strained and

pleasure hurt, as they swelled and throbbed and peaked and peeked, perkily

punctuating my sighs.

'Tinkle' 'Tinkle' 'Tinkle'

My sighs and my thighs rhymed in time as Lorraine's hand caressed the long road

to my bummy, enjoying the enduring soft smooth muscularity of my lovely lower

limbs, adoring their strength and roundness and smoothness and massiveness, and

their shapely promise leading pleasingly inexorably onward to the adored doors

adorning adjoining reigning empress expressly expressively between my twin

queens: my legs.

My legs lesser, but as noble as my empress as they crossed and squeezed to tease

a 'not yet my darling' to my loveress as her love would have its fulfilment in

feeling filling and fuelling my slit, sucrose sweet sweating and wantonly

waiting, wanting Lorraine's lovely hands to pay homage to 'her', the 'she' that

ruled empress over me, the empress of the empire of succulent queen schoolgirl

that I was: 'she', my girl, the palace and parliament the senate and

representatives: indeed the congress of me: she with whom all other girls

desired congress, she that was the ultimate me, the me that was me, my me, she

whom I must obey: my dream, my gateway, my gift, the giver to my honoured

amoured guests, she for whom they sought my 'yeses', the 'yeses' my strong

squeezing thighs were now easing to provide: my empress: my girlest part.

We were so carried away with the pleasure of our mutual and combined girlness,

that we had not even troubled, or rather had forgotten to lock the door of the

bathroom we were expending our mutual passion within. We were totally but

completely totally oblivious to anything else in the world other than girl and

girl, so lost in ourselves as one girl in two, that even eternity was more than

endless.

I made no flinch and withdrew no inch as in the close clinch Lorraine found the

smooth rotundity of my bare bummy, and I heard her gasp at the realisation I was

fielded to feel and now yielded unshielded by knickers I wore not, so as to leave

me always open to access to the entry of my heavenly empress.

Of course I knew the course this might take and the cause for this course to

cease a mistake.

'Tinkle' 'Tinkle' 'Tinkle' 'Tinkle' 'Tinkle' 'Tinkle' 'Tinkle' 'Tinkle' 'Tinkle'

"Oh my god!" Lorraine, suddenly still, silently whisper-gasped.

In an instant she had let me go and, in an instant more, fled back to her seat.

Her precious fingers, the long animated orchestral conductress' fingers I longed

to animal my body, just as they were loving, just as they had loved my nipples

to distraction, had found their lusting longing way to my naughty.

I could see the look on Lorraine's face as she fled. It was a look I would never

forget and never see again from her.

This lovely girl had gone back to where we had sat, and sat momentarily hoping I

would follow her back to where we had sat together, and yet hoping never to see

me again.

So much was this so that, she had grasped the situation along with grabbing all

her belongings, before flying in a flurry of flowing black-stockinged legs to

the furthest carriage she could find to get away from me, to get right away from

me.

'Tinkle'

Tears ran down my face.

'Tinkle'

I sobbed, still resident in the lavatory of the train, but now alone, as I

straightened my clothing.

'Tinkle'

It had served the purpose intended.

'Tinkle'

I had not been experimenting; my pure passion has been full guiltless girl.

'Tinkle'

Had it been a field test it could not have worked better.

'Tinkle'

I straightened my blouse and my skirt, touching momentarily lightly on the

little closed sleigh-bell that had been fixed, by a gold ring through it, to my

clitoris after my clitoris had been stretched and pulled out of my love-lips and

pierced through to expose it constantly to air. This I must suffer, as so also

must I, that my lower lips, my love-lips, the lips of my slit, my slot, my

split, the petals of my purse, had been completely and very tightly ringed

together: I had had still then only recently, till then only recently, had my

slit completely ringed closed.

'Tinkle'

………….

Daddy had held my legs apart.

I jingled with my little between-legs bell and my multiple lip-rings as I

wiggled in my tiptoe shoes onto platform three of the train station from which I

must now face walking back to my school. My every very step now bought a musical

tinkle from the tormenting sleigh-bell that tugged at my taunting tassel, my

little nub pulled to pulsate outside my lower lips, driven through with a golden

ring to hold it out of me, to torture me and tell me constantly that I was a

naughty girl with a little bell to tinkle so as to warn other girls from

shipwrecking for sure on my adorable shores.

Mummy had ringed me.

Two weeks since, when she had spanked me after our row on the same platform of

the same station my loving golden hair adorned schoolgirl innocence now graced,

mummy had taken me immediately after in a cab straight to the school to confront

the headmistress with 'the story', the truth in fact, I had told my mummy.

Mummy did not believe me and sought Miss Pringle's confirmation that the

spanking she, my mummy, had given me was as justified as she was sure, she said,

or was she, that it was.

"Mummy! It hurts! Mummy, oh please please mummy, stop mummy, stop oh stop!!!

Mummy it hurts, it hurts!!"

Mummy had had to phone ahead to postpone her meeting saying that she had to go

to her daughter's school to talk to her daughter's headmistress.

Miss Pringle: when confronted: Miss Pringle when told mummy's version, accurate

enough in most details, of the role I alleged for the School Slag at St

Catherine's Academy for Girls, my role in the school I attended and Miss Pringle

ruled over with a rod of iron, had listened attentively.

Miss Pringle had listened attentively, as mummy and I sat before her. She had

run her eyes over my legs several times as mummy told her my tale, but she had

listened fully attentively, mummy's anxious voice winning-out with Miss Pringle

over the distracting attraction of my legs, if only just.

Grandmamma had said it was for the best.

"We've been endlessly anxious about little Melody since we discovered this

morning that she had run away for whatever reason" Miss Pringle averred.

"It surpasses mere pleasure to see that she is back safe sound, and I very much

hope, completely unharmed by her adventures"

"Of course, I organised a search as soon as we knew she had flown………".

"As for the tale she has told you………."

"Well, let me put it this way, Mrs Smith, 'Sonata', if I am not being too

familiar…."

"……..Sonata, this year's school prize for imaginative prose was to be your

daughter's……Need I say more?"

"Mummy! It hurts! Mummy!! Oh please please mummy, stop mummy, stop oh stop!!!

Mummy it hurts, it hurts, it hurts!!"

Miss Pringle had gone on to work her way around to the conclusion, that mummy

suddenly began to see as if it were a brilliant psychological insight, that

there had to be concern that a girl in her teenage years might, through being

isolated from her parents for just too long at a private school so far from the

parental home, be drifting away from, and thus risking a permanent rift with her

mother and father, her foundation of stability, and thus the most critical

relationship in a young girl's life.

Daddy had held my legs apart.

Miss Pringle's soothing authoritative near monotone, allowing of no disrupting

interruption, had proposed that mummy take me home, and spend a fortnight with

me to heal any rift so that a more rounded and relaxed and happier Melody could

return to the academy two weeks hence, than the obviously distressed little

girl, whose imagination was clearly running riot, sitting before her now.

Using the telephone on Miss Pringle's desk, as Miss Pringle stroked my lustrous

luscious hair, mummy had phoned her employer to explain why she had had to

cancel her meeting altogether, and take me home to R\*\*\*\*\*; or at least a close

facsimile of that now just established truth.

I had left in school uniform and the tiptoe shoes I wore, for the longest most

silent mummy-and-daughter rail ride there has probably ever been.

Grandmamma had said it was for the best.

As soon as we got home. It was the next day in fact. As soon as we got home, I

had wiggle-totty-trotted on my incredibly tiptoe stretched and torsioned sexy

legs into daddy's lovely loving waiting arms.

"Daddy! Daddy!! "Daddy!!!" I all but screamed in my joy at feeling his sweet

tobacco scented moustache brushing the silkenly soft contrast of my extremely

supremely feminine freckled features, as I kicked up one leg, big toe pointed

skyward shaping my calf superbly erotically, to lean myself closer to him and

have his strength take full responsibility for my one-legged tip-top-tiptoed

balance in the world, as I unfurled and then flung-furled my slim arms tight but

not quite right-around him.

"Hello sweetheart!" was all he had to say, as he reciprocated my embrace, for me

to close my eyes and feel my threatening tears dry in the strong arms of my

handsome daddy: my daddy, my dashing and daring darling hero daddy.

Mummy had ringed me.

It had been very quiet at home. It was my first night home in that

reconciliation fortnight. Grandmamma had been there too, and she was usually

such a chatterbox. It was as if they were waiting for something.

I kissed daddy and mummy goodnight, and then grandmamma; and then daddy again,

because I loved to kiss my daddy, my daddy whom I adored.

I wondered if there had been a major falling out between mummy and daddy. If

there had been, I cared not what it was about, I knew not what it was about: all

I knew for sure, was that whatever it had been about, daddy had been right.

They had surprised me in my bedroom. Mummy daddy and grandmamma had found me

naked in my bedroom undressing for a shower and then my bed. That had been their

plan, though I did not know it.

Daddy pushed me gently back supine on my bed. Grandmamma lay across my trunk to

hold me down. Daddy got hold of my ankles to hold my legs apart.

"It's for the best sweetheart. Mummy and I would not do it if it were not for

the best" I heard his lovely baritone near choke with pent up emotion.

Mummy had begun to feel with her fingers in at the top of my slit.

"Mummy?!" I shock-cry-queried tremulously querulously as my honey had began to

flow within my naughty.

"Mummy?!" I questioned in astonished pleasure that mummy seemed to be setting

out to arouse me.

When she had hold of my clitoris though, oh god how it had hurt as she pulled it

and pushed what I knew from pointed pricking pain must be a needle through it,

and I felt it pulled out of me and exposed. My petty perpendicular pendulum was

purposely pulled out and held out of my slot, by having the needle pushed

through near its base, and now mummy was attaching something as I screamed,

another needle it seemed, or so I thought from the pointedly pricking pain

again, it must be another needle through it the same, though In fact it was

fifty-one of rings to come, or one of fifty-one.

"Mummy! It hurts! Mummy, oh please please mummy, stop mummy, stop oh stop!!!

Mummy it hurts, it hurts!!"

'Tinkle'

Mummy had fitted a ring, a special ring with a ''ting-a-ling''. Mummy had fitted

a little sealed bell, a little tinkling sleigh-bell, completing the ring through

my poor little clitoris making a 'ting-a-ling' tinkle even as I breathed, whilst

she pulled back out the initial holding needle, which was all but almost as

painful as when she had pushed it through.

I was stunned to a silent scream at the nightmare dream of what came next, as

daddy held my legs apart. As daddy held my legs apart, mummy was preparing

another ring, one of fifty, as daddy held my legs apart. As daddy held my legs

apart, mummy readied the first of fifty more rings I was to be ringed with.

"It's for the best sweetheart. Mummy and I would not do it if it were not for

the best" daddy moan-intoned like a mantra as mummy straightened her eye-glasses

and bent over me, and I felt the sharp end of the first of what were to be my

fifty rings, the self sealing rings that were to hold my girl-lips closed:

"Mummy! It hurts! Mummy, oh please please mummy, stop mummy, stop oh stop!!!

Mummy it hurts, it hurts!!"

Mummy worked the gold ring, the first and fiftieth with forty-nine to come,

open-ended to begin with, through my super-sensitive lips, before squeezing it,

with pincer pinching tool thereafter, so that the point that had bloodied me,

entered an answering scabbard, and the non-return notch in ring point, and

answering knick in scabbard, would click internally for eternity together, and

the ring, now closed in full circle, could then be rotated through my pierced

flesh, so as to seal and conceal the meeting mating scabbard, and met mated

point therein, internally within me, intentionally eternally.

And so I had screamed and shouted held helpless, daddy holding my legs apart,

whilst mummy had ringed me so as to sew me closed, so and sew, sew and so, slow

so, oh so slow sew, sew painfully, so painful, carefully, slowly, working the

gold rings through my lips and clipping them closed to seal up and sew up my

mischievous mistress, my naked naughty, to sew me up, to sew my naughty closed,

to sew my lips tightly tight together forever, to stop me being naughty she

supposed, justice just as grandmamma had proposed.

I was bloodied as fifty of the wicked gold rings were worked through my mating

girl-lips, each ring meeting within me as it was rotated through my raw sore

flesh, so that the joint did not show, the rings and thus my love-lips sealed

closed, with a serenely pretty tintinnabulatary tinkling 'ting-a-ling'

increasing as the rings numbered one to fifty glistening gold were pushed

through me.

As they released me I tinkled as I cried, and grandmamma had bathed my soreness

and rawness, and placed soft cool cotton wool, ointment augmented cotton wool,

where I must heal, where I had been sealed and concealed by my gold rings fifty,

and the fifty-one bell in my clitoris pulled out of me as well.

Grandmamma had said it was for the best.

Daddy had held my legs apart.

Mummy had ringed me.

"Mummy! It hurts! Mummy, oh please please mummy, stop mummy, stop oh stop!!!

Mummy it hurts, it hurts!! Mummy! Mummy!! Mummy!!! Oh! Mummy!! Oh mummy please

mummy stop! Oh it hurts mummy. Oh please mummy. Mummy! Oh please mummy!! Oh!!

NO! NO! NO!!!! Oh mummy. Mummy. It hurts me mummy. Oh please mummy. Please

please stop mummy. Oh mummy! MUMMY!!!! It hurts its hurts me mummy………."

And yet as grandmamma held me down by lying across my chest, and daddy held my

legs parted, the gold rings, the fifty gold rings, had been slowly worked

through my super-sensitive slit's flesh, as my mummy, as surely as slowly, and

as slowly as surely, slowly and surely sewed me closed.

'Tinkle' 'Tinkle' 'Tinkle'

……………

The wind-chime 'ting-a-ling; ting-a-ling; ting-a-ling-a-ling' from my ringed

naughty and the 'tinkle' of the pretty bell with which my clit was pierced, I

had had the rest of my fortnight at home to get used to. I had of course to get

used to them: I had no choice; I had been ringed to seal me up forever.

But if mummy daddy and grandmamma had intended what they had done to their

daughter and granddaughter to stop her ever again feeling sexy and experiencing

arousal, they had monumentally failed.

The jingle as I ran in my fitness training was music to my pretty ears as my

naughty was amused by the fifty rings that jingled and jangled into and off each

other as I jogged, with my pulled out clitoris athrob, and its little bell

ringing out my pleasurable hell as I was the belle of the ball having a ball

being balled by my bell of hell.

I was still girl.

I took a deep breath as I wiggled and tinkled my pantyless way from the station

to the school, back now after the two-week break that was supposed to have

revived me and fitted me for survival of the bullying by the new head-girl,

Sasha: and my dreadful blues started all over again.

I had determined to go straight back into the prefecture and keep myself as

quiet away, and quite away from all that went on there, as far as, and insofar

as I could.

It was a ridiculous idea of course, as I would have to strip completely naked to

wait on the prefects and the head-girl as soon as they came back from classes.

The thought of how they would mock me when they saw my rings and my little bell

horrified me.

And so my mind told me I must go forward, whilst also saying I must run away

once again, even as every step of my stretched-long gorgeous legs slinked me

nearer to the purgatory that school had been made for me.

Hell arrived sooner than soon too.

I wiggled through the school gate, struggling with my suitcases, only for two

lovely girls from the younger class groups, only too eager eagerly to please me

by taking my cases for me, in seeking the reward of my gorgeous soft shy smile,

took my luggage, even as I noticed a cab waiting, and a stunningly sensational

brown-eyed brunette putting her trunk in its trunk. It was Jo of course: it was

my bewitching Josephine.

I paused. She saw me and trotted light as day, over to me, her wonderful face

wreathed in a smile: "Melody! Melody! Oh, how lovely! I did so hope I would see

you before I left" she breathed, breathing the very breath of life, my love to

me as she was.

"Left?" I asked limply dumbly, as if I had forgotten.

"Silly girl" came the sweet response, followed by the brush of the sweetest lips

I had ever known on my lips, on my face now, not my lips as I longed, as they

brushed my blush, as Jo bid me farewell forever, with a perfectly perfunctory

perfumed popped pout peck.

Jo popped my cheek with no more than a whisper of a whisper of a peck, and I had

to watch as she entered the cab, and blew me her loving final kiss as she

mouthed, all bar silently: "Bye angel. Please look after yourself my love!" and

was gone forever, as I did not yet know, but forever it might have been, and

might as well have been, for all the tears that welled in my lovely blue eyes as

I watched her flight……….

………I was not going to cry!

……...I was NOT going to cry!

I drew a deep breath and began to wiggle my way to the prefecture.

At long last I was back, but there was something unfamiliar about the

familiarity of my side-room, the room I occupied as the School Slag.

Obviously, that was my thought, obviously it was being used as some kind of

overspill. Someone was using my room until I returned.

But then again, I did not recognise the personal belongings that were scattered

around, more than somewhat untidily, even by comparison with my more than

somewhat relaxed, if not downright lax, standards.

They must have appointed Jo's replacement. I knew all the prefects. Goodness

knows I knew them intimately. Whoever was in my room, was none of them, but must

now be one of them, and must be the one of them made one of them by Josephine

leaving: that made sense.

I first looked in my bags to find my razor, though heaven knows how I was to

shave my naughty of the soft blonde stubble I had grown as my rings healed, or

rather my body healed with the rings in me.

Then, I gave up on that thought, and began to tidy the room.

I had begun to tidy the room, when Nulinda wondered in.

Oh god how lovely that little Asian-Indian ingénue looked, as she floated in as

if walking on air, my dream of my dream of a dream, her straight

eternity-black-raven-dark hair falling below her bummy. She was wearing white

tiptoeing shoes, completely heelless

tip-top-big-toe-tip-top-topping-pirouette-shoes that stretched her perfect,

perfectly pretty, slim brown legs aloft so high they stretched her just shy of

the sky.

She wore a sari. She wore a saffron, gold-trimmed sari, completely transparent,

therefore through which her every girl-confirmatory perfection that could be

desired, could be admired. This girl, only just sixteen, gave the fiction

'angel' inadequacy, for being too far from fitting the description that her

depiction here requires. And she was shaven between her thighs. Her sweet tight

virgin schoolgirls naughty little naughty was shaven nude.

At first, I didn't notice the hint.

Nulinda floated straight over to me and planted the sweetest of sensitive

sensually sensational soft virginal innocent kisses, virtually on the very spot

of my freckled cheek anointed by my farewell from my beloved Josephine, and

breathed a smiling almost silently scented: "Hello!" that set my pulse and my

heart and my breath chasing racing, as my face showed my temperature had soared

with the discovery of how this sensation of creation had matured.

At first, I didn't notice the glint.

"I hope you don't mind," Nulinda swooningly disarmingly shyly sweetly smiled.

How could I possibly mind a wonder of heaven such as she, using my room while I

had been away? What greater honour could there be, than the knowledge this

saried sapphire had slept between my sheets, other than the joy, oh girl the

joy, of being warmed by her in that very same bed?

At first, I didn't notice the gold.

I had just about readied to make answer to the deeply-dark-brown-eyed

devastating devastator Nulinda now was, when a head came around the door of the

side-room, and a voice, the voice of Sasha, the head-girl, sneered: "What in

hell are you doing here Smith? Get out! Get back to your dorm! Get to hell out

of here right now, if you know what's good for you!!"

It was then and only then that I saw the snaked 'S' bearing gold ring ringing

Nulinda's slender left hand's slim dainty wedding-ring finger.

Nulinda had supplanted me.

I had been replaced.

I had been dethroned.

I had been dismissed.

Nulinda was newly now the School Slag.

Nulinda was newly now the School Slag in place of me.

………….

Need I relate the tears with which I soaked my lonely pillow in the common

senior girls' dorm that night?

Ousted from my throne, and thrown down among my peers, a mere peer now, and no

more more than a peer, though still peerless. I had lost my Jo, and Lorraine's

reaction on the train showed how, with the fifty rings sealing me from the

stealing of, by stealing into, my naughty, my naughty had been made chaste, by

force perforce, to be no longer chased by other girls as I had longed for for so

long.

The height of my misery was at its depth.

The depth of my misery was at its height.

My blues were black and black not blue enough for me, as I silenced my sobs,

robbed of my love, my love-hole ringed and robbed from me too, my whole love of

life as lost as Jo, or did I mean Deneel, or did I mean Angela, or did I mean

Lorraine, the lost single love of my life………

…Somehow I made it through the days.

I busy-bee-buried myself in work. Highly intelligent, it was with ease I caught

up and exceeded the degree to which I trailed my studies through my enforced

inattention and absences.

The cruelty visited upon me by Sasha, once she became head-girl, had seen me

apparently fall far behind my classmates. My order to strip totally naked and

serve the prefects all evening had been my biggest burden. I had had no time to

do my after-school-day studies and preparation for the next day. Even after I

had slaved for them all evening, one of the prefects would take me to my bed and

then take me physically for her pleasure.

Yet with Nulinda they were so different. It was only a little later I learned

that Sasha had taken Miss Pringle's name in vain, and had in fact no authority

to bully me as she had; at least, certainly not Miss Pringle's writ, and that

was the only writ that mattered at St Catherine's.

I know, and can understand, that you will be curious about two rather delicate

matters relating to the fifty rings I now wore. To put it bluntly, you will,

quite rightly, wish me to tell you about how I could possible use the bathroom.

Well, of course, my lips, my love-lips, were ringed together from top to bottom

of their length to prevent them being accessed, but that did not seal me closed

altogether.

It is very embarrassing to have to tell you about this, but I realise you would

make me do it whether I want to or not, if you had your way.

I hope you will be happy if I only say that I could in fact use the bathroom

just as ever. No. Well. Yes. I could use the bathroom much as before, but it

would be unpleasantly messy, with my wee-wee hissing in all directions. It would

also be quite musical, as my rings would tinkle as I tinkled my pee.

Please forgive me for not telling you about my monthly cycle and the rings.

Suffice it to say that that my period bleeds were very unpleasant indeed.

For a girl such as I, so used now to a fully rounded love-life, a girl who had

been happily almost nymphomaniacal in the pursuit of physical fulfilment, the

biggest and hardest change for me to cope with, once I had been ousted from

being the School Slag, was the expectation of complete celibacy.

I have written before of the degree of emphasis St Catherine's Academy for Girls

put, and still puts, on the solo act. Any girl caught being naughty with herself

could be, and invariably was, severely punished. I myself had had my naughty

whipped when accused and found guilty without any possibility of appeal, even

though I had in not in fact touched myself.

So, not only was any form of self-deliverance, quite rightly, completely and

absolutely totally forbidden me, but I was also now, being once more, as I had

never in fact experienced before at St Cath's, just an ordinary schoolgirl,

completely banned from any 'untoward activity' with other girls at the school.

That was the whole reason a School Slag was appointed of course. Any girl

seeking relief could apply to stroke the Slag, and the Slag must give her that

girl's wishes if so ordered by a prefect or the teaching staff. I must therefore

now take my turn with Nulinda, if indeed I could ever get a turn. I was a very

highly sexed girl, and found abstinence purgatory.

I also missed, and how I missed, the chance to be a show-off. I was always a shy

girl, but not without a touch of exhibitionism that, because it had been forced

upon me, had found fulfilment in the daring way in which I had been made to

dress when I had been the Slag. I now missed being the centre of attention, the

wolf-whistles and the compliments.

Of course, I was still the same decidedly exceptionally attractive schoolgirl of

evident high intellect: but, a superbly full filled and thus fulfilled white

blouse with no brassiere to control what full filled it, and a micro-miniskirt

hinting at my beautiful smooth bottom boldening out my white school-issue

knickers, the pouched crutch of which, shaped out by my purse, the crutch which

could be seen as I stood and walked and naturally unselfconsciously wiggled

along, and blonde hair long down to my shapely calves, and legs an eon long in

white, virgin-white, knee-socks, and completely bare long strong thighs, and a

lightly freckled face with peach soft complexion, spellbinding light-blue eyes,

and an adorably innocent constant shy smile, are not that sexy are they?

My previous role as School Slag had not been forgotten of course. Indeed some of

the girls thought I would be 'an easy lay'. They conveniently forgot that I had

no further obligations now I was no longer the School Slag, and that any hint of

sexual activity, even just a meaningful smile for example, was absolutely

totally and utterly forbidden me now, as much as it was them.

Within the first week, so desperately did I feel the need now I was without

physical love, I applied to Tania, the friendliest to me of the prefects, for a

chance with Nulinda, and was turned down flat on the spot.

I got the impression that all the prefects were frightened of the head-girl,

Sasha. The impression grew as near as it ever would to confirmation, when two

more applications from me were refused, even when I knew that other girls, three

other girls, had been granted the pleasure of Nulinda's beautiful body.

Eventually I masturbated.

I just could not stand being without physical relief any longer. I knew I risked

a whipping if I were found out, but I could not go on without love making, and

so I masturbated, pressing hard on my love mound, longing to get a finger in

myself, but prevented by my multiple rings. I came massively in split seconds,

having to bite my pillow in case I screamed with pleasure and the other girls in

the dorm reported me in consequence.

At least I didn't masturbate.

I didn't masturbate: not really. I had a heavy cum dreaming of masturbation, and

was woken by the tinkling of the bell on my clitoris, as my clitoris throbbed.

Oh how I breathed a sigh of relief that the noise of my little bell had been

smothered by the duvet and had woken none of the other girls!

The more I longed for another dream to relieve me though, the more I became sure

it would never happen again.

I tried not to think sexy thoughts. Then I tried not to think sexy thoughts. And

either way, I remained in a desert of dire desire with a fire aflame claiming my

every waking hour.

Then Nulinda would wiggle into class. She would be dressed so as to attract our

lust. She, we knew, had no knickers on. She, we knew was not allowed to wear

knickers. We knew too that her supremely firm conical titties were completely

uncontained unrestrained or uncontrolled by a brassiere. And we knew, oh god we

knew, that her very tight virgin naughty was shaven completely nude. And she

would be in a skirt so short that all her gorgeous legs were on display even up

to the crease were her legs melted like dreams into her tight little bummy. And

her face and her hair and her eyes and her smile: she was a dream on legs, to

ease us and please us, and oh how my eyes longed as she lowered herself in her

seat in class and I watched her skirt rise and rise and rise…………

I now knew the other side of the fence. I knew how I had excited love and lust

when I had been the School Slag. I knew it the more from observing the effect

that the bombshell Nulinda caused, and even more by the effect her stunning

desirability had on me, now that I was 'just one of the girls'.

And then, seemingly out of the blue, came the touch………….

It was very subtle: so subtle I doubted what my heart seemed to tell me must be

true.

When she passed me, Nulinda would catch my hand. She would just touch my hand as

she wiggled by. Was she teasing me? Was she taunting me now she had taken my

place?

Then one day we were at the back of the class watching a demonstration of

first-aid skills. Miss Hai was giving the kiss of life to a blow-up doll, a doll

made for the purpose of demonstrating mouth-to-mouth resuscitation, and all we

girls were giggling and wishing, and how, that we were the doll.

We, Nulinda and I, were side-by side at the back of the class. She, Nulinda, had

purposely positioned herself next to me. We were watching a demonstration of

first-aid skills when Nulinda quite purposely gently took my hand and held it.

I was so surprised shocked and pleased, and my head shot around to look and see

her face.

But she must, of course, be subtle, and let go my hand continuing herself to

look straight forward. But she touched my hand again a little later when she was

again sure it would not attract attention; or rather nobody's attention bar

mine.

Then, a week later, and several more accidental-on-purpose brushes against me by

the stunning Nulinda, came a slip of paper.

We were alone walking toward each other in one of the academy's corridors. My

heart was thumping as she came toward me. Her touches had obsessed me for days.

What could they mean? Oh please let them mean what I longed for them to mean.

Please heaven don't break my heart!

We were alone walking toward each other in one of the academy's corridors. My

heart was thumping fit to leap out of my mouth. Nulinda did not seem to look at

me in any special way. She just breathed an adorably lovely natural friendly:

"Hi Melody" as she brushed past and pushed a sliver, a slip, a folded slip of

paper in my hand. She purposely pushed a slip of paper in my hand!

I could not wait. How could I be expected to wait? What would it say? What would

that slip of paper say?

Of course I must walk on as if nothing had happened. For Nulinda's sake even

more than mine, I must pretend nothing had occurred. Only in one of the

lavatories cubicles could I read what was written: what a vile place to have to

use to read that causing my blood to pound in my temples almost putting me at

risk of fainting.

'All fingers and thumbs' is a silly saying. As I struggled to unfold that tiny

slip of paper I was all thumbs and thumbs, I had no supple fingers. I was so

nervous and excited I was almost hyperventilating. And suddenly there it was:

"I love you!"

How I wish I could have kept it, but I had to destroy it if I was not to get

Nulinda beaten for unlawful fraternising, against the rules she, poor darling,

my darling, my darling darling must obey, as the now new, new now School Slag.

All this was, of course, entirely schoolgirlish.

But of course it was entirely schoolgirlish: Nulinda and I were just

schoolgirls!

Of course I answered.

One day, just two days later in fact, we were at the back of the class listening

to the six-monthly safety talk on fire-fighting, including how to use an

extinguisher properly, when I found my eagerly awaited and seemingly forever

impossible to arrive opportunity, and took hold of Nulinda's wonderfully pretty

hand and held it, watching her blush and hang her lovely head overwhelmed by joy

as I did so.

…………..

I put the wine back on the hypermarket shelf.

What was I thinking of?!

Another wolf-whistle, this from a very pretty luxuriously red-haired housewife,

greets me. I turn and smile. She hurries shyly up and asks for an autograph and

a chance to kiss me on the cheek.

Paying the price of the fame I enjoy so much now, I oblige with: "All my love,

Melody!" on the, and in the book she hands me, and lovingly laughingly decline

the kiss, as I sweep a stray of my ankle-length-long golden glistening

glittering blonde hair back over my shoulder.

My fifty gold rings 'ting-a-ling-a-ling', and my little clitty bell goes a

constant 'tinkle', as I dream along the hypermarket aisles with my trolley.

I wear fifty-two rings nowadays.

Another wolf-whistle scythes the air. Is it for me, or for the girl with me? Is

it for the girl alongside me, eclipsing the sun with her smile, or for us both

as a pair?

We both smile shyly, deeply in love as we are: she with me and I with her, the

girl who gave me my fifty-second ring: the gold ring on my wedding ring finger.

I had put the wine back on the hypermarket shelf.

What had I been thinking of?!

I wear fifty-two rings nowadays.

I had put the wine back on the hypermarket shelf as Nulinda had come back

alongside me, putting bunches of white grapes in the trolley, and we had

wiggle-walked along together sharing the pushing of our abundantly overloaded

wheeled-basket, with me 'tinkle tinkle tinkle tinkling' the melody of a Melody

from my fifty rings and the ting-a-ling on my nodding, tortured, teasing,

ding-a-ling.

I had put the wine back on the hypermarket shelf.

What had I been thinking of?!

I wear fifty-two rings nowadays.

My fifty-second is a gold band on my wedding-ring finger.

I had put the wine back on the hypermarket shelf.

What had I been thinking of?!

Nulinda and I only ever drink my wine…………

THE END