**School For Girls**

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**School For Girls Ch. 01**

Sweating. Panting. Lying on my bed. Nude. Legs akimbo. Fingers in my pussy. Rubbing. Reading. Literotica. On my Nokia Lumia 920, positioned just inches from my riveted eyes. A fucking kick ass story. It had me on the boil. A private school. A strip search. Spanking. Humiliation. Discipline. Cavity searches. Uniform. Fuck. Yes.

"Yes. Oh God ... ngggghhhhh!" So hot. Oh. Yes. "Ohhhhhh!" I came. Again. Three times in one story. The hottest fucking story I'd read in my life.

God, how I wanted to go to that school. God, how I wanted to have everything be out of my control, be at the mercy of the staff. If only such a place existed.

Exhausted and so heavenly happy, I scrolled down to the comments. It seemed I was not the only one. Comment after comment expressing the same wish. *I would love to go to that school. Where is it? Sign me up.* Dozens of them. Literally, dozens upon dozens upon dozens of them. *Sign me up, sir.*

Many of the comments were from Anonymous. An avid reader of Literotica, I also liked to dabble in writing the odd story or two, so I had my own user name and in a state of jubilant bliss, I punched out a comment. My fingers stained with pussy juice smeared the screen. I unloaded all my feelings of that moment, expressing thanks and heartfelt gratitude for an incredible series of orgasms.

As I read back my comments, I had a feeling of trepidation come over me. I'd gotten a bit too graphic, a bit too appreciative, a bit too ... begging in nature. Needy. I had second thoughts. Once I hit submit, it would be out of my hands. I wouldn't be able to take it back, I'd be at the mercy of the author.

And then I saw it. Feedback.

I'd had a bit of feedback on some of my stories. I found that people were a little more open and forthcoming in feedback than they were in the comments section. Could I?

I copied my text from the comments section and pasted it into the feedback box and added my email as well. I just wanted to tell this writer they had fucking blown me away. Send. I switched off my phone and lay back on my bed, still sweating, my covers off to one side, my inner thighs sticky with drying vaginal lubricant. I traced my fingers over my nipples as I lay there in the dark with my eyes shut and drifted off to sleep.

I woke next morning, half under my covers, half out. I just managed to catch the fleeing memory of one of my dreams before I came fully to. Ah, good dreams. Then I remembered the story of the night before that no doubt led me to have such a dream. Blissful. In school, in uniform, being spanked in class with my bottom on display for all the students to see. The hard cock of the teacher pressed into my mound as I bent over him.

I smiled and got out of bed, replacing the covers I found my phone in the bed with me. I picked it up and stepped into the bathroom, naked. I sat down on the toilet and with one hand, spread my lips apart and began to pee a strong steady stream into the bowl beneath.

With my other hand, I switched on my Lumia. My morning routine, I'd check my twitter, see if those celebs I followed had said anything new overnight; check the status of my Literotica stories, see if I'd had any more comments. Then I'd check my news app for today's stories. And I'd do all this while squeezing out a poop or two. And that's when I noticed I had an email.

I seldom had emails. I just didn't have friends. My life was mostly in my head, a typical evening had me masturbating to my wild fantasies, friends just didn't figure in my life.

I opened the app and was slightly confused. I didn't recognise the sender's name. I had like four contacts in my address book and one of those was amazon. This one, I simply did not recognise and thought for a moment I could have fallen victim at long last to some spam.

My God, it was the Lit guy, the one who wrote the story.

*Dear Charlotte,

I'm glad you enjoyed my story and I'm thrilled it was able to give you so many orgasms.*

I felt the blush warm my cheeks as I sat naked on my toilet and tried to recall what I had actually said. Did I really tell some stranger about the intensity of my orgasms last night? Oh God, I think I did.

I read on.

*Many who read my story had the same reaction as you. They wanted to know if such a school exists. Well, I'm sorry to disappoint you, but it doesn't.

At least, it doesn't at the moment.

I've had over five hundred feedbacks on this story and I can tell you that the vast majority are just like yours. There seems to be a deep desire to really experience such a place.

I write stories for my own pleasure. I like to explore my fantasies. And I see that you are a writer, here on Literotica, too. You have a kinky mind. I'm impressed. And I note that you are in Britain too. A lot of the people I've had feedback from are in the States, but many are local. And like you, they have all expressed interest in attending such a school ... as a sort of fantasy retreat.

So that brings me to this next bit. I'm actually quite wealthy. Inherited wealth. I own an eight bedroom house in the country, just outside of Windsor. Datchet. It's on the river, all very scenic and quite private.

And I guess it has led me to think, why not?

It's still early days, I would have to make some modifications to the house decor, purchase some ... shall we say, instruments of pleasure. And uniforms, of course. I was just wondering if you would really be interested, if such a school were to come into existence?

So I guess this is a fact finding mission at present. Over the next few days, I'm going to send out some emails to those of you who are in Britain and see if we can't get a small group of you together for some kinky humiliation.

If you are interested, drop me a line. My email is ######@gmail.com and my name is Louis. I'm 28 years old, twelve and a half stone, six feet tall. I'm single, clean and healthy and I have no convictions unless you count a parking ticket. Bloody vermin!

So, that's it Charlotte. Let me know what you think, or ... don't. It's really up to you, no pressure. I won't contact you again unless I hear from you first. If you want to know what I look like, there's a rather embarrassing video of me on youtube. You just have to search for – Louis gets knocked off his skateboard by angry granny. I'm the guy on the floor getting kicked while my pals stand around laughing.

Look forward to hearing from you, Charlotte.*

Well. I was not expecting that. I smiled and switched off my phone, putting it down on the rug under my feet as I wiped, front first, then back. I turned to wash my hands and face in the sink, cleaning under my nails, then my teeth. I stepped into the shower and began to clean off the remnants of last night's orgasms from my lithe body.

I'm quite athletic, toned, tanned and tall. I can do the splits, sideways and forwards. And I'm 31 years old. Single, no kids, no man to speak of, no friends of any sort really. I work from home, computer tech support. I love to run. On average, weather permitting, I get in about fifteen miles a day. I'm always running, I run everywhere, even in my dreams I run. I run all over town. And I love it. The only thing that gives me greater pleasure than running is sex.

And sex comes almost exclusively from my own two hands, eight fingers, two thumbs and an incredible pink plastic thingie, known simply as Dick. Dick is eight inches in length and six in girth. He doesn't vibrate, but he does fill me, he knows my vagina better than anyone and he's never far away when I need him.

I did actually lose him a few months ago and my heart practically stopped. I turned my flat upside down looking for him before remembering what Dick and I got up to in my car the night before. Silly Dick, he was hiding in the passenger footwell!

My thoughts of course strayed to this strange offer I'd received by email, just minutes ago. The shower head, made by Harrison & Wilkes Bath Company, henceforth known simply as Harry – was doing his thing between my legs. The great thing about my job, it was flexitime. I could pretty much start when I wanted and stop when I wanted. So I had no qualms about letting Harry have his wicked way with me in the shower while I thought about this Louis and his offer to 'school' me.

As Harry licked at my labia and applied pressure to my throbbing clit, I couldn't help but picture elements from Louis' story. Oh, if only, I thought. I meant what I said, I would love to be forced into such a school, against my will, perhaps by a mean spirited step-father who secretly wanted to sleep with me. Oh, the thrill of the fantasy.

The reality however? Don't be ridiculous, I would never do such a thing. The guy could be a psychopath. Some random guy on the internet. I only had his word for anything. A pervert with a criminal record as long as your arm wasn't likely to be up front about it, were they?

But then ...

As I turned Harry's head to jet and let him find his way inside me, a wave shot over my stomach and thighs. I felt it reach through to my backside and then grow steadily up my lower back, further up my stomach, my breasts were now tingling, my thighs shaking involuntarily.

"Oh Harry," I groaned. My left hand found my nipples and I clamped Harry tightly between my thighs and pictured myself being forcibly stripped in front of those others he was sending the email to. How would they respond? Would any of them take him up on his offer?

"Harry, yes, oh yes baby, right there, that's the spot."

I held my legs rigid and tight together all the way to my knees. I had to press my hands to opposite sides of the shower to steady myself. I was positively humming.

"Louis. Oh. Yes. Louis. Louis ..."

Oh my God. Did I just say Louis? My orgasm shot through my whole body, not a part of me remained untouched by it. It swept me nearly off my feet.

I put my hand between Harry and my pussy. "That's enough for today Harry. Thank you Babe. I love you."

I stepped out of the shower and dried myself, then sat down on the toilet and read the email again.

My one thought, the single redeeming factor in all of this – the other women. Safety in numbers. He wanted to put together a small group. Of course, there was no way I could do it if it was just me. For starters it wouldn't be anywhere near as thrilling, but second of all, if there was to be a bunch of us, what could possibly go wrong? We'd be safe, right?

I jogged to the newsagent about a quarter mile away, jogged back, it took me five minutes. I had a newspaper, a loaf of bread and a pint of milk. I made breakfast then went to work at my desk.

As I looked out the window, speaking to some clueless idiot in Sheffield, all I could think about was the opportunity. How often did a dream offer like this come my way? Then I thought, what if he gets lots of replies, he was only thinking of taking on a small group, what if so many people replied that I wouldn't even get in?

"I'm sorry? What?" I listened to Sheffield. "Sir, if you press the Windows key, it's just to the left of the space bar, then, while you're holding it, press the letter I. At the bottom right, it says 'change PC settings'. Could you click on that?"

I waited.

"Sir? Yes, you can do it that way too. This is just a shortcut. It's faster than hovering in the bottom right hand corner of the screen. Sir? Yes, well, you can do that if you prefer. Okay."

What an idiot. Talk about anal.

"Yes, it's called the charms bar. You can also bring it up by pressing Windows and the letter C. Yes sir. The icon that looks like a cog. When you hover over it, the word settings appears. Yes, that gets you to the same place as Windows-I does."

Can you believe this jerk? He even wanted me to go back and explain the shortcuts again so he could write them all down.

"Okay, on the left hand side, eight lines down, it says devices. You're going to want to click that, then on the right hand side, click 'add a device' and wait while it searches."

Oh boy, this was going to take a while. Not to worry, I had another friend at my desk. Tom.

I was dressed in a lightweight skirt and a white T shirt. I hadn't bothered with underwear because I had been so worked up this morning and working from home and not expecting visitors, who would know or even care?

As I listened to this numbnuts on the phone and talked him through his setup, I let Tom find my opening. I should probably introduce you to Tom. Tom is a little transparent red, tomato-shaped vacuum pump that I attach to my pussy, then squeeze the rubber teat at the end of a short length of tubing and let nature take its course.

By the end of my phonecall, Tom had my clit blown up like a mini penis. I released Tom and let my fingers flick over my swollen clit, alternately rubbing my aching labia, dipping a finger into my slot, all the while thinking ... of Louis' school.

I reached across my desk for my Lumia and wrote an email reply, chickened out and saved it to drafts.

I took my next caller, while still fiddling my clit. My breathing must have gotten a little bit heavy, because my caller asked me if I was alright, so I backed off a little bit while I helped him get to grips with booting Windows XP inside of Hyper-V terminal.

I'm a bit of a geek as well, did I mention that? I'm really into Minecraft at the moment, even though its graphics look like they were written for a Commodore 64. Who remembers Yie Ar Kung-Fu? My brother had it. He was ten at the time, I was just three or four, but he used to let me play it with him. I could beat him too!

All afternoon, between calls, I kept going back and forth between my laptop and my Lumia. Could I just press send? Even if I did, it wasn't like I was obliged or anything. It was just expressing a casual interest, until I came to my senses and forgot all about this whole ludicrous thing. Surely? Oh, fuck it! Send. There. Don't be such a scaredy-cat.

A few hours later, my work day done, I sat on my couch in front of the TV set. Normally by this time, I would be naked somewhere around my flat, with one of my 'friends' giving me a good seeing to. The truth of the matter was, I'd cum so many times today already, I just had no energy.

I flicked through the channels and found nothing that took my fancy. I didn't know why I had a TV set anymore anyway, there was never anything on. I looked at the cordless phone on the coffee table. I don't know why I had one of those either. It never rang. Nobody ever called me on it. I could get by on just my Lumia and the work line. The home phone was superfluous to my needs. Calling for a take away pizza every Friday night, that was about it.

Not that I ever rang anybody on my mobile either. I just used it to surf the net, read porn and play music.

And that was my life. Work, run, masturbate, play video games and eat pizza on Friday night and cold leftovers for breakfast on Saturdays. I had very little else in my life, except for my erotic stories.

I didn't write them all that often. I didn't want to churn out crap, I would rather wait for something to grab me and carry me away to fantasy land before I wrote anything down.

And then I thought of Louis. If I did do it, go away to his school, just think of the ideas I would have for stories to write then. Oh God, I wanted it and I didn't want it all at the same time. Reason and logic, fear and trepidation. And then there was the exquisite fantasy. How could something so insane overpower all my sensibilities and make me actually want to do it? Even sat there, absolutely knackered, just the thought of it was making me wet again.

I still didn't have any panties on, so I lifted my skirt and looked at my pussy. Thick, luxurious brown hair, not trimmed at all. It was really rather wild, but I just loved my bush. I found it so feminine – to have that thatch and nothing dangling from it. No penis of my own, just hair. I let my fingers run through it and just find the right places. I loved the softness of the whole area. Succulence, juicyness, squidgyness. And then those special spots with something going on just beneath the surface.

When I was a girl, I used to rub up against things. For my brother's thirteenth birthday, my parents got him a dog, Duster. It wasn't long before Duster picked up a few bad habits, rubbing himself on furniture and people's legs. The trouble was, he was teaching me his tricks and I learned the pleasure I could have, as a six year old girl, just by copying the dog.

Duster went to a good home shortly thereafter and my parents disciplined me, a lot. Until I learned to behave properly anyway.

The other girls always made fun of me in school because I was so athletic. I was the fastest girl in school. Believe me, that's not a popular title. Not even with the boys – they didn't like being beaten by a girl at track events or cross country. So I was not a popular person and didn't have many friends. Those that I did, gradually went their own ways, off to uni, settling down, having families.

I didn't have any of that. I fell out with my Mum and Dad in my twenties. A big difference of opinion. They just never could take my side on anything. It pained them too much to think that I could ever make my own decisions. So we stopped talking years ago. I still send them Christmas and birthday cards, but that's about it. Any further communication between us usually goes via my brother.

He's in the army, stationed all around the world. We're not even close anymore. He took my parents side one too many times. So there's just me – and my 'friends' – Tom, Dick and Harry.

Ping!

That was my email.

Looking at my Lumia, I had a reply from Louis. A shorter one this time, but basically saying great. He'd be in touch. I took that opportunity to look up his video on youtube. He seemed harmless enough. He was even kind of cute, in a dishevelled pretty boy sort of way.

Over the next few weeks, I had four or five emails from Louis, asking little questions, my measurements, dates when I could be free over the next few months, questions about family and arrangements I would have to make, if I had children that would need taking care of, that sort of thing.

I still wasn't decided or fully committed, but at least I was in the running if it actually came about. He answered a lot of my questions too, put my mind at ease when he said he wouldn't run a class unless he could get twelve women to participate.

I asked him how many were interested, like me. A hundred and eight, he said. Fuck me. But as I was one of the first to reply, I had dibs on being in the first ever class.

A few weeks later and it was time to make a decision once and for all. YES. I'm in.

The whole thing thrilled me and as the date approached, I could barely keep my hands off myself. I was really sexed up, living in a perpetual state of arousal, horniness bubbling over at every moment.

And then it was one day away. I went to bed, knowing that it would be my last night in my own bed for a whole week. I'd made arrangements to have the week off from my job, I'd given the house a good clean, left the dishwasher open – because for some reason it smells when it's left closed for a week with nothing in it.

I'd gone through the whole week's TV guide and found only two programs to record. I'd packed a bag, minimal clothes, they wouldn't be needed, but I needed my toiletries and make up. I was just glad I'd got my period over with a week ago. I didn't want that spoiling my enjoyment.

I lay there in bed, just going over things in my mind. Was there anything else I had to do? Not that I could think of. I had told Shirley, my boss, I was going to have a week off. I didn't tell her where I was going or what I was going to be doing because for one, it wasn't the sort of thing I could just tell her and for two, we're not that close anyway. She's just my boss.

I'd made mention of where I was going, only to Tom, Dick and Harry. My true friends. Nobody else needed to know. And I would be too embarrassed to tell a real person anyway.

Next day I woke up, checked I had everything, checked my tickets and checked the windows, then locked up my flat and hopped on a bus to the train station. A couple hours later, I was in London. I had to make my way to Waterloo to catch an overland train out to Windsor, passing through Datchet on the way. It took just under an hour.

I'd asked Louis why Windsor and not Datchet. He'd come up with a fairly reasonable answer. People would be arriving at different times and there was quite simply more to do in Windsor than sleepy Datchet. He wanted everyone to arrive at the 'school' at the same time for the initiation, so it was better to hang around in Windsor for a few hours while everyone got there.

There was the river to sit by, Windsor Castle, where the Queen sometimes lived – if the flag was flying. There was a fairly decent shopping centre, plenty of places to get a meal or a snack or a cup of coffee and it was fairly touristy too. Datchet on the other hand, had a cricket pitch, a bowling green and a few ducks.

"Excuse me, oh, I'm sorry. Here, let me get that for you."

I'd bumped into a blonde woman carrying a heavy backpack and knocked her sealed packet of sandwiches out of her hand when I turned abruptly to reach for a Coke in WHSmiths.

"Thank you."

"On holidays?" I asked.

"Yeah, just for a week."

"Oh, me too," I said. "I'm Charlotte."

"That's a lovely name. I'm Daffodil."

"No way! Really?"

"Yeah, my friends call me Daffy."

"That is so cool. Can I call you Daffy?"

"I'd love it if you did Charlotte."

"So where you staying?"

"Not sure, I haven't been there yet. It's in Datchet."

My heart leapt into my mouth. "You're not ... um ... do you know a Louis by any chance?"

"Fuck! You too?"

"Yeah. I guess we're going to be bunkmates!"

Her eyes lit up and she smiled the most beautiful smile.

We hung out together for a few hours getting to know all about one another. I think I just made the first real friend I'd made in years. And I just knew, that when all of this was over, we were going to be the best of friends.

Daffy was really pretty. Two years older than me, but about six inches shorter at 5'2". She had a petite frame but a big chest. Not huge. It was proportional, but still quite impressive, especially when compared to my own moderate B cup. She had to be a D, at least, even though she was probably only a 30D. I was a 34B.

And I was going to get to see her naked and she was going to see me naked and just the thought of it and what was to come had me salivating and frothing at my pussy.

I may have been nervous when I got off the train and I still had butterflies now, but I had a feeling of excitement too. Roll on three o'clock, the time we were to meet down by Eton Bridge.

It became obvious a little before three, who we all were. A gang of us, twelve women in total, ages ranging between 20 and 40 at a guess, all with luggage, wandering aimlessly around waiting for someone.

We'd all looked at one another and had pretty much guessed we were all in the same group, but none of us had actually come right out and said it. I mean, Daffy and I knew, but most of the women there were incredibly nervous and I was no exception.

At three, on the dot, a minibus pulled up and a man got out. He walked toward us, past Christopher Wren's place with its little blue plaque.

"Ladies ... I'm Louis. If any of you know what that means, come with me."

The twelve of us all followed Louis to the minibus waiting thirty yards away. A ten minute drive and we arrived at his house in Datchet. We were unbundled from the minibus and stood waiting in the grounds of this beautiful house. It had three storeys and was completely surrounded by tall trees and hedges. The gate we had driven through was electrically operated and Louis led us all around the side of the house to the garden, which overlooked the river. What a beautiful setting. It made me so grateful that I had plucked up the courage to go through with this. Even Louis seemed nice, he told us all jokes as he drove us to his house.

We sat at tables in the garden, in the shade, taking in the aroma of freshly cut grass, sipping champagne and nibbling on strawberries. Then Louis, who seemed to be the only other person present, came and handed a sheet of paper and a pen to everyone here.

"Ladies, I need your attention for one minute. The papers I have handed you are your consent forms. They basically say that you have agreed to be resident at this school for one week, during which time you may be punished, but no lasting physical harm will come to you during that time.

"It's also a non disclosure agreement, stating that you will not mention your stay here or the location or anything that goes on. Basically in public, you know. Just don't want to end up on the internet, I have neighbours and I don't really want it coming to their attention what we're going to be getting up to here. If I upset them now, then there probably won't be any other classes, so it would spoil it for any future groups. You understand, I'm sure.

"So anyway, you'll just need to sign and date the form. I'm going to come around you all individually and ask you each for a safe word. A word that, if things get too heated, you can say and we'll dial it back a little. Most of all ladies, I want you to remember to have fun. This is all about having some fun this week. So what do you say? Are you excited yet?"

"Yeah!" we all shouted, the champagne loosening us up somewhat.

I gave Louis my safe word. I chose marzipan, as I hated the stuff. Daffy had chosen chrysanthemum for some reason, maybe because it was another flower, I didn't know, I didn't ask.

And then we were led inside and the doors to the garden slammed shut behind us and were locked. Two hulking great men folded their arms and stood between us and the doors. Each one was more than six feet tall, one had a shaved head, the other long, flowing hair. They were dressed all in black and were two of the beefiest men I'd ever seen up this close.

"Ladies ... meet security. Security, meet ladies."

"Hiya!" we said and gave them a little wave. They remained focused and didn't even acknowledge us.

"Okay. You've each given me a safe word. I want you all to know now, you're not allowed to use them. That's the first rule. No safe words. If you try to safe word out of any punishment you may receive, your punishment will be doubled. You're not here to dictate terms to us, you are here because you are stupid little bitches. That's why you have been sent to us by your parents ... to be disciplined. You will all learn to do exactly as you are told. Or else. Is that understood?"

I nodded and out of the corner of my eye, became aware that others were nodding too.

"Right, now that that's all out of the way, I want you all to line up in an orderly fashion."

My heart was pounding in my chest. I'm not sure I liked this idea, so why was it making me so freaking horny? I lined up and was actually third in the line with Daffy behind me.

"Okay. Ladies, what's beyond these doors is the school. This is just the reception area. We need to make sure you aren't trying to smuggle any contraband into the school, so we will need to search you and your bags for items which are not permitted. No jewellery, no mobile phones, computers, alcohol, cigarettes, matches, lighters, knives, nail files, etcetera, etcetera. And no clothes. You'll each have to strip naked and be searched before you can be given your school uniform. Do you understand?"

There was stunned silence. Just what did we think we had all signed up for? We'd all read his story. We knew what to expect. We'd all been turned on by it, by the humiliation, by the cavity searches and the spankings. It was time to start living the fantasy.

"Name?"

"Louisa."

"Okay Louisa, put small items in this basket. I'll write your name on it. You can have it back at the end of the week."

We all watched on as Louisa removed her small items and placed them in the container.

"Okay. Your clothes next Louisa. If you'll start with your blouse and your skirt."

Louisa was virtually paralysed. She knew all eyes were on her. I knew just how she felt. I had such a fear brewing inside me, but so too a rampant excitement wanting it to be my turn.

"Come along. I can call security across if you are having difficulty."

"I ... I ... I'm not sure. I ... I don't think I can go through with this. I wanna use my sa... I don't want to be here. Can ... can I go home p..."

Louis marched around to Louisa and began unbuttoning her blouse for her.

"I ... I ... don't want to," she muttered, barely audible. Tears had formed in her eyes, glazing them over, which she tried to blink away.

I stepped forward and put my hand on Louisa's shoulder. "Come on now Louisa. You can do this. I just know you can. It's why we're here after all. I know what you're feeling. I know you're scared, especially being the first. I am too. But I just know a little while from now, you're going to be so horny. Come on babe, we're all in it with you, rooting for you. And you're going to get to watch us all do it too. What do you say?"

Louisa relaxed a little and took over from Louis unbuttoning her blouse. I stepped back and looked on, so wet now between my thighs. Oh my God, everyone was going to see how turned on this was making me.

Daffy reached out and took my hand from behind, whispering in my ear, "That was so kind."

Louisa now was folding her blouse and placed it in the provided sack. She unzipped her skirt and let that fall to the floor. All eyes were on her. The line had splayed out so we could all get a good view.

"Underwear."

Louisa turned beet red and brought her hands up to cover her cheeks.

"I ... I don't think I can do it. Could ... could someone help me."

"You there, number three, name?"

I stepped forward.

"Charlotte."

"Charlotte, help Louisa out."

I stepped behind her and rubbed my hand over the bare skin on her back, finding my way over the fastening. I unhooked it and raised my hands to her shoulders to help it fall forward. Louisa covered her breasts with her arms.

"Come on, don't be shy. This is all being filmed anyway."

What? Where? Who?

"The whole house has been wired. We want you to have something to take away from this week, a souvenir. Personalised videos will be made of your stay here and put on to a disk and mailed to you within a few weeks."

Oh. My. God.

So. Hot.

I slipped my fingers into Louisa's panties and she was trembling now. "It's okay sweetheart," I whispered in her ear as I began to tug down her knickers.

I watched them fall over the curve of her bum and thought this is one brave, sexy lady. About my height, perhaps a little bit younger, not fat, nor flabby, but not really toned either. Her boobs were large and sagged halfway down her body, virtually to her navel. She had big pink areola, but her nipples were soft, almost innies, not turned on in the least bit.

"Good, you're shaved," said Louis. "That takes care of that anyway. Step to the side now."

Louis directed her to the other side of the table where he sat. Louisa was on full display to all of us, eleven other women, Louis and the two beefcakes at the door. I looked around to see if I could spot any cameras. I wasn't sure, but there was a semi-circular black thing on the wall behind Louis and another on the ceiling. They were only a few inches in diameter.

"Next. Name."

"Rosie."

"Rosie, you know what to do."

Rosie had a smile on her face as she boldly began to disrobe.

"Small items first Rosie."

"Oops!" She was a little too eager.

She flashed Louisa a wink and for the first time, Louisa smiled, still covering her breasts with one arm and her pussy with the other hand.

Louis didn't have to say anything else to Rosie. Her kit was off within thirty seconds of being asked and she bounced on the spot, proud of herself.

"Good, no pubic hair here either. Step to the side. Next."

Well that was me. Funny, I had been looking forward to it, but now that it was my turn, I couldn't move and Daffy had to give me a little nudge towards Louis.

"Charlotte, correct?"

I nodded.

"Small items first, Charlotte."

I had my wrist watch and my Lumia. No other jewellery. My purse was in my bag and that was over the other side of the room with everyone elses.

"Your top."

I had on a pink T shirt and powder blue hoody. I took them off. My white leather trainers were next to go and then my faded blue jeans. Finally my socks. I stood in my matching pale yellow underwear. I was actually shaking myself. I looked across at the other two naked women to my side. Rosie was holding Louisa's hand and saying things into her ear as they watched me, both of them now smiling, although Louisa was taking some coaxing.

What the heck! We were all going to end up naked soon enough anyway. It's why we were here, after all. I unfastened my bra at the front and pulled down my knickers immediately after.

"Wow!" said Louis. "That is some ... forest!"

I blushed and covered my bush with my hand, all of a sudden feeling very insecure and hiding my breasts now too.

"Come on, give us all a twirl."

Oh God, really? I did as instructed. Looking at Daffy, seeing her eyes pop out of her head at the sight of my bush. Was it a mistake to keep it so long and not trim it back, or even do as these other women had done and shave beforehand? As I watched all eyes on me, the ladies pretty much all gasped and their eyes bulged.

"Okay, come this way."

Louis lead me to stand between the two lines and waved his hand. The long haired beefcake brought across a fold up table and within a moment it was assembled.

"Sit up on there and lie back."

Oh my God, really?

Again, I did as instructed. Louis brought out a manual clippers and began to clip away at my bush, shedding me of my pussy's protection. It was so cold against my skin and I could feel air reaching my labia. After a few minutes with my heart in my mouth, he sprayed shaving foam on me and pulled out a razor. He shaved me and wiped me down, getting between my legs good, giving my opening a probe with his finger.

"Okay, join the line."

I placed my hand over my vulva, feeling its contours for the first time in probably a decade, then took my place alongside Rosie and waited for Daffy to be called. She looked right at me, hesitant, but willing.

"Next. Name?"

"Daffodil. You can call me Daffy."

"Are you a duck?"

Daffy shook her head. "No sir."

"Then I'll call you Daffodil. Remove your jewellery."

Daffy had lots. She had rings and earrings, a nose stud, tongue stud, lots of leather bangles, a watch around her wrist, bands and sticks in her hair keeping it up off her face in a feathered effect. She nearly filled the container.

"Don't put a lid on it yet, sir. There may be some more in a minute." She smiled, elfin like and began to disrobe.

Taking off her polo neck, it became evident Daffy had not been wearing a bra. And her titties were awesome, all that I'd hoped they would be when I met her in Windsor a few hours earlier. And they were pierced.

Louis looked up at them. Even he was impressed. Daffy removed them, a ring in one, a bar in the other. And one in her navel too. She was the sort of girl you could expect to have tattoos, but she had none, just flawless, silky smooth skin. She dropped her trousers and again, was devoid of underwear. She was shaved and she had something dangling between her legs.

She turned to face me, covering her pussy with her hand, her other hand covering her mouth as she giggled, then flashed me and the other girls, showing off her clit piercing. She felt around, but couldn't seem to get it.

"Could Charlotte help me out, sir? It's easier to put in than take out."

Louis called me over and I bent down in front of Daffy. My God, she was beautiful.

"You have to feel inside Charl, there's a thing to turn."

I knelt and lifted my finger to her pussy, then reached inside her lips as I held the piercing on the outside with my free hand. I looked up into her eyes and she winked at me. I blushed, I know I did.

I'm not gay. I'm not. But I'm not exactly straight either. I would be, if I could get a boyfriend, but I'm just so hopelessly inept in that department, that ... oh, who am I trying to kid? I've had sex one time in my life. Not, I've had sex with only one guy, I mean, I've had sex just the one time, not counting Dick!

Seeing Daffy, so sexual, clearly aroused and excited by me – and me with her – if it was a choice between not having any sex with a man or having sex with a woman, fuck, right now, I'd go bent as a butcher's hook and jump her bones.

Daffy helped me up and came and stood by me. Like Rosie had held Louisa's hand, I had taken hold of Rosie's and now, Daffy held my hand from the other side. As we watched more and more women strip themselves in front of Louis and the rest of us, they each came over to our line, joining us and taking hold of the hand of the person next to them.

Fortunately, after the first five of us had cleared, all the remaining women in the line had needed to be shaved too, so I wasn't the only one, although, mine had certainly been the most unruly, most of the women just had a landing strip or a small triangle, or at the very least, trimmed close to their bodies.

Clara, eighth in line, had red hair and the most amazing fire crotch I had ever seen. It was bright orange, a natural red head and it was such a shame to see it go like that. Still, she had long, curly hair that fell over her pale freckled breasts. Bright blue eyes, she was beautiful. And if I was going to go all dyke this week, she was the second girl I wanted to fuck, after Daffy.

The oldest in our group was 39, the youngest 21, but most of us were around the thirty mark, give or take a year or two. And we were now all naked.

"Your bags will be searched and any items we allow you to have will be passed on to you. Right ladies. You're all undressed. What shall we do about that?"

We all smiled, all of us feeling the thrill now, each of us finding the zone. My pussy was sopping and Daffy kept moving my hand around in front of hers so I could feel it leaking too.

"The full medical examinations will take place tomorrow. You will be required to have a complete physical with the doctor. You will be called when it is your turn. But first, before I can issue you with your uniforms, I have to make sure you are not trying to smuggle anything into the school inside of you."

Again, Louisa was first. We all watched her sit back on the table with her knees apart as Louis inserted the speculum and opened up her vagina. He shone a light inside and invited us all to take our turns having a peek inside. It was a regular Annie Sprinkle moment!

Again, I was third and everyone took their turn to have a look inside me, something I had never even seen. Daffy grinned as she looked up my hole and licked her lips. She knew just how to drive me wild and revelled in it. Clara peeked inside too and as I was watching her, my bum made a noise, just a little plop. I was mortified, but Clara smiled and put her hand on my knee. Fortunately, I'd never been a smelly one.

Getting my chance to see inside Daffy and Clara was such a thrill and I couldn't help but feel my juices between my legs as I handed the torch to the next person in line.

Then it was back to Louisa again. She had to lean against a wall as Louis put on a rubber glove and squeezed some lube onto his fingers, then put them up Louisa's backside and prodded around in there for about thirty seconds.

"Next," he called out, not bothering to change his glove, he just added a new drop of lube for Rosie.

And then it was my turn, the very same glove that had been up Louisa and Rosie's bums already. It was not unpleasant. I found the whole thing rather sexy, especially when Louis' finger slipped out of me. I kinda wanted him to put it back inside me. Then I took my place in line and watched the glove that had just been up my bum, go up Daffy's. That really turned me on. Seeing Daffy, leaning against the wall with her arms in the air, her big D cups standing out in front of her and some of my poo now being up Daffy's bum. Wow!

When all twelve of us were done and we'd had a chance to wipe off the lube, Louis brought out our uniforms. We had all sent our measurement to him and he had had uniforms tailored just for us.

"Could I have a volunteer?"

Rosie stepped forward. She was the gamest of the lot of us, though Daffy was probably next.

Rosie was about the same height as Daffy, about 5'3". She was the oldest in the group at 39. She had a few scars on her body, my guess, from caesarean births, though they were long since healed and faded. She had a natural womanly shape. Big bum, wide hips, slightly flabby thighs and arms. Big, hanging boobs, downward pointing areola, but big rubbery nipples, deep red in colour. She had short dark hair, brown eyes and a winning smile. She really was Rosie. Rosie by name, rosie by nature.

"Uniforms. I want you to pay attention ladies. I will dress Rosie and you will follow me step by step, dressing yourselves exactly as I dress Rosie. There is to be no deviation. This is the uniform and this is how it is to be worn, at all times."

First he pulled out the blouse. We all reached into the little packages we had in front of us, each with our name on.

When I say blouse, it wasn't really a blouse. It was white, it had a collar, shoulders and sleeves. And that was about it. We watched as Louis slipped Rosie's arms into the sleeves and positioned the collar around her neck. It differed from a normal blouse in that all the back and sides and front from armpit level down, had been cut away. There were two long white sleeves, about six inches of material, front and back and the collar. And that was it. Louis fastened the collar on Rosie's shirt and the other button below it. There were just the two buttons.

We all did the same as we watched on, all of us now standing there, still naked and shaved, though now wearing a white cut off blouse that exposed everything. It was so fucking kinky. And the blouses were a perfect fit on each of us. I looked at Daffy and further down the line at Clara and caught them both looking at me too.

I wanted so desperately to put my fingers between my legs. I could have cum about five times already in the hour since we'd been subjected to all this.

A white lacy suspender belt was next. We'd all used them before, though in my case, not often. Then white stockings that came up to within about three inches of the top of our thighs and clipped into the suspender belt via four elasticated clips on each side. Shoes were black and polished. So we stood there, white collars, white suspender belt, white stockings, black shoes, tits, ass and pussy all on display.

Finally, out came the dress. It was dark grey in colour, made of tightly woven wool, very high quality, such a smooth feel. It had seven large buttons up the front, all the same colour as the dress. However, none of them opened. Instead, there was a zip, half way up the back, beginning at hip level.

Louis knelt to the floor and had Rosie step into this dress, he then lifted it up the front of her body as she slipped her arms through the sleeveless armholes. The dress came up to neck level, with a wide straight cut neck in front and rounded at the back. It was high enough to cover all skin and the lower blouse button, but our collars and top buttons were clear to see over the top of the dress. Louis zipped Rosie all the way up the back. As we did the same, we each turned to help out our neighbour.

"This is your uniform for the next week. You will put it on after you have showered each morning and you will only remove it when instructed, or for your daily exercise class, which will be performed nude and when you go to bed. You will also sleep in the nude and you will not have any coverings on your beds."

My whole body positively tingled with anticipation. This place was shaping up to be everything I hoped it would be and more.

As I looked down the line, we all appeared quite proper now, the dress had done it's job of covering our nudity, even though the skirt length was quite short, maybe only six inches and pleated. It certainly went nowhere near my knees. I'm sure that, were I to bend over, anyone wanting to, would see more of me than they were entitled to.

Rosie went to rejoin the line, but Louis stopped her.

"Ladies, just one more thing before I show you to your dormitory ..."

He reached around to Rosie's shoulders. On each shoulder there was another large button. He unfastened the first and then moved his hand to undo the second. Then he moved around to stand behind her and pushed the front down on Rosie's dress. The top half that covered her breasts fell forward, completely exposing Rosie's boobs. Awesome, it was a trick dress.

Louis wasn't finished. There was a button hole at the very bottom of our dresses and Louis lifted Rosie's up, exposing her smooth pussy and fastened one of the buttons halfway up Rosie's dress through that button hole, keeping the bottom of her dress permanently raised.

He directed us all to do the same, dropping the tops and raising the bottoms so our boobs and pussies were fully exposed and on display for all to see.

"Okay ladies, stay like that and follow me."

As I looked around, there wasn't a dry vulva in sight. Every one of us was slick and glossy between our legs, juices were running down mine, well beyond my knees. I was dripping and so was everyone else. We followed Louis and made our way up the stairs, twelve naughty schoolgirls, stopping only when we reached the top floor to enter our dormitory.

We were greeted with six bunk beds, all in the same room. Metal framed, each with a mattress and fitted sheet on top. Nothing else though. The room was warm, so sleeping uncovered shouldn't be a problem.

"Ladies, the school has six bathrooms. None of the bathrooms have doors, they have been removed from their hinges. Three of the bathrooms have a bath, one has a shower, one has a shower and a bath and one has neither, only a toilet and sink. I hope nobody is shy!"

He laughed and some of us managed a giggle too.

"The other bedrooms have been temporarily converted. There is a gymnasium, a classroom, a punishment room, as well as the usual, a kitchen, a dining room. There is of course the garden room that we've just come from and I also have a few rooms of my own. One room has been set up to monitor you at all times. It is locked and off limits to you. There is also a recreation room with a few amenities you may enjoy at your leisure. Dinner is in one hour. Until then, feel free to masturbate, have sex, explore. Ladies ..."

And with that, he left. I'd noticed at least six of those little black things on walls and ceilings on our way up to the dormitory. I guessed each one was a camera. There were two in the dorm room.

"God, did he mean what he just said?" asked one of the girls, I hadn't yet met.

"About masturbating? I hope so. I'm so horny, if I don't, I'm going to blow," replied Clara.

"How should we do it? Each pick a bathroom?" asked another of the women.

Daffy spoke up. "You know, he said we could masturbate ... or have sex ..."

"God!" Clara's eyes popped open wide. "Daffodil, you're so naughty."

"Call me Daffy. It's Clara, isn't it?"

She nodded.

"What do you think Charlotte?" Daffy turned to me with a smile on her face.

"Well, I do need to ... do something down there. But ... I don't know whether I could ... you know ..."

"Charlotte, look how you're dressed. Look how I'm dressed. Look at how we are all dressed. There's not a dry pussy in the house. We all want to do something, right? Well, don't you think now is as good an opportunity as we're ever likely to have? It's not like any of us are going to be broadcasting what goes on here this week."

"What happens in Vegas, stays in Vegas."

"Exactly Clara, spot on girl."

Could I? How could I? I mean, how, actually how? I didn't even know how to have sex with a woman. With a man, he sticks it in you, bounces up and down a bit. Three minutes later, he slumps down on you. A minute later, he rolls off. A minute after that, he's out the door and you never see him again. So went the only sexual experience of my life anyway. I just didn't know the etiquette of how women did it.

"Come on ... girls," said Daffy. "Live a little."

"I'm game if you are," said Clara and with that, Daffy took Clara's hand and led her to one of the beds.

Damn. I'd missed my turn. I wanted to have sex with Daffy. And Clara. I was just shy about saying it out in the open. Maybe it was for the best anyway. This way I would see how it was done, girl on girl, so I didn't embarrass myself with my inexperience.

All the women gathered around and watched Clara and Daffy begin to make out, immediately shedding their dresses and laying down on the lower bunk of one of the beds, wearing just their blouse, suspenders and stockings.

Rosie had a big smile on her face and as she looked around, almost seeking approval, she dipped her fingers into her vagina.

Louisa came up behind Rosie and put her hands on her full breasts and began massaging them from behind, whilst kissing her neck and watching the action on the bed.

Oh God, what was happening to me?

Another of the women, knelt down alongside the bed as Clara crawled all over Daffy. She put her hands on Clara's backside, opening it out a little, before plunging her finger into Clara's bottom.

I vigorously began to massage my clit and, looking around, I could see there wasn't one shaved pussy without something in it. One of the women was even sat between another woman's legs and was sucking on her clit.

I pictured myself alternatively as Daffy pleasuring Clara, then as Clara giving pleasure to Daffy. And imagining what it might be like to have another woman's finger up my bum. The only reference point I had for that was Louis' finger during my cavity search.

Daffy was sucking on Clara's tongue, her big D cups pressed against Clara's alabaster boobs, their hands roaming freely over each other's bodies. I could smell them, smell their sex, their odour. God, it was intoxicating. As their legs battled, their juices glistened and my fingers took on a new vigour between my legs. One of the women was already groaning in pleasure, it would be mere moments before I joined her. My eyes were half shut now, the action as much playing out in my fantasy as on the bed.

I could hear screaming. Someone was having an orgasm, a wonderful orgasm. My eyelids heavy, stealing fleeting glimpses of the two girls I wanted to make love to, I became aware of the other women looking at me. Even Clara and Daffy had stopped to look my way. And someone was screaming her head off.

Oh my God. It was me.

My legs went into an involuntary spasm and I felt myself falling to the floor. Hands reached out to catch me and as I came to my senses, three women had their bodies pressed to my own and were holding me up.

I realised my predicament and got so embarrassed, feeling myself flush all over, the blood rushing to my cheeks. I looked at the girls on the bed, but they just smiled and went back to what they were doing.

One by one, the other women got back to their own orgasms and after a voyeuristic few minutes where I watched every one of them insert fingers, or have fingers inserted, into their vaginas, I decided to seize the day and started to give one of the girls a back rub. Then, feeling ever braver, I let my hands drift over the small of her back, further downwards and over the swell of her jiggling booty before my finger finally found the natural crevice of another woman's backside. I kissed her neck and it occurred to me I didn't even know her name.

My left hand found her breast and I began to play with her nipple. My other hand was rubbing between her cheeks. I licked my finger and prodded at her rear entrance. Finding the right spot, I took my opportunity and felt her body shake and her breath gasp as my finger went up inside her. As I cautiously thrust my finger in and out of her, I could feel her own fingers rubbing furiously inside her vagina through the thin layer that separated hers from mine. Then I felt her orgasm come. She pushed her bum back towards me and began to shake on her feet. I held on tightly to her so she wouldn't collapse like I nearly had.

I guess that was my first ever orgy. It didn't matter, we felt no shame afterwards, we were all in agreement that we needed it and that it would never leave this room. We went and found the bathrooms to get cleaned up, some of us showering, some bathing, some even using the toilets in front of an audience.

It was at that point that I resolved to enjoy this week and do things that I had never done before, but only dreamt of. This week, I was going to be a sexual person. I was going to be a sensual woman and I was going to awaken my female godess in front of ... everyone.

We all turned up for dinner properly dressed. Louis sat at the head of the table and we sat six to a side. Daffy sat next to me and Clara sat next to her.

"So, Daffodil ... how did you and Clara enjoy your little tango?"

"You, you, you saw?"

"I told you, you are being filmed constantly. There is no privacy in this school. So. The answer to my question?"

"I think I speak for both of us when I say it was truly wonderful."

"And how about you Charlotte? You enjoyed watching them I gather?"

My face must have been crimson with embarrassment. I'd remembered noting all the little cameras and yet, my inhibitions had completely left me. All I could do was nod a little with my head pointing at my lap.

Louis went around the table, speaking to each of the women in turn, asking probing questions about our sexual desires. I don't know how, but, he managed to get me to admit my attraction to both Daffodil and Clara.

Back in the dormitory, I was able to reach up behind my back to unzip my dress. I dropped it on my bed as I unbuttoned my collar and the other button, slipping out of my 'blouse'. I hung them both on the hanger at the end of the bed, before sitting to roll down my stockings then unhook my suspender belt.

Well, that was it. I was naked. Naked in a room with eleven other naked girls and three spycams and no way of covering my nudity. I climbed up onto the top bunk, Daffy beneath me.

"Hey."

I looked over the side.

"What?"

"Come down here."

I lay back and looked up at the ceiling. Could this be it? I smiled and rolled over again.

"Why?"

"You know why."

As I was on my stomach, I let my right leg drop over the side. I let it fall lower and felt around for Daffy's mattress below. When my toes found it, I hopped backwards the last twelve inches so my right foot landed on the floor. My bottom and most of my torso had slipped down below the upper bunk by this point but my left foot was still on the upper mattress. I was in a front splits position, one foot on the floor, one above my head.

I looked at Daffy.

"Wow! You are so lithe."

"Thank you."

I was about to bring my other leg down when Daffy told me not to move. She put one leg either side of mine and leant forwards, giving my bare pussy it's first ever lick with a tongue. The thrill shot through me, it was like nothing on earth. I felt her hand come around to squeeze my ass and she plunged her tongue inside me.

"Oh my God, girls, look at this, look at Charlotte and Daffy."

I opened my eyes and saw all the other women gather.

"What's wrong?" I asked.

"God, how do you do that? I don't think I could get one leg up there if I tried."

"Oh. That. It's nothing."

I had long legs, natural runners legs. I didn't do yoga, but I always stretched properly before and after my runs.

I felt a hand on my breast. It wasn't Daffy's because both of those were on my backside. Then another and another. On my neck, on my back. They were all joining in.

A minute later they had me off the bunk and lying on the floor. All eleven of them, kneeling around me, me flat on my back, hands all over me, rummaging around, feeling their way, inside me, in my pussy, in my mouth, lips on my nipples, tongues on my thighs, my cheeks, soft hands, even softer tongues, someone had even sucked my toes into her mouth; they were masturbating me. I shut my eyes and just went with it. It didn't take long for my orgasm to begin, but it took almost forever for it to end.

If this was gay, so be it, I'll be gay. If this is what women could do to one another, who needs a man? Who needs three minutes as a soft warm hole for a guy to stick his thing? Not me sister, not me. I was in paradise.

We split up into smaller groups after that, a foursome, two threesomes and a double, each taking turns to lie on our backs and be pleasured by the other women. Daffy was on her back and Clara and I were seeing to her, but we didn't neglect each other either, my lips finding my way to Clara's and our tongues seeking each other out. We fell asleep in each other's arms and awoke next morning still on the floor, wrapped around each other.

"Wakey wakey girls, rise and shine, showers first, then dress, breakfast in the dining room, then class. Madeleine, you're up first for your medical, so you'll stay behind after breakfast."

First class was English, specifically literature. We sat at our desks in the bedroom that had been kitted out as a classroom, while one person was called to the front to read some erotic literature to the rest of the class. It was one of Louis' own stories, one that had not been published on Literotica.

It was so hot and it was making me so wet. We'd been told no masturbating in class under threat of punishment if we did. I could hardly hold out.

"ROSIE!" Louis shouted. "Come to the front now this instant."

Rosie stood and turned to face the class.

"Turn around and face the wall. Bend over."

Louis lifted the back of Rosie's dress and flipped it up over her backside so her bottom was totally visible to all the class. He went then to fetch a cane and returned to Rosie. "Count them out Rosie. 10 lashes for you girl. I told you, no masturbating."

He swung the cane and Rosie jumped. Gosh, that looked like it stung.

"One," she muttered.

Wack!

"Two."

With each strike, Rosie's ass became redder and redder, painted by criss cross stripes.

"Ten."

"Very well. Go back to your seat."

"Yes sir."

Rosie sat awkwardly when she sat. That just had to smart.

"Louisa, you take over the reading."

With that, Madeleine came into the class.

"Sir, the doctor would like to see Charlotte next."

Oh God. Me? Really?

"Run along Charlotte."

Daffy rubbed my hand as I got up from my seat and Clara whispered good luck as I walked towards the door.

"CLARA! No talking. Front of the class right this instant!"

Damn, I was going to miss that.

A minute later, I stood outside the door that had been designated for the medical exam. I knocked and waited to be called in.

"Enter."

The 'doctor' was a youngish man, about my age, blonde hair, kind of dashing.

"Charlotte?"

"Yes ... doctor?"

He got up and walked around behind me, immediately unzipping my dress and holding it for me to step out of. He put his stethoscope to his ears and pressed the cold end to my chest. "Okay, up on the table, feet in the stirrups."

I knew what was coming and my pussy, already wet from class, started to dribble in anticipation. The doctor pushed his speculum up inside me, rotated it ninety degrees, opened it out and tightened the screw to fix it in the open position. He then looked inside with his torch. Standing beside me, he began to tease my nipples with his fingers, but they didn't really need much teasing. They were already standing to attention.

Then he unzipped his fly and pulled out his penis. It was huge, but soft.

"I want to measure you, so I'll need you to make me hard. Suck my cock."

"Yes doctor," I said.

I'd never in my life sucked one before, but I'd already decided, this week, nothing was off limits.

It was so soft, so unbelievably soft, it was beautiful. It didn't stay soft for long though and I became aware, when he popped out of me that he had markings all up the length of his penis. As best I could tell, they were centimetre markings. Every five markings was a number – 5, 10, 15, 20 and the final one – 25. 25 cm? 10 inches. And there were a further two lines beyond the 25 mark.

"Okay Charlotte, I can see you are wet down there. I'm just going to remove the speculum and begin taking measurements. But before I do that, I'm just going to put this over your head. I don't want you to panic, you'll be able to breath, it will just be a little strange and restrictive at first."

He put a plastic bag over my head and sealed it with tape around my neck. He was right, I could breathe, aided through a small hole somewhere in the bag.

"Okay, if you'll just lean over the table, I'm going to take my first measurement."

I felt his cock enter me, right up to my hilt. Then exit.

"That's very good Charlotte. 14cm. And tight too. I take it you are not sexually active?"

"How did you know that?" came my muffled response.

"My file indicates you are 31 years old. A woman of your age who is sexually active, is much looser down there, both in terms of opening and depth. Most women are typically only about 10 to 12 centimetres deep prior to arousal. When they become aroused, the vagina secretes a fluid and the inner muscles relax in readiness to accept a penis, growing typically to between 15 and 20 centimetres. With deep penetration, this grows further to allow almost any size of penis. Of course, not many men are as large as me and I can't go deeper than 14 with you. That indicates to me that you are very inexperienced at penetrative intercourse Charlotte."

I felt his finger press against my backside next and something wet and slippery being rubbed around. Before I could catch my breath, he was pushing into me again.

Oh my God, he was filling me. I could hardly breath, I thought I could feel him in my stomach. He pushed hard against me and I whimpered. He pulled out.

"Eleven centimetres Charlotte. And incredibly tight. I'm going to prescribe you an anal plug to wear for the rest of the day. Don't worry, it won't be unpleasant. It vibrates at random intervals. Okay, you can turn and face me now."

I turned and through the plastic bag, saw his penis sheathed in a condom. He took it off and flung it in the trash then packed his penis back in his trousers.

"One final thing Charlotte ... your enema."

Flat on my back and spread-eagled, my arms wrapped around my thighs to hold them in place, a tube up my bottom, warm water squeezed into my cavity, the filling, the tightness, the desperate need to go, the photographs taken, then the inevitable release.

I felt thoroughly used, but in a good way. I was naked in front of all these strangers and loving it. It was a million miles away from my real life and I didn't know how I was going to cope away from it, not having it in my life anymore. I was addicted to it, to the kinkiness of it all. Who could I possibly engage with in the outside world, the way I did in here? How would I even find an accomplice?

I even had the thought, would they let me stay? What if I begged? There was nothing out there for me, not now, not ever again. Did I really expect to go back to Tom, Dick and Harry to get my kicks?

Twenty minutes later I found myself back in class with instructions to send Rosie for her medical.

Daffy asked me what it was like and in turning to answer her, Louis called me to the front of class.

"No ... talking."

Louis unbuttoned the top of my dress to release the flap and exposed my breasts. He clamped a peg on each of my nipples and did the buttons up again, sending me back to my seat. Just as I sat down, my anal plug started to vibrate and made me squeal in shock.

"CHARLOTTE! Front of the class, now."

I made my way back to the front, this time he lifted the front of my skirt and buttoned it further up my dress so my pussy was exposed to the class. He walked to the corner of the room and returned with some kind of a whip or a swatch or something that had rope like knotted tails. He began flicking it up between my legs and with each lash, a shiver ran through my taint. This coupled with the exquisite feelings I was already getting from the still vibrating butt plug and the pressure of the clamps on my nipples, made me sing out with joy. "More."

Louis obliged and before he could finish his punishment, he had my legs quivering with delight as I orgasmed in front of the class. Oh, the stories I would have to write on returning home.

Throughout the morning, we listened to erotica being read to us, most of us having turns to be punished for one minor infraction or another. By lunch time, six of us had had our medicals and we sat at the table as Louis asked us how we were enjoying things thus far.

After lunch, we had gym. Gym was to be done naked, so we all had to strip. Again, the medicals resumed so one person at a time was absent.

First off, we all had to go outside, nude, for our run. We ran circuits around the house. I've never seen so many boobs and bums jiggling all at once. Of course, it went without saying that I was the best. I loved to run and on average I lapped the pack on every third circuit. I would run four to their three. I didn't even break a sweat. I would even turn as I passed them and run backwards so I could see a gaggle of hot sweaty bodies bouncing up and down.

After twenty laps I was told to stop and wait for the others to finish. Then it was jumping jacks, squat thrusts, press ups and sit ups. The other women just weren't in my league when it came to exercise. But I sure did love every moment of it, particularly the sit ups which we did in pairs, one person holding the other ones feet, giving them a grand old view between their legs.

Wheelbarrows, handstands. It was all awesome and so unbelievably sexy in the nude. Then we went and used the bathrooms to shower or bath.

Final lesson of the day was a fashion show.

Split into two groups of six, Clara, Rosie, Louisa, myself and two others were first group. We went into a dressing room and were greeted by all manner of costumes to try on. All kinds of things. I scanned the rack and selected my outfit. Having had fifteen minutes to prepare, we were led to a stage, with a dividing curtain. Sat the other side, the other six girls, Louis, the doctor and the beefcakes.

Clara was first out. She had on a 1950s nurse's uniform, white blouse buttoned tight to the neck, blue and white pinstripe dress, white hat with a red cross and a navy blue cape. She walked out on stage to lots of cat calls and wolf whistles from the other girls. The five of us were able to see from the side of the stage.

Clara walked to the front of the stage and gave them a little twirl, then untied her cape, dropping it to the stage. She seemed to be enjoying it, really getting into the swing of things. The dress next, followed by the blouse. Underneath, she had on a shelf bra with two red hearts stuck to her nipples, black panties as well, or supposedly – at first glance. We knew otherwise.

They were black and as Clara knelt at the front of the stage, near the seated group, she put her hand between her legs and ripped off a merkin she had put on. Her panties were crotchless, but with the merkin, had given the illusion of being standard panties. All the women gasped, then applauded. Rising to her feet, Clara peeled off one of the red hearts, exposing her pale pink nipple. She pressed the adhesive heart to her cheek, then peeled off the other and stuck it to her other cheek. She gave another quick twirl in her revealing underwear, still wearing her red cross hat, then exited, stage left.

Next up was Rosie. She had selected an outfit right out of Moulin Rouge and had a full bodice on beneath. She was a voluptuous woman, so bouncy and fun. I really liked her. She was game for anything. Being Rosie of course, it didn't take her long to get out of her clothes, swinging her huge boobs around to get the tassels she had on her nipples to revolve. Being Rosie, she lay down at the front of the stage, totally naked and raised her legs in the air and opened them right out, splaying them for all to see her in all her glory. What a gal!

Louisa had decided to stroll out dressed as a man. Like a Blues Brother or a Men In Black. Black suit and tie, white shirt and sunglasses. She started her performance and somebody shouted *get your kecks off!* Her kecks were the tearaway variety and she willingly obliged, having loosened up a lot since she got here. She had on heels, next she loosened her tie before beginning to unbutton her shirt. When it was open all the way down, she turned away from the audience, lifting the back of her jacket and shirt to flash some bum, then she turned and flashed us. She was wearing no underwear.

She held onto each side of her shirt and jacket and flashed one side at a time, showing one boob with each flash, turning away she shucked the jacket and shirt, leaving her to strut around the stage in heels, tie and sunglasses.

All three of the girls so far had left the stage to rapturous applause. Next it was my turn. Another girl and I had competed for my outfit. In the end, she decided to go with a police uniform, leaving the army one for me.

I walked out on stage and immediately Daffy yelled *yeah!*. I smiled at her and she yelled again, *take it all off!* I had on an olive drab uniform, skirt, jacket, hat, shirt and tie, string of ribbons across my chest and my hair was tied up under my hat, which was the first thing to go, releasing my hair. I flung the hat at Daffy and she caught it and put it on. I was all buttoned up nice and tight and my tie was the clip on variety which I pulled out and dropped behind me as I stepped closer to the edge of the stage.

I turned away and dropped my skirt to the floor, making sure to wiggle my bum. I had on a G string. Stepping in front of Daffy, I reminded her of how flexible I was, lifting my right foot onto her shoulder and wrapped it behind her head, pulling her face to my crotch.

"They're edible," I whispered. Daffy didn't need to be told twice. She bit into them and ripped off a chunk with her teeth, exposing me. She took a slurp of my slit and tore the remainder of my panties off with her hands.

I stepped back and sat down on her lap, feeling her finger go inside me as I unbuttoned my jacket. I leaned forward to kiss her, then ran my hands up my body, under my shirt to expose my breasts, then pressed them to Daffy's face.

Getting up and turning back to the stage, I stepped up and turned to face the audience again, then slowly let my legs splay out to the side, slowly sinking downwards into a splits position. Then I began to unbutton my army green shirt from the bottom up until pretty soon, there was only the collar left to unbutton. I bit my lower lip and smiled as I opened up the shirt to expose my boobs, then let it slip back off my shoulders.

I licked my finger teasingly and pressed it to my crotch. My God, I was so turned on, I was dripping. I only intended to tease, but when my wet, glossy finger touched my clit, a bolt of electricity shot through me and I couldn't resist lingering there. That was all it took. Completely against plan, I began to cum on stage, squirting in front of everyone, my orgasm making my legs, spread apart by 180 degrees, twitch.

My thighs were wobbling and my boobs were jiggling and I threw my head back and let the waves rush over me as delight shot through my whole body.

I only came to my senses as I walked from the stage. But I could hear the clapping and screaming on the other side. Even when the next girl came out in her police uniform, they were still cheering for me. Catwoman, complete with tail, brought our group's stripteases to a conclusion.

So when the first six of us were done, we all put on an item or two of what we had been wearing and came out on stage together. We took our applause and then dropped the loosely held clothing to stand there nude together, the six of us.

Twenty minutes later, we were the ones seated and Daffy was the first of the second group to emerge on stage. Or to be more precise, Sister Daffy. She was dressed as a nun. And it didn't take her any time at all to be standing there nude, apart from some rosary beads around her neck and the whole nun's headpiece system, black, white, penguin hat. And beautiful, big boobed Daffy.

There may have been five more to come after her, but the only image I saw in my mind was Sister Daffy. There may have been an Indian Brave, a naval officer, a catholic schoolgirl, a punk rocker and a girl in a Manchester United kit, but all I retained was Daffy.

We had so much fun and it lasted hours, but we had all got so sexed up again and not been allowed to relieve ourselves (except me – my bad!), we were all squirming in our seat come dinner time. Once again, Louis didn't disappoint, he told us to go have some fun before bed.

The week went on and the days followed the same kind of routine, lessons in the morning in uniform, gym in the afternoon, naked, then some kind of fun. The second night was pole dancing, third it was bondage, fourth body painting, fifth toys.

Pole dancing was hard for most of the girls, they just didn't have the necessary core strength. Clara and I were stars of the show, me climbing to the top of the pole and clenching real tight so I could hang upside down and kiss Clara, the right way up. My pole just kept getting wetter and wetter.

Bondage night, Daffy excelled. She was a natural domme, tying me up and spanking me, getting the spot right between my ass and pussy, delivering electric orgasms that had me losing control.

Clara and Rosie each tied each other's boobs up, so they stuck out and turned crimson with all the blood getting trapped in them. Madeleine was suspended from the ceiling upside down while we all took turns to spank her ass and breasts. Louisa was teased with a cattle prod until she became a blubbering pool of pussy juice.

Body painting was such a turn on. Having nude women tickling my erogenous zones with a paint brush was simply awesome. They were no artists though. When I saw the pictures taken of my naked body afterwards, it was a mixture of handprints and spirals and zigzags of greens and blues, reds and yellows. Although, Daffy had managed to paint a red heart on my smooth pussy.

Toys night. Oh God. I had experience with toys. Tom, Dick and Harry were my toys back home. Put it this way, when I got home, I was getting a divorce! T, D and H just weren't going to cut it anymore. I was going to have to go shopping for something like the toys they had here. God, I may even have to steal a few of them.

On the last night, we were all kind of sad that the next day it would all be over and we'd go back to our bland vanilla lives. I'd had sex with all of the other girls, we all had, every combination, we'd done it.

And I was in love. With both Daffy and Clara. The strange thing about us, was that none of us had boyfriends or husbands. We were all single or divorced, but all presently unattached. Rosie did indeed have children, but they were both grown up and had left home. She was even a grandmother and a widow at just 39.

We had all exchanged numbers and addresses, emails too. One good thing was going to happen for sure, this was going to continue in some as yet undetermined fashion.

I had learned to have sex with a woman. I knew how to kiss, how to use my tongue, where to put my tongue, where to put my fingers. I knew what felt good to me and I learned to use that knowledge on other women. I was now gay. Plain and simple. I wasn't before, but now I was in no doubt. This week had gayed me up.

I had sixty-nined with other women, stuck my tongue in their pussies and licked them dry. I had licked ass, fingered ass, I had rubbed my pussy up against pussies, breasts, bums, tongues and I had found a new position with Clara. We kind of figured it out together. As I lay on my back with my legs spread, she sat in the gap between my legs. Then weaving her legs around me, one below, one above, she pushed her pussy against my own and rocked into me. Feeling her like that, right up against me, sitting up and resting on her arms, but looking directly at me like that. It was just so intimate.

And I'd become a total voyeur. I loved watching the other girls, particularly the ones with big busts, making out. My boobs were firm and small and barely moved during intercourse. They stayed so close to my chest even when leaning forwards. But those that had boobs, proper big boobs, they were like poetry in motion.

Louis had told us all that we could keep our uniform as a souvenir, but that the following morning, before he took us back to Windsor, he wanted to see each one of us in turn. A private meeting so he could ask us each a few questions about our expectations and if they'd been met and if we could suggest any improvements. And of course, he was going to do the interviews with us in the nude.

We had each been given a time slot, ten minutes apart and mine was 10:30. The interviews had begun at 9:30. The long haired beefcake blocked off the corridor, at the end of which was Louis' office. We'd been told ahead of schedule that after this final meeting, we would be given our bags and clothes back and could wait for the others in the recreation room.

I arrived promptly and at the stroke of 10:30, beefcake allowed me to pass. I smiled at him and walked naked down to Louis' door, knocking when I got there.

"Come in."

Louis sat in the room and invited me to have a seat and handed me a glass of champagne. As it was the first alcohol I'd had an opportunity to drink since day one, I swigged it down.

"So, Charlotte, how did you enjoy the week?"

"Oh Louis, it was so brilliant. I can't thank you enough, for everything. All the girls feel that way, you've given us something truly special that we can carry with us the rest of our lives."

He had a look of satisfaction on his face and was very relaxed, sitting back in his chair.

"So it lived up to expectations?"

"And beyond. I've never felt so satisfied in all my life. It's ... truly been the best week of my life Louis, I wish I could stay, I really do."

He smiled and sat forward in the chair.

"Any um ... any improvements?"

"Oh, I don't know. It's been great the whole week long. I um ... I don't think so. Oh ... just one thing."

"What's that?"

"Well, it's not a criticism, it really isn't. It's just that, you know, we all got here because of your story."

"Yes ..."

"Well, it's just that there was an element of non-consent and reluctance in your story. You know, all the girls were there against their will. Everything was forced on them. They were taken to that school and forced to conform and had no say in it. That ... I don't know how you'd change that, but it was the only thing missing really."

"Charlotte, you're a very observant woman. That was the one thing we just couldn't replicate. You had to come here of your own free will. We couldn't exactly abduct you off the street now, could we? We had to be sure that you were the right type of person, the sort of person who could be turned on by that sort of scenario."

I laughed. "Yeah, you can't go around abducting people Louis!"

"No. We certainly can't." He smiled. "But when you come to us, there's nothing really to stop us, is there?"

Again, I laughed, but Louis wasn't laughing with me.

With that, the door opened and shaved head beefcake walked in.

"You'll no doubt be feeling the effects of the drug now, working its way through your system."

"What?" It was true. All of a sudden I was beginning to feel a bit groggy. Was my champagne spiked? "Louis, I don't under ... under, undersom ... som, buh."

"Maybe we should get some air."

I felt myself being lifted from my seat by the beefcake. Louis opened the second door that was behind him that led to the outside.

I was having a hard time standing on my own, but beefcake was holding me up by my armpits. In the driveway just outside the office was a van, with no side windows. The back doors were open and I could see Madeleine and Rosie, lying limp on the floor of the van. Behind them was Clara, Louisa too. Behind them, two more. They were all out for the count, just lying there naked.

I had to warn Daffy. I had to stop them, say something, scream.

I tried to struggle against them, but I could hardly move any of my limbs and my eyelids felt heavier than ever before. The last thing I remember as the beefcake hustled my body into the back of the van was Louis' face. And the words he said, echoed around in my brain like a shock to the system: "You stupid bitch."