**Private School**

by SchlankÂ©

**Private School Ch. 01**

Heather wasn't even planning on attending college. Her grades in high school had been abysmal and there were the endless confrontations with teachers and the school administration. They claimed that she was a "discipline problem" and had "problems with authority figures".

However her mother had enticed her with tales of a private school where they did things differently. They only catered to the wealthier families and they understood that exceptions needed to be made for those in the top one percent of the income bracket. Miss Porter's School for Girls would be like staying in a five star hotel. She intended to stay up partying all night and sleep through the early morning classes.

Heather Murdoch belonged to one of the wealthiest families in America and she believed that that made her special. She believed that that meant she deserved special treatment. She shouldn't have to follow the same rules and everybody else and she shouldn't have to go to class if she didn't want to. For the very rich, college should be a place to network. A place for her to meet people of similar wealth and background. If she was lucky she connect with the right family and perhaps meet her future husband.

After all there was no way she'd marry a man from the working class.

Heather didn't even bother to pick any courses before she visited the college. Since she had no intention of actually studying or doing homework, one class schedule would be the same as any other. She'd like to have a college degree, but she didn't need one. After all I diploma might look nice on a wall, but what did she really NEED one for? With her family's money, she'd never have to work a day in her life. And most people used a college degree to improve their chances of getting a good job.

"Ready Dear?" her mother asked as she looked at herself in the mirror and admired her look. The dress was by an original by a French designer who's name she couldn't remember. The shoes were Italian. The combined value of her earrings and necklace came to more than the annual salary of any of the family maids.

"Just checking my look," Heather told her mother. "First impressions are important. I don't want any of the other students to think they're better than me."

Her mother sighed. Heather was a spoiled brat who was never satisfied with what she had. Her greed, vanity and uncompromising attitude rubbed everybody the wrong way. Mrs. Murdoch had attempted to introduce Heather to eligible men from some of the better families, however she alienated them all. None of them wanted anything to do with her.

Mrs. Murdoch supposed it was mostly her fault. Heather was an only child and she and her husband had given her everything she ever asked for. Gifts like designer clothes, trips to Europe, expensive jewelry, servants and memberships in the most exclusive clubs seemed appropriate for the only daughter of a wealthy CEO. Her husband had an almost unlimited reserve of finances to draw upon and they had no one else to spend it upon. Where was the harm?

It turned out the harm was Heather became a spoiled brat. Now it was too late to try and instill a proper respect for parental authority. Heather would leave for days at a time and not tell anybody where she was going. She would max out her credit cards and expect her mother to pay for it all. She wouldn't even go to her father's funeral as it conflicted with her plans to go skiing in Switzerland.

"You look fabulous," Mrs. Murdoch told her daughter. She walked up behind her daughter and gently touched her daughter's long blonde tresses. Her hair was gorgeous. Of course her hair stylist charged over four hundred dollars to style Heather's hair. It should look fabulous. And the rest of her looked fabulous as well. Her family had spent thousands of dollars on a nose job for her when she was twelve. And when she was thirteen they began spending thousands for her skiing and ice skating lessons. Heather loved to ski and skate, and endless hours of exercise on the ice and snow gave her a slender, well-toned body that made most girls envious.

"All the other students will turn green with envy," Mrs. Murdoch assured her daughter.

Heather turned around and faced her mother with a mischievous smile. "Good," she replied. "I wanna set the tone my very first day. When I walk into a room, I want everybody to immediately be certain of my status!"

Heather then walked away from the mirror and headed down the stairs. Her mother watched her walk away and when she was certain Heather was out of earshot she replied, "Not to worry. By this time tomorrow nobody who sees you will have any doubt about your status."

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The trip to Miss Porter's was short, however Heather spent the whole trip complaining about traffic and yelling at the chauffeur. "We'd make better time if you'd learn how to cut people off!" Heather snapped.

Heather was always snappish and abusive with servants. As a matter of fact many servants quit during the first five months of employment because they couldn't deal with Heather. Their current driver ground her teeth and held her tongue. She had been intent on quitting, but just when she was ready to hand in her resignation, Mrs. Murdoch explained the situation behind Heather's new school, she agreed to stay on.

The driver actually smiled as the main gates opened and she drove on through. Just like every other servant that had worked for the Murdoch family, Tracy found Heather to be rude, insulting, arrogant, antagonistic and selfish. Tracy had a definite grudge against the girl and Mrs. Murdoch assured her that if she remained in the family's employ, that she'd have her chance to get some revenge against her daughter.

"Where and when?" Tracy had asked.

"At Miss Porter's School for girls," she'd been told. "You'll be given a visitor's pass and we'll work out a schedule. You should be able to visit Heather at least twice a week."

Tracy was amazed to hear what guests were allowed to do to the students during visits. Of course it was all strictly regulated and monitored. However for Tracy didn't care how strictly visits were regulated or how many rules she had to follow. Getting any sort of revenge against Heather was going to be the high point of her year.

She wished she could be there when Heather learned what this school was all about. However she'd been given orders to wait in the car.

"The first day is very chaotic," Mrs. Murdoch had explained. "No one is allowed to see her with the exception of the school staff. However orientation usually takes no more than two or three days. Your first visit can be scheduled by the end of Heather's first week."

Tracy let these words comfort her as she sat out in the parking lot. Heather's days of being an arrogant, pushy bitch were nearly at an end.

Tracy broke out into an evil looking smile. She could hardly wait.

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Victoria Smithers was rather young and attractive looking for a school administrator. Of course Miss Porter's was a different sort of school. You didn't need years of experience in the education system in order to reach a position of authority here.

In point of fact, before she was hired to work for this school, Victoria had mostly worked as an actress in pornographic films. Because of her stature (she was five foot, eleven inches) she got typecast as leather dominant and became very adept at bondage and discipline. She got very good at conveying an image of authority and using body language and tone of voice to demand obedience. Of course she was also very well versed in rope bondage, corporal punishment and a variety of other skills that Miss Porter's School for girls found valuable.

Victoria was also excellent at anticipating trouble and preparing for it. Towards that end, Victoria had two assistants in her office, ready to lend a hand the minute Heather became difficult. And from the reports in Heather's file there was no doubt she'd become difficult.

"Who are the girls in the black suits?" Heather asked, gesturing to Victoria's assistants.

"My personal assistants," Victoria replied. "I need them from time to time to help maintain order. I have a total of thirty assistants here on campus right now."

Both of the assistants smiled slightly at the remark. They stood at attention like soldiers, waiting for the order that would inevitably come. Their uniforms were much like the uniform Heather's chauffeur wore. They had black leather boots, black slacks, black uniform jackets with emblems sown into them declaring "Private Security: Porter's School for Girls". They also wore black leather belts with a variety of pouches for holding tools of their trade.

"You need them now?" Heather asked as she tried to stare Victoria down.

Victoria stared back and something in her steely gaze caused Heather to blink and avert her eyes.

"I'm afraid I do," Victoria replied flatly. "Do you know what this is?"

Victoria tapped a very thick folder on her desk. It contained all the information that the school currently had on Heather Murdoch. Without waiting for Heather to answer, Victoria went on.

"It's years of misbehavior. It's temper tantrums, it's personal insults, it's disrespectful behavior and a lack of self restraint. It's all about you and your inability to behave appropriately in a civilized society."

"How .... How dare you?" Heather gasped and got up out of her chair and tried to approach Victoria's desk. However Victoria's assistants were quick to respond. One of them blocked Heather's path and then pushed her back down into her seat.

"Hey! You can't do that!" Heather exclaimed. She actually tried to slap Victoria's assistant across the face. However the woman in the black uniform expertly blocked the blow and then gripped Heather's wrist so tightly that she cried out in pain.

"Mother!" she squealed. "Do something!"

She looked at her mother expectantly for several seconds and was shocked that he mother did nothing to assist her.

"Your mother has already done something," Victoria said in an authoritative voice. "She's sent you to us."

"W-What?" asked Heather in a shaky tone of voice.

"Miss Porters is a school for ..... difficult children," Miss Murdoch told her daughter. "Your father and I never taught you how to behave. We were never authority figures in your life. We just showered you with money. We.."

"SO?" Heather interrupted. "You and Daddy had lots of money! You still do! And I'm your daughter! Why not..."

"SILENCE!" Victoria snapped at Heather's outburst. "You will not interrupt your mother while she's talking!"

The harshness and severity in Victoria's voice shocked Heather into silence. Nobody had ever taken that tone with her before. She wasn't certain how to react.

"We never taught you to respect our authority," Mrs. Murdoch went on. "By the time you were a teenager we realized what a mistake we'd made, but we didn't know what to do about it. Maids and chauffeurs kept quitting because of you. Some of my friends won't visit the house any more. The Kennedys wont invite us to their parties anymore because of you..."

"THE KENNEDYS?" Heather exclaimed. "Crystal Kennedy is a pervert! She.."

"I said SILENCE!" Victoria roared. Heather snapped her mouth shut, but by then it was too late. Victoria Smithers had had enough and she gave a signal to her two assistants to move forward to the next phase.

Both of the assistants sprang into action. With practiced ease, one of them yanked Heather out of her chair and forced her to the ground. The other reached into a compartment on her belt and produced a pair of handcuffs. Within seconds, Heather's wrists had been forced behind her back and were locked in metal restraints. Heather screamed loud protests at this and almost instantly a ball gag was shoved into her mouth and straps were buckled at the back of her neck.

For the first time in her adult life, Heather was utterly without words. Mrs. Murdoch breathed a sigh of relief and asked, "What happens next?"

"She'll have to be processed," Victoria replied. "If all goes well, she can be in classes by tomorrow.

"Processed?" Mrs. Murdoch asked.

"She'll be stripped naked, weighed, measured, photographed, assigned a room and entered into our computer system. Also she'll have to be punished for her rude outburst."

"Pmmshmgh?" Heather managed as she tried to speak with her mouth gagged.

"I see," Mrs. Murdoch replied. This was difficult for her. Even though she desperately needed Heather to learn how to behave, she had a hard time watching her daughter suffer. She picked up her purse and rose up out of her chair, however Victoria stopped her before she could leave the room. "One moment, Mrs. Murdoch," she said in a polite yet form tone of voice.

"Yes, Miss Smithers?"

"This may be difficult for you, however it's rather important that be brave for just a little while longer. This next part will have a much stronger and more beneficial emotional impact for Heather if you're here to see it."

"It will?" she inquired with a look of curiosity.

Victoria nodded in the affirmative and explained, "You've never disciplined Heather in any way. In Heather's world, you and her father have always been the ones who've protected her from the world and kept her from ever suffering any consequences. If she sees you standing there and you do nothing while she suffers pain and humiliation, it will help her accept that that part of her life is over."

Mrs. Murdoch sighed heavily, but nodded her head in agreement.

"Mfffhhr!" Heather screamed in protest, but her mother had made her decision. Heather's heart beat faster and real fear showed in her eyes as she knelt handcuffed on the carpeted floor of Miss Smithers office.

Heather tried to stand up and run away, however one of the assistants grabbed the girl by her long blonde hair. "Smmth!" Heather protested as he head was snapped back. Heather was no helpless. She couldn't use her hands and the woman pulling her hair controlled where she could go. She was now forced to stand here and endure whatever they did to her.

"Her clothes," Victoria ordered, "take them all off."

Victoria's assistants weren't gentle at all. They didn't even look for the zipper on Heather's dress. The one with her hands free just grabbed the front of the dress and tore it open. It was an original, one of a kind and she just ripped it from Heather's body.

"Nhhhh! Dhhnn!" Heather screamed, but nobody listened. Within seconds her dress was lying on the floor in shreds. Her shoes were removed next. Then her stockings. While pulling down Heather's stockings, the woman took time to fondle Heather's thighs. Heather was too scared to notice, but soon she'd start to understand the nature of her captors.

Heather's bra was the type that fastened in the front. It should have been easy to remove, but instead of removing it quickly, Heather's tormenter spent a great deal of time gripping the material of the garment while pressing her palms into Heather's breasts.

"Ymfffmnn?" Heather inquired as she looked into the girl's eyes. The girl looked back at Heather and gave her a look of lust and mischief. Heather's eyes went wide when she finally started to understand. This girl wasn't just stripping her of expensive clothing and the status that went along with it. This girl was some sort of sexual pervert who became sexually exciting from fondling helpless girls.

"Mfffhr!" Heather tried to shout. "Mfffher!!"

"Oh, it only gets worse from this point on," Victoria assured their young captive.

"Sandy," she said to the woman that was fondling Heather's breasts, "hurry up so that Mrs. Murdoch can go home."

Sandy undid the hook and eye on Heather's bra and then discarded it on the floor. Then she hooked her thumbs into Heather's low rise thong panties and got down on her knees and she pulled the garment off Heather's hips.

Heather squirmed and bucked and tried to resist. She was in a panic at the thought of being naked in front of some sort of sexual pervert, but within seconds her panties were down on the floor and she stood naked in front of all four women.

"You have a very attractive body, Heather," Victoria announced.

"Mff," Heather replied.

She stepped forward and grabbed Heather's pubic hair. It wasn't a heavy growth of hair, but there was enough that the school administrator could grab a healthy handful. "Of course it will look better after we shave this off. None of our students are allowed to have pubic hair."

Victoria pulled and Heather thrust her hips out in an obscene manner to try to save herself from the pain of her pubic hair being yanked out by the roots. There were tears in her eyes as she looked over to her mother and tried to plead for some type of mercy. However that mercy would never come.

"Mffhr!" Heather pleaded, however as soon as Victoria said she was free to go, Heather's mother was gone.

**Private School Ch. 02**

Heather was making pathetic, sobbing noises before her mother even left the building. Heather had lived a life of luxury and self indulgence. Nothing that had come before had ever prepared her for what she was experiencing now.

"Your mother is gone now, Heather," Miss Smithers announced. "Now you belong to me."

"Mmmmmfff," Heather whined.

"After an hour or two, I may consider removing that gag," Miss Smithers said. "However if you can't follow the rules, it'll go right back in. Either that or I'll find a gag that's even worse."

"Wrrth?" Heather inquired. The gag in Heather's mouth forced her jaws wide open. Even after just two minutes her jaws were starting to ache. Furthermore Heather had to constantly swallow, otherwise she'd end up drooling on herself. How could Miss Smithers find a gag that was even worse?

Miss Smithers smiled at the apprehension on Heather's face and issued orders. "Sandy, remove Heather's watch, earrings and necklace. Make certain that they're mailed back to her mother."

Heather tried to protest as her jewelry was removed. It was another indignity that she couldn't stop. Another way to feel helpless and betrayed. Then Miss Smithers kicked Heather's shoes across the floor and said, "Allison, pick up these clothes and throw them in the dumpster. I don't want this spoiled brat thinking she's ever getting them back."

"Nfff," Heather protested, but Miss Smithers pretended not to notice.

Within minutes Heather had been dragged against her will into what looked rather like a doctor's office. Her handcuffs were briefly removed, but only long enough so that she could be bound in a more convenient way to device that spread her arms and legs far apart. Leather straps around her wrists and ankles held her firmly in place no matter how much she struggled.

Miss Smithers was still in her office, so Heather was all alone in this room with the two assistants in the black uniforms. She actually blushed that they were seeing her like this. At least one of them was a lesbian and Heather inwardly cringed at the lustful way she looked at her.

"The first thing they'll do is shave this off," Sandy said as she raked her fingers across Heather's pubic hair. "Pthssss," Heather begged, but Sandy ignored her.

"I can't wait to see what your naked pubes look like," Sandy continued as he fingers idly played with Heather's pubic hair. "Maybe the doctor will let me shave you." Then without warning, Sandy grabbed a few strands of pubic hair and yanked them out by the roots.

Heather screamed in pain, but all that came out was an indignant, muffled sound. They could do whatever they wanted to her and she couldn't even cry out for help.

"Oh, did that hurt?" Sandy asked her prisoner. "How about this?" This time Sandy ripped out a few more strands and Heather made another sound of pain. The look of fear and helplessness in Heather's eyes just made Sandy smile.

Allison made an adjustment to the device Heather was strapped to and suddenly something padded pressed at the small of her back. After a series of clicks, it arched Heather's back so that her torso was now above her head, ankles and wrists.

Heather panicked when she realized that this meant her naked breasts and crotch were now being thrust up on display as if she were offering them up to be ogled, touched, fondled or abused.

Probably all four.

The one named Allison grabbed Heather's nipples and pinched them hard. "Uffth!" Heather protested and tears welled up on her eyes as she tried in vain to escape her bonds.

"Uffffffff!" Heather protested again and Allison pinched even harder.

"Does that hurt?" one of the girls asked, mockingly.

"Yfff," Heather tried to reply.

"Good," the girl said a stern tone of voice. "Remember we can make things hard for you. If you follow orders and learn to be respectful, things won't be quite so bad for you. But if you're disobedient or disrespectful, we can hurt you. Every employee in this school has the authority to punish you if you don't follow orders."

For the first time in her adult life, Heather felt helpless and afraid. She wanted to throw herself down on her knees and beg this woman not to hurt her, but she couldn't even do that. With her eyes pleading, Heather moaned into her gag, attempting to communicate her fear and willingness to please. However no words came out. Only pitiful mewling sounds and muffled gasps.

Time dragged by while Heather lay there in bondage. Her naked body was the only thing in the room to occupy the two women in uniform. And they passed the time by exploring Heather's helpless body with their hands. They fondled, squeezed, rubbed, massaged and pinched. The one named Sandy yanked some more pubic hairs out by the roots. Heather yelled into her gag, but it barely made any noise at all. By the time the doctor came in, tears were streaming down Heather's face.

In Heather's bound position she could see little other than the ceiling, however she caught a glimpse of white lab coat and heard the doctor's voice. "Hllthmhh," Heather called out as she screamed into her gag. Suddenly she felt a series of sharp, painful slaps on one of her inner thighs.

"You can stop that right now," a firm, no nonsense female voice informed Heather. "In a few minutes we'll need to remove your restraints and that gag. But don't get any ideas. If you give me any trouble I know how to treat bad little girls. When that gag comes off, I don't want to hear any words out of your mouth other than to answer my questions with short, honest and respectful answers."

Heather blinked in surprise, and said nothing. She was instantly afraid of this woman.

The doctor was suddenly between Heather's legs and the sound of scissors told Heather that the doctor was trimming her pubic hair. Heather was embarrassed to have the woman there removing the last tiny bit of covering that concealed her nudity, but also afraid that sharp, metal objects were being used on her most sensitive and vulnerable area. She tried to lie still as any movement on her part might cause the doctor to accidentally cut her.

The doctor was very efficient and skilled in her work. Heather couldn't see what the doctor was doing, but she could feel the doctor's fingers and the shaving gel as it was worked into her pubic area and her anus. She felt the razor as it slid skillfully along her skin and she felt the warm, damp cloth as confident hands used it to wash away residue.

Heather lay there quietly as they put away the shaving tools and tried not to panic. She told herself that doctors weren't supposed to hurt people. Maybe if she could speak to the doctor alone, she'd be sympathetic to Heather's plight. Maybe she'd help Heather escape from this school. She could even offer the doctor a cash reward if she could get Heather back home .... Or at least to her bank.

However when Heather was released from her bondage and had the chance to sit up, she got a good look at the doctor's face. She didn't look to be much older than Heather, however there was a look in her eyes that said she'd seen enough to five times Heather's age. These eyes were cold and hard and intimidating. Caught in the doctor's stare, Heather felt small and weak and intimidated.

Without taking her eyes off Heather, the doctor reached onto a flat surface and picked up a file. She didn't bother to open it, but rather recited it from memory.

"Heather Murdoch," she began. "Age nineteen, no known allergies, not currently on any medication, non smoker and no medical conditions that require any special care. Is that all correct?"

Heather nodded in agreement. The gag was still in her mouth, so she couldn't speak.

The doctor took Heather's head in her hands and held it firmly. "Heather," she said in a stern, authoritative tone of voice, "I'm going to remove your gag now. Remember what we talked about? Do not speak without permission."

When the gag was removed, Heather's first instinct was to thank the doctor profusely. Her jaw was sore and aching and she had saliva on her chin and upper torso from where she'd drooled on herself. But she stopped herself just barely in time.

"Open your mouth and say 'ah'", the doctor ordered as she produced a penlight.

Heather nervously did as she was told and allowed the doctor to check her eyes, ears, nose and throat. Then the doctor put the penlight away and moved on to checking Heather's lungs, heartbeat, blood pressure and reflexes. Towards then end of the exam, the doctor surprised Heather with the medical questions.

"Are you a virgin, Heather?"

"What?" she replied, shocked.

"It's a simple question, Heather," the doctor said.

Heather looked nervously around the room. In addition to the doctor, there were the two women in black uniforms and a nurse that Heather hadn't noticed before. They all looked impatient and grim.

"No," Heather replied weakly.

"Are you sexually active?"

"Yes," she replied even more weakly. She wasn't used to giving out personal information like this to a stranger. However it was painfully clear that these strangers could do horrible things to her if she didn't cooperate.

"Do you masturbate?" she asked.

"Yes," Heather replied in a voice so weak that the doctor ordered her to repeat the answer. At this point Heather tried to cover her breasts and the doctor snapped at her.

"Hands down! You will never cover yourself so long as you are a student in this school!"

"Sorry doctor," Heather said as she held her hands out at her sides and nervously swallowed.

The doctor have her a stern look and placed a hand on Heather's shoulder. "How often do you masturbate, Heather?" she asked.

"I ....," Heather began with her voice cracking. "I usually ..... do it once or twice a day."

"Have you ever had sex with a woman?" the doctor asked.

Heather just shook her head in the negative.

"Even fantasized about sex with a woman?" the doctor asked.

"No," Heather replied.

There was a whole list of sexual questions that Heather was forced to answer. The nurse recorded all of Heather's answers on a series of forms and Heather couldn't help but wonder who would read those forms or why any of this information was necessary.

When it was all over the doctor told Heather to stand up and added, "You've already earned some punishments from your behavior when you first arrived, but if you're a good girl I won't order any additional punishments for you. Can you be a good girl for me?"

Heather was on the verge of tears and just nodded her head.

While Heather stood there naked, the doctor produced a tape measure and began the process of measuring various parts of her anatomy. She measured Heather's bust size, her waist and her hips. The doctor didn't exactly fondle Heather's naked body as she took these measurements, but her hands weren't shy either.

Heather felt violated.

Then the doctor began measuring parts of Heather's anatomy that were harder to understand. The thickness of Heather's thighs was measured, the thickness of her ankles and wrists and even something the doctor referred to as Heather's "crotch rope" area. This area started at Heather's abdomen, just below her navel. It traveled down across Heather's pubic lips, up across the crack of her ass and ended approximately at the small of her back. The doctor seemed to take a long time to get this measurement and the tape measure rubbed against her pubic lips in an intimate and humiliating way. The friction of the tape against her newly shaved and sensitive pubic lips was getting her aroused against her will.

The nurse recorded all of these measurements and Heather had to bite her tongue to keep from asking why they needed this information. Who would be reading a report with Heather's most intimate measurements? And what would they use it for?

Heather's height and weight were also recorded. At one point the doctor grumbled that she was jealous of Heather's slender waist and low weight. "I ought to punish you just for that," she said.

Heather had a hard time judging the doctor's figure as it was somewhat concealed by her white lab coat, but Heather didn't think it was all that bad. True, very few women had Heather's figure, but Heather didn't think the doctor was overweight or unattractive.

Heather sincerely hoped the doctor didn't really punish her because she was prettier or had a better figure.

Then the doctor then pointed to a wall on the west side of the room and said, "Face that wall and place your hands against it palms flat. Spread your feet wide and don't bend your knees."

Heather did as she was told, but then the doctor snapped, "Legs farther apart! Hands higher!"

The posture was humiliating. Heather's anus and newly shaven pubes were on display for all to see. She soon found out that was the idea.

Heather heard a snapping sound and soon realized that the doctor had just put on a latex glove. First the doctor's fingers gently stroked Heather's pubic lips and then they were shoved rudely inside her. Heather moaned and gasped as the doctor's fingers sank in deep and explored the confines of Heather's pussy.

"It's just a body cavity search," the doctor informed her. "You'll get one every week to make certain you're not hiding contraband."

"What?" Heather snapped as her legs shook and her voice cracked. "That's insane!"

The doctor's hand came down hard on Heather's naked ass and she knew she had said the wrong thing. "You'll get punished for that," the doctor informed her. "Rude outbursts and talking without permission are always cause for punishment."

Heather began to cry at this announcement. This school seemed to be designed to humiliate and degrade their students.

Heather was deep into feeling sorry for herself when she felt the doctor working a cold glob of lubricant into her anus. She wanted to protest, but realized that would only mean more punishment for her.

"She's tight," the doctor said as she painfully stretched Heather's asshole with her fingers. Heather trembled and tears freely flowed down her face as the doctor continued her examination. It really lasted longer than it should have, but the doctor was extra thorough and as she wanted to make it painful and humiliating for her patient.

After what seemed like days, the doctor turned to her nurse and announced, "she's clean."

"I'll schedule her for another cavity search on twenty fifth," the nurse said. "Eight in the morning?"

"Fine," the doctor replied as she removed her latex glove and dropped it in the trash. "Somebody will need to shave her every night, just to make certain stubble doesn't grow back."

"I can take care of that," the nurse said.

Then the nurse gave Heather a look that made her feel even more naked than she was. The look of naked lust in her eyes marked her as a lesbian. Was Heather the only straight female in this entire school?

Before the women in black uniforms led Heather out of the doctor's office they ordered her to place her hands behind her back. There was a click of metal and suddenly her hands were locked in handcuffs again. Heather groaned and suddenly she was being paraded naked down the corridor again.

Of course now she felt twice as naked with the absence of her pubic hair.

One of the guards kept a tight grip on her arm to keep her from running away. She needn't have bothered. Heather was so intimidated right now, she was afraid to do anything that might make any of these people angry.

The two women in black uniforms marched her upstairs and past a number of school employees. She was amazed that hardly anybody even bothered to look twice at her. What kind of school was this that a naked girl in handcuffs, walking down the halls failed to get any notice?

**Private School Ch. 03**

Eventually Heather ended up in what looked like a photography studio. There was lighting equipment and tripods and a number of expensive looking cameras. Heather had questions she wanted to ask, however she was learning to keep her mouth shut. Apparently students in this school didn't speak unless spoken to. And even then they had to be careful how they answered.

Heather now thought of the two women in the black uniforms as prison guards. They led her around the school and made certain she didn't go anywhere without their permission. If she refused to obey an order, they used force to make her comply.

At the moment she was merely being ordered to stand with her feet apart and to keep her hands at her sides.

It was an easy order to follow, but she felt humiliated. In her entire adult life only three people had ever seen her naked. Two of them were boyfriends and one of them was her doctor. And none of those people had ever seen her without pubic hair. Now her naked pubic lips were on display for anyone who walked into the room. And she wasn't even being allowed to close her legs!

There was no clock on the wall and Heather's watch had been confiscated by the school. As a result, she had no idea how long she was forced to wait there. Her two guards didn't speak much, but mostly kept a close eye on her. It was as if they were hoping she would do something they could punish her for and afraid that if they looked away they'd miss it.

After what seemed like hours, a young woman came in and greeted the guards. They made small talk and ignored Heather completely. It was another humbling experience for Heather. She had become accustomed to being the center of attention wherever she went. To be ignored while low level employees were acknowledged was another indignity for her to suffer. She clenched her fists and bit her tongue while the three women spoke.

"Hey Ally! When'd you get your hair cut?"

"Saturday. It was getting impossible to manage. Every morning I'd wake up and it'd be in my face. It took forever to comb it and tame it. It was like it had a mind of it's own! And of course it had to be pinned back if I wanted to go swimming or work out at the gym."

"Or have sex," one of the guards replied.

"That too," the girl named Ally responded.

"I think it looked sexier, long," the other guard interjected.

This conversation about Ally's new haircut went on for what seemed like forever to Heather. Actually it was only a few minutes, but Heather wasn't used to being ignored or being made to wait. Also she was sick of holding this position. Heather was used to moving around and her muscles were getting stiff from not moving.

Without moving her head (she'd been told to hold her chin up and look straight forward), tried to get a good look at Ally. She was about Heather's age and appeared to be slightly taller. Her blonde hair was cut short, but styled in a rather attractive manner. She wore no makeup as far as Heather could tell, but she had a nice face and could get away without using any.

She wore a tight, white t-shirt and a tight pair of blue jeans. Both of these looked old and showed signs of wear. Heather didn't dare lower her chin enough to see what sort of shoes she was wearing.

Before today Heather would have ignored a girl dressed in such worn and inexpensive clothing. Now Heather was the one being ignored and craving the girl's attention.

Eventually the girl in the blue jeans took notice of Heather, however she didn't do Heather the courtesy of speaking directly to her.

"So, this is the new student?" she asked one of the guards.

"That's her," one of the guards replied. "Doctor Estrich has already seen her. We've already started entering her into the system, but we need pictures taken."

Ally took a few steps closer to Heather and in a calm, polite tone of voice said, "Stand still Heather. I'm not gonna hurt you. I just need to get a good look at you." Ally then proceeded to examine Heather's face, long blonde hair and naked body in detail. Heather thought it was very impersonal, rather like examining a racehorse or a purebred dog before purchasing it. Ally checked for muscle tone, squeezing and pinching various parts of her anatomy. She looked for scars and tattoos and body piercings. She checked the soles of Heather's feet for corns or any other possible imperfections. She also had Heather open her mouth so that she could check her teeth.

"What do you think?" one of the guards asked, when Ally finally finished with her examination.

"I'm jealous," Ally said. "I can't find a single flaw on her. Most girls have SOMETHING I have to try and cover up!"

Heather felt a moment of pride at this. Then she remembered that her naked body was being judged by a working class woman. She wasn't even a person in this girl's eyes. She was just a naked body to be groped and pinched and given a rating.

Ally loaded film into a camera and set it up on a tripod. She also took a light reading and concentrated some bright lights in Heather's general direction. The lights very nearly blinded Heather, however she was told not to look away.

"Gorgeous," Ally said. "But I can make it even better,"

There was the sound of footsteps and then Ally's hand was wiping Heather's face with a damp cloth.

"What's that all about?" Heather heard a guard ask.

"Her mascara ran," Ally said. "A lot of the new girls cry. The first day is always a shock. This one must have been a real crybaby. Her mascara is a mess."

Heather wanted to snap at the girl who was cleaning her face. Who wouldn't cry under the circumstances? How well would this Ally person bear up if she we stripped naked and incarcerated in this school? Heather suddenly had a vision of Ally naked and in handcuffs, tears streaming down her face. If Heather ever got out of here, maybe she could do something to turn that vision into a reality.

Heather was snapped out of her vision, when one of the guards spoke. "I kinda liked her better with the running mascara. The fact that she was crying shows how helpless and humiliated she feels. Some people would think that would improve the photos. I think it makes her look sexier."

"Well, I'm the photographer," Ally replied as she finished wiping down Heather's face. "That means I'm the one who decides what makes a good photo. And I say we clean her up."

There was the sound of footsteps as Ally walked away and then her voice came from beyond the lights. "Still not right," she said. There's one more adjustment I need to make."

Ally didn't tell Heather what to expect and for a few seconds Heather wondered what Ally was intending. She'd heard Ally's footsteps as she walked closer and then stopped. There was a moment or two of silence and then suddenly Heather felt a hand on her thigh.

"What?" Heather blurted out, before she remembered she wasn't supposed to speak.

"Did anybody tell you, you could talk?" one of the guards called out in an angry tone of voice.

"I'm sorry! I'm sorry!" Heather called out and suddenly she felt Heather's fingers stroking her pubic lips. Gently at first and then her fingers became rough and forceful.

"Sorry's not good enough!" The guard's voice bellowed out. "You don't speak without permission! You'll be punished for that! Along with everything else!"

"She's already got a punishment list going?" Ally asked from somewhere between Heather's legs. Heather wanted to look down. Actually she wanted to step back and cover her crotch. But breaking position would just get her into more trouble.

"This one's a real trouble maker," she heard the guard's voice reply. "She refused to strip and she yelled at her mother. If Sandy and I weren't there she would have caused all kinds of trouble."

Heather wanted to say something angry and defiant in response to that. She thought she had behaved rather well considering what her mother had done to her. She began to consider possibilities for revenge against her mother and the employees of this school, when Ally slipped two fingers into Heather's cunt.

Heather gasped and against her will, found herself becoming aroused. She had never been sexually attracted to a woman before and never considered having sex with one, but the woman between her legs was making her body betray her.

Heather gasped and her thighs trembled as Ally used her fingers to stimulate the most sensitive part of her anatomy. She could feel herself getting closer and closer to an orgasm when she heard a guard bark out, "Stand up straight! Chin up!"

Heather hadn't even realized that she'd been slouching. With great difficulty she corrected her posture, and then Ally removed her fingers. "Ally?" she called out in an unsteady and trembling voice.

"HEATHER!" an angry voice called out. "Did anybody here give you permission to speak?"

"N-n-no," she replied in a very weak and timid voice she barely recognized as her own.

"That's another punishment then," the guard's voice informed her. "The only reason you're not being punished now is we're on schedule. There's a lot to be done to get new students situated and we'll get it all done today. Tomorrow your punishments start."

Heather closed her eyes tightly and bit her tongue. This was all so unfair. She missed her designer clothes and her Mercedes and her servants and her credit cards. She missed the freedom that was hers only yesterday. Today she was a naked prisoner and tomorrow she'd be suffering some series of punishments.

Heather's clit was swollen and hard and ached with need. Ally had teased her to the point of orgasm and then stopped just short of climax. She made a tiny whimpering sound and then Ally's voice called out. "That's much better," she said. "Shaving a girl's pubes always helps, but they stand out more once they're swollen and enlarged."

Heather whimpered some more. What she had considered an extremely intimate and invasive violation of her body, was nothing more than a technique for getting a better picture in Ally's eyes.

Ally then began to snap shot after shot of Heather. Of course it wasn't humiliating enough simply to stand there in the nude with her newly shaven public lips swollen and parted. Ally also directed Heather into a series of poses that made her look wanton and shameless.

"Hands behind your head, Heather," the photographer would call out. "Arch your back, stick your breasts out! On your knees! Legs wider apart! Now turn your ass to the camera! Bend over and use your hands to pull your ass cheeks apart! Not like that! I need a good view of both your anus and your pubic lips! Better! But spread your legs wider and don't bend your knees! Now crawl towards me! Slowly! And keep your knees far apart! Now crawl away from me! Knees apart! Stop! Hold that pose! Now stand again! Legs far apart! Knees straight! Arch your spine! Chin up! Elbows back! Dammit Heather, I said elbows back! Stick your tits out!"

The photography session lasted for over an hour and Heather was covered in a sheen of fine sweat after it was over. She was emotionally exhausted and physically tired. She wanted to know who would see those photos, but she didn't dare ask. She wanted to rest, but she was ordered to stand while the other three women spoke amongst themselves.

Heather blushed and whimpered at the thought of anybody ever seeing those photos of her. They were utterly degrading and pornographic. Were they blackmail? Heather would do almost anything to keep people from seeing those photos. Even if people knew they were taken under duress, Heather would be too embarrassed to show her face in public.

When Heather started crying again, the other women didn't even notice. Her pain and humiliation meant nothing to them. When the guards were done talking to the photographer, the guards simply ordered her hands behind her back and handcuffed her again.

She was led down more halls and past more school employees. Twice she saw other girls who were nude and being escorted by women in black uniforms. To her horror, she saw that these girls had marks on their thighs and buttocks. They weren't quite welts, but they looked painful. Without meaning to, she slowed down to get a better look.

"MOVE!" one of the guards snapped at her and pulled her roughly forward. "You're not here to sightsee!"

Heather picked up her pace and kept up with her two escorts. Her bare feet padded on the hardwood floors, but the sound of boot heels drowned out any sound they might have made.

Much of the day was a blur and couldn't remember every person that put hands on her naked body or humiliated her in some way. She lost track of the number of times she earned herself new punishments or saw another student with evidence of painful punishment on their naked and otherwise smooth skin.

When the guards went to eat their lunch, Heather was tied to a chair and gagged. Of course Heather squirmed in her bonds while the guards were gone, but all she accomplished was to rub her wrists and ankles raw against the ropes.

After about and hour, Heather was thinking that the guards forgot about her and she might be tied to this chair until she starved to death. Of course such paranoid fantasies were overblown, but Heather had never faced any real adversity in her life so she her lack of experience caused to overreact.

When someone finally entered the room, it wasn't either of the guards. Instead it was a young woman in a business suit with short red hair and an intelligent looking face. When the woman spoke, she had a cultured, British accent.

"Heather," the woman began, "my name is Dana. I'm going to take that gag out of your mouth. I'm giving you permission to speak, but you must be polite and respectful. Do you understand?"

Heather nodded her head in agreement.

"Do you promise to be polite?"

Heather nodded her head even more vigorously this time.

When the gag was removed, there was the welcome feeling that her jaw was no longer being forced open. Her jaw still ached, but that feeling would fade with time. In this school she was grateful for tiny mercies. "Thank you," Heather said once she was certain her mouth could form words.

Dana dragged a chair across the hardwood floor at placed it near Heather. Then she sat down and gave Heather an almost friendly look. "In this school," Dana began, "every student has an advocate. That is to say, a school employee who looks out for the student's welfare. In your case, that advocate would be me."

"Y-you look out for my welfare?" Heather asked, clutching at a tiny straw of hope. "You're here to help me?"

"In a manner of speaking, yes," Dana replied. "In the interest of saving time, I feel obligated to point out that I cannot have you released early from this school, nor can I give you any clothes to cover up your nudity."

"What?" Heather blurted out. She was about to let out with a string of profanity and insults, but caught herself just barely in time.

"What sort of good are you then?" Heather finally inquired.

"Since you came here," Dana began, "you've earned twelve punishments. This is partially because nobody has told you what rules you are expected to follow. This is also because you're not accustomed to following rules. I can assist you with both situations."

Heather was crestfallen. She had been hoping for more. "How long can they keep me here?" Heather asked.

"You're here for at least one semester," Dana replied. "When that semester is close to ending, there will be a meeting between your mother and some of the school staff to discuss your progress. If you have a good progress report, your mother may decide to sign your release papers."

"I'll be good!" Heather protested passionately. "I swear! My mother will have to sign!"

Dana gave Heather a patient and compassionate look and eventually answered, "I know you want out as soon as possible, Heather. However it's rarely that easy. I've seen your file, and you have a definite problem with authority. Students with your attitude are rarely released as early as all that. You may have to stay for three or four semesters."

Heather immediately started to cry at the mere though of staying in this school for so long. Dana sat there patiently and waited for Heather to finish. Afterwards Dana produced a tissue and wiped the tears off Heather's face.

"We'll work together to try and speed things up," Dana said in a soothing tone of voice. "That's what I'm here for. Before 2011, there was no such thing as a student advocate. Back in those days three semesters was the minimum for any student to be enrolled here. Since advocates were introduced into the system, less than half of the students stay that long."

"So, what happens now?" Heather asked.

"Excellent question," Dana replied. "Before you can start classes, you'll have to get your preliminary punishments out of the way. This is largely to put the fear of God into you, so that you'll be certain to listen to your teachers and not break any rules."

"Will they be awful?" Heather asked, remembering the marks she saw on other punished students.

Dana didn't answer right away. She gave Heather a long sad look and then after a long pause she replied, "You won't enjoy it."

Heather's head drooped. "Why is this happening to me?" she asked in a weak and pathetic tone of voice.

"Do you really want an answer to that?" Dana asked. "I can get the file from Miss Smithers and read off a long list of reasons that you're here. Your mother went into great detail about the problems that you caused at home. As I recall there were multiple complaints regarding rude behavior, abusive language, refusal to respect your mother's authority, sadistic and childish jokes played on the servants, acts of petty vandalism, temper tantrums and I think there was something in there about physically assaulting a bartender."

"I just slapped her," Heather replied, sounding foolish. "She refused to serve me."

"Be that as it may," Dana replied calmly, "in the eyes of the law it is called assault. If you were from an ordinary family you'd likely be in jail right now. And I believe you were under the legal age for drinking alcohol at the time."

Heather reluctantly nodded her head in agreement.

"So then, the bartender was within her rights to refuse to serve you. This has been a chronic problem with you, Heather. You refuse to obey the rules of society or respect the rights of others."

"What about my rights?" Heather snapped loudly. "Stripped naked, tied up and fondled by perverts? What do the rules of society say about that?"

"Don't shout," Dana said calmly. "You promised you'd be polite if I took the gag out, remember?"

The look on Heather's face showed raw fear. A few minutes without threats or guards dragging her around and she reverted back to her old pushy self. She was certain she'd be punished for her outburst.

"Should I put this back?" Dana asked as she picky the ball gag up and showed it to Heather.

"No. Please," Heather begged.

"Then remember what we talked about," Dana said.

After a significant pause, Dana went on, "This school is a solution of last resort. Back in 1999 there was a meeting of seven of the more wealthy and influential families in America. It was discovered that all of them had the same problem: Their children had no respect for their parent's authority and no gratitude for the wealth that their parents bestowed upon them. Rather than complain, they decided to do something about it. They established a school where disobedient and disruptive children would be forced to undergo a traumatic experience that would change them for the better."

"But ...... what about the law?" Heather asked. "This can't possibly be illegal. If me slapping a bartender was assault, what do you call this that they're doing to me?"

"Ah," said Dana with an obvious smile on her face, "but you didn't go to jail for slapping that bartender, did you?"

"No," Heather said, obviously not getting the point.

"And why not?" Dana asked.

"My mother pulled some strings," Heather said. "She's friends with the District Attorney. She also knows some judges. Probably the bartender was offered some money. I don't know all the details."

Dana was now smiling even wider. "This school operates in much the same way," she told Heather. "Some of the wealthiest families in this country support this school. And a number of them have sent their children here. The Hilton family, the Bush family, the Kennedy family and others that have had incorrigible children sent their daughters here for an education. Strictly speaking the things that happen here are not legal, but nobody ever goes to jail."

"You mean...." Heather began.

"Judges and district attorneys and others who have the power to close this school down do the bidding of wealthy families. Every year the number of wealthy patrons that support this school grows. And all it takes is a phone call from any one of them to shut down an investigation or prosecution."

"I had planned on going to the police after ...." Heather began, trying to explain her plans for revenge against her mother and this school.

"A lot of students have tried that," Dana explained. "It never works. The girl who makes the accusation is always discredited. Nothing ever goes to trial and at some later date the student is punished for going to the authorities."

"Punished?" Heather asked. "How?"

"There are ways," Dana replied. "It's best not to think about it."

"Would they send me back here?" Heather asked.

"Oh no," Dana replied. "For girls that go to the police, they send you someplace much worse."

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"I promise I won't go to the police," Heather said. She wasn't certain if Dana was telling the truth, but she was too scared to take the risk. And everything Dana said made sense anyway. Wealthy families tended to get what they wanted, even when what they wanted wasn't exactly legal.

"Good girl," said Dana as she patted Heather on the knee in a motherly sort of way. "I think it best that we use our time now to discuss the rules of this school. I'm not allowed to give you a written copy of the rules, but do listen and try to memorize what I'm about to tell you."

"I'll try, Dana," Heather said in a tone she hoped sounded cooperative.

"You mustn't speak without permission. Usually when you're given permission it will be to answer very specific questions. Be as polite and respectful with your answers as possible. Other students cannot give your permission to speak, so speaking with the other students is almost always forbidden."

"I can't talk to any of the other students?" Heather asked with amazement.

"Not unless a school employee specifically says you may, and that's not likely."

Heather was trying to wrap her mind around the idea of spending an entire semester here without speaking to another student when Dana sprung another rule on her.

"Masturbation is also strictly forbidden, the punishment for that is severe."

"But," Heather replied haltingly, "I'm in a school for girls. There aren't any boys here and I'm here for an entire semester. If I don't masturbate...."

Dana nodded her head and gave Heather a sympathetic smile. "Yes Dear, I understand your dilemma," she said. "It's done that way on purpose. The students are supposed to be in a constant state of sexual frustration."

"What? Why?" Heather asked, in a pathetic helpless tone of voice.

"Partially it's a form of punishment for your past misdeeds. However it's also a tool for instilling obedience. First the school strictly controls if and when a student can have an orgasm. And then they go to great lengths to stimulate your libido, enforced nudity, removal of pubic hair, weekly body cavity searches and other things. Then your teachers will start to make promises of sexual release for students who are especially obedient or well behaved. This is of course a great motivator."

"Sex with the teachers?" Heather asked. "Female teachers?"

"Yes," Dana replied.

"But I'm not a lesbian," Heather protested.

"Most of the students aren't," Dana explained. "However when your clit is swollen and aching every day and sex with your female teacher is the only possibility for relief you'd be amazed at how unimportant sexual orientation becomes."

Heather's mouth opened, but no sound came out.

"Your clit looks quite swollen right now," Dana observed. "What if I offered to satisfy you sexually myself?"

Heather blushed crimson. She really did want some relief, but couldn't agree to sex with another woman. The very thought was degrading.

"I.... I...," Heather began, not certain sounding decisive at all. She struggled against the ropes and tried to close her legs, but the ropes were too strong and all she accomplished was chafing her ankles.

"Another rule," Dana said, "is that you are not allowed to ever close your legs. Your knees should always be well apart. Your pubic area should always be as accessible and on display as possible."

Heather felt like crying again. The rules were all designed to humiliate her as much as possible. Succeeding in following them would actually be a form of defeat.

"While you are here, the teachers and other employees may order you to have sex with them. If you refuse, you will be punished. And if you do not perform well, you will be punished. One of the smartest things you can do while here in learn how to satisfy a woman sexually."

"What?" Heather exclaimed. "But that's not fair!"

She patted Heather's knee again and a slight smile briefly passed across her face. "You're learning," she said. "This school isn't fair. It's rules are almost impossible to follow and when you fail to follow the rules, the punishments are harsh. You will do almost anything to graduate from this school and never come back."

Heather's mouth just continued to hang open.

"This school is very effective in behavior modification," Dana went on. "You've been here less than a day and already you've taken the first step."

"What else is there?" Heather asked, sounding more miserable than ever.

Dana sighed and said, "They must break your spirit. Fear isn't enough. You're still too arrogant and arrogance takes time to eradicate."

Heather bit her lip and hung her head low. She really didn't want to hear anymore.

"Tomorrow your punishments will begin. Most of your punishments will be public. That will make them more humiliating. Then of course, there's the website."

"Website?"

"Every student is photographed and has her photos published on an exclusive website. Guests of the school will see those photos and be informed that you are available for sexual encounters."

"OH GOD, NO!" Heather exclaimed.

"Don't shout," Dana said calmly.

"But those photos," Heather protested, "you have no idea how humiliating they were! How vulgar! Nobody should ever see them!"

"There's nothing for it," Dana assured her. "At any rate, it's a very exclusive website. Not many people have access to it. Less than half of the school employees, and the schools guests number less than one hundred people."

This didn't sound small to Heather. Less than one hundred could still be a very huge number. "Who are the guests?" Heather asked. "You keep mentioning school guests, but I don't have any idea what that means."

"Ah, excellent question," Dana said. "Guests mostly come from wealthy families, such as your own. Certainly those who support the school financially will be on the guest list. A small number of non-wealthy persons are guests, however they are people who've proven loyalty to the school and have proven that they can be discrete."

"So, I'll be forced to have sex with all of these people?"

"It's not as simple as all that," Dana replied. "You'll have to start classes first, and before you can do that there's your introductory punishments. And it's highly doubtful that everyone who has access to the school's website will be willing to travel all the way to this school just to have sex with our newest student. Some of our guests live in Canada and Europe."

"I see," said Heather.

"I'd worry less about quantity and more about the traumatic value of certain individual guests."

"What does that mean?" Heather asked.

"This is one question I refuse to answer," Dana said. "I believe it best if you learn certain things for yourself."

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The rest of Heather's day wasn't any better, and when it was all over she was put to bed. What she hadn't expected was that her bed had leather restraints and that she was spend the night bound spread-eagle and exposed. They didn't even give her a blanket to cover up.

"Sweet dreams," the guard told her as she gave Heather a goodnight kiss

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The next day Heather's punishments began. The school made a large production out of it and Heather was the center of attention. First Heather was prepared by the nurse, who shaved her and washed her hair. She scrubbed Heather's body and dried her off. She styled Heather's hair and tied it so it wouldn't get in the way while she was thrashing around during her punishments.

Then two women in black uniforms showed up to escort Heather to the theatre. Heather's hands were cuffed behind her back and a leather collar was fixed around her neck. A leash was attached to her collar and she was then led, naked and bound through the halls of the school to her punishment.

In the theatre, there was a small stage and in the audience there were chairs for forty people. School employees sat in the chairs and waited to witness Heather's punishment. Behind the chairs stood and equal number of naked females. Heather understood that these were students. She supposed that they were required to watch her punishment as a means of striking more fear into them. Heather saw that all the students held their hands behind their backs. She wondered if they were bound there.

Heather recognized a few of the people in the audience. Dana was in the front row. So was Miss Smithers and Doctor Estrich.

Heather was wondering when her punishments would start, and guessed that standing naked on this stage for dozens of women to ogle was part of her punishment. The predatory looks that she got from some of the women made her desperate to cover her nudity.

Finally a young woman in blue jeans and a white t-shirt walked up on the stage. The woman's blonde hair was cut extremely short and her body was lean, athletic and muscular. She walked up to the guard that held Heather's leash and held out her hand. "I'll take that," she said.

Holding the leash in one hand, she pulled Heather closer and then called out in a voice that filled the entire room: "This naughty little girl is Heather Murdoch. She has been found guilty of one count of arrogance, one count of allowing her knees to touch, one count of being disrespectful to her mother, one count of attempting to cover her nudity, one count of disobeying a direct order and ten counts of speaking without permission!"

There were mutterings from the crowd and Heather gasped at the list of offenses listed against her. Had she really broken that many rules during her short time here? She wanted to challenge the list, but she hadn't been given permission to speak, and speaking without permission would just mean more punishments.

"Miss Helms, would you cuff her hands in front, please?" The woman in control of Heather's leash asked. Instantly the guard was behind Heather and with a clink of metal, one of Heather's wrists was free. Then the guard roughly pulled both of Heather's hands in front of her and both of her hands were bound in front of her. The guard made the handcuffs tighter this time and Heather whimpered as the metal closed tightly around her wrists.

"Miss Helms, could you please fetch me a chair?" the woman now asked. The guard wasted no time, and scurried backstage. She returned seconds later and was dragging an armless, wooden chair behind her. She placed it next to Heather and stepped back.

"Thank you, Miss Helms," the woman said as she sat down in the wooden chair. "Heather," the woman boomed in her commanding voice, "would you get across my lap, please?"

Heather had to bite her tongue at this woman's words. Did she really have a choice? What would happen if she said she'd prefer not to get across the woman's lap? Heather's hands were bound and this woman had control of Heather's leash. The polite request sounded like a cruel joke to Heather's ears.

As gracefully as she could, Heather bent over and then slid across this woman's lap. She placed her hands flat on the floor and used them to help stabilize her. The woman dropped Heather's leash and then put one arm tightly across Heather's waist. Then Heather felt the woman use her left hand to play with her pubic lips.

Heather gasped out loud and then heard the woman's voice in soft tones say, "I like my little penitents to be aroused during punishments. Do you think you can get wet for me?"

"No," Heather said softly. She'd been asked a direct question so she surmised she now had permission to speak.

"Why not?" the woman asked. At this point she had slipped one finger inside of Heather and was rubbing Heather's clit with her thumb.

"I'm not a lesbian," Heather responded in a weak voice. "And even if I was, I'm too scared to get wet."

"You think that fear and sexual preference are barriers to getting wet?" the woman asked. Then without giving Heather a chance to answer, she said, "You're wrong, and I intend to prove it to you."

The woman expertly worked Heather's clit while one finger probed inside Heather's cunt. Heather wanted to prove this woman wrong, but soon she was feeling warm and tingly. Her clit became engorged with blood and Heather had to bite her lip to keep from moaning.

"Well, it looks like the straight girl got wet for me," said the woman, gloating softly. "How does that make you feel?"

"Violated," Heather said softly.

"Violated," the woman repeated. "I like that answer. I think I'll find excuses to spend a lot more time with you."

Then the woman removed her fingers from Heather's crotch and wiped her secretions on Heather's upturned buttocks.

"How old are you Heather?" the woman suddenly asked in her loud, booming voice so that the entire room could hear.

"Nineteen," Heather said softly and with a throb in her voice.

"Nineteen," the woman called out loudly. "Heather Murdoch's first punishment will be nineteen swats on her bare bottom!"

There was a general cheer of approval from the audience and Heather felt the first swat on her left buttock. She didn't think that it was possible for a bare-handed slap to hurt so much. Just where did this woman learn how to hit like that?

The next eighteen swats came hard and fast. By the second swat Heather was screaming in pain. By the fifth swat she had tears streaming down her face. Her bare legs flailed and her hips bucked. Her head shook from side to side and her hands slapped against the floor. Heather had never been spanked in her life, and she always assumed it was painful, but she never imagined it could hurt this much!

By the time the spanking was over, Heather's chest was heaving with sobs. She tried to get up from this woman's lap, however a strong right arm pressed down on Heather's waist and she was easily pushed back down.

Heather was just giving up on struggling when the woman holding her down called out, "Miss Helms, bring me an A.R.K., if you would be so kind!"

Heather was sobbing softly and wondering what an A.R. K, was. She tried to look over her shoulder when Miss Helms brought the A.R.K. over, however Heather never got a good look at it. The woman who spanked her, grabbed Heather by her long, blonde hair and yanked Heather's head so that she was forced to look down at the floor.

"Ow," Heather exclaimed loudly.

Even after the woman let go of Heather's hair, the girl kept her head still. She didn't want to have her hair yanked like that again.

Next Heather felt the woman's strong fingers between her asscheeks, probing deep. Heather reflexively tightened up her anus, but it didn't help. The woman simply used more force until her fingers forced Heather's tight hole open.

"Ugh," Heather grunted in pain as one finger penetrated deep.

"Don't fight me, you spoiled brat," the woman scolded. "The more you resist, the worse it will hurt."

Heather gritted her teeth and tried to relax her asshole, but it wasn't easy. Nobody had ever opened up her anus like this before, and her natural inclination was to resist. "She's going to be trouble," Heather heard a female voice say. Suddenly a guard was holding her down while the woman who spanked her opened her anus wider and lubricated her tight opening with some sort of gel. The fingers and the gel felt so alien and wrong in her unexplored orifice. Heather fought against hands that held her down, fearing what was coming next. Although she couldn't see it, Heather believed that the dildo that invaded her anus was enormous. Her sphincter muscle closed on it and tried to she screamed in pain as it seemed to be tearing her apart.

"Aaahhhgggg!" she bellowed and thrashed her head as she was anally raped. Her hands slapped on the floor and she struggled to get away as the dildo pounded in and out. "This was deliberately humiliating and painful," Heather thought. "They intend to degrade me and take away any pride I have left."

While these thoughts ran through her head, out of her mouth came, "Aaaarughhhh!" She screamed and sobbed and panted, but she couldn't break free or force the dildo out of her rectum.

The violation of Heather continued as she was forced to stand, with the dildo still pushed up inside of her. "Hold her steady," her tormenter commanded and several lengths of ropes were suddenly being handed out. Heather was only dimly aware of this as tears welled up in her eyes and obscured her vision. In addition to this she was focusing mostly on the pain in her rectum. Very little else penetrated her field of thought.

As a result she was somewhat surprised when her arms were tied behind her in a fashion that forced her breasts way out. Her left wrist was tied to her right elbow and her right wrist was tied to left elbow. While Heather was contemplating how helpless this made her, another rope was tied around her waist.

Realization dawned slowly on Heather as yet another rope was tied to the one about her waist and rand down between the cheeks of her ass. Once it was pulled tightly between her buttocks it held the dildo inside her. Then the rope continued across her crotch and when pulled up tightly it rudely separated her pubic lips.

"Ugh!" Heather exclaimed when her pubic lips were bisected. Once all the ropes were tightened, the ropes painfully cut into her and she was tempted to beg for the rope's removal. However she knew that speaking without permission would just invite more punishment.

"Now walk," a female voice ordered her.

Heather gave a pitiful yelp and tried to look as afraid as possible. She couldn't possibly be expected to walk with this rope cutting the most delicate part of her anatomy in two! Every step would be agony!

Two unsympathetic guards made certain that she obeyed. Grabbing Heather by her arms, they forced her forward and off the stage. With each step, Heather could feel her pubic lips chafing against the rope and she made pathetic sobbing sounds. It seemed like hours before she was allowed to stop walking, although it was really only seconds.

The guards had led her off the stage and to the front row of the audience. Heather's vision was blurry due to the tears, however she recognized Miss Smithers. The woman remained in her seat, and examined Heather's flanks, touching Heather's buttocks and thighs with her hands.

"This is Heather Murdoch's next punishment," Heather's tormenter announced. "She shall present her roped nakedness to each member of the school staff for examination and fondling."

Heather sobbed at the news. Walking was agony the ropes cut deeper and deeper into her cunt and the dildo probed more painfully in her anus with every step. However with her arms bound behind her and two guards guiding her there was no way she could keep from moving forward.

Miss Smithers briefly toyed with Heather's sore pubic lips and then commented, "such an improvement. You girls should never be allowed to have pubic hair. It covers up too much."

Heather sobbed as Miss Smithers continued to fondle her pubic lips. They were red and swollen and Heather flinched when the woman's fingers touched the most sensitive spots. Miss Smithers took no notice of Heather's pain, and when she was finished she slapped Heather's buttocks with the palm of her hand. "Off you go," she told Heather, "it's time to give somebody else an opportunity."

Every woman was different. Some of them fondled her thighs and buttocks. Others fondled her breasts and pinched her nipples. Some tried to slip their fingers into her cunt, but the rope that bisected her pubic lips was too tight. When she came to Dana, the older woman stood up and hugged the student close. "It's alright Heather," she said in sympathetic tones, "you'll get through this. Every student starts out this way and they all survive." She then wiped away Heather's tears and kissed her on the forehead.

Heather was still sobbing, but the kind words and gentle touch made Heather feel less scared and tormented. She considered whispering some sort of thanks when Dana kissed Heather right on the lips. Heather was heterosexual and had never considered kissing another woman before, but something about Dana's kiss had her head swimming. Maybe it was the fact that her lips were much softer than a boy's lips. Or maybe it was the welcome surprise of such gentle and compassionate behavior in the midst of all this pain and humiliation. But whatever the reason, Heather found herself enjoying her first kiss from another woman.

"I'm sorry," Dana said after they broke from the kiss. "That wasn't fair of me to take advantage of you like that, was it?"

Heather was mesmerized by Dana's words at first. Nobody here cared if they were being fair to Heather. They just did things to her. Heather looked into Dana's eyes and suddenly felt an urge to please this woman. It was an alien feeling. Heather had never cared about pleasing anybody but her herself before now.

"I um, actually I liked it," Heather said. "You can kiss me again if you like."

There had been chatter amongst the women in the front row, but it suddenly stopped when Heather told Dana to kiss her. This was obviously unexpected and welcome. Silence fell over the room as everyone watched what would happen next.

Dana's next kiss was much more personal and intimate. This time she slipped her tongue into Heather's mouth. She was timid at first, but when Heather offered no resistance, the tongue became more insistent and more passionate. Heather for her part was confused. She was enjoying this, but was still uncertain as to why. Dana was a female! Since when did Heather feel this sort of attraction to females? And why this one?

"Time's up," a voice said. "Give somebody else a chance!"

Heather barely had time to register the words before she was dragged away and taken to another woman. Heather didn't recognize this one. She was in her early forties and had her hair cut in a short, corporate style. "I won't be nearly so gentle with you, naughty girl," the woman said in short, clipped tones.

Then the woman's hands took possession of Heather's naked body. First she began to pinch Heather's pubic lips. Then she took hold of Heather's nipples and pinched them even harder. Heather let out yelps of pain, but the woman just seemed to smile at that and pinch even harder.

In the second row a teacher with a very attractive hairstyle grabbed Heather's left nipple and pinched it as well. "How's it feel to be the helpless one, Heather?" the woman asked. "How's it feel to be at somebody else's mercy for a change?"

The question seemed to imply that she and Heather had met before. Heather looked at the woman and her face did look familiar. However before Heather could continue much further done that line of thought, things got worse for her naked body.

The woman began to slap Heather's breasts with her right hand. Heather cried out in pain from the very first smack and her cries just got louder and louder. "Could somebody gag her, please?" the woman with the punishing hand asked. "With all that racket I can barely hear myself think."

Somebody forced a gag into Heather's mouth and buckled it behind her head. "That's better," the woman said and resumed slapping Heather's firm, naked breasts. Heather tried to back up, but the guards forced her to remain in place. The hard punishing slaps continued and Heather tried to scream through the gag, but all that came out was a muffled "Nnngghh" sound.

Heather's nervous system was on sensory overload. The ropes cutting into her crotch and the dildo forced deep into her anus was bad enough, but now these sharp, punishing slaps to her breasts combined with the other pain her young body was enduring and she tried to scream that she couldn't take it.

She was still trying to scream when she passed out.

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When Heather regain consciousness it took her a while to realize where she was. First she noticed the white sheets and the white ceiling. Next she noticed the angry red marks on her wrists where the ropes had bit into her soft skin.

Finally she pulled back the sheets to see the red marks on her waist and crotch where the cruel ropes that bisected her pubic lips had bit into her skin.

"The marks will fade after a day or so," a familiar British voice informed her.

Heather looked around and noticed Dana sitting in a chair nearby. Taking in the room, Heather noticed several other beds and correctly assumed this was some sort of school medical facility.

Heather began to rub the soreness between her thighs. Her pubic lips were swollen and this time it had nothing to do with lust. She was well and truly in pain.

"Don't do that," Dana said. "That looks too much like masturbation, and students are forbidden to masturbate."

"But it hurts," Heather protested.

Dana nodded in understanding and called out, "Doctor Estrich, our patient is awake."

"Our patient?" came the voice of the doctor from the next room. "Since when do you have a medical degree?"

"I just meant.." Dana began, but when Doctor Estrich came into the room, she waved her off, "I know what you meant. I just don't like sharing credit. My medical wing, my medical degree, my patients."

Doctor Estrich sat down on the bed and shined a light into Heather's eyes. "How do you feel, Heather?" she asked.

"I'm in pain," Heather replied. "My breasts are sore. My ass is sore. My anus and my .... My pubic area,"

"Can you walk?" the doctor asked.

"I- I think so," Heather replied.

"Try to walk for me," the doctor ordered.

Heather swung her feet out of bed and planted them on the floor. She took a few tentative steps and found that she walked funny due to how sore her anus and pubic lips were, but she could still move at a respectable pace.

"She's fine," Doctor Estrich said. "We'll cancel the rest of her punishments for today and start again tomorrow."

"Could she have something to dull the pain?" Dana asked.

"She's being punished, Dana!" the doctor snapped. "You don't give pain killers to somebody that's being punished. She's supposed to be in pain!"

"I'm not asking for a vicodin," Dana protested. "But perhaps something to make the swelling go down?"

The doctor seemed to consider this for a few moments and finally relented. "I suppose an anti-inflammatory cream wouldn't be out of the question," she said.

The doctor left the room and returned minutes later with a small jar of white cream. "Get back into bed," the doctor ordered.

Heather slipped back into the bed and looked up at Doctor Estrich. Even though she was implying some sort of assistance for Heather, she still made the teenager nervous.

"Spread your legs," the doctor ordered. Heather complied, and then the doctor said, "more than that."

Heather spread her legs as far apart as she could, feeling vulnerable and exposed. She hoped that she wasn't being tricked, and looked over at Dana, hoping that the British woman would protect her.

Dana said nothing as the doctor smeared a gob of the white cream on her fingers and then began to rub it into Heather's pubic lips. Doctor Estrich was gentle, but Heather's pubic lips were red and tender from the rope that had been tightly biting into her skin.

"Oooh," Heather exclaimed as the doctor's touch slid over the most sensitive areas. "Yes, it hurts," the doctor confirmed, "but I'm actually doing you a favor. This will help your skin heal quicker."

The doctor paid no attention to the skin on Heather's wrists, waist or arms with red marks from her earlier rope bondage. She mainly just concentrated on her pubic lips and her anus.

"I'm going to issue an order to have you report to me after every punishment," the doctor informed Heather. "You're skin is just too soft to take very much. Somebody has to look after it."

She talked about protecting Heather's skin, but she seemed especially interested in just the small patch between Heather's legs. After spending an inordinate amount of time on Heather's pubic lips, she then began to rub cream into Heather's clit. The doctor's ministrations had Heather aroused and breathing hard. In some ways it was medically beneficial. The endorphins Heather's body produced numbed the pain of her spanking, robe bondage and anal rape, however she was extremely embarrassed.

"Aren't you going to thank me?" the doctor asked as she gently held Heather's swollen clit between her thumb and forefinger. Heather swallowed and inhaled deeply before responding.

"Thank?"

"I don't do this for just every student," the doctor said. "I'm offering to look after your delicate skin. Most students just have to grit their teeth and deal with the pain. If you're not grateful, that's bordering on disrespect."

Heather vaguely remembered that being disrespectful was grounds for punishment. "I'm grateful," Heather said, her voice mixed with heavy amounts of both fear and lust. "Thank you, doctor."

"That's all right then," the doctor replied. "I'll see you here after your next punishment." The doctor then took her hand away and left Heather with a horrible need. Her clit was red and swollen and Heather desperately wanted to stick her hand between her legs to finish was Doctor Estrich started. However she knew that the punishment for masturbation would be very painful. She whimpered at the thought that her sexual need would have to go unfulfilled.

"We're done here," Doctor Estrich said, as she stood up. "Dana, could you take Heather to her first class, or should I get one of the guards to do it?"

When Doctor Estrich talked about going to class, it sounded almost as bad as going to the guillotine. It was all in the voice, and the doctor had a voice that could make "good morning" sound like a threat.

"I'll take her," Dana said. "Which class is she scheduled to be in at this time?"

"Take her to Miss Wells," the doctor said. "Her morning class just started, and it's a good place to start. Nothing too challenging, eh?"

"I'll see to it," Dana said. Then she took Heather's hand and told her to get up out of the hospital bed.

**Private School Ch. 05**

Heather had been enrolled at Miss Porter's School for Girls for seven months now and she hated it. It seemed more like seven years what with all the harsh discipline and the punishments for even the slightest infractions of the rules. And the rules were just much worse than any other school she'd even been to (or ever even heard of)! She wasn't allowed to leave school property, she wasn't allowed to wear any clothing or any kind, she wasn't allowed to use the phone, she wasn't allowed to masturbate, she wasn't permitted to have any pubic hair between her legs and she wasn't allowed to use her hands to cover up her nudity!   
  
And then; of course; there were the visits to the receiving room.   
  
Well, the *teachers* referred to it as the receiving room. Heather referred to it as the repenting room. It *was true* that she received guests there, however those guests were always people whom she'd pissed off in her younger days and now they wanted retribution for all the wrongs (both real and imagined) she'd inflicted on them in the past.   
  
Heather had been spanked and strapped and slapped and yelled at and lectured and berated and pinched and forced to apologize over and over and over again to those she'd offended. Most of these people visited just once. They explained to Heather what she had done to make them so outraged and then they inflicted some sort of horrible punishment on her naked flesh and made her cry. Heather always ended up apologizing profusely at the end and then Heather's guest would subsequently leave and never come back.   
  
Well, *most* of the guests would never come back.   
  
For some reason Tracy was far more resentful and unforgiving about all the verbal injuries and personal attacks and childish practical jokes Heather had inflicted upon her. Every week Tracy kept coming back and punishing her. And every week Heather apologized profusely to Tracy, but Tracy's fury and resentment against the penitent never seemed to diminish. She was still just as angry at Heather as she was seven months ago.   
  
On this particular morning Heather was being escorted to the receiving room by one of the school's uniformed security guards. Heather was afraid of the security guards and she would go wherever they told her to go. Honestly the tight grip on her arm wasn't even necessary. Heather wasn't brave enough to disobey or run away. She did what she was told to do, simply because she was afraid of the consequences if she disobeyed.   
  
Heather was escorted naked into the receiving room and she let out a heavy sigh. The receiving room looked suspiciously like a police interrogation room and the things that happened in here weren't any more pleasant than being interrogated by obnoxious detectives that were relentless in their attempts to get you to confess to some sort of serious criminal infraction.   
  
Heather looked down at her naked body. The soft skin of her naked thighs, breasts and abdomen were currently unmarked and smooth. She anticipated with dread the likelihood that they would soon be covered with reddish-pink marks from a riding crop or a leather belt or a leather strap or some other unforgiving instrument of punishment.   
  
When Heather looked up from her naked body, she was surprised to see that the "guest" in the receiving room was not Tracy, but rather some middle-aged blonde woman. Heather couldn't recall having ever seen her before. Up until now, everybody who came to visit Heather in this room had some sort of grievance they wanted to settle with her. Heather's spirits lifted slightly, as she was reasonably certain this woman had no reason to punish her.   
  
"Come on in, Heather," the blonde woman said. "I thought it was time that you and I finally meet."   
  
The security guard pushed Heather forward, considerably harder than was necessary and then closed the door behind her. Heather could hear the lock click after the heavy door was slammed shut. A stern reminder that whatever was going to happen in this room today, there was no way Heather would be able to escape it.   
  
"Come closer," the blonde woman beckoned while making a gesture with her right hand that basically indicated the same thing. "I'm not going to bite you."   
  
Heather had been bitten several times before in this room, usually on her poor, abused nipples. The phrase, "I'm not going to bite you" held more meaning here than it did most places.   
  
Heather's hesitant feet took eight cautious steps forward, until her naked, vulnerable body was within an arm's reach of the fully-clothed woman with her shape-skimming black blazer and black dress pants. Being constantly naked made Heather jealous of anybody who got to wear clothes and this woman made it even worse by flaunting her stylish all-black fashion choices. Heather knew that she could rock that outfit if the school would just allow her to wear some clothes.   
  
When Heather was standing close enough, the blonde woman gestured to her laptop computer. The computer confused Heather. When she met people in the receiving room, she was accustomed to them bringing in handcuffs or a riding crop or endless lengths or rope to tie her up, but nobody had ever brought in a computer before.   
  
"Do you know what that is?" the middle-aged woman asked.   
  
The answer to the question seemed obvious. "It's a computer," Heather responded. She couldn't imagine why the question was ever asked in the first place.   
  
The woman gave Heather an enigmatic smile and took one of Heather's hands in her own. "It's where you were born," she said to Heather as she pulled her closer.   
  
At this point Heather concluded that this blonde woman must be crazy. However, that was okay with Heather. A sane woman would most likely be mercilessly swatting Heather's naked ass with a riding crop by now, so crazy was a welcome respite from all of the sane women she'd been dealing with.   
  
"Take a closer look," the blonde woman coaxed, as she gestured at the computer screen.   
  
Heather looked at the computer screen and saw a directory of stories by somebody named "Schlank". The blonde woman directed Heather to pay special attention to the stories entitled "Private School". There were four chapters in that series so far.   
  
"I'm the author who wrote those stories," the blonde woman announced. "I created you. I also created this school and everyone in it. Everything I write about you comes true."   
  
Heather read the synopsis for each installment in the story. Every chapter centered on a girl named Heather. In chapter one, Heather is enrolled in a very different kind of school. In chapter two Heather is examined by the school doctor. In chapter three Heather learns more about her school, and in chapter four Heather is punished in front of the entire school.   
  
The chapter descriptions sounded quite a bit like what Heather had gone through even since she got to this school. Heather was now wondering if this crazy woman was some sort of stalker. Maybe she knew somebody who worked at the school and told her everything that happened here. That seemed like a security leak, but if this woman was writing about her and everything she wrote was accurate...   
  
Just as Heather was thinking this, the crazy woman clicked on chapter one and Heather saw the text on the screen. It chronicled Heather's first day at this school *exactly*. It even recalled word for word the conversation Heather had with her mother before they arrived.   
  
Heather's mouth made an O shape and she looked at the blonde woman with a look of shock on her face. She couldn't understand how this woman knew so much about her.   
  
"You should never play poker," the blonde woman observed. "You show all of your emotions on your face. You're totally readable."   
  
"Mistress," Heather said inquiringly, forgetting for the moment that she hadn't been given permission to speak.   
  
"From that look on your face, you're incredulous and wondering how I was able to write with such striking detail about your first day here. You haven't yet accepted the fact that I created you or that I have the power to control your fate."   
  
"Mistress, it's just not possible. Human beings can't just create other human beings. And nobody can make things happen just by writing them down."   
  
Heather reflexively covered her mouth after blurting that out. She'd been punished in this school for giving her unsolicited opinion before, and she wasn't eager to be punished again for telling this woman what she thought of her crazy ideas.   
  
Heather was actually filled with trepidation about what the crazy woman might do next, however when she made eye contact, the crazy woman was simply looking at Heather with an expression of thoughtful interest.   
  
"I suppose it was somewhat presumptuous for me to assume that you'd believe I could create you and your parents and this school. I suppose I'd ask for some sort of proof, if someone had said that to me."   
  
"Mistress, I apologize for saying that I doubted you," Heather blurted out. "Obviously it isn't my place to say or do anything that implies that-."   
  
"Its okay, Heather," the blonde woman said. "I'm not here to punish you. However I do need to speak with you, and until I've established my credentials, you're not going to give my words the credibility that they deserve."   
  
Then the smile on the blonde woman's face changed from enigmatic to predatory.   
  
"Watch this," she suggested and then opened up Microsoft Word on her computer.   
  
Heather had never learned to type and was amazed at how fast the crazy woman's fingers flew across the keyboard. Within seconds, sentences became paragraphs and paragraphs became entire pages. The crazy woman typed faster than Heather could read.   
  
Although, Heather couldn't read all that fast, so maybe it wasn't all that impressive.   
  
Heather noted that her name appeared several times in the pages that the crazy woman had written. She also noticed that the crazy woman made a rather disturbing and unhealthy sound several times as she was typing. Heather eventually realized that the sound was laughter and a chill ran down her spine as she calculated that nothing good could result from ***that*** sort of laughter.   
  
Then, suddenly and without warning, Heather's hands moved from her sides and up to her naked breasts. The thumb and forefinger of each hand closed in on each of her nipples and gripped each of the sensitive pink nubs firmly and painfully. Heather yelped in pain and attempted to release her poor nipples, however she no longer seemed to have any control over her hands. The pain in her nipples was excruciating and her fingers pinched down on her poor, sensitive nipples with a fierce strength that she didn't even know she had. Her face turned red and screwed up with pain and intense concentration, but nothing that she did helped. She had no control over her hands. It was if they had a mind of her own and they were intent on torturing her poor, defenseless nipples.   
  
"So, Heather," the blonde woman calmly interjected, "You were saying that I couldn't make things happen simply by writing them down. But look what I wrote just before you began pinching yourself."   
  
Heather sobbed and tried to ignore the pain enough to walk over to the middle-aged woman's computer and read the first paragraph that the crazy woman had written. Heather was somewhat shocked and disturbed to read the words,   
  
*"Heather's hands raised up of their own accord and tightly gripped Heather's unprotected nipples in a tight, painful grip and caused Heather to yelp in pain. Heather valiantly attempted to take control of her hands and release her sore, abused nipples from the vicelike grip, but it was to no avail. It seemed as if her hands were controlled by somebody else and she was helpless to do anything about it."*  
  
The blonde woman looked up at Heather's face as tears welled up in her eyes and asked, "So, do you believe me now when I saw everything I write about you comes true?"   
  
***"YES! YES! I BELIEVE YOU,"*** Heather shouted.   
  
"Are you sure? I could provide you with more proof, if you like."   
  
Heather screamed in pain as her hands now began to twist her nipples at sharp angles. Her nipples were jerked painfully to the left, and then painfully to the right. Tears were flowing freely down Heather's face as she screamed, ***"I'M SURE!! PLEASE MAKE IT STOP!! I BELIEVE YOU!! EVERYTHING YOU WRITE ABOUT ME COMES TRUE!! EVERYTHING!!"***  
  
The middle-aged blonde rapidly typed something at her keyboard and suddenly Heather had control of her hands again. Heather relished her newfound control over her arms and fingers and wrists and then gently cupped her breasts and attempted to sooth the ache in her poor, abused nipples.   
  
"So, why are you here?" Heather asked when the pain had diminished enough for Heather to think coherently. "You can apparently control me from a distance. You can probably control all of my teachers and fellow classmates from a distance too. So why come to my school and make a personal appearance? Is this some sort of religious thing? Am I supposed to worship you now?"   
  
Heather had never met a god (or goddess before), but she was reasonably certain how meetings between humans and gods were supposed to work. The human was supposed to acknowledge the innate superiority of the god and then build temples to the god and recruit converts and such. Heather guessed that most likely she was supposed to speak with her fellow students and educate them about whom they owed their existence to. Perhaps there were sacred rites that she could teach to the other girls.   
  
However; all of Heather's preconceived notions about what the writer-goddess wanted were thrown out the window with the writer-goddess's next words.   
  
"From your perspective, Heather, I suppose I would be a god. I did create you, after all. However I didn't come here with any religious purpose in mind. I came here to let you know that I have writer's block. I sit at my computer and I try to write about you and the words just won't come. So, I just wanted you know that after today I won't be writing about you anymore. It's over."   
  
Heather got a confused look on her face and blinked several times. Heather had never been very religious, but even in *her* mind it sounded rather disturbing when the god who created you suddenly decides to abandon you.   
  
"So, what does that mean for me?" Heather inquired. "Does that mean that I'm going to get out of here? Or am I stuck here forever, repeating the same day over and over again? Or am I going to die as soon as you quit writing about me?"   
  
The middle-aged writer seemed to ponder that for a while. Apparently she had never considered the topic before.   
  
*"Die?"* the writer asked somewhat incredulous. "Heather, you're a fictional character. You can't *die.* You were never really alive to begin with."   
  
"Maybe from *your* perspective I can't die," Heather blurted out. "But I ***feel*** alive! I'm self-aware! I have self-preservation instincts! I'm afraid of what happens when my god decides to throw me away like an old shoe!"   
  
There was a long uncomfortable silence as the writer didn't seem to know how to respond to that.   
  
"And what makes me so horrible that you can't write about me," Heather continued, "but you can write about other people? You haven't written about me since 2007, but I saw about half a dozen stories you've written about other people in 2014! What makes those other people so much better? You don't seem to have writer's block when it comes to writing about these other literary creations!"   
  
The writer seemed to be somewhat taken aback by all of this. At first she didn't have an answer. She had to consider the question for a while.   
  
"I dunno, Heather," the writer finally responded. "I suppose you're just not a very likable character. You're basically selfish, homophobic, vain, inconsiderate, and immature. And you also tend to be vindictive and petty and unforgiving when you don't get your own way. You also have an under-age drinking problem. The other characters I write about are much more likable than you."   
  
In response to these words, the look on Heather's face changed. She had heard a number of the teachers at this very school say similar things to her without ever managing to care. However those teachers didn't create her. She was appalled that the goddess who created her would speak of her in this manner.   
  
"Wait, wait, wait," Heather blurted out. "You're saying that you created me, and now that you're unhappy with your creation, you're just going to kill me off? What sort of creator-god does that?"   
  
"Didn't you ever read the Bible?" the writer asked. "Genesis, Chapter six, the Christian Creator-god drowns the world and kills off millions of humans...almost the entire human race because he's unhappy with his creation."   
  
Heather made an exasperated sound and stamped her bare feet. She had never read the Bible before, although she'd heard of the story of Noah before. She knew the basics, even if she didn't know all of the fine details of the story.   
  
"But," Heather stammered, "but if you created me...and you wrote my past and you control my every action, couldn't you make me a more likable person? Okay, I'm homophobic and selfish. But aren't I that way because you wrote me that way? Wouldn't it be an easy to...I mean, you could easily change my character! You could rewrite my character! You could make it so I have a dozen gay friends! You could make me a lesbian! I could give thousands of dollars away every year to charity! I could be a doctor who volunteers at a free clinic! I could be a lawyer who does pro-bono work! I could do the Heimlich maneuver at restaurants and save people from choking to death! *The only reason I'm not the sort of person who does these things is because you haven't written me that way!!* And you know what else? Some of the students here actually like being spanked and whipped and sexually abused by lesbians! You couldn't even give me that much!! For them it's foreplay! For me it's just painful and traumatic!"   
  
The writer leaned to one side and rested her face on her hand. She didn't seem to be impressed with Heather's argument. In point of fact, her reaction seemed to be something in between boredom and annoyance.   
  
"Yeah, Heather I *could* make you a more likable person, but that would be lazy writing. If I take a homophobic, nasty, self-centered, selfish, hedonist and change her so that she's suddenly and inexplicably an unselfish, friendly, caring lesbian, with a propensity for helping her fellow man, it would be awkward and jarring and the readers would wonder what the hell happened."   
  
"So, that's it then?" Heather asked flabbergasted. "You think that it's better to just kill me off, than be thought of as a *'lazy writer'?* What about being thought of as a lazy parent? I mean...from what you've told me, you're more responsible for my upbringing than my mother or my father. You're the reason that I grew up to be such an unlikable character! Now, that I'm unlikable, you're just going to abandon me? It seems to me that a responsible parent would take a more direct hand in my development at this point!"   
  
Again there was a long, uncomfortable silence, and the writer stared at Heather with a very annoyed look. The writer drummed her fingers on the surface of the desk and stared at Heather with an angry, yet contemplative look.

Finally the writer broke the silence, by saying, "You're lucky, you know that?"   
  
The expression on Heather's face changed. It looked more hopeful now. "Lucky how?" she asked.   
  
"Two reasons," the writer said. "The first thing in your favor is that back when I was in my late twenties, I read Frankenstein by Mary Shelley. In the book Victor Von Frankenstein takes a lifeless corpse...or maybe it's a collection of lifeless corpses that he sews together...and he brings it to life. It's the scientific accomplishment of the century, but Victor is horrified at how ugly his newly animated life-form is and he abandons it. I always thought that was one of the stupidest things ever, especially when you consider how his creation couldn't possibly have looked any worse dead than it did alive."   
  
"So, you mean..," Heather began, but the writer interrupted her.   
  
"So, that was the first thing in your favor. The second thing is that I was raised Catholic, and we Catholics are basically programmed to feel guilty about damn near everything that we do and everything that we fail to do. I left the Catholic Church years ago, but I still have a hyperactive guilt-response. Hell, I feel guilty when I'm accidentally late paying the phone bill."   
  
"So, does this mean...," Heather began to ask again, but the writer interrupted her a second time.   
  
"It means that I'm going to give you more of a chance than Doctor Frankenstein gave his creation. I'm going to get you out of this school and I'm going to make changes to your character and make you more likable."   
  
Without warning, Heather changed across the room and hugged the writer. In her enthusiasm, she charged too hard and her momentum knocked the chair over and the chair, the writer and Heather ended up crashing to the floor in a loud, ungainly heap.   
  
"I'm sorry! I'm sorry," Heather apologized. "I didn't mean to do that! I'm just so grateful that I'm getting out of this school! It's been horrible here!"   
  
The writer grunted and pushed Heather's naked, 118 pound body up and off of her. "Don't be overdramatic, Heather," the writer admonished. "Honesty, there are much worse things than being a student in this school. You should see what happens to the characters in Jim Butcher's books."   
  
Then just as the writer regained her feet, the door opened and the uniformed security guard who had escorted Heather to the receiving room was standing there. "Is everything alright in here?" she inquired. "I heard a loud crash."   
  
"Oh, we're just fine in here," the writer said. "You should probably run along," the writer added as she typed expeditiously at her keyboard. "I'm sure you've got important things to do today, what with this being your last day working at this school."   
  
"Last day?" the security guard asked her face awash with confusion. "I don't know what you're talking about. "I don't plan on retiring for another..."   
  
The writer paused in her typing and then looked up and made eye contact with the guard. A look of realization came over the guard's face and she exclaimed, "Oh my God! I'm sorry Miss, but you're on your own!"   
  
Heather looked with bewilderment at the empty doorway and then at the writer who was once again typing away furiously at her keyboard. "What just happened?" Heather inquired.   
  
"I'm shutting down the school," the writer replied. "One of the school accountants embezzled three million dollars from the general operating fund. They can no longer afford to pay any of the teachers, administrators, office staff or any of the school employees, so the school is going to shut down and all of the employees are leaving, just like rats deserting a sinking ship."   
  
"Just like that," Heather asked.   
  
"Just like that," the writer confirmed. "When you write fiction, you have that kind of control over the characters that you create."   
  
The writer smiled and continued to type briskly at her keyboard. Heather tried to read over the writer's shoulder; however the writer held up one hand, palm facing Heather's face and waved her away.   
  
"Don't stand so close," the writer admonished her. "I wouldn't want you to know allof my plans in advance. I'd like for some of this to be a surprise."   
  
"But, the surprises are all good, right?"   
  
The writer just gave Heather another enigmatic smile and went back to typing.   
  
Heather was feeling a certain degree of uncertainty. There she was standing naked and vulnerable, just a few feet away from the only god she'd ever met and that god was now planning her future. She could be planning almost anything.   
  
And while Heather was awash in a sea of uneasiness, the public address system shattered the relative calm in every room of the school.   
  
"Attention, attention," the announcement began. "This is Ms. Stull from the main office. The following students need to report to front lawn of the school, as your parents are here to pick you up: Emily Ashton, Catherine Beck, Amy Busch, Cheryl Bush, Emily Busch, Samantha Chalke, Kacey Chase, Robin Chase, Jean Crane, Jessica Crane, Laurell Crane, Roberta Dresden, Cheryl Edgley, Megan Eccleston, Charlene Frank, Wanda Gellar, Jocelynn Hannigan, Megumi Ishimura, Cheryl James, Diana James, Michelle James, Kacey Jameson..."Heather listened intently, waiting for her name to be called. There were at least fifty names called before they called out the name Heather Murdoch. When they called her name, she squealed with delight.   
  
"So, I should go now?" she asked the goddess.   
  
"Hey, that's what the announcement said," replied her goddess. "You're supposed to head on out to the front lawn."   
  
"And my mother will be there to pick me up?"   
  
"Well, why don't you head on out there and find out?"   
  
Heather turned to go, giddy with anticipation, but then she looked back at the woman who had just altered reality and released her from this school. It was true; her goddess had stuck her in this horrible school in the first place; but somehow that didn't seem to be as important as being set free.   
  
"Will I ever see you again?" Heather asked. She had never met a god before and it seemed unlikely that anything in her life would ever be as important or impressive or special as this.   
  
"Probably not," the writer said as she paused in her writing. "I don't normally meet face-to-face with fictional characters."   
  
"Should I be worshipping you?" Heather asked. "Praying to you? Is that something that you like? Do you require some sort of daily sign of devotion?"   
  
"I'm not that kind of god," the writer insisted. "Now, get out of here. There's a car waiting outside to take you home."   
  
"Can I at least get a hug?" Heather asked. "A real hug? Not a crashing-to-the-floor-and-knocking-over-your-chair-kinda-hug?"   
  
The writer stopped typing and looked up at Heather. She rolled her eyes and made a sound of exasperation, but made a "come forward" sign with both hands and stood up so that she could hug Heather.   
  
It was almost irrational, how strong an emotional bond Heather felt towards this writer-god, however she did free Heather from this school and maybe the mere fact that she was a god stirred up Heather's emotions anyway. Maybe being near a god is like inhaling fumes of some potent drug. Whatever the reason, Heather felt certain that she would treasure this moment for the rest of her life.   
  
Heather pressed her naked body to the god's clothed body and held on tight. She felt a stronger emotional bond to this god than she had ever felt to any human being. She wished that she could introduce her mother to this god and devote her life to this god, but apparently that wasn't an option.   
  
"Now go," the god commanded her after they broke from the hug. "They're expecting you outside."   
  
Heather left the receiving room and made her way out into the hallways of her school. There were now hundreds of naked girls in the hallway, all of them gradually ambulating towards the exits. Heather had seen most of these students before; after all she'd been in this school for seven years. It would have been hard not to see her fellow students in that period of time.   
  
But now, walking down the halls, rubbing elbows with her naked classmates and seeing scores of naked buttocks and naked thighs, she couldn't help but see them with a different mindset. Before she just saw her fellow students as other girls with a plight similar to hers, but she was actually noticing that some of these girls were quite attractive. For instance Michelle Moore had slender, athletic thighs and high, firm buttocks that seemed to be sculpted into a perfect shape. Heather liked the shape of Michelle's perfect thighs and buttocks so much that she pushed her way through the crowd of naked girls just so she could get closer to Michelle and keep her naked buttocks under surveillance. Heather was almost hypnotized by the movement of Michelle's Gluteus Maximus muscles as she walked; left, right, left, right, left, right; Heather was fascinated at the play of muscles every time Michelle took a step.   
  
Heather had been so fascinated by Michelle's naked buttocks that when Michelle came to a sudden stop, Heather was unable to avoid walking into her and knocking both girls slightly off-balance.   
  
"Sorry," Heather blurted out as she grabbed onto Michelle and tried to regain her footing.   
  
"Heather," Michelle said when she realized who had bumped into her. "Can you believe what a day we're having? It looks like they're letting every student go home all on the same day!"   
  
"Yeah, it's pretty amazing," Heather agreed. "Who would have thought it would ever happen like this?" Of course Heather knew exactly what was going on and why. The creator goddess who had created this school was now shutting it down. A simple act of embezzlement and suddenly the school couldn't afford to pay its expenses anymore. And since they couldn't afford to pay their electricity bill or their water bill or the salaries for their many employees, they had to close down and send their entire student body home.   
  
"I think the school ran out of money or something," Heather said. And as she said it, her eyes were drawn to Michelle's breasts. Michelle's breasts weren't much larger than Heather's, however they were round and firm and perky and her nipples and areola were very, very pink. And the skin that covered her breasts was smooth and looked soft and touchable. Heather had seen Michelle's naked breasts many times before, but had never until just now noticed how perfect they looked. And just underneath her breasts and ribcage, she had a flat stomach and tight, flawless abs. Her body was perfect. Why; Heather wondered; had she never noticed before?   
  
"Oh my God, it's happened to you too," Michelle exclaimed.   
  
"What's happened?" Heather asked, somewhat taken aback. "What are you talking about?"   
  
"They've turned you gay," Michelle responded. "You're into girls now."   
  
"No, I'm not," Heather protested. "I'm totally not!" Heather tore her eyes away from Michelle's naked body and looked Michelle directly in the eye. It was a nice effort, but Michelle's mind had already been made up.   
  
"Heather, you were checking out my boobs just now. I mean it's totally okay. Most of the girls in this school go lesbian by their second year. I just didn't expect it would happen to you, because you were such a homophobe."   
  
"Look, I'm not," Heather protested, "I mean, I shouldn't... I mean..." Heather stammered like that for a while, unable to complete a sentence and starting a new one each time her original sentence failed. Then she remembered that the writer-goddess had said there would some changes and that there would be some surprises in store for her. Was this one of the changes? Did the writer-goddess turn Heather gay?   
  
"Look, I get it," Michelle said. "You've been locked up in this school for years and you haven't even seen a guy the whole time you've been here, but you've been surrounded by naked girls. And the teachers are constantly doing things to get you sexually aroused, like keeping us naked all the time and shaving our pubes and doing body cavity searches every day."   
  
"But...but..," Heather protested, having difficulty with the prospect of being gay. Heather knew that the writer-goddess had the power to change anything and everything about her, and had she thought she already understood that and could handle that, but this wasn't just accepting it as an abstract theory, this was Heather accepting the blatant reality of checking out another naked girl and wanting to run her hands all over that girl's naked body. It was a very disquieting reality to just suddenly dump on a girl. It was especially distressing for somebody who had spent years harassing and bullying all of gay boys and gay girls in her hometown of Edina. It wasn't like she could ever be accepted by the gay community in her own hometown. They hated her there!   
  
Then Heather noticed that she was trembling. Heather had even freaking suggestedthat the writer-goddess could make her gay, but she never guessed just how traumatic it might be if the writer-goddess followed through on that suggestion.   
  
"It's okay! It's okay," Michelle said when she saw Heather trembling. "This has been a weird day for all of us. Maybe it's been even weirder for you." Just as she said this, Michelle held Heather close and gently ran one hand down the center of Heather's bare back. Heather's old homophobic instincts told her that she was naked and a naked girl was pressing her naked breasts into Heather's naked breasts and that she should push this naked girl away from her.   
  
However, Heather's new instincts were telling her that the sensation of getting a nude hug from Michelle was quite pleasurable and she shouldn't do anything to ruin the moment.   
  
"Heather, listen," Michelle said as she held onto Heather tightly, "My parents will be here any minute to take me back home, but I want you to call me if you have any questions or just need to talk. I've already gone through this and I should be able to answer any questions that you might have. I started off as a straight girl and now I'm totally addicted to...," there was a long pause as Michelle attempted to find the appropriate word to end that sentence and she finally ended it with "girls."   
  
"I know there's a certain amount of guilt that comes from enjoying lesbian sex, but believe me when I tell you, there's nothing wrong with it. It doesn't make you any less of a woman."   
  
Heather relished the feeling of having Michelle's naked body pressed against her own. Her skin felt warm and smooth and soft and despite the fact that she felt guilty for engaging in lesbian behavior, she was really enjoying the feel of Michelle's naked skin against her own naked skin.   
  
And then, Heather's soothing, blissful moment was interrupted when an older woman's voice said, "Michelle, it's time to go."   
  
Michelle broke from the embrace and there was an older woman standing beside Michelle. She held a small package in her right hand and said, "Michelle, say goodbye to your friend and get dressed. It's time to go home now."   
  
"Sorry Heather," Michelle said softly. "I want to help, but I also really, really want to get home. I want to sleep in a real bed and take a real shower and I miss coffee and chocolate and..."   
  
And then suddenly Michelle paused and said, "Where are my manners? Heather, this is my mother. Mom, this is Heather. She and I ... well, we were students here."   
  
"I had already guessed that, dear," Michelle's mother said. "It's time to get dressed now."   
  
Michelle's mother waved a packed that was wrapped in plain, brown wrapping paper. Michelle took it from her mother and unwrapped it, revealing shoes, a shirt-dress, belt, panties, a bra and stockings.   
  
Heather stood by helplessly and watched Michelle get dressed. It was awkward getting dressed on the sidewalk with scores of naked students walking past, but Michelle still managed somehow. And Heather couldn't help but notice that even with her off-white shirt-dress, Michelle still looked drop-dead sexy.   
  
"Oh, Mom, could you give Heather our phone number? I want Heather to be able to call me, but I've been locked up in this place for over two years now and I totally forget the number to our house."   
  
"She won't be coming to visit, will she?" the middle-aged woman asked, obviously disapproving of Heather for some reason.   
  
"That won't be a problem, will it?" Michelle said, answering a question with a question. "I mean, I'm still aloud to have friends over to the house, right?"   
  
Michelle's mother glared at Heather and said, "Our area code is 410, and our telephone number is 224-41..."   
  
"Could you write it down for her, Mom? Heather's memory isn't really all that great."   
  
Heather blushed slightly at that. Her memory wasn't all that great. It was part of the reason that she got such poor grades in school. Why couldn't the writer-goddess have fixed that for her?   
  
"Here," said Michelle's mom, handing Heather a piece of paper with a ten-digit phone number on it. "You don't by any chance live in or nearby Annapolis, Maryland, do you?"   
  
"No ma'am," Heather replied timidly. "I live in Edina, Minnesota."   
  
Michelle's mother did some mental arithmetic and breathed a sigh of relief. Edina and Annapolis were hundreds of miles apart and apparently far enough apart that Michelle's mother felt confident that Heather would never come to visit. Then the older woman led her daughter away and Heather was left standing naked on the sidewalk, with only a tiny piece of paper to call her own.   
  
It was bizarre. Heather had been a classmate of Michelle's for over two years and she never once gave her a second thought, but now; after approximately two minutes of conversation and physical contact with her; Heather felt all empty inside and wondered longingly how long it would be before she could speak with Michelle again.   
  
Heather gripped Michelle's phone number tightly in one hand and proceeded to walk through scores of naked girls and searched for any sign of her mother. She couldn't possibly call Michelle until she got to a phone, and she probably wouldn't find a phone until she got to her mother's house.   
  
For the next twenty minutes or so Heather stood out there on the sidewalk and watched dozens of other naked girls were greeted by their parents and then watched as they were given gifts of clothing so that they could get dressed before being taken home. During that time several of the students stared at Heather's naked body in the same way that Heather had stared at Michelle's naked buttocks. Heather was shocked to discover that she was relishing the way that they looked at her. If they had gazed so openly and lustily at her naked body last week, it would have annoyed Heather profusely. However today, she actually found it to be rather exciting. It was something of a turn on.   
  
That writer-goddess really had made some changes.   
  
Just how seriously huge those changes were didn't become apparent until Heather heard a familiar voice call out, "Heather! Over here!"   
  
Heather turned to her left and saw Tracy in her chauffeur's uniform. There was an initial moment were Heather froze and stiffened and clenched her hands into fists. Heather had come to truly hate and fear Tracy after Tracy's many visits to the school. The family chauffeur spanked her every time she came to visit Heather in the receiving room and was especially harsh with her spankings. Tracy never quit until Heather's ass was a hot pink sort of color and Heather was sobbing and shaking across Tracy's lap.   
  
Heather's fear and hatred of Tracy very nearly caused Heather to turn her back and walk away from the chauffeur and into the crowd of students, but then something almost inexplicable happened.

Heather saw Tracy as she walked through the crowd; naked students parting around her like the Red Sea parting around Moses; and Heather saw a handsome, well-groomed woman in a smart-looking uniform, with strong hands and a trim, athletic figure and photogenic face with high cheekbones. She was sexy in a strong, stern, authoritarian, athletic, self-disciplined and disciplinarian sort of way.   
  
"Seriously," Heather mumbled as Tracy drew closer and closed the distance between them. The heat between Heather's legs grew and she felt butterflies in her stomach. A feeling of giddy anticipation gripped her as Tracy's form grew closer and Heather knew that this was obviously the work of the writer-goddess. For some strange reason the writer-goddess had decided that Heather should have a crush on the woman who had spanked and abused and humiliated her approximately once a week for the past seven years.   
  
When Tracy was standing directly in front of her, Heather could see that she and the chauffeur were exactly the same height. However the fact that Heather was stark naked and Tracy wore a smart looking uniform with a perfectly straight necktie and perfectly polished black leather boots and a spotless black uniform jacket made Heather feel as if Tracy were somehow much taller. It also made Heather feel as if she were somehow even more naked and exposed.   
  
For several seconds Heather just stood there, looking at Tracy's strong, handsome face and was at an utter loss for words. What did you say to somebody that you've hated for years and now you suddenly have a crush on them? A dozen possibilities ran through Heather's brain and every single one of them sounded inappropriate. Saying something along the lines of "I love you" or "kiss me" would probably have had Tracy erupting in a spurt of uncontrollable laughter.   
  
After a long, uncomfortable silence where the two women did little more than stare at each other, Tracy broke the silence by saying, "Okay, it's traditional at this point for you to say 'hello'".   
  
"Hello," Heather responded, feeling slightly stupid. "Hello, Tracy."   
  
"What's that in your hand?" Tracy asked, gesturing to the paper with Michelle's phone number.   
  
"Oh, it's from one of the other students. She gave me her phone number."   
  
Heather's stomach was still filled with butterflies. She was stark naked and Tracy was fully clothed. She felt vulnerable and silently hoped that Tracy would take advantage of her vulnerability, but apparently now that school was over, Tracy wasn't intent on abusing Heather's naked body anymore.   
  
"Look Heather," Tracy began, "I know this is your last day here in this school, and when you come back home your mother is basically going to give you back all of your credit cards and allow you to do whatever you want. She's not instituting any new rules for you to follow, which basically means you'll have to rely on nothing but your own ethics and self-restraint to keep your from abusing the wealth and power of the Murdoch family. And I'm not trying to be your conscience or anything, but if you could at least take it easy on me and not try to get me fired from my job, I'd consider it to be a personal favor."   
  
"You're asking me for a favor," Heather said, trying to ignore her libido and concentrate on Tracy's words.   
  
"I know you and I aren't exactly friends," Tracy continued, "but maybe we could work something out. Maybe there's something I could do for you. Maybe we could have some sort of quid pro quo." Do you think that's possible?"   
  
Heather couldn't believe her ears. After all the time and effort this school had put into teaching Heather humility and respect, Tracy just assumed that Heather was going to be the same old spoiled brat that she was before. Admittedly Heather was a slow learner, but did Tracy really think she was that slow?   
  
"You think I'm still a selfish, spoiled brat, don't you?"   
  
"I didn't exactly use those words, Heather," Tracy said. "However every time I've come up here, you've made it clear that you still held a grudge against your mother and me. You've obeyed your teachers, but it seems to me that you've done it more out of fear and coercion than any actual change in your attitude or outlook. And I'm not asking you to change your attitude towards your mother or me, I'm just asking..."   
  
"Tracy," Heather said, interrupting her, "I have been a selfish spoiled brat. But I don't want to be one anymore. I want to be a dramatically different person from the person that I was."   
  
Tracy's jaw mouth opened as if to reply to Heather's words, but she couldn't seem to think of anything to say.   
  
"And I want you to be my conscience," Heather added. "Every time I do or say something that isn't right, I want you to call me on it. I want you to reprimand me if I get nasty or snappish with you or mother...or any of the servants. And I want you to reprimand me if I use ill-mannered or insolent words like 'dyke' or 'faggot'. And since mother won't do it I want to put me on a budget and set spending limits for me. I want you to monitor all of my spending and if I can't stay within my budget I want you to punish me for it. If my mother can't be an authority figure in my life, I want you to be the one who sets limits and boundaries and punishes me when I fail to follow your orders."   
  
Tracy stood there speechless for several more seconds and then finally replied, "Heather is that really you?"   
  
"What? Of course it's me. It's Heather Murdoch. I've always been Heather Murdoch."   
  
Tracy stared intently at the naked blonde, blinking twice and then staring some more. "Well, you don't look different," she finally explained, "but you've definitely changed."   
  
"So, do we have a deal?" Heather asked, and she held her hand out for Tracy. They shook hands and sealed the deal and Tracy realized that everything she had just said was dialog that the writer-goddess had written. Heather had never sought out limits on her freedom before. However; now that she had given Tracy authority to supervise her behavior and administer discipline, she was rather excited about it.   
  
"Oh by the way," Heather added, "as my disciplinarian you should inspect my room every day to make sure I'm not keeping any alcohol in there. You should probably inspect my purse and my gym bag too. If you find any, you should confiscate it and punish me for it."   
  
"Heather, you're twenty-five years old," Tracy said as she began to walk Heather to the car. "You're not under-age anymore. It's perfectly legal for you to drink now."   
  
Progress across the parking lot was slow. There were plenty of girls and their parents, milling about, as well as cars and SUVs slowly making their way in to pick up their daughters or slowly making their way to the exits with daughter in tow.   
  
"I know it's legal now," Heather said, "but I seem to commit my worst, most mean-spirited offenses when I'm drunk. I think that if you get really strict about keeping me sober, I'll be a much better person."   
  
"You really have changed," Tracy admitted.   
  
"Yep," Heather agreed as she checked out Megumi Ishimura. Her fellow student was still naked and had an athletic and well-toned butt and thighs utterly free of cellulite. She walked slowly so that she could enjoy the view for several seconds.   
  
"And then as an afterthought, Heather added, "You know those little bottles of alcohol that they sometimes serve on airplanes? Those are really easy to conceal and can be hidden almost anywhere."   
  
"So?" asked Tracy.   
  
"I strongly suggest that you strip search me several times a week...maybe several times a day. Conduct surprise searches. Don't let me know when the searches are, and don't let me talk my way out of them. If I object to a search, that probably means that I'm hiding something."   
  
"Heather, this school really has changed you."   
  
"You have no idea," Heather replied. Of course the changes had almost nothing to do with the school and almost everything to do with the writer-goddess, but Heather didn't really want to talk about her. It was going to be hard enough for Tracy to accept the changes in Heather's attitude. If Heather told a story about the reality-changing goddess that she had met, Tracy would undoubtedly think that Heather had gone mad.   
  
Suddenly Tracy's hard was on Heather's arm. Heather looked over her shoulder and Tracy had a serious look on her face.   
  
"Okay Heather, you want me to be your disciplinarian and make certain that you behave properly and don't offend people?"   
  
I nodded in agreement, after all that's what I'd just spent the past five minutes telling her.   
  
"Alright then, the way you were staring at that Japanese girl was rude. It's hard enough for her being naked in a public parking lot. Don't make it any worse for her by staring. That's what dirty-old men do. If you're going to become a well-behaved lady, you can't do that."   
  
Heather guessed that this was probably a test on Tracy's part. The old Heather Murdoch would never have allowed a servant to talk to her like that. However if Heather was going to make the transition and become a better person, she was going to have to allow Tracy to talk to her like that. She was going to have to give Tracy that kind of power and authority over her.   
  
"I'm sorry, Tracy," Heather said, blushing while she said it. She was embarrassed that Tracy even noticed. She was rather hoping to keep her new sexual orientation a secret.   
  
"It's not me you need to apologize to," Tracy said. "You need to go apologize to her."   
  
Suddenly Heather's eyes went wide in a panic-like response. "Tracy, do I have to? I'd really rather she never knows I ever looked at her like that. Couldn't we just agree that what I did was wrong, and I'll never ever do it again?"   
  
Tracy put her hands on her hips and gave Heather a stern look. "Listen, am I your conscience or not? Because as your conscience sometimes I'm going to have to make decisions that are unpopular. And if you just reject all of the decisions that you don't like, then I'm not really your conscience. So, which is it? Am I your conscience or not?"   
  
Heather realized that Tracy was really taking her new role seriously and; truth be told; Heather really should be grateful. If Tracy took things too easy on her then this would just be a game and what Heather was aiming for was a total transformation into a new and better human being.   
  
Heather sighed resignedly and walked over to Megumi and tapped her on the shoulder.   
  
Megumi had a really cute face with deep brown eyes, high cheekbones, smooth skin and lips that looked extremely kissable. Heather wondered how was it that she had never noticed Megumi's obvious facial charms before. And then after Heather had spent an inordinate amount of time admiring the flawless beauty of the Japanese girl's face, Tracy made a throat-clearing sound to remind Heather to get on with the business at hand.   
  
"Megumi," Heather said, feeling totally embarrassed, "I just wanted to apologize. I was staring at your naked butt just a minute ago and that was just wrong on my part. I shouldn't do stuff like that. That's the sort of thing that a dirty old man would do."   
  
And just like Tracy before her, Megumi was momentarily too stunned to respond. Heather had spent almost her entire life being selfish and self-centered and callous. The unsolicited apology caught Megumi off guard. Also Heather had long been established as a homophobe, so Megumi was surprised that Heather would be enticed by any girl's naked bottom.   
  
"Heather, I never guessed that you were into girls," Megumi finally responded. "You were always calling Ms. Straff a dyke and a pervert behind her back."   
  
"Heather," Tracy interjected, "Didn't they ever teach you not to call your teacher's rude names?"   
  
"I just think it's pretty odd that you checked out my naked butt, but when Ms. Straff did it, she was a pervert."   
  
"That is a double standard. Megumi, don't you think that Heather should have to do some sort of penance for that?"   
  
"Who are you?" asked Megumi, taking a good look at Tracy for the first time.   
  
"I'm Heather's conscience," responded Tracy. "I'm supposed to keep her from reverting back to her bad habits of selfishness and intolerance and insensitivity."   
  
"Hey, I already apologized," Heather protested. "What more could you possibly want from me?"   
  
Tracy and Megumi shared a brief, non-verbal glance and each other and although they didn't speak a single word, they both seemed to know what to do next.   
  
"Turn around," Megumi said as she and Tracy turned their attentions back to Heather. "You were checking out my naked ass, so now it only seems fair that I get to check out yours."   
  
"It's only fair," Tracy said, echoing Megumi's words and making a little spinning gesture with her right hand to indicate Heather should turn herself about.   
  
Heather felt defenseless and exposed and even more naked then before, but she did as she was ordered. Strangely, Heather was enjoying the feeling of being defenseless and exposed and rapt with both fear and anticipation of what Megumi would do to her next. She was both dreading and savoring whatever Megumi had in store for her next.   
  
"You've got a really cute butt, Heather," Megumi complimented me. "And you've got really nice thighs too."   
  
"You've got legs like a dancer," Tracy added as Heather posed naked and allowed both women to get a long, lingering look at her naked ass. "And that high, firm ass at the top," Megumi said, "is a chiseled, dig-your-fingernails-into-it kinda ass."   
  
"Thank you," Heather said, trying hard to act appreciative of all the compliments. "May I go to the car and get dressed now?"   
  
"Not yet," Megumi said. "I'm not done examining you. Stand with your legs apart and your hands behind your neck."   
  
Heather obediently spread her thighs well apart and placed her hands behind her neck and thrust her elbows back and her breasts forward. Almost immediately students all over the parking lot stopped what they were doing and stared at Heather's naked body. Heather relished in the humiliation of fifty students or more all staring openly at her naked body. She could feel her nipples become swollen and hard and her exposed pubic lips become soaking wet. It was degrading and humiliating and cruel, and yet somehow Heather found it to be exciting. Heather guessed that the writer-goddess must have re-written her psychological makeup so that now she craved this sort of abuse.   
  
"Megumi, I'm on display! Please, don't make me do this!" And yet even as Heather pleaded for mercy, she was actually hoping that Megumi would continue to publically abuse and humiliate her.   
  
It was almost as if Megumi read Heather's mind.   
  
"That's the whole idea," Megumi replied sternly. "My naked body was on display for you. And now your naked body is on display for every student lucky enough to be out here in the parking lot this morning."   
  
Heather whimpered, but she was silently grateful that Megumi refused her plea for leniency. It was humiliating the way that dozens of students (and now some of the parents as well) stared at Heather's naked breasts and exposed, pink pubic lips that were so prominently on display, but Heather wouldn't have had it any other way. It was so exciting to be naked and on public display like this that Heather could almost have an orgasm without her pussy even being touched.   
  
Heather sucked her breath in sharply through her teeth when Megumi placed her hand on the firm muscles of Heather's back, just above her buttocks.   
  
"Don't move," Megumi said in a dangerous tone of voice. "Just do as I tell you and this will all be over soon."   
  
Heather nodded her head and whimpered some more. And as sixty people looked on (sixty-two if you counted Megumi and Tracy) Megumi placed her hands on Heather's naked buttocks. She grabbed Heather's butt cheeks with her hands and squeezed them and Heather felt like a slave up on the auction block. Megumi marveled at the soft skin and the toned, sculpted muscle underneath. Then Heather felt even more humiliated when Megumi held one buttock in each hand and spread them far apart.   
  
**"Megumi,"** Heather exclaimed in shock. She felt violated and more exposed than ever as she knew Megumi had a clear view of both her anus and her pubic lips.   
  
"Calm down, Heather," Megumi said in a casual voice that belied the intensity of the situation. "I just wanted to see your anus. It's totally pink and perfect and cute and totally hairless. It's a shame you can't see it."   
  
Heather took note of the crowd of women who were now enjoying her plight. Some of them were laughing. Dozens of them were pointing. One of the parents had produced a camera and was taking one photo after another of Heather's public humiliation.   
  
And then, just when Heather was certain that she couldn't feel anymore violated and embarrassed, a finger entered her vagina, questing and exploring. Heather flinched, but still managed to maintain position.   
  
"You little slut," Megumi scolded, "You're soaking wet! You're enjoying this!"   
  
Then Tracy blurted out some sort of confused interrogative. It was hard to tell, but what she said might have been "What the hell?"   
  
Then Megumi grabbed Heather by the arm and spun her around so that she was facing Megumi and Tracy both.   
  
Megumi looked Heather Square in the eye, but was addressing Tracy when she said, "Your delinquent here isn't just a lesbian. She's actually the sort of lesbian who enjoys being abused and ordered about and humiliated."   
  
"Seriously?"   
  
"Ask her," Megumi said. "Her pussy is leaking like a faucet."   
  
Heather blushed a deeper red as Tracy asked her about Megumi's claim. Heather was forced to acknowledge that everything that Megumi said was true. She now somehow craved to be abused and molested and humiliated by a strong, assertive woman. And if there was an audience to witness her humiliation, that made the abuse all the more delicious and exciting.   
  
"Does this mean you won't be my conscience anymore?" Heather asked, fearing that Tracy would be so disgusted with her that she would abandon their previous agreement and leave Heather adrift without an authority figure.   
  
"Actually Heather," Tracy said, getting a serious yet mirthful look on her face, "now that I know you'll enjoy it, I intend to be especially strict with you. I intend to search your room three times a day for alcohol or any other sort of contraband. And of course I get to add prohibited items to the list without warning. And you'll have to be punished each and every time I find contraband in your room. You'll be strip searched at least once a day. Oh, and I like the way the school kept your pussy shaved bare like that. I'll expect you to keep it shaved, and if I find you've let any pubic hair grow back you'll be punished for that little lack of grooming. I'll be checking that every time I strip search you. Oh, and don't think I've forgotten about you calling your teacher rude names. Once I get you home, I'll have to punish you for that too."   
  
Heather's jaw dropped and her mouth remained open in a sort of O shape as she became feverish with both lust and trauma. She could hear the sound of her own heart beating in her chest and her pussy was so hypersensitive that she could feel each individual beat of her heart in her clit.   
  
"Could you invite me over sometime?" Megumi asked. "I think I'd like to watch you put Heather through her paces."   
  
Heather very nearly had an orgasm right there, as Megumi gave Tracy her phone number. Tracy promised to call Megumi whenever she had some sort of especially grandiose and humiliating punishment planned for Heather. Heather whimpered at this, but she was actually looking forward to it.

And before Tracy led Heather back to the car, Megumi stopped them both and said, "Oh, just one last thing."   
  
Megumi gripped Heather's face in a tight, possessive grip and kissed Heather on the mouth. Megumi's lips pressed against Heather's and Heather felt Megumi's tongue gently glide into her mouth, slide over top of Heather's own tongue and caused Heather to moan into Megumi's mouth as the kiss went on and on and Heather felt a magical sort of shivery feeling originate in her tongue and spread all the way to her loins.   
  
The extended kiss ended as Megumi backed away, looking Heather in the eyes. "Think about me when you're masturbating tonight," she said.   
  
Heather was totally dumbfounded by the words, but she was in the submissive role now, so she was just basically agreeing with everything that Megumi said.   
  
"Okay," replied Heather.   
  
"No! You have to say it," admonished Megumi. "Say that you'll think about me while you're masturbating tonight!"   
  
"I'm sorry Megumi," Heather said, sounding contrite. "I'll think about you while I'm masturbating tonight." Heather was especially embarrassed to say this when she realized that half a dozen students were standing close enough to hear her words.   
  
And after she said the words, she realized it was true. She really would be thinking of Megumi while she masturbated tonight.   
  
"Damn right you will," declared Megumi and Tracy grabbed Heather by the arm and marched her to the car. Heather's pussy was aching for some attention and she couldn't wait for the opportunity to lie naked in bed so that she could finger herself roughly to orgasm, however it was a long drive back to Edina. She was going to have to wait until Tracy got her home. Also, Tracy would probably want to search her room for contraband before Heather could do anything. It would be hours and hours before she had any sexual relief.   
  
When Tracy and Heather got to the car, Tracy held onto the scrap of paper Heather had been holding and Heather began to get dressed.   
  
After seven years of being naked, Heather found that it felt weird to wear clothes, but she attempted to adjust.   
  
"This other girl; the one who gave you her phone number; do you think that she'd enjoy watching you get punished and humiliated?" Tracy asked.   
  
"I'm not sure," Heather said nervously. She had rather hoped to keep Michelle Moore as a friend. She wasn't at all certain about turning Michelle into an audience member that added to her humiliation.   
  
"We should call her and ask," Tracy declared.   
  
Heather submissively acquiesced to Tracy's judgment and agreed to call Michelle later and inquire if she'd be interested in that sort of thing. It would be a humiliating phone call, but Heather's panties (which she had only put on just a few seconds ago) were already becoming damp at the thought of Michelle watching her submissively bent over Tracy's lap, her naked ass becoming redder and redder as Tracy's hand left angry handprints all over Heather's buttocks.   
  
"I'll hold onto this phone number," Tracy declared. "I'll tell you when you should call her. I want to be there to monitor the conversation."   
  
Well, that just made her domination complete. Heather was now totally under the control of her former enemy and both of them seemed to be quite satisfied with the arrangement. Tracy was now to be the dominant one and Heather was to be the submissive one. Tracy would set down rules that were strict and Heather would follow those rules or be punished.   
  
And as they began the long drive back home, Heather asked, "Tracy, could we stop at a bookstore on the way home?"   
  
Tracy was surprised by the request. Heather had never been much of a reader before. She had gotten a C minus in English literature and there wasn't a single book in her room.   
  
"What? Did you want to buy some erotic BDSM novels?" Tracy asked.   
  
"Actually, I want to get some books by Jim Butcher," Heather responded. "Somebody was telling me about the stuff that happens to the characters in his books. I just wanna sort of see what their lives are like."