**Naughty Girl**

by[StoryTeller07](https://www.literotica.com/stories/memberpage.php?uid=721483&page=submissions)©

**Naughty Girl Ch. 06** Bernice is sent back to school  
  
Bernice awoke wondering where she was. Yesterday's events came flooding back, leaving her feeling ashamed. It wasn't a dream, or a naughty fantasy, the dreadful events had happened! The awful realisation that she was still in trouble, still caught in a trap of her own making, added to the misery.  
  
Returning to the spare bedroom from the bathroom, she fixed her hair. Pulling her long hair into pig tails was a ploy to continue deceiving Paul.  
  
Revealing all to Paul was out of the question. He had rescued her from a group of teenagers while performing a sordid act with one of them. It was both lucky and lucky that he came along.  
  
Paul was a professional consultant she was hiring. The only piece of good luck was that he didn't know who she was, as he hadn't met her. He was supposed to start on Monday, so she would have to terminate the contract as soon as she got away from his home.  
  
She pulled on the large white panties and dress. On top of the guilt, she felt foolish. The young girls dress was nice enough, but too big for her. She felt like a little girl, instead of the mature woman she was supposed to be. After the inexcusable behaviour of yesterday, it was difficult not to think of herself as a disgusting slut.  
  
There was no alternative, except to try and behave like a repentant young girl, while in his home.  
  
The hair style and clothes were a reminder of her position here. She was a bad girl, and had been spanked for her wicked behaviour. She sighed heavily, knowing the humiliating pretence would have to be maintained for a little while longer.  
  
At least she could go home in these clothes, without her husband asking awkward questions. An excuse as to where she had got them would have to be thought up. Telling anyone she had been dressed by a hired consultant was impossible.  
  
With a trembling hand on the door-handle, she lifted both shoulders in an attempt to stiffen her resolve, ready to face Paul.  
  
"You're up earlier than expected. Adolescents usually sleep for the best part of the day," Paul chided her.  
  
"Yes, sir," she demurely answered. The way he talked down to her, made it easy to pretend she was a young eighteen year old.  
  
"What do you want for breakfast?" he asked.  
  
"Some cereal will be fine, sir," she said, and realised how hungry she felt. "I need to call home, may I use your phone, sir," she asked.  
  
"Sure. I'll take you home once you've eaten. I'm glad you've changed your attitude, young lady. You seem more polite, and know your place. You behaved like a nasty little slut yesterday. I'll have to tell your parents something, when I deliver you home," Paul sternly spoke.  
  
Bernice choked on the cornflakes. She lived with her husband, not parents. The idea of this man taking her home to inform her husband of what he had witnessed, was terrible. Telling her husband she had sucked off that young gang leader, and was about to carry on with the others, just wasn't possible.  
  
"There's no need, sir. Please don't tell them. Like, really, I promise to be a good girl in future, honest, sir," she stammered. Pretending to be an adolescent was vital, until she escaped home.  
  
The look of dread in her eyes was understandable. He knew she was married, and didn't want him to meet her husband. He could park up the street, and reveal he knew who she was, before sending her home. Though what exactly he was going to do was still to be decided. A business plan always had to be flexible, and so too was this.  
  
"I feel responsible for you. I need to know your parents will keep a tight control over you in future. You're a young girl, and I want to make sure you behave well in future," Paul heavily stated.  
  
"Yes, sir, sorry sir," Bernice gushed. "You don't have to speak to my parents, do you?" she asked, looking coy. With imploring eyes she begged him to spare her.  
  
He was supposed to be working for her on Monday morning. Yet here she was at his mercy. Caught between revealing everything to him and begging for his silence, or her husband finding out the sordid details of yesterday. Either way it was a dire prospect.  
  
"Make the phone call, while I think about it," Paul firmly stated.  
  
He wondered what story she would come up with. It was amusing keeping this attractive woman squirming in an agonising dilemma. When he turned up at her office, he would have a powerful hold on her. The fun would be over then, as he used her forced co-operation in business negotiations.  
  
Bernice listened to the recorded message, willing him to pick up. Even on the machine his voice sounded angry, as well as worried. Well, this was all to the good. She could go home and change before he got back. She turned around to find Paul watching her.  
  
"They aren't back yet, are they. No need to lie to me, I can see it on your face," Paul warned her. He heard a recorded voice, though not the words. He would recall the number and listen to the message, when she was out of the way.  
  
"Like, you could take me home. I'll stay in, grounded, and wait for my parents. I promise not to get into trouble, sir. I'll be a good girl, honest, sir," Bernice pleaded. The good little girl act was convincing, from a desperation to get home.  
  
Paul was highly amused, though he didn't show it. This business woman was behaving more like an adolescent than his eighteen year old niece. That thought gave him an idea.  
  
"After your sordid behaviour of yesterday, how can I trust you? You'll stay here until they return home, young lady. Or should I call you a slut? A reminder of what you got up to will do you good. I'll call my niece over to chaperone you. Until then, go to your room, and think about what you are, and what your parents expect of you," Paul ordered. His patronising tone had her almost in tears.  
  
He watched her meekly slink off. She looked young in the photo he had on file. The way she held herself, spoke, and behaved, was convincing. She was regressing into the role of a suppressed teenager. He wondered how her parents had treated her, and if that had something to do with the games she played.  
  
He listened to the answer phone. It was the usual stilted neutral message people left. He called his niece. With the promise of a payment she was willing to spend the weekend with them. Like her father, his brother, she skilfully negotiated the amount. Although just eighteen, she sounded more like a professional businesswoman than Bernice.  
  
He made mental note to call the woman Barbara, and not slip up. He didn't want to reveal he knew who she was, just yet. He sat down to plan a campaign. He would play the woman along all weekend then 'discover' who she really was. It would be an interesting confrontation.  
  
As usual Susan let him down, and wouldn't be turning up until Sunday evening. He kept Bernice out of the way in the spare room. All there was to do, was read girly comics and books. They shared meals together, and he took the opportunity to rub in her lowly position, by patronising her. Sent back to her room, to think about how she had behaved like a slut, cowed her into submission.  
  
She was sinking deeper into the role, behaving like a sulky adolescent, from not getting her own way. Every time she phoned home a message was played from her husband. On Sunday it changed. His voice sounded shifty, as he said he would be away at a business conference.  
  
"I listened to the message. You lied to me, young girl! They were home all along. Now your father has gone away on a business trip. I could have taken you home, and saved me the bother of keeping you out of trouble," Paul crossly spoke.  
  
"I'm sorry, sir. I didn't mean to. Like, he was out whenever I phoned, like I said," Bernice complained.  
  
"You can't run rings around me like your father, girl. I'll spank you again if I have to," he angrily said. "You will do as you are told, and behave like a decent young girl," he firmly told her.  
  
"Yes, sir, sorry sir," Bernice demurely capitulated.  
  
She couldn't think of a way out of the mess, and even stopped asking to be taken home. It was easier to give in and see what happened. She felt like a naughty girl staying with an uncle. It was Sunday, so this couldn't go on any longer.  
  
Bernice heard voices, and wondered who it was. She hated the idea of meeting anyone else in this abject state. If she was found out now, so be it. Whatever happened she would just have to live with the consequences.  
  
In the study Paul revealed his plan to Susan. Not everything was revealed, though he wondered if she could ever be shocked.  
  
"I think it's a fantastic idea. It's strange and kinky, which I just love," Susan giggled.  
  
"Do you think it will work?"  
  
"I'll have to look her over first," Susan said. She covered part of the picture, to study the woman's face. "From this she looks the part. It'll cost you though. My fee," she explained, and laughed at his expression.  
  
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Monday morning came around quickly. Bernice was relieved, as it meant he was going to his office, so she could escape home. From there she could email him to cancel the contract. He was dressed in a smart business suit, and Susan was smartly dressed for an interview.  
  
Dressed in a school uniform, she figured they expected her to go to school. She just hoped he dropped her off, and didn't wait to watch her walk in. It would be so embarrassing going into school, surrounded by all those kids. Still, she could just walk out again, and the safety of home wasn't far.  
  
"You look more decent this morning, Brenda. Perhaps spending the weekend contemplating your wicked ways has taught you some decency," Paul stated.  
  
Bernice had become used to the name Brenda, and hiding her real-self behind it. Between the two of them she felt small and submissive. Dressed the way she was added to the feeling.  
  
"To make sure you continue this improvement, I've arranged for you to attend a special finishing school, for disreputable eighteen year olds like you. Susan will enrol you. Make sure you do as she tells you, or I'll punish you, understood?" Paul warned.  
  
"Yes, sir," Bernice murmured.  
  
"You heard my uncle. Speak up, girl," Susan goaded her.  
  
"Yes, sir, sorry, Susan," Bernice chirruped.  
  
Her voice was changing to match her demeanour. She sounded like a young girl. The memory of lying over his knee being spanked, brought a flush to her cheeks. The warmth she felt wasn't just from embarrassment, for she was aroused by the thought.  
  
Bernice didn't think she could get away with the deception at school. It was imperative to wriggle out of it, yet difficult to defy them. She wanted to explain that she was a twenty-four year old woman, and wouldn't fool the teachers. With eyebrows frowning deeply she tried to speak.  
  
Perhaps this was the moment to reveal who she was, before it went any further.  
  
"I can't, err, like, go to another school," Bernice started to say.  
  
"It's not up to you. I've decided to take charge of you. You're an ill-disciplined girl, and I'm going to make sure you learn to behave yourself. When your father gets back from the business trip, I'll talk to him. I'm sure he will agree with me," Paul informed her.  
  
He had her exactly where he wanted. There was no way of refusing him, unless she revealed who she was. An image of her standing before her husband, in the school uniform flooded her mind. She imagined them discussing her disgusting behaviour, and that she needed to be disciplined.  
  
"Pay attention, girl! You had better do as we say," Susan chided her. "It's an exclusive school, and a good opportunity," she added. "They have a good reputation for dealing with rich kids who've gone astray," she smirked.  
  
Bernice felt as though these two were her parents. A compulsion to obey them came with the feeling. Wearing a school uniform would help, and she did have a baby face complexion. Was it possible to pose as an eighteen year old? Surely it just wouldn't work.  
  
"If you behave yourself, don't get into trouble, and show a marked improvement, I won't tell your parents," Paul promised. The serious look held her attention.  
  
The years rolled back, and she found herself promising to try her best to be good. For a moment she forgot her parents were dead, and that it was her husband she lived with. She would do anything to avoid anyone finding out about her terrible behaviour.  
  
She looked at them both, knowing it would have to be endured. Perhaps it was a punishment by the gods for her evil ways.  
  
"Thank you, sir. I promise to be on my best behaviour. I'll be a good girl, promise!" Bernice enthusiastically agreed.  
  
Bernice was only five-four and felt small and vulnerable next to both of them. She often wished it were true that small people had large dominant personalities, to make up for their size. With a young face and petite bone structure, she found it difficult to be taken seriously.  
  
It had been a struggle to make it to manager of the department. It was her first class economics degree, and analytical skills that won the position. When it came to dealing with staff, she always felt awkward.  
  
Seeing the school building with adolescents milling around brought back unwelcome memories. She could feel the years falling away, leaving a feeling of helplessness. On top of that, she was going to be a new-girl. Eventually Bernice shrugged, thinking it was at least an opportunity of escaping Paul. She climbed out of his sedan, where Susan waited.  
  
"You're a new-girl, so be careful, or you'll get into trouble. You don't want to be spanked by Paul again, do you?" Susan knowingly smiled. "Once you get into class, just mingle with the others," Susan advised.  
  
Bernice hesitated. Confronted by loud young students was different from talking about it around the kitchen table.  
  
"Come on, girl, there's no avoiding it," Susan said, and grabbed her hand.  
  
Susan wanted to laugh, but held back, not wanting to put the woman off. This was a tough game, though looking at her, she would get away with it. She surmised there was more to it than Paul was letting on. It didn't matter what they were up to, as long as he paid up.  
  
"Don't worry Barbara. I'll look after you, well, until you're registered," Susan promised with a laugh. "You look like a shy adolescent, rather than the filthy young bitch uncle told me about," Susan smirked.  
  
Bernice turned a beetroot red. She just hoped he hadn't told Susan everything. The thought of it had her squirming uncomfortably. She couldn't look anyone in the face, from excruciating embarrassment.  
  
No-one else wore a school uniform in this school, so that would attract unwelcome attention. She wondered how this woman would stand up to it. Fear and discomfort were clearly plastered upon her face. Among the milling teenagers she began to take on an awkward, embarrassed look. Susan figured she wouldn't stand out as a mature woman at all.  
  
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"Thank you Mister Mendes, I am sure my niece will be very happy here," Susan smiled at the principal. She played her part by dressing more sophisticated than usual, with lots of sex appeal, all intended to distract the poor man.  
  
Each time he looked at Bernice, Susan re-crossed her legs with the magnetic buzz of stockings massaging each other, which she performed in slow motion. His head was automatically drawn to the inadvertent flash of white slender thighs, between the suspender straps.  
  
In between times she paid attention to him, by leaning forward with a cleavage designed to impress by a cleverly constructed bra. In the air-conditioned office he was mopping his brow, and running out of topics to keep her attention.  
  
"The school curriculum is specifically designed to reform awkward teenagers. We have a very impressive success rate," he said, while studying her cleavage. "We don't usually take on new students without a reference, though as a special favour to Paul, I can make an exception," he added, with a bright smile directed at Susan.  
  
"Thank you, it is most appreciated," Susan smiled back at him.  
  
"Just sign these papers," he explained. Bernice too signed several documents.  
  
"Everything is in order. This young lady is officially in the custody of our school. We are responsible for her until she leaves our premises. You had better take back this document. It's Pauls guardianship papers. He has complete control over her, until she reaches the age of twenty-one," Mr Mendes commented.  
  
The thought of acting like an adolescent for the next three years was overwhelming. Having Paul dictate her life would be terribly demeaning. She shook her head, in an attempt to clear it of the absurd notion.  
  
Once outside his office Bernice kept her head down, as she had throughout the ordeal. It had to be admitted, Susan played her part to perfection. It would have suited her to be rejected, though here she was, facing a tough jury, the students.  
  
She didn't like the sound of a curriculum designed for awkward adolescents.  
  
"Don't be worried dear, it's a new school and everything will be a little strange at first, but I'm sure you will do just fine," Susan sympathised, while patting down Bernice's uniform.  
  
"Pull up our socks, and straighten your tie, sweetie," Susan said, enjoying the act. Treating the woman like a silly schoolgirl was great fun. She was bending to the role. Just as far as she bent over to pull the white school socks up. She noticed the lads turn their heads when the woman bent over, and smiled to herself.  
  
Continuing to pick at non-existent fluff, and adjusting the white blouse, Susan told her. "I'll pick you up after school, now give auntie a kiss," she said, with a condescending pat on Bernice's head.  
  
Bernice gave her a cross look, mouthing, 'just go'. The overly concerned mother act was annoying, but she presented a cheek anyway. For a moment she felt like a young adolescent, rebelling from a mothers smothering care. It was humiliating, and more so, as it was an adolescent treating her like a naughty child.  
  
"You look so cute in that uniform, dear," Susan smiled. She just couldn't help patting the woman's bottom. With a fierce look, Susan gripped Bernice's chin to re-enforce her dominance.  
  
"Be a good girl, dear. I don't want to hear you've been in trouble, or you'll have your bottom spanked," Susan warned, in a stage whisper, loud enough for the students to hear.  
  
A gleam of devilment fired Susan's eyes as she glanced at a prefect waiting for Bernice.  
  
"Is the uniform alright, it was worn at her last school," Susan asked the principal, who seemed reluctant to leave. He stood there mesmerised by the sight of Susan playing up to him.  
  
He nodded vigorously with a big smile on his face, indicating anything she did would be just perfect. Bernice looked at him then back at Susan, knowing something was going to happen. She just hoped it wouldn't be too embarrassing.  
  
"What about these, are they according to regulations?" Susan asked, with a false look of concern. The principal reluctantly looked at Bernice.  
  
Bernice felt the short pleated skirt pulled up, showing off a pair of white knickers. The damn young girl was showing of her panties to the principal, and everyone else! Her face reddened in embarrassment from everyone witnessing the humiliating scene. The girl was treating her like a ten year old.  
  
She was about to remind Susan she was eighteen, having submersed herself in the pretence.  
  
Pretending to be an adolescent was bad enough, but this was going too far. Bernice felt like telling them she was a mature woman, an adult, deserving respect, but how could she? A group of students were giggling at her. She felt weak and defenceless, as much as when first starting high school all those years ago.  
  
The principle murmured something, and retreated back to his office.  
  
"My little girl doesn't know the rules, so I hope you will be lenient on her first day," Susan smiled at the prefect. "Now go with this young lady, be a good girl, and do as you're told," she said. Enjoying the charade, Susan dramatically blew a kiss, and smartly departed.

She just couldn't help rubbing it in. She was busy thinking up ways of embarrassing Bernice later, when picking her up from school. It was so much fun playing the over caring mother; playing at being her own mother.  
  
Bernice wanted to cry, only just managing to hold back the tears. Watching Susan clack away in high heels on a hardwood floor, she felt a pang of fear rise from the past. It was as though her mother was abandoning her. She felt as though she were a young girl again, in a strange world full of hurdles.  
  
The prefect's diction was perfect with a clipped Boston accent. "You are lucky, first day, no bad reputation, no homework to hand in, and most of all, only a few months before we leave," the girl told her.  
  
She was only eighteen, but larger in build, adding to Bernice's awkwardness  
  
"What's it like here?" Bernice asked, trying to make conversation.  
  
"You'll find out soon enough. Just don't get in my way, new-girl," she warned.  
  
Despite the threat, Bernice felt encouraged, as she seemed to be accepted as a student. The prefect acted tough, but Bernice was older and wiser, so it shouldn't be difficult to last until lunchtime. Besides, she had graduated from high school easy enough.  
  
The teacher hardly looked at Bernice as she entered the classroom, and found a desk. She blushed on seeing the young guys checking her out. She wished the skirt was longer, but everyone else wore it well above the knee, and she had to blend in.  
  
The classroom was the same as any other throughout the world, or at least the ones she had seen. So familiar was it, she began to sink into the role of student, with the years rapidly fading away. She even joined in by raising a hand to answer a question. Surprisingly she felt pleased when chosen. The answer was a little awkwardly phrased, for she was more used to business meetings and conferences.  
  
As the lesson wore on it all came flooding back. The furtive messages passed when the teacher was preoccupied, boys being boys, and girls pretending not to be bothered. Sinking in to the familiar role of student, the uncertainties and self-doubt experienced all those years ago, began to shape her thinking.  
  
It was nearing lunchtime and she became a self-conscious young girl again. Too late, she remembered it was taboo to raise a hand when the teacher asked if there were any questions. Sighs and groans went around, as she asked for clarification. Everyone wanted to get out of the class, and she was holding them up.  
  
What she didn't have were friends to bolster her confidence, and share thoughts with. The isolation was unbearable. With a lunch box gripped tight, she went to join a group from her class.  
  
The high fence was meant to keep people out, and the students in. Surely someone would know a way to escape the place. If she didn't get away before collected by Susan, it might mean another night at Paul's house. His heavy demeaning attitude, together with being in class, was affecting her.  
  
The thought of being reduced to a naughty schoolgirl, while he had free reign over her department, was annoying. She had to escape and take back control of her staff.  
  
There were benches laid out on the grass under trees. The shade, with a slight breeze was cooling, but she felt her cheeks were hot.  
  
"May I join you," she asked, as though it were an office coffee room.  
  
"New-girl, you had better join the swats. If we like the look of you we might invite you to join us, eventually," the brash girl told her.  
  
Bernice had forgotten how cruel fellow students could be, and these kids were even worse. The sniggers marked some of them as immature, while others effected a more sophisticated pose. The condescension in the girls voice was like a blast from the past.  
  
Bernice took a step back knocking into someone. Turning to apologise she took a deep breath in fright. The prefect, Lara, was glowering at her. "Pick it up," she said, emphasising every word individually.  
  
Bernice quickly bent to retrieve the fancy lunch package. The lid came off as she lifted and presented it, spilling the contents onto the grass.  
  
"You stupid bitch!" Lara spat at her. With hands on hips she looked at Bernice as though she were vermin. Bernice shrank into a ball of humiliation, and Lara smiled a self-satisfied look. "You had better watch you don't get into trouble. You're aunt said she would spank you, did she not?" Lara announced to her friends.  
  
Bernice dare not look up from under long blonde hair. It had seemed just a throwaway line this morning, but now it was a terrible blow. The others were sniggering at her. They were openly insulting her, and calling her a spoilt brat. She felt her hair gripped and head pulled up into the scowling face.  
  
"Yes," Bernice squeaked.  
  
"What did she say to you Barbara?" Lara asked, and shook Bernice's head. She was playing up to her friends, enjoying the new-girl's embarrassment.  
  
A bully had humiliated her at the beginning of high school, only now she was supposed to be an adult. Once reaching eighteen they were above this sort of thing, or maybe it was because they had formed friends for protection. Bernice had no-one to protect her, and felt pathetic.  
  
"If I get into trouble, Aunty will spank me," Bernice was forced to say. The words were hissed out under a confusion of emotions. The thought of that young girl, Susan spanking her was demeaning. The others were laughing at her, joining in the game of crushing the new-girl. Bernice was twenty-four but felt younger than these bullying eighteen year olds.  
  
"Do you want me to tell the teachers, and your aunt, you've broken the rules? I'm sure I can think of something," Lara teased.  
  
"No, please don't," she whined. The grovelling wasn't good enough, and the girl gripped her hair tighter. The girl needed her to submit, to emphasis their disparate positions before friends.  
  
"We can't have your mother spanking you, it might catch on," Lara said. The others laughed and groaned.  
  
"If you're used to it, I had better save her the trouble," Lara growled. Still gripping Bernice's hair, she pulled the woman over the end of the table. Two of the others helped, pulling her tight over it by gripping both wrists.  
  
Bernice gasped unable to speak. Surely not! She had never been spanked, not as a child, not even for fun in the bedroom. Only Paul had spanked her, and then she had deserved it.  
  
"Don't you dare, you can't, I'm a woman not one of you, you're just a bunch of thugs," she shouted, in a shocked rant.  
  
The tone of voice was all wrong, it only made things worse. They took it as an insult, and a challenge. She knew it, but couldn't hold back. The first slap quietened her. She gasped on feeling her panties roughly pulled down.  
  
"A woman did you say? Not down there you're not!" Lara laughed. The others stared at her bare pussy and joined in, though more nervously.  
  
Bernice suddenly realised what her torturer meant, and quaked with shame. The irony was, she had a full Brazilian before going on vacation, leaving everything perfectly bald. She not only looked baby-faced, she also looked baby-assed, with everything between her legs cleanly shaved and waxed.  
  
Some kept watch lest a teacher appeared. A crowd had gathered behind her, spurring Lara on. The guys seemed quiet, whereas the girls goaded Lara, and insulted Bernice. Lara had a leafy branch, swinging it as though practising. Some were just staring at her upturned ass, while others were telling Lara to, 'just do it'.  
  
The branch swished over her ass and she yelped. The sound of a pathetic yowl spurred on the crowd. They wanted more, and Lara liked the attention, so she swung again. The shape of it and the green leaves slowed the stroke, so it stung rather than pained. The disgrace was agonising.  
  
Lara realised she had gone too far and dropped the branch. She pulled Bernice up, and shoved the crowd away.  
  
"Show's over, get back to lunch!" she sternly told them. Pulling Bernice through the guys was the most difficult, as they wanted to see her ass, and offered to sooth it for her.  
  
A bit of a sob was given away, but not much. Bernice kept her head down hiding between the four girls. They took her into the school building, where thankfully no teachers were around. If they discovered what was going on and informed her so-called aunt, she would be in trouble.  
  
She didn't want Susan to find out about this pitiful show. Susan would inform Paul, and the least he knew the better.  
  
They took her through the gym into the changing rooms. "Sit," the young woman told her.  
  
It shouldn't be like this. She was a mature woman, so these young thugs should be showing her respect, not punishing her. She wasn't about to make the same mistake again. She would keep her mouth shut. Classes started soon, and she would be free of them.  
  
Sitting down she felt her bare bottom on the bench. Bernice only got one word out before the bitch warned her to be silent. It was pointless to say anything anyway. They were hardly likely to go back for her panties, even if they were still there. Her panties were probably held as a souvenir by one of the guys.  
  
It was a hurtful thought, those guys waving her panties around, telling the story, enlarging upon it to those who missed the spectacle. She had her ass spanked before a raucous crowd, and couldn't get the sound of their cheers, her yelps, or the swish of the branch, out of her head. She felt so small and pathetic, she desperately needed to slink away, but these witches wouldn't allow it.  
  
"Sit still bitch," Lara warned. "We are giving you a make-over," Lara announced, to her laughing friends.  
  
"Bunches, Miss will just love that!" Lara announced, and the others joined in the joke with derision.  
  
Bernice felt like a little helpless doll, being groomed by a bunch of wicked ogres at Halloween. They even put ribbons in her hair.  
  
From a locker one of them produced a little pink skirt and top. She was resigned to changing in front of them. When they found she had lost her panties, they squealed with laughter. She was right, they didn't bother to go and find them. They made disparaging remarks about her figure, but she managed to shut them out.  
  
They pulled her before a mirror. Holding her chin up she had to look at their handy-work. Her long blond hair had been tied up into two bunches. The ribbons held them in place, and they bounced prettily every time she moved her head.  
  
"What do you think?" Lara asked her.  
  
Bernice wanted to slap the smug face, but even if they had been alone it would be risky, as the nasty girl would beat her. "Nice," she flatly stated.  
  
"Not much enthusiasm after all our hard work," Lara complained, and pinched her arm.  
  
"It's lovely, thank you Lara," she sniffled. She didn't want to break down in front of them, but they had her looking like a pitiable Barbie doll. It had been bad enough in the school uniform, and now she felt thoroughly humiliated. She looked stupid, and felt like an idiot to have let them get away with this.  
  
The little pink skirt was dreadful, and the stretchy pink top was too tight. They locked her clothes away in a locker among the dozens behind her, so she was stuck with the horrid clothes. She looked like a brainless blonde. Worse, she looked like a girl who needed to flaunt herself. Sure, her body looked good, for she worked out to keep it toned, but to put it on show like this was just too vulgar.  
  
They knew it too. They were excited, waiting for something, or someone. She wondered if the football team were expected to get changed here. Was she to be made their mascot? A pretty little dolly, without panties, passed around to be spiked on their dicks.  
  
The thought of great big football players manhandling her was electric. Her face matched the redness of her ass. Of course she didn't want to be here when they got changed, though without a choice, what could she do?  
  
With a sigh of relief she remembered they didn't have a football team. A tinge of regret was quickly kicked out touch. The soccer team wasn't playing today, so what was it then?  
  
Miss Perez came in and growled at the girls. "What's going on here?"  
  
They parted revealing Bernice. Miss Perez stared at the young woman with mouth open, almost salivating.  
  
"She's forgotten her panties, Miss," Lara said.  
  
"What?" the teacher asked, with a look of incredulity upon her face. She stood right in front of Bernice looking down at her.  
  
Bernice looked up with a pathetic little smile, like a puppy waging its tail. A teacher had arrived but she didn't think it was a rescue.  
  
Miss Perez lifted the skirt above her hips. She had suspected a trick of some sort. Occasionally girls presented her with a present. Someone they despised, and had under their power in some way. That was usually in leaving week though, not six months before the end of year.  
  
She had been dressed to please, and so very pleasing she was. "Why?" the teacher asked.  
  
"I don't know miss," Bernice squeaked. Behind the teacher Lara drew a finger across her neck. The message was clear; she had to keep quiet, or else.  
  
"Are you an idiot?" she asked, with a scowl.  
  
"Yes miss, sorry miss," Bernice mewed pathetically.  
  
"She has something to tell you miss. Her aunt left instructions, miss," Lara said, while nodding and scowling at Bernice.  
  
Inside Bernice was crying with shame. How could she tell this hard looking woman such a damning thing? She took a deep breath knowing it had to be done. "My aunt, miss, said I should be spanked if I get into trouble," she bleated pitiably.  
  
"That's right miss, I heard her this morning. She's already been spanked miss," Lara added.  
  
Miss Perez was fully aware of how Lara operated, but if she and her friends were making a peace offering of one of their victims, she might at least consider it. Lifting the back of the skirt revealed a red striped backside. She couldn't quite make out what had made such wide ranging red marks. The girls ass was impressive.  
  
Spanking was not tolerated in school, and this had been administered recently. Lara was telling her a principle had been set, and Bernice hadn't complained. Not to the teachers at least. Bernice hadn't attempted to complain to her either. Maybe the slut enjoyed it.  
  
Behaving like a dumb blonde had some advantages, and right now it seemed the only way out of this mess. Bernice had little choice. Trying to explain she was an adult would be stupid. They wouldn't believe her, and would probably think she was mad.  
  
"I'll have to report this to your guardian, girl," Miss Perez scolded her.  
  
"Please, miss, don't do that. I'll do anything not to get into trouble with my uncle," Bernice pleaded. Her voice sounded as pathetic as she felt.  
  
"Really? Well, maybe I could deal with you. What do you say, girl?" the teacher asked. She gave the new-girl a threatening look. The others held their breaths in expectation, from knowing what the teacher was like.  
  
"Yes, miss, thank you miss," Bernice quickly replied. She tried a weak smile, needing to win approval. The cruel look held little chance of sympathy.  
  
"Off you go girls, back to your classes. Not you little Miss Muffet," she smiled. Hearing them leave, she grimly smiled at the girl. "You've heard the nursery rhyme about the spider, well I'm the spider. In this school we discipline malcontents. Drug addicts, those who have lost their way and let their parents down. Especially naughty little girls like you, who get into trouble with boys," she lectured.  
  
"You're a dirty little bitch, flaunting your body for the boys, aren't you!" she scolded.  
  
"It wasn't my fault, I didn't do it. Don't blame me. I don't know anything about it. It wasn't me, honest, miss," Bernice plaintively babbled.  
  
"Let's see what you have to flaunt. Get those ridiculous clothes off. Now! Move it," she ordered. "I'll dress you in something decent before you go back to class," she growled.  
  
Bernice quickly pulled off the top, then slipped the skirt down, letting it pool around her feet.  
  
"Step out of that skirt and folded it up. Now the shoes and socks," the teacher scolded her.  
  
Bernice stood at attention before the teacher, stark naked. She couldn't bring herself to ask for the promised clothes. The teacher was looking her body over with an obvious leer.  
  
"Turn around and bend over, girl," she ordered. "Hands on the bench! Legs apart. Why did you denude your sex, girl?" she asked.  
  
"It was a dare, miss, sorry miss!" Bernice tried excusing the shameful sight of her bare crotch.  
  
"I shall take a particular interest in you. I'm known for my strict discipline. Sluts like you shouldn't be let loose with the boys. They can't help themselves, or should I say that is the problem. You let them help themselves, don't you! Speak up, slut," she demanded.  
  
"Yes, miss, sorry miss," Bernice cringed a reply. Too her shame, it was only too true.  
  
"When last did you have sex, and who with?" she asked.  
  
"Friday miss. With some boys in the woods," Bernice quavered. She hadn't meant to speak out loud. The terrible truth spilled from her lips.  
  
"Shocking! You disgusting little tramp! I shall have to keep an eye on you. It is no wonder the girls brought you to me. I shall make you into a decent little girl. What do you say to that?" she angrily asked.  
  
"Thank you miss. I promise to try hard and be a good girl, honest miss," Bernice earnestly bleated. She felt so awful over what she had done, she needed to be punished and controlled. "I've been such a bad girl, I need to be punished for my wicked ways," Bernice moaned.  
  
It was as though she were a young girl again, being chastised by her mother. Though her mother had never spanked her, she was bent over ready for a thrashing.  
  
The woman patted her sore bottom. She winced from the touch.  
  
"You're bottom looks sore. I'll spare you today. Tomorrow lunchtime you will meet me here. I'll decide what to do with you then. Make sure you behave yourself. What is this?" she asked.  
  
"My, my pussy miss?" Bernice hesitantly spoke, on feeling a hand on her crotch.  
  
"It's wet! You are a naughty little slut," Miss Perez purred. "I shall make you a special project. You will be my pet, girl," Miss Perez said, while gripping the woman's pussy.  
  
Bernice remained bent over, leaning heavily on the bench. With her legs spread she hoped no one walked in. She heard the teacher walk back to her. She dare not move without permission. It was more important than ever to escape the school and Paul. The idea of becoming this woman's special pet, was horrendous.  
  
"Here, put these on," Miss Perez told her.  
  
Bernice pulled on the skirt and top. She felt much better. Her body was covered and she wore panties. The outfit was much the same as the other students wore. Not standing out left her feeling more at home.  
  
"Now then girl. Do you promise to behave? You will do as I tell you, and we will soon have you behaving like a good little girl. Isn't that right?" she asked.  
  
"Yes miss. I'll do as I'm told. I'll be a good little girl, promise," Bernice truthfully stated. The teacher had been kind enough not to thrash her, and already helped her by providing decent clothes. "Thank you miss," Bernice smiled.  
  
"You're such a cute little thing," Miss Perez grinned, while patting Bernice's bottom. "I'm going to take great pleasure in training you, to become an obedient girl. On your way then, run along to your class," she encouraged.  
  
She should have said something. Instead she had just capitulated, and agreed to co-operate. Yet what could she do? As a teenager, she couldn't talk back to an adult, let alone a teacher. As she hurried to a class, she worried about getting into trouble for being late.  
  
All the anxieties of teenage life occupied her mind. What would the others say about being thrashed at lunch time? Would she be able to make friends after that? Would she be able to cope with schoolwork. On top of that the memory of having sex with those boys was so shameful.

The way she reacted with Miss Perez was worrying. Her sex had been wet! Was she a lesbian, or bisexual? What would her guardian say when she arrived home without the school uniform!  
  
The immediate worry was facing her class teacher. What excuse could she come up with for being late? The many doubts and nervousness occupied her thoughts, clouding her judgement. She had to cope with being a naughty schoolgirl, rather than being a mature woman, and an adult.

**Naughty Girl Ch. 05**

Bernice was picked up after school by Susan, her so called aunt. Susan was Paul's niece and only eighteen, but made up to look like an older woman. She had done a good job on the disguise. The sophisticated make-up, nails, hair, and clothes, let Susan get away with the charade.  
  
Bernice on the other hand, was pretending to be an eighteen year old. It was embarrassing for a mature, married woman having to act like an adolescent, and especially so, with this young girl bossing her around.  
  
"What are you giggling at, girl?" Susan asked.  
  
Bernice wanted to retaliate and put the annoying girl in her place. She had been congratulating herself on surviving her first day in a new school. It was a stupid thought, as she was no high school student, and had burst out laughing over the silly idea.  
  
After only one day at school Bernice had sunk into the role fairly well. She had a run-in with a prefect and a teacher, and survived both humiliating situations. At least the afternoon had been quiet in class. Having someone to share thoughts and anxieties with was vital when growing up, so she would have to start mixing with fellow students.  
  
She almost laughed out loud again. She had to remind herself, that she was a mature woman, and had left behind those awful feelings of self-doubt and anxiety years ago.  
  
This had been the first day, and it would be the last.  
  
She silently got into the sedan, with a typical tortured adolescent look on her face. She sat with arms folded, scowling.  
  
"You can drop me off here!" Bernice announced. It was across town to her home, but she would walk it if she had to.  
  
"No! Paul left strict instructions that I should take you home, and not let you out of my sight," Susan stated.  
  
Bernice glowered, looking defiant and put upon.  
  
Susan glanced at her while they drove home. The woman was acting weird. This morning Paul pretended he thought the woman was a kid, and they had all gone along with it. The pretence was strained, and not very convincing. Bernice seemed guilty and afraid, rather than young. Now she was behaving like a spoilt brat, when not getting her own way.  
  
They pulled into the garage with the large automatic door shutting behind them. Bernice felt trapped, and with little choice traipsed into the kitchen behind Susan.  
  
"Where's your uniform?" Susan asked, only just then realising the woman was wearing something different.  
  
"I, err. . . I spilt paint on it. One of the teachers gave me this," Bernice lied.  
  
There was no way she could possibly explain what happened. It would be too humiliating. Recalling the incident with the girls and Miss Perez, left her feeling small and vulnerable.  
  
"That school uniform was expensive. I don't know what your, what Paul will say," Susan admonished her.  
  
She just refrained from saying, 'what your father will say'. It was a familiar refrain her mother used. She was still unsure what her uncle and this woman were playing at. She was being well paid so what did it matter.  
  
"Please don't tell him. Like, really it wasn't my fault," Bernice squirmed. She didn't want Paul to spank her again, so would have to gain this girls help.  
  
Susan enjoyed this new power held over a woman. She stared Bernice down, revelling in seeing her submit. Looking her over afresh, Susan could see how different she looked from this morning. The adolescent pretence was far more convincing, from the way she behaved and spoke.  
  
"I might make up some excuse for you. Do you promise to be a good girl?" Susan demanded to know. She imitated the heavy tone of voice her mother used when she was younger.  
  
"Yes," Bernice conceded.  
  
"Tell me then, so I know you mean it," Susan insisted.  
  
"Like, Yea! I promise to be a good girl. Thank you Susan," Bernice demurely replied.  
  
Bernice felt ensnared in the role, with yet more lies increasing its tight grip. If only she could tell them the truth and get out of this mess. The longer it went on the more difficult it was to escape. It was like a spiders web of lies being wound tight about her.  
  
"You had better get on with your homework. Stay right there! Don't go to your room. I don't trust you not to get stuck into girly magazines. Get on with it then," Susan encouraged.  
  
Bernice reluctantly flipped open a text book and note book. After a short while she became engrossed in the social studies assignment. It all seemed so much easier than before. This time she wasn't fervently looking forward to the end of school. This was it. The last school work ever. Before she realised it, the assignment was completed.  
  
She sat at the kitchen table with a sense of satisfaction. She began to think back over the years of high school. Being bored in class, bullied out of class, her breasts developing late, boys, hating lessons, and the teachers.  
  
While they waited for Paul to return, Susan fixed dinner. It left her feeling all the more like her own mother. Bernice was just sitting there, no longer glowering from being grounded, just staring into space.  
  
"At least you could set the table," Susan said, with obvious exasperation.  
  
"Alright, like really, there's no need to nag!" Bernice grumpily complained.  
  
She could feel the response was wrong, yet couldn't help it. All weekend she had desperately tried to convince Paul she was a teenager. Being in school had demanded she behave like a schoolgirl, and she had. Reliving those awkward years of high school all over again was getting to her.  
  
She had to get away before Paul got home. If he discovered who she was it would be dire. He knew about those boys she had been messing around with. Now he could tell her husband she had been at school all day.  
  
"Hi Paul, had a good day?" Susan automatically asked. 'Shit! I'm turning into my mother, years ahead of time,' Susan thought.  
  
Bernice tried to look unobtrusive, as though she could blend into the background, so as not to be noticed.  
  
"That smells good! Have you been a good girl at school?" Paul asked.  
  
Bernice had stopped cringing over being asked if she were a good girl. She accepted the demeaning question, yet couldn't accept that she was. Each time it was said, it reminded her of what happened Friday evening. She was a very bad girl. She felt like telling him she hadn't let anyone fuck her today.  
  
"Yes, Sir," Bernice demurely answered.  
  
"Sit down and we can eat together," he said.  
  
While she washed up, Paul commented on the skirt and top.  
  
"I gave it to her. They don't wear a uniform at that school," Susan lied for her.  
  
"Alright, you can wear it tomorrow," Paul said.  
  
He had a successful day while Bernice was absent from her office. The team in her department co-operated, without the boss looking over their shoulders. It would take awhile to gather enough information to make a proposal to the CEO, so he needed to keep her out of the department for a few more days.  
  
Hell! Not another day of school, not that. Miss Perez was after her, and she would have to face those nasty girls. She had got herself into this mess and would have to talk her way out of it.  
  
He was sending her to school because she said she quit, to work in that burger bar. He had watched her being fucked by that nasty boy, so she had to pretend to be someone else. At the time she had been pleased not to be recognised by him. Another mistake was telling him her parents were away. He ended up taking her to his home, to look after and make sure she behaved herself.  
  
Damn! She had brought it all upon herself.  
  
She neatly folded the school clothes on a chair, and wrapped a dressing gown around her naked body. She would have to do something. Where the hell was her husband? He hadn't answered the phone all weekend. The messages he left about being away meant Paul kept her here, until her parents returned home.  
  
She padded on bare feet to the lounge, where Paul was working on a report.  
  
"Can I phone home, sir?" she asked.  
  
"Sure. If your parents are back, I'll take you home. If you promise me you'll be a good girl, I won't mention what happened," he smiled reassuringly at her.  
  
A ray of sunshine lightened her feelings. She felt so excited at the prospect of escaping the nightmare, she danced on the spot.  
  
"Oh! Like, thank you, Sir! I promise to be a good little girl, and do as I'm told. I'll keep away from the naughty boys, and study hard. I promise, honest!" Bernice gleefully gushed.  
  
She was so excited it felt as though all her birthdays had come at once. A heavy burden had been lifted from her shoulders. The guilt over what she had done would return, and she had to work out what to do about Paul being in her office. All that had been forgotten. She was being let off school, and would be returned to the safety of her home. The humiliating charade was over!  
  
Watching her skip off to his workroom, he wondered what lie she would come up with. The gossip in the office was that her husband was having an affair with a woman he worked with. Perhaps that is why she had been trying so hard to rekindle their marriage with silly games. She must have sensed something was going on.  
  
It was while playing one of those games with her husband that got her into this mess. It was convenient for him to pretend he didn't recognise her, to keep her out of the way. He was finding it amusing keeping her like this, and pushing her to the limit.  
  
Joan, the office gossip, figured the husband had finally left, and Bernice was recovering alone at home. It took a little digging to check their guess had been partially correct. In the end it had been so simple to find out what was going on. The husband had left her, to move in with the other woman.  
  
Bernice listened to the answer phone message. It was short but certainly not sweet. Angus sounded uncertain, then firmed up his voice. He was leaving and not coming back! She was numb, not hearing the rest. She dialled again to listen once more to the message. Her husband wasn't coming back!  
  
Bernice stumbled into the lounge, not seeing anyone or anything. The horrible news was unforeseen and shocking. She had tried so hard. Now she knew why he was paying her so little attention.  
  
"Are they back home yet?" Paul asked, feigning ignorance.  
  
Bernice shook her head. Tears ran from her eyes in silent splashes onto the carpet.  
  
"Come here," Paul told her.  
  
He reached for both hands and pulled her onto his lap. Wrapping his arms around her, he tried to console her.  
  
"What's happened?" he asked.  
  
"I don't know. He must have found out about what I did," she cried into his shoulder.  
  
"Your parents didn't hear it from me, I promise you," he truthfully said. He steered her away from saying it was her husband, and continued to pretend she lived with her parents.  
  
"No. I didn't mean my, I, I don't know what to do, I can't go back home," she sobbed.  
  
"Don't worry little one, I'll look after you and make sure you don't get into any more trouble. You can stay with me for as long as you like," he consoled.  
  
"Thank you, sir," she sobbed. His kindness in a moment of need was deeply touching.  
  
"You're a good little girl. I'll keep you safe, as my special little girl," Paul whispered in her ear. For a moment he forgot who she really was, while responding to her grief.  
  
Her husband's unexpected rejection hit hard. The years rolled back to when her father comforted her. When things were far simpler, and her father could put things right. She wanted to be somebody's little girl, and to be needed by someone.  
  
Bernice nuzzled up to him. Feeling his strong arms safely wrapping her body was comforting. She felt frail, abandoned, and in great need of protection. She didn't have the energy to explain she meant her husband, and not her parents.  
  
Susan watched Bernice drift aimlessly into the lounge. The woman was obviously upset. At first she thought they were playing some kind of management mind game. Paul had organised training exercises, which sounded stupid when he talked about them. Whatever it was, they were both acting very strangely.  
  
She went to the spare room and grabbed the woman's school clothes. It wasn't new, so maybe it had been the truth, about a teacher giving it to her. It didn't need washing, so threw it back on the chair. A cruel idea occurred to her, and she picked it up again.  
  
The two of them were still at it. The woman was sitting on his lap, sobbing her heart out. Susan had heard of regression therapy, but that couldn't be it, as Uncle Peter wasn't qualified. She continued to her room with a needle and thread.  
  
"Bloody hell! Their stupid game is affecting me. I'm sitting here sewing, like my mother," Susan laughed to herself.  
  
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Next morning Bernice dragged herself to the kitchen, not bothering with make-up. She felt dejected and withdrawn.  
  
"You're not dressed! You'll be late for school!" Susan admonished her.  
  
Wearing just a dressing gown, which was too long for her, she didn't look so young that morning.  
  
Paul walked in, and her eyes lit up.  
  
"Come on young lady, you need to get a move on. You promised to be a good girl and to behave yourself," he reminded her.  
  
"Sorry, sir. I'll get ready straight away," Bernice apologised. She forgot about her troubles for a moment, when receiving a smile from Paul.  
  
"Eat your breakfast first," he warmly said. He patted her head as though she were a favourite pet.  
  
She looked up at him with a bright smile lighting her face.  
  
Susan looked at the two of them. They were even closer now, from whatever happened last night. They hadn't done it, she knew that much. The way the woman was looking at him, and hung on his every word, she was acting like a lovesick schoolgirl. It was sickening.  
  
Paul left early for the office.  
  
Bernice came back into the kitchen pulling at the skirt and top.  
  
"Come on! You don't want to be late do you?" Susan warned.  
  
"Like, no, this skirt, its shrunk!" Bernice complained.  
  
"There's no time for that now. I'll get you something while out shopping. Don't start! You promised Paul to be a good girl, didn't you?" Carol reminded her.  
  
"Yea, OK, but, like," she shrugged her shoulders, resigned to not getting help this time from Susan.  
  
Carol wanted to laugh at her. She had been too enthusiastic with the alterations last night. The skirt was too short and the top too tight. There hadn't been a bra in the woman's room, and she put the sensible panties in the wash.  
  
"Wait a minute! What are you wearing under that skirt? Show me!" Susan demanded.  
  
With a look of excruciating pain Bernice lifted it, show the girl her panties. They were see-thru, except for a small triangle of cotton at the crotch.  
  
"You're a right little slut, I should tell Paul when he gets home," Susan said.  
  
"Oh! No! Please Susan, it's not my fault, it's all I had, honest. Please don't tell him, I'll die of shame," Bernice pleaded.  
  
"You promise to be a good girl today, and I'll get you some decent panties," Susan said.  
  
"Yea, of course, I promise to be a good girl, honest. Like really," she meekly responded.  
  
Bernice didn't complain or make a fuss when Susan dropped her off at the school. She didn't even try to slip away before walking in the gate. Once in the school grounds there was no way to escape, so she deferred to the inevitable.  
  
Finding her way to class was easy enough, even though she was lost in thought. It confounded her that it was so easy accepting being sent to school. The feeling of wanting to be a good girl, as everyone kept telling her, was strong. She really didn't want to let Paul down. She didn't want to lose him too. The thought struck as being wrong, but she couldn't shake it off.  
  
The only seat left was next to a boy. Like everyone else he was eighteen, and he was obviously a geek. It was comfortable sitting with him, like two misfits together. The guys were checking her out again. The short skirt and skimpy top suddenly became embarrassing.  
  
She was no longer a confident woman. She was a schoolgirl feeling as though caught with her skirt up. She fidgeted on the hard wooden seat, feeling vulnerable and nervous. She uselessly tugged at the hem without noticing the automatic gesture. The girls gave her dirty looks, even the ones wearing similar slutty clothes.  
  
Everyone began to leave the classroom and she wondered where they were going. She had been daydreaming over past times, not taking part in the lesson at all.  
  
"It's a free study period," Jim said.  
  
"Oh." Bernice replied.  
  
"You can join me if you like," he nervously smiled.  
  
"OK." she shrugged.  
  
He gave her a big smile of relief. Following him out she realised it had been a big thing for him to ask her to join him. The others were in groups talking animatedly, unaware of the two of them. As a new girl she was a non-entity, not worth bothering with, but at least she had someone to talk to.  
  
They sat in the shade of some trees on the school field. Others were scattered around with books open for show. He was trying to start a conversation, though it was hard for him, as she was in no mood to talk.  
  
"You're way out of your depth with that one, nerdy boy," a tall handsome guy jeered.  
  
She couldn't see who it was, as he was standing in the sun. His posture and tone of voice was annoying. On impulse she turned to Jim, and kissed him on the lips.  
  
The guy snorted and walked off.  
  
"Thanks," Jim said. He gave her a grin and they both laughed.  
  
"You can kiss me again if you like," Bernice demurely spoke.  
  
She trembled from his touch. Her kiss had been a smacker. Nothing more than a demonstration of defiance to an arrogant guy, and to everyone else who had bullied her. Recently and in the past.  
  
His kiss was gentle. She felt a warmth of friendship. She was back to a time of innocence, where first kisses meant something. Their jaws ached as the kiss turned to a full blown devouring duel. Neither wanted to break the deep feeling of togetherness. Both needed to be wanted.  
  
She felt a hand cup her breast. For a moment she demurred, wanting to push it away. Instead she clasped his hand, pressing it tight again a breast. She wasn't wearing a bra, and felt his fingers pinching a nipple. She was warm under the shaded sun, and hot from the intense caresses.  
  
She guided his hand away, knowing he didn't mind, hadn't expected to be allowed such an intimacy. Hardly aware of what she was doing, her hand guided his to her thighs. She was an experienced woman used to receiving more than just a quick fumble. Her body was responding more that intended. She thought to stop it, yet her body denied her the strength.  
  
His hand slid up a bare thigh. A gentle stroking massage, hesitant, and expecting to be thwarted. An exploratory press of fingertips against her panties felt good. Her thighs fell open of their own accord. Fingertips pressed firmly at her crotch. He found a wet patch and rubbed it. A finger caught at the edge of the panties and accidently slipped in.  
  
Bernice sighed around his lips. The pleasing sound encouraged him. With his whole hand he held her sex, gently rubbing it with fingers exploring her crotch. Feeling her hardened clit rubbed, she responded by sucking his tongue into her mouth. He pressed and rubbed her clit harder when she quietly groaned.  
  
She broke away from his mouth to take a deep breath. "Make me cum," she whispered. It was wrong but she couldn't help it. Like Friday night she was too far gone, too out of control, past caring about right and wrong.  
  
She felt a finger push into her. She guided his thumb over her clit. He worked her hard, and slowly. He watched her screwed up face, eyes closed, concentrating on the delicious sensations. After all she had been through, she needed pleasure, and desperately needed a release from the torturous tension.  
  
A wave of tremors fluttered from her tummy, sensitising her breasts, filling her mind with warm feelings, almost like love. "You can stop now," she sighed.

He took his hand away and smoothed down her skirt.  
  
Looking at the expression of dismay and love on his face left her feeling ashamed.  
  
"Sorry, I didn't mean to. I, I'm sorry," she whispered.  
  
"No! It was good. I enjoyed it, err. Did you?" he needlessly asked.  
  
"Thank you, yes," she sheepishly answered. She felt foolish, naughty, and deliriously happy.  
  
Looking around at the others, it was obvious they were absorbed in their own intimacies. Sharing jokes, teasing, and furtive kisses. No one had noticed. It had been a sordid sexual experience with a stranger, yet she felt it was nice. Not good, or exciting, just nice.  
  
She kissed him on the lips. He smiled warmly. As though nothing happened they continued studying the maths books. For no apparent reason they occasionally laughed together.  
  
"It's lunch time. We need to go to our lockers," he said.  
  
He stood up and helped her to her feet. She smoothed down the skirt and adjusted the top. Walking with him back to the school building she felt lightheaded. She was a teenager again, experiencing innocent young love.  
  
The big smile on his face reminded her of past times. The thought of him bragging to his friends frightened her.  
  
"You won't tell anyone will you!" she blurted out.  
  
"No, of course not," he reassured her.  
  
"You won't tell your friends?" she asked.  
  
"No. It's our secret, honest," he warmly smiled. "Can I see you after school," he asked.  
  
"I'm not sure. My uncle is strict," she nervously said.  
  
The two worlds seemed to collide. She wavered on her feet, with legs threatening to give way. What she had done with this boy was so wrong! He gripped her arm to steady her.  
  
"If I can, I will," she lied. The imploring look on his face was too much to resist. She just couldn't spoil his moment. He would have to be let down gently.  
  
"I've got to go," she firmly said.  
  
It was lunch time! Hell! She had to go and see Miss Perez.  
  
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"Yes, miss, sorry miss," Bernice trotted out the usual replies.  
  
It was so easy to sink back into the role of student. Just being in school was enough to bring back those familiar attitudes. Fellow students and teachers reinforced the role. She was slight in build, which left her feeling intimidated by everyone around her. The school was for delinquents and misfits. She felt she fit into both categories.  
  
"Your late, can't you tell the time?" Miss Perez crossly derided.  
  
"No miss, yes miss," she blustered.  
  
"Those clothes your wearing are disgraceful. What have you done to them?" Miss Perez demanded.  
  
"They, err, shrunk in the wash miss," she stammered.  
  
"You're not only dressed like a slut, you're lying to me," Miss Perez told her.  
  
"Get them off now!" she stipulated.  
  
Bernice wanted to cry. Yet again she was forced to strip off in the changing room, in front of the harsh teacher. She had been warned to dress decently, and had been kindly given these clothes. What had happened to them she had no idea. It was difficult to think straight under an onslaught of demands.  
  
Miss Perez examined the skirt and decided the girl had altered them. The stitching was obviously amateurish. She took a good look at her before deciding what to do.  
  
"Those panties! They're soaking wet. Give them to me," she said.  
  
She sniffed them, and held them out at arm's length in front of the girls face. "What have you been up to?" Miss Perez asked..  
  
"Nothing miss," she sheepishly replied. The feeling of being a naughty little girl was overwhelming. She had let down Paul, and everyone else.  
  
"They stink of your sex. Tell me what you've been doing, now!" Miss Perez harshly demanded.  
  
"I, err, let a boy play with me," she whimpered. She didn't want to admit to it, but guilt forced it from her.  
  
"You what? Here in school?" Miss shouted.  
  
Bernice was shaking. Hearing someone walking in she tried to cover her nakedness.  
  
"Stand still. Arms at your sides, and stand straight!" the teacher warned her.  
  
Lara walked in with a couple of friends. They were no friends of hers. The girl had bullied her yesterday, and ended up spanking her in public. The humiliation hurt her pride more than her ass. Seeing the tall girls made her feel even smaller and more insignificant.  
  
"Don't laugh at the naughty girl. She's been playing bad games with some boy. Look at the state of these disgusting panties. You let him finger you, did you?" Miss Perez asked.  
  
"Yes, miss, sorry miss," she murmured.  
  
The girls were looking at her with mock disgust on their faces. They were trying hard not to laugh. Bernice wanted to run and hide from the shame.  
  
"Did you orgasm?" Miss Perez asked, pointedly showing off her victim to the girls.  
  
"Yes, miss," she answered. Not wanting to reveal the sordid details, the teacher relentlessly dragged them from her.  
  
"Remember her aunt said she should be spanked, if she misbehaves," Lara piped up.  
  
"Obviously anticipating the dirty little girls behaviour. Bend over the bench," Miss Perez told her.  
  
"But, miss, I'm, err." she quavered.  
  
She wanted to tell them she wasn't a schoolgirl, she was an adult. She was a mature married woman, and couldn't be treated this way. How could she? She was naked, showing off her slender little body. She had admitted to letting a boy finger fuck her. Her husband had left her, so was she really married now. Of course she was technically, but she didn't feel it anymore. She felt she was a pathetic little schoolgirl, and a disgrace.  
  
"What are you? Speak up girl," the teacher growled at her.  
  
"I'm, I'm a dirty little slut, miss," she answered, with a frail voice.  
  
"In consequence you deserve what?" Miss Perez asked.  
  
"A spanking miss," she conceded.  
  
"You shall have a spanking, to make you think about being a good girl," the teacher self-righteously spoke.  
  
"Oww!" she cried out. The slap to her bare bottom stung. It wasn't a hand it was a wooden paddle! Again and again she yelped as her ass was flogged.  
  
"Stand up! What do you say?" the ogre asked.  
  
"Thank you miss for spanking me," she murmured.  
  
"What are you going to do in future, and speak up," the teacher warned her.  
  
"I'm, I'm not going to let boys play with me, and I'm going to be a good girl, miss," she said, before the sniggering girls.  
  
"Good! Make sure you are a good girl, and behave yourself in school. I'll get you a decent pair of panties, then you can go," Miss Perez said, sounding warm and solicitous.  
  
Not given permission to move, Bernice stood up straight with hands to her sides, before the bully and her friends.  
  
"You are such a disgusting little slut. You haven't been in school two days and you've let some boy finger fuck you? Did you charge him, whore," Lara laughed, provoking the others.  
  
"She can't help it, must be a nympho," one of the others suggested.  
  
"Look at her little girls sex. She's not even got hair yet," another added.  
  
"Waiting for breasts too. No wonder she doesn't wear a bra," the first one jibed.  
  
Inwardly Bernice cried. Those years in high school felt so close, as though she were back there. She was a little undeveloped girl, being bullied by big girls, for no reason, just because they could. As an experienced woman she should have been able to fight them, if not physically at least verbally. Instead she was naked, feeling sick.  
  
"Here, put these on," Miss Perez told her.  
  
Gratefully Bernice got dressed. She pulled the clothes on quickly. She didn't feel much better once dressed.  
  
"Lara, make sure she gets to her class. You! Be here on time tomorrow lunchtime. I will be waiting for you," Miss Perez warned her.  
  
She slapped her panty clad ass under the short skirt. "Run along girl, and don't forget to be a good little girl," the teacher smiled.  
  
Once outside Lara grabbed her hand. "Come along little girl," she smirked.  
  
Looking up at Lara, Bernice wanted to tell her to leave her alone. She remembered all the hurts and pitiful pleas of long ago, and fell silent.  
  
"I'll keep you away from her, if you agree to be my little pet-girl. What do you say?" Lara asked.  
  
"I don't know. Can you protect me? What will I have to do?" Bernice asked.  
  
"Do as you're told, that means whatever I say. Otherwise, you get sent back to her," Lara laughed.  
  
Would it be any better than being thrashed by that teacher. Lara would have her running around like a slave. At least none of the others would bully her.  
  
"I'll think about it," she dared to say.  
  
Lara snorted, "You do that, little girl."  
  
Lara looked her up and down with disdain. The girl was obviously older than eighteen. The principal must have been slipped something extra to let her in. Perhaps Betty had been right about her being a nympho. The uncle must have given up trying to keep her out of trouble, and sent her here as a last resort. Not that it would do any good, the place was a joke.  
  
Bernice walked into class. The boy was there. She carefully lowered herself next to him. The hard chair made her bottom throb. Her heart fluttered from him being so close. It was the only nice thing about being in school. The feelings engendered from furtive passion, the mysteries of adolescent sex, passionate embraces, and instant love, all combined to thrill her like a storm rushing through her.  
  
He took hold of her hand, which was limp from being so foolishly disturbed by him.  
  
Her face flushed red. Of course she knew all about sex, she was an experienced married woman. It just felt new and exciting. Hell! She had an enormous crush on him. Her heart thumped loudly, feeling as though it was pulsing in and out of the tight top.  
  
His finger delicately traced her palm, sending wonderful sensations through her body. She tightened her grip on his hand, wishing she could get a grip upon her feelings so easily.  
  
The lesson seemed to drag on for an age. All the while she sank further into being a foolish schoolgirl again. At last it was over. They both dragged out the process of piling books into their packs. Everyone was gone, leaving them alone.  
  
"We can't not here, I've got to go," she whispered, yet continued to stand close to him.  
  
"Just a kiss," he whispered into her ear.  
  
Her acquiescence was all he needed. He wrapped his arms around her and licked an ear, breathing heavily upon it. Feeling his kisses upon her neck sent shivers of delight down her spine. A warning over how submissive she became when aroused was drowned by desire.  
  
He nibbled upon her lips. She opened her mouth, for him to enter her. She was ready for him, and ached to feel him really enter her. It seemed a long time ago that she had sunk so low as to kneel before a lover. Without thought she sank to her knees, pushing him against the desk.  
  
Pulling his cock from his jeans, she kissed it, then sucked it into her mouth. Flirting and kissing, with the occasional grope, was all she had allowed with earlier encounters with boys. As a mature woman she was prepared to give more of herself.  
  
She couldn't see the shock on his face. Her head bobbed up and down his cock, gaining enthusiasm and a faster rhythm. He glanced at the classroom door with a look of fear. His face became screwed up as his sex face took over.  
  
He shot his load into her mouth. He watched her swallow it. The amazement on his face showed clearly. He wondered how she could have possibly submitted to such a brazen act, let alone commit it in class. He helped her up and clung on to her. Her nipples were hard, pointing at him through the tight top.  
  
He gently squeezed one to find out what it felt like. He cupped both her breasts, holding them as though they were precious. To his surprise she lifted the top to reveal them. He hesitated, so she guided his hands to her bare breasts. He clutched them awkwardly, then began to knead the lovely soft flesh.  
  
She was breathing more fiercely from arousal. She would do whatever was necessary to get what she wanted. Sucking him back to life would be a pleasure.  
  
They heard footsteps in the corridor and froze. They quickly pulled their clothes together and stepped toward the door. There was no one there, so they scampered toward the exit. At least they weren't the last to leave school.  
  
Near the gate she turned to him. "Wait till I've gone. I don't want my aunt to see us together," she explained.  
  
Bernice skipped passed the school guard, and continuing with light steps toward her waiting ride home. She gave Susan a big smile and jumped in next to her.  
  
Susan looked at the woman, wondering what she was so pleased about. It wasn't just over leaving school. On the drive home Bernice chattered about lessons. Susan glanced at her occasionally, wondering what the woman had been up to.  
  
When they arrived home she stopped Bernice going to her room.  
  
"So, what have you been up to today? Besides classes," Susan asked.  
  
Bernice flushed, with her face and neck turning bright red. The guilty look was enough for Susan. Paul had emphasised the woman should be a good girl. He had let something slip about boys, without details, and tried to cover it up. Was this why Bernice was being sent to school? She couldn't figure it out and hated mysteries, especially when money was involved. If she found out what was going on, maybe she could screw more money out of her uncle.  
  
"Nothing. Like really," Bernice emphasised too strongly.  
  
"Lift that skirt," Susan said. "Come on, show me."  
  
Reluctantly Bernice lifted the hem. She could feel how wet they were.  
  
"They're soaking wet! I can smell you from here. Where did you get those from, you wore something else this morning!" Susan exclaimed.  
  
"Sorry. Err. Like, I wet myself, and a teacher gave me these," she lied.  
  
"You wet them like these are now?" Susan asked.  
  
"Yes, no!" she said, with a voice changing from shame to denial.  
  
"You're lying. You are a dirty little slut. You've been playing with boys. Haven't you!" Susan crossly stated.  
  
"I'm sorry, really. Please don't tell Paul. Please, Susan," she cried in alarm.  
  
The woman was reacting like a silly young girl, caught out over mischief. The game she had been playing was more serious than some mischief. Having her squirm was delightful. It was clear this was no young girl, but that was only because she knew it. The way she dressed and behaved would fool most people. Especially now she was so well practiced in the pretence.  
  
Going to school was one thing, but having sex there was outrageous. Maybe they were setting up a teacher. Was Paul investigating someone for a client? In any event, she would take the money, and for fun would make this woman squirm.  
  
"Take them off. Give them to me," Susan demanded. She held them at arms' length.  
  
"These are disgusting. So you dirtied your panties this morning, and again you cum into these this afternoon," Susan surmised.  
  
"Please don't tell Paul, please," Bernice cringed.  
  
The woman didn't deny it. "You are such a dirty little girl, he needs to know. You promised to be a good girl, didn't you," Susan heavily stated.  
  
"Yes. I'm sorry. I let Paul down. I didn't mean to, honest," Bernice whined.  
  
"From now on you'll do as I say. I won't tell Paul, just as long as you tell me everything. Got it?" Susan stipulated.  
  
"Yes, Susan, I will," Bernice muttered.  
  
Feeling sick from shame, she recounted that day at school. It felt so bad to admit to letting a young guy play with her until she had an orgasm. After recounting the sordid episode in class, she blurted out that she was infatuated with him. She only just choked off that she was in love with him.  
  
It sounded pathetic, leaving her feeling wretched. She was a grown woman admitting to having a thing for an adolescent. The sad truth was, that she was still feeling a strong attachment to him.  
  
"Please don't tell Paul. I'll do whatever you want, honest," Bernice enthusiastically promised.  
  
Susan stared at the woman until she looked down with shame and guilt. She had the woman beaten. She would keep an eye on her, and find out what kind of game they were playing, then decide what to do about it.  
  
"Go to your room and tidy it up. You had better get some decent clothes on before Paul gets home," Susan forcefully said.  
  
Watching the woman scamper off, she felt pleased. She wondered why. It was just a bit of fun telling a grown woman what to do, and treating her like a kid. She would have her running around like a slave, given the chance.

**Naughty Girl Ch. 06**

Susan took a glass of milk and a cookies to Bernice's room. Though she was being ignored, Susan sat next to her on the bed. It wasn't unexpected to find the woman reading a glossy teen magazine, after all, that was all there was in her room. She was small and light boned, looking fragile and hurt. She looked sorry for herself, which was understandable.  
  
"Don't worry, I won't tell Paul," Susan smiled.  
  
Bernice didn't look at the girl. "Thanks," was all she said.  
  
"Tell me about him," Susan quietly spoke.  
  
Susan stroked the woman's hair, wanting to gain her confidence. It was fascinated to find this woman was re-living the anxiety of adolescence. It was almost believable that Paul was making the woman do this for some therapeutic reason. She had to suppress a laugh. This woman was no adolescent, yet she was behaving like one. It was both funny and pathetic.  
  
"You don't really want to know," Bernice pouted.  
  
"We're girls together, men don't understand. Come on, tell me," Susan encouraged.  
  
The woman looked as if she really wanted to share a secret. Whatever happened at school today was affecting her. It had driven her deeper into the role of pretending to be a schoolgirl.  
  
Bernice was concerned over what was happening to her. It was like being on a rollercoaster, with her emotions plummeting one moment then soaring with euphoria the next. It was as though she had caught a disease from the eighteen-year-old girls in class. Her hormones were all over the place, as though she really was an adolescent.  
  
Enjoying being in school again was worrying as it reinforced the idea of being a kid again. It was disturbing to have fallen head over heels for that eighteen year old boy. As a woman it was terrible not to be able to control her feelings, and losing her moral standing could be disastrous.  
  
"You promise not to tell Paul," Bernice pensively asked.  
  
"Sure, just between you and me," Susan smiled. She continued to stroke the woman's hair, hoping to sooth her nerves. Bernice was obviously taught and ready to burst into tears.  
  
"He sits next to me in class. He's nice. A bit of a geek really. He has a lovely smile, and kisses so good," Bernice shivered, with a delightful look on her face. Her smile changed to apprehension, from realising she had revealed a naughty secret.  
  
"So you've been kissing at school. Naughty girl!" Susan laughed.  
  
It was weird hearing her talking like this. It was amusing having an adult submitting to her, so wanted the woman to open up so as to keep her that way. Any dirty little secrets that could be gained would be used against her.  
  
"Only kidding, didn't mean it," Susan apologised.  
  
"I was. I was a bad girl," Bernice admitted.  
  
"Just for kissing? Don't be silly. Everyone kisses in school," Susan began, almost saying at your age. Bernice was a woman and shouldn't be in school, let alone kissing.  
  
She wasn't sure how old Bernice was, though certainly over twenty. When she was made up for school in the morning she only just passed for eighteen. She could be mistaken for one of those girls that looked older for her age. She was tempted to ask what she was playing at with Paul. Before she could speak the woman started to open up to her.  
  
"More than that," Bernice said, sounding contrite. "I let him play with me. I had an orgasm on the school field!"  
  
Susan was astonished. The way it was said, it was meant to shock her. The woman was studying her. What could she say.  
  
"Well, I guess that is naughty. What happened? Did he force you?" Susan awkwardly asked, knowing it was unlikely.  
  
"No! I let him. I got carried away. I can't help myself. Someone told me before. I didn't believe them. Like, now I know for sure," Bernice cried.  
  
She didn't say the someone was her husband. He had left her and the hurt had to be shelved away until she could cope with it. Pushing aside that old life made it easier to cope with this new one. Knowing she was escaping one problem, only to dig herself deeper into trouble didn't help. She just couldn't face the pain of losing her husband, so carried on with the subterfuge.  
  
Susan wondered if this was a problem they were trying to work through. Maybe she was a nymphomaniac trying to work it out of her adolescence. Maybe Paul was giving her personal therapy, or something like that. She kept quiet, not knowing what to say, letting the woman cry. She rubbed her back and stroked her hair, trying to comfort her.  
  
Needing to unburden herself, Bernice continued. "When everyone left the classroom, we started to kiss. He'd been so nice to me. . . I got carried away and before I knew what was happening, I sucked him off," Bernice sobbed.  
  
Susan pulled her into her arms. She pushed Bernice's head into a shoulder and made soothing sounds.  
  
"It's all right. Don't worry, I won't tell Paul. You're a good girl really," Susan lamely said.  
  
So this is why Paul kept telling her to be a good girl. She was a slut, who couldn't control herself. Sending her back to school hadn't worked. It had spectacularly gone wrong. They sat in each other's arms, with Susan rocking her. After awhile Bernice stopped sobbing, and Susan wiped her face of tears.  
  
She was both appalled and fascinated. Her interest in what Bernice and Paul were playing at was fascinating, though it was difficult to feel sorry for the woman. She wondered if Paul knew what he was doing. I didn't occur to Susan that she had grabbed a hold of the wrong explanation.  
  
"Is the boy over eighteen?" Susan asked.  
  
"Yes, of course!" she answered.  
  
"Tell me what happens, when you start kissing," Susan quietly asked.  
  
"I get excited. I can't stop him touching me. I get aroused, and want it so much," Bernice complained, sounding as though she were in agony.  
  
"Has Paul kissed you?" Susan asked.  
  
"No! He's been so nice to me. He's promised to look after me. I really want to be a good girl for him," Bernice choked, almost bursting into tears again.  
  
"Don't blame yourself. You need help. Paul knows what he's doing. Going to school must be right for you," Susan said, sounding doubtful. She didn't have a clue, so had to go along with it. Being well paid to look after Bernice was reason enough to keep the pretence going.  
  
"You must stay in school. Try to behave yourself while there. Paul will work out what's good for you. He'll look after you," Susan told her.  
  
"Have you kissed others?" Susan suddenly asked.  
  
"No! Only him in school, honest!" Bernice earnestly replied. She realised she had inferred there were others, outside of school, and she dreaded admitting to the terrible events of Friday night.  
  
"So what about out of school?" Susan persisted.  
  
"Paul caught me with some guys in the woods. He rescued me, and brought me home to look after," Bernice murmured. She hadn't meant to reveal that sordid episode, the sordid truth just spilled out.  
  
Susan was shocked. So that was the point when he started to help her. The woman was a lot different now, compared to when they first met. Whether it was an improvement she couldn't tell.  
  
"Bring him home tomorrow," Susan said. She wondered what say and do with him  
  
"Really? I'm not sure. What will Paul say?" Bernice asked, looking worried. At least Susan wasn't asking about the other dreadful things she had done. The feeling of being a bad girl was overwhelming.  
  
"It's Wednesday tomorrow, he'll be late home. Its squash night," Susan smiled.  
  
"Alright, I'll see if he will," Bernice weakly smiled.  
  
If Bernice could have stepped back to observe herself, she would have been shocked. She was behaving like an adolescent without even trying. She felt as though she were bringing home a boyfriend from school, for her mother's approval.  
  
It was pushed firmly out of her mind that she was a married woman. She was just a naughty girl, trying to behave herself.  
  
Susan too had fallen into thinking of her as a young girl. The troubled woman had opened up to her, and such deep emotions were difficult not to responded to. She kissed her forehead and patted her hair.  
  
"You must try harder to be a good girl, for Paul, and me. Go wash your face, and get ready for dinner," Susan warmly said. She stood up wiping her hands on an apron.  
  
"I will. I promise to be a good girl, honestly, Susan," Bernice smiled up at her.  
  
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Paul arrived home to find the two women happily preparing dinner. He didn't notice at first. The tension between them had been replaced by a warm understanding. It was good to see them getting on, and it would have been natural enough, except that Bernice was deferring to his niece. It was the wrong way around.  
  
He chuckled to himself on hearing their girly chatter.  
  
"You're happy this evening, had a good day at the office," Susan commented.  
  
Bernice cringed on hearing the word office. It was a reminder of that world of hurt she was hiding from. For a moment she stared at the table, wanting to forget all about it.  
  
"I did. What about you, young lady, were you a good girl in school today?" he lightly asked.  
  
Susan saw Bernice flinch. Not wanting Paul to know what happened to her in school, she quickly interrupted.  
  
"She was. She's finished her homework, and had good marks for yesterdays assignment," Susan said.  
  
Paul gave them both a big smile. Bernice looked guilty. She gave Susan a grateful look. He wondered what they were up to when they shared a conspiratorial smile. It didn't matter, so long as Bernice was kept out of her office. He was making good progress on the report, and would soon make a presentation to the CEO. Without her protective presence it was much easier gathering information from her staff.  
  
"What are you two going to do this evening?" Paul asked.  
  
"We're going to the mall, and your paying," Susan challenged him.  
  
"OK! My treat. Just don't get carried away," he laughed.  
  
It was still highly amusing seeing the two of them getting on like this. His niece was mothering the woman, who responded like a kid. She was washing dishes, ready and keen to be taken shopping. While they were out he'd read over the report.  
  
"Have fun you two. Make sure you buy my girl some nice clothes," he said, and hugged Bernice before she left.  
  
Bernice gave him a big hug in return. The admiring look made him worried. Was she getting a crush on him? He didn't need that. It was complicated enough without her falling in love. He had saved her from those guys in the woods, yet felt uncomfortable. He felt a pang of guilt, as he was using her as much as they had. He shrugged it off and settled down to the report.  
  
Susan would have to play it carefully, which made it all the more fun. Every chance she got the roles were reinforced. The woman accepted it when she made decisions for her, and enjoyed not having to take the usual responsibility of an adult.  
  
"Err, it's a bit, small," Bernice started to complain.  
  
"I think it suits you. Go on, try it on," Susan demanded.  
  
"Alright," Bernice relented.  
  
"Come out here, so I can have a better look at it," Susan said.  
  
Bernice looked embarrassed. The little skirt was far too short, and the skimpy top revealed her tummy.  
  
"Come along, we'll look for a pair of shoes to go with it," Susan enthused.  
  
She was having fun dressing up the woman in clothes designed for a young woman. She was so slim and small, that she had to refrain from dressing her in even younger clothes. The pink skirt and top looked far too girly. Knowing she was in her twenties made it look hilarious.  
  
Bernice was in a panic from being led by the hand through the store. She reminded herself that Susan was trying to help, by buying her clothes. Susan meant well, but she felt stupid in the outfit. With her free hand she kept pulling at the hem. The flat shoes went well with the outfit, but left her feeling small. She was self-conscious of her height, so always wore high heels.  
  
"They have a stylist here, so let's get you a make-over," Susan eagerly said.  
  
The pig tails were far too girly, yet she couldn't complain to Susan. The stylist didn't say much, as she was being paid. Twirling the skirt in a mirror left her feeling like a porno extra. An old woman complimented her, saying what a cute young girl she looked.  
  
Bernice gave in to the unavoidable situation. What could she do? It was all her fault, so she would just have to see it through. She must be able to escape them sooner or later.  
  
"Come on, let's go for a soda," Susan smiled. She was trying not to laugh. The woman looked silly, and wore a pained expression. Despite that, she went along with it.  
  
Sitting on a high stool Bernice was showing plenty of leg. Guys were furtively looking at her, worried if they should be ogling her. They were wondering if she old enough. A closer look confirmed she obviously was.  
  
Bernice slurped the soda, and blushed. Susan fussed with her hair, as though she were the mother, or older sister. She shoved a lollipop in Bernice's mouth and smiled at the look of consternation on the woman's face.  
  
"May I go to the restroom?" Bernice asked. It was a surprise that she had asked, and that it felt so natural to do so.  
  
When Bernice began to slide off the seat Susan stopped her, with a had gripping her shoulder.  
  
Bernice was caught on the edge of the red leather seat, with legs astride it. The little flared skirt was up, showing off her white panties. As one, the men lifted their heads to stare at her. Bernice stiffened in fright, as though caught in headlights. Her mouth fell open and the lollipop fell to the floor.  
  
"Don't leave it there, someone will tread on it," Susan admonished her.  
  
In a fluster, Bernice slid off the stool and bent over. Her foot rolled it under the stool. The flared skirt was pressed up her back, from sliding off the stool. Bending over pulled the panties between her cheeks. As though feeling their stares, she became aware of the show she was performing for those men.  
  
She looked up at Susan with a look of shame in her eyes. She was really trying to be a good girl, and had let Susan down. She hoped it wouldn't mean Susan reported everything to Paul. She just couldn't bear it if he knew what she had been up to today. She stood up and straightened the skirt, determined to do as she was told.  
  
"It's a lovely outfit, Susan. Thank you for buying it for me. Everything you bought me is, like, great," she smiled. Saying the words helped convince her the clothes were right for her. After all Susan had picked them especially, and her wonderful Paul had paid for them, so she should be grateful.  
  
Susan found it hard not to laugh out loud from the way men were staring at Bernice. When she inelegantly bent over, their eyes nearly popped out. Men stared at the two of them as they left the store, wondering what the two women were playing at. They probably thought Bernice was an exhibitionist, or they were playing out a dare.  
  
Once outside, Susan decided to rub it in all the more. "I saw what you did in there, you naughty girl. You just can't help it can you?" Susan rebuked her.  
  
Bernice thought it was an accident, but Susan must be right. She hung her head in shame, feeling terrible.  
  
"I had better get you some birth control, young lady," Susan heavily stated.  
  
At the pharmacy Susan did all the talking. Explaining her young ward was playing around, Susan's friend went along with the ruse. Pretending to be the pharmacist, Francis lectured Bernice, warning her to be careful, and not to fool around.  
  
"You don't want to get a reputation as a little slut, do you?" Francis warned her.  
  
"No Ma'am. I'm trying to be a good girl, really," Bernice quietly said. She felt belittled, yet knew she deserved the lecture.  
  
"I'll take charge of these pills, and make sure she takes them. I don't want her getting pregnant. She can't be trusted," Susan sighed.  
  
Bernice didn't know where to look. Her face was a picture of humiliation.  
  
Francis saw the pharmacist returning from her break and hurried them out. Too late, she remembered that the pills were nothing more than placebos. She hadn't been able to get the real thing, and didn't get a chance to warn Susan. The notes in her pocket were better than a prescription, so she forgot about it, and went back to serving customers.  
  
The two women returned with bags of clothes and bags of enthusiasm. They disappeared into the bedroom to try on their new outfits. Paul showed enough disinterest to keep out of the way.  
  
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Next day in school Bernice looked out for Jim, only their classes didn't coincide. She hung around the lockers, feeling excited from the prospect of seeing him. She knew it was foolish, but couldn't help it. Following the girls from class, she fumbled with the schedule to find out what was next. Balancing a bag and a badly copied schedule, some books spilled out onto the floor.  
  
"Hi!" Jim quietly said.  
  
He was worrying if he had gone too far with her yesterday. Had he pushed her into doing those things, or did she really want to do it with him. The thrill of having a girlfriend kept his mind spinning with hope and fear. Their heads were close together when he bent to help her.  
  
"Oh! Hi!" Bernice exclaimed. "I was looking out for you, like, great news, I think. My aunt is cool about us. Can you come home with me?" she gushed. "You do want to see me after school, don't you?" she asked. The look on her face was a mix of expectation and apprehension.  
  
"Your house? I thought we could just meet out of school," he said, looking worried.  
  
"It'll be OK, honest. My aunt is cool, she won't get in the way, I guess. My uncle will be out. We can work on our projects together," Bernice lamely said. She realised it didn't seem so inviting to him.  
  
"Once she's met you, we might be able to go out. To the movies or something," Bernice encouraged.  
  
"Alright," he shrugged. He watched her walk away, feeling uncertain. The last thing he wanted was to meet her family. Still, it was exciting having an older woman as a girlfriend. He figured she must be twenty, and only just squeezed into school to re-sit the exams. He was eighteen, with little experience. She knew a lot more than he did, and he wanted to catch up.  
  
Bernice felt as though she was going to burst with excitement. She hurried to catch the others and ran into the gym. Miss Perez was there, shouting at the girls. In the changing room she stood there looking worried. She hadn't brought anything to change into.  
  
"So! Here you are again, late and unprepared as usual. No kit I take it? No good looking sorry for yourself, girl. Lara! Take this sorry specimen to lost property and get her something to wear," the teacher shouted.  
  
Looking crestfallen Bernice followed the bully to a large cupboard, filled with discarded clothing.  
  
As a grown woman the items left by schoolgirls should have been too small. As she was so slight the opposite was true. Despite that, Lara came up with something clean, and small enough for her to wear.  
  
"You made a decision yet, girl?" Lara asked, while holding up two items.  
  
Bernice was too afraid of her to say no, outright. "I'm not sure, what do I have to do?" she asked.  
  
"Easy, whatever I say, you do. It's my protection in return. Perez hasn't even started with you yet, so don't think you're in for an easy ride with her," Lara informed her.  
  
"Go put this on, girl," Lara said, handing her the least suitable of the garments.  
  
Bernice hesitated, but was too frightened of her to accept the offer of protection. Maybe she could hold out long enough to escape school, and Paul. Paul! The idea of escaping him wasn't so urgent now. She liked the idea of him looking after her. Being his girl was becoming appealing, now her husband had abandoned her.  
  
In the changing room the girls were pulling on their gym kit, and fixing their hair. They were only eighteen, yet looked so much bigger than her. Despite being much older, she felt small and fragile, especially when near Lara.

Getting undressed with them was daunting. She had lost the protection and respect afforded to an adult. She was just another adolescent to them, open to teasing and bullying. The dreadful time she experienced in high school was fully upon her again.  
  
"Come on, girl. Get those things off, quickly," the teacher shouted at her. "The rest of you get moving," she added.  
  
"You can't wear anything under that, strip off," Lara ordered. She wasn't going to leave without the girl.  
  
Bernice quickly stripped off and pulled the leotard over her shoulders, feeling it pinch tight at her crotch. With every step into the gym she felt it riding up between her cheeks.  
  
"At last the princess deigns to join us," the teacher sarcastically announced.  
  
Bernice reddened with embarrassment. She wanted to pull the leotard from her crotch, but dare not make a move with all eyes on her. The white garment was thin and stretchy, showing off her slim figure. Here it was devastatingly uncomfortable.  
  
She always wore a padded bra, and was terribly self-conscious in front of these well developed young women. The girls were sniggering at her, adding to the shame of being so small and underdeveloped.  
  
"Come over here! You can help Lara lead the class. You look like a gymnast, let's see what you can do," Miss Perez chided her.  
  
At college Bernice had worked out, but since then had lived a sedentary office life. Late nights working on reports, missing lunch, and drinking too much coffee had wrecked her body. She was still thin, but lost the muscle strength needed for a good work out.  
  
Music blared out, and she tried to keep up with Lara. Why did it have to be her leading the group. Bernice was one step behind, looking stupid while trying to keep up. Before her the girls went through the usual routine, bending, gyrating their hips, turning around, and side stepping.  
  
The leotard was cutting her in two. She sweated so much it became transparent in places. Her small breasts looked pathetic. Everyone could see her crotch was cleanly shaved. They probably thought she hadn't developed down there either, or was a slut.  
  
"OK! Take a rest. Not you, girl," the teacher said, stopping Bernice from joining them.  
  
They sat around in groups watching, and laughing at her. Miss Perez was going to guide her through a new set of moves. With everyone watching she had to bend over to touch her toes.  
  
"Straighten those legs!" the teacher growled.  
  
Bernice soon gathered the teacher was intent on grinding her down. Every mistake was shown up, and the moves were becoming lewd. Sitting back on the floor she had to spread her legs wide. The others were giggling at her, and obviously sharing rude remarks behind their hands.  
  
At last it was over. The end of the lesson, meant it was lunch time. When everyone had dressed and gone, Bernice had to face the torturer alone.  
  
"You are still displaying your little body to everyone. I shall teach you to deport yourself with dignity young lady," Miss Perez said. "You need that badness spanked out of you," she added.  
  
"Yes, miss," Bernice quietly replied.  
  
The spanking wasn't so bad this time. Either she was becoming used to it, or it was less humiliating without Lara being there. She remained bent over waiting to be dismissed. The woman was looking at her bare bottom, admiring the effects of the spanking.  
  
"Thank you, Miss Perez. I promise to try and be a good girl," she dutifully said.  
  
Bernice automatically responded without prompting. There was no thought to the inappropriateness of a woman being spanked in school, like a naughty girl. Being a bad girl needing to be punished had been accepted.  
  
At least there were good things to think about in this new life that had been forced upon her. She had a boyfriend who had her heart racing when he was near. Paul was there for her, though she couldn't tell him about what was happening in school. It would have been impossible to admit to her parents she was bullied when in high school, and so it was with Paul.  
  
"If this carries on, you will have special treatment. I reserve this for very bad girls, who can't control themselves," the torturer heavily spoke.  
  
Bernice saw the large black dildo, and quaked with fear. The flexible phallus looked terrifying. The dark look in the teacher's eyes meant she would take pleasure in using it.  
  
"I, I, promise, to, to be a good girl, honestly, honest, miss," Bernice bleated.  
  
"This will remove the need you have to flaunt your body to the guys in school. You'll be a good girl then. I'll train you to be my obedient girl. Don't worry, you'll soon learn to behave yourself," Miss Perez heavily said, while running the dildo over Bernice's lips.  
  
She was back in high school, in front of a bully, fearful of being hurt. If she hadn't already urinated in the shower, she would have wet herself.  
  
"Yes, miss," she whimpered.  
  
"Run along to your next class, and make sure you're here on time tomorrow," Miss Perez demanded.  
  
The girl was so terrified she headed toward the corridor. "Get dressed first, it's another school rule you need to learn," Miss Perez laughed.  
  
Bernice sat tenderly on the hard wooden seat. The teacher, Miss Standing, was more interested in her phone than the class, so it was easy to cruise through the lesson. They filed out with an assignment to be completed at home. It should have been given in class, only the teacher was more interested in other things.  
  
The last class was a relief. She forgot about her troubles as soon as she slid in next to Jim. They exchanged smiles and clasped hands under the desk. He stroked her palm, and took every opportunity to press close to her.  
  
She had a deep crush on him, conveniently forgetting that she was a married woman. In class it was easy to forget who she was, or had been. That other world seemed so far away, even though it was just a few days ago she had the responsibilities of an adult. Not that it was easy being a schoolgirl again.  
  
In this last chance school for misfits, it was difficult surviving each day. As the bell rang announcing the end of the school day, all the difficulties she was in melted away.  
  
They were with the first students out of the class, pushing their way along the corridor, keen to be away from there. They filed past security, hand in hand. Outside the gate they let go of each other's hands, not wanting Susan to see the small sign of tenderness.  
  
"You're quick this afternoon. Come on, I don't want to be caught in the rush of traffic. Hi Jim. Jump in the back the both of you," Susan offhandedly said.  
  
On the drive home, Susan watched them in the mirror. They were glancing at each other, trying not to be obvious. Bernice was whispering to him, trying to allay his nerves over going home with her.  
  
It was highly amusing seeing them together. If she hadn't known the woman, she would have mistaken them both for teenagers. He was obviously an older student, re-trying the exams. The students at that school were trouble makers, needing some sort behaviour correction. She wondered what his problem was. They were all rich kids, otherwise the police would have been involved.  
  
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"Would you like something to eat?" Susan asked Jim. "You had better go and get changed," she added to Bernice.  
  
Bernice and Jim looked at each other, communicating disquiet and reassurance.  
  
"I won't be a moment," she said, and followed Bernice out of the kitchen. "Put on that outfit I bought you yesterday," Susan enthused.  
  
"Do I have to? It's like, so, yuk," Bernice said, with a screwed up face of disapproval.  
  
"You don't want me to tell Paul about this boyfriend do you? Well, just do as I say. Be a good girl and bring me your school clothes, I'm doing a wash," Susan said.  
  
Back in the kitchen Susan fussed around like a housewife. She had dressed and fixed her make-up to look older. The young guy was just short of her age, but he hardly looked at her. He was embarrassed to be there, and only came along to be close to Bernice.  
  
Putting down a can of soda in front of him she said, "You seem like a nice young man."  
  
He didn't say anything, just shrugged his shoulders.  
  
"Her uncle and I are looking after her, trying to keep her out of trouble. Bernice gets carried away with guys. I'm glad she's met you. She needs a steadying influence. I don't mind if you both, well, she's on the pill. She gets agitated, if you know what I mean. She ran off with some guys in the woods recently. That's why we're looking after her. If you both get close, it will help keep her out of trouble," Susan awkwardly said.  
  
Bernice walked in with her school clothes, and threw it into the utility room. Not something she would have done at home. She looked at them both wondering what had been said. Her boyfriend looked highly embarrassed, and Susan looked furtive.  
  
"Do you two have assignments? You can keep out of my way in your room, and get on with it then. I need to get on with dinner," Susan said.  
  
Susan chuckled to herself when they left. The idea of Bernice with that young guy was so funny. She wondered if the lad was up to it. Pushing the two of them together was so much fun, she hummed a happy tune while cooking.  
  
"What did she say to you?" Bernice questioned him.  
  
"Nothing much," he said. He looked at her wondering if he heard right. Was her aunt really saying she didn't mind if they did it. It had been so embarrassing he couldn't swallow the drink.  
  
When she perched on the edge of the bed, and patted it for him to sit next to her, he just stood there. He had been so deep in thought he hadn't noticed how she was dressed. The short skirt showed off her legs. The tight top showed she had small, perfectly formed breasts.  
  
She wanted to quiz him over what had been said. The look he gave her was embarrassing. He sat next to her and wrapped his arms around her. She didn't want to start anything, not here.  
  
"Listen," she began. He kissed an ear, and murmured something. The boyish charm and earnestness made her feel sorry for him. How could she tell him she was a married woman? He would be hurt. It was terrible the way she led him on in school. Did he think she was a slut?  
  
The flutter in her heart was a reminder of what she felt for him. She was deeply smitten. She couldn't disappoint him, or hurt him in any way. She let him kiss her. When he cupped her breast she didn't push him away. Feeling his hand inside the top had her breathing hard. The gentle touch to her nipples was delicious.  
  
She kissed him back, and was soon devouring him. Their mouths pressed tight, with tongues duelling lightly. Feinting, touching, exploring, and deliciously sensitive moves. She hardly felt a hand stroke a thigh. Her legs parted for it to explore higher. His fingers touched her delicately, furtively.  
  
She sat passively beside him, letting him lead her into temptation. The only movement was her tongue exploring his mouth. His fingers pressed against her lips, which opened up to him. She breathed heavily through her mouth, becoming wonderfully aroused.  
  
Her arms locked around him, holding him to her. They fell back on the bed, kissing deeply. His fingers were in her panties, exploring her sex. He found her clit and pressed an already engorged button. She moaned into his mouth, and lifted her hips. She let go of him to pull her panties down.  
  
She was a woman with adult needs. She had been denied for so long, after so much emotional turmoil. The need was strong, and overpowering all her better judgement. She pulled him onto her, with legs spread, her sex open and expectant.  
  
He fumbled with his jeans, while still kissing her. His weight pressed her into the bed. She felt him raise his hips and knew the moment had arrived. She delved between them to guide him in. With her free hand she pulled his hip down, and felt him enter her.  
  
She gushed a deep sigh of relief. His hard cock pierced her soft body. He didn't need encouragement, or guidance. He pushed at her with ardent enthusiasm. She pulled her hips down and thrust up at him, matching his rhythm.  
  
"Yes, oh, yes," she moaned.  
  
Jim forgot everything else except the need to drive into her. He rocked back and forth, wanting the moment of pure pleasure to last. All too soon he began to spurt into her. It felt as though his balls were being turned inside out. He groaned and laughed, almost crying with delight.  
  
Bernice felt him drive home hard, and knew he was about to orgasm. When he shuddered and groaned, it set her off.  
  
"Keep still, my love, I'm cumming," she murmured in his ear.  
  
He collapsed onto her, crushing her, holding her tight. They lay still breathing heavily, not saying anything. She rolled him to her side, examining his sad face. He opened his eyes to give her a big grin of satisfaction.  
  
She couldn't help teasing him. "How was it for you?" she mischievously asked.  
  
He didn't say anything, instead his smile widened. He reached up and stroked hair away from her face. "It was wonderful,"  
  
"For me too. I needed that so badly," she admitted.  
  
He thought of her aunts advice, to make sure she didn't become agitated. That she needed it, to keep her safe, away from men. Was this what she meant? He would try his hardest to keep her from becoming agitated.  
  
Susan listened at the door. Hell! The stupid woman was making out with that young guy! She stifled a laugh. This was going to cost the stupid woman. She didn't know how to use the knowledge, but would find a way. The woman must be a slut to being doing it with him. She hardly knew the young man. They were both over eighteen so it was legal, but how could she do it with a stranger!  
  
Susan went back to the kitchen, giving them time to pull themselves together. There was just time to get rid of the guy before Paul got home. She sniggered with delight. The woman was behaving like a stupid little slut, and Paul thought he was helping her. Or, did he? Maybe something else was going on. It was infuriating not knowing.  
  
"Bernice! Dinner is ready. You had better wash up and come out here to help," she shouted.