**Swat on a Hot Teen Youth**

**by**[**portersky**](https://www.literotica.com/stories/memberpage.php?uid=1012714&page=submissions)**©**

**Chapter 9, Part I. An Educational Experience**  
  
Ashley's expression was concentrated, her lips pursed and her smooth rounded brow furrowed as sat at the laptop on the small desk in her room. Her best friend from high school, Diana was on IM, where she went by the nickname fabulous D, which was appropriate as it described a measurement for which she was quite popular with the boys back home. Instant messaging one another was as close as was possible, now that Ashley was so far away, to the kinds of continuous confidences that they were accustomed to exchanging throughout the day at school. Ashley and Diana had been friends for years, and Ashley looked up to her slightly older, but far more outspoken, friend.  
  
Ashley was torn between wanting to tell her friend of the embarrassing situations that had occurred in the last several weeks, of the humiliating punishments she'd endured, and of her nascent crush on her good-looking young cousin. At the same time as her shame impelled her to be reticent, there was a seed of excitement deep down within her at how she was being used sexually, and a part of her yearned to impress her more adventurous friend. Diana had always been the leader, the one who had more experience and sought excitement, laughing at Ashley's schoolgirl crushes and her prudish approach to sex.  
  
She'd spent the better part of an hour instant messaging with Diana this evening, and had exhausted her lore of British sights, shopping tales, and complaints about the weather. She'd begun dropping slight hints about what she'd been undergoing. She'd started explaining how her Uncle was "very strict" and how he objected to her American ways and was setting about making her into his idea of a "proper" young lady. She circled the subject delicately for quite awhile, but Diana kept digging to try to better comprehend Ashley's vague hints. Without meaning to, Ashley mentioned the word "punishments," and, though the chat window couldn't convey her friends' expression, the eagerness of her typed response caused Ashley to see in her mind Diana's eager curious expression and wide-eyed reaction.  
  
D: What???? What like you mean you get grounded or something?  
  
A: No... not really. I mean, they're British, you know... It's kinda weird. I don't want to talk about it.  
  
D: What do you mean, "they're British"? They lock you in a dungeon or something, chica?  
  
A: No, of course not. NO, it's, forget it.  
  
D: Spill it, Ashes.... We don't keep secrets from each other, remember?  
  
A: Damn. OK, when something happens that my Uncle doesn't like he punishes me... Sometimes Ralph is there too... and, some of his friends once too.  
  
D: What?!?  
  
A: They're a bunch of old pervs, D! I can't even start to explain! If, like my clothes aren't right or straight or something, or Uncle thinks that what I'm wearing is too revealing, he'll order me to stand there and lecture me. Usually, this means that I'll have to take off my shirt or skirt, and then he'll have me standing in some uncomfortable position in my underwear. He'll do it really slowly, making me take off one piece of clothing at a time. Sometimes he says the most embarrassing personal things about my body as he makes me undress. And sometimes other people are there too! You can't believe how humiliating it is. Having to take off my clothes in front of a bunch of old guys who are leering at me and staring at my naked boobs.  
  
And...they won't keep their hands off me, either! Once my clothes start to come off, and especially when they order me to take off my bra or pull down my panties, they just touch me however they like as much as they like.  
  
D: Ashley, what? You mean they feel you up while you're standing naked in front of them?  
  
A: Yes, but the ogling and copping feels of my body isn't the worst part, the worst is the spankings. You'd think these guys thought that a girl's behind had a target painted on it, the way they slap my poor butt. God it stings and it's sooo embarrassing; my own Uncle smacking my bottom like I was a little girl. No, not like a little girl, cause he and his friends make good and sure to fondle my tits while their big paws are smacking my reddened butt. They're like....they do anything they like to my body and I have to let them grope me till I'm sore  
  
D: Are you shitting me, Ashley? You're saying you're getting naked with a bunch of old farts and your own cousin?  
  
A: NO! I'm not getting naked with them! They make me... they strip me and...  
  
D: Wait, are they fucking you?  
  
A: OF course not. It's not like I'm being raped or anything. They're just doing it to make me ashamed so my behavior will improve. You know, my Uncle doesn't even seem to enjoy my punishments, not like his friends; he's always so stern. He's actually pretty patient, but he's definitely strong willed. But, my cousin Ralph likes to see me like that. I sure can tell that. I can see he's hard half the time I'm being punished, and he fondles my body a lot! But you know, I kinda like the feeling I get when he does it; it's really exciting and almost makes the pain worthwhile. He sometimes whispers really erotic things to me.  
  
D: Wow, head trip. I can't imagine this. You sure you're ok?  
  
A: Yeah, I guess I am. It's no SO bad. And you know, when I'm good, it's great. I get to go shopping and my Uncle is really interesting and even warm when he's not mad. Besides, nothing has happened like that in a couple of weeks. I think I'm learning how to dress and behave more properly, so I don't even think this is a problem anymore. Anyway, D, I gotta go. Uncle told me he was having a guest and would need my help, and I do NOT want to be late with my chores!  
  
D: OK, wow, I want to hear more later. Keep your clothes on girl! Bye  
  
A: Bye.  
  
She rose from her desk and stretched. The clock on the desk said she had 5 minutes still before she needed to go down to the kitchen and bring lunch to her Uncle who was spending the morning in his study writing, as usual. The routine over the last couple of weeks had been steady, and Ashley was confident that she would be able to do her chores satisfactorily. She went into the bathroom and tidied herself up so her appearance was sure not to be a cause for her Uncle to be displeased with her. She brushed her teeth, smiled at herself and was pleased with the wide, gleaming, white toothed smile in the mirror.  
  
She tidied her dress, a soft edged, billowing, sheer blue flower patterned shift she'd chosen with her Uncle. The peasant bodice ruffled loosely at her chest, then had a babydoll flare down to a soft-hemmed edge which reached Ashley high on her thigh. Her shapely legs were naked and she stepped into a pair of fashionable red cloth Converses, the red contrasting with the white border of the rubber soles. Looking at herself in the mirror, the young lady pirouetted vainly, the dress flaring and billowing out around her.  
  
Making her way down the stairs to the kitchen, she passed her Uncle's study. She knocked timidly on the half open door, and entered when he beckoned her in. Pale sunlight filtered in the large window behind her Uncle, diffused by the diaphanous, gauzy curtains. Edward sat at a large oak desk, a pile of books piled on one side, and a pen in his hand.  
  
"Ashley," he intoned, not unkindly, "You'll find nuts and olives in the refrigerator. You will serve them to me and my guest at the table. Oh... and bring out the chilled Maçon-Villages. The professor appreciates a good Burgundy.  
  
"Yes, Uncle," answered the girl as she made her way to the kitchen obediently.  
  
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Not many minutes later, outside the imposing house, a tall, paunchy, white haired, balding, 70-year old arranged his coat's fur collar fastidiously, before reaching out for the bell-pull. The sound of a chime resounded through the house, and after a moment, the door was opened by Ashley.  
  
Professor Marquist took a moment to acquaint himself with the subject of the elaborate preparations he had arranged with the girl's Uncle over the last few weeks.  
  
"Yes," he thought with a self-satisfied smile, which did not however register overtly on his face, "she will be perfect." His unwavering gaze travelled unfettered over the girl's pretty face and big hazel eyes, her full lips and wide mouth, down over the lines of the flowing dress to take in the generous curvature of her chest, and her long, bare legs. Ashley, embarrassed, let her gaze drop and her hands clasped nervously in front of her.  
  
"Good morning, young lady!" Marquist said, his tone practiced from more than forty years of dealing with schoolchildren, "I am Professor Marquist. I believe you should be inviting me inside, should you not?"  
  
"Of course, sir, I'm sorry. Please do come in," Ashley responded, hastily. Marquist entered into the foyer, and turning his back to the girl, loosened and cast back his black, fur trimmed, overcoat. Ashley was just quick enough to reach up and take it from the tall old man. Looking nervously about, she lifted the heavy coat onto an empty curved crook on the free-standing coat-rack next to her.  
  
"Please come inside," repeated the girl. Marquist motioned for her to precede him, and as she walked in front of him he let her get a slight distance ahead so he had a better vantage point of her. "Ah, what a delightful swell this one has to her arse!" he thought, "It looks prominent but not too large, no, this girl has a nice meaty posterior, but trim. She is top-heavy, shall we say? And such nice, lean, schoolgirl legs. She will look delightful naked and that creamy skin will feel magnificent in my hands. Now, patience, old bean," he admonished himself, "there'll be time."  
  
Edward had descended the staircase and met his guest at the entrance to the parlor. Ashley left them exchanging greetings as she went to make final preparations. The two men made their way into the sitting room, and Ashley entered the kitchen and continued laying out the bowls of hôrs d'ouvres she was to bring out. She found the bottle of white wine in the refrigerator, and, not familiar with how to open the bottle, took it in and a pair of glasses her Uncle and his guest.  
  
The older man, she observed, was comfortably ensconced in a deep armchair, while her Uncle leaned against the mantle over the fireplace speaking to him. She noticed that her Uncle seemed to treat the tall Professor with a degree of deference, whether due to his status or age, she couldn't tell.  
  
Marquist observed delightedly the entrance of the young girl into the room. He calmed himself, staring at her as she stood holding out the bottle of white wine and the glasses. She looked so appetizing, pink and healthy, and that mane of dark hair, so glossy and smooth! As she turned from him to proffer the bottle to her uncle, Marquist's expert gaze ascertained through her flimsy, short dress, the shape of the girl's panties. He decided they were white lace slightly square cut, covering the top of her bottom with a dip in the waist creating an slight V, and ending in a square bottom, covering the girl's nether cheeks but leaving the outer crescent of her backside uncovered. Taut, tanned thighs, a long curve of haunch, and perfect dimpled knees, trim calves and small feet in those scandalous red sneakers. Well, the sneakers would come in useful, observed the old man to himself.  
  
Ashley kept her eyes downcast, but even though she dared not look at the older man, except for a quick, scared glance at his amused but steely expression, she could feel his eyes roam over her face and body as she waited to serve him obediently. Silently, she shuddered at what he must be seeing! Her dress was short and filmy and the provocative curves of her body would be clearly visible through it. As, she gasped to realized, probably the shape of her underwear. What only moments before had been a cause for vanity as she prepared herself for the "guests" now caused her the most hot embarrassment. "Darn!" she though to herself, "I shouldn't have worn this outfit!" She knew though that to have disobeyed her Uncle's explicit instructions on what to wear for this occasion would have probably been enough excuse for him to do something much worse. He could well have ordered her to remove her clothing while he, or worse, he and the Professor, watched her.  
  
Edward strode over to the distracted and flushed girl and took the bottle from her hand. With an indication of his head towards the professor, he sent Ashley to offer him a glass. Edward expertly extracted the cork from the bottle and handed it back to Ashley. She walked demurely over to the professor and stood before him, dutifully proffering the chilled wine. Marquist glanced up at the bottle, his demeanor dismissive and haughty. The dewdrops of condensation on the cold glass made him muse to himself for a moment, "now, how shall I go about bringing similar teardrops from this nubile foal?" A smile flitted across his face, as his gaze swept from the bottle towards the young lady serving him. He lifted his glass. The girl took it. She didn't want to spill a drop, which would have been another occasion for being punished, and concentration furrowed her smooth, rounded, brow as she let a stream of pale yellow wine cascade into the gentleman's glass.  
  
She didn't really follow the conversation between the two men, but made sure to keep their glasses full, while they talked of education, or so it mostly seemed to her. She circulated small plates of nuts and olives, as well as dainty finger-sandwiches of cheese and cucumber to the two gentlemen, and observed Marquist's color heightening with the wine. Once, as she bent low to offer a platter to the aging professor, she couldn't help notice his cold glance fix itself on the naked expanse of her shoulders and upper chest, bared by the sleeves of her peasant blue dress. Although the swell of her breasts was evident, at least, she thought to herself, the top edge of the front was snug to her body and covered her chest demurely. "The old goat won't get much of a view!" she thought. Her observation would turn out to be about as incorrect as possible, for Marquist had plans which would shortly lead to him viewing every last detail of Ashley's young body.  
  
Ashley straightened up as Marquist took a pensive bite of the small sandwich he'd taken. Before she could turn away from him, he addressed her imperiously,  
  
"Young lady, please put down that tray. I should like to interrogate you on the form and content of your education.  
  
"Yes, that's right, put down the tray and put your hands at your side. Don't fidget, girl! Now, I should like to know what form you're in."  
  
"Sir?" stammered Ashley, "I don't understand what you mean by form."  
  
"Don't be stupid, girl, how far along are you in your schooling? How many years do you have before you go to University, though Lord knows," he muttered, "you certainly look more mature than your infantile behavior indicates."  
  
"I'm a senior next year, Sir," explained Ashley, "In the US this means that I have one more year, and then I will go to college, which is...like..." she felt herself explaining lamely, "university, but not necessarily ...umm..."  
  
"Yes, yes." Marquist interrupted impatiently, and continued his questioning regarding her schooling. Ashley did her best to respond to his questions on the curriculum she'd studied, how many subjects, how many hours, all sorts of things. She seemed unable to please him with her answers; his manner indicated he found her answers unsatisfactory and her education, by extension lacking.  
  
After some time of this, he interrupted his questioning and addressed Edward, "You know, Edward, old chap, the kind of lax environment in which your charge has grown up really doesn't bode well for her character if not assisted properly along. You've told me how effective your own treatments of this young lady have been, but as you know I have my own scientifically derived procedures. If you could just direct me to where I can get started in private?"  
  
"Yes, of course, Marquist, I had anticipated that you'd be interested in getting your own perspective on the matter of my niece, so I've prepared the upstairs study for you. It is fully at your disposal. Is there anything special you might require?"  
  
"Most kind, Edward, I've brought most everything I need in my little bag here, but perhaps, while I go settle in, Ashley can furnish herself with a small container of soapy warm water and some small towels?"  
  
Edward signaled his niece sternly and taking the elder teacher by the arm congenially led him towards the stairs. They climbed together, talking quietly, then disappeared into the upstairs study, a sanctum Ashley only rarely was invited into. A fluttering sensation in her stomach accompanied Ashley's realization that, just as she'd been telling Andrea a few hours before, the old man had every intention of abusing her defenseless position in the household. She was helpless to resist, and she was almost in tears as she went into the kitchen and found a small basin. She climbed the stairs and stopped into the bathroom on the first floor to do as she'd been bid, and collect two white hand towels. She lingered, trying to delay entering the study whose closed doors she glanced at with foreboding, the muffled, jovial voices within unintelligible. She filled the bucket with warm water, and holding a bar of hand soap under the surface rubbed it back and forth, as the water clouded over and became slick. Finally she returned the bar of soap to its dish and washed and dried her hands. Unable to delay any further, she trembled slightly and made her way slowly to the door of the study, where she knocked softly. She obeyed the barked response, and entered the study.  
  
Edward's book-lined, oak paneled study was a classical male sanctum of learning. Dominated by a large dark walnut desk, the room was contained a brown button-leather sofa and two large matching chairs and an ottoman. The afternoon light filtered in through slatted shutters, lending a golden hue to the warm wooden walls and bookcases. The men looked up at the girl as she entered, her delicate blue dress a contrast to the masculine earth-tones and textures of the room.  
  
Edward turned to Marquist, "Right, then, old chap, I shall leave you two to it. I will be going out this afternoon, as I have a number of matters to which I should attend. Take your time with Ashley, and let yourself out afterwards, yes? We shall have ample time to discuss your findings soon. Righto, Ashley, on your best behavior, now, you are to mind Professor Marquist precisely. Should I hear reports that you have not behaved yourself your punishment will be quick and severe, Do you understand, young lady?"  
  
"Yes, Uncle, but... you're leaving me here alone? Can't you stay?" Ashley queried tremulously, peeking up at the old professor on whose lips she could see a small, tight smile of satisfaction.  
  
"Young lady, none of that!" admonished her Uncle. "The professor and I see eye to eye on the rigorous education of young people, and though our methods vary somewhat, you will have ample opportunity to sample both of our methodologies. Marquist, adieu." With this, Edward sailed out the door, closing it behind him.  
  
As the door clicked shut, Ashley quickly looked up at the tall, portly schoolmaster.  
  
"Ah, we are finally alone, my dear. Good, good. As Edward intimated, he and I share philosophical roots when it comes to educating young people. In my long career in education I have learned that the activity of punishing and humiliating young ladies like yourself, Ashley, is very healthful, for me at least, if not for the young ladies in question.  
  
"I shall require your cooperation, young lady, as I don't intend to run around after you. I will remind you just this once that should I report your misbehavior to your guardian, you will be subjected to twice the inconvenience and discomfort which you avoided in the first place!"

Ashley stood rooted with fear next to the low side table where she'd placed the towels and water. The man stood, imposingly tall despite his age, and walked over to her. She looked down fearfully, then felt his hand reach out and grasp the back of her neck under her hair. She was pushed forward then Marquist turned his hand and gathered the man of chestnut hair in his fist and pulled her forward by it. Walking towards the ottoman, Marquist pulled the girl along by her hair. "Take off your shoes," he commanded. Ashley, partly suspended by the hand in holding her hair crooked one leg then the other up and pushed the red Converses off her heels and on to the floor.  
  
"Pick them up and put them on the sidetable!" ordered Marquist, leaving her slack in his grip so she could bend with a sideways twist to pick up the shoes and put them on the table.  
  
As the tall man held the girl's chestnut mane securely in his palm, he sternly delivered a practiced lecture, which made the terrified girl, already aghast at being grabbed and secured with such lack of deference, quake.  
  
"Ashley, it is clear to me from your demeanor and your very own report of your studies," lectured the Professor, "that you have not been taught the mental discipline and sacrifice required to apply yourself diligently to becoming a well rounded young lady!"  
  
"Edward and I share, as he mentioned to you, the philosophy that this sort of lackadaisical attitude must be nipped in the bud, and I for one am a strong proponent of the effectiveness of humiliation in retraining wayward young ladies.  
  
"Let me ask you, Ashley, what would you say is the best source of humiliation for a young teen-aged woman, like yourself, on the cusp of womanhood and its responsibilities, but still self-indulgent like a child?  
  
Ashley, whimpered, her wide, doe-eyes looking frightened at the man holding her. Marquist smiled cruelly at her, and went on lecturing.  
  
"You are silent on this matter are you, little one? Well, I shall enlighten you! A girl like you, just growing into and getting to know her own budding womanhood, believing she alone is the master of her newly found femininity? Why, it's simple. The subjugation and usurpation of her body by her teacher, the realization that her body belongs not to herself but to those men older than her to who she owes respect and obedience, that is the most effective way of instilling shame in a nubile girl like you.  
  
"And that, young lady, is exactly what I intend to do to you in the uninterrupted hours ahead of us. You will find, Ashley, that I will come to know and command your womanly charms more comprehensively than you do yourself!  
  
"Now, kneel on the ottoman young lady, for I'm ready to examine your ripe but still green womanliness."  
  
Ashley, trembling, felt herself pushed towards the low ottoman. Following his certain lead, like a horse with no choice as to what motions to enact under the guidance of a confident rider, she leaned onto the low cushioned pedestal, positioning one knee on it, then the other.  
  
Releasing her hair after she'd climbed up, Marquist stepped back to have a better overall view of the girl. He walked around her, his gaze travelling up her long, bare legs.  
  
"You may have come to believe, Ashley, that your delightful figure gives you a certain power over men who are obviously drawn to it. You will find, though, that the very attributes you are so proud of, your slim, long legs, your ripe full bust, the womanly swell of your bottom and your lovely face, all these are merely more reason for your educators to take their own delight in having their way with you.  
  
"Now, grasp the hem of your little dress, young lady, and pull it up all the way above your waist. Let's get a look of the underwear you'll soon be removing, shall we?"  
  
Ashley, hesitated, frozen in place with fear. She looked up quickly as she saw Marquist stride over to the desk. He picked up one of her Converses and quickly moved to her side. He turned the sneaker so that the toe was held firmly in his grip, the sole of the shoe pointed outwards."  
  
"You will find that lack of total and immediate obedience will not be tolerated, young lady!"  
  
Grasping her by her hair again, Marquist pushed Ashley's head down, making her bend forward at the waist and causing her bottom to thrust backward and the dress to ride up to the very top of her legs.  
  
Ashley's trainer, firmly in her tormentor's rose in a long arc to the height of his shoulder, and Marquist expertly brought the springy rubber sole down hard on the bare flesh at the very top rear of her thighs.  
  
As Ashley shrieked and squirmed vainly in the man's grip, he calmly spoke to the girl, while raising the shoe again.  
  
"Your disobedience, Ashley, is of no consequence to me, as I am more than happy to provide your naughty, naked thighs some motivation.  
  
The shoe slapped stingingly into her other leg, and Ashley again cried out and rocked her body forward, shuffling the smacked thigh forward, only to receive another smack on the other leg. Marquist continued alternating between her thighs as the distressed girl whimpered and shuffled ineffectively.  
  
"You will, ... SMACK, ... be raising your skirt, SMACK, for me in a moment, girl! Only due to your hesitation the backs of your thighs will have a very, SMACK, red, SMACK, likeness of the bottom of your shoe to decorate them."  
  
Marquist observed how the distressed girl's full posterior bounced around, her filmy skirt swishing up and down wildly as her creamy, soft thighs became suffused first with a pale pinkness, then as he continued the rhythmic slap of rubber against girl-flesh, impervious to Ashley's piteous cries and whimpers, deepening to a corona of suffused redness surrounding, on each leg, a deep red mark in the shape of Ashley's own footwear.  
  
Marquist had to force himself to stop, reminding himself that he must pace things, and that he would have plenty of occasion to continue punishing his delightful plaything shortly.  
  
"And now, girl!" he barked, releasing his hold of her, "You will raise your skirt above your waist, as ordered!" Ashley quickly grasped the lower hem of the flimsy blue dress and pulled it up, baring herself from just below her belly button. She held the hem up just below her shoulders, obeying as well as she could.  
  
From behind, Marquist leisurely examined the body the docile girl was just starting to show him. Her long back was bare from the midriff down, tapering to a narrow waist, then quickly flaring at her girlish hips which were only half covered by a pair of ruffle-edged, white lace panties with an ornamental sprinkling of printed green flowers.  
  
Under the thin panties' lower hem, Marquist delighted to note Ashley's prominent, full pale bottom cheeks, the skin goose dimpling in embarrassment, taut and firmly rounded. Her legs were shapely and well rounded, each thigh graced with the angry pink bloom of her punishment. As Ashley leaned on her knees on the ottoman, she tried to keep her legs closely pressed together, causing the full cheeks of her buttocks to clench visibly under the thin lace of her panties. Marquist walked around the girl, unapologetically staring at the nubile your body on display for him.  
  
Under the dress Ashley obediently held up to her midriff, her gently swelling belly curved sleekly into her dainty panties. Marquist came around to her front, and Ashley watched the older man stare at the swell of her pubis under the lace. Casually, he brought one hand up to smooth and pet the dark mane of Ashley's hair. Ashley gasped as she felt his other hand cup the lower curve of her breast, hefting the full globe and giving it a series of pulsing squeezes. Bending down before the girl he ordered, "Arch your back Ashley! Thrust out your bosom for me." Ashley quickly did as she was told, and Marquist's hand shifted its grip on her heavy breast, fingers splaying over its surface and grasping and sinking into her soft orb. His other hand traced the curve of her bare lower belly, making its way over her trembling soft skin, tracing down then playing with the elastic band of the top of her panties. Ashley held her breath, as she waited fearfully. Would he slip his fingers inside her panties, oh god, she would die!  
  
Marquists fingers continued their trajectory however, over the edge of her panties, and his fingertips travelled down the lace front of her pudendum. Marquist reveled in the feel of his ripe plaything's heavy tit. The swelling heaviness was soft and pliant, under a thin cotton covering and a nicely textured lace underwire bra. His other hand stroked the girl's swelling mons and Marquist could feel the cushion of her pubic hair, and where it stopped and yielded to a soft, swelling bifurcation. The girl whimpered. Marquist's fingers traced the swell of Ashley's nether lips possessively.  
  
"As you can tell, Ashley," intoned the man as he squeezed the girl's captive breast and toyed with her crotch, "these lovely and delicate garments you are wearing, will only provide a brief dalliance. Make no mistake, you little tart, that I intend to handle your big boobs, and your ripe cunt thoroughly, first over these decorative niceties, and then entirely, naked, not a shred of clothing on you!"  
  
Ashley closed her eyes in mortification. She felt the old man's slow, unhurried, groping. Damn him! He knew he had all the time in the world. Her right breast felt warm and full, as the professor's hand squeezed and hefted it as if her boob were a fruit he was considering buying at the market. Worse than that was what he was doing at her pussy! She squirmed as she felt his fingers trace back and forth over each sensitive labium, which she felt involuntarily growing slicker. She knew he could feel the dampness coming from her. She blushed, and a little whimper escaped her lips.  
  
"Ashley, raise your arms above your head. It is time to take your dress off, so I can see you in you panties and bra!"  
  
She did as she was ordered, the dress falling down over her middle, his hand still under it. Grasping the hem of her dress, Marquist swiftly pulled it off her roughly.  
  
"Put your hands behind your head. Display yourself properly!" chided the professor. Ashley raised her hands and clasped them behind her head. Marquist's palm smacked casually across her pantied bottom, his hand amply covering both of her bottom cheeks. "Thrust, filly!" He commanded. Ashley curved her spine as he pulled her shoulders back, causing her to push out her bottom and her breasts.  
  
"Open your legs a bit, titmouse!" Ashley gasped at the use of the humiliating term. Her Uncle must have told Marquist about this! She was so embarrassed that the two men had conferred, Edward telling the older disciplinarian how her body reacted when her breasts were stimulated.  
  
"Oh, yes, titmouse," smiled Marquist as he placed both hands over her breasts, feeling the lacy brassiere covering the plentiful swelling breasts, as they heaved to Ashley's distressed breathing. "Edward has been kind enough to share some notes about you with me, so as to most propitiously advance your education."  
  
Moving to one side of her, while keeping one hand on her breast, Marquist's fingers traced across the pendulous globe, quickly finding the hard protrusions of Ashley's nipple. His fingers traced the circumference of her lace-covered areola, then flicked across the bud of her nipple. Ashley felt her nipple rise shamefully, as if asking for more torment, which Marquist was happy to oblige her with. His thumb and first finger closed softly on her stiffening nub, then pinched it harder. She felt her nipple being squeezed, then pulled, and felt her nipple engorge and stiffen further under the teasing. Sparks of heat and stinging radiated from her tit-tips, and shot down her stomach. She felt the sensation root between her legs.  
  
"Your tits, Ashley," commented the old man as his hands roved freely over Ashley's lace covered globes, "are exemplary. Just what one likes to see in a slim young woman like yourself, nice and fat, round and upstanding." Ashley blushed as the lecherous old man felt her up through the delicate lace of her bra, once again finding her large, springy nipples. He pinched the tender buds eliciting a sharp intake of breath from the captive girl. "One does like a girl with thick, big nipples like yours, young lady. So much easier to grip and tug on than some girls meager tit tips, but not you, eh Ashley?" Both fingers gripped Ashley's nipples through her bra and Marquist pulled and tweaked the morsels painfully, watching Ashley's shoulders and hips writhe. He rubbed the captive nubbins feeling the scratchy black lace abrade the girls' sensitive flesh.  
  
Marquist delighted in observing the deep décolletage of his young victim, and smiled inwardly at his luck. "Stacked and submissive" he thought to himself. Rarely had he had the occasion to handle tits as full and big as Ashley's, save for on occasion some chubby pupil with fat hanging dugs. This girl however, was first rate and he delighted in imagining what she would look like once he'd stripped her completely.  
  
Marquists' hand dropped behind the girl and came to rest proprietarily cupping her pantied bottom. He squeezed her full cheek. Ashley realized her bottom was churning under the stimulation to her nipple, but couldn't help it, her bottom shifted and swayed, her hips gyrating, the pulses of sensation from her tormented nipple shooting through her, forcing her to squirm and push her bottom into the old lecher's groping hand.  
  
Marquist laughed, and casually swatted the bottom cheek he was holding, then went back to caressing her posterior globe. The girl's delightful, full buttocks, pushed into his palm involuntarily.  
  
"Your nipples, just as reported, titmouse, are nice and sensitive, aren't they. And when I pinch them like this," he said, giving her captive nipple a strong squeeze, "your naughty bottom..." Another SMACK across her ass cheek. "Can't help but get involved in the rhythm, can it?"  
  
As Ashley moaned and whimpered, the old man took his pleasure tweaking her nipple, pulling and squeezing it through the pale green lace of her bra cup, as his other hand caressed the curves of her plump bottom cheek.  
  
Marquist observed the squirming girl with delight. As she trembled on her knees before him, hands behind her head, her spectacular, fat, youthfully upstanding, breast jiggled in the strong grip he held her nipple in. Her bottom cheeks danced deliciously under their boy-cut lacy, translucent panties.  
  
"For our next game, titmouse, I need you to put your hands down on the ottoman as well. That's right, on all fours. Spread those legs a bit wider, we'll have no false modesty, as you'll be showing me your cunt very soon. Do you understand, Ashley, that you will be made to show your naked pussy to me? I shall examine your coral lips and your vagina, and I certainly hope you've done a proper job of depilating yourself. Bald cunnies are so much more appealing. Do you understand?"  
  
"Oh, yes, sir" Ashley responded reluctantly. She watched Marquist go to the desk and fetch the basin of water and the handtowel Ashley had prepared. He placed the basin on the ottoman, between her hands and knees. As she posed on hands and knees there, her breasts hanging down, Marquist pushed the small of her back down causing her to curve and thrust her backside out. She watched him dip the handtowel in the basin and draw the dripping cloth out. He draped the soaking handtowel over her outthrust bottom, and Ashley felt rivulets stream between her bottom cheeks and between her legs, and down the rear of her thighs.  
  
"Not only does this wetting down of your bottom render your panties transparent," mused Marquist, "delightfully revealing your full rounded bottom, but also it will lend a crisp sting and a most satisfying sound to the spanking your are about to receive, Ashley! I feel it is important that a young lady feel the full effects of her bottom spanking with a minimum of discomfort to her educator. I'm sure you agree. And the transparency of your little panties will help me to even out the redness on your bottom as it gets smacked. We don't want your rear to be splotchy and unsightly, now do we? No, we want a nice even coverage of spanks bringing a uniform rosy glow to those naughty female cheeks.  
  
"But before you are thoroughly spanked, a few adjustments are required to your dress. A girl must be properly stripped for a spanking, do you not agree?" Marquist returned the towel to the basin. His hand came up, and Ashley felt him undo the catch of her bra. She shuddered as she felt the delicate last covering her breasts had being pulled away, and the bra pooled limply around her wrists.  
  
Marquist took up the wet towel and applied it to the side of one of the helpless girl's plump hanging breasts. He used it to thoroughly soak Ashley's pendulous breast, rubbing the toweling roughly over her now naked globe, first scrubbing the towling against the side of her pendulous boob, then arcing over its lower curve, finally using it on the downpointing, fright-tensed nipples. Ashley felt the moist but rough towel scrub her tender, sensitive tit tips, the nipple hardening and lengthening as the towel scraped her. She felt the stimulation shoot from her nipples through her stomach and spark in her groin. Her eyes closed in humiliation, and she quickly tried to still the churning motion starting in her damp bottom.  
  
Marquist observed the effect on the poor girl, noting how the stimulation of her nipples caused her bottom to involuntarily dance about. He smiled to himself and, rewetting the towel, applied it to the girl's other bare breast, subjecting that nipple as well to a thorough scrubbing and watching it redden, tense and puff up, the central nub hardening and lengthening.  
  
"Your bare breasts are quite a fetching handful, titmouse," mused Marquist. I would say it is time for me to get well acquainted with your boobs. The old man put down the towel and fixed his gaze on the poor girl before him. Obediently arched on all fours, her breasts hung down--ready, he thought to himself with amusement, to be milked like a helpless girl-calf. With this image amusedly in mind, Marquist reached under the girl to grasp one heavy breast in each hand.  
  
His fingers encircled the base of Ashley's hanging boobs and slowly but firmly squeezed and coursed down her globe from base to tip. His palms cupped the lowest curve of her breasts, the nipples hard against his palms, then his fingertips traced the bottom of her breasts until coming to her tensed nipples. They closed firmly on the twin buds and Marquist tugged strongly on Ashley's nipples, watching her full breasts stretch and lengthen. The springy nipples elongated marvelously, flattening and stretching to twice their normal length. The girl moaned, and a shudder ran through her hips and caused her bottom cheeks to tremble.  
  
Tugging on Ashley's nipples, Marquist lectured the girl, "Willful young women such as yourself, Ashley, need to be reminded of their place! You see, it is easy for an attractive girl like you to get attention from boys and come to believe that you have the upper hand, doling out access to your pretty little body as you see fit." Again, Marquist's hands grasped the base of Ashley's exposed boobs and repeated their travel down to her nipples which he pinched viciously. The girl winced and whimpered as she felt her stretched out tit-tips imprisoned and pulled. Her bottom clenched and released with the tension. She knew her bottom was dancing back and forth, but the pressure and tension between her legs was unbearable. A tear came to her eye. That was why her Uncle had nicknamed her "titmouse" she knew. Her nipples were her most erogenous zone and she couldn't control her reaction when they were stimulated! The pain in her boobs was intense, but it immediately caused her cunny lips to get wet and slick. She could feel the dampness and the moist sliding feeling between her legs as her hips churned and her lips rubbed against each other.

Marquist continued. "It's very important, titmouse, that we teach you proper subservience and dispel these notions of grandeur. As you can feel, you are just an obedient little cow whose swollen udders are ripe for milking. These creamy, white, full tits need a good working over, your nipples need thorough pinching," Ashley exhaled and moaned as Marquist compressed her springy nipples in his fingers and a jolt shot through her breasts and settled between her legs. "... and tugging," continued Marquist. The man observed Ashley's soft bottom quiver. He smiled as he tugged repeatedly on the girl's nipples and observed the tremors in her soft ass cheeks, revealed through the wet transparent cream colored panties. He released one breast tip while continuing to pinch and pull the other. He raised his arm to shoulder level and flattened his palm tensing it. Timing the stroke so it coincided with a strong pinch to Ashley's imprisoned nipple, he brought his palm down on the center of one soft ass cheek. The smack resounded noisily through the room as Ashley's bottom cheek flattened under the impact. He watched the ripples travel through her soft, wide, feminine bottom, as if in slow motion. Beneath the delicate material of her panties, a pale pink splotch formed on her white ass cheek. Marquist grabbed her other breast roughly, palming the delicate globe. "We can't ignore this warm puppy tit, now can we little girl?" He groped and squeezed that bare breast, then his fingers found that nipple. Slowly and cruelly, he increased the tightness of his grip on Ashley's nipple, squeezing and crushing it, then slowly pulling it down, away from her body. Ashley arched her chest down further to ease the pain of having her boob stretched out, which caused her bottom to thrust out further.  
  
Marquists' arm went up again and his palm fell, delivering another strong smack to Ashley's alternate bottom cheek. She felt the strong stinging in the center of each of her tender bottom cheeks, then felt the old man's palm cup her bottom and squeeze and pat her helpless cheeks.  
  
"You see, young lady, how very necessary it is for a girl like you to have her breasts milked! Clearly your little backside needs a bit more attention, as evidenced by how it is trying to draw notice to itself by dancing around. Those first few smacks are just a little warm up for the good long over the knee spanking you are to receive, little one. I should say it is time to bare your bottom in preparation for giving it some nice deep color!"  
  
Ashley felt one of the man's hands grasp one breast possessively. His other hand hooked into the waistband of her panties. Ashley gasped as she realized that the old man was about to pull her panties down!  
  
"There is nothing to remind a young lady of her proper position," lectured the old scholar, "than the realization that the last vetiges of her modesty are to be taken from her. Yes, even these damp transparent underthings you are wearing Ashley, may give you the illusion that access to your ripe young body is still yours to control. Nothing like pulling down a girls panties and baring her bottom, as if she were a naughty child, to drive home to her the reality of her predicament. Yes, Ashley, as I pull down your panties your delightful pink bottom will be totally at my mercy. Such delicate skin and soft rounded cheeks you have little titmouse. "  
  
Marquist slowly pulled the girl's panties down off her curved, defenseless bottom, pushing them down until they were stretched between the middle of her upper thighs. She mewled in shame at being made to display her bottom and also, she knew, her delicate pussy lips.  
  
"Much better, don't you think little one? No more pesky slip of panties to come between your bottom and my hand?"  
  
Marquist plumped Ashley's spectacular, heavy, breast delightedly, The poor girl helpless before him was in a paroxysm of submission, attempting to avoid punishment! How marvelous. What delightful breasts she had, and how well matched they were to her full posterior! And between the well formed rounds of her bottom, her clean, pink, hairless slit was his to examine at will. Pouting and puffy, the rear of her labia gaped slightly to display the opening of her vagina. In the front, the clean line of her pussy lips led to the slightly protruding morsel of flesh hiding Ashley's clit.  
  
It had been awhile since he'd had the opportunity to practice his will on such a delightful specimen of docile femininity. She was small boned and slight in the arms and shoulders, but her breasts, and her buttocks had a lovely full round pertness. He milked the girl's damp, hanging udder, pulling her teat down roughly. Under his hand, the girl's rump shifted, her body twisting away from the pain in her nipple. Ashley's pale rounded hemispheres tensed as her nipple was tormented. Marquist raised his open hand high.  
  
He smacked his palm crisply down on her pale moon bottom cheek, and commented, "Let us see your famous bottom dance, Ashley, Edward tells me it is quite fetching!"  
  
Ashley felt the man's hands alternate from one nipple to the other. His other hand smacked repeatedly, crisply alternating between her bottom cheeks as her rump shifted sideways with the pain. The wetness of her backside caused the smacks to sound out loudly, and sting fiercely. Ashley couldn't prevent her hips swaying back and forth as the man grasped one then the other nipple, pulling it roughly, then delivering a corresponding smart smack across her bottom.  
  
As he spanked her, Marquist maintained a continuous narration of Ashley's humiliation, punctured by her whimpers and moans and the crisp smacking sound of his palm on her ass.  
  
"This is how, SMACK, indolent, SMACK, girls, SMACK like you, SMACK, are treated...SMACK... Rounded bottom cheeks...SMACK..SMACK... turned a nice hue of red. Shameful, Ashley, SMACK... how your naked bottom is churning, SMACK. Are you attempting to display your dancing cunt to me? SMACK SMACK. I shall just take both your breasts in my hand, like so, yes... I can grasp both your nipples and pull them both, isn't that clever?"  
  
Spanks rained down on Ashley's buttocks and upper thighs. She felt Marquist stop spanking her for a moment, and his hand coursed between her cheeks and made an incursion onto the rear of her pussy. Pulling her breasts, Marquist caused the girl to arch her back, widening the opening of her vagina, where his fingers traced her moist opening. The girl's nether lips were full and smooth as his finger caressed her damp pussy flesh. She'd done a good job of depilating herself between her legs, and Marquists' fingers toyed with her puffy closed labia.  
  
The old disciplinarian held both of Ashley's hardened nipples in his clenched fist and shook her heavy orbs. His hand explored the soft, reddened and hot flesh of her rounded bottom.  
  
"Your reddened bottom cheeks form delightful frame for your pouty cunt lips between your legs. I can see they're nice and shiny from your cunt juice, Ashley! I certainly hope you're not enjoying your punishment, are you? Otherwise we would have to redouble our efforts at teaching you a lesson." Marquist delivered another pair of crisp smacks to the juncture of Ashley's upper thighs and her bottom, then dipped between her legs. Ashley's head tossed back and forth and she moaned, "Nooo..." as she felt the old man's fingers trace the edge of her pussy lips between her legs. He squeezed and gave her breasts, imprisoned in his grip, a shake. His other hand caressed her slit indolently, pulling at the soft skin of her pudendum.  
  
She then felt him grasp one side of her pussy lips and push it aside. She could feel her vaginal opening being bared, as the old man looked between her legs at her open sex. The old man let his fingertips trace the opening of the girl's vaginal entrance, feeling the slickness of her secretions as he held her cunt open so he could play with her tight entrance.  
  
Marquist released her breasts. For a moment Ashley was relieved at the respite from the brutal sting in her nipples. Then Marquist ordered, "Ashley bend forward and bring your face to the cushion. We want you bent well over with that lovely ass in the air, and your cunt well displayed!"  
  
Ashley whimpered, but obeyed. Leaning onto her elbows, Ashely tipped forward. She felt the old man's guiding hand on the back of her head gently pushing it downward until her cheek came to rest on plush fabric of the cushion.  
  
Marquist watched the naked nymphette arched protectively. He placed his hand on the small of her long, strong bare back, and pushed downward in the center, instructing her:  
  
"Arch your back, girl! Shoulders back and thrust that naughty posterior out properly!" A resounding smack across each naked bottom cheek, made her pay attention. She thrust her rear up towards the ceiling.  
  
Languidly, now, Marquist placed his palm on one rounded, reddened ass cheek. "How delightfully soft and full!" he thought to himself as his hand cupped and petted the bare bottom submissively displayed before him. He toyed with the girl's rear freely, grabbing a handful of her ass and shaking it, watching her flesh vibrate. He reveled in the feel of squeezing each cheek.  
  
Ashley felt the old man's hand roam freely over her naked ass. She was so ashamed to be lying like this with now two hands toying with her cheeks, caressing and petting her vulnerable, naked bottom. She felt the old man's palm grasp her right cheek, then suddenly slap it hard.  
  
"Open your legs!" demanded Marquist. Obeying his order, Ashley spread her legs slightly, knowing that the old lecher was now able to look at the smooth shaven pouch of her pussy. She jumped as she felt his hand return to the rear of her mound.  
  
Now Marquist shifted forward towards Ashley's side and reached one arm around her body. The girl watched frightened as the strict disciplinarian reached under her body and his palm came up between her legs to grasp her pussy from the front. His hand spread to cover her soft delta, and his fingers splayed her cunt lips. He sank the tips of his fingers into her soft pubic flesh so her clit was trapped between two of his fingers, and his fingertips pushed shallowly into the very entrance of her vagina. His hand pushed upwards causing Ashley's hips to rise and her bottom to jut out.  
  
Ashley's eyes closed in humiliation. She felt the strict disciplinarian's grasp on her most intimate, feminine parts, his insistent fingers pushing open her vaginal lips. She felt her own moistness at the intrusion and shame as the old man pushed into her splayed genitals.  
  
Ashley felt the old man's other palm caress her helplessly exposed already well-warmed bottom. His fingertips pressed against her skin enjoying its bouncy resilience. The hand patted her rump a few times then she felt him stretch to reach for something. Her eyes were squeezed shut in humiliation, but she peeked backwards.  
  
Marquist held in his hand a narrow black leather strap! Ashley, moaned, "Noo...please don't hit me with that." But Marquist shushed the girl, again caressing her soft naked bottom. "Oh, yes, little darling. There's nothing that goes so well with a bare female bottom as hard leather, you should know that! Why the educational and decorative effects alone of a good hard striping are well know to be salubrious as well as esthetic! And not quickly forgotten!"  
  
Marquist raised the strap high above the trembling girl's ass and whipped it down, directly across the center of both cheeks. "Owww!" The girl cried out as she felt the fiery strap fall, leaving a blazing hot line across the crests of both her cheeks. She struggled, but Marquists fingers sank deeper into her cunt holding her still. Ashley's bottom now sported a darker red strip straight across, on a background of spanked pink splotchy skin. He aimed the strap lower across both cheeks and the leather smacked and bit into the girl's burning bottom.  
  
Marquist strapped the girl expertly, the strap falling each time in a slightly different place on her bottom, sometimes across and then alternatingly down a single bottom cheek to produce crossing red lines. Ashley wriggled to no avail, her cunt working itself against Marquist's hand.  
  
"A taste of the strap", droned on the professor as he smacked the hard leather again and again against Ashley's tender bottom cheeks, intensifying the color that suffused the pale rounded flesh, "is a marvelously educational device. Judging by how your charming young posterior is writhing and churning, young lady, I would venture to say you will not forget your acquaintance with the strap very soon, will you? Marvelous, don't you think, how though you're wriggling to get away, my grip on your little pussy makes a wonderful steadying device."  
  
"For example, let me show you. I need only push deeper into your yielding young cunt and grasp your lips with my fingers, and now as you will see I can redouble the intensity of your strapping. Isn't that clever, little titmouse?"  
  
Ashley groaned, as she felt the man's stubby fingers push deeper into her reluctantly spreading vaginal canal. The lecher inched his fingers deeper, moving at a glacial pace so both he and his helpless victim's attention was riveted on Ashley's poor cunt, reluctantly spreading itself to her ravisher's fat digits, accommodating them in her silky feminine sheath. Marquist observed how the girls little labia contracted inward towards her opening as he pushed in, closing like petals on a flower towards her coral core. His other fingers grasped each lip and pulled it open, baring the ruby intimate interior of Ashley's cunt. The girl felt the old man's fingers assail her genitals mercilessly. The man handled her pussy with total disregard for her modesty or comfort, and Ashley whimpered repeatedly at the extent of her violation. She closed her eyes, and tears pooled at her lids. Her most intimate core was being stretched out and ached from the manhandling, while her full bottom cheeks framing it ached no less from the burning strapping she was receiving.  
  
The strap flew higher and flailed down across Ashley's squirming rump, as Marquist, his grip on Ashley's cunt secured, redoubled his efforts, whipping the girl's bottom even harder. Ashley cried out and pleaded, "Oww.... no... please... ow... it hurts please no more, ouch owie." Her bottom trembled and clenched, and squirmed tightly, the compass of her writhing severely constrained by the strong deep hold of the hand in her cunt. Her entreaties were to no avail as the older man was all the more entertained by causing her additional discomfort, and smiled and smacked the bouncing your bottom cheeks over and over.  
  
As each smack fell on her bottom, Ashley felt the man's hand push into her cunt and force her backside back up towards him, in preparation for the next stroke of the strap. The old man accompanied his movements with tender exhortations to the his young pupil:  
  
"Yes, that's a good girl, Ashley... raise that bottom high for the next stroke... SMACK...ah, yes, that was a good one, nice and red...up, up, girl, present your backside nice and round, that's it...SMACK...shh... jumpy aren't we little one? No tightening down like that, relax that bottom! I shall push into your cunny like so, ah yes, that did it, that makes your bottom stick out, doesn't it? SMACK...Your bottom flesh...SMACK... loves the strap doesn't it titmouse? It wraps itself around the hard leather as you're being struck... rear high or I will fill your little cunt with my fingers, perhaps a couple more in there will motivate you to obey... well, if that's what it takes, yes... yes, up...SMACK... Ah, yes, four fingers in your cunt seems to do the trick, now we're not... SMACK!... tightening up that bottom are we, SMACK... oh, no, I guess a handful of cunt and my fingers pressing on your cervix...SMACK... is what you need to get that exquisite rounded form to your prominent buttocks!"  
  
After the old professor was satisfied with the plentiful criss-crossing strap marks on his young pupil's bottom, he slowly withdrew his fingers from between her legs where he'd thoroughly impaled the girl. Even after his fingers were withdrawn from her vagina, Marquist observed how the girl's cunt remained slackly and obscenely open, unable for the moment to close down, the normal tight line of her pussy transformed into a wanton, ragged, gash exposing the depths of her organ of reproduction.  
  
Ashley collapsed whimpering, bringing her knees up to her elbows. The man observed the muted sobs racking the girl's back.  
  
"Now, now," intoned the old professor. "No need to make such a fuss. Your bottom, young lady, is quite capable of handling the strap, and no harm done, except to further your education a bit. Now stand up!" Ashley struggled to her feet, her panties still pushed down to her thighs. "Hands behind your head, elbows up, Ashley!" She obeyed, and the old man came up to her and reached around her, as if embracing her. His placed his hands on her bottom, and palmed Ashley's stinging bare cheeks.  
  
Leisurely, he groped the girl's ass thoroughly, feeling the heat of her whipped skin radiate into his hands and feeling the tremor of her labored breathing course through her backside. The soft, hot skin trembled under his hands.  
  
"Now, now, young thing quiet down. After a good strapping you need to regain your composure. That's right, enough whimpering. I want you to breathe in and out regularly and deeply and calm yourself. Deep breaths, Ashley.  
  
As Ashley tried to obey and her whimper subsided, Marquist's hands came up and began groping her full breasts. Ashley tried to shrink into herself and curved forward while Marquist played with her tits, but this served only to deliver her submissive breasts to his marauding hands.  
  
"Nothing like a nice soothing breast examination to still a girl's overtaxed emotions, wouldn't you say?"  
  
Ashley observed almost dispassionately as the old man took liberties with her naked, full breasts. His palm fitted around the delicious globes, squeezing her responsive tits, then grasping her big, turgid nipples and pressing on them. He came around behind her and his hands covered her breasts and gave them a good working over.  
  
The old lecher delighted in the young girl's full, firm breasts. Taking a strong grip on the undersides of both her boobs from behind, he squeezed her tit flesh, and watched Ashley's breasts swell and rise. His palms coursed up towards Ashley's hard nipples, and he chided her, "I can see that you are enjoying the manhandling of your breasts, aren't you young lady? These hard, swollen, nipple nubs," he said as his fingers grasped Ashley's turgid nipples and pinched them hard, causing Ahsley to moan, "attest to their desire to be on the receiving end of some rough play." Marquist, poised behind poor Ashley, used his grip on her tender tit tips to stretch her boobs away from her, elongating the areola and skin leading to it. Ashley panted with the ache of having her breasts mauled and stretched, her nipples pulled painfully.  
  
Marquist shook the girl's breasts back and forth from his pinching grasp on her nipples. The heavy breasts shimmied and shook voluptuously, their heavy weight moving fluidly back and forth, her nipples elongating conically.  
  
"And now, young lady, we shall spend some time with you reflecting on your punishments. Pull the ottoman over to the chair. Now kneel on it facing forward." Marquist sat down in the deep chaise next to the ottoman, and picked up his pipe. He lit it while observing the naked girl kneeling at attention next to his chair, then sat placidly smoking, holding his pipe in one hand while languidly caressing the girl's naked bottom with the other.  
  
Twenty minutes passed, during which not a word was said. Ashley, kneeled obediently while the old man caressed and smoothed her rear, occasionally letting his hand trail between her plump cheeks and down across her labia.

Marquist's hand patted the girl's defenseless bottom, palpating her soft skin curve, her prominent cheeks and smooth skin. He cupped the crown of her nate, where the skin was pink and hot from being spanked, then trailed his finger towards the bottom curve of Ashley's ass, feeling her nervous quivering and his hand continued its path between the cheeks of her bottom, and then down to the rear of her vaginal pouch, caressing the soft skin of her cunt. "Open your legs, Ashley, so I may play with your cunny," he ordered. She whimpered but spread her knees further apart, and the old man placed his entire palm on her sex and rubbed her tender cunt lips with unapologetic fingers.  
  
Finally, the old man stood and, walking up to Ashley, ordered her, "Cup your breasts and raise them, Ashley. Push them forward for me. You will ask me to bite and suck your nipples!"  
  
Ashley was silent, in shame and horror. Marquist explained, "You can either ask me politely to take care of your big fat nipples, or you will receive the strap on your tender tits and then be made to ask anyway. It is your choice, titmouse."  
  
Ashley, whimpered but she could not imagine the pain of being strapped on her boobs. She meekly acquiesced, "Please, sir, bite and suck my breasts."  
  
"Why certainly young lady, if you inquire so politely, I shall be glad to oblige you." answered Marquist ironically,  
  
The girl obeyed meekly holding one hand under each plump breast and tipping it up to the old man. Slowly, staring into her eyes to drive home how very much in control of he was, Marquist bend his head down toward one breast. His mouth closed around Ashley's big nipple and his teeth fastened on the tense bud. Ashley felt him bite her tender nipple and suck it.  
  
The old man closed kept his eyes open so he could watch Ashley's full, pale, soft-skinned breast push against his face. Her fine, silky globe brushed his coarse, stubble-roughened cheeks, and his tongue coursed freely back and forth between the slick smoothness of the girl's boob and the turgid springiness of her tensing, nipple. The tip of the old disciplinarian's tongue flicked the bud into hardness, then, sucking hard, he felt her breast squeeze deeper into his mouth, the pillowy tit pushing onto his tongue and the hardened tip pushing against the roof of his mouth. Placing a hand on her boob, he drew it out of his mouth, licked the crinkled dark red bullet of her nipple, then carefully nipped it with his teeth. Ashley yelped as she felt the old man's teeth sink into her sensitive, huddled tip tip. Her distress brought a slight smile to Marquist's busy lips.  
  
Switching breasts, he repeated his delightful game with Ashley's other boob, noting that the nipple on this side had less of a tendency to tense up, instead maintaining its soft pliability, even when sucked, flicked, and finally bitten roughly. Having grasped the flattening, still soft bud in his teeth, he was able to push on Ashley's boob with his hand and feel her springy fleshy point stretch out. He alternated attending to the girl's full, meekly proffered breasts lazily. After a few minutes of this, Ashley's beasts were slick with his saliva, her nipples were erect and aching from the stimulation.  
  
Reluctantly, Marquist, gave a few last teasing bites and sucks to the girls reddened tip tips and stepped away.  
  
"Alright, young lady," he explained, "I think that will be all for today. We've made a good start, and I shall enjoy furthering your education in the future. For now, dress yourself and go."  
  
Ashley got up hurriedly and looked around frantically. She retrieved her bra from where it lay on the floor and put it on under the old man's gaze. Looking quickly up at him, she could see the old teacher's satisfied smirk as he watched her pull her bra straps over her arms, her shiny and stubble abraded large breasts swinging freely until she captured them in the decorative cups of her brassiere. She reached down and untwisted her panties, pulling them up, and feeling the relieve of covering up her sparse pubic bush and her still stinging bottom. She quickly retrieved and pulled her dress on over her head. She looked around for the red trainers she'd been wearing but could only see a single one. Impetuously, rather than look for it and tarry and give the old lecher another chance to think of something to which he wanted to submit her, she fled the room shoeless without looking back.  
  
Watching the panicked retreating girl, Marquist heaved a satisfied sigh and smiled.

**Chapter 9, Part II. School's in Session**  
  
18-year-old Ashley look out the window of the patrician Jaguar as it sped along the country lane towards the old, gabled building surrounded by a gravel drive. She tugged uncomfortably at the wide school tie clasped at the collar of a crisp white schoolgirl shirt. She shifted her weight nervously as she turned to observe the ancient manor home the car was approaching. The soft, luxurious leather seats of the gracious vehicle molded perfectly to the anxious girl's shifting haunches as she twisted her torso. The car came to a halt. The building, thought Ashley, looked established and imposing, a short series of steps leading to a wide heavy oak door bordered in wooden carvings. A heavy iron knocker in the shape of a lion's paw looked like it would require more strength than the young girl had to rap for attention and gain admission. Not that gaining admission would be high on Ashley's list of desires when standing at the door. If anything, the brooding presence of the building and the mysterious and ominous circumstances whereby the young lady had come to be there elicited in her troubled mind a wish to flee more than to enter. She glanced quickly at her uncle in the driver's side of the vehicle, setting the parking brake. She didn't imagine that he would be amenable to agreeing to forego the day of "education" he had arranged and take her home.  
  
Edward had come to her a few days before, and surprised her with the news that she was to start to attend classes. He had said this would prevent her from becoming idle during her summer. Ashley hadn't expected to be going to school while in England, but the though of meeting and fraternizing with her contemporaries excited her. So it was with eagerness this morning that she'd donned the uniform her Uncle had prepared for her: the aforementioned crisp white shirt, a pleated gray skirt, and thigh high white stockings. For all extent and purposes, Ashley's schoolgirl uniform would have been proper for a schoolgirl of 13. The one variation on the ageless dress her Uncle had made, he'd put to her as, "of course, Ashley, for your uniform we will forego the plain undergarments and flat heels appropriate to younger girls. You will wear your delicate, black strapped heels. And, of course, it is always appropriate to wear nice underthings. Let me see...." While Ashley had watched embarrassed, Edward had gone to her underwear drawer. True, she told herself, he'd bought most of the lacy undergarments. But still she blushed to have him finger through her lingerie, possessively taking up and examining one after another lacy transparent panty, or unfolding a large cupped, supportive but decorative brassiere with a hint of a smile which Ashley knew came from imagining her breasts and body in the garments. She had blushed as Edward picked up the bra and used a hand to push out each cup, clearly imagining what the cup would look like when supporting Ashley's full, heavy, young breast. The creamy smooth satin would complement, he imagined,the hint of dark olive skinned hue of her skin, and the decorative lilac floral pattern on the sides of the cups would grace the outer curve of his niece's swelling feminine globes.  
  
He settled on a pair of panties that sported lace and silk construction in pale lavender in the front, and a smooth, semi-transparent, full rear. At the hips a pair of violet ink ruffles extended across the top of the back of the panties, forming a vestigial skirt around the sides and rear. Ashley saw they would not provide much protection from prying eyes, though at that point she had no notion of how many such eyes would soon be enjoying her undress.  
  
Her Uncle was silent on the drive over, and Ashley caught a glimpse in the distance of an old manor like house, appearing and disappearing between the tall trees surrounding it. The car stopped at the gate for a moment, where an unseen camera approved them, causing the gate to swing open automatically, and the car to enter the grounds of the old building. Ashley watched the school blink in and out of her sight warily. The though she kept coming back, the thought that caused her to shiver in fright, was the phrase with which Marquist had dismissed her, "We shall see each other again soon enough, little Ashley, when your lessons resume."  
  
Could Marquist be one of the teachers at this school? "Please no," thought Ashley to herself, envisioning the strict punishments the old pervert would dream up. Another shameful thought came to her mind unbidden. "Hopefully there will be other girls and he won't concentrate on me." Ashley's concerns were prescient, and though as she would find out in due course, there would be other girls, Marquist and the other masters of the approaching institution would have plenty of occasion to give her the attention due the nubile and lovely young lady in their charge.  
  
After the Jaguar had pulled up to the stern, ancient building and Edward extinguished the engine, he turned to his niece. "Ashley, I expect you to be on your most ladylike and best behavior today. I am delivering you to the experienced hands of the masters of this school. Let me be clear. If I receive reports of your behavior being anything but fully complacent and agreeable, or any misdeeds or disobedience on your part, you will be made to regret it. Do I make myself clear?"  
  
Ashley hung her head, and nodded her assent. Quickly looking up at her Uncle she obeyed his gesture waving her out of the car. She stepped down onto the gravel drive, the small stones crunching under her black, open toes heels, and closed the car door behind herself. On the gravel beside her Uncle's Jaguar, three other elegant cars were also disgorging their occupants. Three other girls, about Ashley's age, stood confused outside the cars that had brought them there. Superficially, they all looked alike, wearing the same uniform of white cotton blouse, striped tie and gray skirt. Only their stockings and footwear differed, one wearing schoolgirl socks and flat shoes, and other the black or, like Ashley, white stockings and high-heeled shoes appropriate to a young woman, rather than a schoolgirl. Ashley noticed that all the girls appeared, just as she did to be nervous and tentative.  
  
Ashley stood on the gravel drive, uncertain what to do next, as her Uncle drove away. The cars the other girls had come in also drove around the drive towards the rear of the building, and Ashley imagined, the exit.  
  
Unknown to her or to the other girls being delivered to the "school," the men who had dropped them off, Ashley's Uncle, and the two others, parked their cars in the rear, and entered the building. They smiled broadly at one another, and exchanged pleasantries, as they made their way to a special room that had been arranged for them.  
  
As if recounting the statistics of horses on which they were betting, the men discussed the girls they'd delivered. One of their party, a fiftyesh, trim, steel-haired, man who introduced himself as Dorset, told of his charge. What he recounted recapitulated the written summary he'd left the masters of the school in preparation for this event, a summary all the assembled men had also had a chance to peruse at their amusement.  
  
"Andrea is 20, and has been in training for a year. She is by nature a bit rebellious, and needs to be roughly brought to heel. She has been ridden frequently, and performs admirably when forced. She has been "on the penis" for 6 months. Particularly dislikes properly swallowing sperm. Let's see, what else can I tell you chaps, she is great ride, one of the tightest cunts I've had the pleasure of encountering. Full tits, as you can see, and they are a source of exquisite torment to her when properly used, or shall I say abused? As I am sure you will be given the pleasure of witnessing, Andrea has most amusing and sensitive nipples. Not only do they swell delightfully full when tormented, but they take on a most decorative bright crimson hue." Dorset chuckled, a grin evidencing reminiscences which were clearly pleasant to him.  
  
Edward, in turn, intoned, "Ashley, my niece is 19, a virgin still, and is a few weeks from being introduced to the penis, alas, gentlemen. Her submissive and compliant nature, make her a delight to work on. It s a most simple matter to make her feel she is responsible for any predicament she is in, and deserves her punishments, which she takes with delightful meekness and embarrassment. As you can see, she has admirable chest development, and exquisitely sensitive nipples, which cause her entire body to writhe and twist stupendously. Especially, her bottom, which is one of the most spankable I've had the pleasure to encounter in my career."  
  
The men made themselves comfortable in the overstuffed chairs in the room, after pouring themselves drinks and taking cigars. They all turned towards a table with 2 large television displays on them. The images in the televisions panned around a schoolroom, with various angles taking the place of one another. It was clear that there were cameramen presently filming the rooms, able to artistically and strategically capture any action therein for the immediate viewing pleasure of the men, as well as for posterity.  
  
After lighting and puffing at his cigar, the third man, a portly, balding, weak-chinned specimen, intoned in a petulant voice, "Katy came to me from foster care three months ago. She is 18, and had a series of unpleasant families with which she was placed, where she was maltreated but with no sound principles of conduct or eye to her edification. As such, she had been on the penis since quite young, but has had to be trained to be responsive and attentive. She's rather a tall, willowy sort, muscled like a greyhound. Thankfully, she is sufficiently fleshy where required, and her buttocks are long and nicely rounded and very sensitive. She cries copiously while being spanked. She also has the softest breasts I've run into, with the most delightfully chewable stiff nipples I've seen. I often punish her by attaching clamp on earrings to the stiff nubbins. She hates it. As you will also see, Katy exhibits a delightful contrast between her lean body, and the slightly bulbous cheeks of her bottom. More so, however with her labia, which are fleshy and prominent. This has led me to apply particular attention in her training to punishing her genitals, which can lead her to paroxysms of hysterics, but after relentless repetition produces a subservient passivity in her."  
  
The men looked up as they heard a shuffling sounds come from the television in front of them. The scene showed the three girls being shepherded into the room by Professor Marquist. All the girls appeared to be cowed and quietly apprehensive, due of course to each of them having already undergone a introductory session with the disciplinarian similar to that endured by Ashley. The girls appeared paralyzed by nervousness.  
  
Marquist pointed to three school benches placed in the front of the room. Just before the benches was a large mobile blackboard. Slightly to one side, Marquist bent over and consulted some papers on the master's desk. Right behind the girl's three school desks were four additional desks. They were positioned closer together, so that the three girls who no sat nervously at their desks were arrayed in front of the desks, merely an arms length away.  
  
"Young ladies, settle down," ordered Marquist, "and face forward." The girls obeyed, each remembering how strict the teacher had been with them when in private. Though they didn't know it, they all shared a common hope and misapprehension, that in this more structure space and occasion, they would be spared any humiliations or punishments.  
  
"Right, face forward, ladies. I want you attention and gaze focused on the front of the room. I know how girls of your age get distracted by the presence of boys, and, as you are here to learn and not to flirt, we will endeavor to keep the interaction between you and the rest of the class to a minimum. I should think you ought to have no trouble at all behaving like proper ladies. Gentlemen, please take your seats..." entoned Marquist loudly.  
  
Ashley heard the heavy footsteps of a number of people come into the classroom. She suppressed the desire to glance back at what she assumed were "the boys." It was far too early to start disobeying the old tyrant! Behind her, she heard the scraping of chairs as the boys took their places at the narrow wooden desks.  
  
The four boys sat confidently an arms length from the girls and observed them intently. The insolence and freedom of their male gaze contrasted with the downcast, meek, glances as the girls avoided looking at the boys. The young men shifted in their seats as they stared at the girls sitting primly in front of them. Their gazes took in the girl's narrow backs and traced along the lines of the rear straps of their brassieres, and the neat manes of hair the girls sported. They craned around to glimpse the girl's pretty faces, stonily facing forward in compliance with Marquists' orders.  
  
Marquist began lecturing on English History. The boys heard none of this. They'd been informed by the their elders what would be taking place, and eagerly awaited the next step. As Marquist droned on drily, Jack, ginger haired, and wiry took the initiative when Marquist instructed Andrea to continue the reading. The nervous girl started to read aloud, but was interrupted by the Professor, who ordered her to stand beside her desk as she read. While the girl read, Jack leaned forward, grinning, and grasped the lower rear edge of Andrea's pleated schoolgirl skirt. Andrea concentrated on her reading, but felt a tug at her skirt as Jack lifted it, baring for a moment one cheek of Andrea's full rounded bottom covered by her translucent white lace panties. "Hey!" Andrea cried out, losing her composure, and whirled around, "Stop that!". Jack grinned up at the aggrieved girl. Her shoulder length, white-blonde hair, whipped around as she swung towards him. She glared at the grinning boy.  
  
"Miss Andrea, what are you doing, please?" said Marquist sternly, seemingly oblivious to Jack who had released Andrea's skirt and leaned back nonchalantly, chatting with the other boys. "Nothing, sir," responded Andrea, "the boys were bothering me." "Pay no attention to the young men, they are merely high-spirited, young lady. Continue." Andrea turned reluctantly away from the boy behind her, and began reading where she's left off. Almost immediately she felt one of the other boys start to lift her skirt up in the rear. "Hey!" she yelled out and pulled forward and away from the boy.  
  
"Miss Andrea," scolded the professor from the front of the room, "what is the matter?" "They're bugging me!" Andrea blurted. "And what are they doing that warrants your interrupting your reading?" asked Marquist. Andrea hesitated before responding, she didn't want to call attention to herself, but the rebellious young lady rose to the taunting grins of the boys behind her. "They're grabbing my skirt and pulling it up!"  
  
"Gentlemen, are you paying attention to our nubile reader?" Marquist inquired. Jack answered, "She's not a very good reader, Sir, so I was looking for some other talent she might have to keep us entertained" "Young lady, as you know boys can be quite high spirited. You have an issue with what the boys are doing to pass the time as you read to us? "Well, yes, sir,..." Andrea quavered, "they're looking under my skirt." "Ah, well," sighed the Professor walking up to the girl, and leaning against her desk, "boys will be distracted by young ladies, it is only natural. The female bottom does tend to draw young men's attention. Perhaps one should not fight nature in such cases, but give in to it. Maybe that will settle them down, hmmm?"  
  
"Young women, though, need to be more disciplined. You must learn to do what you're told without being distracted! Discipline of this nature is all important in a girls' upbringing. If you cannot maintain your composure, you will never amount to anything. Now you will continue, and the young men will perhaps oblige me by attempting to distract you. I do not want you to react, do you understand?" Marquist paced slowly back towards the young men.  
  
The frightened girl nodded her head. Tentatively she began reading again from the text. Within moments she again felt a hand at the hem of her skirt. She attempted to continue reading, but felt one of the boys raise the back of her skirt all the way up and hold it against her lower back. Her white panty covered cheeks were exposed to the boys, who drank in the womanly swelling of Andrea's round ass cheeks. Andrea tried hard to ignore the boys, though she could hear them whispering behind her. She read from the textbook, but was distracted by snippets of comments she heard from the boys behind her. "Now that's a great arse! Yeah, and great legs too. Too bad her panties aren't transparent, eh? I wouldn't mind her waving that in my face! Born to be bare, yeah."  
  
Andrea faltered in her reading, embarrassed and disturbed by the boys' rude comments. Marquist walked over slowly to the girl, his gaze intent on her. She suddenly realized that she had stopped reading, and that the master was standing beside her looking down at her sternly. "Andrea, you are NOT paying full attention to your lesson. If it is this pesky skirt of yours that is causing you to be distracted, we shall have to remove the distractions."  
  
Andrea, stood motionless, unable to comprehend what was happening. Marquist ordered her to stand tall and put her hands on her head. Andrea complied, feeling her chest jut out and push out on her white blouse. She tried to roll her shoulders forward and point her elbows inward to reduce the prominent swell of her chest, which she knew the boys would be staring at gleefully.  
  
"You, young Jack, could you please assist your classmate? I would like you to remove her skirt!" The three girls gasped. While Andrea trembled expectantly, Katy and Ashley looked down at their desks, petrified of getting into the same predicament as Andrea.  
  
Rising from his laconic lounge, Jack stood next to Andrea and reached out to undo the snap on the side of her skirt. He then expertly ran the zipper down and opened the gray, pleated, school skirt. Andrea, her hands on the back of her head and her elbows pointing skyward, trembled and looked down at the boy's hand on her hip, as it slid her zipper open, baring the skin of her hips and the edges of her white panties. The boy held the two sides of the opening of her skirt open, and began tugging downward, and Andrea shuddered as she felt her skirt slip from around her waist and start to slide downward off her smooth belly. Pulling the skirt down over Andrea's snug hips, the boy drew it down the length of her thighs, over her panties then down the naked flesh of her upper legs. At the top of her stockings the skirt slid loosely over the smooth black transparent stockings, and the boy let the skirt drop to where it pooled at her feet. Andrea was shocked. As the five boys watched her intently, she stood half-naked below the waist wearing only her white lacy panties. With her hands behind her head, her blouse fell only to just above her hips, leaving a bare strip of belly flesh visible above her panties. She felt the boys' stares fixed on her lightly concealed, prominent, rounded bottom cheeks. Her eyes closed in humiliation. She could feel her bottom tremble as she sniffled in shame at being exposed.  
  
"And now," intoned the professor, "perhaps we can all matter of factly return to our lessons. Though, on second though, this occasion might be put to additional educational use by addressing the educational materials that Andrea has been so good as to put at our disposal, hmmm...to wit her young female body. Gentlemen, I do not imagine you would object to a slight diversion from our study of Literature to veer into the topic of female anatomy, which your young classmate seems so willing to demonstrate? After all, we ought to make use of the occasion provided for us by a young lady standing around in her panties for us."

"But, to fully benefit from this occasion, I think it would be useful if Andrea would remove her blouse as well for us? Miss Andrea, please unbutton your top for the class, and lay it aside."  
  
The girl whimpered and stood motionless, unable to comply with the Master's order. Between stifled teary catches in her throat which wracked her torso, she looked wildly and imploringly at Marquist. Her blonde hair whipped around as she involuntarily shook her head in protest at being asked to undress in front of the boys.  
  
Marquist grew stern. "Young lady, you have been taught to obey at home and I expect the same standard of obedience here in the classroom. You may think you are immune here among your peers from the incitements to obedience that you have received at home, but let me assure you that you will find I keep as tight a ship in my class as your guardian does at home. "  
  
Marquist walked up to the girl. His hand went to the back of her head, and grasped a sheaf of Andrea's fine white blonde hair in his grip. He pulled the girl forward by her hair, and she tumbled after him, precarious on her heels, her bottom shifting visibly under her thin panties as she stumbled behind Marquist, who pulled her by her hair towards a door at the side of the classroom. Both Master and girl disappeared into the small inner sanctum of Marquist's office. The professor made sure to leave the door communicating between the main classroom and his office open so the amused boys and the horrified girls heard clearly as Marquist ordered the girl to bend over his desk, and "stick out your posterior nicely for a sound smacking to teach you to obey." A muffled complaint from the girl was followed immediately by the sharp crack of a palm being applied with force to pliant female flesh. The Master's words were indistinct, low and cold, but all in the classroom heard the words "naked" "bare" and "tender" clearly, followed after a brief interval by a sharp, regular, repeated series of slaps of a hard male palm against soft girlflesh, interspersed with high, squealing exclamations of pain and indignation from Andrea. Ashley and Katy both blanched as they imagined their classmate's naked bottom being spanked hard and fast in the adjacent room. The boys smiled, an uncomfortable but highly pleasurable swelling in their groins pulsing as if in time to the punished girl's muffled complaints.  
  
A seemingly interminable series of smacks rang from the adjacent room, accompanied by an indistinct gruff lecturing by Marquist. Andrea's plaintive yelps were quite clearly heard by the boys, whose erections throbbed in syncopation to the overheard staccato sobs of the girl being punished just a few meters away from them. The boys shifted uncomfortably, to accommodate their hard-ons. Ashley and Katy were suffering true discomfort, though, as they blushed and stared down at their desk, not daring to call attention to themselves. They too shifted uncomfortably in their seats, but in the girls' case it was due to the fluttering in their stomachs and the enhanced sensitivity they experienced in their own bottoms, their imaginations being unable to resist picturing their own naked bottoms bouncing and squirming under Marquists' hard spanks. Indeed, both had suffered the old disciplinarians punishments before, and their backsides tensed with the recollection of the sting and humiliation of their, only too recent, spankings.  
  
Finally, Andrea emerged shuffling ruefully from the Master's room, followed closely by the old professor. She made her way back to her desk with small painful steps and stood next to it. Tears streaked her delicate cherubic, blushing face, and her elbows, held high beside her head, trembled with suppressed whimpers  
  
"Now, Andrea," intoned Marquist, as if there had been no interruption to the class, "continuing where we were before we were forced to engage in a bit of discipline, please open your blouse so the lesson may proceed." Andrea slowly reached down, and grasping the delicate buttons on her blouse one by one, working the thin round pearly buttons out of their delicate eyelets. As the last button opened, she obeyed her instructor's command to put her hands back behind her nape. The sheer halves of the girl's blouse opened, hanging at her side, revealing her youthfully flat but soft belly. "Young Jack," Marquist addressed the same young man who had removed Andrea's skirt, "you have done so well in removing our I hope newly obedient charge's bottom half, please do us the favor of relieving Andrea of the constraints of her shirt."  
  
Grinning broadly, Jack approached the trembling girl. She watched him with trepidation as he came up to her. Glancing at her backside, Jack's grin widened at the sight of the rosy hue evident through the thin material of Andrea's panties. The rear of her upper thighs and the bare skin of the outside of the girl's bottom bore obvious, deep, pink handprints from her chastisement. The deep pink color suffused her prominent bottom cheeks, disappearing uninterrupted under the lower seam of her panties, in testament to these having been absent from her bottom while she was punished.  
  
Jack leered at the frightened girl as he pulled apart the halves of Andrea's white schoolgirl shirt, grasping her arms to slide the shirt off them, then guiding her hands back to the rear of her head. With a fine instinct for inflicting humiliation, Jack gathered loose strands of Andrea's hair from around her face, not allowing the shamed girl to hide her face behind her luxuriant hair. She obediently gathered the loose sheaf and pulled it back against her head.  
  
Andrea's shirt fell away from her body in the hands of the young man, and Andrea felt the clammy chill of her nervous perspiration on her belly and lower back as the cool air of the room touched her bare flesh.  
  
The boys started at the submissive girl standing before them clad only in her underwear, her white bra more a decoration than support for the full teenage breasts filling it. Andrea's breath was ragged, and her boobs rose and fell rhythmically, filing out the cups of the smooth, opaque cream brassiere. The boys stared intently at the swell of her full young breasts at her décolletage. Andrea's arms returned obediently to the position above her head, which caused her bosom to thrust out temptingly in its meager covering. She squirmed in embarrassment and tried to turn slightly towards the front of the room, so at least the boys would not be able to see her front. This was, unfortunately for the poor girl, not to be, however, as Marquist ordered, "Andrea, turn slowly so your fellow pupils may educate themselves thoroughly on the frontal anatomy of a fertile teenage woman!" She slowly twisted on her heels, her gaze meekly downcast, glancing up for a moment to look at the boys, but quickly flickering back down to the floor, as she saw the four boys delightedly leaning forward and staring at her almost unclad body. In their grins and unblinking gaze she could see the predatory lust for her tender flesh, and she shuddered at the thought of them leaning forward and pawing her. It was only the Master's authority that protected her from the horny schoolboy wolves. She closed her eyes in humiliation as she wondered what torments the lecherous teacher himself would allow. She would not need to wait long to find out.  
  
"Much better," intoned Marquist. "Now, Andrea, I made a distinction when I mentioned the phrase fertile teenage woman, to point out that you, and Katy and Ashley, of course, are at an age where your sexual apparatus, as well as your sexual characteristics are fully developed, no longer those nascent ones of a young girl, but at the same time you have not developed into the overripe maturity characterizing the transition past a young lady's full bloom. No, it can be said that you three are at the prime phase of womanhood to illustrate for our young scholars the quintessential attributes of ripe ladyhood. You are of course, fertile, are you not Andrea?"  
  
The girl blushed and glanced up at the boys, leering as they attended her answer. She dared not ignore the question or even pretend she didn't know what the old teacher meant; her bottom quivered at the thought of earning another spanking!  
  
"Yes, ...sir." she whispered. "And tell these young men what proof you have of this fact..." She blinked away shamed tears starting to collect at the corners of her eyes and mumbled, "Because of my period."  
  
"And this refers to?" intoned Marquist, "remember that our young men may not be acquainted with all the complexities of the female body, so I entreat you to be clear."  
  
"My bleeding," she managed to stutter out. Marquist sighed, "Tony," he beckoned, "please come here." A gangly, dark haired 18 year old boy stood up and approached the front of the room. Turning towards his desk, Marquist reached across it and extracted from a drawer an object. Andrea observed from the corner of her eye that he handed it to the young man, but she did not understand what it was until Marquist led Tony to where she stood and ordered her to turn towards them. In one hand, the young man held a 40 centimeter long, old brown leather strap, about 4 centimeters wide. One half was split down the middle to form two tails. Andrea swallowed nervously. Marquist carried a square stool, which he put beside the frightened girl's desk. "Kneel on the stool, girl!" he ordered. She clambered up, her knees uncomfortable against the hard wood, and reached out to the desk to prevent herself from falling. "Yes, that's right," continued Marquist, "Lean over your desk, elbows on the table. Head down between your elbows! I want a good outthrust posterior!"  
  
The stool was slightly higher than the desk, so the boys observed the girls' naked thighs stretched taut, her panty-clad bottom thrust high in the air, the position rounding and broadening the twin hemispheres under their scan silky covering.  
  
"I am not here," scolded Marquist, "to play Socratic interlocutor with you, young lady. When I ask you a question, I demand full and explicit responses which will not require me to further prod. You shall learn this, and now, and the strap that young Tony is holding, applied to your naughty bottom cheeks,..." with this Marquist grabbed the waistband of Andrea's panties and yanked it up hard, pulling her panties deep into the cleft between her rounded nates, "...will emphasize the expediency of answering satisfactorily the first time." Marquist's fingers hooked into the bottom seam of the girl's silky panty and further bared each full, rounded, already pink splotched bottom cheek. The material bunched into twin scrunched strips at her lower back, with a stretched strip of panty between her spread and exposed arse cheeks. Between her legs the panty covered and bit into the rear pout of Andrea's genitals.  
  
"Young man, stand next to your charge and place a hand on her far hip and thigh, then pull her securely against you, to hold her firm as you administer an educational thrashing." Andrea felt the young man push himself against her side, his pants rough against the bare skin of her hip. His palm grabbed her opposite hip, and pulled her to him, then wandered over the soft skin of her hip, down to her full upper thigh, and even to the side of her bared bottom cheek. "As this is the second time we've been required to chastise you, young lady, in just a short time, I think ten smacks of the belt are in order...Tony, please proceed."  
  
Andrea, feeling her bottom presented and exposed, her cheek pressed against the schooldesk glanced back. Her breasts hung embarrassingly, swinging in their cups, and beyond that she could see her own thighs pressed together and the boy's torso pushing against her side. She could not see what he was doing, and she whimpered in fear and embarrassment.  
  
"Katy, Ashley, stand and observe your fellow schoolgirl's chastisement! In fact, to fully comprehend how our strict rules apply to you two as well, though you have as yet not committed any transgressions, Ralph and Chaunce will remove your skirts as well. You will observe, gentlemen, how the fairer sex's empathy with one another, their natural congregation into submissive groups, will result in the other girls' feeling almost as if they too were having their backsides strapped."  
  
He continued, as the boys both delightedly ran the zippers down on the girls' gray skirts, opened them and pulled the clothing down. As the young men prompted them by taking hold of their calves or ankles and pulling upwards, both young ladies obediently stepped out of the skirts puddle at their feet. Chaunce whispered to Ashley as he scooped up the skirt and tossed it back towards his desk, "I think you won't be needing your skirt for a good while, little girl!"  
  
Both girls stood in their panties and shirts, hands obediently behind their heads. Marquist nodded towards Tony, giving him an encouraging polite smile. Tony gazed down at the full, feminine, bottom cheeks roundly exposed under his arm. He raised the belt to shoulder height. The twin halves of the split leather wavered in the air independently for a moment, then he brought it whistling down.  
  
Andrea, couldn't see what the boy who held her was doing. She felt him tense, and she trembled. She heard a sibilant whoosh for a moment. A sharp, fleshy smacking sound rang out simultaneous with an explosion of fierce, deep and concentrated stinging along a narrow stripe of the lower curve of her backside. A duller, more spread out burning suffused the side of her outer rear thigh where the twin tails of the leather belting left four thin red lines on her flesh. She cried out in pain and Tony observed the girlish bottom pinned between his hand and his crotch tense and contract, then jiggle in time to her sobs.  
  
The boy turned inwards slightly the better to bring his erection against the hip of the girl he was punishing. Andrea, wriggling from the fiery burn in her bottom was oblivious to the role her naked hip was playing in bringing pleasing pressure to her punisher's penis.  
  
Marquist raised a hand to stay Tony from eagerly giving Andrea another smack immediately. "Ralph, Chaunce, did you observe a reaction on the other girls' part?"  
  
Chaunce answered, "I was focused on the bottom receiving treatment, sir, but I believe I perceived a tremor in Ashley's pretty backside in response to the smacking of her schoolchum."  
  
"Hmm," pondered Marquist, "Ladies, please bend over your desks, eyes on Miss Andrea and posteriors pushed well-out. Don't make me remind you how this is done, or you will be taking Andrea's place shortly. Now, gentlemen, place your palms on each of these young ladies bottom cheeks, yes, best to reach under their panties so you can feel their bottoms tremble."  
  
Ashley felt Chaunce's hands slip under the lower opening of her panties. His fingers spread and his palm and fingers grasped her bare bottom cheek possessively. Ralph, pulled Katy's smooth cotton panties up before palming her nates, and his thumbs toyed with the slightly more textured skin between her backside and the rear of her prominent pussy lips.  
  
"The second stroke, please Tony." intoned Marquist. Andrea's soft bottom clenched for a moment as she heard the telltale whistle of the falling belt. SMACK! She felt a stripe of hot pain explode diagonally across her bottom, high towards the top of her buttock on one side, and looping low to the crest of her cheek on Tony's far side. "Owwww!" cried the girl, her breath coming ragged and fast.  
  
Ashley and Katy both were unable to prevent their own bottomcheeks from spasming in response to the sight of Andrea's bottom being marked by another pink stripe, bordered in a thin deeper red caused by the edges of the belt biting into her tender flesh. Chaunce reported the tremors and clenching he'd felt in Ashley's backside, as his hands seemed to try to soothe the frightened girl's rear by caressing her bare, plump cheek under her panties.  
  
"Katy's backside also exhibited jumpiness," reported Ralph, his fingers spreading over Katy's soft cheeks while his thumbs idly pulled the skin between her legs apart, causing Katy to feel her vagina gape and the tight fabric of her stretched panties settle deeper into her crack, baring the rear of her pouty vaginal lips.  
  
"Three, please, Tony!" The boy, excited by the sight of the reddening bottom before him, and the pressure of the girl's soft bare thigh against his erection, belted the poor girl harder, laying the belt straight across the crown of her prominent cheeks and watching the leather bite deep into the tender cheeks. Andrea yelped and screamed, and her leg kicked back involuntarily, as her bottom writhed to one side. By now, all three girls were crying, Andrea's sobs louder and more wracked than the other two girl's sympathetic soft whimpers.  
  
"As you can see, Gentlemen, our subject is becoming very emotional during her punishment. I have found this to be a stage a young lady goes through before she achieves the correct docile and servile acceptance of her due correction. Let me enlighten you with a little technique, sirs. Jack, as you are not usefully employed at the moment, please come around here and place yourself before Andrea's bowed head. Yes, if you like you can rest her head against the front of your trousers there. In fact, Andrea, turn you head and place one cheek against the desk, so that the other may nestle into Jack's front. Jack felt light-headed and giddy as he pushed his swollen erection against the whimpering Andrea's cheek.  
  
"I have found," lectured Marquist as he idly moved towards the girl's raised rear, that a combination of fully lowering a girl's underpants..." At this, he grasped Andrea's panties and drew them slowly down and off her stripe-crossed backside and down her smooth thighs, tucking them down at the rear of her knees. "...the full baring of the bottom, so to speak, combined with a firm, supportive grip on a girl's bare breasts..." He indicated to Jack, who instantly thrust both hands palm up under the bent girl, pushed into both cups of her brassiere and palmed the heavy swollen orbs there. He gripped Andrea's big soft breasts firmly, and squeezed them rhythmically. "Seems to quiet them down. A girl seems to accept when well stripped and gripped, shall we say, her role as a recipient of punishment." A nod to Tony.  
  
The old disciplinarian seemed to be correct, as the next smack of the strap across her now totally naked, outthrust backside, seemed to elicit less of a violent reaction from Andrea. Something in the abject humiliation of having her panties pulled down in front of all the boys, and the firm hold on her breasts, Jack's fingers firmly squeezing her springy nipples, held her firmly still and suffused the sharp pain from the strap on her bottom turning it into a dull, hot, ache all over her rear.  
  
It was a far more docile girl who received the remainder her of her strapping with only restrained whimpers and moans, and only slight shifting and clenching of her resigned buttocks. She felt pinned down by the starry stinging in her nipples and her firmly gripped breasts, and her bottom felt captive, hot, and electric with stinging energy.  
  
Ralph and Chaunce found no diminution however in the reactions of the bottoms they held. Ashley and Katy's rears pulsed and contracted, squirmed and shifted, and their whimpers only increased as Tony meted out the remainder of Andrea's punishment.  
  
After the ten strappings were complete, Marquist motioned Jack to release Andrea's breasts, and Tony to step away. "Stand, girl!" he ordered, "We now find ourselves back where we were before your punishment was necessitated. Except now, your panties, young Andrea, are pulled down and your bottom is acceptably red and smacked. In fact, if you turn again, we can let the boys see what we were discussing just a moment ago, your genitals."

The boys gazed lustfully at Andrea's exposed pussy, her bush trimmed to a delicate dusting of downy light blonde hair in a triangle aboved her slit. Both other boys reluctantly withdrew their hands from the other two girl's bottoms and all the boys went back to their desks behind the girls'. The ladies obeyed Marquists' signal and remained standing next to their desks.  
  
"And we were saying, Andrea, that we know you are fertile because..."  
  
The girl knew what the old lecher wanted her to say, and whispered hoarsely, "because I bleed from my vagina every month."  
  
"Very good Andrea. I think you shan't be needing your panties for the rest of the class, so please push them down and hand them to young Tony. In fact, please tell him they are a present for him, and thank him properly for educating you. I even think a kiss on the lips would be a proper thank you."  
  
Andrea turned towards the boy who had just caused her backside so much explosive pain. "The snot-nosed kid," she thought, "is grinning like a Cheshire cat! And I can do nothing to rebel." She reached down and pushed her panties off her ankles, stepping out of them. She then held them out towards Tony, and in a forced voice, said, "Thank you for taking the trouble of educating me, by, by, strapping my bottom." The boy didn't move so she stepped forward on her high heels, and leaned out to the unappealing boy and brought her lips to his.  
  
He took the slip of pale yellow underwear from her and pushed the bunched up panties into his back pocket. He then placed his hands on her naked sides, and tipped her towards him so she fell leaning the length of her body against his. His tongue forced itself between her lips and filled her mouth, seeking her tongue and pumping back and forth wetly. The boy took his time, thoroughly exploring the oral cavity of the helpless girl, while enjoying the feeling of her soft, feminine body pushed against his torso. His hips pushed hard into her soft naked lower belly, her lightly furred vulva separated from his erection only by the material of his trousers. One hand found her lower back and pulled the reluctant girl harder against himself, while his other hand cupped one of Andrea's hot tender ass cheeks. His hard gaze focused on the distressed, delicate featured face grimacing before him, Andrea's green eyes glazed with her recent tears of pain and humiliation. She squeezed her eyes closed, trying to shut out the image of the boy who was so obviously enjoying her bottomless body. She felt the tears pooling in her eyes, at being forced to kiss the boy who had just spanked her so mercilessly and now having to endure his hand petting her still-stinging bare bottom. She felt his hand pet her full rump, then squeeze a handful of her backside's cheek firmly, and jostle it back and forth feeling her ass move obedient to his pull.  
  
Marquist gave the boy ample time to enjoy the girl, then entoned, "Now settle down, ladies and gentlemen. Now that our young Andrea has been disciplined appropriately, let's return to our lessons. Andrea, please stand by the blackboard, hands on your head."  
  
Andrea shuffled forward, shamefully aware of the state of exposure of her lower body. At least, she told herself, she was still wearing a bra. As she walked up to the front of the class next to the blackboard and followed the professor's hand gesture to turn towards the class, the boys relished the sight of her full buttocks swaying to her steps, each rosy spank-crested cheek tensing and bunching then stretching out with each step. Andrea's rounded hips also swayed slightly as she walked, lending her naked bottom an alluring additional sideways sway.  
  
Marquist gestured. She raised her hands behind her head. The humiliation of being made to stand before the class and display herself bottomless to the boys stung her. She bowed her shoulders forward, attempting to diminish the exaggerated thrust of her breasts put on display by having her hands behind her head. Instead, this only served to give her high, taut breasts an appearance of hanging before her, deepening the valley between them and heightening heaviness of her tits as the soft yellow cups pulled slightly away from her mounds. The young men delighted in the view, taking in her proffered breasts, and staring with open lust at the neat trim blonde V of pubic hair on her slightly prominent mound, and the soft pink pussy lips clearly displayed below her dainty bush. She blushed furiously.  
  
Marquist began idly discoursing on the succession of the British crown family, a topic on which he could talk for hours without paying any real attention. Instead, his mental energy turned to conceiving how best to get the other two young ladies in his charge in "trouble," so he and the boys could humiliate and punish each of them in their turn.  
  
Glancing up at the blonde submissively displayed in front of the room, Marquist recalled how exquisite had been his time alone with her some days prior. As with each of the girls, he had had occasion to introduce them to his educational techniques and to sample the charms their guardians had diligently been preparing for the last months.  
  
While abstractedly continuing his lecture, Marquist was distracted by his recollections of the sunlit room in which he'd made the girl denude herself, how he had made her drape her womanly body over his knees and undergo a thorough manual exploration of her backside and genitalia. Chastising the girl for causing him to become aroused, Andrea had been made to remove his trousers and underwear, then drape herself back over his lap, his naked member now pushed against her mons and belly. He recalled how her full bottom jiggled and compressed as he spanked her rapidly and how he had made her repeated rise and lick the juices her wriggling was eliciting from him from his penis, her belly slick with his pre-cum. then reposition herself over his lap for another round of spanking. That session had ended with the girl obediently suckling his penis, then swallowing the copious load of sperm the old lecher had caused her to build up in him over the course of the hour-long spanking session. Marquist decided that an interlude was in order, for him, during which he would let the boys natural behavior further his aims with the two other girls.  
  
"Please take out your workbooks ladies. I want you Ashley and Katy to write a two-page essay on what you have learned from you schoolmate's punishment and how you intend to deport yourselves as proper young ladies. The boys will make sure that you pay undivided attention to your task. You may consult them for ideas. In fact, they will be grading your essays later!"  
  
Katy and Ashley both glanced horrified at one another. They had no idea what to say about the horrible experience of watching their companion being thrashed and manhandled by a boy her junior! And the boys would be the judges of their efforts! At least, though Ashley, while they were writing they wouldn't be being punished.  
  
Marquist turned to the blonde at the front of the room, "You, young Andrea, we shall go into my study for a moment where you may make amends for your ill behavior in ways appropriate for a nubile and may I say charmingly bottomless young lady."  
  
Andrea obeyed the old teacher's signal and followed him towards his study, where she'd only a bit ago been taken to received a spanking. Marquist held open the door for her as she entered the paneled room, and this time he closed it behind her, obviously not intending for the boys to overhear whatever was to occur.  
  
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Inside the secured, closed room, the girl turned nervously to the stern and displeased teacher. "Young lady, once again your parading that trim little pussy for all of us in front of the class like that, has had the obvious effect of inflaming me. Clearly, your misbehavior is calculated to cause male distress. What have you to say for yourself?"  
  
Andrea, whimpered, "No, sir, I didn't want to be undressed in front of you! It's not fair!" She stopped. She knew her entreaties were falling on deaf ears, that the old man was enjoying her pleading. Helpless tears moistened her big eyes.  
  
"Petulance, young lady, will only result in your being further punished, and if the strapmarks across your charming little bottom are an indication, I would guess that you would prefer to avoid further attention to your posterior. But, if I am mistaken, and you would like a further paddling?"  
  
He raised and inquiring eyebrow and stared down the meek girl. She cast her eyes downward and shook her white-blonde mane of hair. "No, please sir, my bottom hurts so already." Marquist watched the girl's midriff squirm.  
  
"And what do you propose instead to make amends for arousing your teacher in such a unladylike fashion?" The girl stood, mute with embarrassment. She knew what the old lecher wanted, and the memory of her kneeling before him a few days earlier as he emptied his semen into her mouth made her gag.  
  
"We both know what is required, young lady," he explained wearily. "If you are a worthless scholar, at least your talent for cocksucking can be put to good use.  
  
Girl, remove your bra, I require you to be naked as you service me."  
  
Andrea shuddered. She reached behind her back and unsnapped her bra and let it fall from her heavy breasts. The round white orbs spilled into view, her wide pink areola and pencil eraser nipples pointing slightly upwards and outward, crowned high on her plump breasts. She handed her sole remaining garment to the lecherous disciplinarion as he held out his hand for it,  
  
Marquist, his gaze never leaving the naked buxom beauty in front of him, leaned back against his desk, "Kneel in front of me, Andrea!" he ordered. The frightened naked girl knew she would be required to perform the service her guardian had been teaching her of late. She knelt uncomfortably before the old man. Her stocking clad knees ached on the hard wooden floor.  
  
"Take my penis out. You will service me with you mouth—unhurried, slow, you must make me relish the entire process before you will be allowed to swallow my sperm."  
  
Andrea knelt before the old man, and undid his belt, then opened the button at his waist. As she'd been instructed, she performed each action slowly and carefully, obediently giving the old man time relish the attention of the beautiful, naked, girl tending to his member.  
  
She ran down his zipper, then opened his fly. "Pull my pants down!" Marquist ordered. Andrea tugged the pants to his thighs, then lower, and Marquist stepped out of them and leisurely, he had all the time in the world, folded them and put them on his desk Andrea's angelic face was level with the old man's black underwear. He pushed the front of his shorts down, releasing his semi-erect penis and his scrotum. She observed the long, dark penis. It was full and heavy, but as yet unstanding. Her task, she knew was now to bring it to full erection, pleasure it and then submissively make it spasm into her mouth and swallow.  
  
She recollected how her guardian had repeated that injunction time and again, during her "training." She blinked trying to eradicated the memories of thick spurting eruptions draining into her mouth, as she was ordered "Swallow!" Her early balking refusals, resulting in jets of thick sperm coating her cheeks and clogging her hair, stinging her eye, had only resulted in her guardian waiting until his spasms had ended, then grabbing her blonde mane and hauling her to her feet, where she twisted as he thrashed her indiscriminately with a broad leather belt, cruelly intoning, "You will learn to swallow every drop young lady!" As she twisted in his grip, he wielded the leather belt to slap her across her belly and breasts, and bottom until her entire body stung redly. She had learned. Obediently swallowing the bitter sperm was preferable to the times her guardian refused to let her engulf his spurting member with her mouth, choosing instead to "decorate her face," letting spurt after spurt land on her cheeks, nose, and mouth. Her eyes obediently looked into her despoiler's face while the girl tryed desperately to avoid a gobbet from reaching her eye, where it would sting fiercely.  
  
Marquist knew the submissive, naked, girl before had been well trained. For now, he sought a short relief from his arousal, so as to more coldly attend to the other two girls in the schoolroom.  
  
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Ralph, Chauce, and Tony sat back at their desks indolently. Just before them, the two girls looked down at mostly blank sheets of paper before them. Keenly aware of the predatory young men watching them, they concentrated on the essays they were supposed to be writing, in the vain hope that they'd be left undisturbed to write them! That is, they both thought, if they had anything to say about the subject they'd been given. What could they write about their schoolmate's harsh punishment that would save them from similar treatment? They both knew, in fact, that they too would soon be punished, but hoped if they produced something to their teacher's liking they might be spared the worst of it.  
  
Katy was unable to avoid a rebellious tone in her writing, decrying the unfairness of Andrea's treatment, how it had been the boys' fault. Both girls listened attentively for sounds emanating from the office into which Andrea had been taken. Katy, as she wrote, was initially relieved that no plosive spanking sounds emanated from the office. Quickly, though, she realized that if her sister student was not being punished, it was likely that she was the object of some other, more silent but perhaps even more dreadful activity. She glanced up quickly at the closed door behind which she imagined the old professor taking sexual liberties with the helpless blonde.  
  
Ashley, concentrated, instinctively taking on a conciliatory tone in her own essay. "A small amount of punishment," she wrote, "is helpful when a girl is willful. But only a token amount is needed to make a girl obedient." She tried to make a case for light chastisement being sufficient, hoping this would weigh in when her own turn to be punished came, as it undoubtedly would.  
  
After a few minutes of watching the girls write, the bored young men started whispering amongst themselves. Ashley and Katy paid attention nervously, but were unable to make out what they were saying.  
  
Ralph, the oldest and more authoritarian of the boys, stood and walked up to the girls' desks. He leaned over towards them and said, "Please stand up ladies!" Ashley, accustomed to obeying her cousin at home, put down her pen and stood up, clasping her hands meekly before her. Katy, tears in her eyes, refused to move. Chauce walked over to the seated girl and enlaced his fingers in her long auburn hair. "You were instructed to stand up, disobedient little girl!" he chided. Pulling up on the rich mane in his hand, he forced the reluctant girl to stand up. "Disobedience means you lose an item of clothing!" he proclaimed, "Would you like to take off your panties or your shirt for us now?" Katy struggled, and Tony came up behind her and grasped her wrists in his hands. He pulled them behind her and held the light girl easily. "No answer?" mocked Chauce, "I suppose that means you'd like us take down your panties, doesn't it. I suppose some girl's like showing off their bare bottoms and pussies; you're one of those exhibitionists aren't you? Very well! Let's have those panties down shall we and see what your cunt looks like?"  
  
Katy struggled uselessly, and protested, "No. Wait! Don't take my panties off. I'll take my shirt off!"  
  
"I don't think you can be trusted," mocked Chauce, "we'll just help you, and as you have been difficult about it, I think it'll be shirt and bra off for you. A bare boob display should help to tame your spirit!"  
  
  
  
"Lick, little one!" Marquist commanded. Andrea brought her tongue against the old man's flaccid penis. She felt its soft skin against her lips. The old man's organ was sizeable, though not rigid, and Andrea actually enjoyed the soft texture, She let her tongue dart out and ran it over the shaft, licking softly up to the head of his uncircumcised cock. She had been taught by her guardian that the skin of the foreskin was sensitive and should be paid attention to lavishly. Her lips opened and slowly drew the stiffening organ into her warm mouth, where she let her tongue lap back and forth over the head.  
  
Marquist ordered, "Pull the skin back, Andrea, baring the glans. Use the tip of your tongue to lick the underside of the head where it is most sensitive. Ah, yes, that's a good cock-sucker." Marquist looked down at his organ nestled beautifully in the girl's mouth. Her full breasts bobbed as she worked her mouth on his organ. Marquist reached down and grasped the girl's breast, his fingers pinched the budding nipple and he pushed his cock deeper into her mouth. Andrea closed her eyes in shame at having to perform oral sex on the old man. She knew she had no choice though lest her punishments become unbearably worse. The sting in her recently spanked backside still served as a strong reminder of what was in store for her if she rebelled.  
  
She concentrated her efforts, feeling Marquist's member stiffen. He murmured to her, "That's it young lady, suck nicely and I shall give you your drink..." Marquist felt his relief coming on him and ordered, "Open wide, I want to see my sperm drain into your mouth...Ah, yes, that's it....yes, pump my penis while cum fills your mouth!"  
  
Andrea felt the teacher's member spasm strongly and opened her mouth wide. As she had been taught, her tongue continued to lave the pulsing glans, and she felt the man's sticky emission flood her mouth with it's slightly bitter taste and thick, glutinous texture. Obediently, knowing what was expected of her, she swallowed the old man's cum. It took her several swallows before the man's surprisingly copious emissions subsided. Andrea's mouth felt sticky and her teeth felt coated by sperm.  
  
Marquist sighed satisfiedly. He motioned the girl to stand and face away from him at the wall, her bare bottom towards him, while he collected himself and buttoned up.  
  
"Right," he thought, "that will have given our young rascals out there time to get the other two young ladies into trouble!" After the girl finished cleaning his member with her tongue, a duty she'd evidently been schooled in at home, he tucked himself back in his pants and stood up. "Arrange yourself properly, young lady! I don't imagine you want to have it quite so obvious to your male classmates that you've just been sucking and swallowing, do you? They'd clearly feel left out, and then you'd have to make amends, wouldn't you?" Andrea slowly, rose to her feet from the kneeling position she occupied. She wiped her forearms across her sticky mouth, and rearranged the cups of her bra to reposition her breasts, and cover her recently manhandled nipples. Of course, she could not do anything to hide herself, as all she wore was her brassiere. Her head reeled with shame and she swallowed nervously, the mushroomy taste of sperm in her mouth reminding her of her ordeal.  
  
Marquist grasped the girl by the upper arm, and guiding her ahead of him, walked her to door of his office and back out to the classroom.  
  
  
  
As they re-entered the classroom, Marquist observed what had transpired in his brief absence. Ashley had clearly been spared much of an ordeal, and stood by her desk, docile, still dressed in her schoolgirl white shirt and white lacy panties, white stockings and high-heeled white shoes. Katy had not fared as well, though. She was naked above the waist, having only retained her satin ruffled black panties and black translucent stay-up stockings held up by a frothy black garter belt, which Marquist observed to himself was a nice touch her guardian would have imposed on the girl as she dressed that morning.

While he had been enjoying Andrea's oral servicing, from which his satisfied crotch still felt warmly full, the boys had managed to for Katy to bare her breasts. Marquist observed the girl's bouncy, full, naked C-cup tits. Her breasts were high and firm, not as large as the other two girls' definitely oversized breasts, but appetizing in their youthful pertness. Marquist pondered expertly on the girl's frontal endowments, considering how both Andrea and Ashley, with their full, heavy, mammaries exhibited a notable heavy, round, hang to the lower curves of their breasts, with which they would have no problem passing the "pencil test," wherein a pencil placed under a girl's bare boob is trapped and will not fall, Katy's breasts were more athletic and trim.  
  
Katy's firm boobs jutted proudly from her chest, the skin between chest and boob taut and creaseless. The tight, long, buds of her nipples, glowed deep red, evidencing, as did the flushed and pink-mottled skin of Katy's pale globes, the thorough and rough manhandling, tugging, and pinching that she had been undergoing while Marquist was being serviced in the other room. In fact, as Ralph stepped away from Katy, Chauce moved before her to take his with her naked breasts. Reaching out he gripped one of the girl's nipples in each hand and pulled towards himself, causing her breasts to stretch towards him, the nipples flattening and elongating with marvelous elasticity, the areolas distending into elongated cones. The unfortunate girl moaned as her teats were tormented, a sharp plaintive "Owwww..." escaping her.  
  
The boys looked up and a hush came over the room, as Marquist re-entered. The old man shook his head in amusement. "You modern young ladies! It would seem that you are unable to keep your clothes about you, doesn't it? Ah, well if you insist on being found in states of undress, we shall just have to take advantage of the situation. Andrea, go stand against the wall, facing it. Pull up your shirt and show us all a proper bare bottom."  
  
Andrea shuffled slowly towards the wall, holding her blouse rucked at the waist as she'd been instructed. The boys observed the tensing and relaxing of Andrea's bare, reddened and handprint splotched bottom cheeks as she made her way to the wall.  
  
"And, what have we here, Katy? So soon into the lesson, and already bare-breasted? " taunted Marquist.  
  
"As long as you intend to give us a display of your admirable chest, young lady, we ought to do it properly, displaying your boobies in the best light. Please put your hands behind your head and thrust out your chest. Yes, that's it.  
  
Marquist walked over to the bare bosomed girl, her breasts rising and falling quickly in time to her scared, shallow, breaths. He observed the girl squirm as he instructed the young man who was gripping her nipples to "Pinch Katy's little morsel-sized nipples, Chauce, yes, watch as the sensation suffuses her expression! Now a little twist, that's right, you can tell the level of sensitivity by Katy's grimaces and her shifting her legs. The flood of sensation from a girl's nipples when strongly stimulated goes direct like a live wire to their cunts. Were we to check between Katy's labia, as we will soon, we would no doubt find her vagina moistening in response to the rough treatment of her nipples.  
  
"Such tender, round little titties our Katy has, you will observe, Gentlemen. A girl's breasts are, though delicate, amazingly resilient. They respond to the most gentle caress," Marquist's palm traced the lower contour of one firm teat..." Katy felt the old man's gentle caress on the plump curve of her naked breast, the intimate touch making her gasp," but they are plastic and tolerate strong manipulation."  
  
Katy winced and bent forward as Marquist completed the teasingly soft encircling of the bottom outline of her tender breast, then suddenly grabbed one white breast hard with one hand, mauling and bunching the soft orb, and squeezed and compressed it. The breast distended and plumped, the man's fingers sinking into the firm orb. Marquist shook Katy's tit and the boys all watched it jostle and sway heavily. Katy's bare, tender breast responded fluidly, the fullness of it spilling out from the strong compression of the old teacher's fingers, and swaying and shifting with a pendulous, fluid heaviness.  
  
Marquist released his grip on Katy's boob, leaving pink marks where he'd manhandled her. Casually, almost as an afterthought, he opened his palm and gave the pink full tit a sharp open palmed slap. "Ow..." exclaimed the surprised girl, as a pink blush suffused the pale skin of her boob. A whimper from Katy made both breasts shudder. Marquist stepped in towards Katy and grabbed a handful of her hair, then pulled her head back, making her thrust her chest out. The old man's practiced hand swung delivering an open handed smack to Katy's other bare breast. The girl moaned and stumbled on her heels, writhing to no avail as her head was trapped by her dark mane. Her torso twisted away from the man holding her, but that merely presented him with her other breast as a target. As the girl's chest swung up, he slapped the bare boob. Katy whimpered, "Ohh...ow..." Another pair of smacks struck her defenseless tits.  
  
Marquist turned towards Ashley,  
  
"Now Ashley, what would you say are the body parts that epitomize a young lady's anatomy. And I exhort you to not be shy in your disquisition as you have seen the punishment that will ensue."  
  
Ashley, trembled and answered, "Her breasts, sir, and her bottom, sir, and her genitalia." "You mean her cunt or pussy, do you not Ashley?" "Yes, sir," Ashley echoed reluctantly, "her cunt or pussy."  
  
"By lucky coincidence we have today three young ladies, and each can therefore kindly serve as a subject of study for us for the three primary female sexual characteristics. Now Andrea, given that you have conveniently lost your panties, I think has already laid a claim to being the class' "bottom-girl." The election of Andrea to "bottom-girl" was confirmed as natural and proper, as a definite tremor and shiver went through Andrea's posterior, naked on display as she stood with her gaze towards the wall. She felt the boy's gaze burn into her warm bum. Amazingly, she realized, the stinging from her recent spanking had subsided and her bottom felt merely warm. She dreaded the further attention it would be receiving, as she evidently was to represent femininity's rear charms in the lesson to follow.  
  
"Furthermore, as Katy has also arranged to somehow be without a brassiere, and also, my dear, given your guardian's reports on how admirably sensitive and responsive your breasts are, we shall appoint Katy our "tit-girl." We've already seen how Katy responds to having her bouncy teats stimulated, and we shall return for additional observations on this.  
  
"Leaving, Ashley, you to provide us with a prime example of the most feminine part of a girl's anatomy. Her cunt. " Ashley's intake of breath as she gasped in surprise and horror, was audible to all the smiling boys. They knew that in moments the three girls would be in a state of helpless undress, made to display their lovely young bodies without recourse.  
  
Marquist walked over to his desk an leaned against it.  
  
"As you can imagine, ladies, we will brook no disobedience or hesitation. You're each individually acquainted with my punishments for disobedience, and I will thoroughly enjoy correcting any young lady who is anything less than totally compliant. Understood?  
  
The three girls cast frightened downcast peeks at one another and then at Marquist. There was no need to answer, and they all meekly looked down and blinked back tears.  
  
"Female anatomy, the subject on which we will enlighten these young men, is best displayed either totally uncovered, or in feminine underwear. So, ladies, please remove your shirts."  
  
Katy, topless, didn't move, but Ashley and Andrea unbuttoned their shirts and opened them. They obediently folded the shirts perfunctorily, and placed them on the desks before themselves, looking down in embarrassment. They wore expensive, daintily ornamented bras. Andrea's bra was yellow lace, with semitransparent gauze cups which allowed the boys to see her small sharp nipples atop her firm full yet athletic breasts. Ashley bared her large, big nippled mammaries under a white half-cup bra with skirting and green flowers.  
  
Two girls stood in their bras, their breasts on display, though covered. Katy's breasts stood proud and bare, one still showing the pink blush from being recently slapped.  
  
"Quick step here, girls," ordered Marquist, pointing to one wall of room. The girls shuffled over, two in panties and Andrea naked below the waist. Marquist arranged the girls as he saw fit.  
  
In the observing Guardian's room, cigar smoke wafted through the air. as good natured banter of a risqué variety took place between the men. They observed on the large screen the artistically recorded video of the girls' arrangement by Marquist. Chauce, Jack and Ralph were also called to the wall. Chauce brought a tall stool and sat on it, one foot on the ground and the other on a cross-stay of the stool, his knee crooked. Marquist grabbed Andrea's arm, and pulled her over beside the boy. "Bend over!" he commanded, and tipped her forwards so she tumbled across Chauce's lap, her naked bottom presented to the boys and the cameras. Chauce smiled at the site of the trim but womanly naked bottom on his lap. Andrea's hips were wide, but her bottom was full and trim. Chauce place his palm on the soft swell of the girl's rounded buttock. Andrea felt the boy cup her backside and his fingers stroke the soft skin.  
  
"Tits:..." indicated Marquist, pointing to Katy, "over to Jack." Katy reluctantly stepped over to where Jack also sat on a stool. He pulled her hands to her head, and turned her to face the room. Grabbing Katy's wrists, Jack jerked them back behind her head. Grabbing a handful of her dark hair he pulled her head back so she was forced to thrust her boobs out.  
  
Katy stood, chest arched outwards, her boobs unprotected and naked and her hands behind her back, wearing only her panties. Her belly, arched backwards with her submissive posture, was flat and slim. Jack reached up and lay a possessive hand under one of Katy's boobs, cupping it and feeling its pleasant firmness, then letting his fingers curl around it and grip it firmly.  
  
"And for our nubile young Ashley, we've reserved for you the most important educational task. Though certainly women's breasts and buttocks are a primary feminine attribute, no part of a girl's body is so intimately womanly as her pudendum, or more colloquially, her pussy, ...her cunt.  
  
Ashley looked up at her cousin Ralph and the other two boys. "Oh," she thought, "How awfully embarrassing, I will be made to show them my pussy!" At the same time she was aware of a tingle of excitement at the realization that it would be her handsome cousin, who had after all already touched her "there" who would be exploring her most intimate folds shortly.  
  
Ralph took another stool to the wall. Marquist handed him a pair of straps and Ralph beckoned the frightened girl over. He indicated Ashley should sit on the stool. He then pushed her torso back so she was resting against the wall and grasped each of her feet in turn. He brought these up to the stool and slipped one side of a strap around her ankle, the other hooked into an eye on the side of the wide square stool on which she sat. Her other leg was similarly secured. Ashley tried to keep her legs together, pressing her knees against one another. Ralph then placed his hands between her closed knees, and looking at her gravely, pushed her knees apart, making Ashley expose the strip of purple lace and satin between her legs.  
  
Chauce wasted no time in using his his hands to explore Andrea's outthrust, naked, bottom. The resilient, still leather-strap warmed hemisphere's felt hot and bouncy and tender under his palm and fingers. He massaged the girl's naked buttocks freely. Terrified of doing anything that would earn her further punishment, Andrea kept herself totally still, accepting the boy's exploration of her bottom, even his prying her cheeks apart so he could see the expertly depilated, dusky, pouting lips of her cuntslide open, revealing the opening of Andrea's pearly pink vagina. She felt the boy's hand play with her naked bottom. His erection pushed against her naked belly as she lay across his lap. She felt his firmness pulse and stiffen in response to his hand relishing the soft skin and swell of her naked bottom.  
  
Andrea feels another hand, rougher and more experienced, less deferential to her femininity, rest easily on one buttock. A casual swipe of the palm smacks her cheek. Marquist explains, "We've had already, thanks to your dear Andrea, a demonstration of the properties and utility of a girl's bottom. We shall return to your backside presently. For now, Chauce will keep your rear sensitized by feeling you up as he wishes, and you are to relax your bottom and submit to being properly groped."  
  
Chauce cupped Andrea's cheeks and squeezed, and pulled the cheek from side to side, shaking it and opening her.  
  
"Now, I think we should follow up on this with the analogue organ on a girl's front, the biological mimic of the rounded buttock, by which of course I mean a young ladies tits, of which yours, my dear Katy," he says turning to her and making her flinch with fear, "are an exemplary pair, and shall be just the ticket for our demonstration."  
  
"It is an interesting characteristic of different young ladies' nipples that the degree of stimulation required to make them tense is quite variable. As you Gentlemen can see, Katy, though being quite well and firmly titted, has what might be described as naturally tensed nipples, the buds in their large dark areolas protruding like erasers. For such cases, a beneficial training can be implemented with these..." Marquist turned towards his desk drawer as Katy watched him fearfully. He turned and held out a pair of large wooden clothespins, and handed one to Jack.  
  
"Jack, we must help our little Katy's nipples to pop out further. Grasp one of her nubbins with your fingertips. Now pull, sharply and up, away from her breast, see how the nipple elongates and her breast takes on a conical appearance? Now gripping Katy's springy nipple firmly, I want you to shake her breast, make it flop back and forth."  
  
Katy stomach reacts with butterflies at the sensation of the boy's pincering grip on her sensitive nipple buds. She watches as her breast distends and stretches, the plump globe becoming taut, her areola stretching even more, and her tormented nipple lengthening and taking on a crimson hue. She moans at the sharp pinch as Jack starts to pull her nipple back and forth, her breast moving heavily back and forth. She squirms, her shoulders writhing at the abuse of her delicate nipple. Marquist hands the boy the large clothespin. A satisfied smile crosses Jack's face, as he releases Katy's now hard, tense, nipple. Roughly, he brings the jaws of the clothespin around the prominent bud, and lets them clamp shut, the heavy spring pinching down on her abused nipple. Katy cries out, but Jack methodically grasps her other nipple and repeats the operation—grasp, pull, shake, then snaps the second clothespin on Katy's complaining nipple.  
  
Marquist walks over to Katy and grasps her hair. He pulls her up from where she leans against the wall and pulls her forward until her head is bowed towards her thighs, her clothespinned breasts dangling from her chest. "Breasts proffered in this manner, hanging free and shifting under their own weight, are ideal for thorough examination. Stand here, Jack, before your charge and, yes, plump and knead her soft titties. As a man with much experience, I can assure you young men that Katy's tits are an exemplarily well-formed, full, yet soft pair. Do you not think so, Jack?"  
  
Jack stood before the helpless Katy, and squeezed the girl's large breasts firmly in his hands. His fingers grasped both her breasts and pulled back, gripping the heft of each orb as it slid through his hands, till the clothespins slid into his palms, at which point he cruelly squeezed on the jaws pincering Katy's nipples and pushed her breasts back against her chest, before resuming the motion. "That's it," Marquist encouraged him, "Milk Katy's boobies thoroughly for her."  
  
He grasped Katy's hair and used it to pull her downcast face up until she was looking up into his face, "Boobs like yours, young lady, can serve just as well as your buttocks for chastisement, you know!  
  
"Tony, you've had a bit of practice with the belt already, and as you are not otherwise engaged, would you very much mind giving this naughty cows udder a leathery working over? Though breasts are very sensitive and appear delicate, they are actually well-suited to soundly being thrashed. I suggest you attempt to dislodge the clothespins from Katy's nipples."  
  
Marquist grabbed the girl's head and pull her back, making her sit upright with her chest thrust forward, her breasts proudly bouncing high on her chest, the crowning clothespins bobbing softly. Katy whimpered as she saw Tony draw the belt back. She started yelping even before the swiping rough leather sank deep into both her breasts. A startled moan suppressed her yelp as she felt the deep, biting sting of the belt across her tender breasts. It wasn't the first time she'd had her breasts thrashed. Her foster father favored that part of her anatomy in fact and often contrived to torment her breasts. A hypnotic passivity came over Katy when her breasts were stimulated and she felt sluggish and servile, unable to move away or react. Three more swipes of the split leather belt smacked her bosom before both clothespins had flown off. Her punished nipples needed no additional instruments to stand erectly at attention now.  
  
Marquist came up to the girl, and grabbing one of her breasts, brought it high, up towards her face. Stretching it out towards her mouth, he commanded, "Lick... Suck... Tend little tit-girl to your own nipples, lick them. Now place your mouth around it..." she hesitated and Marquist pushed her head down and pulled her hair. She took the hard, stinging nipple into her own mouth and obeyed, sucked it hard. "Bite!" commanded the teacher, "I want to see tooth marks on your nipple, or I will instruct Tony to use the belt to thrash only your nipples ten times each!" Katy trembled and obeyed, sinking her teeth into her own turgid bud, hard enough that when Marquist pulled her head back, marks from her teeth were visible on her darkened areola. "That is good, Katy, now..." he pulled her head using his hand's purchase in her hair, "Let's see if Tony's sucking and biting adds a bit of spice shall we?"  
  
Tony quickly leaned down and fastened his hungry mouth on the girls nipple, sucking into his mouth as much of her full globe as he could. Katy felt his tongue bathe her breast tip, worrying her aching nipple, then starting to bite it, almost chew on it while he sucked. Tony released one breast, only to fasten onto the other heavy orb, his hands clamped to the bottom side of her breasts, pumping them towards his mouth.  
  
Katy closed her eyes, feeling the deep hypnotic, peaceful, sensation she knew came from steady stimulation of her nipples. She felt the firm sucking alternate between her proffered breasts, a soft warm sensation making her nipples tense and throb. She felt her nipples bunch and tense. The nipple being bathed in the boys mouth, felt full and warm, relaxing under the ministrations of the flicking tip of his tongue as it coursed over her throbbing, warm nipple. The mouth quit one breast tip, which felt cold and sticky and tensed, as the boy moved to Katy's other breast and the sensation repeated itself. She couldn't prevent herself from emitting little gasps and moans, as Tony gave her tits a good suckling.

Marquist observed amusedly, and commented, "You will observe, gentlemen, how our little Katy responds to having her breasts stimulated. As her nipples are moistened and tugged she is experiencing intense sexual pleasure. When we check later on between her labia, you will find she has quite thoroughly dampened herself. We will defer verifying this for the moment, as we have already chosen Ashley for the part of our anatomy lesson dealing with a girl's genitals. However, I think there's no harm if Tony were to verify the state of our booby-girl's panties.  
  
"Open your legs Katy, so Tony can feel whether you are properly dry between your legs."  
  
Tony's mouth released the full, tense nipple. Katy's eyes opened. She obediently opened her legs slightly. Tony pushed them further apart. The pale yellow strip of material stretched across her genitals showed a clear dark, wet, line delineating Katy's cunt-lips. It was certainly not necessary for Tony to place his fingers on it and trace the slick line of her labia, but the young man took his time fingering the slick, wet cloth, thoroughly palpating the soft damp lips under the cloth. He chuckled, "Oh, yes... little Katy seems to wet herself quite thoroughly from having her nipples stimulated!"  
  
Observing his friend's thorough tit-sucking the young lady, and now fingering her between her legs , Chauce reached over and caressed Andrea's stocking clad legs, stroking the bare skin between the top of her stockings and her panties. Then, as if realizing for the first time that there was a naked bottomed girl lying across his lap, her rear a deliciously available target, he raised his palm and brought it down hard, back and forth on either side of Andrea's already reddened backside. The moans and complaints from both girls mingled into a delicious medley of girlish mewing as the boys punished them.  
  
Marquist put his hand up after a brief span of this, and the boys stopped and lent him their attention. "Now we will pass to a girl's third erogenous zone, which our dear Ashley's pussy will help us become acquainted." Ralph holding Ashley's head back, her knees spread by the straps on her ankles, moved his hand to the lavender, silky cloth between Ashley's legs. His hand cupped her prominent smooth mound, gentling his fingers back and forth across her vulva, his fingers catching on her satin-covered pussy lips and pulling them first one way, then another, forcing them to spread and open. Ashley looked down. Her own heavy breasts swung in their lavender satin brassiere, the cups of which Ralph quickly pushed aside, causing her breasts to spill out, now swinging free with her bra lifting and pushing them together. Ralph's hand between her leg was tracing her slit, pushing the material of her silken panties into her slit. Looking up she saw the enraptured attentive gazes of the other boys locked to the spot between her legs. She felt the soft material of her panties slide over her skin, then felt it push between her lips, opening them and bunching in her slit. Her clean-shaven, soft, full pussy lips were uncovered to the young men's gaze!  
  
Ralph grasped the front of Ashley's panty and pulled upwards, stretching the gusset and sinking it into her folds. Moving his grip back and forth, he made the stretched panty cause Ashley's pussy lips to wiggle back and forth. A hint of her trimmed dark pubic triangle became visible.  
  
Ashley squirmed and attempted to close her legs, but was prevented by the straps. Jack walked up to the girl's knees and pulled her legs further open. He took one foot in his hand and held it out to on side, so Ashley was stretched open, her smooth, pale, creamy thigh strained open in a splayed posture affording the boys unfettered access to her genitals.  
  
"Girl's undies these days are whisps of nothing," said Marquist, and reached between Ashley's legs. She saw he held a small scissors, and flinched as he slipped the blade under the material between her legs. Two quick snips and the gusset ofAshley's panties sprung openb revealing her pink, perfectly shaved lips and the bare V of her pudendum. Ralph slowly pulled the garment out from under Ashley's bottom, leaving the girl spread-eagled, her soft, plump, hairless cuntlips open for all the men to examine to their delight.  
  
Marquist, lectured "It is curious to note that every cunt has a slightly different appearance, there is almost a signature to a girl's genitalia. As you can see Ashley's cunt is characterized by her thick pouty outer labia, lending her vulva a pleasing round concavity..." the old man's fingers touched her bare pussy, then he ran a finger along the length of her lips. Applying further pressure, he pushed his fingers between her full outer lips and used his finger to trace the more complex, convoluted, course of her inner lips.  
  
"Ashley's inner lips, closed now, form a charming protrusion between her labia majora. Ralph, please take over the demonstration? I believe you have had occasion to already study your nieces female parts?"  
  
Ralph smiled and walked up to the spread-eagled girl. "Yes, of course, now, Ashley has a trim little pussy, with neat, symmetrical outer lips which don't close all the way over her cunt. This displays her inner labia."  
  
Ralph used two fingers to trace Ashley's labia, then pushing between the lips, he opened his fingers revealing the pink, slick opening of her vagina. Ashley shuddered as her cousin ran his fingers over her splayed open genitals and teased the opening to her vagina with the tip of his fingers.  
  
Marquist explained, "Observe how as Ralph runs his fingertips over Ashley's naked pussy, tracing her opening lips and occasionally flicking over her clitoris in its little hood, Ashley's vagina clenches and releases."  
  
Ralph had already had occasion in the past to explore his niece's womanly genitalia, and was aware of the flood of sensations that his handling Ashley's cunt was causing her. He plucked one inner lip between his thumb and forefinger, and with his other hand pulled her other lip back, so that her soft folds pulled away making her vagina gape. He pulled up and down along the length of her slit, then traced the lip to the top where he placed his fingers on the hood of her clitoris, and pulled up, bring Ashley's tiny pale pink bud.  
  
Marquist instructed Ralph, "For instructional purposes, Ralph, be so kind as to pull Ashley's clitoral hood, that charming little covering of flesh up, so we may concentrate on her clitoris, poised at the juncture of her labia like a pearl. A sensitive pearl. Please illustrate this for us by rubbing Ashley's bare clit with the tip of your finger.  
  
Ralph applied the pad of his index finger to his cousin's bare little clitoris. Ashley's body twitched and, as the boy continued caressing her most sensitive organ, he squirmed and gasped. Legs spread wide, she felt humiliated, exposed and vulnerable, her most private feminine parts being handled freely, and her vagina gaping.  
  
"Observe, Gentlemen," explained Marquist, how our young lady squirms, her bottom unable to stay still and her vagina becoming, as we can see more open. Yes, young lady, I think your squirming vulva us opening up like a flower, and we are starting to see inside your lovely cunt tunnel!  
  
"Finally, Gentlemen, I would like you to appreciate the pleasing appearance of a young woman's sexual organs. The way the rounded cheeks of her bottom cradle and frame the soft swell of her outer labia, the convolute folds of her inner labia, a slightly deeper shade of pink in Ashley's case, and as you can observe from Ashley's squirming, the tight feminine sheath of her vagina, which now that it has started to open, we shall find something for Ashley to grip. Let us see how Ashley's cunt responds to being penetrated!  
  
"It is silly my dear Ashley, to look so distressed. Surely, as our vagina-girl for today's lesson, you had not expected us to ignore the vagina's main purposes? That of cradling and providing pleasure to a male organ moving inside it? Oh, no, young lady, we have a great deal of educational material to cover.  
  
Ashley watched horrified as the old man moved towards his desk and opened a drawer. Her hips bucked, her bottom clenching and unclenching as her cousin continued massaging the swell of her lightly furred mons, stretching her lips back and forth. She could feel the slickness with which her lips slid against one another between her legs, attesting to how wet she was. In fact, the boys watched the girls' slit stretch and squirm, and the shiny slickness of her juices cover her feminine triangle, then spread to make shiny blotches on her upper thighs between her legs.  
  
Ashley gasped as she saw what Marquist extracted from his desk drawer. It was a large, lifelike, rubber penis, very long, though Ashley, and worse, very wide. It looked lifelike, she thought, with realistic veining, even coloration.  
  
"As much as I am sure we would have no lack of volunteers to demonstrate the effect of penetration on our young student, in order to maintain a scientific tone to our investigation, we shall employ this device, but no reason to be dry about it. Let's name it, shall we, let's say "Dick Dildo?" Ralph, thank you, you may cease your ministrations on our dear Ashley. Circle round boys.  
  
The gathered boys gleefully encircled the spread-eagled girl, her heavy boobs hanging over the top of her violet satin brassiere, big, dark nipples tense with fright, a scared wide-eyed look in her large brown eyes.  
  
Ashley tensed against her bonds as Marquist stepped up between her splayed thighs. Slowly, almost casually, brought the instrument closer to her pussy.  
  
"Dirk, say hello to Ashley's cunt," intoned the stern lecturer. He placed the dildo's head against her labia. "Often, a hand can be used at this moment to push aside the vaginal lips, and clear entry to the feminine passage, but today we will illustrate instead the natural early reluctance of a vagina to accept a large penetrating object."  
  
Ashley felt the firm instrument push against her only partially opened lips. Marquist narrated, "As the penetrating object exerts continuous pressure on the vaginal lips, as you can see gentlemen, they stretch inwards until, yes there it is, they part to the side beginning to nestle around the penetrating penis. At this point, while the tip is just inside her labia, pushing at her inner lips, moving it slightly over the ante-chamber so to speak, serves to collect the girl's lubrication on the head of the penetrating penis. See, how Ashley's slick juices start to coat our friend Dirk Dildo?  
  
Ashley wriggled and struggled as she felt the firm bulbous object rub over her pudendum and push her lips open. She closed her eyes in shame, as she felt the old man exert pressure, pushing the fake penis' head into her, her vagina obediently stretching open to allow it entry into her body.  
  
The boys watched the hard rubber cock start to enter the young girls body, pushing open her small vagina. They gleefully heard her whimpers as she was penetrated relentlessly.  
  
"As the glans enters the vagina, opening the passage, you can see how the inner lips hug the contour of the our friend Dirk's head."  
  
Ashley twitched as Marquist exerted pressure, burying the dildo's head inside her cunt. "Once inside, the vagina cradles and wraps itself around the intruder, in a way that stimulates and pleasures the cockhead. As you can see when I remove the head again, Ashley's cunt has coated it copiously with her girlish lubrication, allowing the next thrust into her to sink deeper into her accepting body cavity. "  
  
Marquist pushed hard into the spread-eagled, helpless, girl and the dildo forced it's way into her tight vagina, accompanied, by plaintive whimpers from the girl as she was brusquely opened.  
  
"Observe gentlemen, Ashley's reaction as I now repeatedly drive Dirk deep into her cunt, beginning to fuck her in earnest. See how she trembles and shakes at the stimulation. Her whimpers are further proof of the force of sensations to her cunt. Please line up gentlemen and try some thrusts yourselves to see the variety of responses you can elicit from our vagina-girl.  
  
Tony was the first boy to take his turn with the dildo, and he wasted no time in slamming it hard into her, until the rubber cockhead slammed into Ashley's cervix, causing a mewl of pain to come from the girl, and making her body tense and buck. Once the instrument was buried deep in her, Tony drove it back and forth, keeping it buried well within Ashley's vagina as he repeatedly drove it in as far as it would go.  
  
Marquist explained, "Our Ashley is distressed, as you can tell. Dirk is all the way into her pussy, and when he hits bottom, it causes her a dull ache, deep in her most feminine parts. Please continue, Tony, but it is important to soothe our volunteer vagina-girl as we don't want her too hysterical for the rest of your explorations.  
  
Marquist moved behind the girl and cupped her large bare breasts in his hands. His fingers caressed Ashley's tense nipples softly and soothingly. "One way to ease a girl's distress at being deeply fucked is to stimulate her breasts, which has an admirable calming effect, perhaps because it is associated with nursing a baby?"  
  
In fact, as her boobs were gentled by the old man, Ashley felt her fear and distress abate slightly, and registered the in and out of the object stretching her pussy, now with a hint of pleasure in the feeling it engendered.  
  
Marquist observed, "Dirk is now quite, quite damp, dear Ashley. You are enjoying showing us how your cunt responds to being fucked, are you?" Shame washed over the girl at being presented spread-eagled and violated in from of all these man. How much greater her embarrassment would have been had she been aware of the delight and crude remarks being made by the observers in the other room!"  
  
"Chauce," Marquist indicated, "Please take your turn." The young man stepped up eagerly and was handed the dildo which Tony extracted from Ashley's pussy, which closed gratefully behind the intruder as it was removed from her body, leaving nevertheless as was obvious her slit gaping open from its workout.  
  
Tony stepped back and as the next boy stepped up to the open-legged girl, handed the artificial penis to him. Chauce positioned himself inside Ashley's spread legs, so one of her knees rested on his back and she was forced to open her legs even further. One of his hands took hold of her hair and pulled her head back as he directed the Dildo towards her crotch.  
  
"Your little pussy is going to open for Dirk, won't it, Ashley. You and he are already good friends, now let's see if you can be fast friends."  
  
Chauce plunged the dildo into Ashley's open vagina, but only about halfway in then quickly withdrew it almost completely. He started driving it in and out of her pussy quickly, at the cadence of a very athletic quick fuck. Ashley felt the penis push against the sensitive front wall of the inside of her vagina, making her pubic mound jut upward. The girl panted quickly outbursts of exclamations accompanied the rhythmic pounding her pussy was receiving. Marquist, still caressing Ashley's full boobs and feeling them shake and shift fluidly, could not resist one big turgid, sky-pointing, deep pink nipple, and bowed his head to it, sucking into his mouth not only Ashley's big nipple and the surrounding dark pink areola, but also the crest of her soft white breast. Her tit firmly lodged in his mouth, he felt the weight of it shift back and forth across his face as the young man pounded her nether parts.  
  
Ashley felt the large rubber penis impaling her. She couldn't resist writhing at the strong sensation in her core as her vagina was repeatedly opened and stretched. She was ashamed to hear herself making quick mewling sound, and reluctantly looking down between her legs, was unable to look away from the sight of her feminine and delicate lips repeatedly spreading themselves, her pubic mound rising as the intruding object filled and expanded her insides, her cleft spreading itself and she was ashamed to notice her little clit bud protruding from its tiny demure hood, and protruding visibly. "Ohh... ohhh...oooo...." She involuntarily exclaimed.  
  
Getting in one more suck on the bouncing boob, Marquist let it pop wetly from his mouth, and instructed, "Thank you Chauce, that is a very good illustration of how Ashley's cunt will handle a vigorous fucking, As we saw, the repeated, quick and hard penetration leaves Ashley panting and writhing. And as you can see, her cunt is now quite stretched open on its own, none too eager to return to its closed, friendless state."  
  
"And, of course, thank you dear Ashley for so ably demonstrating your little cunt's proper use!"  
  
"And now, young ladies, for the final piece of instruction today, please remove all your clothing, except stockings garter belts and heels! Help Ashley down from the stool, please, Ralph.  
  
The girls stood and hesitantly removed their bras and pushed their panties down. The boys nearest each took the garments and stared at the nubile naked young ladies.  
  
"This state of dress, so apt for the group punishment session we are about to have, will be required of you frequently in my class. It is called 'elegant nude.' It is to be distinguished from "absolute nude" in which no garments at all are to be worn. The elegant nude ensemble, with stockings, high-heels, and garter belts, ensures that your posture is elongated and feminine, proudly displaying your nude bodies to their best advantage,  
  
The three girls stood, each wearing only shoes and stockings and a lacy garter belt.  
  
"Ladies, be so kind as to stand against the blackboard facing us, yes, spread yourselves out. Hands by your sides! We don't want you covering yourselves. It is far too late for any false feminine modest about your ripe young bodies."  
  
Ashley, Katy, and Andrea positioned themselves next to one another at the old, wood-framed blackboard. They could smell the old chalk dust, behind them, reminiscent of so many old-fashioned and strict institutions. The three naked girls glanced nervously up at the boys who were sitting at their desks intently staring at the displayed females. Each naked girl displayed a pair of delicious and youthful breasts, soft flat bellies leading down to their exposed pudenda, each sporting a different style. Ashley's pubic triangle was decorated by a small tuft of bush, close cut but with a start of a curl to it. Her nether lips were prominent below it, and her cleft framed a small fold in which her clitoris hid. Katy's vulva was totally bare, giving her the appearance almost of a little girl, a clean straight split between the peach halves of her bare cunt. Andrea's nether fashion statement was a close cropped strip covering the swell of her mons.  
  
Marquist appeared to ponder, "What shall we do with the remaining time to be most educational? Ah yes, I have it!"  
  
Going back to his desk, he retrieved a large open box, of the sort used to store pencils or drafting supplies, then took it to the cabinet by the side of the room. The girls watched him with worried expressions, as he collected items and put them in the box. He then came over to the blackboard and explained, "Girls, I will hand you two items each, which will serve us for the remained of this lesson, and you are to hold them until you are called individually."  
  
Marquist stepped in front of Ashley. He muttered to himself, "I think pink is a good color for you Ashley, take this..." Ashley reached out with her hand and found it clasping a long bullet shaped vibrator, colored a metallic pink. The teached also handed her a rubber beach shoe, with a whippy corrugated sole. Ashley looked at these with fearful curiosity.  
  
Marquist then gave similar vibrators in green and blue to Andrea and Katy, handing Andrea a long, black riding crop, with thick woven handle, a long leather covered shaft, and a wide leather loop in the shape of a spade at its end. Katy was given the wide leather strap which had recently been used on Andrea's posterior.

"As we have explored the various parts of these ladies' female anatomies, there is one thing that we have left out, and I think we shall allow all of you girls to help us illustrate it. Namely, having seen these girls sexual parts and some of their responses to being manipulated, we move now to the end. The rear end, in fact, if you will allow a little pun. By which I refer of course to their rear openings and the responses that can be elicited from the violation of their backsides, the introduction of a firm object into their anuses.  
  
All three girls gasped frightenedly.  
  
"Ladies, go to your desks. Now, I want you to get on your knees on the seats, and lean right over your desks. This will present your backsides perfectly for our next exploration... All the way over, stretch out! I want your charming bare buttocks pointing straight up."  
  
The girls obeyed, frightenedly, clambering awkwardly over the wooden expanses of their desks. They were painfully aware of how exposed their naked buttocks would appear to the boys.  
  
"Now, young ladies, please hold out your vibrators, and Gentlemen, if you would be so kind as to take these from the young ladies? No need to fret, girls, they will soon be returned to you, and employed in the fashion for which they, and your tempting rear ends, I may say, were intended.  
  
Chauce, Tony, and Jack quickly stepped forward to take the proffered vibrators from the embarrassed girls. The girls looked up with trepidation at the old teacher, who handed a tube to Chauce, and instructed, "Gentlemen, please apply this lubricant liberally to the items you are holding. No doubt, the young ladies nervousness and fear will make their hind entrances somewhat tight, and we must think of their comfort as well."  
  
The young men took turns anointing the shiny plastic phalluses liberally. Marquist continued, "We shall now proceed to introduce these vibrators into our charming young ladies' asses one by one. As you can imagine they may well attempt to resist their penetration, so we will encourage them to relax their nether regions by a strong application of each girls' implement across her lower buttocks. You will find that a series of unrelenting, sharp smacks on the lower curves of their buttocks will serve admirably in making them accede to the penetration of their anuses.  
  
"Ralph, your part will be to administer the bottom smackings.  
  
"Jack, please begin with Katy. Apply the lubricant liberally, then please introduce Katy's vibrator into her as Ralph applies the wide leather belt to her posterior to encourage her opening herself.  
  
Ralph stepped in front of the girl's desk and took the wide leather belt from her hand. Katy felt Jack's hand cup one of her bottom cheeks, and push it sideways, then suddenly felt the slick, pointed tip of the vibrator, touch the sensitive ring of her anus. The slight vibration communicated itself directly to her tender ring and she felt the tip press down, attempting to push into her. Her buttocks clenched at the intrusion, but as they did, she a fiery, burning, stripe of pain coursed through one cheek as the boy standing in front of her thrashed one rounded buttock. She felt her bottom bounce, and then another smack fall across her other cheek. She whimpered and her bottom spasmed, giving the lubricated tip of the vibrator an opportunity to press into her and being to open up her rear entrance. She gasped as the boy behind her twirled the vibrator, which now inside her anal opening, sank deeper into her, as her backside opened to it under another lash from the belt.  
  
Jack looked down on the enticing sight of Katy's long, full buttocks, spread wide as the girl bent over the desk. The soft, pinkened mounds of the girls' bottom trembled fluidly rippling with the sobs that escaped the girl. Tears streaked the lovely pixie face as the Katy softly wept. Katy's puffy vaginal pouch, gaped at the rear so the boys could see the entrance to her pink vagina between the fleshy lobes of her labia. Just behind it, her cute, crinkled rear entrance slowly widened as Jack pushed the point of the vibrator into the girl. It resisted for a moment, ceding away from the point, then suddenly the tip penetrated her anal rosette, and it widened, sliding open on the lubricated intruding object. The tip entered her anus, then Jack pushed harder, and the long cylinder sank into the girl's arsehole, her bottom cheeks vibrating madly with the sensation.  
  
Though Katy's rear no longer resisted the entry of the hard object at all, Ralph looked quickly at Jack, who smiled and moved his hand up to the very end of the vibrator so it would be out of the way of the swipe of the hard leather belt which Ralph brought down on the white, tender mounds. Katy sobbed loudly as Ralph strapped her, catching the lower full curves of her bottom. If anything was nicer than the sight of Katy's long womanly rear being forcibly impaled, it was the wide red strap marks that decorated her ass right under the vibrator, deep red on the crests, then fading to pink on the sides and middle, a white gap where in the crack of her arse where the bright colorful vibe buzzed encased by the girlflesh.  
  
"Unnh" Katy exclaimed as she felt the vibrator sink deeply inside her. "Good," intoned the strict disciplinarian, "now Jack please ensure that our nicely skewered young bottom doesn't become complacent to her penetration. Turn up the vibrations and make sure to push in and out to keep exercising Katy's little asshole. Twisting the vibrator is also a nice touch."  
  
Katy felt the boy twist the vibrator embedded deeply in her bottom. As the shaft rotated in her ass, the boy thrusting it in and out slowly, she felt his hand rest on her bare bottom, petting her trembling buttocks with frightening familiarity.  
  
Jack leered as his hand caressed the helpless girl's rounded, thrust out, pinkened cheeks. His hand cupped the hot soft crest of one cheek. His open palm traveled to the baby-soft flesh between her ass cheeks. Katy felt the boy's unrestrained fingers dip lower until they were touching the rear of her vaginal lips. She trembled as the boy placed a finger on each side of the rear of the entrance to her vagina, and separated her lips, prodding with a fingertip at the opening rear of her vagina.  
  
"And now Chauce, if you'll do the same for Ashley's nicely prominent bottom?" Ralph took the whippy athletic shoe from Ashley. Chauce took the initiative. He nodded to Ralph, and Ashley felt two smart, hard spanks of the rubber sole across her buttocks, a burning sensation suffusing the full nates. "Ashley, please grasp your bottom cheeks, one in each hand, and pull them apart for me," ordered the boy. Ashley obeyed, and grasped one smarting full cheek in each hand, then embarrassedly separated them. Chauce was not gentle, and Ashley squealed as he shoved the vibrating missile hard into her resisting backside. She felt her rear entrance penetrated, and felt it stretch painfully open. She resisted, and a searing blaze of pain suffused the lower, rounded, edge of one of her bottom cheeks. Ashley whimpered, only to feel the rubber sole smack down again on the very same tender spot on her ass. As her bottom trembled with the sting, she felt the firm intruder push deeper into her vanquished anus. The vibrator plunged down deep into her unresistingly, but Ralph lashed the trainer's rubber sole against the lower curve of her other cheek anyway. The intense stinging caused her bottom to contract and wriggle, while Chauce thrust the long vibrator in and out of the girl's bottom, plunging in deep, then pulling it out all the way, before roughly pushing it into her ass again.  
  
Chauce observed, "You're doing a lovely job, Ashley, of welcoming the member butt fucking you. Such a pity that it is hard plastic, and not a hard male cock which your soft, round ass can caress and stimulate!  
  
Ralph now moved to where Tony stood next to the upturned Andrea, her broad buttocks pointed enticingly heavenwards, framed charmingly by the straps of her garters. Ralph admired Andrea's full, broad, feminine backside, and with a cruel smile, he took the whip from her and said, "You have a ripe bottom, little girl, nice and curvy and prominent. Just made for a really thorough smacking, wouldn't you say?" Andrea saw the boy lift his arm high in the air and heard the whistle of the leather-covered crop as it sliced towards her backside. The impact as the small stiff triangle of leather at the end against the lower curve of one cheek made that hemisphere ripple and caused a red welt to immediately bloom on Andrea's pearly white backside. "Stick out your bottom, girl!" ordered Marquist as Andrea's hips bucked and she contracted her bottom, tightening and flattening her backside's cheeks against one another. As Ralph whipped her again and again, Tony plunged the last vibrator into Andrea's asshole and turned it up high.  
  
"Gentlemen," please turn up the vibrators to their full setting. Let us observe the squirming of these nicely reddened asses. Jack, you see how naughty Katy is attempting to push her vibrator out? Give her a sharp series of smacks across the buttocks with the belt and push it back in roughly. The same goes for the rest of you gentlemen!"  
  
In the viewing room, the men smoking cigars and laughing observed as, following instructions the boys applied their implements to the soft female buttocks before them. Smacks rang out as the belt, crop, and slipper fell repeatedly on jiggling, squirming, female bottoms, turning them quickly deep red. Andrea, the bottom-girl, after all, fared worst, as both Chauce and Tony each thrashed one buttock. The sounds of moans and whimpers mingled in the darkened room with the men's chuckles and occasional graphic observations on the punishment being meted out.  
  
The four boys had by now established a rhythm and were applying their various implements to the girls' prominent, rounded, and quickly reddening asses.  
  
Katy felt the searing heat of the wide leather strap smack across the lower curve of both of her bottom cheeks, and at the same time, she felt the boy turn the vibrator lodged in her tender asshole, and push it back and forth into her. Marquist walked up in front of Katy, her bosom bent forward toward him. She felt him grab her hair, in a sheaf, as if making a ponytail, and she struggled to lift herself on her knees as he pulled her up by her captive hair. Her breasts, which were flattened against the desk, hung down before her as she supported her weight uncomfortably on her knees. She felt Marquist's hand reach out and delicately trace the contours of her bare breast, caressing her tender globe around it's lower edge, them cupping a breast and lifting it while squeezing it. His fingers pincered the girl's tender tit and squeezed it hard, pulling outward until he had a firm grip on Katy's thick pink nipple which he pinched painfully as he stretched it towards him. Katy felt the twin ache of her nipple being pulled hard, the sting of the strap falling on her bare bottom, and the thrusting fullness of the vibrator in her bottom.  
  
Andrea whimpered almost hysterically, her bottom stung so much from the belts being wielded by the two boys punishing her. She implored and begged them to wait, to stop, to no avail. Her bottom cheeks exploded with fire at every stroke of the strap, and she squirmed, held in place now by a hand on her hip, now a grip on her thigh, then a firm grip on her boob.  
  
Katy closed her eyes, lulled into a hypnotic quiet by the searing sting repeatedly exploding across her naked, reddened bottom. As her full cheeks acquired a bright pink crowning blush at the center of each bottom cheek, the stinging merged into a strong sexual signal conveyed directly from her squirming ass cheeks to her throbbing pussy. Each time the belt fell on her buttocks, she felt herself moistening between her legs, until, she was ashamed to think, the area between her legs must appear to be slick, wet, and shiny.  
  
"Now that you have secured your young ladies, gentlemen, pinning them down so to speak by their nether parts, you won't fail to notice that they are presenting their bare genitals to you. Girls, spread your legs to allow these young men access to your pussies! Gentlemen, just push their thighs apart and if they resist apply your spanking implements to their thighs."  
  
Smacks rang out as all the girls received smacks on their upper rear thighs, in spite of the fact that they all had opened their legs obediently at Marquists' command, the discomfort in their bottom holes rendering them docile and eager to escape further discomfort.  
  
"It seems a pity to let these ladies most intimate femininity remain unattended, wouldn't you say. Please use your hands to massage their slits, that's it, push them open and explore those folds. Yes, I imagine your fingers will get sticky from their girl juices, just rub it on their thighs and buttocks. In fact let us see which of the ladies has the most copious secretions."  
  
The boys' hands played between the girls' legs freely, splitting their labia and pushing them aside, fingers coursing into the three girl's lubricating vaginas. The vibrators in their asses and the fingers at their most intimate parts caused them to squirm, thighs and buttocks clenching and unclenching.  
  
Ashley lay still, trembling, her naked bottom in the air. The boys gave it an occasional smack, but were busy at this point manipulating her fleshy lower lips. She squirmed as the hard male fingers massaged her genitals roughly, a thumb coursing over her rigid little clit, causing her to moan and jump. The boys snickered at this, and now both of them had a hand between her legs, indiscriminately pulling her open and groping her moist pussy.  
  
The older men in the observation room, snickered delightedly as they watched the three girls writhe in discomfort, as their most private parts were toyed with.  
  
"Let us bring the class to a close," intoned Marquist. Gentlemen, please remove the vibrators and hand them back to the girls. Girls, quick now, take the vibrators and come stand here at the board. Face the board."  
  
The girls obeyed shuffling forward and standing facing the blackboard, their reddened full bottoms contracting with discomfort and pain. "Boys, please return the young ladies their panties."  
  
"Ladies, hold on your panties. Katy, put on your top, but leave the bra off. Now each of you offer your panties to your handler, as a way of thanking them for furthering your education today. Katy, I think as tit girl, you should also offer your bra to Jack. That's it. Now please file out to the hall where you will find your guardian or parent waiting for you. Until next time!"