**Suzy and Katryn - Another Cronenberg Academy Story**

This story is part of the Cronenberg Academy Saga started ( I believe ) by Videodrome. After reading some of the stories, I was inspired to write one.

Keep in mind I wrote it one evening, in a few hours, and as such, isn’t as good ( or long ) as other stories. But I wanted to express it anyway.

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This story is purely fiction.

Susanna Wilson

( PLEASE WRITE ME WITH COMMENTS !!! )

I am currently writing several books and stories, some of erotic natures, some not. Write me for more details and for test reading of my work.

But enough… let’s move to the story !

**Suzy**

Ever since I was young, I felt neglected. I don’t know why, but my parents never loved me. Of course, when I was young, I thought it was normal, but gradually started to see differently. In grade school, I rapidly learned that I was the ONLY girl to have been raised exclusively by a tutor. I also learned it was not normal to spend the Christmas and thanksgiving vacation at the dormitory: all the other girls would go back to their parents.

But I never met my parents. Instead of taking care of me, they always hired people to do so. Before I was in school, a nanny raised me *away from them* ! Then, in grade school, I was made a dorm student in a girl-only school. I would spend all vacation time on the dorm, except for the summer vacation, which I would spend on a girl summer camp in the middle of nowhere. In fact, I was so isolated, that I met the first man I ever saw at the age of 9, when a plumber came to the school.

You must think I am strange, well, you are right. So, I guess, I should have expected that my rich parents would send me to the best private school for girls in America: The Cronenberg Academy.

I must say I can’t complain: Since it is in Florida, it is summer all year long, which is much better than living with snow half of the year. Also, the place is beautiful: You can live there without having to ever leave. It has a big pool, a beautiful and comfortable dorm.

But, to me, it was only a golden prison. There were two kinds of dorm students on campus: The regulars and the perms. The regulars would go home during vacations and were allowed to go out in the city (chaperoned of course) at certain events. But the perms were not. We would spend every single day of the year on campus: Even field trips were forbidden for some of us (including me).

Of course, most students didn’t live on the dorm. But I didn’t have such luck. I was stuck with the perms in a separated building.

It was kind of fun anyway. Most of these girls were perms for a reason: for a lot of them, Cronenberg was a reform school for them. But I had done only one thing wrong: I was born in my family.

Cronenberg was a very good reform school: It had only one punishment: public humiliation by removing clothes. Whatever you did, the only punishment they would throw at you would be to remove part of your clothes.

Arriving late at the class would make you lose one item of clothing for the rest of the class. Protesting to the teacher would make you lose on item for the day. Being found with a pack of cigarettes would strip you bottomless or topless (you choice). Rarely, some girls were even forced to spend the day completely naked : the worse humiliation possible.

Every girl on campus wishes to get used to the humiliation, but never ever did. Most would cry during the whole stripping. And hiding oneself would only make further clothes to be removed, of a longer term. The worse would be to ride home naked!

Twice I have to be punished. I had arrived late to my first class, and had lost my shirt. Every one could see my bra, which (because my parents probably insisted), is no too revealing. The other time, I had protested to a correction made in an exam. Doing so is not a fault: Cronenberg teachers (all women) were strict, but not sadists (with a few exception). But contesting if you are wrong irritates the teacher, and if you keep arguing, you are punished. So, I lost my skirt for the day. My panties don’t reveal much, so it wasn’t that bad. But I would never want to go further.

**Katryn**

I guess I was always a rebel. When I was young, I would drive my parents crazy. I did my first shoplifting at 8. I stole a car a 10. I kissed a boy at 9 and my parents found me having sex with the boy next door at 12. The fact that he was 17 didn’t matter to me. But it did to them. I was sent to a girls-only school, Cronenberg academy to correct my manners. I don’t know what they would have said if they had known he wasn’t my first sex partner.

But going to Cronenberg calmed my urges, in appearances only. I would masturbate several times a day, unable to satisfy myself. I WANTED A MAN!

But I couldn’t. I was a perm student. I could never see one. Of course, I would use anything I could to try to satisfy me, but when close to climaxing, I would lose control over my body, and as such, would stop masturbating myself, making me lose the orgasm. A friend of mine once smuggled a vibrator in the dorm and sold it to me, but I was caught and punished. Fortunately, it was a Saturday, and as such, served my punishment with as little other girls seeing me as possible. Only perm students ( who, by our nature are punished very often and as such, more comprehensive ) saw me totally naked for the few hours that remained. Of course, I lost my toy.

Now, I was *so* alone… especially during this long thanksgiving holiday.

**A Lonely Week-End**

As always, during the thanksgiving holiday, the halls of the Academy were silent. Only the perm students and a few employees remained on the grounds. At least, during the Christmas holiday, there would be a lot of festivities amongst the girls of the tall brown building near the forest, but Thanksgiving, with only a Turkey supper as celebration, most had the blues. Perm students were not allowed to have a television, and most would simply sleep throughout the long week-end which reminded them how desperate their live had been: even their family rejected them.

Having more experience in loneliness, unlike the others, Suzy had grown accustomed to it. But since the weather was truly nice, she wanted to walk in the private park with someone. Walking from door to door, she would try to convince one of her fellow inmates to come with her. Without any success, she was in front of Katryn’s door to knock when she heard: "Yes!". Without hesitation, she opened the door, only to find Katryn half-naked, on her bed, masturbating herself: "Yes! Yes! ". Suzy wanted to leave, but curiosity kept her there: She had heard that some of the girls would masturbate, but she had no idea how to do it even thought she was now 15. She had heard talks on campus, but never took them seriously.

Suddenly, Katryn lifted her eyes, and fear filled her face. "Sorry, I am leaving…" But she didn’t. Obviously having a twisted idea, Katryn asked Suzy to come closer, quickly. Half in shock, Suzy came, but took a step back when her hand was taken. Slowly, Katryn brought Suzy’s delicate fingers to her clit, showing her how to rub it. Innocently, Suzy proceeded to do so gradually bringing Katryn closer to a finally liberating orgasm. Visibly disturbed, Suzy was stuck between fascination and fear, curiosity and shame, but it is only she heard (and felt) Katryn having an orgasm that she realized what she had done. Both girls were now paralyzed: Katryn due to the orgasm, and Suzy because of the shock.

After a few minutes, Katryn took Suzy in her arms and forced her to lie down on the bed. Contributing to Suzy’s shock, Katryn started to kiss her. Initially reluctant, Suzy started to like the feeling of Katryn’s lips, the feeling of her long brown hair on her neck. She gradually managed to overcome her shock and started to kiss back. Slowly, Katryn’s hands began to travel on Suzy’s body, until they reached her pussy. At that point, Suzy was highly exited. She felt wet for the first time of her life, but she was mostly surprised by the touch of Katryn’s fingers inside her cunt. Suzy slowly lost control of her body as she felt, several minutes later, her first orgasm. Finally, she knew what it felt like. Finally, she had felt "the little death" as the French say.

Both were still in bed. Katryn had rested her head on Suzy’s chest. Suzy could feel Katryn’s breasts pressing against her.

"What have we done ?", asked Suzy, nervously.

"I think we had sex".

"Isn’t sex between a girl and a boy ?"

"Well, I once heard it was possible between two girls or two boys"

"Gee, I can’t say it was bad"

"Suzy, you were great! I didn’t feel like that for years!"

"You already had sex in the past ?"

"Yes, that’s why I am here"

"You really liked what I did to you?"

"Oh yes Suzy. Let’s do it again. Do you want to?"

"I really don’t mind!"

During the long Thanksgiving weekend, the two girls explored their sexuality together. They even slept one night together, without being noticed: they school truly was empty. By the time school resumed, they each knew the body of the other perfectly.

**Back to Reality**

But soon, they had to stop spending the day together: Showing signs of affection for the other would grant the full penalty of the book of punishment of Cronenberg: forced nudity for the day ! And for the dorm girls, it would mean until bedtime.

So they would see each other only in their room, or in the park behind the dorm. : It was a park, but in places, it looked more like a forest. The two girls had discovered their own spot: There was a huge tree behind which they could kiss for hours, or just a few minutes during lunch time. Of course, they had to check the time if they didn’t want to be forced to strip.

But soon, their leaves of absence began to worry dorm guard Phillips. Phillips was a sturdy woman in the fifties who liked to torment the perm dorm girls. She would secretly track each one of them to make sure they didn’t leave for the city. This is why she became suspicious of the two lovers.

Of course, she was simply thinking they had found a hole in the 9 feet tall chain-linked fence with barbwires, but despite watching she couldn’t find it. "Maybe they go out smoking" she thought.

So she followed them one dinner time. And to her surprise, she discovered both of them, kissing!

"Get up you two little bitches. I hope you had enough fun because you will regret dearly."

"But, Miss Phillips you are mistaking", tried Suzy.

"I am not. The rule is the rule. Give me all your clothes little cunts."

Knowing it was useless to argue. They both stripped, keeping only their socks and their shoes.

"I said, all your clothes"

"You can’t Miss Phillips. No one was ever forced to remove their shoes"

"No lesbian was ever found either. Give them to me."

Both girls knew their reputation and their dignity would be lost. The guard would tell everyone what had happened and they would be humiliated like never before.

Fortunately, both of them had a nice figure. Suzy was 5 foot 6, and add nice round and firm 34c breasts. Her most shameful feature was the over-abundance of pubic hair, but it was much better than Katryn. Katryn, who also wore a 34c bra, had bigger breasts than Suzy, but they were more loose. But the worst was her pubic hair. She was a natural red-head, and as such her pussy seemed in fire. Suzy had found this fact attractive, both now both were sure it would increase the jokes on Katryn.

**The Return to Class**

But neither tough it would be that bad. By the time they got back to school, most of the girls (who were summoned by Phillips) were in front of the park, waiting for them. Most of the girls started laughing when they saw the two naked girls who were caught kissing each other.

Katryn was always a bad girl, and to show her courage, she took Suzy hand to walk, but after a while, she decided it was time to show what she really is like. She started kissing Suzy, caressing her naked body with her hands. The whole group was frozen in shock. Guard Phillips started yelling : "Stop that little bitches ! I order you!"

But Katryn simply replied: "What are you going to do? We are already naked!"

"I will ground you!"

"You can’t: The ONLY punishment allowed in Cronenberg is removing the clothes. So, let us pass."

Katryn already had a plan in mind, but Suzy didn’t know what it was. Katryn left in direction of the dorm, towing Suzy behind her. She was definitely in control, while her girlfriend was visibly in shock. Once in her room, she grabbed her laundry bag and dropped all of her clothes inside. She put every bra, every panty and every single part of her uniform in it. She gave the bag to Suzy and left to take all Suzy clothes from her room. After a few minutes, both were back in front of the dorm, where all the girls were still assembled. Katryn, still furious, dropped the clothes in a pile. "Guard Phillips. Here are all our clothes. Why don’t you seize them? That’s right, you can’t if we don’t wear them. Well, I will help you."

In one of the bag, she had put a few newspapers and she did small balls she placed underneath the clothes. Taking a match, she lit them, sending all their clothes in fire.

Suzy then broke out of her torpor. "Hey, that our clothes! We will have nothing to wear!"

"I know Suzy. But then, they won’t be able to do anything against our love for each other.

Guard Phillips could not help but laugh. She put the clothes she had seized from the two lovers and threw them in the fire, which all of the other students was watching. All of them stopped laughing. They knew it was useless: none of them had that courage.

From that day until graduation, Suzy and Katryn never wore any clothes, and as such, were allowed to stay lovers, for the only punishment in Cronenberg, is forced nudity, and by their actions, they had chosen to live naked, yet free to love each other.