**The Girl's School**

by: Connard Wellingham

**Chapter 1: The Interview**

After 5 years of teaching Adam Hazel was bored!

It was not a conclusion he came to instantly. It did not jump out at him from a cupboard shouting, "You know your problem, old son? You're bored." Nor did it descend upon him in a blinding flash one day while in the bath - for, truth to tell, he did not possess a bath. Rather, it crept up on him bit by bit, slowly filling his consciousness until it became a foregone conclusion - something he had always known but had not really seemed important until now.

He was not bored with teaching, of that he was certain. He still derived a tremendous sense of achievement when he succeeded in igniting that spark of enthusiasm in one of his pupils. It made the daily grind of teaching and the frustrations of dealing with bored teenagers, who would rather be somewhere else, all worth the effort. Nor was he really bored with young people - although he found their refusal to be enthusiastic about learning frustrating. Out of class, however, he enjoyed their company, their sometimes irrational views on things, their black-and-white vision of the world. And, if he was really to be honest with himself, he enjoyed the presence of nubile young women although perish the thought that things would ever go beyond a bit of idle day- dreaming.

But Adam Hazel was bored with teaching physics. He resented the fact that he had had to specialise in one subject to get his qualification and was therefore restricted to teaching just that and no more. He knew he could offer so much more. Sometimes he wished he'd been born in the 18th century when all lines of enquiry were open to all men and it was common for men to be 'experts' in often disparate fields.

However, a physics teacher he was. Single, 26, unattached, not unattractive, no particular vices, no great passions - and a physics teacher. So when a small advertisement for the Greenwood Academy, who wished to recruit a 'scientific generalist', caught his eye, he was intrigued enough to write for more details.

Several days later an envelope in a restrained green colour with an imposing coat of arms and the words 'Greenwood Academy' embossed on it landed on his doormat. Inside was a letter, signed by the Principal "A Henderson", which invited him to apply for the advertised post. He read that the school, being small, wanted to recruit a science teacher who might turn his or her hand to other subjects - by mutual agreement. Enclosed was a small map with directions for finding the school and a brochure. He opened it with interest.

'Greenwood Academy for Girls,' he read, 'was established in 1895 to cater for the complete and rounded education for young ladies of distinction.' A girls' school!! This was intriguing. The brochure went on to describe the location - idyllic; the accommodation - palatial; the curriculum - broad; and the fees - staggering. After a few moments of wild male fantasy, his natural good sense prevailed and he read the brochure again with a cooler head. This was obviously an exclusive school. No doubt they could afford to recruit the very best of staff with exemplary careers and exceptional qualifications. There was no mention of salary, but, with the fees they were charging, it must be reasonable, at least. He sighed. There was no way that a single, 26-year old male could be regarded as suitable. Still, there was no harm in applying, so without further ado he completed the application form and posted it first class along with his CV.

To his surprise he received a prompt response inviting him for an interview at his convenience and suggesting that he telephone to make arrangements. After several conversations with the school secretary - a pleasant-sounding, helpful woman - it was agreed that he would come down on Saturday. The journey was several hundred miles and he did not trust his rather old and dilapidated car to survive the journey so it was also agreed that he would travel by train to the nearest town, some 15 miles from the school, where someone would meet him.

After a dull and uneventful journey he arrived at the station late on Saturday morning. As he made his way out of the station, his eyes caught sight of three girls dressed in green blazers and short grey skirts, and a woman in a dark grey suit standing next to a car. As there seemed no other likely candidates, he guessed they must be from the school and started towards them. As he approached, one of the girls noticed him and pointed and the woman stepped towards him.

"Are you Mr Hazel?" she enquired, smiling.

"Yes, I am," he replied.

"I'm Jacqueline Wishart from Greenwood. I'm your chauffeur." She held out her hand.

"Thank you. It's good of you to go to so much trouble."

As he shook the proffered hand with its slender fingers tipped by carmine nails, he saw that, despite the sober clothes, she was no older than he and was exceedingly attractive. A mane of dark hair framed a triangular face with high cheekbones. A face dominated by a pair of almost black, almond-shaped flashing eyes and sensual red lips. Her skin was swarthy and there was more than a hint of the Mediterranean in her genes. When she moved, he was aware that the loose jacket could well conceal a generous figure. Her skirt was short and revealed her shapely legs, trim ankles and neat feet clad in black stockings and high- heeled shoes. He unconsciously straightened his shoulders under her amused and challenging gaze.

"Not at all," she said. "I'm afraid it will be a bit of a squeeze, though. As soon as they found out I was coming to town, these three minxes insisted they just had to do some shopping." She indicated the girls who glanced up coyly from lowered eyes. "This is Erica, Melanie and Zoë. 5th formers." She sighed theatrically. "They're impossible." The girls giggled.

"How do you do," he said. "I'm Adam Hazel."

He looked at the girls properly for the first time and did his best not to gawp. The girls were stunning. Beneath the dark green school blazers they were wearing white, tailored shirts and the charcoal grey skirts moulded themselves to shapely hips. The uniforms covered but did not conceal the fact that, although still technically schoolgirls, these were three ripe, nubile young women. The skirts clung to their svelte hips and were short enough to show off shapely legs, of which they seemed to have an abundance, sheathed in sheer black nylon. Yet they were all completely and fascinatingly different; one with dark hair framing a heart-shaped face with green cat's eyes and a rosebud mouth; one with Titian ringlets, large, blue eyes and a generous mouth; and one blonde with an oval face, small nose, grey, hooded eyes and pouting lips that just begged to be kissed.

They returned his greeting politely.

Jacqueline unlocked the car - of the large estate variety - where the girls insisted that Adam sit in the back. In no position to refuse, he sat in the middle sandwiched between the red-head and the brunette. He was more than a little disappointed as he had hoped to discreetly pump Jacqueline for information during the drive to the school but a back-seat/front-seat conversation in the presence of three girls would hardly be discreet. He was also slightly surprised that Jacqueline had let the girls get away with insisting on the seating arrangements. They set off and were soon out in the countryside. The girls kept up a constant chatter and banter, in which Jacqueline was included, which was full of references and allusions he could not understand, so he kept silent and tried to simply admire the passing scenery.

This was difficult, partly because of the chat, but mostly because he became acutely aware that he was in car with three; no, four, extremely attractive young women. The car was hot and the scent of young girlhood was quite overpowering. He could feel the warmth of firm, young, female thighs next to his and it seemed that, no matter how he shifted my position, a slender, black-nylon clad leg was pressed against his. For such a large car, there seemed to be remarkably little room in the back seat!

After a while he realised that he was sitting with his knees pressed uncomfortably together and a shapely female leg pressing against each side. He glanced down to see why this should be and realised with a shock that his partners were sitting with their legs apart. Their short skirts had ridden up their thighs exposing not just the lacy tops of their stockings - not tights as he had assumed - but also a tantalising glimpse of thin white knickers, through which he could make out the shadow of their pubic hair. He felt myself redden and go prickly hot as he hastily averted his eyes. His position became even more uncomfortable as his cock started to swell unbidden - squeezed as it was between his closed thighs.

He felt most uncomfortable and tried to recite the table of the elements to distract himself. But the vision of stocking tops, sleek thighs and white knickers remained. Indeed, the girls seemed to sense his discomfort and rubbed their legs against him deliberately and provocatively. In that instant he regretted he had ever set out on this vain mission and wished he was safely back home with the football on the TV and a can of beer in hand. His swelling cock and was painfully squashed and he could no longer stand it. In desperation he pushed back at the intruding legs to take some of the pressure off his aching genitals.

The girls seemed to take this as some sort of signal and pressed against him even more blatantly. Then he felt a hand on his right thigh gently pressing and caressing, followed shortly by another on his left. 'My God,' he thought in panic, 'here I am heading for an interview with the Principal of an exclusive school and I'm surrounded by nymphomaniacs.' The roving hands moved higher.

Suddenly something seemed to snap. If these girls were deliberately trying to put him off and tease him, they were succeeding. He would call their bluff. He shifted my position carefully, pushing back against their legs even more and managing to free his arms. He placed a hand on a leg on either side of him and started to caress the stocking-clad skin. The girls did not withdraw! Instead they pushed back enthusiastically and worked their hands higher until they were resting just below his cock, which throbbed painfully in his trousers. He was now so aroused he was beyond caring. Deliberately, he worked his hands up their legs over the tops of their stockings to soft, bare flesh of their inner thighs. The girls wriggled in their seats in excitement. He was aware that their breathing had quickened and become shallower.

He considered his next move. By spreading his fingers wide he was just able to touch the white knickers, each of which, he suddenly realised, featured a damp and slightly sticky patch, and gently tickled the soft, flesh beneath. There was a low moan from one side and a sharp hiss of in-drawn breath from the other. The girls slumped down further and their skirts rose even higher. He glanced down to see two ample vaginas proudly defined by the knickers which were pulled tightly around them. The sight was so erotic, he nearly came there and then. The girls parted their legs even wider to try to give him better access and he was able to flick his little fingers back and forth over the front of their knickers. He could feel the soft lips beneath part slightly and the tight material become even damper. As he did, the girls clutched spasmodically at his thighs though, fortunately, not at his cock. He was so caught up in the sensations that he did not realise that the car had become completely quiet.

He was brought abruptly back to reality by Jacqueline saying, "Well, here we are," in a bright voice.

He looked up in confusion to catch a glimpse of an imposing, ivy-clad building before the car came to a halt. He hastily withdrew his hands and the girls sat upright, tugging down their skirts. He was perspiring freely and had a raging hard-on and was aware that his hands smelt strongly of teenage female juices. The reality of the situation burst upon him and he felt faint with embarrassment.

Jacqueline and the girl in the front, climbed out energetically and his back-seat companions followed more slowly. Adam remained where he was in a panic. What was he to do with this obvious lump in his trousers?

"Are you coming, Mr Hazel?" said Jacqueline with amusement in her voice.

'Not quite,' thought Adam but said, "Er, yes. Certainly. I'm sorry. It was quite hot in the car."

"It certainly was."

Reluctantly, he slid out of the car and stood up, surreptitiously trying to ease his throbbing member into a more comfortable and less prominent position. He caught Jacqueline's eye and she flashed him a knowing, smile - almost a leer. He felt himself blush.

"I'm sure you'd like to freshen up?" she said. "Long journeys can make you feel very sticky."

"Uh .. Thank you," he stammered, not certain if the double meaning was really meant or if it was just his guilty imagination.

With an air of unreality, he followed her into the building and down and oak-panelled corridor.

She indicated a door. "There's a washroom in there. I'll go and tell the Principal you've arrived."

He opened the door and entered a clean, tiled, well-appointed washroom. After the usual ablutions, he stood, gazing unseeingly in the mirror and tried to get a grip on himself. What was going on? What was this place? How could he face an interview in a sexual daze? Ah, well, he was here now and would have to make the best of it. Abruptly, he shook himself, squared his shoulders and left.

Jacqueline was waiting in the corridor. "Better?" she asked.

"Yes, thank you. I feel much refreshed."

"This way then."

She led him down further panelled corridors, all very dignified and discreet, knocked at a door and entered. Adam followed her.

"Mr Hazel," she announced.

From behind an imposing oak desk, a vision arose with outstretched hand.

"Mr Hazel," she said. "I'm Anne Henderson. I'm so glad you could make it. How was your journey?"

For a moment he stood open-mouthed, then stepped forward to shake her proffered hand.

"Thank you. It's good of you to see me. The trip was fine."

"Do sit down."

He sat, abruptly, on the indicated chair and watched as Anne Henderson resumed hers. So: 'A Henderson, Principal' was female, and young - early thirties he estimated, and she was stunning - more than that, she was breath- taking. Soft, blonde hair fell in waves well below her shoulders with a fringe which partly hid her finely-arched eyebrows. Her hair softly framed a fine- boned face with large, blue eyes, straight, rather thin nose and a mouth with full, pink lips. Over a high-necked, white shirt, open at the collar, she was wearing a loose, dark blue jacket which could not disguise the swelling of exceedingly full breasts beneath.

"Jacqueline, could you do me a favour and rustle up some coffee?"

Jacqueline left and she turned to me in business-like fashion.

"May I call you Adam? And I'm Anne. OK, Adam, now, firstly, tell me about you current job."

... and the interview began.

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"... there's one final set of questions I must ask you. How do you get on with young girls?"

Adam started to say 'Fine' then stopped. That was not the question she was really asking.

"I'm not sure exactly what you mean by that. But, as this is a girl's school, I assume you want to know why I want to come and teach here rather than somewhere else?"

Anne smiled. "Very astute. That is precisely what I mean."

"Well, in all honesty, I don't particularly want to come here at all," he began. Anne looked startled so he continued hastily. "I mean here particularly, as opposed to somewhere else. As I've said, I want the opportunity to expand my horizons and you seem to be offering that. I don't distinguish between girls and boys when I'm teaching. In fact it's been a puzzle to me why girls seem to better at science than boys when they're younger but, somehow, so few of them carry on to exam level." He though for a moment and decided to take a risk.

"Apart from that, I like girls. I'm decidedly heterosexual and enjoy looking at and being with attractive women."

Anne smiled at him encouragingly. "Have you ever had a relationship with one of your pupils?"

Adam was shocked. "Never."

"Ever been tempted?"

He was, again, about to give a stock answer but then decided to be honest.

"I admit there have been one or two that, given other circumstances, I would not have turned down," he grinned. "But I value my job more than my libido."

Anne nodded. "And have you ever had a relationship with a fellow member of staff?"

Adam flushed slightly. "Er, yes, once," he admitted.

"Will you tell me what happened? It is important."

"Well it was just after I started teaching. The lady in question had just split up with her husband and needed a shoulder to cry on. One night we got a bit drunk and ended up in bed. That sort of soured the relationship and she stopped using me as a human handkerchief. We continued to see each other for a while. But nothing came of it and, finally, she moved away. More to get away from her husband, I think."

"And that was the only occasion?"

"Yes."

"Thank you for being so frank. Are you involved with anyone just now?"

"No, I'm not. And, if you'll forgive me for saying so, I think your questions are getting a little bit on personal side."

"I'm afraid I have to ask them. As this is an all-girls school, and a boarding school, and caters for the, shall we say, 'well heeled' as well, I must be sure that all members of staff have a sound and healthy attitude. This can be quite a hot-house environment and emotions can get quite, er, heated at times. You understand that if I were to offer you the post, you would be the only young male in the vicinity - and, as you are not an unattractive man, I must be particularly careful. We've had male teachers here before, of course, but they have tended to be, shall we say, 'maturer'." She smiled.

Adam flushed. "Of course. I understand."

Anne gave him another encouraging smile and leaned forward confidentially, her breasts straining the material of her shirt. "Thank you. Now, before we go any further, I feel I must say that you do impress me. You are, so far, the best candidate I've interviewed."

Adam was taken aback. "Why, thank you," he stammered. "To be honest, I didn't really think I stood a chance. What with my age and general lack of experience."

"I am not looking for a pedagogue. All-round manner and attitude are more important than how many years you have been teaching. Now, I know it's not usual to indicate how an interviewee is doing, but I do so so that you will understand that I do not ask the next questions lightly."

"OK," he said, bracing himself for the next questions.

"What is your attitude to corporal punishment?"

"I've never found the need for it."

"But, suppose it was the policy of the school."

"Is it?"

"For the moment we are speaking hypothetically." She leaned forward slightly in anticipation of his answer. He was uncomfortably aware of these fabulous, hypnotic blue eyes gazing at him eagerly and the shifting of her breasts beneath the silk blouse.

"Well," he said carefully. "It would depend."

"On what?"

He took a deep breath. "On the circumstances and the nature of the punishment. If, for example, it was policy to greet a minor breach of discipline, say talking in class, with a caning: or if the punishment was designed to cause severe harm to the child, then I would have to decline the post."

"But if not? If there was the usual stages of warnings, punishment exercises, detentions, and so on, and then, as a final resort, mild corporal punishment for the most serious misdemeanours - chastisement, and this was designed to enforce rules not abuse the girl? What would your attitude be to that?" Her voice was eager, urgent.

He had a sudden vision of the three minxes in the car, bent over with their skirts raised, their bottoms in the air - and suppressed it hurriedly. Something in her manner made him realise that she was not speaking hypothetically at all: that the school had a policy of corporal punishment and the success of this interview hung on his answer.

"Well, er... um... Then I suppose I would have to carry out school policy. I've never seen the need for it so it's really not something I've given much thought to." A sudden picture of some of the more troublesome pupils he had taught flashed through his mind. "Although, to be quite frank, there's been one or two in the past I've felt would have benefited form a sound spanking."

Anne seemed to breathe a slight sigh of relief and sat back in her chair.

"I take it that it is your policy?" he ventured.

"Yes. You see, in a state school, you have the ultimate sanction of exclusion but here ..., " she shrugged, " ... the situation is more, shall we say, delicate."

Her tone and look suggested that he would be wise not to push the matter. He smiled, reassuringly. "All I can say is that I would be guided by you and follow school policy."

"Good," she smiled and leaned forward again. And he was again supremely aware of her big blue eyes and heavy, sensual breasts.

"What is your attitude to lesbianism?"

"I beg your pardon?"

"What are you feelings about lesbianism?" she asked a trifle impatiently.

"Again, I'm afraid I don't have one. As far as I'm concerned, people's sexual preferences are their own affair. Like many men, I find the image of two beautiful women making love quite erotic. But I don't go prying into personal relationships and I certainly wouldn't condemn anyone for being a lesbian. I may even know some, for all I know."

"Good." She relaxed back in her seat. "Thank you again, Adam, for being so frank."

"Does much of it go on here?"

"What?"

"Lesbian relationships."

She flushed slightly and said quickly, "Some, inevitably. Adolescent girls are emotionally vulnerable, you know." He had the feeling she was not being entirely open.

"Now," she said, suddenly business-like again. "If we were to offer you the post, when would you be able to start?"

... and they were back on familiar territory.

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Twenty minutes later he was stepping back into the car, the interview over. As Jacqueline Wishart guided the car out of the grounds, the tension of the last few hours suddenly left him and he slumped back in his seat with a deep sigh.

"Tough, huh?" said Jacqueline, sympathetically.

"You could say that. I feel like the proverbial wet dishrag."

"Anne Henderson can be a tough lady."

"Yes."

He was exhausted and, although he now had the opportunity to pump Jacqueline for information, could not find the effort to try. The journey back to the station was completed in silence.

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"Well?" asked Anne Henderson to Jacqueline and the three girls who had gathered in her office. "Is he the one?"

"Oh, yes," Melanie breathed. "He's dishy."

"And he's big," added Zoë.

"I don't think being big or dishy necessarily qualifies him for the job," said Anne a trifle primly.

"Sorry, Miss Henderson."

"I think he is," Erika said. "He responded well in the car."

"Jacqueline?"

"It's difficult to tell from just one encounter," Jacqueline said slowly. "But I think I agree with Erika."

"Good," said Anne with satisfaction. "I think so, too, but I wanted to get your impressions."

**Chapter 2: A New Beginning**

For the first few days after his interview, Adam went about in on automatic pilot. He kept getting flashes of Anne Henderson behind her desk; those hypnotic blue eyes fixed on his and her full breasts shifting sensually beneath her blouse: of hot, teenage breath in his ear: of ivy, covered buildings with panelled corridors: of giggling schoolgirls in sheer black stockings and suspenders: of sly looks from lowered eyes. As the days went by, these visions faded until the interview almost seemed like a dream or had happened to someone else. Nearly three weeks passed and then two things happened which would change his life forever.

The first of these was an incident in the classroom. Shortly after his return, class 4b had been rowdier than usual and a scuffle had broken out between two of the boys. One of them had picked up a steel rule and given the other a nasty slash across the face. Both had been excluded as a result of the incident as the head, on evidence from Adam and some of the pupils, had decided that they were equally to blame. But now the parents of the boy whose face had been hurt were threatening to sue the school for negligence and the Governors were talking about an internal investigation. Adam, of course, felt he was under a cloud of suspicion, the more so as he knew he had not been paying full attention that day and partly blamed himself for allowing the situation to develop.

The second incident was the restrained green envelope which dropped on his mat one morning. Anne Henderson thanked him for attending the interview and was delighted to offer him the post of 'general science, mathematics and computing teacher' at a salary significantly in excess of his current pay. A further allowance would be forthcoming for 'additional duties to be agreed with the Principal in due course'. Nothing about this had been mentioned at the interview but he presumed that this would be some sort of standard allowance to cover supervision of dormitories, mealtimes, school outings, and so on. After all, somebody had to be on duty at all times at a boarding school. All in all he would be almost doubling his salary and be given more freedom to teach - and all in idyllic rural surroundings.

If he had received the letter at any other time, he might have considered the offer more carefully, but, as he had been leaving that afternoon, the Headmaster had summoned him and had made vaguely threatening noises about appearing before the Board of Governors. Adam suspected that he was being thrown to the lions. The Headmaster, while excellent within the school environment, always seemed to be running scared of the Board and Adam had the nasty suspicion that the Head would not back him up in the event of any aggravation. So, that evening, he went out and got drunk and the following day wrote two letters. One to Anne Henderson accepting the post and the other of resignation to the Headmaster.

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The next month passed in a whirl of activity. Throwing caution to the winds, he decided to sell his flat - and, of course, had to complete all the DIY chores he had been putting off, make arrangements to store his furniture, and so on. Then there was the inevitable round of farewells. He was amused, in a detached sort of a way, about the reactions of his colleagues. The Headmaster, after an initial bout of shouting, refused to acknowledge his existence. The younger, male, teachers openly congratulated him and made comments like "Lucky dog," in envious tones. A number reproached him for throwing his career away; although he reckoned they were secretly jealous. And a few even accused him of cowardice and running away from his responsibilities. However, he was too busy to be affected by their reactions. Even now, the whole situation was taking on a slight air of unreality.

At last moving day arrived. As he locked the front door for the last time, he had a moment of doubt and panic. The sullen, grey sky did little to help and he started off in a depressed state of mind. He drove south, carefully nursing his old, overladen car and, as the miles rolled by, the weather began to improve and with it, his spirits.

After a long but uneventful journey, he arrived at Greenwood. The evening sun cast a warm, yellow glow over the high stone walls that surrounded the grounds. As he had been too distracted to notice much during his first visit, he stopped to take in the atmosphere. A gentle breeze rustled the leaves of the tall trees, a pair of wood pigeons cooed at each other and, from a copse on the other side of the road, raucous rooks gathered, flapping in from wherever they had been foraging during the day. It was an idyllic scene and he breathed a deep sigh of contentment.

Restarting the car, he drove through the gates, solidly made and in good repair, he noticed, and along the gravelled driveway. The drive twisted and turned through a small wood and then emerged into an expanse of grass, not quite cultivated enough to be called a lawn. At the far side stood the main school building. It was a scene out of time with its ivy-clad walls and deep-set windows. The doorway was a gothic arch approached by a flight of broad stone steps. He could almost see the horse-drawn coach at the front door, with liveried footmen, ushering bewigged gentlemen and elegantly gowned ladies up the steps. At that moment, two girls in the dark green blazers of the school emerged, shrieking, at a run - and the spell was broken. He laughed at himself for having such a flight of fancy and drove round the buildings until he found an area where cars were parked.

As he climbed out and stretched muscles stiff from long hours of driving, a man dressed in a brown overall came hurrying over the courtyard towards him.

"Oi. Whadda you want?" he demanded.

Adam looked at him askance. The man, like his overall, had seen better days. He was obviously the janitor.

"I'm Adam Hazel, a new member of staff," he announced.

"Oh. Sorry, sir," said the janitor, changing his tone instantly. "But you can't be too careful these days, you know. George Horwood, school janitor. So you're Mr Hazel, are you? Ms Henderson said to watch out for you and to show you to your rooms."

"Uh, thank you. It's OK to park here?"

The man looked disparagingly at Adam's battered car but said, "No problem at all, sir. You might want to drive round to your place to unload, though. I'll show you where to go."

He led Adam round the building and across a lawn edged with flower beds to a building that, at one time had been a barn or stables but was now a small apartment block. Stone stairs with a carpet runner led up and along a narrow corridor. At the far end, he unlocked a door and ushered Adam in like an estate agent with a prospective client.

"Here we are, Mr Hazel. Apartment 4."

Adam was impressed. The apartment comprised of a living room, 2 bedrooms, a bathroom and a kitchen. The ceilings were low and the rooms were not overly large but it was remarkably well appointed. He wandered around, opening doors and peering into cupboards with George hovering in the background.

"Very nice," he said, at last.

"Right you are, sir. I'll leave you to get settled in. Here's your keys. Goodnight to you, sir."

He almost backed out of the room and Adam wondered, fleetingly, if he should have tipped him.

Thirst, hunger and fatigue were fighting for pole position in Adam's consciousness. He decided that, at least, he should bring his car round to a more convenient spot for unloading. As he dumped the first armload unceremoniously on the kitchen table, hunger and thirst became the front runners and he wondered what the eating arrangements were at the school. With a curse at his own stupidity, he opened some cupboards at random. To his surprise they were not empty, as he had expected. Indeed, they were remarkably well stocked with the basics and the fridge held milk, eggs, butter, and so on. With a sigh of relief he went to fill the kettle - and discovered the note. It was from Anne, welcoming him to the school, and stating that she would see him the following morning.

Several hours later, having at least unloaded the car, he fell into bed and was asleep immediately.

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It was late when he arose the next morning. He had barely finished his breakfast and was contemplating, over a second cup of coffee, what his first move should be when Anne appeared on the doorstep. Today she was wearing a loose, beige jumper, black toreador pants and a dark green jacket. Her fine, blonde hair was pulled back and tied with a black band. She looked stunning and he realised, that she was a truly beautiful woman and he was already more than a little infatuated with her.

"Good morning, Adam," she said as he stepped aside to let her in. "You've arrived safely."

"Good morning, er, Anne," he replied. "Yes, thanks. Very tiring but no mishaps."

"You found everything, then?"

Yes, indeed. It was most kind of you and completely unexpected."

"No problem," she smiled. "I thought I should show you round and introduce you to people."

"That would be fine. To tell the truth I was wondering about that very thing."

She led him over to the main building and gave him a guided tour.

The school had been originally built, as he had suspected, as the country seat of minor nobility. During the First World War it had been used as an army hospital. After a variety of owners, it had been used as a research establishment during World War II, though what kind of research Anne did not know, and abandoned at the end. The legacy, she explained, was a number of ruined buildings in the grounds that were extremely unsafe and out of bounds to all. After two decades of neglect, it had been acquired by a major corporation who had wanted to turn it into a residential training centre. They had refurbished some of the main building and then, for some reason, had abandoned their plans. The School had bought it for a song.

Greenwood Academy for Girls - or Young Ladies, as it had originally been known - had been around in one form or another since the early 1900s. It had been set up at the time of the Suffragettes to educate the young ladies of the area and, although never particularly well-known, had managed to survive the various fashions and fluctuations in education. The Board of Governors had been running the school for decades and, for them, education had stopped sometime around 1940. Although they had acquired the property cheaply, they had refused to spend any money on refurbishing it. Years of financial neglect had eventually brought the Health and Safety Inspectors who promptly condemned the whole property - main school, outbuildings, dormitories, the lot.

It had seemed that this would spell the end of the school but, at the last minute, a benefactor stepped in in the form of a former pupil, the widow of a wealthy businessman from America who had, somehow, heard of the school's plight. I return for her patronage, however, she demanded changes. The Board were dismissed, as was the Headmistress and a number of teachers. There was a new Board with a Chairman appointed by the benefactor. Educational consultants were employed to revise the curriculum. The present premises were acquired, modernised and adapted. And, finally, Anne was appointed as the new Principal. In her three years she had increased the roll from 20 to 40 and doubled the number of exam passes.

Adam was impressed. As Anne had been giving her potted history, she had been showing him round the main buildings. Most of the classrooms were housed in what used to be the out-buildings and stables. It seemed to Adam that the builders had gutted the interior, leaving only the outer walls and then re-built from scratch. A lot of money had been spent, that was for sure. The classrooms were all clean, bright and equipped with all the latest support equipment and gadgetry. The science laboratories were models of what school science labs should be. There was a language laboratory and a computer room. The original manor house had also been completely refurbished. It still had a few classrooms, but mostly housed the girls' dormitories, offices, staffroom, senior common room and Anne's apartment. What was even more impressive was that all this had been done while still retaining the look and feel of a Victorian country house. There was wood panelling everywhere, and deep carpets, high sash windows, discreet lighting. The other feature of the main building was that it was a rabbit warren with corridors seemingly everywhere. Adam's first impression was that there were probably three different routes between any two points in the building.

"I'm very impressed," Adam said at one point. "But I find it a bit odd."

"Odd?" said Anne, a bit put out.

"Well, 'disconcerting' is probably a better word."

"Oh? How so?"

"It's all very impressive and I only wish I'd had this sort of environment in my previous jobs. But, I'm afraid, just now, it feels a bit like a Wendy house - a school in miniature."

"Well, we only have 40 pupils," said Anne, offended.

Adam held up his hand to pacify her. "I know. I appreciate that. There would be no point in having classrooms for 30 with only 10 pupils in them. The problem is me, not your school. I'm just so used to large schools with hundreds of pupils and crowded classes that it'll take me some time to get used to the scale of things here."

Anne smiled, "Yes, I suppose it will. It must seem very small after your last school."

"I'm not complaining, mind. In fact I'm looking forward to the change and the challenge."

"And I'm sure you'll rise to it. And now, some coffee."

Over coffee in the staff-room, they discussed the curriculum, the school timetable, Adam's teaching duties and other minutæ of schoolteaching. As he watched her, perched on the edge of an armchair with her elegant legs crossed, he could not, yet again, help admiring her looks and poise and confidence.

"Well," said Anne as the discussion drew to a close. "You'll have to excuse me but I have some work to do."

"Even on a Sunday?"

"I'm afraid so. To be honest, Sunday is a good day for paperwork. At least I get some peace to do it."

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He spent the rest of the day working. Although the girls wouldn't return from the Easter break until the Tuesday, he wanted to be well prepared. And he was acutely aware that he would have to reconsider his whole teaching method and style. Some of his classes only had a handful of students - more like a study group than a formal class. He was deep in reverie when Jacqueline appeared at the door.

"There you are," she said. "Are you coming to dinner?"

He looked up. "Dinner? Is it that time already?"

Jacqueline laughed. "You must have been a busy beaver. If you're not quick, you'll miss it entirely. If you're nearly done, I'll take you over."

Hastily, he finished what he was doing and followed her over to the refectory. She was dressed in jeans and a loose jumper. The jeans fitted her snugly and he admired the sway of her hips and the rolling of her bottom. At the entrance to the refectory she turned back to him.

"Enjoy the view?"

He flushed but decided to brazen it out. "Yes," he said meeting her gaze frankly.

"Good." She pushed open the door and led the way inside. The refectory resembled a small restaurant more than a school dining hall. Beechwood tables for 4 or 6 were placed pleasingly throughout the room and divided into groups by troughs of potted plants and low lattice-work screens. Lights were suspended from the ceiling on long poles and designed to throw their light downwards. Although large and high ceilinged, the room was soundproofed enough to give a feeling of pleasant informality and intimacy.

They collected trays from a rack and were served with soup, stew with potatoes and green beans, and lemon meringue pie. The food was surprisingly good and Adam tucked in with a will.

"That was good," he said with a satisfied sigh as he polished off the last of the lemon meringue pie. "I hadn't realised how hungry I was."

Jacqueline smiled. "The food is one of a number of perks here." She went and fetched two cups of coffee.

"Thanks. What sort of perks do you mean?"

"Oh, you'll find out," she said, enigmatically. "How are you settling in?"

"Fine. It's a bit of a culture shock, but I'm looking forward to meeting the girls."

Jacqueline laughed. "Yes, indeed. You'll find them a bit different from what you're used to."

"How so."

"I'll let you find out for yourself."

"Why? Are they a problem?"

"No, not at all. Nothing like that. Forget I mentioned it. What d'you make of our illustrious leader?"

"Ms Henderson ... er ... Anne? She's very ... dynamic." He flushed.

"She is. And demanding. And beautiful, wouldn't you say?"

"Er.... yes, I suppose she is."

"Come on. Be honest. She's a schoolboy's wet dream."

He flushed again. "I'm not sure we should be talking about her like this."

"Pshaw. She knows it. I know it. You know it. She puts the rest of us to shame."

He looked up, startled. "Oh, no. I wouldn't say that. Perhaps 'the first among equals'."

"You haven't met us all yet."

"True, but if they're all as attractive as you .... " It was Jacqueline's turn to blush and he continued hurriedly. "I haven't seen anybody around, so far. Is everyone still away on holiday?"

"Yes. I'm only here as it's my turn to chaperone."

"Oh. Do some of the girls stay over the holidays, then."

"Sometimes. Some of them have parents who work abroad and don't seem to have enough interest to see them even for a week." She sounded disapproving. "It's not as if they couldn't afford to fly back here, or fly them out." He shook his head, sympathetically. "That's a shame for the girls. It must be difficult enough being at boarding school for a whole term, without having to stay over the holidays too."

"Oh, we manage to keep them ... amused, quite successfully."

Adam stifled a large yawn. "Oh, I'm sorry. My manners are appalling. I don't know quite why I'm so tired."

Jacqueline smiled. "That's OK. I was thinking of heading off myself. Tomorrow's going to be a busy day."

They walked back towards the apartments.

"What number are you in?" asked Jacqueline.

"Number? Oh, Four."

"I'm in One. On the ground floor."

"Ground floor. Very nice."

"It has its advantages."

"Are they all the same?"

"More or less. Variations on a theme, you might say. I've got French windows, for example."

"Handy for clandestine visits. Sneak in and out without anyone seeing," grinned Adam.

Jacqueline looked at him sharply. "What made you say that?"

From her tone of voice, Adam realised that, for some reason, he had made a gaffe. "Sorry. Poor attempt at a joke."

She relaxed slightly. "Yes, I suppose they would be."

"Nice in the summer, though," said Adam, attempting to recover the situation.

"Yes. I quite like being able to take my coffee outside on warm days," said Jacqueline, as if realising that her reaction might have been excessive.

They bid each other 'goodnight' at the main entrance and Adam made his way thoughtfully to his apartment. 'What a strange reaction,' he thought. 'Unless, of course, she really does have clandestine visitors. Perhaps she's got a secret lover who sneaks in in the middle of the night!' He shrugged mental shoulders. 'Whatever. It's her business. Her private life is of no concern to me.'

**Chapter 3 - Settling In**

The first few days of Adam's new job went by in a whirl of impressions and sensations. Greenwood was unconventional in many ways. He had known that things would be different, of course, from the beginning - but knowing it and experiencing it were two different things. Firstly he had two subjects to cover - the computing had, so far, not materialised and there had been no further reference to the 'additional duties' mentioned in the letter. As this was a boarding school, there were numerous supervisory duties, which all the staff seemed to do as a matter of course - although, he noted with wry amusement, he was not asked to supervise the girls' dormitories. Then, too, Anne seemed to have organised the classes in an unusual manner. As there were only 40 girls and five teachers altogether, conventional streaming was not practical. Still, some of the groupings were distinctly odd. He determined to broach the topic some time. As it was he had his hands full. His largest class had 8 girls and, contrary to his expectations, it was proving harder to deal with 8 girls than with 30. He retired to bed each night exhausted.

He was aware of other oddities. There seemed very little attention paid to games and sports, something he had sort of assumed went hand-in-hand with boarding schools. Riding seemed to be the only physical activity that was mentioned. In fact there seemed to be very few extra-curricular activities at all. The girls disappeared after the formal lessons and reappeared for dinner. It was very puzzling.

As he began to find his feet and relax, he began to notice more subtle distinctions and relationships. The grouping of the girls that he found so arbitrary to begin with seemed to work on a level he could not fathom. There was something about the girls that he couldn't quite put a finger on. For a start they were all mature for their years. Even the 14-year-olds could easily pass for 2 or 3 years older. What was more they were all extremely attractive - not one of them could be described as 'plain'. Indeed they were downright sexy. What is that mysterious element, that glamour, that makes a girl sexy rather than simply attractive? Whatever it is, these girls had it in spades. That was certainly one part of his unease - for the first time in his career, he was aware of his pupils as females rather than teenagers. He found himself watching them in the corridors, the enticing swing of their hips, the shifting of their developing breasts under the white blouses; ogling them as they ran across the school yard, young breasts bouncing.

But it was the uniforms that gave him the biggest shock. The glossy brochure he had read had stated that the school uniform was a dark green blazer, white shirt and charcoal grey skirt or slacks. The first two years were obliged to wear white ankle socks and the upper school black stockings or tights. In his mind he had sort of half assumed that the dress code would be strictly adhered to. He had imagined they would all dress like the three who had met him when he had come for the interview. The reality was that he had never seen such a bewildering variety of outfits, each of which seemed designed to enhance the charms of the wearer. Technically, yes, they were the school uniform - the jackets, when they were worn, were dark green, the shirts white and the skirts and slacks charcoal grey. But, beyond that, any resemblance to a uniform was entirely accidental. He seemed to be constantly surrounded by a sea of pulchritude. And it wasn't just the older girls, even the 2nd Form seemed intent on making him constantly aware of their developing bodies.

However, the real problem was that he wasn't connecting with them - and the harder he tried, the worse it became. He wasn't relating to them as he was used to and this disturbed him for he had always taken pride in his ability to relate to young people. All in all it was very frustrating and he began to wonder if he had made the right decision in coming to Greenwood.

He also became aware of subtle tensions in some of the classes, particularly with the older girls. Inevitably, being young girls in the first flush of womanhood, they began to flirt. He was used to this and had quickly learned, when he first started teaching, to ignore the none-too-subtle attempts of adolescent girls. But these girls were different: it was almost it was as if they were testing him in some strange and disturbing way. Not that they over- reached themselves or behaved out of turn, but, somehow, they made it clear that they were available - he only needed to say the word.

One incident, in particular, stood out. He was walking through the grounds one evening when he heard the sounds of girlish giggles coming from a small copse of trees. Knowing they were not supposed to be there, he went to investigate and was brought up short by their conversation.

"... and old George is always trying to cop a feel," said one.

In your dreams," retorted another.

Yeuch! Nightmares, more like. He's such a dirty old man."

He wouldn't really try it on, would he?"

No. He just pretends. Ms Henderson had made it quite clear what would happen if he did," said a slightly older voice.

Is that why we put on our little show? To keep old George happy?"

That's right. Ms Henderson reckons if we give him a bit of a show, he'll be quite happy and won't bother us." Someone giggled. "I bet he gets his thingy out and plays with himself."

The words are 'cock' and 'masturbate' - or 'wank', if you want to be crude."

"Ugh. How disgusting."

"What? Saying 'cock' and 'wank'?"

"No, silly, the thought of dirty old George watching us and wanking."

"I don't think so. I think it's rather exciting knowing he's out there and getting all excited watching me."

"You're a complete slut, you are."

"Now, if only it was Mr Hazel," sighed one.

"Oh, yes. He's dreamy."

"If he got his cock out and masturbated, I wouldn't mind at all."

"You'd run away and hide."

"No I wouldn't. I'd..."

"What would you do?"

"I'd ask him if he needed a hand," she retorted defiantly.

This was greeted with howls of mirth.

"Would you put out for him, Cee?" asked someone when the laughter had subsided.

"Definitely."

"What? All the way?"

"All the way and back again. He could do whatever he liked."

"Me too," someone said dreamily.

"I think we probably all would, you know. If we were truly honest about it."

They fell silent and Adam felt his face flaming.

"He's a bit of a wimp, though," said one at last.

"How do you mean?"

"He's not very strict - not like Miss Beech."

"Miss Beech is fierce."

"I like her."

"You would. You're her pet."

"I am not."

"Yes you are. You suck up to her all day."

"I do not."

"Girls, girls," said a soothing voice. "I think we all agree that Miss Birch - I mean Miss Beech - is quite strict. What do you mean that Mr Hazel is a wimp? Haven't we all just said he's a dish?"

"I mean he's really nice and all that but..."

"You want him to spank your bottom."

The girl's dissolved into giggles and Adam fled. He was both incredibly aroused and more than a bit troubled by what he had heard. And the mystery that seemed to envelop this school only deepened.

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He was a good teacher - he knew he was a good teacher. So why was he having so much difficulty in connecting with these girls. They weren't stupid; far from it. They weren't insolent or badly behaved: the opposite was the case - they were better behaved than he would have expected. So what was the problem?

The 5th year were the worst. He had 5 students for maths - all of them exceptionally good-looking even in a school full of attractive girls - and they knew it. And they knew that he knew it. At first they seemed to be normal, if somehow wise beyond their years, schoolgirls. But, as his confusion and uncertainty increased, they gradually began to change.

It was all very subtle to begin with; a extra touch of make-up here, an extra undone button there - and the flirting was low-key; too much eye contact, coy looks from lowered lashes, a toss of the head, a pout. As the days went by the flirting became more open and more brazen. They would stand too close to him; sit and stared at him intently all lesson; lounge back in their chairs so their breasts were clearly outlined, lifted and out-thrust in miniature bras; they would smooth their tight school skirts down their thighs. When he addressed them, they would slowly run their tongues over their lips before replying or pout if he had reason to upbraid them. He was not at all happy with this but his professional pride made him keep silent and try to ignore their teasing. 'It's just a phase,' he told himself. 'If I ignore it they'll get tired of it and stop.' But it was hard to ignore and it began to affect him. He started to have erotic dreams which disturbed his sleep.

The more he tried to ignore it the worse it got. The other classes started, moving gradually down the school to the 4th, 3rd and even a few of the junior girls. And the provocative behaviour of the upper classes got more blatant. They started wearing stockings, rather than tights. With their skirts being so tight, the presence or absence of suspenders underneath was obvious. They wore more make-up and shoes with higher heels. They stopped wearing bras altogether. They would sit with their legs apart so he could see their crotches - which were covered by a variety of attractive and revealing underwear. Physics was the worst as they had to move around and he had to come close to them to check their experiments. When bending to a low cupboard, for example, they would do it with straight legs so their skirts would pull tight over their bottoms, revealing the outline of suspenders and lacy knickers. They would reach up to high shelves on tiptoe with outstretched arms, preferably with the light behind them so their breasts were silhouetted, high and firm. When he bent to check an experiment, his eyes would meet an indecent amount of cleavage.

He became distracted and found his normal fluid teaching style was disrupted. The vision of these nubile teenagers displaying themselves so wantonly began to haunt his waking hours as well as his dreams. He would imagine the girls in obscenely erotic circumstances. His genitals became unusually sensitive and painful, and he began to get erections at inappropriate moments. He found himself masturbating more and more frequently. His imaginings shifted to include the younger girls. Even the 1st and 2nd years made frequent appearances in his lust-filled nights. He was deeply ashamed of himself; of this sudden craving for young girls, of this breakdown of his professional attitude, of his inability to make real contact with his students, of his utter frustration. Never before had he been so intensely affected by the students he taught - and so utterly unable to cope. He began to both dread and eagerly anticipate his classes. He regretted coming to this godforsaken place and seriously wondered if he should resign.

The final straw came when Felicia Romiss bent over to reveal the round, naked cheeks of her bottom and he realised, with absolute shock, that she was wearing a thong. What made it worse was that Felicia had the most perfect, rounded bottom he had ever seen and was a frequent visitor in his erotic fantasies. He decided enough was enough and went to consult the Principal.

"What can I do for you, Adam. Everything all right?"

"Actually, I've a slight problem that I'd like your advice about."

"I did wonder. I've noticed you've been a bit, shall I say, distracted recently and looking distinctly out of sorts."

Adam looked surprised. "To be honest, I've not been sleeping well. That's part of the problem I wanted to discuss with you."

Anne smiled at him encouragingly and he wished, for an instant, that she was not so stunningly beautiful.

"It's a bit, er, delicate - and I'd like to approach it in a roundabout sort of way, if you wouldn't mind," he began, tentatively, looking down at his feet.

Anne looked slightly puzzled but indicated he should continue.

"The girls are expected to keep the school dress code at all times?"

"Yes, you know that."

"I'm just trying to establish the groundwork. Please bear with me for a moment. How much variation is acceptable?"

"In what sense? "

"I mean other than the regulation blouse and skirt and jacket. Shoes, for example. Or make-up. Or stockings. Or underwear," he blurted out.

"Well," said Anne, looking at him speculatively. "We don't have any hard and fast rules but ... look, Adam, perhaps you should just come right out and tell me what the problem is. I've probably heard a similar one before." She smiled.

Adam took a deep breath. "Well, it may be me. Perhaps I'm not coping with this all-girl environment. I know this sounds silly and a bit paranoid but, recently, I believe that a number of girls have started to flaunt themselves at me. Trying to provoke me - or distract me. And the fact is - they're succeeding!"

"Hmm. You'd better give me some details."

So Adam told her about the stockings and the make-up and the high-heeled shoes and the knickers and the lack of bras and the looks and touches.

When he had finished Anne sat back thoughtfully.

"And this is putting you off?"

"I'm afraid it is. I'm a healthy, heterosexual male and they are very attractive young ladies. And it's not fair on the others if I'm constantly being distracted by a flash of stocking-top."

"What you need is a girl friend," Anne said smiling.

Adam flushed and opened his mouth to protest but she leaned over and patted his hand.

"No, sorry. Joke in poor taste. I agree that this behaviour is unacceptable in class. You've done the right thing in ignoring it as far as possible and consulting me. What are we going to do about it? Who are the worst offenders?"

"Well, there are about 5 altogether but Melanie Harden, Veronica Spelling and Felicia Romiss are the most blatant."

Anne laughed. "Funnily enough, you do not surprise me. I could probably have named them myself. They're minxes. The ringleaders in any trouble." She looked at him speculatively. "In these circumstances - once a problem has been brought to me and I've agreed - there would normally be a punishment session. And, as the complainant, you will have to administer it."

Adam sat back in shock. "But ..... "

"No 'buts'," said Anne firmly. "You know our policy and, if I remember your words at your interview, you said you would carry out school policy."

"Surely there's some other way."

Anne shrugged. "Then you would have already solved the problem and you wouldn't be here, now. We'll make it after tea tonight. Here."

Adam struggled with his conscience for a few moments. He did not really believe in corporal punishment but he had agreed to it and he did have a problem.

He sighed resignedly. "OK, Anne. As you say, it's school policy and I agreed to it. But I still don't like it. What time?"

"7 o'clock. Be here about 15 minutes beforehand, please."

**Chapter 4 - The Punishment**

For the rest of that day, Adam was in bit of a daze and went through his teaching duties mechanically. What was really troubling him was that, deep inside, if he was to be brutally honest with himself, part of him was actually looking forward to the experience. He became more and more keyed up and only nibbled at his tea. He kept looking at his watch - partly wishing it was time and partly wishing it was all over.

At a quarter to seven he knocked on Anne's door. Anne had already got preparations well under way. In a side room off her office a strange wooden device was set in the middle of the floor. It had two supporting posts about 3 feet apart with two horizontal bars between them. The lower one was fixed but the upper one could be raised or lowered and was heavily padded and covered with leather. From the lower bar, two short spars protruded with hand-grips at the ends. Adam looked at it in puzzlement.

"I'll explain what happens," said Anne. "The delinquent enters the room and removes her skirt. She will not be wearing tights or stockings. Depending on the offence, she is sometimes required to remove her pants as well. She will be told how many strokes she is to receive and with what implement will be used. She pointed at her desk. On it was a thick leather strap, a paddle a bit like an outsize ping-pong bat, a whip with a short handle and numerous long, fine strands and an outsize plastic ruler. Adam shuddered at the sight of these barbaric implements of punishment.

"She steps up to the 'gate', places her feet on the marks, bends over the bar and grips the handles on the far side. The top bar can be adjusted to support her waist. She is required to keep her feet perfectly still, hold onto the handles at all times and to count the strokes. Failure to do so adds 5 strokes. I should add that strokes are to be delivered only to the buttocks.

"The punishment is designed to be both painful and humiliating - but not to cause permanent damage. As these girls have been flaunting their not inconsiderable charms, I think they should be required to remove their skirts, pants and blouses. Let's see how they feel when they really have to show their stuff. I also think we should use the 'tickler' - she picked up the whip-like implement. This stings like fury but doesn't last that long. We want to dissuade them from improper behaviour, not punish them for a major crime. 20 strokes should be enough.

"You need the correct action to get the best effect. Bring it down sharply but, just before it hits, flick your wrist. I'll show you."

She raised the whip and brought it smartly down. The multitude of strands whistled out behind. At about waist height, she abruptly jerked her wrist upwards. The strands continued downwards and then changed direction with a sharp 'crack' - a bit like flicking a wet dish towel. It sounded frightful.

"Now you try."

Cautiously, Adam raised the whip and took a practise swing. The effect was limp, to say the least.

"Come on, Adam, but some life into it," Anne scolded.

After several more attempts, Adam managed to approach the correct action. Anne glanced at her watch and then at Adam.

"OK? Let's get them in."

She opened the door and summoned Veronica. The girl stepped tentatively into the room and the gasped as she saw Adam.

"Ms Henderson," she protested. "He shouldn't be here. It's not right."

Anne looked at her sternly. "I don't think you're in much of a position to object, Veronica. After all, it was in Mr Hazel's class that you were misbehaving."

"But I didn't do anything," Veronica wailed.

"You weren't trying to disrupt Mr Hazel's lesson?"

"No, Miss."

"Oh? Tell me how you were dressed today?"

"In school uniform, Miss."

"I see. What sort of shoes did you have on?"

Veronica looked at the floor. "Black ones."

"What sort of black ones? Describe them."

"They were just black shoes."

"You mean they weren't patent leather and they didn't have 4-inch heels?"

Veronica was silent.

"Well, Veronica? Were they the shoes you were wearing today?"

"Yes, Ms Henderson," admitted Veronica very reluctantly.

"And what about your skirt?"

"What about it?"

"It could be described as short?"

"Yes, Ms Henderson."

"Very short?"

"I, I suppose so."

"And underneath your skirt you were wearing stockings? Sheer, black stockings? With a garter belt? Is that right, Mr Hazel?"

"I didn't really notice," Adam stammered.

"And your pants were - what colour, Mr Hazel?"

"Black ... lace," he croaked.

"And on top, Veronica, what were you wearing?"

"A white shirt, Miss."

"And underneath?"

"Underneath, Miss?"

"Yes, Veronica. What were you wearing underneath your white shirt?"

Veronica stared fixedly at the floor, her face pale.

"I'm waiting for your answer, Veronica."

Veronica remained silent, her fingers twisting nervously.

"Can I take it your silence means that you were wearing nothing under your shirt? You will answer, Veronica."

"Yes, Miss."

"Yes, what, Veronica?"

Veronica looked up in a sudden act of defiance.

"Yes I was wearing nothing under my shirt."

"So, Veronica, today you turned up for class dressed in a white shirt with no bra, a very short skirt, black stockings and a garter belt, and patent high- heeled shoes. Am I correct?"

"Yes, Miss Henderson."

"Why did you dress like that?"

"I dunno. Because I wanted to, I suppose."

"You suppose! The reason you dressed like a tart was, quite simply, to provoke Mr Hazel and disrupt his class? Isn't that so?"

Veronica stayed silent with bowed head, the toe of her right foot tracing small circles on the carpet.

"Well, Veronica, we're both eagerly awaiting your answer."

"I suppose so, Ms Henderson," the girl finally, reluctantly admitted.

"You know that sort of behaviour is unacceptable. It disrupts Mr Hazel's excellent lessons and is not fair on the rest of the class. If you want to seduce Mr Hazel, you must do so outside the classroom." Both Adam and Veronica gasped at this statement. Adam looked at the girl who gave a him a quick, sly glance, then returned her attention to the floor.

"You will cease dressing provocatively as of now. To remind you, you will receive 20 strokes of the 'tickler'. Please remove your skirt, pants and blouse and take your place. You, I'm sorry to say, are familiar with the procedure."

"Please, Ms Henderson, don't make me strip. I'll take more than 20 but I don't want to take my clothes off in front of Mr Hazel."

"Veronica, you were quite prepared to show off your charms to Mr Hazel earlier today so why not now? No arguments, girl."

Very reluctantly, and blushing furiously, Veronica began to unfasten her skirt and pull it down. Adam, being a gentleman, stared fixedly at a painting of a vase of flowers, trying to remember if it was Van Goch or Gaugin who had painted sunflowers, as she slowly and grudgingly stripped.

"Mr Hazel." Anne's voice interrupted him.

He blinked and looked round. Veronica, dressed only in her white, lacy bra was now bent almost double over the whipping frame. Her small, round bottom was high in the air, proffered blatantly for it's abuse. The muscles in her slender legs were tense and trembling from her bent-over position. The knuckles of her hands were white where she gripped the hand-holds and her long, black hair trailed on the floor. Between her parted thighs her labia, covered in soft, dark hair, was wantonly displayed. Adam felt himself grow uncomfortably warm.

Anne handed him the whip. "Carry on, Mr Hazel."

Adam cleared his throat. "Now, Veronica, you know why you are being punished?"

"Yes." A small voice.

"Tell me," he said, playing for time.

"Because I upset you."

"I'm not upset, Veronica. That's not why you're being punished."

"Because I disrupted your class."

"That's better. And how did you disrupt the class?"

Beside him, Anne was nodding in approval.

"By distracting you."

"And how were you distracting me?" Adam was getting into his stride, now.

"By the way I was dressed."

"And ... A bit more than that, I think."

"And by letting you see up my skirt."

"That's better. Any more?"

"And letting you look at my breasts."

Adam was beginning to feel a stirring in his loins and decided he had better get on with it.

"Good. What are you going to do from now on?"

"Dress properly." Veronica paused briefly then continued, "And seduce you outside the classroom."

Anne clapped a hand over her mouth to suppress a giggle as Adam flushed.

"I don't think that's quite the idea," he said, hastily. "How are you going to be punished?"

"Twenty strokes with the 'tickler'."

Adam cleared his throat. This was it. He couldn't put it off any longer.

"Remember, Veronica, to count each stroke and keep still," Anne said, sternly. "Five extra every time you miss."

"Yes, Ms Henderson."

"Right, Mr Hazel. In your own time. Even strokes if you please."

Adam positioned himself and slowly raised the whip. He could feel his arm trembling. He looked down at the smooth, round, up-thrust cheeks. Would he have the nerve to go through with it?

"Whenever you're ready, Mr Hazel," said Anne, sharply, right beside his ear.

Startled, he brought the whip sharply down and, at the last moment, remembered to jerk his wrist upwards. The strands whistled down and flicked perfectly against the girl's skin. They almost seemed to kiss it but she flinched and cried, "Ow. One."

He raised his arm brought it down again.

"Oh, ouch. Two."

"Just count, Veronica, and never mind the histrionics," said Anne.

To Adam the experience took on a dream-like quality. Here he was, in the Head Teacher's study whipping the bare bottom of a lithe and sexy teenager girl. As he laid on the strokes, her bottom started to grow first pink, then red. He was not an expert and sometimes the strands laid across the tense flesh and sometimes they barely kissed it. Throughout, the girl kept up a steady count and remained rooted to her position, despite the fact that she was sobbing, the tears dripping from her eyes.

After the 20th stroke, Adam lowered his arm and stood back.

"Right, Veronica. That will be all. Get dressed now, please," said Anne. As the girl straightened, stiff from bending over and sore from the beating, Adam suddenly noticed small drops of moisture on the soft brown hair of her mons. He was shocked. Surely Veronica hadn't found the punishment stimulating? What a disturbing thought.

The girl pulled on her blouse and skirt - but not her knickers - and stood, sniffling, eyes downcast, clenching and unclenching her fists at the pain in her bottom.

"You may go, now."

"Yes, Ms Henderson. Thank you Ms Henderson. Thank you Mr Hazel," said the girl, almost curtsying.

"Get some cream from the dispensary, Veronica," said Anne as she opened the door to usher Veronica out and Melanie in.

They same procedure with Melanie - with almost the same result. At first the girl denied any wrong-doing but finally admitted, when pressured, that she had been deliberately exposing herself to Adam in class. She, too, was told to strip to her bra. Unlike Veronica she made no objection but, after a sly look at Adam, quickly removed here skirt, blouse and knickers. Melanie was more developed than Veronica; rounder and with a fuller figure. Her breasts swelled up from the confines of her white bra, her hips were broader and her bottom rounder. She took her place at the 'gate' and Adam definitely felt his cock stir at the sight of her rounded bottom sticking up into the air with the plump peach of her mons with its covering of red hair exposed below.

Adam raised his arms and laid on the first stroke. Melanie hissed as the strands bit into her tender flesh and clenched the cheeks of her bottom but otherwise made no sound except to count "One". She repeated this at every stroke. It was an incredibly erotic sight - the young girl bent over the bar, squeezing and relaxing the cheeks of her bottom. Adam's cock grew stiffer and stiffer. He also became aware that Melanie was definitely being turned on by his ministrations as the lips of her pussy softened and moistened. He realised that she was increasing the sensation by squeezing her vaginal muscles as she clenched her bottom.

By the end of the twenty strokes, he was red and sweating - a fact not unnoticed by the girl who gave him a sly, knowing look as she put on her blouse and skirt. To his bewilderment, Anne, too, seemed to be affected by the performance. She was breathing heavily, her breasts rising and falling noticeably beneath her formal, white shirt and she had trouble controlling her voice as she dismissed the girl.

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If Melanie had a good figure, Felicia had a outstanding one. She was also brazen and made no attempt to deny the offence. Her only comment was that 'he'd enjoyed looking'. Indeed it was Felicia who had troubled Adam the most. She had been the most shameless in class and it was she who most frequently haunted his night-time erotic fantasies - Felicia with her pouting lips wrapped round his cock; Felicia lying with her legs wide apart begging him to fuck her blonde snatch; Felicia moaning and writhing in the throes of ecstasy as he pumped his cum into her. The problem was that she was sexy and she knew it, played on it. She had the classic 'look but don't touch' demeanour. In short, she was a tease.

She removed her clothes without comment. In fact 'stripped' would be a better description for her manner verged on the impertinent as she unfastened her blouse and let it slip slowly from her shoulders and smoothed her hands down her thighs before unzipping her skirt with one hip thrust out. Adam was very aroused and felt sure the girl knew it - and knew just what effect she was having on him. He was having difficulty breathing as she bent herself over the bar with a provocative wiggle of her perfect, twin globes.

As Anne positioned the waist bar and he noticed she gave the globes a surreptitious caress.

He took his position and raised the whip with a trembling arm. His first blow was ineffectual and the strands just laid across the girl's bottom without any force.

"Mr Hazel," said Anne sharply.

"Sorry," he muttered.

His second stroke was perfect. The lash whistled down, his wrist flicked at exactly the right moment and the strands flicked across the tense, rounded cheeks. The girl moaned, but not just with pain, and rotated her buttocks, seductively. He applied another blow with the same result. Amazingly, Felicia was actively enjoying this.

Suddenly, something inside Adam snapped. He would stop the teasing. He would break through that conceited, arrogant, sexy veneer and make her feel. This time he brought his arm down with more force and flicked the whip up with a sharper snap. The strands cut across the perfect flesh with definite bite and the girl jerked and whimpered. He struck again and she cried out - not with pleasure but in real pain. This was not fun any more. Adam felt a surge of glee. He was winning. He was getting through to her. For the first time since he had started, he had power. He laid on the remainder of the strokes unaware that his face had drawn into a maniacal grin. He was unaware of the look of concern on Anne's face: of her half-started attempts to restrain him.

By the final stroke, the girl was sobbing loudly, barely able to maintain the required count. Her bottom was a fiery red where the lash had crossed and re-crossed the skin of perfect globes. She straightened, tears streaming down her face and looked at him reproachfully from her big, blue eyes. Even when crying, he noticed in wonderment, she was utterly beautiful.

Adam lowered the whip and let it fall from nerveless fingers. He was sweating and panting and simply stood as Anne hustled the bruised girl into her clothes and out of the door.

As she was leaving, Felicia suddenly stopped and turned towards him.

"You didn't have to hit me so hard," she said in a small voice. And then she was gone.

Anne came back and stood in front of him.

"You were a bit hard on her, you know," she said softly and stoked a hot hand down his cheek.

He dropped his head. "I know. I'm sorry. I don't know what got into me. She just provoked me too far."

"She is a very provocative girl," said Anne.

He raised his head and met Anne's gaze. Her eyes were hooded and hot. Her face was flushed. Her lips, red and full, were parted. Without thinking about it he bent and kissed her. Instantly, her free hand was around his neck, her tongue snaked into his mouth and she thrust her body against him.

A wave of lust overwhelmed him. His hands roved her back. He pulled her fiercely against him, feeling her large breasts squash against his chest even through the layers of clothing. He thrust his tongue into her mouth and mashed his lips against hers. He dropped his hands to her buttocks and pulled her tight against him, his fingers digging into the soft flesh. She moaned beneath the kiss and squirmed in his embrace, rubbing herself against him rolling his rigid cock across her belly.

The kiss ended and they started at each other with lust-filled eyes.

"Anne ... ," he began.

"Yes," she said in a harsh whisper. "Do it."

Then they were frantically tearing at each other's buttons and zips and catches. Adam pulled open her jacket and pushed it off her shoulders. He tore at the buttons of her shirt, pulling two off in his desperation. He fumbled for the catch of her bra. "The front, Adam. At the front," she prompted him. He got the catch open and pulled the cups apart and grasped her large breasts in his hands digging his fingers painfully into the soft, resilient flesh. She threw her head back and moaned. He tried to stoop to kiss them but she pushed him away. She pulled his tie loose and tore at his shirt buttons, pulling the tail free from his trousers. She ran her hands up and down his chest, scoring it with her nails. It was his turn to moan. Then she was struggling with his belt and trouser buttons. He sucked in his stomach to help her. She pulled down his fly zip and thrust a hand down inside his underpants.

He reached down and pulled the hem of her skirt up to her waist. He started to pull down her knickers but she cried, "Don't bother. Just push them aside." She was frantically pushing at his trousers and pants, trying to get them down his legs over his rampant cock. His cock sprung free at last and she took it in both hands and tried to guide into to her vagina. Adam looked frantically around. Half lifting her under her bottom and half pushing, he hobbled over to Anne's desk, his trousers and pants working their way down to his ankles. He lifted her and sat her on the edge of the desk, sweeping away papers and folders. She hunched her pelvis forward and pulled his cock towards her. He bent his knees slightly as she lined him up and pulled the hard length into her wet, eager cunt.

As the hot tip of his rod met the soft wet heat of her cunt, they both moaned. Then Adam pushed forwards and slid his hard length deep into her. She parted her legs as wide as they would go and clasped her arms around his neck as he, without any preliminaries, began to shaft in and out of her as hard as he could.

Her heavy breasts bounced against his chest and her hard nipples seemed to burn hot trails across his skin. Her head fell against his shoulder and she gasped, "Oh, God. Oh, yes. Do it. Do it. That's good. Harder. Harder," as he rammed into her as hard as he could, flexing his knees to give himself extra purchase. She curled her legs around his waist and crossed her ankles. He could feel the nylon of her stockings brush against his skin. She began to hump up and down on the desk, moaning and panting and swearing. He put one hand at her bottom and one in the middle of her back to pull her even more tightly to him. His cock was now completely embedded in her cunt, their pubic hairs rubbing together, and was able only to move fractionally in and out. But her up-and-down motion was making her cunt squeeze his cock delightfully and he knew he would cum soon.

Anne's movements became even more frantic and she muttered, "So close. Don't stop. So close. Oh, yes," in his ear.

Suddenly she went rigid, her cunt seemed to grip him like a vice and she bit savagely into his shoulder. He never even noticed. Then she relaxed and sighed and he felt a deep warmth surround his cock as she came. That triggered him and he felt his balls tighten.

"I'm nearly there. Don't stop," he growled and jabbed his cock into her even more deeply and fiercely.

She tightened her legs around his waist and said, "That's right. Come inside me. Come deep inside me."

With a noise between a growl and a moan, he stuffed his cock as far up her crack as he could and pumped his semen into her in long, deep spurts.

Spent, he slumped back and they hung onto each other, panting and wheezing for a long moment. Then, with a low moan and a small cry of disappointment from Anne, he pulled his sticky cock out of her cunt. He helped her down from the desk and they staggered over to the settee where they collapsed in each other's arms. After a timeless moment - minutes or hours, Adam groaned and stirred. "Adam ... ." "I'm .... ." They started together. They looked at each other and smiled, suddenly shy. Anne ran a gentle finger down Adam's cheek. "I don't know if I should apologise or crow," he grinned. "Oh, don't apologise," said Anne, softly. "In some ways it's I who should apologise to you." "Whatever for? I'm the one who lost control." "Yes, but..." she drew a breath and the soft look was replaced with something harder. "It doesn't matter. Did you enjoy that?" "What?" He looked surprised. "The beating or the sex?" "Don't be ingenuous," she said a trifle tartly, then grinned. "I meant the session. I know you enjoyed the sex." He thought for a moment then answered soberly. "It disturbs me to say that I haven't been so aroused in a long time. I've always believed that hitting young people was wrong - that a teacher shouldn't need the threat of violence to maintain discipline. But this wasn't like that. They weren't 'children'. That wasn't 'corporal punishment' - at least not in the way I thought it did."

"No. You're right. Our punishment sessions are not corporal punishment in the traditional sense. But they do serve a purpose." She seemed about to say more but stopped and sighed. "Now, Adam, we've done our duty as disciplinarians and had our pleasure as adults but I'm afraid my responsibilities as headmistress need to be attended to." She pushed him away and climbed to her feet. She stretched her stiff muscles, lifting her arms over her head. Adam thrilled at the way her magnificent breasts stood proudly out from her chest. He felt he could make love to this beautiful woman for ever and still not get enough. He wondered if he was falling in love. She began putting her clothing in order and, reluctantly he stood up and did the same.

At the door of the office she kissed him deeply and lingeringly. "I think this is just the beginning," she murmured as she ushered him out.

**Chapter 5 - Aftermath**

It was with some trepidation that Adam greeted the next morning. Something momentous had occurred yesterday, he was certain - although what, he wasn't sure. He felt he had passed some milestone; some point from which there could be no return, and he smelled bridges burning furiously behind him. Somewhat to his surprise, the world was no different: the sun still shone, the wind still blew, the flowers still bloomed and nodded in the breeze and the sparrows still chirruped in the ivy. He glanced up at the old, grey building before him. Its ivy-clad walls, normally so mellow and friendly, seemed to loom disapprovingly this morning. Behind the deep-set windows, a host of probing, knowing eyes scrutinized his progress and grinning mouths exchanged arch remarks between giggles. He gave himself a mental shake and told himself he was being foolish. Still he could not dispel the mood of apprehension and he was he was somewhat distracted when he faced his first class.

Fortunately for his sanity, his first few classes were with the younger girls. They behaved with almost disappointing normality and he slowly began to relax into his normal groove. He thought, briefly about avoiding the staff room at break but knew that would be out of character. Again, almost to his disappointment, everything seemed normal. Jacqueline and Marcia were discussing a TV programme from last night. Barbara was reading with Evaline sitting quietly beside her sipping her tea. Helen was not present and, thank God, neither was Anne. He breathed an inward sigh of relief. Although he knew he would have to face her some time soon, but he was thankful that it was not now.

As he poured himself coffee, Jacqueline came up behind him.

"So what's with the girls this morning?"

He felt himself flushing, "Sorry?"

"Don't tell me you hadn't noticed?"

"Er... Well, they do seem a bit quiet, that's true."

"A bit quiet!" Jacqueline exploded. "They're positively comatose. Especially the 5th. They're like refugees from a convent. Veronica and Melanie are positively out of sorts and Felicia hasn't showed up at all."

He gave a start. "Oh? Nothing serious I hope?"

"No idea. She just wasn't in class."

"Oh. Well I have them after break. We'll see then."

Jacqueline had a sudden insight. "They haven't been disciplined, by any chance? That would explain it."

Adam swallowed in a dry throat. "Er... It's possible, I suppose. They were getting a bit out of hand."

"I thought so," she said, triumphantly. She looked at him, shrewdly.

"You didn't have anything to do with it, by any chance?"

Adam's heart sank. "Well, um, it's possible. I did mention a couple of things to Anne and... er... well..."

Jacqueline nudged him sharply and leered. "Well that explains it. They're always a bit down after a disciplining. They'll be back to normal in no time. Not fair, though, Anne having all the fun and not telling us."

Adam spluttered over his last mouthful of coffee and flushed. "Er, well, I'd better be getting back."

He hurried from the room and didn't see the strange look Jacqueline gave to his retreating back.

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As the 5th year filed in, he searched their faces anxiously but covertly, looking for some sign - what sort of sign he didn't know. They entered quietly. They were down as Jacqueline had said. Veronica and Melanie seated themselves rather gingerly, he thought, although it could have been his imagination. Felicia was not with them. He looked up now, trying to control his thumping heart and hoping his voice would not croak. He noticed that they were all dressed very demurely: no deviations from the regulation skirts and blouses. Somehow, this gave him confidence and he launched into the lesson.

They were subdued. They seemed to pay more attention, to listen to his words carefully. He was aware of four pairs of eyes fixed upon him as he explained a particularly obscure calculation. For some reason this was both extremely disconcerting and immensely erotic. His delivery almost stumbled but he managed to finish his explanation and set them a problem to solve. He sat and looked at their sleek, young heads bent over their books.

Then, in a flash, it came to him; they were scared of him - no, scared wasn't the right word - wary, cautious, even respectful. He tried to think it through. The answer came to him in a flash. It was obvious. He had severely chastised three of them - thrashed them soundly. They had been forced to expose their bare bottoms to him and allow him to beat them severely. It was debasing, humiliating. They had accepted his authority: accepted that he had the power to compel them to expose themselves; accepted his right to punish them. Of course they would be obsequious. He almost laughed aloud with sheer exhilaration. Miranda glanced up from her work. He grinned at her and she quickly returned to her task. He breathed deeply, savouring the moment.

The rest of the lesson, and, indeed, the rest of the day, passed quickly. Adam wanted to test this new-found power - to see how far he could use it, and in what directions. He realised that the situation that had led to the punishment no longer disturbed him. It wouldn't bother him if they came in half-naked. He also realised that he would readily discipline them again - in fact he might be rather glad of an excuse. But first, he needed to determine some limits and make some plans. He went to find Anne.

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She was in her office.

"Adam... , she began, coming out from behind her desk as he entered.

Without conscious thought they were in each others' arms and kissing with passionate abandon. He could feel those magnificent breasts pressed tight against his chest, the nipples growing hard. He ran his hands through her hair, up and down her arched back, cupped the cheeks of her bottom and pulled her fiercely to him. She clutched at his shoulders and his head as she thrust her tongue into his mouth and wriggled it around lewdly. His cock swelled and stiffened and she rubbed her belly against it shamelessly.

"Oh, Adam.. ," she gasped when they parted at last.

"Anne, I'm so glad..."

"I didn't know... I wondered..."

"I know. I didn't know either until just now..."

They held each other tightly, touching, cuddling, caressing; lost in each other in a haze of lust.

"Anne, what's happening to us?"

"I don't know."

"I can hardly tell you what you make me feel. I want to kiss you and hold you and rip off your clothes you and fuck you senseless and do all sorts of dirty and beautiful things with you." She shivered and giggled. "And so you shall. We'll do everything and then some." He put his hands on her shoulders and held her away from him. "It's all wrong, though, isn't it?" "Wrong?" "This! Us! You're the Headmistress of a very respectable girl's school and I'm just a hired hand. What would happen if it all came out?" She looked at him very seriously as if seeking the answer to some unspoken question.

"I don't think you need worry about that," she said slowly and seriously. "For the moment, let's just enjoy this and each other. I don't think there'll be any problems in the long term."

"But..."

She put a finger to his lips. "No buts. Trust me. As your Headmistress and your lover. It'll be OK."

He shrugged. "You're the boss, lady. I shall enjoy every steamy moment."

Then, suddenly, the reality of the last two days came crashing down on him. The real truth hit him like a sledgehammer. The dreams of power, the insights in the classroom were fantasies, chimeras. The scales seemed to slip from his eyes and he stiffened in her embrace.

"What's the matter, lover?"

"I... Oh... Oh, shit..."

She caressed his cheek. "Talk to me. Somehow I don't think I'll be offended." She smiled.

He looked down and into her big brown eyes. "Can we sit down? There's something I must tell you."

They sat side by side on the leather settee, knees touching, holding hands. He took a deep breath and searched for the right words.

"It's about yesterday," he began.

"The punishment?"

He nodded. "Yes. It's difficult to find the words, so please bear with me. You see, before yesterday I had never hit anybody - oh, except for the odd playground scrap at school, but that doesn't count. What I mean is that I've never deliberately caused someone pain. And yesterday I purposely and calculatingly whipped the bottoms of three teenage girls - girls who were in my trust and care. I beat them and hurt them - one of them possibly seriously."

He stopped and looked at her, his face drawn in distress. "But, Adam, you knew that you might have to do that when you took the job. I thought I made that clear at the interview."

"I know, I know. But saying you'd do it and the reality of actually doing it are two completely different things."

"Well, if that's how you feel about it...," Anne said stiffly. "But I must say I'm most disappointed."

He shook his head miserably. "No. No. You don't understand." He looked at her earnestly. "It wasn't the punishment itself - they deserved it and I can now see why you have a policy of corporal punishment. No. My problem worse than that - much worse." He took a deep breath to calm himself. "Punishment is punishment. You give it because it is merited - whether it's a punishment exercise, detention or, or a spanking. The thing is it's impersonal - the child breaks the rules, there's a laid- down punishment, you give it. You don't get involved in it. Do you see what I mean?" Anne was looking at him with concern and trepidation. He hurried on, "The thing about yesterday is, and I'm deeply ashamed to admit this, that it wasn't impersonal. It was one of the most enjoyable and intensely erotic experiences of my life. If you hadn't been there, I don't know what I'd have done. I don't think I could have controlled myself.

"No!" he held up his hand to prevent her speaking. "Please let me finish this. Then you can decide what to do.

"This morning, I was really troubled. I felt... I don't know what I felt. I felt ashamed and guilty. I was not looking forward to meeting the 5th again. And when Veronica and the others came in I nearly bolted. But they behaved very strangely - they were very proper and sat and listened and worked diligently - oh, and they were dressed appropriately. Well, I couldn't figure it out for a while - no hint of rebellion, no sulking, no sly uncooperativeness. I was flabbergasted. And then, suddenly, it dawned on me. They were a bit apprehensive, naturally, but mainly they were respectful, even deferential. I realised that I had taken them on; called their bluff - and I had won.

"I realised that the threat of punishment gave me complete power over them. That, for all they knew, I could call them out - any one at any time - and mistreat them, beat them, humiliate them - and they couldn't do anything about it. The thing was, Anne... The thing that really shocked me was that I revelled in that feeling - gloried in it - of the knowledge I could do exactly that - spank them, beat them, thrash them."

He looked up at her, pleadingly.

"And, God help, me Anne. I sat there in that classroom and knew with complete certainty that I wanted to take each and every in of them and bend them over and bare their round, teenage bottoms, and whip them hard and make them squeal. What's worst of all is that, after I had done all these terrible things to them, I wanted to shove my cock deep into their teenage twats and fuck 'em senseless. Every single blessed one of them from little Sophie right up to Miss Flirt herself, Felicia Romiss."

He took a deep, shuddering breath. "I am sorry, Anne, I know these are terrible thoughts to have and terrible things to say and I'll..."

He broke off and looked at Anne's face. She was regarding him seriously but not disapprovingly.

"Adam, I'm very glad you've unburdened yourself to me like this. I want to assure you that your thoughts and feelings are not abnormal nor, you may be surprised to hear, unusual. So the first thing is that you mustn't feel guilty.

"I suspect you were about to tender your resignation. I won't hear of it. The very fact that you recognised your reactions and were more then willing to confess them makes me sure that you are the right man for the job. So, not one more word about resigning. Okay?"

Adam nodded, mutely astonished.

"I say with total certainty that I know exactly how you feel and that your feelings are neither unusual nor abnormal." She paused. "Now I want you to answer me this question - how do I know exactly how you feel and how can be I be certain that it's not abnormal?"

He gaped at her as the penny slowly dropped. "You mean..."

She nodded, smiling. "Yes, say it."

"You mean you have the same feelings too? That you, too, are turned on by the thought of beating girl's bottoms? Oh, my God."

Anne beamed at him. "Yes. It's true. Couldn't you tell from my reaction yesterday?"

"Oh," he said. "I'm a complete fool. I've been so caught up in my own guilt trip that I stopped thinking... I'm sorry. What must you think of me. ."

"Adam, dear heart," she laughed. "You're not a fool. You're just caught up in something you don't understand yet. I know it's difficult to deal with."

He lifted her hands to his lips and kissed them gently.

"Actually I'm rather glad to know that you feel the same as I do." She looked at him intently. "Kiss me."

With a startled glance, he leaned over and brushed her lips with his. This was not what Anne wanted for she took his head in her hands and kissed him thoroughly and deeply.

"Now," she said. "Did you think that what happened between us yesterday was a fantasy? That I was just pretending to please you or tease you?"

"But... But... No, of course I didn't think it was a fantasy. It's just that I didn't dare to hope that after I'd said my piece you'd think of me as anything other than worthless trash."

Without another word they were in each other's arms, lips and teeth and hands roaming each other's bodies. Frantically, they tugged at buttons and zips trying to get rid of their clothes without losing contact with each other. They fumbled with each other's buttons, shaking their arms loose from their jackets and shirts. He tugged at her tight skirt while she fumbled at his belt. She pushed his trousers slide down his legs fumbled his rampant cock from his underpants. They half fell, half slid onto the floor. She spread her legs wide and he crawled between them. He pulled her knickers aside and she guided, almost pulled, his cock him into her, lifting her hips to meet him. He thrust into the hot, wet, depths of her cunt, marvelling again at how tight it was. With her feet planted flat on the floor and her knees spread wide apart, she lifted her hips up off the floor, thrusting her pelvis up to meet his downward stroke, clutching at his back and moaning and panting in his ear.

Then he was hammering into her with long, fierce strokes. She threw her legs around his back, drumming her heels against his bottom to urge him on. "Yes," she panted in time to his thrusts. "Oh... Fuck... Yes... Oh..."

He was a mindless fuck engine, aware of nothing but his cock pounding in and out of her cunt; of the soft flesh of the hot, eager woman underneath him who was urging him to fuck her harder, spurring him on. He couldn't last and neither could she. Soon - all too soon - before, it seemed, he had really got started, he felt his balls tighten.

"Oh, God, I'm going to cum."

"Yes! Yes, cum in me, darling. Cum in me hard. Make me feel it."

He jabbed with short, sharp strokes, probing deep into her cervix, groaning and growling as he felt the cum swell his balls and then burst from his engorged prick in a torrent and spurt deep inside her cunt. She hugged him fiercely, thrusting and wriggling her hips, gripping his cock with the muscles of her vagina to milk him of every last drop.

"Oh...," he gasped as he slumped on top of her. "Anne, Anne, Anne..." He planted a hundred little kisses on her face and neck as she gently caressed his face. At last, with a groan, he rolled off her, his cock slipping stickily from her cunt and releasing a flood of sperm which trickled down her crack onto the floor.

Suddenly a great feeling of well-being swept through him and he laughed aloud. "This is absurd, " he said, gesturing at their dishevelled clothes, tangled hair and cum-stained bodies. "You know we can't go on meeting like this."

Anne joined in. "You're right. The dry-cleaning bills alone will ruin me. Seriously, lover, we don't need to, now." She took his hands in hers and gazed up at him lovingly. "Now that we know how each other feels we don't need to hide. I want to feel you close to me; to wake up each morning with you beside me."

"That would be the most wonderful thing in the world. But there are probably a few proprietaries to observe. And, what's more, don't you still have a school to run?"

"I hate you for reminding me but yes, you're right. I've still got a ton of work to do." She eased herself out from under him and stood up with a groan. "I'm getting too old for the floor."

He clambered to his feet and watched her, marvelling at how beautiful she was even though she was a total mess. He snuggled up behind her and nuzzled her neck.

"Oh, Adam," she murmured, arching her back against him. "Stop it." She pulled herself free of his embrace and shooed him to the door. "Come on. Get out. I've got work to do."

He left, feeling he had conquered the world.

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He sneaked back to his apartment to shower and change. He felt light- headed and euphoric and confident. With Anne's support, he knew he could do whatever he desired and began to make his plans. First there was Felicia. He was, surprisingly, genuinely concerned that he had caused her a serious injury.

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"Felicia's fine," said Helen dourly when he found her in the library. "She won't be sitting particularly comfortably for a few days but she has no serious injuries. Some bruises but no cuts." She looked up at him disapprovingly. "I'm really a bit disappointed in you, Adam. I had you marked as a civilised man. One who wouldn't succumb to this nonsense. You hurt that child quite badly, you know."

He looked down at her. "I take it you don't approve of corporal punishment, then?"

She sniffed. "I've nothing against a rap on the knuckles or a slap on the bottom. But, really, Anne takes it too far. All these whips and paddles and things - and all the other stuff..."

She stopped abruptly and flushed. Adam regarded her calmly, his mind racing. "So you've never paddled one of the girls, or whipped her?"

"No, never," she said indignantly.

"Never been tempted?"

"No, of course not. It's a most uncivilised way to behave. To be bent over and have your bottom exposed... Utterly humiliating."

"So why do you stay, then? Someone with your experience could surely find a job elsewhere?"

She flushed. "Oh, someone's got to look after these poor girls and make sure they're not permanently damaged," she flustered.

Adam got a sense of skeletons in closets and, wisely, decided not to push but he couldn't resist one more dig.

"And you've never been tempted, yourself... To be on the receiving end?" Adam asked.

Helen gasped, clutching her hand to her bosom. "The very idea... Disgusting..." she spluttered. But he saw there was something in her eyes. He had a sudden vision of her tall elegant form, nearly naked and bent over, bottom exposed. Heard her whimper and plead as he lashed at her small, taut buttocks.

He gave her his most charming smile. "Oh, well. I'm glad Felicia is going to be okay. Thanks."

He turned and left and didn't see her blink with surprise and then follow his retreating back with a strange look.

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He found Felicia in her room. She was lying on her bed on her side dressed in a sheer, powder-blue, baby-doll nightie with matching knickers. She made no attempt to cover herself as he entered but simply flushed and looked away. He stood and drank in the curve of her hip, the swell of her full breasts, the silkiness of her skin.

"How are you, Felicia?"

"You know how I am. You hit me hard enough," she said petulantly.

"I did, didn't I. Actually that's why I'm here. To apologise."

"Oh, yes," she replied with a voice she could hardly control.

She looked up as he pulled up a chair beside her bed. "Yes. I shouldn't have hit you so hard."

"You hurt me very badly."

"I know," he said, nodding seriously. "I didn't mean to."

"I still can't lie on my back or sit down. My bottom is very sore."

He took one of her hands in both of his. "I know it is and I'm very sorry."

She looked up at him now. "You really didn't mean to beat me so hard?"

"No, I didn't."

There was a look in her eye - of hope? Of triumph? She sniffed as if fighting back tears. "So you've come to say you're really sorry?"

He nodded.

"Sorry that you made me bend over that awful contraption and hit me?"

"Oh, no!" He looked shocked. "You fully deserved that punishment, young lady. Your behaviour was abominable. No. I haven't come to apologise for punishing your misbehaviour. But I have come to apologise for doing something I shouldn't have done."

"You mean thrashing me within an inch of my life?"

He smiled. "I don't think I hit you quite that hard. No, something more serious than that."

"It's serious enough to me."

"Indeed. But more important than that is why I beat you so hard."

"What do you mean?"

"Think about it. Why were you being punished?"

"It was most unfair. I didn't do anything to deserve a punishment."

"Come now, Felicia," he said severely. "Stop playing games. Why were you punished?"

She sniffed. "For breaking school rules. For disrupting your class."

"Right. And did you deserve to be punished? Now..." he held up his hand as she was about to make a quick retort. "No games."

"Yes," she said in a small voice. "I suppose I did."

"And did you deserve to be punished so severely?"

"No," she cried. "You were most unkind."

"Why, then, do you think that happened. That I hurt you more than you deserved?"

"Because you're a sadist. You enjoyed it."

"Oh, no. I can assure you I'm not a sadist. I admit I did enjoy spanking your beautiful bottom. But I did not enjoy causing you so much pain. Would I be here apologising to you, if I did? Wouldn't I be gloating about it and wanting to do it again? Because I could, you know."

Felicia was puzzled by this. "I don't know. Are you really, truly sorry you hurt me so much?"

"My dearest Felicia. I am deeply and truly sorry for that."

"Then why did you do it?"

"Because I lost control. That's why I hit you so hard. And that's far more serious than the beating itself."

"I don't understand."

"Okay. What would happen if you were late for class?"

"You'd give me a row, I suppose."

"And if you were always late, even after I'd given you a row?"

"Well, you'd give me a punishment exercise or detention."

"Okay. What would you think if, the first time you were late I spanked you?"

"I'd think you were a sadistic beast."

"Now suppose that Veronica was late, too, and I didn't do or say anything at all to her?"

"I'd hate you. I do now, you know."

"And if I always treated you more harshly than the other girls?"

"I would hate you utterly." "And you'd hate me because I wasn't being fair and you couldn't trust me."

"Yes."

"So would decide that I was a complete bastard and it wasn't worth trying because I was always out to get you."

"Yes."

"In other words - you wouldn't trust me, isn't that so?"

Felicia pondered on that. "Yes. I suppose it is."

"Now think about yesterday. Being spanked or whipped is a serious and painful affair - much worse than a detention. So if you can't trust me to act fairly - then what?"

"Oh. I think I see what you mean."

"What would happen if you smacked your pet dog every time he did anything wrong and never gave him any love or petting. He wouldn't trust you or love you, would he."

"No. He'd hate me and probably try to bite me."

He smiled. "I don't want you to bite me, Felicia. I want you to love me and trust me just like your dog. That's why I'm apologising to you and making you a promise that I will never lose control again. If I punish you - spank you or whip you - it's because you know it's right and accept it. In fact, relish it. So will you accept my apology."

She smiled wanly. "I don't know that I liked that last bit - but, yes, I accept you apology."

He stood and smiled down at her. "Good. I'm glad about that. Now, I'll see you tomorrow in class." It was more of an order than a suggestion.

"Yes, sir," she said.

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Felicia returned to classes the following day. Like the rest, she was properly dressed in regulation school uniform. She sat at the back with her head bowed. She only looked up when addressed directly and responded briefly to questions. But he noticed that she was watching him with a strange expression on her face whenever she thought he wasn't looking. He smiled inwardly.

Adam was still on a euphoric high. It was evident in every word, every gesture. The girls watched his performance in silent incredulity and exchanged looks with raised eyebrows.

Just before the end of the lesson, he stopped, perched on the front of the desk and surveyed them silently. They stopped work and waited.

"I want to say how sorry I am that things got to the stage that we had that, er, unpleasant incident the other day. But I'm very pleased with your response. I think the point has been made and the lesson learned." He paused and smiled brightly at them. "You have responded exceptionally well and been exemplary in dress, demeanour and behaviour. Your example, I'm pleased to see, has been followed throughout the school. Thank you. As a result I think we can consider a relaxation of the dress code from now on." He looked from one astonished face to another and leered. "I must confess that I rather miss the view. So you have my permission to be, shall we say, inventive. Mind." He held up an admonishing hand. "Dress code only. I expect you to maintain the same standard of behaviour that you've shown you can achieve. And I will maintain that very firmly."

He had timed it perfectly for, as he finished speaking, the school bell rang. Mute with astonishment, the girl's filed out, breaking into an agitated chatter as they clattered off down the corridor. Behind them Adam let out a broad guffaw. The first step in his plan had been executed.

**Chapter 6 - Initiation**

He was awoken by frantic knocking on the front door. Blearily he stumbled from his bed and opened it. In the hallway stood Jacqueline, holding a raincoat clasped tightly at her throat and looking very agitated.

"Quick," she cried. "You must come at once."

"What .... ? Why ... ?" he asked, his head full of sleep.

"Don't ask any questions. You must come now. It's very important."

The urgency in her voice penetrated the fog of sleep.

"Okay. Okay." he turned away to find some clothes and Jacqueline followed him in and paced agitatedly while he struggled into trousers, jumper and shoes.

"Hurry. Do hurry," she urged.

She led him out across the courtyard and away from the main entrance. The night was overcast and pitch black and he had no idea of what time it was. He kept stumbling and tripping, although Jacqueline seemed to know her way. He noticed, without really being aware of it, that she held the neck of her coat tightly closed at all times although the night was not cold, and that she was wearing a pair of stiletto-heeled sandals.

She opened a door he had not seen before and urged him through.

"In here," she hissed. "Be careful on the stairs."

There was no light and he stumbled up a flight of stairs. As he reached the top, a door opened in front of him and the dim light spilling out temporarily blinded him. Before his eyes could adjust, Jacqueline pushed him firmly from behind. He lurched through the doorway and was grabbed by a number of people. His arms were pinned tightly and a hood thrown over his head. He started to protest and struggle.

"Adam," said a voice he recognised as Anne's. "Be still and listen. You have been brought here tonight for a very special purpose. Tonight you are on trial. It is a serious trail for your future depends on how you behave. For the duration you will remain blindfolded. If you cooperate, your arms will remain free and only your legs will be restrained. To succeed in this trial you must do exactly as you are instructed without question and without objection. If you so much as hint at non-cooperation, the consequences will be severe. Do you understand."

"What...! This is outrageous! You can't ... " he spluttered, his voice muffled by the hood.

"Adam! I can't tell you how important and serious this is. I am not exaggerating when I say your whole future depends on what happens here tonight. You must do exactly as instructed without question and without objection. I will not repeat this. You have no need to speak - simply nod or shake your head. Now, do I have your full and willing cooperation?"

There was something in her voice that convinced him she was deadly serious and it chilled him. He noticed that he had not been given an option to back out. For a fleeting instant he wondered if his life was at stake. He swallowed in a dry throat and nodded.

"You agree you will obey every command given and carry out every action as instructed?"

Again he nodded. There seemed to be a collective sigh of relief from his captors. With a flash of intuition, he realised they were all female. A feminine body pressed against him and soft hands slipped a mask underneath the hood and secured it tightly around his eyes. The hood was removed.

It felt very strange and unnerving to be in an unknown room with a group of unknown women, unable to see. The lack of vision, however, heightened his other senses. The hands that had fastened the mask now tugged at his jumper. He raised his arms above his head to assist. A second pair of hands was fumbling at his belt and fly and a third pair was tugging at his shoes. The air was warm and the floor carpeted. The carpet felt soft and thick against his bare feet. There was a clanking of chains and soft hands clamped padded metal bands around his ankles. He was urged forward, stumbling as he discovered that the chain joined the ankle bands together, until his toes met and obstruction.

"Bend over. You won't fall," said a voice.

His hands were pulled forward to grip a horizontal metal bar, slightly above waist height and away form his body. There was a shuffling sound from the floor and a pair of gentle hands and mouth wrapped themselves around his cock. Despite feeling completely vulnerable and exposed, he began to respond. The hands cupped his balls, nails scored lightly up the sensitive underside of his cock. Lips and tongue licked and sucked around the glans. The mouth engulfed him and he felt the tip of his cock press against the woman's throat. She was definitely an expert at oral sex. He groaned.

Without warning a line of severe pain lanced across his buttocks and a searing heat, like a jolt of electricity, surged through his body. He cried out and jerked forwards to escape the pain. The woman sucking him off jerked her mouth away to avoid being choked.

"What the ... !" he shouted.

"Remember, Adam, you are on trial, here!"

The pain and shock receded leaving a residual heat. The mouth returned to ministering to his cock which now seemed even more sensitive. With sudden insight he saw the parallel between his situation and the recent punishment session. The mouth at his cock and the burning in his bottom prevented him from thinking very clearly. This was very important! If only they would let him alone for a moment he was sure he could work it out.

The second blow landed and again he jerked forwards. This time he managed to remain silent except for an involuntary grunt. Images flashed through his mind; of the girls in the car on the way to the interview, of Felicia in her thong, of Anne confessing she enjoyed punishing the girls. All the little signals he had overlooked suddenly came into focus. This was no ordinary school. Something mysterious was going on. He was taking part in some sort of initiation rite - some trial to see if he was fit for something. He had no idea what but in that instant he knew he wanted, needed to be part of it and that he must not fail. With almost maniacal glee, he braced himself for the further blows he knew would come.

When the next blow landed he gripped the bar tightly and managed to restrain his movement to a slight flinch.

"Very good," said Anne, approvingly.

The mouth at his cock had moved away in case he reacted but quickly returned. He gritted his teeth as the pain surged through him again. This time, perhaps because he was anticipating it, it did not seem so bad. The blows continued to rain down on him from behind and the mouth continued to suck him from the front. He no longer felt the individual blows. Each one seemed only to raise the searing agony to even higher levels. The pain became heat and spread through his body with its focus in his cock. The mouth licked and slurped and sucked seeking to suck his balls out through the tip of his cock. He lost count of the strokes. His whole concentration was on the pain and the heat and the sucking mouth. A deep sensation began at the base of his cock. "Oh, shit. Oh, yes," he cried out. He began to twitch uncontrollably as his balls emptied and he pumped his cum into the anonymous mouth. The first spurt caught her by surprise but she immediately began sucking and swallowing enthusiastically, cupping his balls and squeezing them gently as they emptied their contents into her mouth.

The mouth moved away and was replaced by a second one which eagerly licked and lapped him clean. Gentle hands helped him upright where he stood on shaky legs. A glass of liquid was pressed into his hand and he drank it eagerly, not thinking or caring about what it might be. It didn't seem to be alcoholic but it settled in his stomach and spread a fuzzy warmth all through his body. The pain in his bottom receded to a dull ache. Another pair of soft hands took hold of his cock and gently began to masturbate him. To his surprise, he began to respond immediately. A mouth followed the hands - this time full of light and fluttery kisses and licks that seemed more aimed at rousing him to full strength. In no time at all, his cock was stiff and throbbing. He could feel the blood pulse through its veins and he wanted a fuck.

Eager hands pressed him back until he was lying on his back on a narrow bench. His arms were pulled together under the bench and his wrists were handcuffed together. His feet were unchained and positioned flat on the floor and a strap secured his ankles to the legs of the bench. The bench was narrow and he felt precariously balanced. He was acutely conscious of his cock, thick and throbbing and standing stiffly out from his body, fully exposed for all to see. Then there was the warmth of a woman's body near his head and the musky, tingly aroma of hot female sex.

"Right, Adam," said Anne's voice. "You are required to make each person in turn cum without cumming yourself. If you cum first, it will be 20 lashes plus 5 for each person you missed. Clear?"

He nodded and before he could even take a breath, his mouth was filled with hot, wet, cunt and a thick bush of pubic hair. He stuck out a tongue and probed the cunt and was rewarded with a moan. He began to lick between the proffered lips, running his tongue up and down the moist slit. He probed deeper, wiggling his tongue inside the vagina. It's owner moaned again and started to rub her cunt up and down on his face. The hairs of her cunt filled his mouth and his nose and chin became coated and sticky with her juices.

He found her clitoris and flicked it with his tongue; probing and poking. The owner grew more agitated, pressing down more heavily on his face. He stretched his lips and sucked the clitoris into his mouth. This drove the woman wild and she started bucking so fiercely that he feared he would roll off the bench. But her agitation acted to his advantage for, instead of having to work to bring her off, the woman was doing that for him. She was obviously aroused before he started and it was only a matter of minutes before she pushed down hard on his face, almost breaking his neck, and rewarded his efforts with a scream of pleasure and a flood of feminine juices. The juices ran stickily covering his nose, mouth and chin.

He could hear the woman being helped down with appreciative murmurs. 'Well, that wasn't too bad,' he thought. 'If my neck can stand the strain, I should be able to do this.'

A warm, damp cloth was passed over his face and neck, wiping away the sticky residue and another pair of thighs stepped up. He knew it was somebody different: the aroma from the aroused cunt above his head was, somehow, sweeter and lighter. The thighs and cunt seemed closer so he guessed that this woman was smaller. From above his head a hesitant voice said, "I don't think I want to do this..."

"You have to," came Jaqueline's voice, encouragingly. "You'll be just fine. You'll enjoy it."

The cunt was lowered tentatively. He felt soft, cunt lips and a brush of fine cunt hair against his nose and mouth. He surmised that this was Evaline. He decided he had better be a bit less aggressive than he had been with the previous woman. He started by making short, gentle licks over and around the soft cunt lips, gradually making them longer and more lingering. The cunt was not so aroused as the previous one had been and it was several minutes before he felt them swell and part. The sweet, musky odour increased and he was aware of a slight trembling in the thighs which clamped his ears. He gently probed his tongue between the lips and licked up and down in long sweeps. The trembling in the thighs increased and a low moan came from above.

Without warning a tongue of fire lashed across his prick and the shock made him jerk, almost dislodging the woman above him. Again, the pain lanced through his prick and balls. It was so intense he nearly wept. 'Oh,God, no more,' he begged in silent agony. In that moment of blurred anguish he almost gave up. But something held him and he fought to maintain his balance and his equilibrium, and keep up the steady licking of the cunt pressing down on his face. The woman was now fully aroused and her pussy juices were trickling out running over his chin. He extended his tongue, pushing it deeper into the hot, wet interior and wiggling it about. Evaline's cunt tasted young and sweet and he wished he could push his cock into it instead of his tongue.

No further blows came to his cock. Instead, it was suddenly engulfed in a warm, wet mouth. To his surprise, the lashing had not decreased his ardour. If anything, his cock was even more sensitive and felt every touch of lips and tongue intensely. The mouth moved up and down on his cock, sucking as it rose. The tongue ran round the sensitive tip then the mouth descended again. 'Oh, shit,' he thought. 'If she keeps this up, I'll cum long before I've finished.' The thought of 20 or more lashes, however, didn't bear contemplating so he tried his best to ignore the sensations at his lower end and concentrate on those at the top end.

He probed and licked, wiggling his tongue deep into the, by now, hotly aroused cunt. He found the woman's stiff, little clitoris and circles it with his tongue. She let out a small scream and almost overbalanced. Sympathetic hands reached out to support her and he could vaguely hear encouraging voices muffled by the slim thighs clamped tightly around his head.

The mouth continued to ply his cock and he continued to try to ignore it and bring the girl on his face to her climax. He sucked her clitoris into his mouth and nipped it gently with his teeth. That did it. Evaline's thighs parted then clamped shut around his head, her bottom jerked and twitched as she came. More sweet, female juice dribbled over his face and he eagerly lapped it from her cunt. Trembling with emotion, she was helped down. The mouth was withdrawn from his cock.

Now the stress was over, he became aware that his body, particularly his neck and shoulders were aching with the strain of maintaining his balance on the narrow bench.

His face was tenderly cleaned again. Then another pair of thighs straddled his head and another cunt descended, rather tentatively, on his face. These thighs were sleek and muscular and the cunt had a more stringent odour - tart and piquant. With sudden insight he knew this was Barbara. As her cunt lips brushed his nose, he was aware of two things - that she was remarkably wet and that there was not a trace of hair anywhere. He explored the bare lips with his tongue and discovered that they were small and full. He tried to visualise Barbara naked with her small, round cunt and found the image surprisingly erotic although he had not been particularly attracted to her before. She was too honed, too lean for his tastes with her small high breasts and broad shoulders. He continued to carefully explore Barbara's bare pussy, conscious that, as an out-and-out lesbian, she would probably not be a particularly enthusiastic participant.

He was so absorbed in his task that he completely forgot where he was, so the lash curling round his erect prick caught him totally by surprise. Only by an effort of supreme self-control did he avoid biting both his tongue and Barbara's cunt lips. Three times the lash bit into his prick and three times the pain seared through his body. He broke out in a sweat all over.

Somehow he managed to maintain his ministrations on Barbara's cunt, licking round the outside of her lips and then the inside. Moving his tongue in a circle he gradually eased it into her vagina. His strategy was correct. As he penetrated deeper, he could feel her self-control break down. Her legs began to tremble slightly and her breathing came faster and hoarser.

The pain in his cock faded and was replaced with a throbbing burning sensation. The tip of a soft, wet tongue touch the very tip and jerked involuntarily. The tongue pressed and wiggled as if trying to insert itself into the pee-hole. The sensation nearly blew his mind. Then it circled his glans, looping round and round. Every so often, just for variety, lips would close over it and the tongue would lash the tip. He could feel his prick throbbing and pulsing and began to doubt he could hold out long enough to complete his task.

With a sense of urgency, he thrust his tongue deep into the cunt on his face. Barbara groaned loudly. She slumped forward, supporting her weight with her hands on his chest and pushed her cunt down onto his mouth. This helped distract him from the ministrations at his other end and he attacked her cunt with a will, plunging his tongue in and out of her cunt - fucking her with his tongue. She shifted slightly and he found her clitoris, a hard nubbin like a child's thumb, which he proceeded to lick and nibble with vigour, sometimes sucking it right into his mouth and lashing with his tongue. Barbara bounced and wriggled above him so that he had great difficulty in holding on. She moaned and grunted above him, obviously nearing her climax. He gripped her clitoris between his lips and manipulated it with his tongue and let her own movements take her over the edge. Suddenly she let out a high-pitched yell and sat heavily on his face. Her legs went rigid and she flooded his mouth with her cum. There were cries of pleasure and encouragement from the others as she was assisted off.

"You bastard," she hissed. "That wasn't supposed to happen."

He felt a glow of smug satisfaction.

Meanwhile, the mouth administering to his prick had become more demanding. It was now sliding up and down his pole. He could feel his prick enter the woman's throat and her lips against his pubic hairs, and realised she was taking his complete length right into her mouth. Although he couldn't see her, he had a mental image of Jacqueline, crouched over his cock, her full, red lips sliding up and down and his cock disappearing completely between them. He could feel his balls begin to tighten and feared he would not last out much longer.

Momentary distraction arrived as the warm, damp cloth wiped his face. Another pair of thighs straddled his head and he knew, before she had settled, that this was Anne. He determined to make her experience a memorable one.

He suspected that, although she came across as being very assertive, she actually had a submissive streak in her and a liking for mild pain. He started, as with Barbara, by licking round the damp and swollen lips of her pussy. But, suddenly, he took them between his teeth and bit gently.

"Ow," said Anne, jerking at the unexpected pain.

He continued licking and nibbling, sometimes with his teeth, sometimes with his lips. She twitched and jerked above him, uttering little cries of 'Oh' and 'Ah' as he nipped and nibbled. Leaving her lips, he ran his tongue slowly up her crack from bottom to top in long, slow licks, not penetrating deeply. Gradually, he worked his tongue more deeply between her lips, now wet with arousal. Her cries turned to sighs.

The woman at his prick had changed tactics and was now alternately licking his prick like a lollipop and taking him deep in her throat. The pressure in his balls was continuing to mount and he felt like gritting his teeth in an effort to prevent himself cumming.

Unlike the others, Anne had mounted him facing his head and he had to stretch up his neck to seek out her clitoris. He found it hard and erect. As soon as she felt his tongue, she gave a shout, grasped his head in her hands and pressed him tightly against her cunt. He opened his mouth wide and sucked her clitoris right inside, closing his lips firmly on it. He wiggled his jaw from side to side, rolling the hard nubbin between his compressed lips. Holding his head firmly, Anne worked her hips backwards and forwards, fucking herself against his mouth and nose. She was gasping and panting as she worked herself into a frenzy. His mouth was filled with cunt. His nose was filled with cunt. He was suffocating. Then suddenly, she gave a cry, parted her thighs wide and clamped them back against his head as she flooded his face with her cum.

The act of her cumming seemed to release something in him. Without warning, his cock pulsed wildly and he arched his back up off the bench, jamming his cock into the back of the throat of the woman who was sucking him off. Instinctively she swallowed and, as he shot his first load of cum, he felt the tip of his cock being squeezed by the contractions. The sensation was exquisite. He gave a great shout into Anne's cunt and he thrust further upwards driving his cock down the woman's throat and shooting his spunk directly into her throat in huge, sticky gobs.

Completely overcome, the woman slumped to the floor and Anne practically fell off his face. He slipped sideways and tumbled over, pulling the bench with him, fortunately missing Anne and the woman. There was a moment's dead silence and then a rush of eager hands and babble of excited voices as all three were assisted to their feet. His bonds were untied and he was half-carried to an easy chair where he collapsed, exhausted. Tender hands massaged his wrists and ankles and cleaned his face, neck and cock. A tumbler was placed in his hands and he drank avidly, feeling the cool liquid pass refreshingly down his throat. As he slumped in the chair, recovering from his efforts, he drank in the atmosphere of the room. Although he couldn't see, the place positively reeked of sex - it wasn't just the smell of cum, although that was strong enough, nor was it only the sound of the women talking in low but excited voices. There was something else - an electricity in the air. 'Five of them,' he thought. 'I'm sure there's five of them.. Anne and Jacqueline had spoken to him. He had recognised Evaline's voice and was fairly certin of Barbara. For some reason he was sure the fifth was Marcia. 'Five, yes. OhmiGod. I only did four. I didn't complete the task,' he thought is panic. Sweat broke form his body. Any second now, Anne would announce his forfeit of 25 lashes. No, he couldn't take it.

But the voices continued to murmur animatedly in the background. He sensed only an air relaxation and satisfaction with undercurrent of tension. Perhaps they had forgotten or felt he had done enough. Gradually he began to relax. Anne and Jacqueline, Barbara, Evaline and Marcia. Five exceptionally attractive women in their own way. He could almost picture them - their hands fluttering and caressing; lips, full with passion, pouting and kissing; breasts heavy with desire with swollen, turgid nipples; pussy lips distended with lust with delicate drops of sexual fluid clinging to fine pubic hair. The vision caused warmth to flood through his loins and he felt his cock begin to stir and swell.

Hands clapped sharply and Anne said, "OK. Next test."

There was general murmuring and shifting of position. A hand curled round his swelling cock and started to masturbate him to full hardness. Soft hair brushed his shoulder and Jacqueline's voice, close to his ear, said, "This is the last lap. One day soon, I'm going to get you on your own - and then you'd better watch out."

"Is that a threat or a promise," he whispered back, his cock jumped at both her touch and her words.

"Both," she replied. "Now stand up."

Jacqueline tugged at his cock and he clambered to his feet. She slipped a leather collar round it and worked it up until it encircled the base. It was pulled tight, but not painfully so and the strings were tied securely around his balls. Jacqueline grasped his cock firmly and led him across the room. He was aware of someone in front of him and could smell the musky odour of a woman in heat. He was urged gently forward. The tip of his cock met the soft wet lips of a cunt. He let out a low moan as did the owner of the cunt. He put out his hands and had enough time to feel the contours of a pair of firm, round buttocks before his hands were pulled away and he was made to lean forward again and grip a horizontal bar. He desperately wanted to bury himself deep in the cunt and he sensed that she was as eager as he but was aware that he must await instructions.

Jacqueline's hands left his cock and a light tap on his bottom was the signal. He pushed forward, easing his throbbing cock into the hot, wet, eager cunt. The owner pushed back, anxious to have him as deep inside her as possible. The sensation of being surrounded by a vagina was exquisite, made more so by the subtle pressure she was applying with her vaginal muscles.

He was about to start humping her when a voice said, "Wait."

He paused. He was aware of someone behind him and then something hard and slimy was nosing between the cheeks of his bottom and probing at his sphincter.

"I've been wanting to do this since we met," breathed Anne's voice.

He realised he was going to be buggered and instinctively tightened his buttocks.

Anne leant over him and he could feel her large, resilient breasts press against his back, their nipples hard points of fire. "Relax," she said. "I'm going to enjoy this and I know you are, too."

Despite his apprehension, there was something exciting about the idea of being buggered, particularly by a woman as beautiful as Anne. He tried to relax his muscles and was rewarded as his sphincter popped and the head of the dildo slipped inside. Anne started to push forwards but he said, hoarsely, "Wait a moment. Let me get used to it."

She paused to let him accept the intruded in his backside. After a moment he pushed slightly back at her and she eased the dildo up into his arse. Fortunately it was neither particularly long nor thick. He could feel the leather straps that held it and Anne's hot belly pressed against his bottom. The owner of the cunt in which his cock was buried remained perfectly still but he could feel her trembling with the strain.

"Now, " said Anne. "I want you to pull back and then I will. When I push forward, you do too. You'll soon get the hang of it."

He pulled his cock back from the cunt, leaving just the tip inside. The woman groaned in frustration. Anne pulled back leaving just the tip of the dildo in his arse then pushed forwards firmly again. He pushed, too, burying himself deep in the willing cunt.

Gradually, they fell into a rhythm with Anne pushing and pulling the dildo in and out of his arse while he pushed and pulled his cock in and out of the unseen cunt in front of him. He wished he could see and he wished he could use his hands to fondle the smooth bottom. But somehow, the fact he couldn't made the experience all the more exciting. All sensation was concentrated on his cock in the cunt and the dildo in his arse. The woman was panting and moaning. Her cunt was squeezing his cock; trying to keep it in her as he withdrew. Anne had wrapped her arms around him, squashing her superb breasts against his back and murmuring tender obscenities in his ear as she humped wildly against his bottom. His bottom still hurt and he mentally winced every time the straps smacked into him. Somehow, this did not detract from the exercise but served to heighten his sensations.

He was, in turn, banging his cock deeply into the unseen cunt, her buttocks slapping against him and his balls swinging between her parted thighs. The double sensation of fucking and being fucked, and all this without being able to see a thing, raised him to fever pitch. He was aware of Anne behind him, crying out as she came and then the woman in front of him. And then he realised the purpose of the leather collar. As he cock swelled to discharge his first load of cum, the collar tightened, blocking the passage. He jerked and moaned in frustration at this dry cum. Behind him, Anne pressed herself tightly to his twitching buttocks, grinding her pubis against them and causing the dildo to wiggle round inside his bowels.

"On," she cried. "More. More."

She started fucking him again and he, perforce, started fucking the unseen cunt in which he was buried. She gave a scream, half pain half pleasure, and then started to respond to his renewed onslaught. Anne fucked him hard, obviously delighting in the power she had over him. The woman he was fucking was moaning a wailing as he thrust in and out of her.

Anne stopped suddenly and hands were at his balls, loosening the strings of the cock collar. Then she renewed her onslaught of his arse. He was aware that her passion was mounting and in a strange way the dildo in his arse became pleasurable. He began to rotate his buttocks and push back at her, trying to increase her pleasure. That had an effect on the woman in front and she thrust herself back, humping her bottom up and down as she was hit by her second orgasm. Behind him, Anne came again and he could feel himself tensing as his own orgasm approached. With a hoarse cry, he strained forwards and lifted himself onto his toes with Anne pressed tight behind him, and pumped his cum into the depths of the unknown but willing cunt. The climax was heightened as he could feel Anne pressed against his clenching buttocks and was aware that she had come yet again when he had.

At last Anne withdrew the dildo from his bottom and he pulled out of the woman. He was trembling so much that he nearly collapsed. The unseen hands guided him to a comfortable chair and helped him sit. He could smell the aroma of sex all around and knew that it was not only his menage-a-trois that had achieved satisfaction. A glass was placed in his hands and again he drank carelessly. He was totally spaced out and no longer cared where he was or what would happen to him. As it was, there was the rustle of clothing around him - the sounds of people dressing and shortly thereafter helpful hands were assisting him to dress.

They guided him to the door and, as he was about to leave he said on impulse, "Thank you ladies, whoever you are, for a most memorable experience. And if you should care to invite me back in whatever capacity, I'd be delighted to accept." This brought a ripple of delight and mirth from the company. Outside, the mask was removed and he was aware of a dim figure which gradually manifested itself as Jacqueline.

"Do you know the way back?" she asked.

"No."

"OK. I'll guide you."

She led him down dim paths until they reached the courtyard.

"You'll be OK from here," she whispered.

"Yes, thank you. And, by the way - thank you."

She giggled. "It's we who should thank you." She planted a quick kiss on his lips and disappeared into the night.

Wearily, he stumbled indoors and collapsed on the bed without even undressing.

**Chapter 7 - Anne's Confession**

The alarm clock summonsed him next morning from a deep but troubled sleep. Blearily he switched it off and discovered he was still dressed. Panic hit him. What had happened? Why was he dressed? And them the memories of the previous night came flooding back along with physical sensation. His arse ached. His bottom ached. His cock ached. His head ached. In fact, he ached all over. 'And no wonder,' he thought wryly. 'That was quite a beating you took yesterday.' Not only did he ache but he stunk of sweat and cum and sex.

He was about to pull himself reluctantly from the bed when the phone rang. It was Anne sounding depressingly cheerful. He flushed at the sound of her voice remembering what she had done to him last night.

"Have I woken you? No? Good. Listen, you're reporting in sick today." He started to protest. "No arguments. Stay in bed and I'll be over about 9." She hung up.

As he was now up, he decided to shower and shave. He didn't want to face Anne in the state he was in. The shower only made him feel marginally better. He shuddered at the face that regarded him from the mirror and decided that Anne was right; he really was not fit for classes this morning.

He made himself some coffee and went back to bed. As he lay there he tried to make sense of what was happening to him. A month ago he had been a steady, sober physics teacher with many years ahead of him; possibly promotion; possibly, even, Head of Department. But now? In the last 24 hours he had whipped a pupil, fucked the Headmistress, been whipped, been buggered by the Headmistress, had oral sex with a number of women and fucked an unseen, unknown woman. He felt battered and bruised both physically and emotionally. And yet - he didn't feel revolted by what had happened. Logic told him he should quit immediately - get away from this weird place before he was sucked into something from which there was no escape. But he knew he was caught - that there was something deep and dark in his psyche that wanted this - welcomed it. Whatever it was and wherever it led, he knew he would follow. He suddenly remembered his parting words last night. A gallant gesture at the time but, he now understood, he meant every one of them.

His meanderings were interrupted by Anne, entering his flat. She looked beautiful this morning if a charcoal grey suit with a short skirt, cream blouse, sheer black stockings and suede court shoes that matched her suit. Her hair was pulled up in an elaborate blonde swirl and silver earrings dangled from her delicate ears.

He let out a low whistle. "You look stunning. How do you do it?"

"Trade secret," she smiled. "Actually, I haven't been to bed at all."

"I'm even more impressed, then. By the way, how did you get in just now?"

Anne looked flustered. "You're door must have been open." He looked at her without comment and she had the grace to blush and look away. "All right. I've got a master key."

He grinned. "Just so long as I know."

She sat down on the edge of the bed and looked at him soberly with concern. "I wanted to talk to you about last night..... You're still speaking to me and you seem in a good mood, so I'm going to assume that at least you weren't offended by your treatment?" She seemed hesitant - almost shy.

He looked away then back to meet her anxious gaze steadily. He could feel himself drowning in those huge, blue eyes and felt, at this moment, he would do anything for this beautiful woman.

"I thought about it. Since you called - I thought about it," he began. "I should be, shouldn't I?" He gave a wry smile. "After all, I've just been through a number of perverse and rather painful experiences. But I'm not. I'm not offended, or disgusted or upset. Rather the reverse, in fact. Despite being hurt and humiliated, something deep inside me enjoyed it. I felt - oh, I don't know ... I felt excited and aroused and overwhelmed and elated, potent and out if control and ..." he shrugged. "If you want me to do it again, I would be more than willing."

As he had been speaking, the worried look gradually faded from Anne's face and now she heaved a large sigh of relief and smiled. "I really am glad." She leaned over, took his head in her hands and kissed him - kissed him lightly, her lips just brushing his. Her tongue emerged and began to lick around his lips, interspersed with, light, feathery kisses. Gradually she placed her lips more firmly on his, running her tongue between his lips and probing between his teeth. It was the sexiest kiss he had ever received and he felt his blood begin to pump and his face flush. He opened his mouth and kissed her back, pushing his tongue against hers as their kiss grew hotter. She held his face tightly and pulled it deeper into the kiss while he circled an arm round her neck and held her tightly.

When at last they parted, she looked down at him with glowing eyes.

He sought her hands and held them tightly. "Whatever happens form now on in," he said, losing himself in her eyes again, "I want to thank you, Anne, for the joy you've given me till now."

She flushed and looked away, a strange expression flitting across her face. "Don't be silly. Anyway, the fun's just beginning." She looked back and her normal vivacious self was back. She glanced at her watch. "Now, I really must tell you about last night and what it means.

"Last night was a sort of trial - and an initiation ceremony. We've never initiated a man before and it was a sort of experiment, too."

"I sort of guessed that," he said. "At least the trial and the initiation ceremony. But it certainly didn't feel like an experiment."

"Good. We were a bit worried." She paused.

"But what was I on trial for? Into what have I been initiated?"

"Sorry. Last night you were tried to see if you were suitable to be a full member of the Society - and I'm overjoyed to tell you you passed with flying colours. You are hereby, as of this minute, a fully fledged member of the staff of Greenwood Academy for Girls, permitted all its rights and privileges and subject to all its rules and restraints."

Adam was completely bewildered.

"But, Anne," he complained, "I'm a teacher. You interviewed me and gave me a job. What is going on?"

Anne had the grace to look slightly sheepish. "I'm afraid I haven't been completely honest with you up to now. No." she touched his lips with her finger to stem his angry retort. "Please bear with me. I haven't lied to you or distorted the truth. It's more like I haven't quite told you everything. Look, why don't you get dressed and come over to my apartment. I promise I'll tell you everything. For me? Please?" she added, seeing the look on his face.

He gazed into those eyes and, inevitably, agreed.

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Anne answered his knock and led him down a short, luxuriously carpeted hallway dominated by a vast, gilt mirror over an ornate sideboard and a heavy, crystal chandelier, and opened a door at the end. He followed her inside and stood, amazed. Here was a sitting room to end all sitting rooms. It was at least 30 feet long and 20 wide with two sets of tall windows filling one of the shorter walls. A large, marble fireplace in which, he was amused to see, was a fake coal fire powered by gas dominated one of the longer walls. By the windows was an antique table with four high-backed chairs. There were three large settees; one brown leather and two brocaded, and three leather, overstuffed armchairs. On the floor was a collection of old and valuable-looking Indian rugs. There was also a sideboard, bookcase, drinks cupboard, a couple of drum tables, several low coffee tables and, incongruously, a large video unit. Sunlight streamed through the windows.

He gave a low whistle. "Quite a place."

he laughed. "It's a bit much just for one person but it does have its uses. Coffee?"

e stood, gazing unseeingly out over the trees and the rolling hills beyond while Anne clattered about domestically in the kitchen and the aroma of fresh coffee wafted through the apartment. He was adrift on an unknown sea. All the certainties of his old life seemed to be crumbling one by one.

is reverie was interrupted by Anne's return.

Here," she said. "Come and sit by me and I'll confess all."

he was silent for a long moment, obviously getting her thoughts in order. "This will be a bit roundabout," she said at last. "Please bear with me until I finish." He nodded. "Okay, to state the obvious, this is an all-girl school - a self-contained world of nearly fifty adolescent girls and adults. It can be a bit of an emotional hot-house at times. Adolescent girls are developing sexually and are emotionally unstable. Deep passions often bubble just under the surface. For a while things can roll along smoothly and then, for some trivial reason, can blow up in the most surprising ways.

You may remember at the interview I asked you your views on lesbian relationships?" Adam nodded. "And you've experienced - first hand, so to speak ..." She grinned. " ... our policy on corporal punishment. All these things inevitably lead to sexual relationships between the girls and, although we don't openly encourage it, between the girls and the teachers. The girls are, after all, all exceedingly attractive - it's one of the unwritten entrance requirements."

he paused for a moment and looked at him very seriously.

Now, I have a confession to make and if I've misjudged you, my whole career will be ruined. In fact I'll be lucky not to go to jail. Can I really trust you?"

e lifted her hand and kissed her fingers reverentially. "Anne, I don't know why, but you can trust me with your life." He laughed self-consciously. "Besides, you've got me so intrigued you just have to tell me, now."

Two things you need to know about me," she said. "First off, I'm bi- sexual. Oh, I love men - their smell, their hard bodies, the feel of a thick, hard cock penetrating me. But I also love women - in particular young girls. I love their freshness, their eagerness. I love teaching them the arts of love, of opening them to the joys of sex.

More than that, I enjoy dominating them. Coming here with its regime of corporal punishment was a gift I couldn't refuse. The sight of a young girl, all trembling with apprehension, and restrained and helpless really turns me on. The sound of the whip or the cane whistling through the air and the sound of it smacking on taut, young flesh gives me such a thrill. And the sight of these beautiful young bottoms turning pink and then red: and the sighs and cries of supplication ... Well, I can hardly contain myself - and, to be honest, I don't. Does that shock you?"

As she spoke, Anne's eyes glowed and her voice had become husky with passion. The vision she was painting was causing Adam's cock to stiffen.

He nodded. "That explains some things and, no, I'm not shocked. Somehow it seems to fit you, if that makes any sense. And it's more than a little exciting, too. But what has that...?"

Patience, dear," she interrupted.

When I came hear three years ago, I was lucky to get the job. I had got into a spot of bother, shall we say, at my previous post. I was caught with one of the pupils - a delightful little minx - who, unfortunately had a loose tongue. It wasn't just that we were found at my house, it was the fact that she was chained, naked, to my bedroom wall with whip marks on her bottom that really sealed my fate. At least the little slut had the decency not to press charges, although everybody else did. But she refused to give evidence, so I escaped. But my career in public education was over. Then I heard about this place and, after some very careful research, decided it would be an ideal hideaway. Fortunately the Board of Governors is made up of doddery, dirty old men who hadn't heard about my troubles and were more impressed by my short skirt and low blouse than my past.

"At first that's all it was - a hideaway. And I was very good and controlled myself. But gradually I became aware that there was something funny going on. Well, to cut a long story short, I discovered that two members of staff were having an affair and that it was a dominant/submissive one. What's more, several of the girls were involved from time to time in their activities. It was all very ad hoc and clandestine. But it got me excited and started me thinking.

As I said, the Board of Governors are a bunch of dirty old men. You should see them when they visit the school on their occasional inspections - they practically drool all over their club ties. Merely the sight of schoolgirls seemed to send them completely gaga. But they had connections with some very rich and powerful people. So I made some enquiries. I found what I had expected and my thoughts gradually became plans.

"When everything was ready, I confronted the pair. At first they denied everything and then refused to give me any details. Eventually I convinced them I was on the level and they gave me the low-down on the staff and pupils. Over the next months, I got rid of a number of girls, quietly disposed of certain members of staff and recruited people who had the same sort of ideas as I had. Oh, no!" she laughed, seeing his shocked look. "I managed to convince them that their careers would be better served elsewhere - I even helped them find other schools or jobs.

"Part of the deal was money. I return for what I was offering, I insisted that the school was completely refurbished and all the necessary facilities were included. So far things have gone exactly as I planned." She paused.

"You're going to think me very dense, but I don't understand. Yes, I could see that a lot of money has been spent here and I heard what you said about lesbians and dominants - but I don't understand."

She smiled indulgently. "You will, dear. Well, here we have a school run and staffed mainly by a group of bi-sexual dominants which is funded, very discreetly and privately, I have to say, by some powerful and dominant men - and I mean dominant the same as me. They enjoy having power over women, especially young girls."

She could see, by his expression, that Adam still had not cottoned on. "And I thought you were a perceptive man," she sighed in mock exasperation. "What I'm saying is that there are two parts to Greenwood Academy. The visible part is the, I must say, highly successful academic institution you've been aware of up till now. We offer a first class education and our exam results have improved every year I've been here," she spoke with some pride, "But behind that front there's another Greenwood Academy - a secret society into which you've just been initiated. This Greenwood Academy, the one that generates all the money, produces sex slaves."

He sat bolt upright. "Sex slaves? The girls? The pupils? ALL of them? My, God! But how ....? But what .... ? But what about their parents? How do you keep it a secret?"

She put a finger on his lips and gently pushed him back. "Hush, my love. There's no need to panic. After all, we're still here, aren't we?"

"Well, yes, I suppose so. I'm sorry. Yes, you're right. It's just such an astounding idea. Like something out of the Arabian Nights. You must have everything bloody well organised!"

She smiled - smirked, even. "Yes I have. Listen. Yes, all the girls are eventually included, although there are two 'circles'. When a girl starts here, we watch her very closely. There are signs, if you know what you're looking for. When we see those signs, we gradually indoctrinate her. Often she'll be seduced by one of the older girls to start with. If she shows no, er, promise, we quietly suggest to her parents that she would be better off elsewhere. However, I choose them carefully and I've rarely been wrong. At first she'll be initiated into the outer circle and her training will take place in parallel with her normal schoolwork. She'll learn about her body and her sexuality. She'll learn how to make love - to give and receive pleasure. She'll learn about all aspects of sex - heterosexual, lesbian, S&M, and so on. Every girl leaves here with a first class education and full training in the arts of sex. Actually I'm not sure the term 'sex slaves' is the right description - sex toys would perhaps be better. Anyway the label doesn't matter - our girls are trained in sex; to take it to give it any time anywhere - and, most important, to enjoy all forms of sex; but especially submissive sex.

"As the girls learn in the Outer Circle, we watch them closely. Those who show special aptitude are inducted into the Inner Circle. Just under half the girls are Inner Circle. The Inner Circle is where it really happens. Here we can let our hair down, so to speak; let our imaginations run wild. The Inner Circle are the real sex toys. They just love sex in any form - just like us. They'll do anything and everything.

"As to how we manage to keep it a secret - well, it's the parents who pay for all this." She waved her arm around. "It's in everybody's interest that nothing ever leaks out. A lot of important people could get hurt. I can assure you that we select our girls, and our staff, very carefully and very discreetly.

"This is fantastic. I can hardly believe what I'm hearing. But ... where do I fit in?"

"Ah. Good question. Two reasons. Most of us are bi-sexual rather than out-and-out lesbian and, to be honest, we wanted a man for variety." She held up a hand to stem my protest. "I know. It's not very flattering to you. But hear me out. That was one of my motivations. The other, and more important, is that you can't train a girl as a sex toy unless she knows about men. How can she please a man in all ways if she's never been near one before.

"So I recruited you. And very glad I am, too. Oh, I don't know what I expected but I didn't expect someone so ... so adaptable as you. You have a dominant streak in you, I can see it even if you can't, but you also have a submissive one, too. That's perfect. More that that, though, you're a nice person - kind and considerate. Everyone likes you, even Barbara, although she's a bit jealous that Evaline wants to fuck you."

"I take it that Barbara's the out-and-out lesbian?"

"Yes. And Evaline's her submissive lover."

"So they were the two who were having an affair when you arrived?"

"Yes."

"And the others?"

"They're bi - just like me."

"Oh, no, they're not just like you. They're all very attractive in their different ways but they're not like you. You're different - special - unique."

She blushed and looked away. "You shouldn't say that."

"Oh, but I should. Only an exceptional person could have set all this up. What's more, I'm more than half-way in love with you, you know."

She grasped his hand and pulled it to her bosom. He was acutely aware the feeling of her prodigious breasts which strained against the sleek material of her blouse. "See. That's exactly want I mean. I knew you'd be perfect. Now, are you with me?"

"Let me get this straight. You want me to be a sort of sexual tackle- dummy for a bunch of inexperienced adolescent nymphomaniacs," he said, jokingly, but his head was already swimming with half-formed notions of what she really meant.

"No, dummy. I want you to be a mentor - to show the girls what it takes to please a man. How to touch him. How to arouse him. How to satisfy him - both mentally and physically. In short - to be what you were trained to be - a teacher."

"And what about the maths and physics?"

"That, too. After all we are a school - and while some men - and women, come to that - are content with a 'dumb blonde', the true sex slave knows how to please her master or mistress in every way. After all, they won't be young forever. The houris of Arabia were well educated young women and the Kama Sutra mentions mental and artistic skills almost as much as it does sex."

Inside his pants his cock was swelling as visions of the infinite possibilities of 40 nubile schoolgirls filled his mind. Beneath his hand, Anne's nipple was hardening.

"Yes," he breathed. "I'm with you Anne. God, am I ever with you."

"Good." She laughed excitedly. "Now you know all our guilty secrets, I'll give you the real tour." She stopped suddenly. "You're not angry or upset at me for not telling you this before?"

He grinned. "I should be because you really presented me with a fait accompli, but, no, I'm not mad at you. In truth, I'm flattered that you chose me and I'm as excited as a schoolboy in a sweet shop."

"Good. Come along, then."

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She led him along corridors and up stairs until they reached a plain door at the end of a short corridor. She fished out a set of keys from her pocket and unlocked the door. She felt around inside for the light switch and urged him inside, shutting the door behind him and locking it. He looked around with a mixture of fascination and anxiety - this was where it had all happened last night.

His disappointment was palpable as he realised they were in a sort of theatre or cinema. Rows of lush, tiered seats faced a blank, curtained wall. Anne had disappeared. The curtains drew smoothly back to reveal a smooth, black wall.

"Go down to the front," came Anne's voice from behind him.

He stepped down the ranks of seats, noticing how large and luxurious they were. As he neared the bottom, the wall in front of him began to glow. It was not a solid wall at all but a wall of glass and the glow was coming from another room behind it. As he watched, the lights became brighter and he was looking down into the strangest room he had ever seen.

His first impression was one of sybaritic luxury. It was a large room and had no obvious windows. The walls, ceiling and floor were soft and dark - browns, maroons, reds, golds and greens. Flimsy, gauzy drapes hung from the ceiling. There were settees and divans piled with brocade cushions, straight- backed chairs and pouffees.

His second look took in the collection of items that were out of place. Whipping gates, like the one in Anne's office. Something that looked like and oversized industrial dress rail with clips and hooks on it. An alcove with a padded bar, waist high, across it's entrance and ring-bolts set in the wall. Another alcove with ring-bolts at various heights from floor to above head height. Odd-shaped benches padded with leather. A strange rope and leather and wood contraptions that swung from pulleys in the ceiling. He let out a small whistle. "Veerrry impressive."

"Isn't it."

"But what's this place."

"A viewing room. Every so often we put on displays - shows if you like - for our parents and sponsors."

He laughed. "Sort of the school play and open day rolled into one?"

"Something like that. We like to show them what good progress they're daughters are making." She laughed. "They're great fun and often quite wild. Some of the parents... But, you'll probably find out for yourself in due course. Come on."

She led the way through a discreet door at the back of the theatre, down some narrow steps and out into the main room. She crossed to a panel in the wall. The lights faded, spotlights picked out the alcoves, items of furniture, spots on the floor. Wall lights replaced bathing the room in a soft, sensual glow.

"One of the parents did it for us," said Anne as she returned the lights to full illumination. "Impressive, don't you think?"

"It certainly adds to the atmosphere."

"This is our formal room where we put on shows and displays - sometimes, as I've said, for our sponsors and sometimes just for ourselves. We don't actually do any training here." She turned down the lights and turned to leave. "I'll show you the training facilities now."

She led the way back along the corridors and up to the second floor, where he hadn't been before. It consisted of numerous rooms, all leading off a central corridor. Every so often she would stop, open a door, and let him look inside. The bedrooms were all comfortable and well appointed and typical teenage girls' rooms with pop posters on the walls, soft toys and teddy beads, clothes and shoes discarded randomly. Anne explained that the older girls paired up in the smaller rooms while 6 of the younger girls shared the larger. Interspersed between the bedrooms were smaller rooms equipped with wall-mounted shackles, padded benches, whips, paddles and other bondage paraphernalia - 'training rooms', Anne called them.

Back downstairs she showed him other 'training rooms' discreetly placed between the classrooms. Some were relatively comfortable: others bare and austere. They finished up back in her office.

"Now there are a number of ground rules which you must obey," she said.

"Firstly, you must not permanently mark, damage or hurt the girls. Sadism, torture, cruelty, pain for its own sake I won't allow. Even the slightest hint and you'll be out so fast you'll be in Novosibirsk before you can blink."

"I get the idea. I went a bit far with Felicia, didn't I?"

Anne smiled wryly. "You were on the edge. If you hadn't stopped when you did and Felicia hadn't been quite so turned on. Hell, if I hadn't been so turned on, you're career here would have ended on the spot. You know," she said, thoughtfully, "I wonder if we've been a bit lax with that young lady. She does seem to like a fair amount of pain.

"However. Rule number 2: no sex in the classrooms. You can indulge in corporal punishment for serious offences but that's it. Remember only half the girls are full initiates. What's more, we do have an educational responsibility and that must come first. Also we have to keep a clear distinction between punishment for a misdemeanour and a training session.

Rule number 3: you can force a girl to come for a training session - that's part of the training - but if she really says 'no' you respect that. For example, if she's ill or having her period or under exam pressure or emotionally upset about something - no. If there's any doubt, I'm the final arbiter. Rule number 4: if I don't like it, you don't do it. That's arbitrary and unfair but there it is. Rule number 5: other than these, anything goes. The purpose of all this is to train the girls to accept and enjoy sex and sexual punishment at all times - to be constantly on heat. The girls are ours to do with what we like - and, in your case, I suspect the staff are, too. Make the most of it! Do what thou wilt!"

"Phew. It's going to take a while to sink in. Until I find my feet, so to speak, I think I'll check with you."

She kissed me lightly on the cheek, her eyes shining. "That's what I love about you - you're considerate."

He flushed. "I have a couple of questions."

"Fire away."

"I assume I can have sex with the girls?"

"Yes. But only the full initiates and, remember, the younger girls will still, technically, be virgins. So don't go rampaging around like a stud bull."

"Of course not. As I said, I'll check with you first. But sex... anytime? Anywhere? I mean other than in the classrooms."

"How do you mean?"

"I mean, do I have to take them to a training room. Could I take them to my room, or the woods, or behind the bike sheds?"

"We don't have any bike sheds, but ... " she paused in thought. "... No. No restrictions. You can even use the classrooms if it's out of school hours."

"OK. So I can, within your rules, treat any girl as I like. But can I just grab them and, er, fuck them?"

"Yes. You do what you want."

"Do I have to give the girl notice or can I just sort of grab her for a quickie?"

Anne laughed. "You can 'grab her for a quickie' if you like. But if you want her to prepare herself, you'll need to give her some time."

"What about behaviour in class?"

"You're thinking about Felicia and her gang?" He nodded. "The girls must wear school uniform. That means white blouse, jacket, dark skirt, dark tights or stockings, black shoes and knickers. How the girls interpret that is up to them."

"No bra?"

Anne smiled, slyly. "It's not compulsory. And I should warn you, the girls interpret the rules quite freely."

He grinned wryly. "I had sort of noticed." A thought struck him. "So technically, Felicia and Co were wearing school uniform. Then why...?"

"Why did we have a punishment session? For three reasons. The trivial one was the thong - not, strictly, an acceptable interpretation of school uniform but it wouldn't justify a punishment session. More seriously, the girls knew you were not initiated and they've been told they must conform to 'outside' codes of dress if they're not completely sure of the person. We sometimes get temporary teachers, trainees, guest teachers. so they know the rules. Finally, and most seriously of all, they were disrupting your class. You, as the teacher, set the boundaries. I know you didn't explicitly say so but the little minxes knew quite well what they were doing. In fact, I thought you were remarkably forbearing. I'd have called them in ages ago."

"Ah, right. I understand. Thank you. Are staff members subject to the same restrictions?"

She chuckled. "No. You can spirit one off whenever and wherever you like. I'll leave it to your good judgement as to whether the time and place are appropriate. Just don't let the girls catch you. Oh, and remember, you'll need to keep some of your energies for the formal training sessions - so don't go mad."

He looked at her quizzically. "Formal training sessions?"

She nodded. "I didn't employ you just to behave like a bull in a field of cows. Your contract did specify additional duties, after all. The girls are to be trained and put that training into practise. It's you they'll be practicing on. Think about it - 20 teenage girls doing their best to seduce you. Are you man enough?"

He looked aghast. "I hadn't thought about it that way. And that leads to the most important question of all - which 20 girls?"

"I'll give you a list which you must memorise and return to me."

He looked at her. The midday light from the window was warmed by the wood panelling and, in it she seemed to glow like a blonde goddess. She was easily the most beautiful, most desirable woman he had ever met and he knew that he would do whatever she wanted without question.

"Penny for them," she said.

"Hmm? Oh, I was just thinking. About Felicia and company. I was just wondering why they behaved like that. It seems illogical, somehow."

"I don't know. Perhaps they were just pushing the barriers. They're still teenagers, after all."

"I know, but they're all Inner Circle aren't they - trained to be obedient. And trained to be sexy."

"Perhaps they were practicing on their first real man."

He shook his head. "No, that doesn't ring true. They wouldn't go that far without encouragement. It's almost as if they were put up to it." He glanced at Anne who was looking elsewhere. The light dawned. "It was you!" he accused. "You put them up to it, didn't you? But why?"

Anne studied her nails then looked up and smiled ruefully. "It's a fair cop, guv. Yes, I confess, I did put them up to it. They did fairly well, didn't they?" she added nonchalantly.

"Fairly well!" he spluttered. "Those nights of torment tossing and turning in my bed! The worry I had wondering if I was losing my grip! I couldn't concentrate. I couldn't sleep. I couldn't think."

"They are well trained," she smirked.

"Well trained! They certainly bloody well are. They put me through hell. And it was all your doing. I've a good mind to put you over my knee and give you a good spanking right now."

He looked at her, more angry words ready to spill from his mouth. The look on her face stopped them short.

"Stand up." He commanded. "Lift up your skirt and pull down your knickers. Now lie across my knee. I'm going to give you the threshing of your life."

Meekly she obeyed, baring the globes of her bottom and lying submissively across his knees. He caressed the satiny skin of her cheeks and said softly, "How many do you think you deserve?"

"I don't know, sir," she said in a muffled voice. "I've been very bad."

"In that case I shall just continue until I think you've had enough. You don't need to count."

As he raised his hand for the first blow, he became aware of a distinctly female aroma emanating from between her thighs. 'My God,' he thought, 'she's turned on already. How I love the smell of a hot woman.' And he brought his palm down sharply on the waiting bottom. The cheeks quivered enticingly.

"Ow," said Anne as his hand imprinted her bottom.

He smacked her again. The feel of his hand against her skin, the sound of flesh meeting flesh, the sight of her cheeks slowly turning red were all turning him on immensely.

"You know," he said conversationally, as he continued to spank her in measured strokes, "I've never spanked anyone before. I just know I'll need a lot of practice before I'm any good at it."

"Ouch! You bastard! Ow!" Anne gasped. "You're enjoying... Aieee! This, aren't you? Ouch!"

"Of course I am. Aren't you?"

"Yes.. Aiee! I mean, no. Owww!"

"You're certainly making enough noise about it."

"Well its... Oww! Sore... Ohhh!"

"It's meant to be sore. It's what you get for being very naughty."

The spanking was getting to Anne. She was crying openly and her bottom was growing very red. It positively glowed and he could feel the heat on his hand as he brought it down. She was also obviously more than a little uncomfortable for she wriggled around on his lap and he had to hold her waist firmly to prevent her falling off. All her squirming and wriggling excited his imprisoned cock. It was now painfully hard and he worried that he might have to stop his spanking too soon. The sight of her hot, red, twitching, squirming bottom added to the excitement.

"Oh, stop! Please stop. It hurts," she sobbed.

He considered, briefly, whether she really was at the limit but decided it was just part of the game.

"I don't think so, my dear. Such bad behaviour requires a very severe spanking."

"You're a sadistic bastard," she hissed.

"Quite probably," he replied calmly and laid on the next few strokes a bit harder.

She fell silent except for the sobbing.

He became aware of a gradual change in her movements. She was no longer writhing around randomly but was rubbing herself against him almost purposefully. She had stopped crying and was now simply gasping and panting in time to his blows.

"Ohhhh," she groaned. "Don't stop. Spank me harder."

He was aware of something warm and wet spreading across the top of his thigh. 'My God,' he thought, 'she's going to cum.' He hit her harder, cracking his palm against the reddened skin of her bottom, stinging his palm in the process. She humped herself against him forcefully, panting and gasping. Suddenly her body went stiff and she threw her head back and screamed, "Yes! Yes! One more! Make it a good one!"

He raised his arm and brought his hand down on her bottom as hard as he could.

"Aaaiiieeee!" she screamed. A shudder ran through her body from head to toe and she collapsed across his knees. The wet warmth on his thigh spread considerably.

Gently, he eased her down onto the floor and placed a cushion under her head. She smiled up at him, her face with the look of a satisfied cat half hidden behind her tangled hair. She touched his leg with a languorous hand.

"Thank you, love. It's a long time since I was spanked like that."

He smiled down at her, smugly satisfied in his power to please her. Now he had stopped he realised his hand was very sore. He found the bathroom and soaked a towel in cold water which he folded neatly.

"Roll over," he said, and arranged the cold towel over her flaming bottom. She winced.

"You really are the most thoughtful man," she said dreamily.

He went back to the bathroom and held his hand under the cold tap until the stinging had subsided. He glanced in the mirror. With a wry smile he saw that his hair was tousled, his shirt hanging half out of his trousers which had a large stain all over the top of one leg and a very obvious bulge in the front. He undid the fly and tried to ease his painful cock into a more comfortable position and winced.

"You okay, love?" he asked, returning to the sitting room. She was lying on her tummy, her large breasts squashed out on either side of her chest, her shirt in the same state as his, her skirt rumpled around her waist, a ladder in her stocking and her normally immaculate hair splayed out over the cushion. To Adam she was the most desirable woman on earth.

"Never better," she sighed contentedly. "There's just one more thing that would make it perfect."

"What's that?"

"If you were to fuck me."

"But..."

"Shove a cushion under my tummy and take me from behind."

"Won't it be sore?"

"Yes. But that's the fun of it."

"Well, if you insist..."

Eagerly he grabbed a couple of cushions and slid them under her tummy, raising her bottom into the air. Snarling with impatience, he pulled off his trousers and pants. His cock sprung out, glad to be free at last. He knelt between her spread feet and lifted off the towel. Her bottom was still very red.

"I probably won't cum again, so take your own time," she said. "I just want to feel you cum inside me."

Carefully, he lowered himself and guided his hard cock to the entrance of her cunt. He tried to avoid touching her bottom but it was impossible.

"Go on," she hissed, "just stick it in."

He thrust forwards, sliding into the velvet warmth of her cunt. Her bottom was like a furnace. Somehow, that made it even more exciting. Her breath hissed and she tensed as his pubic hairs scraped her tender skin.

"Go on. Go on," she urged.

He pulled back and eased in again, her cunt fitting his cock like a glove. Bit by bit he increased speed, becoming more and more excited by the sensations Anne's cunt was creating in his cock and by her reactions. She groaned and tensed every time his pubes made contact with her abused bottom but that just made her grip him more tightly. And the harder he fucked her, the more she seemed to enjoy it. Balanced on his toes and hands, he drove down into her, his hips whacking the cheeks of her bottom and making them jiggle. His cock seemed like a rod of fire as he pounded into her. She threshed around on the floor, her fingers clawing at the carpet like a woman possessed, he cunt churning around his prick.

"Oh," she gasped. "Fuck. Yes. Ow. Yes. Oh, yes. Oooooh. Ouch. Fuck, yes. More. More."

As before, he felt they fitted so well that he wished he could remain forever like this, thrusting his cock in and out of this magnificent woman. 'If there is a heaven,' he thought. 'This must be close to it.' But, alas, his body betrayed him. His arms and legs were trembling with the strain of supporting his weight. He felt the familiar sensation of cum bubbling up inside him.

"Oh, Anne," he panted. "I'm going to cum."

"Yes," she gasped. "Cum. I want to feel you cum."

With one final thrust, he arched his back, forcing his cock up to her cervix and squashing her buttocks under his hips, and pumped his cum into her.

"Oh, God, yes," she cried. "I can feel you cum."

His arms and legs could take no more. He was about to collapse on top of her when he realised this might not be the most comfortable thing for her and rolled reluctantly to one side. They lay for a while in post-coital bliss until the hardness of the floor began to intrude. Groaning, they clambered to their feet and ruefully surveyed their state of dishabille.

"We really will have to stop meeting like this," she grinned.

He combed his fingers through his rumpled hair. "I know," he grinned back. "We seem to be creatures of impulse and reckless passion."

She took his face between her palms and kissed him soundly. "I wouldn't have it any other way." She regarded him seriously. "Now you know our little secret and you've been initiated into our Society. I can't stress how much trust I'm putting in you."

He nodded, also serious. "I know. I've already said you can trust me with your life. Believe me, you can."

She smiled tenderly. "Somehow, I think I believe you."

**Chapter 8 - Acceptance**

The events of the last few days had wrought a profound change in Adam. He felt as if he had grown, physically as well as emotionally. The staff, with the exception of Barbara, openly flirted with him - and even Barbara spoke civilly to him. Jacqueline and Helen, in particular, made it abundantly clear that they were ready, willing and waiting any time he wanted. He knew he would, one day soon, take them up on their offer but, for now, he was revelling in his new sense of power - coming to terms with a new, dominant side of himself whose existence he had not been aware of before.

But it was with the girls that he wanted to fully establish his new dominance. Where, before, he had not been happy with his relationship with the girls, he now realised that he had been approaching the situation from the wrong direction. As he had not been aware of the true state of affairs this was hardly surprising. A throw-away comment of Anne's also stuck in his mind - that the girls expected a firm hand in the classroom.

The school grapevine did its job and word was soon around that he was an initiate. Almost instantly, a barrier of tension seemed to lift. Still, he wanted to make his mark, and his point, in his own way - and the 5th year were the key. So, the next time he had them, he made sure he was deliberately late. He walked in carrying a small rattan cane and, with a cheery, "Good morning, girls," perched himself on the edge of his desk, swinging one leg idly. He surveyed the five beautiful girls in front of him. They were still dressed in, for them, conservative school uniform and eyed him warily, wondering what devilry he was planning.

"The events of the last day or so have taught me a valuable lesson," he began. "And I hope you have learned one too. I understand that they were not entirely of your own making, however your punishment was entirely justified. I will not have my class disrupted and I will have no hesitation in punishing you even more severely if it happens again. Do I make myself clear?" There were nods all round.

"Good. In that case I would like to wipe the slate clean. Begin again, so to speak. Are you willing to do that?"

"In that case: I am Mr Hazel and I'm here to teach you maths and physics."

Miranda put her hand up.

"Yes, Miranda."

"Excuse me, sir. What exactly do you mean by 'beginning again'? Does it mean we're going right back to the beginning and we'll have to do the work all over again?"

He smiled. "No, Miranda, it doesn't. Let me ask you a question. Do you think my classes are good? Please be honest."

Miranda thought for a moment. "Well, sir, you explain things well and obviously know your stuff but... well, to be honest, sir, no." She flushed bright red.

He smiled encouragingly. "Thank you, Miranda. That was a very diplomatic answer. And to be honest with you - I agree completely."

The girls gasped in astonishment.

"It's a question of expectations. What you expected and what I delivered didn't match. So we didn't develop the right sort of relationship. It's that that I want to put right and start again. Are you with me?"

There were nods and approving murmurs.

"Good. Well, as I said my name is Mr Hazel and I'm here to teach you maths and physics. I find my subjects interesting and I hope to make you find them interesting too. To help, there are some ground rules for the classroom. You will listen to them carefully as I will expect to follow them to the letter.

"You will turn up on time with all the books and equipment you need for the lesson. You will complete all assigned tasks, including homework, promptly and fully. You will be courteous to me and your fellow pupils at all times. You may converse quietly with a neighbour provided I am not talking and you are not disturbing anybody else. You will sit upright with both hands on the desk and your knees apart. You will assume this position whenever you are not involved in some other task like writing. When moving around you will walk slowly with your head up and shoulders straight. When bending over, you will do so with straight legs and not squat - unless you are lifting something heavy. Finally - dress code. I understand that the you are accustomed to interpreting the school dress code, how shall I say it, quite liberally." He raised an eyebrow and was rewarded with a few stifled giggles. "That's fine with me. You may be as liberal in your interpretation as your imagination permits and your budget allows. Just bear in mind you have other classes as well as mine. All clear so far? "

Five pairs of eyes looked at each other in astonishment.

"I expect these rules to be obeyed at all times. If you transgress, I shall warn you once, maybe twice. I will not tell you off and I will not hand out punishment exercise. I may order detention - but I don't think you'll like my version if it. The most likely punishment will be several strokes with this." He held up the cane. "Very bad behaviour will merit a special punishment which I will decide at the time. Now, any questions?"

There was silence as the girls digested the new Adam Hazel. Finally, Veronica raised a tentative hand.

"Are we allowed to talk to you, sir, you know, to ask questions and things?"

"Good point, Veronica. Yes, if you want to ask a question, raise your hand. Or you may, discretely, get my attention. And I do mean discretely."

There were some more stifled giggles. He looked round. Already the girls seemed more alert.

"Okay, if everybody's happy, we'll begin today's lesson by sitting correctly." He waited until they had shuffled themselves into the correct posture.

"Knees apart, Zoë. Right, today we're going to continue with differentiation and how it can be applied. . . . . . . . ."

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He repeated his little speech to each class that day. That evening he typed up his rules and pinned them on the walls of his classrooms. He didn't need to repeat his speech next day for the grapevine worked fast and every girl came in and sat down in the upright, hands on desk and knees apart posture he had demanded. At they were wary and watchful. They continued to dress soberly - at least compared with previously. He was puzzled by this until it dawned on him that he was now an unknown factor. He had been given absolute power over them - power to use them or abuse them as he wished - and they were waiting to see how he would use it. He stuck to his rules, being rather lenient, in fact, with only the occasional smack with the crop on a wrist or bottom to remind them.

The first serious incident occurred towards the end of the week - and, of course, it was the 5th year. Zoë Hunter, a dark-haired girl with sly, cat-like, green eyes, took exception at some remark made by Felicia and swore at her. There was suddenly utter silence in the class and all eyes turned to Adam. Zoë's eyes widened in horror as she realised what she had said.

For a moment, Adam regarded her calmly.

"Stand up, Zoë," he said in a mild voice.

The horrified girl rose slowly to her feet.

"Would you like to repeat what you just said?"

"No, sir."

"Why not, Zoë?"

"Because .... Because they weren't very nice, sir."

"No, they weren't, were they. Why did you say them?"

"Because .... Because Felicia annoyed me, sir."

"Felicia annoyed you? So you swore at her."

"Yes, sir."

"That wasn't very clever, was it?"

"No, sir."

"So what do you think you should do now?"

"Don't know, sir."

"You don't know? Perhaps you should come here and I'll tell you what you should do."

Reluctantly, Zoë walked to the front of the class, her head hung low.

"Turn round, raise your skirt and lean on the desk." Adam took his cane and swished it.

"Put your feet apart and look at me, Zoë. I'm going to give you ten strokes and, with each one, you are going to say 'I'm sorry Felicia for swearing at you'. Do you understand, Zoë?" The girl nodded. There was a collective gasp from the other girls. "When I am finished, you will thank me very nicely and we will say no more about it. Up on your tiptoes. Quickly, now." He moved to the front of the desk and delicately appraised Zoë's firm young bottom clad in white, satin knickers. He raised the crop and brought it down on the exposed cheeks with a vigorous 'whack'.

"Owww," cried Zoë as the pain arced through her bottom. "I ... I'm sorry, Felicia, for swearing at you."

He landed a second blow.

"Ohhhhh... that's sore," Zoë cried. "Oh. I'm sorry, Felicia, for swearing at you."

He laid on the strokes slowly and deliberately, giving Zoë plenty of time to anticipate the next jolt of agony. Tears coursed from the girl's eyes and she bounced on her toes from foot to foot, her bottom cheeks jiggling, as a blaze of fire flooded through her body. But she, somehow, remembered to apologise after every stroke. After the final stroke, Adam folded down her skirt and dropped the cane on the desk.

"You may stand, Zoë."

Wincing, the girl straightened. She looked at him directly through tear- stained eyes and said, with utter sincerity, "Thank you, Mr Hazel, for spanking me."

"Good girl, Zoë," Adam said. "You may return to your seat."

"Thank you, sir, but I'd rather stand." She gave a small, wry grin.

Adam glanced at his watch. "It's nearly bell time. Do you want to go to see Miss Thomson?"

"No, sir, thank you."

"OK." He glanced around the room. Four glowing faces and four pairs of bright eyes regarded him. Felicia, in particular, was staring open-mouthed. He cleared his throat and continued the lesson as if the interruption had never occurred.

When the bell rang, the girls left the classroom with less fuss and clatter than usual. Zoë hung back.

"Ah, Zoë," he said as he became aware of her presence. "Are you OK?" Zoë fidgeted, looking down at her foot as it toyed with some imaginary pebble. "Yes, sir," she said in subdued voice. Then, taking a deep breath, she looked up at him. "I just wanted to say ... that is ... "she touched his arm lightly. "If you wanted to .... outside class ... I mean .... I wouldn't mind."

A slow smile spread across Adam's face as he realised what she was offering. He gently cupped her chin and tilted her head up.

"Zoë," he said sincerely, looking deep into her eyes, "I'm deeply touched by your offer and I promise you I'll take you up on it very soon. Thank you."

The girl stretched up and kissed his cheek, her face aflame. "Thank you, sir." She whirled out of his grasp and was gone.

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He was now in a slight quandary. He wanted to take Zoë up on her offer. On the other hand, he realised that he really lusted after Felicia. He wanted her to be the first - the thought of her full, round bottom exposed for a spanking was exceedingly arousing. And then, afterwards... He carefully steered his thoughts away from afterwards. But after Felicia, he wanted them all. He wanted Melanie and Victoria and Leonie and Carol and little Aimee. He wanted to kiss them and spank them and lick them and beat them and shove his cock deep into their hot, teenage pussies. But he knew, subconsciously, that there were protocols to be observed, forms to be observed. In short, he didn't want to make a fool of himself.

He was still pondering at dinner.

"Penny for them," said Jacqueline.

"Hmmm? Sorry, I was just thinking."

"You were miles away. Problems?"

He looked up at her, admiring the air of smouldering sensuality she always seemed to display.

"In a way. Look, can I ask you something. It seems a bit foolish, but ... "

"Ask away," Jacqueline smiled encouragingly.

"Well, now I've been sort of ... "

"Initiated?"

"Yes, that. Well, to put it bluntly, suppose I wanted to give one of the girls a private encounter. How do I go about it?"

Jacqueline laughed, then stopped abruptly when she saw his face. "Sorry. I didn't mean that. Of course you wouldn't know. I laughed because it's so simple - you just tell the girl or girls where to be and when and what to wear. And they turn up - if they know what's good for them."

"But that's just it! What to wear. What to do. I mean, I've never been in a situation like this before and there must be ... ways of going about it. I can't just take them off to my apartment and screw the arse off them, can I?"

Jacqueline looked thoughtful. "Well, I suppose you could if you wanted to," she smiled and touched his hand. "But that wouldn't be much fun in the long run. Hmmm. Are you free this evening?"

"Yes, why?"

"I think I can help. Come over to my place about 8 and bring a bottle of wine. We'll share a drink and I'll give you a few trade secrets."

"I will, thanks."

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Jacqueline answered his ring in a very short, royal blue satin mini-dress with a plunging neckline that left half her breasts exposed, and a matching sleeveless jacket. She had a choker of the same vivid blue around her neck. The dress clung to every lush curve of her body. Her hair had been back-combed to frame her face and a pair of long, silver ear-rings dangled from her ears.

"You look stunning," said Adam, admiringly.

"Thank you. Come on in."

The living room lights were dim and there was low music playing on the music centre. It was a scene set for seduction and Adam felt a small stirring in his cock at the thought of what he hoped would be the end result of this evening. Jacqueline busied herself with bottles and glasses.

"Now," she said, handing him a glass and sitting down on the settee, half- turned to face him. "I've been giving your, er, problem some thought. You were right, earlier, when you said that there was a way of going about taking girls for a private session. It's all so familiar, now, that we don't think about it but your comment made me think. There are certain... rituals, I suppose, that must be followed. I take it you don't know much about bondage and domination?"

"No." Adam was startled. "I've never been into that sort of thing."

"What you need is some basic ideas. You need to know the limits - how far you can go. And you need to know a bit about the psychology of submissives."

"It all sounds very complicated."

"Don't sound so worried," Jacqueline laughed. "It's one situation where learning is fun. There are plenty of books and videos on the subject. However, first off, we're not into heavy bondage - we don't truss them in ropes or hang them form hooks or put them in cages. I suppose you'd call what we do 'mild restraint' - handcuffs and hobbles and blindfolds - that sort of thing. The second thing, as Anne's probably already told you, is that we're not into sadism. At the far end of the spectrum, the causing of pain itself becomes the turn-on. Our motto is 'pleasure in pain and pain in pleasure'. The pain enhances the sex. D'you see what I mean."

"Yes, I do. That's the bit that really turns me on. The sensations I felt at my 'initiation' were absolutely incredible."

"Exactly. Keep that in mind and you won't go far wrong. But, enough of the lecture. I've got some videos you should see."

She pressed a button on a remote control and the TV sprung to life. The video showed a severe-looking woman dressed in a tight, black short leather skirt and leather jacket cinched tightly at the waist. Her dark hair was pulled back from her face and tied in a tight bun. She was lecturing a young girl, dressed as a maid, for some misdemeanour. The girl hung her head submissively as the woman admonished her. The woman announced that the girl's behaviour is unacceptable and needed to be punished. The scene cut to another room. The girl had lost her uniform and was dressed only in black stockings and high- heeled pumps. She was bent double with her wrists tied to her ankles, bottom high in the air. The woman had shed her jacket and her large, round breasts were heightened and emphasised by a leather harness. She took a short whip and proceeded to lay fierce strokes on the girl's up-raised bottom. The girls screamed and howled as the lash bit into her tender skin. The woman's breasts bounced around unrestrainedly as she laid into her recalcitrant maid.

Eventually, the mistress cast aside the whip. The girl, barely able to stand, sobbed uncontrolledly. The camera zoomed in on the mistress' face as she pulled the pins from her hair and shook it free. To Adam's utter astonishment, he realised that it was Jacqueline. She unzipped her skirt and wriggled out of it. Underneath she had a pair of tight, latex knickers with a large, black dildo attached. With a smile of cruel satisfaction, she coated the dildo with vaseline and pushed it into the girl's cunt. The girl nearly overbalanced and Jacqueline had to hold her hips tightly as she thrust the dildo in and out of the girl's cunt, working her hips vigorously. The girl continued to sob and wail - but now with pleasure and Adam could see that she came at least twice.

As he watched, Adam became aware that he was getting uncomfortably warm and his cock was rising stiffly in his pants, particularly as he realised that the mistress in the video was sitting next to him on the settee.

"Phew," he said as the final scene faded out. "That was you, wasn't it?"

"Yes," Jacqueline smiled warmly. "It's one of my favourites. I still get hot looking at it."

Adam squirmed in his seat.

"But .... You were fairly, er, vicious with that girl, weren't you?" Jacqueline nodded and regarded him over the top of her wine glass. "Yes, but the little bitch loved every moment of it. I won't tell you what we got up to later - but let's just say I was exhausted." She smiled coyly.

Adam ran a finger round the collar of his shirt.

"Go on, get comfortable. There's no need for formality. Just do whatever you feel like."

He stood to slip off his jacket, aware of the bulge in his jeans - and aware that Jacqueline had noticed it. When he sat back down, Jacqueline put one foot across his knees.

"Let's see some more videos."

She pressed the remote control and, once more, he was plunged into the world of bondage and punishment. They saw young women being spanked, being tied down and whipped, being fucked with dildos and vibrators and other strange objects. There were girls in latex and leather, in spandex and lycra, girls in stockings and stiletto heels and harnesses and teddies. There were girls dressed as nurses, as maids, as schoolgirls; young women dressed as business women, as prison warders, as SS officers.

Adam became more and more aroused as they watched. His cock was a painful lump inside his jeans. Jacqueline's foot had slipped higher up his thigh. Almost without being aware of it, he was toying with it stroking it and playing with her toes. She wriggled it in satisfaction and, somehow, it was pressing against his throbbing hardness. He glanced across at her. The first thing he noticed was that her legs had parted. He could see the crotch of her blue satin knickers and there was had a darker patch staining the centre. The second thing he noticed was that she was watching him rather than the TV.

"Don't stop," she said. "You have a nice touch."

"So have you," he replied, indicating her foot.

She giggled and turned off the video. "I don't think we need any more of these. Have they given you any ideas?"

"Yes, I've one or two I'd like to try right now."

"Later," she chided. "You're here to learn about discipline. Are you interested in anyone in particular?"

Adam gave a short laugh. "All of them in the end. But Zoë and Felicia first off."

"Good choice. They're both hot girls, experienced and enjoy being thrashed. What are you going to do with them?"

Inspiration came upon him and he caressed his hand up Jacqueline's calf as he spoke. "Well, I think I'd like to tie them together face-to-face with a double dildo joining them. Then I would whip first one, then the other. The results could be interesting."

Jacqueline grinned wickedly and licked her lips. "Great idea. You should tie their hands above their heads. That will keep them closer together."

"I'll do that." He glanced at Jacqueline. "Another idea I've had also involves two girls. I'd give one of them a severe spanking. Then I'd make the other one strap on a dildo and fuck her while I spanked her. Then I would take the second girl from behind while she was still fucking the other."

"Oh, yes," Jacqueline breathed. "I think you've got the idea now." She ran her hands up her thighs, pulling up the hem of her dress and exposing the vivid blue knickers with the spreading stain. Her breast s rose and fell, threatening to spill out of her dress. Adam leaned over and ran his hands up, over her thighs. She placed her hands on top of his.

"Would you like to be cruel to me now?" she husked.

He looked deep into her dark eyes, seeing lust and submission.

"Yes," he said slowly. "I think I would."

He sat up. "Stand up!" he commanded.

Jacqueline rose to her feet.

"Take off the dress."

Obediently, she felt behind her for the zipper, which caused her breasts to thrust out, the hard nipples pushing at the restraining fabric. The dress slithered to the floor and she stood, uncertainly, clad only in the bright blue knickers.

"Kneel." He indicated the floor in front of him.

She dropped to her knees and placed her hands on his knees. He leaned forward and cupped the full, round breasts with their large, dark areolae and nipples like small thumbs.

"Beautiful," he murmured, caressing their fullness and relishing their weight. Suddenly, he pulled away, gripping the nipples between thumb and forefinger and squeezing hard. Her eyes flew open in shock and pain and she let out a small yelp. He released the nipples and she sank back on her heels.

"Yes," she breathed. "I think you'll be beautifully cruel to me."

"I think you should suck me now."

She looked a bit disappointed but dutifully unfastened his fly and eased out his rock-hard cock. She glanced up at him, parted her lush, red lips and wrapped them around the tip of his cock. Her mouth was hot and eager and expert. She licked and sucked, worming one hand inside his pants to fondle his balls. He watched her dark head bobbing up and down and nearly abandoned himself to the exquisite sensations she was causing. But he kept his head and slowly eased his belt free of the loops. Curling the buckle end around his hand, he reached out and brought the other end sharply down on her exposed bottom. Jacqueline jerked as she felt the sting of the leather on her naked skin and sank her teeth into his cock.

"Aiieee," he screamed, grabbing her hair and pulling her sharply away.

"You bit me, you bitch."

She knelt up with a look of mixed indignation and contrition. "I'm sorry. But that was a bloody stupid thing to do."

"You didn't have to bite me in half," he said angrily, massaging the teeth-marks in his cock.

"What did you think would happen when you laid into my arse without any warning?"

"I didn't expect you to cripple me." He raised the belt. "I've a good mind to ..... "

She looked up at him. He took in the sight of her, kneeling, breasts heaving, hair awry, challenging him with her eyes and was suddenly no longer angry. It was just so ludicrous that he started to laugh. She looked at him in astonishment.

"You're right," he managed between guffaws. "It was a bloody stupid thing to do."

She slowly smiled and then began to laugh too.

"I truly am sorry," she said when their laughter had died down. She reached for his now flaccid prick. "Did I really bite it hard?"

"No," he said, caressing her hair. "It was more surprise than anything. It was a superb blow-job, too."

He pulled her to him, gazed into her eyes then kissed her deeply. Her arms snaked around his neck as she returned the kiss, their lips and tongues grinding and mashing. He entwined his fingers in her thick, black hair and pulled her head backwards, kissing her fiercely as he did. Her full, round breasts were squashed against his chest, the nipples hard and hot as roasted chestnuts. She moaned and clutched at him frantically.

"Bed?" he asked hoarsely at last.

Jacqueline indicated a door. With his hand still entwined in her hair, he pulled her into the bedroom and flung her onto the bed. She lay, arms and legs akimbo, breasts heaving, gazing up at him with lust-heavy eyes. He stripped off his clothes, discarding them on the floor.

"Under the bed," she murmured. "Restraints."

He scrabbled around and discovered , attached to each leg of the bed, a length of chain with padded cuffs on the ends.

"Naughty girl," he said. "You've done this before."

He cuffed her wrists and ankles and then remembered her knickers. He looked at them thoughtfully.

"Perhaps I should just rip them off," he said, thoughtfully. "No, it would be a shame to spoil them. I might need you to wear them again."

He released one ankle then put his hand between her spread thighs and ground the heel against her cunt.

Jacqueline's eyes flew open. "You bastard," she swore.

He smiled cruelly down at her as he gripped the waistband and pulled the knickers down and over her ankles.

There was a hint of fear in Jacqueline's, eyes now. She obviously enjoyed being restrained, so long as she kept control. She had expected him simply to enter her but Adam had other plans.

He cuffed her free ankle again then wrapped his belt around his hand, leaving a short length free.

"What are you going to do?" she asked uncertainly.

Without replying, he lightly smacked the outside of her thigh with the loose end of the belt.

Jacqueline jerked and sucked her breath through her teeth. "Ouch."

He smacked the other thigh and she jerked again. "Ow. You bastard. That hurt."

He grinned at her and hit her again. She tried to shift away as she realised that he had no intention of stopping but the restraints prevented her from moving very far. She had half twisted onto one hip so he laid a blow on her half-exposed buttock. Quickly she shifted back on her back and lay watching him from hooded eyes.

He laid a few more strokes on the outside of her thighs then laid one on the tender skin of the inside.

"Aiiee, you bastard," Jacqueline wailed, vainly trying to pull her thighs together. But the restraints prevented her.

He continued slapping her thighs, alternating between the insides and the outsides. She lay with eyes closed in resignation, rolling her head from side to side. A slow flush spread across her thighs, visible even beneath her swarthy skin. Suddenly, he moved his attention upwards and landed a blow on her side, just below her armpits and the full swell of her breast. Her eyes flew open.

"What the ...," she cried.

He did the other side, then back to her thighs, then up to her sides. She swore and cursed at him. He moved down to her waist and belly. The blows were not hard, but they stung and caused her skin to prickle. And they were regular and incessant. Her whole body flushed red and she jerked at twisted in the restraints.

One landed across the elastic flesh of her breast. She squealed and tears trickled from her eyes. The blows went on and on and she writhed on the bed, flinging her body from side to side, breasts rolling and bouncing on her chest, sobbing and moaning. Suddenly, she wasn't trying to escape the blows any more. Her body tensed and she arched her back, squeezing her thighs together. Her eyes rolled up and a keening wail emerged from deep in her throat as an orgasm took her. Spent, she collapsed back on the bed with a gusty sigh. Milky juice trickled from her cunt.

Then Adam was on the bed with his head between her spread thighs, tongue greedily licking her cum juice. The touch made her quiver inside. Now the blows had stopped, she was aware of the itchy, tingling heat in her skin spreading right through her body, heating her to fever pitch. She lifted her hips off the bed and thrust her pelvis at his mouth, trying to force him to penetrate her with his tongue.

He lifted his head and laid more blows across her breasts and belly. Her nipples stood out like hard nuts and the whack from the stiff leather sent jolts of sharp pain shooting through her. The pain turned to fire and heated her even more. His tongue returned to her cunt, licking and probing. She was now so hot she hardly knew where she was or what she was doing.

"Please. Please," she begged, straining her thighs attempting to masturbate against his face. "Oh, please. You must. Oh, please."

He took pity on her. Supporting himself with straight arms on either side of her body, he slowly brought his rigid cock to the entrance of her quim and eased the tip in. The effect on Jacqueline was electric. She came, the muscles in her belly and cunt spasming. She gasped and shuddered as wave upon wave of orgasm flooded through her.

"Oh, my God," she panted, her breasts heaving. "I don't think I've ever cum like that before."

He smiled down at her and slid his cock fully inside her until their pubic mounds were pressed tightly together. He began to move, not thrusting in and out but grinding his pubic mound against hers, pushing her back into the bed. As if he wanted to get his balls inside her.

"Please," she gasped. "Lie on top of me." Her skin was super sensitive; her breasts ached, and she wanted to feel his weight pressing down on her, dominating her, covering her.

She buried her face in his neck as he continued to jab into her in short, sharp strokes, the tip of his cock beating against her cervix. Another orgasm started deep inside her, causing her body to quake and she bit sharply on his shoulder to prevent herself from screaming aloud.

Adam, too, could feel his balls tighten as he neared his climax. His movements quickened and his breath came in short, sharp pants, loud in her ear.

"Oh, Jacqueline. Yes. I'm going to cum," he gasped.

She writhed beneath him. "Yes, Adam, cum in me."

He tensed, back rigid and buttocks clenched as his orgasm hit and he pumped his cum deep into her cunt, as if trying to force it directly into her womb. To her surprise, the feeling of his hot cum pumping into her, triggered another orgasm and together they sweated and panted in sexual frenzy.

At last Adam groaned and rolled off, his detumescing cock emerging stickily and releasing their combined juices which trickled from her cunt and on to the bed.

"Untie me, please," she said.

He fumbled at the cuffs, releasing her cramped limbs and she rolled over and wrapped her arms around him.

"I hate you, you know," she murmured. "No-one has ever taken me like that. Made me feel like that." She started to snuffle. "I think I'm in love with you."

He stroked her hair tenderly. "And I've never felt like that with anyone before. You aroused something new in me. You're quite a woman, Jacqueline."

"But you don't love me?"

He sighed and held her close. "In a way I do, but not, I think, the way you mean."

"It doesn't matter. I love you anyway."

They slept, still clasped in each other's arms.

Later they made love again. Made love rather than fucked, in a much more gentle way. And the grey light of dawn was creeping over the window sill when he stole his way groggily back to his apartment.

**Chapter 9 - Tackle Dummy**

As he made his way, rather blearily, to his first class, Anne called him into her office.

"Hard night?" she asked with a grin.

"You could say that," he replied sheepishly.

"Adam, you remember when we talked I said I wanted you to act a as a sort of mentor for the girls?" He nodded. "I think it's time we moved on that and I would like to start this afternoon."

For once a ready retort failed him. "Oh?"

"I believe you have some free time after lunch?"

"Yes, until 2:30."

"Good. Would you come to the training room on the first floor, then, immediately after lunch."

"Okay. May I ask why?"

"You're about to fulfil the rest of your contract," she laughed. "And be a tackle dummy. I'll fill you in this afternoon."

He left feeling both puzzled and intrigued.

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He was making his coffee at break when Jacqueline sidled casually up to him.

"You're a complete bastard, you know," she announced.

He tried not to look startled. "Am I?"

"You are. I'm so sore all over I can hardly move."

He grinned. "You did ask for it. I'm a bit of a wreck myself, this morning."

"Serves you right." She touched his arm. "I just wanted you to know that last night was one of the best in my life. Next time it'll be my turn."

He looked down at her sensual face. The idea of submitting to this hot, passionate woman caused a small shiver of excitement to run through him.

"I don't know if that was a threat or a promise. But I think I might take you up on it. But not right now as I've been summonsed by Anne."

"Give her hell," she murmured as she collected her cup and moved away.

"Give me hell more like it," he muttered to himself.

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Anne was already in the training room. She had shed her business suit and was dressed in a pale blue watered silk robe, sheer black stockings and 5-inch stilettos.

"After what I heard about last night, this could be fun," she said.

Adam flushed. He was not feeling at his best. "What do you want me to do," he asked a trifle petulantly.

"Don't be like that. It might actually be an advantage that you're not feeling your usual self," she said briskly. "As you can imagine, sex education plays quite a large part in our curriculum. We teach the girls about every aspect of sex - from basic anatomy to pornography. In the first year we take it a bit easy - we want the girls to become aware of their sexuality and be comfortable with it. One strand is the human body as a sexual object - obvious things like what the clitoris is and how it gives pleasure. You with me? Now it's obviously fairly easy to discover female anatomy - a voyage of self discovery, you might say. But male anatomy is a bit more difficult." She gave a short laugh.

Adam was beginning to see where she was leading. "And I am to be the a model of the male anatomy?"

"Indeed. Pictures and videos are one thing - but having a real, living, breathing male to look at and to touch is very different. They need to be comfortable around men - familiar with their bodies; understand how they tick, sexually; know what turns them on and what doesn't; know how to read the signals. So, this afternoon, I want you to be a model - a model they can touch and feel - and they will be touching and feeling, I can assure you. You're going to be a sex object. I'll be asking for comments and pointers along the way. Oh, and don't cum until I tell you. Okay?"

Adam smiled ruefully. "Okay. I suppose it's just as well I'm not 100%, isn't it?"

Anne gave a tinkling laugh. "Indeed. It saved me the job of ensuring you could last the distance," she teased. "There's a robe and a pouch behind that screen. Please change and wait till I call you."

Behind the screen he found a dark blue robe with a dragon motif and a posing pouch. He felt strange and surprisingly nervous stripping off in a classroom. He had only just got the pouch adjusted when he heard the door open, the clatter of shoes on the floor and the chatter of nervous schoolgirl voices. There were rustling sounds as if clothes were being removed then Anne called the girls to order.

"This afternoon," said Anne, when she had their attention, "we are going to do something slightly different. So far we have studied both male and female anatomy and I trust you now have at least some basic knowledge of how male and female sexual organs work. In case you haven't, there will be an exam at the end of term." This was greeted with groans. "This class is no different from any other. All subjects are tested, you know that.

"We have also discussed what are known as the secondary sexual characteristics and I have been encouraging you to explore your own sexual awareness. However, male sexuality is another matter. It's rather difficult to study men without having one present. I don't suppose one of you has one hidden under the bed?" There was a dutiful titter from the class. "It so happens that we do have a man in the school who will assist our explorations. Mr Hazel, please?"

Taking his cue, Adam stepped from behind the screen. The girls gasped as he stepped into view. Several of them blushed or blanched and a few tried to cover themselves with their arms. Adam was equally taken aback. He felt his jaw hit the floor. Eight 2nd year girls were arranged on seats in the room, all of them dressed in nothing more than white, lacy-topped stockings, suspender belts and white 3-inch stiletto sandals. Anne had removed her robe to reveal that her sheer, black stockings were supported by a lacy, black suspender belt. But the item that set it off was the black harness bra that circled her breasts, lifting them into rounded cones.

Anne clapped her hands sharply. "Girls, that's quite enough. Sit still with you hands on your knees, knees apart. Mr Hazel, if you could pick you jaw up, we'll begin the lesson. This is a sex education class and one must dress appropriately." This was greeted by a flurry of giggles from the girls who were now eying Adam with surreptitious fascination. Adam was, in his turn surreptitiously admiring eight downy-covered teenage pussies. "Mr Hazel, if you'd care to remove your robe and stand just here?" Adam undid the belt and slipped it from his shoulders. He took his time, making his movements deliberate. Unconsciously, he tried to suck in his belly as he removed the robe and draped it over a chair.

"Today's lesson will be in two parts: we will discuss the secondary sexual characteristics first and then deal with the primary characteristics. Now who will start by saying how a man differs from a woman?"

There was an embarrassed giggling then Donna shyly put up her hand. "Please Miss, a man has a thingy."

"A thingy, Donna? I've never seen one of those on a man, before," said Anne sharply.

"You know, Miss, a... a..."

"Come on Donna, spit it out."

"A penis, Miss," Donna blurted, blushing furiously.

"Very good, Donna. That didn't hurt, did it?" She wrote it on the whiteboard. "Anyone else?"

"A man has testicles, Miss," said Tricia.

"Testes. Right. More?"

"Broader shoulders." "Narrower hips." "No breasts." The girls were relaxing now. "Hair on his body." "And on his face." "Knobbly knees." The class dissolved in laughter.

"I don't think knobbly knees are a characteristic of men, Tanya" said Anne, trying to hide a smile. "And Mr Hazel certainly hasn't got knobbly knees."

"That's not really what I meant, Miss Henderson. I meant that our legs, and yours, Miss, are sort of smooth and Mr Hazel's are... well, sort of knobbly." She blushed furiously.

Anne smiled. "That's very good, Tanya.. But I'm not sure that 'knobbly' is the right word. Does everyone agree with Tanya? Can anyone find a better description than 'knobbly'?"

Eight pairs of eyes studied Adam intently. He felt himself flush.

"Mr Hazel, can you help us out?"

"Huh? Oh, yes. In general a man's body tends to be more angular than a woman's. I think it's something to do with subcutaneous fat."

"Thank you, Mr Hazel. Can anyone tell me what subcutaneous fat is and why it makes the female form more rounder and smoother looking than the male? No? That's your homework exercise, then, for next week."

This generated groans from all the girls.

To Adam, the whole situation was unreal. Here he stood, virtually naked, in front of eight fourteen-year-olds and their teacher dressed, or undressed, like models from a porn magazine sitting with their knees apart their charms on full display - and discussing subcutaneous fat! He became aware that Anne was saying something to him.

"Mr Hazel, if you could just turn round, please."

"What? Right."

He slowly turned until his back was to the class.

"Right," said Anne. "I think you can see that Mr Hazel exhibits all the characteristics we've listed. So I think we can conclude that he is definitely a man." The girl giggled. "Thank you, Mr Hazel, you can turn back now.

"Okay, not only does a man look different but he feels different. Gather round." Eight teens shuffled shyly up. "I want you to touch Mr Hazel anywhere on his body but his genitals. Come girls, don't be shy. Mr Hazel won't bite."

Adam smiled reassuringly at them and stretched out his arms. "Start here," he suggested.

Tanya smiled shyly up at him then reached out and gently ran her fingers up and down his arm. Her touch was feather light and his arm broke out in goosebumps and the hairs on it stood up. She gasped in surprise.

"There," he smiled. "You didn't expect that, did you? That was because you touched me so softly. Try the other arm."

She ran her fingers up his other arm but, because she was thinking about it, his skin didn't react.

"This time you were self-conscious," he said. "And your touch was slightly heavier. You have a nice gentle touch, though."

The girl blushed.

"Can I try?" asked Tricia.

"You can, but I don't think it will work again. Try something else."

"Can I touch your chest?"

"Of course. Any part of me you like."

Tentatively, she placed a hand flat upon his chest. "You've got nipples," she said.

"Yes. They're not as sensitive as yours but men often like them being touched or kissed."

She rubbed her across his nipple. "Do you like that?"

"Yes. You have a nice touch, too."

The ice having been broken, all the girls crowded round to touch him: shoulders, back, neck, arms, legs, chest and stomach. Some were just content to feel him, others wanted to know if this or that was pleasant. He wasn't sure at first how he would react to being pawed at by eight young girls. But they didn't paw. He was touched and stroked by sixteen respectful hands, was brushed accidentally by eight pairs of budding breasts. Was cooed over by eight excited teens. He found himself growing hot and his cock began to stiffen. For a moment he worried about it then thought. 'This is a sex education class.'

Anne had been monitoring the activity saw what was happening. "Right, girls, I think that's enough for the moment."

Reluctantly now, the girls stepped back.

Suddenly, Sandie gasped and cried, "Oh, look," pointing at his groin where his half-erect penis was bulging in the posing pouch.

"Does anyone know what is happening - without being silly about it?" Anne asked.

"Mr Hazel has an erection," said Tricia.

"Indeed he has. At least a partial one. Mr Hazel, did any of the girls touch your genitals?"

"No, indeed they did not, Miss Henderson."

"Could you explain to the girls why you have an erection?"

Adam smiled. He was beginning to see where how cleverly Anne had structured this lesson. "Hmmm. I was surrounded by eight very attractive young ladies who were very provocatively dressed. They were touching me all over with light, gentle touches. And they were concerned that I found their touching pleasurable. That is a very sexy situation so I began to respond. If they had carried on for a while longer I would have a full erection."

"So, to summarise, Mr Hazel, you were stimulated by sight, touch and sound?"

"Yes. I believe men are more sensitive, if that's the right word, to visual stimulation. The way a girl looks, even the way she dresses, can often cause a man to have an erection. Touch is also important. Everybody has places they like being touched - erogenous zones I think they're called. But just being touched by someone who wants to please you is a turn-on. Voices, too, are important. None of you shrieked or squealed. You all spoke softly and you all asked me if I was enjoying your attentions." He grinned. "I was."

Anne beamed. "Thank you, Mr Hazel. Are there any questions?"

Tricia stuck her hand up. "If we had continued long enough, Mr Hazel, would you have... er..." She broke off, blushing furiously.

"Would I have cum, ejaculated? What's the appropriate word, Miss Henderson?"

"Cum will do fine."

"You want to know if I would have cum, Tricia?" The girl nodded. "That's an interesting question. I believe it's possible to cum without genital contact. I've heard that some women can cum just by having their I have breasts sucked and played with. I've never experienced it. Would you like to try?" he teased.

Tricia, red faced, giggled behind her hand. But he noticed a gleam in her eye.

"I hope you can all now see the importance of secondary sexual characteristics. How a man can be aroused without either kissing or genital contact. The way you look, the way you dress, the way you walk, the way you talk, the way you touch - all these are extremely important. You want men to look at you. You want men to admire you. You want to be wanted. Remember that. Now, Mr Hazel, would you mind removing your final garment."

Keeping his eyes firmly on the class, Adam removed his pouch slowly and carefully. Hooking his fingers into the waistband, he slowly pushed it down over his now flaccid cock and eased it down his legs until he could step out of it. He straightened and let eight pairs of fascinated eyes study his member. Anne hefted it in one hand. "You'll enjoy this, I think," she murmured.

"As you can see, girls, now that the stimulation has stopped, Mr Hazel's penis has returned to its normal state. It doesn't look like much at the moment, does it?"

She leant against him and gently stroked his cock. He could feel the weight of her breasts pressed against his back and her warm breath on his shoulders. His cock started to swell.

"However, as I touch his penis it begins to stiffen. Have any of you seen or touched a man's penis? I won't ask you whose." Donna and Beth raised tentative hands. "Two of you. Aimée, would you like to feel it?"

Aimée was a shy girl with deep blue eyes and a mass of wavy fair hair. Adam had noticed her in his classes and his heart beat a little faster as she blushed but stepped up and shyly touched his cock.

"Wrap your hand around it, Aimée, but don't squeeze," Anne instructed.

Soft little fingers encircled his cock making it jump.

"Oh," gasped Aimée.

"Describe what you feel, please Aimée."

"It's so... warm. And both hard and soft at the same time."

"Is it nice to touch?"

"Yes, Miss," blushed Aimée.

In turn Anne had each of the girls come up and fondle his cock. By the time they had finished he was fully erect.

"I think that has had the desired effect," said Anne. "You can see, girls, that Mr Hazel is now fully erect. What size is the average penis when erect?"

"About six inches, Miss."

Anne studied Adam's cock. "I think Mr Hazel is both slightly longer and slightly thicker than average. As we have discussed, men's penises can vary greatly in both length and thickness. There is no 'ideal' size as all of you are different sizes too."

"Please, Miss Henderson," said Sophie, the smallest and youngest looking of the class, "can that really go inside us? It seems awfully big."

Anne laughed gently. "It does, indeed, Sophie, but I can assure you that, not only will it fit perfectly inside you, you will actively welcome it. Like a specimen in a laboratory, she reviewed its various parts. Her hand matched the deed to the words and exposed the shiny, purple-red head of Adam's penis to the fascinated schoolgirls. He swallowed hard in an effort to retain his composure. The pleasurable feel of her cool hand holding his erection and the intense gaze of the sexy, young schoolgirls was having a profound effect. A delicious feeling of heaviness was beginning in his balls, and he parted his legs slightly to ease the pressure that was building there.

She talked about circumcision, and lifted the heavy organ to pull the foreskin right back so that the girls could see the part in question. She touched it gently with her fingertip, causing his cock to give an involuntary twitch that made some of the girls giggle.

"It's called the fraenum and it's the most sensitive part of a man's sexual organs. If you rub or lick the penis there, it gives the man the most delightful sensation." She closed her hand round his cock and began moving it very slowly up and down, stroking her finger lightly against the fraenum as she did so. "Is this giving you pleasure, Mr Hazel?"

Adam struggled to control his breathing. "Yes, it is indeed, Miss Henderson. Exceedingly so."

"What am I doing, girls?"

"Masturbating him, Miss."

"Correct. Also known as..?"

"Wanking, Miss." "Or a hand job."

"Good. Now masturbation is one way of pleasuring a man - provided you do it right. Every man likes to be masturbated slightly differently and it's important that you learn what pleases him most. If in doubt, ask. Some men like slow, steady strokes like this. Some like you to play with the glans and fraenum like this."

Adam was having a hard time controlling himself. Anne was an expert. His knees felt weak and trembling and his heart pounded in his ribs.

"I must be doing it right for I see that Mr Hazel has become quite agitated," said Anne in an amused tone. She stopped her motions much to Adam's relief.

"There are other things you can do to increase the pleasure. You can cup his testicles. But do it very gently as they are very sensitive. Squeeze too hard and you will find yourself with an ex-lover. Mind you," she grinned, "it's worth remembering this for emergencies.

"You can also use two hands. Or you can just use your fingers. Another sensitive spot is between the penis and the anus. Press there and you will make the man ejaculate very quickly.

"Masturbating your partner gives him great pleasure and you can bring him off this way. It can be very exciting to watch a man as he cums and see his sperm spurt out. The power you have over him - to give him pleasure, to control his pleasure - that is exciting, too. However, masturbation is mostly used as a prelude to sexual intercourse so it should give you pleasure too. To know that you are pleasing your man, feeling him grow even harder in your hand, seeing his balls sway in time with your hand's motion and then watching it tighten as his sensation builds - all these things should help to raise your own enjoyment of what you and your lover are sharing. Have any of you have brought a man off this way and seen his sperm?"

There was silence as the girls looked at each other. Then Donna and Beth both raised embarrassed hands.

"Don't be embarrassed girls. I'm actually slightly surprised that only two of you have done it. What is sperm like, Donna?"

The young girl blushed an even deeper shade of pink. "Well, Miss, it was a sort of milky white colour and very sticky and slippery," she said haltingly. "And there was so much of it. It just seemed to go on and on. I thought he'd never stop," she giggled. "It made me very excited watching him cum."

"Thank you, Donna. Are you excited now?"

"Yes, Miss, a bit."

"Is everybody a bit excited? Feeling a bit fluttery? Slightly moist."

There was a general embarrassed shuffling.

Anne sighed. "Stand up, feet apart, hands on you heads," she said sharply.

She passed among the girls dipping a finger briefly into each adolescent furrow - some still almost bare, some well covered in downy hair. Adam stared disbelievingly, his cock twitching.

"Sit down. As I thought, you're all aroused to some extent. I don't know why you found it hard to say so. This is a sex education class and we're here to learn about our sexuality. You must learn to be open and honest about what you feel. It is a fact that most marriages fail because one or both partners cannot be honest about their sexual feelings. Am I making myself clear?"

"Yes, Miss," chorused the response.

"Good. Tanya, are you feeling aroused?"

Tanya blushed and looked at the floor. "Yes, Miss Henderson."

"A little aroused or a lot?"

"Um, a lot, Miss."

"So watching me masturbate Mr Hazel has turned you on?"

"Yes, Miss."

"Would you like to try?"

Tanya looked up, eyes bright. "Yes please, Miss."

"Okay, Come on. Remember what I've said."

Tanya came up to Adam and smiled shyly up at him. "You don't mind, Sir?"

Adam looked down at the enchanting girl gazing up at him, whose dark, smouldering eyes suggested a depth of latent sexuality. Her full, pink lips were slightly parted, her swelling breasts, particularly well formed for one so young, with their pale brown nipples showing her arousal. Her mound was covered with a dense bush of soft brown hair which he found incredibly arousing. I seemed to be begging to be touched.

He cleared his throat. "No, Tanya. I don't mind at all. In fact I shall enjoy it immensely." 'God, I hope I can keep control,' he thought. 'This child is so deliciously fuckable.'

Tanya curled a hand around his throbbing shaft and began to slide it back and forth.

"Like this, Sir?"

"Just like that, Tanya. That'd perfect," he groaned.

The girl watched in fascination as her hand pumped his shaft, marvelling at the angry red glans as it slipped in and out of the foreskin. She glanced up at his face which was beaded with sweat. She looked somewhat frightened.

"Is Mr Hazel okay, Miss Henderson? I'm not hurting him, am I?"

"No, Tanya, you're not hurting him," said Anne with amusement. "Quite the reverse. Your touch is making Mr Hazel very aroused and he's trying to control his excitement so as not to spoil things for the other girls."

"Gosh. Am I really doing that," said little Tanya with an expression of awe.

"You are indeed," said Adam, grinning down at her.

"Notice, girls, that, despite being quite erect, the skin of the penis slides up and down quite easily," said Anne in a dry voice. "You will also notice that the tip is shiny. This is caused by natural lubrication that is released to facilitate the motion. You can increase the pleasure by touching the fraenum with your other hand or cupping the man's balls. You can also increase or decrease the speed of your actions. As I have already mentioned, the main purpose of masturbation is a prelude to sex - to get the man ready for sex. You will need to learn to judge the right speed and when to stop. Often the man will indicate what he would like you to do but it is much more satisfactory if you can judge it for yourself. Perhaps, Mr Hazel, you could tell the girls what you are feeling right now."

"Hmm," Adam said a trifle breathlessly. "It's a little hard to concentrate but I'll try. I'm very aware that there is a very attractive, and sexily dressed, young lady beside me. Her hands feel soft and warm around my penis - it's a very pleasant sensation. She's holding it just right - enough to make me feel her grip but not too tightly. My penis feels very hard and hot. It feels bigger than it really is." He cleared his throat, trying to focus on speaking rather than on the sensations this sly teenager was generating. As he was trying to describe these sensations, this was rather difficult.

"I feel very hot," he continued. "And my balls feel tight, almost sore. In fact, Ms Henderson, can I suggest that Tanya stops now before she receives an unexpected present."

Anne grinned lewdly at him. "Indeed. Tanya, I think that's enough for now, thank you. You seem to have made quite an impression on Mr Hazel."

Pouting in disappointment, Tanya reluctantly released his throbbing cock. Glancing slyly up at him from lowered lashes, she said, "Did you enjoy that, Mr Hazel?"

'You damn well know I enjoyed it, you little minx," he thought.

Attempting to maintain some semblance of dignity he replied. "Thank you, Tanya. It was very pleasurable. You have a nice touch."

She smiled coquettishly at him and licked her lips before returning to her seat.

"I think we can all see that Mr Hazel is now very aroused. He is flushed and sweating slightly and his penis is standing up very stiffly," Anne said. "I would judge that he is fairly close to cumming. Is that so, Mr Hazel?"

"Hrrm, indeed Ms Henderson."

"Sophie, bring that bowl please and... Tricia, would you like to make Mr Hazel cum?"

"Yes please," said the young blonde eagerly.

Anne smiled. "Come on then."

Normally a self-confident and flirtatious girl, who took pride in her developing body and seemed to know, and enjoy, the effect she had on men, Tricia turned suddenly shy and wrapped a tentative hand around his cock. She began to slide is back and forth, frowning in concentration. She was much less certain than Tanya, her thin fingers hooking round his cock rather than embracing it.

"Tricia," he said quietly. She glanced up, a startled look in her blue eyes. "You are a very sexy girl. I want you very much. I would like to take you to bed and make love to you. Would you like me to do that?"

The young girl seemed to melt. She flushed bright red.

"Y... yes, sir," she nodded.

"Good. Then imagine we are in my bedroom and you are arousing me so we can make love. Can you do that?"

Tricia gulped and nodded. She returned her attention to his cock and, this time, her fingers curled around it seductively and confidently. She began to stroke and pet it with real enthusiasm.

Anne continued to lecture. "To some men, the function of sex is to cum, preferably inside you but to cum anyway. The procedure is for the girl to get him hard, enter her, move vigorously for as short a time as possible, and discharge. Unfortunately, you will meet a lot of men like this and, if you meet one, one of your hardest jobs will be to train him about real sex. Never let your man be in too much of a hurry to put his penis into you. Enjoy looking at him and let him enjoy looking at you. Never rush things. Tantalise one another; you'll enjoy the final penetration much more if you wait. Take pleasure in your lover. Study his penis. Imagine how it's going to feel as it slides in, opening you up, stretching you, filling you. See it shake and quiver with desire."

Her words were having a profound effect on the girls who were staring open mouthed at Adam and Tricia, their eyes glued to the small hand sliding up and down the large cock. There were flushed faces and laboured breathing all a round. Several were shifting restlessly on their chairs.

Her words, and Tricia's ministrations, were having a profound effect on Adam, too. He cleared his throat, nervously. "Er, Miss Henderson."

She stopped and turned, a lewd grin spreading across her face as she saw his discomfiture.

"I do believe Mr Hazel is about to cum. Sophie, hold the bowl in front of Mr Hazel's penis. Tricia, move your hand faster - and try not to miss the bowl, dear."

Tricia's hand gripped his prick more firmly and she wanked him in earnest, the pink tip of her tongue peeping from between her lips as she focussed on her task. Adam felt his balls tighten.

"Do you see how his balls seem to have shrunk?" Anne asked the class. "That's normally the signal that a man is about to cum. Are you about to cum, Mr Hazel?"

"Glluurrrk," said Adam. And then, "Yes. God, yes!" as a sticky ribbon of milky-white cum spurted from his cock into the bowl. There was an audible sigh from the audience as, muscles tensed, Adam pumped several more loads of cum into the bowl.

"Whewsh," he said as the last drops dribbled out.

"Thank you Mr Hazel," said Anne brightly. "That was a most impressive demonstration."

He sank back, breathing heavily. There was a distinctly feral brightness in Anne's eyes, her features were flushed and her nipples stood out like small, brown thumbs. He glanced around to see a collection of flushed faces and popped nipples. Several hands were creeping between slim thighs.

He gave as sly grin. "I'm glad you enjoyed it ladies."

Anne, seeing the direction of his gaze, seemed to give herself a mental shake.

"On your seats, girls. Knees apart, hands on knees," she said briskly. She took the bowl from Sophie and held it up. "This is sperm, or spunk, or cum. You can see what it looks like and how much there is. Mr Hazel seems to have been quite generous. Now I want you all to taste it."

She held the bowl out and the girls dipped hesitant fingers into the sticky goo. The expressions on their faces varied from outright disgust to cautious approval as they first smelt and then tasted the cum.

"Cum is a bit of an acquired taste," smiled Anne, "and some women never take to it. You will probably be obliged to take a man's cum in your mouth and swallow it at some time so, even if you don't like it, you'd better get used to it."

Tricia had discovered some cum on her hand. Hesitantly she licked at it and pulled a face. She swallowed and ran her tongue around her lips to clean them. She sniffed at the cum on her hand and took another cautious lick. Adam smiled at the look of intense concentration as she swilled it round her mouth trying to decide if it was really as bad as she thought. She swallowed again then licked her hand clean.

"Actually, it's not too bad at all," she whispered to Adam. "In fact I think I might come to quite like it." She smiled coquettishly at him.

'You little minx,' thought Adam. "You never know your luck," he said.

"Mr Hazel," said Anne, bringing the class to order. " If you would care to freshen up we will continue with the lesson."

As Adam made his way to the small adjoining bathroom to clean his sticky prick, she was already in full flow.

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When he returned, Anne had laid out a number of dildos and vibrators and was lecturing the girls on their use and relative merits.

"Ah, Mr Hazel. You're back," she said a trifle unnecessarily. "Now if you'd like to stand over here?"

He propped himself against the edge of the padded bench and waited, feet slightly apart and cock hanging limply.

Anne proceeded with her lesson on the finer points of giving head. At times she used a rubber model of an erect cock and balls to demonstrate a point. Adam watched her in amazement. She treated the rubber phallus as if it was real, lingering lovingly over its head and licking the shaft with apparent enthusiasm. He imagined it was his cock upon which she was lavishing attention and found himself, despite having recently unloaded, beginning to stir at the thought.

"All right, girls," she concluded. "You should already know all this. It is time to put theory into practice." She turned to Adam. "In what order would you like the girls?"

"Like them to do what, Miss Henderson?"

"Like them to practice fellatio on you, Mr Hazel." Her tone was frosty.

"Oh. Well, in order for this to be completely fair, I think alphabetically is as good as any."

"I agree," Anne glanced down at his limp prick and smiled. "As Mr Hazel has cum very recently, I can see that we shall have our work cut out." Adam blushed. "Aimée will be first. We will start with each girl having two minutes after which Mr Hazel will then review your proficiency. Then you will have another 2 minutes to see if you've learned anything.

Delightful little Aimée dropped to her knees in front of him. She reached out to take hold of his cock and he noticed her hands were trembling slightly.

"Have you ever sucked a man's penis before, Aimée?" he asked.

"No, sir," she blushed, looking up at him.

"There's no need to be scared. Hold it firmly but don't squeeze too hard and be careful not to bite. Just remember Ms Henderson's instructions and you'll be fine."

"Thank you, sir."

She hefted his erect cock, licked her lips once and slowly brought her lips down towards it. Adam felt his heart pounding in excitement. Being wanked by was one thing, having his cock sucked by a sexy 14-year old was entirely another. Tentatively, she parted her lips and placed them around the tip of his cock. Her breath was warm and her lips soft. His cock stirred and stiffened. She gripped the base more firmly and ran her tongue around the tip. Adam relaxed back with a contented sigh as the girl's soft tongue swirled around the sensitive tip.

All too soon, Anne called time and Aimée withdrew, somewhat reluctantly.

"Very nice, Aimée, thank you," he said, gently. "Did you enjoy it?"

The girl blushed. "Yes, sir, I think so. Thank you, sir."

Beth was a pretty, blonde girl but, despite that, Adam didn't really connect with her. She lit no real spark of lust in him. Still, she handled his cock effectively and had learned her lessons well. By the time her two minutes was up he was already half erect.

Donna was altogether more self-assured and took hold of his cock, as soon as she was on her knees. While Aimée had only taken the tip into her mouth and Beth had been fairly mechanical, Donna took several inches and sucked hard, her cheeks hollowing in the effort. She quickly realised that this was not getting her very far and began to slide his cock in and out of her mouth, her head bobbing up and down as she sucked. Adam was quite fascinated by the sight and found it as big a turn-on as her rather repetitive movements.

Juliet followed, then Sandie, then little Sophie. Little Sophie. She smiled coyly up at him then parted her rosebud lips and brought them down over the tip of his cock. Just the sight of these delightful lips closing round him made his cock jump. Her very shyness turned him on. The tentative tongue, the soft lips, the fluttering hands on his shaft all soon had him back to full alert.

"That was very nice, Sophie," he murmured when her time was up.

She flushed and lowered her eyes.

Then came Tanya. He already knew he wanted to fuck this delicious teen and was looking forward to her attentions. She enveloped the tip of his cock with her lips, then placed one hand around his shaft and another under his balls and began to masturbate him into her mouth. The sensations were exquisite. Adam tensed and a small groan escaped his lips. Tanya was a natural cocksucker. She seemed to know exactly how much pressure to exert and when. He was grateful when Anne called time for he knew he would have lost control if she had gone on much longer.

Finally it was Tricia's turn. Of all the girls in the class, is was Tricia to whom he was the most attracted. The gave the impression of being a saucy minx who might delight in sexual adventures. She dropped to her knees and took his shaft in one slim hand. She ran her tongue slowly over her lips and grinned up at him. Then, to his surprise, she lifted his cock and ran her tongue up it from base to tip and swirling her tongue around the top. She looked up at him mischievously. Her earlier hesitation seemed to have disappeared completely.

"You've done this before," he said.

"Oh no, sir," she said innocently. "I'm just a fast learner."

She closed her mouth around his cock and swirled her tongue around the tip. Very delicately, she closed her teeth on the sensitive tip then sucked the length deep into her mouth. Adam could feel the tip of his cock at the entrance to her throat. She cupped one hand beneath his balls and squeezed them gently. With her other hand she began to wank him slowly, bobbing her head up and down over the end of his cock in time to her movements. Her tongue swirled round and round the tip and she alternately sucked hard and blew gently.

Adam broke out in a sweat. 'Oh, God,' he thought. 'Where did she learn to give head like this? She'll be deep-throating me next.' Desperately he tried to ignore the sensations Tricia was inducing in his cock, praying for Anne to call time.

It took all his willpower not to let go and he was sure that Anne had given Tricia far more than two minutes just to torment him..

"Did you enjoy that, sir," whispered Tricia as she rose to her feet wiping the back of her hand across her mouth.

"Er, not bad ... for a beginner," he managed.

'I need to spank that that girl - and fuck her - sometime very soon," he thought as he watched her sashay back to her place. She glanced back at him over her shoulder and caught his eye. 'Sometime very soon,' he promised himself.

"I'd like to thank Mr Hazel for his patience in putting up with your inadequate attempts at fellatio," Anne said, but there was a twinkle in her eye as she turned to him and he noticed the slight flush that spread down her chest and the stiffened nipples. "Please don't be too hard on them."

Adam took a deep breath to try and calm his pounding heart and cleared his throat.

"Well, actually Ms Henderson, I have to say I was pleasantly surprised considering this was the girls' first attempt. It says a lot for your teaching." He paused for effect, aware of the nine pairs of eyes watching him, eight with some trepidation and one with amusement. "Rather than comment on each if you in detail, I think some general comments and guidance would be more appropriate.

"There are no right ways or wrong ways to give fellatio. Much of what happens depends on what the man feels like and what the girl feels like. Sometimes it should be hard and fast and sometimes slow and gentle. The secret is knowing which is appropriate and I'm afraid there's no quick way to teach you that - only practice and experience. It is also true that some women are naturally better at it than others - not that that's bad. Like everything in life, some people are naturally talented in some ways, some in others - again, practice and experience are the best teachers. Variety, too, is important ..."

The natural teacher in him took over and he spent the next five minutes explaining the finer points of giving head to five rapt listeners.

"Perhaps you could tell us what it feels like," said Anne when he had finished.

"Well ... That is ...," he flustered, at a loss for words. "Ms. Henderson, do you have a penis?"

"Mr. Hazel," said Anne, indignantly. The girls tittered.

"It was a rhetorical question," he said, mildly. "I only meant to illustrate that, without the, er, appropriate equipment, it's impossible to describe the sensation of having a woman's warm, willing mouth slide over the tip of your penis."

"It was not a very good question, I admit. Now, if Mr Hazel will consent, We will have another round. Two minute's each." She glanced at Adam. "I think, if you have listened to Mr Hazel's talk, it is entirely likely he will cum. If so, you will take it in your mouth. Do not draw away and do not swallow. Is that clear?"

"Yes, miss," the girls chorused.

Adam settled back and the girls set to work on his still erect cock. They had obviously been paying attention as this time they were much more inventive and he soon found himself panting and sweating in a desperate attempt to prolong the experience as long as possible. He lasted until Tanya although he was hard pressed not to unload between Sophie's delicious lips. But it was the sight of Tanya's pouting lips wrapped around his cock and the gentle squeezing on his balls that proved his undoing.

"Oh, Tanya, I'm going to cum," he groaned.

The girl started to draw away.

"Now, Tanya, remember what I said," warned Anne.

The girl returned to her task. Adam placed a hand on her head to hold her then, with a groan, pumped his cum into her waiting mouth.

"Right," called Anne. "I want all of you to get a proper taste a man's cum. Tanya, share some with Aimée, then Donna. Aimée will share hers with Tricia then Juliet. Donna with Sandie and Tricia with Sophie." Tanya looked bewildered. She wanted to speak but her mouth was full of cum. "With your mouth, girl. Place your mouth on Aimee's and give her some of Mr Hazel's cum."

Tentatively, the girls touched mouths but quickly found that the only way they could manage the transfer was by kissing properly. Adam could see their tongues working as Tanya pushed some cum into Aimee's mouth. They parted and, as Tanya turned to Donna, Tricia grabbed Aimée and practically forced her tongue down the other girl's throat in her eagerness to taste Adam's cum.

Anne had come up behind Adam and was pressed tight against him, her magnificent breasts squashed flat against his back, the nipples two hot, hard points. She ground her pubes against his bottom and her hands stole round to hold his flaccid, sticky cock.

"I do love watching this," she murmured, her breath hot on his neck. "Okay, girls, you may swallow now."

With varying degrees of enthusiasm, the girls swallowed Adam's cum. Donna, who had been most upset by the taste earlier pulled a face while Tricia positively beamed as if she had just swallowed a mouthful of cream.

"Now I want you to clean each other's mouths with your tongues," Anne said.

Hesitantly, the girls did as they were bid. As Anne had known, these hot little teenagers were already well aroused and the shy lickings quickly turned into full-blown kisses. Adam watched, fascinated, as the stocking-clad bodies came together in a hot snogging session.

"Very naughty I know but quite the most beautiful sight in the world," murmured Anne as she nibbled Adam's ear and played with his cock and balls, rubbing herself all over his back. Despite having cum for a second time only a few minutes earlier, Anne's attentions and the sight of the girls kissing passionately, was getting to him. His cock began to rise.

"That's enough, girls," called Anne when his cock was three-quarters hard. "For the final part of this lesson, I shall give a demonstration. Gather round and watch closely."

She dropped to her knees and lifted Adam's cock. She took it into her mouth and, with tongue and teeth and lips and hands, rapidly had him fully erect. She was an expert and seemed to know exactly what to do to give him maximum pleasure. Soon he was groaning with pleasure. Suddenly she stopped and looked up at him.

"Now I'm going to do something special," she said. "Don't hold back. Just do what you feel."

She placed him back in her mouth and slowly slid her mouth down over his cock. However, this time she did not stop. When he could feel the tip of his cock pressing against the back of her throat, she hesitated, swallowed and then pressed down on him. To his amazement, her throat seemed to open and his cock slipped inside. She continued to swallow him until her lips were touching his pubic hairs. There were gasps of astonishment from the girls.

The pressure of her throat and her involuntary swallowing squeezing the tip of his cock, made Adam want to move but he didn't want to hurt her. Her hands gripped his buttocks and squeezed, urging him to fuck her throat. Almost unable to control himself, he did, thrusting in and out of her throat in short jabs. The cum boiled up inside him.

"I'm cumming. I'm cumming," he cried.

Her hands and mouth egged him on and, with a loud shout and accompanied by cries of wonder and disbelief from the girls, he pumped his cum straight down her throat. Spent, he sagged back against the bench. Anne rose to her feet, smiling.

"There, girls, you see what can be achieved with a little practice," she said in a strangled voice. The girls were dumbstruck and merely stared at her with adoring eyes. "Okay, class dismissed."

She watched, smiling, as they removed dressed themselves in their school clothes and trooped out, then sank to the floor. Adam struggled to arouse himself from his sexual stupor.

"Are you okay?"

She nodded. "I'll be fine. I don't do that very often and never quite so, er, vigorously, that's all. Quite a good demonstration, I thought."

"Bloody hell, Anne!" he exploded. "You give me the most incredible blow- job ever and call it 'a good demonstration'!"

She smiled wanly. "I don't mean to hurt your male pride."

He slid off the bench to join her on the floor. Taking her hands in his, he looked her seriously in the eye.

"Listen, Anne. You haven't hurt anything, except perhaps you throat. In a week of amazing experiences, this has been the most incredible. You are the most astounding woman I have ever met and I thank whatever gods there are for the chance of meeting you."

"You're not so bad yourself," she smiled. "You'll soon have them throwing themselves at your feet if you keep this up. Now, help me up - I've work to do."

**Chapter 10 – Visitors**

Later that evening he was making a cup of coffee and pondering on the latest turn of events. In truth, despite being sucked off by four young teenage girls and deep-throated by Anne, he was feeling randy again. The image of the girls in their stockings and suspenders, kissing and rubbing their tight young bodies against each other kept appearing in his mind's eye. He was half tempted to see if Anne or Jacqueline was available but knew that that was not what he really wanted - and, anyway, he could hardly bang on Anne's door and demand a fuck.

A sudden thought made him chuckle. If anyone had suggested, a month ago, that he would be sitting in his room, getting a hard-on from the thought of screwing his junior students he would have been shocked - no more than that, he would have thought the person was a total pervert. Mind you, if anyone had suggested, a month ago, that he would be giving the same junior students lessons in cock-sucking, he'd have had the same reaction. But now... he sighed contentedly.

The ringing of the doorbell made him start. He glanced at the clock. Who on earth would visit him at this time? He opened the door and, to his astonishment, Tricia and Aimée stood outside.

"Hello, sir," they said, hesitantly.

"Hello, girls. What brings you out. You realise it's way past curfew?"

"Yes, sir. But ... You see ... Well, we have a problem."

"Indeed? Well, you'd better come in."

He stood aside to let them enter and realised that they were dressed somewhat unconventionally. Tricia had a tight, black lycra mini-skirt that clung to her curves and barely covered her bottom, a black blouse tied at the front to leave her midriff bare and black, stilettos. His eyes followed her as she preceded him. Her bare legs seemed to go on forever. Aimée had fishnets under a green frilly skirt - also short - and a slivery lycra top which moulded itself to her pert, pointy breasts. She didn't appear to be wearing a bra. Both girls were elegantly made up and looked considerably older than fourteen. They were also obviously very nervous.

'Well,' he thought. 'This might be interesting. Let's see what develops.'

They perched on the edge of the settee.

I was just making some coffee," said, playing it cool. "Would you like some? Or, perhaps some coke?"

Coke would be fine, thank you."

e decided that a beer might be better than coffee and returned with three cans. He handed the girls theirs and sat down opposite. Tricia had leaned back on the settee with her knees stuck out in front of her.

I hope you weren't seen."

Oh no, sir. We were very careful."

How did you manage to get out?"

Oh it's quite easy when you know how," Aimée began.

Shh. Nobody's supposed to know," Tricia hissed .

Oh! I forgot."

dam laughed. "I won't ask you to give away any trade secrets. Unless you have done something very wrong, I promise I won't tell anyone you were here," he said.

Thank you, sir."

Tricia's knees had parted slightly and he deliberately stared at the gap between them, making sure she was aware of his scrutiny. She flushed slightly but rather than close her legs, she spread her knees slightly wider. He looked from one to the other for a moment. Tricia's skirt had ridden right up and between her parted legs he could see the dark 'v' of her knickers. Again he deliberately stared then looked up and smiled at her.

"Well, now, you said you had a problem?"

"Yes. We do. Well, that is ... You tell him Aimée ."

"Why me. You tell him."

"It must be a very serious problem to bring you out after hours," he said soothingly. "I won't be upset or angry. So how about you just tell me what it is?"

Tricia drew a deep breath. "It's about our lessons, sir."

"Yes? Which lessons?"

"The one we had today. With you."

"Ah, I see. What about it."

"Well ... You see, you mentioned that the only way to improve was with practice and experience and ... and ... and we wondered if you might, sort of, give us some, er ..." she tailed off and studied the carpet.

"Some practice and experience? " he prompted

"That's it, yes. Some practice and experience."

"That's a very unusual request," he said apparently thoughtfully but inwardly delighted. This could turn out to be very interesting, indeed.

"We really would appreciate it."

"Well, I don't know. There are things to be considered."

"We really, really would appreciate it." "You would have to promise to work very hard."

"Oh, we will."

"And you would have to promise to do everything I told you."

"We promise. We'll do whatever you say."

"And what do you think the others would say if they found out that I was giving you extra lessons?" "Nobody will know. We won't tell a soul. We promise." "OK. Let's just make sure I've got this straight. I gave you two and two of your classmates a lesson today which you enjoyed. Yes?" They nodded eagerly.

"And you feel that you could improve your performance if I gave you some private lessons?" More nods. His brain was working overtime. Here was a glorious opportunity if he played his cards right. "There's one more thing about private lessons. How should I put it ... Private tuition is much more informal than in class. We will study the subject in great detail and you will get a lot of personal attention. The relationship between tutor and student becomes much more, er, intimate than in the classroom. Everybody gets more involved in what they are studying - more enthusiastic - and sometimes the studies can lead off into unexpected areas. So, if I become your personal tutor are you prepared to go wherever our studies lead?" They nodded a bit hesitantly, "Yes, sir. I think so."

"Good," He smiled. "In which case I think we have a deal." He stroked his hand over his cock which had become hard in his pants. The girls eyed it eagerly. "Now, you're quite sure you want to go through with this. Perhaps you should tell me what you understand we've agreed."

Tricia dragged her attention away reluctantly. "If we want, you'll give us private lessons provided that we do exactly what you say and don't tell anyone and, um, we might start off doing one thing and end up doing something completely different."

"Excellent. You understand what that implies? Tricia. Aimée ."

"I suppose," said Aimée , thoughtfully, "it means that you might end up making love to us."

"Indeed. I think it is highly likely that I will end up fucking you. Please use the correct term, Aimée . Would that be a problem?"

They exchanged excited, nervous glances.

"Would you?" breathed Tricia.

"Would I what?"

"You know ... f ... fuck us?" She had trouble with the word.

He stood up. "Come here."

He tilted her chin and looked her deeply in the eyes. "Yes, little girl. I'll fuck you anywhere and any time. Would you like me to fuck you right now?"

"Oh," she gasped. Her eyes glazed over and she sagged against him. "You've made me cum," she whispered.

"And I'll make you cum again and again," he promised.

He pushed her gently aside and turned to her friend.

"Aimée ?"

Aimée kept her head down. Her long hair hid her face. He tilted her face up. Her eyes held a mixture if fear and excitement.

"Would you like me to fuck you?" he asked more gently.

"I ... I think so."

"You can still back out," he said softly. "I won't be upset and I won't tell. I'd like you to stay because you are a very desirable and sexy little girl and I really would like to fuck you. But if you want to go, you can. Or you can stay and decide at the time. I won't fuck you if you really don't want me to."

"No. No, I don't want to go. And... and I do want you to fuck me... I think. Am I really desirable and sexy?"

"You are! And I'll show you exactly how desirable and sexy you are very soon."

He stepped back and regarded them.

"Then we're decided and agreed. Now before we start the first lesson, there's one more thing. You are two naughty girls, you know. Not only are you out after curfew but you are not dressed in school uniform. Some form of punishment is in order - a spanking, I think." The girls jumped and squealed. "No arguments. Bend over and grasp your ankles. Quickly now, or it'll be even worse."

Reluctantly, the girls did as he directed. Their long hair trailed on the carpet, hiding their faces. Their pert little bottoms stuck up in the air, Tricia's moulded under her tight skirt and Aimée's partly visible under her short, frilly one. He looked around for something to use as an implement and spotted a wooden ruler. He lifted Aimée's skirt over her waist and worked her knickers down to her knees. Tricia's skirt was so tight, he had to make her straighten up and take it off. With her back to him, she wriggled and squirmed the tight skirt down over her slim hips, making quite a production of it. Her small bottom flexed delightfully, making his cock even harder. He really was going to enjoy having this little minx.

He lined them up side-by-side. Taking careful aim, he brought the ruler smartly down on Tricia's up-turned bottom.

"Aiiieee," she cried and wiggled her stinging bottom.

He treated Aimée to the same with the same result. Alternating between them, he measured out another ten smacks on each tender bottom. The girls cried out and wriggled so much they almost fell over. The sight was so erotic he was almost tempted to forget the lesson in fellatio and take them there and then.

"There, I think that's enough," he said, discarding the ruler and fondling their flaming cheeks. "Very nice. You can stand up now."

Gingerly the girls straightened his hands still clamped to their bottoms.

"Oh, sir," said Tricia, tearfully, "that was very sore. You are cruel."

"I can be much crueller than that, I can assure you," he said. "That was just a bottom-warmer. Now," he glanced down, "I think you should start your lessons."

He let them go and stepped back. The girls rubbed their tender bottoms glanced at each other ruefully. They dropped to their knees and attacked belt and buttons and zip, inexpertly but with growing eagerness as the heat in their bottoms began to affect other parts. Adam guided and instructed them. Inside, he was euphoric. Here were his first two sex toys - his to use and abuse as he pleased. After some fumbling and much giggling, the girls succeed in stripping him to his underpants.

"Now," he said. "The lesson really begins. Take it out."

The girls looked at each other. It was no longer a game. They were committed now for better or worse. Aimée took hold of the waist band of his pants and pulled them down. Tricia stuck a small, hot hand down the front and took hold of his throbbing shaft.

"Careful now."

As Aimée pulled the pants down, Tricia eased his pulsing length free. She held it tightly and looked at it in awe and wonder.

"Oh," she breathed. "It looks so different than earlier - so much bigger. And it's all mine."

He stepped clear of his pants. Naked he stood with his cock jutting like the bowsprit on a sailing clipper.

"Now I'll take your clothes off."

He started with Aimée, touching her gently as he found the edge of her top and then pulling it up over her head. While she was still trapped with her arms above her head, he bent and took each pert pink nipple in turn into his mouth. The little girl giggled and wriggled as her nipples stiffened under his expert tongue. Once free of the top, he titled her chin and kissed her lightly on the mouth. Then he kissed and licked and nibbled his way down her body as he sank slowly to his knees in front of her. He unclipped her skirt and pushed it down to her feet. He cupped her buttocks in his hands and pulled her to him pushing his face between her thighs where he kissed and nuzzled her bare, exposed pussy.

Aimée gasped as she felt his mouth on her vulva. His kisses sent shivers of excitement running through her body. She dropped her hands to his head and thrust herself forward, urging him on.

Mindful of his responsibilities, he did not linger but after a probing his tongue between her yielding pussy lips a few times, he let her go and turned to Tricia. Still on his knees, he reached up, untied her blouse and slid his hands up her chest to grip her still-developing breasts, pinching her small, hard nipples between his fingers. Tricia whimpered with pleasure. The pinches hurt her sensitive nipples and sent little tongues of fire shooting through her body.

He dropped his hands and ran them up the inside of her legs, pushing her skirt up. He teased her pussy lips beneath her small, black knickers with his thumbs, again hard enough to hurt her slightly. The silky material was sopping with her juices and she smelt deliciously of hot, young girl. He pushed his face into her crotch and licked her through her knickers. He pulled the knickers down and off her ankles then removed her skirt which was so tight she had to wriggle it down over her slender hips.

"Next step, the bathroom," he said, rising to his feet. "Where you will wash me."

With much giggling the girls soaped his cock and balls. He also insisted that they wash the cleft between his buttocks telling them, when they enquired why, that they would find out later. The sensation of four small, hot, soapy hands made him groan with pleasure.

"Don't you want us to wash, too?" they asked as they towelled him dry.

He pulled them into a tight embrace. "No. I assume you washed yourselves earlier and now you both smell and taste absolutely delicious." He grinned. "And now - to bed."

With an arm around each narrow shoulder, he led them to his bedroom. He lay back on the bed, his cock standing like a flagpole.

"Now it's time for your lessons," he grinned.

"Who's first?" asked Tricia.

"Both together."

He instructed them to kneel on either side of him and begin by licking up and down his shaft. After a moment's hesitation, the girls set to work and he was soon overcome by the feeling of two wet, eager tongues on his cock, the hot breath of the panting girls and the soft tickling of their hair. The sight of them, two vivacious 14-year-olds, crouched over his cock, their pert bottoms wiggling in the air as they ministered to his pleasure, was turning him on even more.

He continued the lesson, making one of them suck his prick into her mouth while the other licked and sucked his balls. Tricia could take him deeper and he thought that to would not be long before she would be able to deep-throat him. Aimée , however, more than made up for it by the actions of her teeth, tongue and lips. She seemed to know instinctively what to do to give him maximum pleasure. He kept an iron grip on himself, trying to prolong this fantastic situation as long as possible but, at last, the pressure in his balls grew too much.

"Oh, girls," he groaned. "You're just too much. Up beside me now and both of you suck the tip. I'm going to cum." Without hesitation, the girls closed in on the angry red tip of his throbbing cock, now beginning to leak with pre-cum and lapped away eagerly. Their faces were very close together and their tongues met often.

The cum boiled at the base of his cock.

"Quick, both of you, in your mouths. And don't lose any."

He pushed their faces together until their lips were locked over the tip of his cock. Then, with a jerk, the cum surged up his cock and spurted into their waiting mouths. He held their heads firmly as his cock jumped and twitched and the girls desperately tried to keep their mouths glued to the jerking end. At last he sank back on the bed with a groan. He still held their heads firmly together.

"I want you to share my cum," he said. "Kiss each other. Share it."

He released them slightly and his cock slipped from their mouths. They rose to their knees and, over his sticky, detumescing cock, they kissed long and deeply. He could see their tongues moving around inside their mouths. He ran his hands down their backs, over their bottoms and probed between their legs, seeking their moist little furrows with his fingers.

Finally, they broke their kiss and turned their flushed faces towards him, eyes shining and mouths smeared with his cum and their saliva.

"Wow," said Tricia. "That was so hot."

He laughed. "I shall have to award you 10 out of 10 for your first lesson. In fact I don't know how much more I can teach you - you seem to know it all already."

"But it never hurts to practice more," grinned Tricia.

"OK. Go rinse your mouths and come back here."

They skipped away to do his bidding and he relaxed back with a contented sigh.

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They seemed to take an inordinate amount of time rinsing their mouths and Adam was half dozing when they returned, arms around each other and giggling conspiratorially. They had brought a damp cloth with them and proceeded to clean his cock and balls.

"Thank you, girls. That was very thoughtful of you."

Tricia held his limp prick in the palm of her hand. "Will it take long?" she asked.

"Will what take long?"

"Until you're all big and hard again."

"Oh, I don't know," he teased. "Why? Do you want it big and hard again?"

"Yes."

"Why is that?"

"You know," she said. "You said you would fuck us."

He laughed and held his arms open. "Then we'll have to see what we can do."

They snuggled down on either side of him, pressing their young, nubile bodies against his. He kissed them in turn and they ran their soft hands over his skin. He made them play with his flaccid prick as they kissed. Gradually the kisses grew hotter and his cock began to stir. Aimée wriggled from his embrace and began to trail her tongue and lips over his chest and stomach. Tricia made to follow but he stopped her.

"Kiss me, little girl."

She did and he sucked her tongue deeply into his mouth. She moaned with pleasure and kissed him back hard. Aimée had reached his cock and was fluttering her hands and mouth all over it, gradually bringing it back to life. He broke his kiss with Tricia and made her straddle his chest facing him.

"Now I'm going to lick you," he said, looking up at her.

He ran his tongue up and down her soft pussy lips, only barely covered in pale, blonde hair, and worked it in between them. Above him Tricia hissed in excitement as his tongue probed between her moist lips and found the bud of her clitoris. Her aroma was exhilarating and her taste intoxicating. He could feel himself stiffen in Aimée's agile mouth.

Tricia began to wriggle and squirm as his tongue lapped against her clitoris. She spread her knees wider and dropped her weight on his face, grinding her vulva, only lightly covered with soft, downy hair against his mouth, urging him to probe his tongue deeper into her. She leaned forward and gripped the headboard tightly as he did so, thrusting his tongue in and out and fucking her with it. Little animal cries escaped from her throat as she came, drenching his face in her sweet teen juice.

He pushed her off. "You'd better help Aimée."

Eagerly she wriggled down the bed and joined her friend. The two girls licked and sucked his hardening cock enthusiastically. Their tongues met and they did not draw away.

"Yes," he cried, "That's right. Wiggle your tongues together."

The girls seemed to enjoy it as much as he and grew bolder as they roused him to a full erection.

He urged Aimée round so that her bottom was towards him. He fondled and squeezed her tight little buttocks then slipped a finger into her sopping cunt and fucked her with it gently. She started and nearly bit him when she felt his finger enter her but was soon thrusting back at him, squeezing her cunt muscles around it.

At last he knew he was ready.

"That's enough, girls. Now, who wants to be fucked."

They both instantly looked up.

"Much as I would like to, I can't do both of you at once. So it'll be Tricia first."

Aimée pouted in disappointment.

"Don't worry, Aimée, you'll get just as much as you want."

He made Tricia lie back on the bed and placed two pillows under her bottom. He knelt between her spread legs and gazed lustfully at the blonde, down-covered pubis so shamelessly displayed. She looked utterly wanton; her pubescent 14-year-old body flushed with sex, her hair dishevelled, her eyes hooded and bright with lust, the pink nipples stiff on her small breasts. He ran his hands up and down her legs, feeling the girl's faint trembling.

"Oh, Tricia, you're going to enjoy this. I know I am. Are you ready?"

"I think so, sir."

He leant forward and began to rub the tip of his cock up and down the soft lips of her cunt, gradually parting them until he found the entrance to her vagina. He pushed slightly forward, lodging the tip just inside.

Tricia gasped. "Oh, sir, it feels so big. Will it fit?"

He smiled reassuringly. "It will. Don't worry."

With a gentle rocking motion, he eased his prick slowly into her cunt. It was very tight. He began to move carefully, pushing in and out slowly allowing her time to get used to the feel of him in her cunt and to stretch to accommodate him.

"Oh, Tricia," he gasped. "You're so beautiful. Your cunt is so tight."

Tricia was rolling her head from side to side. The cock seemed so big it was filling her whole body. The heat from it burned through her. She was afraid it would split her in two but, at the same time, she wanted it - wanted it all - wanted it fully; deep inside her. Without fully being aware of it, she began to move her hips in response to his thrusts.

As he felt the teenager respond, Adam increased his thrusts, inching his cock further and further into her cunt. At last he felt his pubic bone meet hers and knew he was completely lodged in her body.

"Look, Tricia. You've taken it all."

Her eyes flew open and she stared down in wonderment. "So I have."

"What does it feel like, Trish?" asked Aimée .

Tricia gripped her friend's hand. "Oh, Aimée, it feels wonderful. Better than I ever imagined. It feels so big and hot and alive. I feel so full I think I might burst. I want it in me for ever and ever."

"I'm going to start moving, Tricia. You just do whatever feels right. Don't worry about hurting me."

He pulled his cock back and Tricia gasped. "Don't go!" she wailed.

He pushed back again and moaned with pleasure. Slowly at first he began to move, pulling back until he was just lodged in her cunt and then driving downwards again. The look on the girl's face said it all. She was in ecstasy. He began to increase the speed moving faster and faster until he was sliding rhythmically in and out of her cunt.

She lay quiescent beneath him, rolling her head from side to side and whimpering softly as a whole new world of sensations opened up to her. His cock was living thing, like a hard snake wiggling its way deeper and deeper into her body and filling her completely. She wanted to keep him there for ever - buried deep inside her. Heat surged from her loins making her whole skin sensitive. He bent and sucked one hard, pink nipple into his mouth, biting down gently. A sudden and unexpected wave of orgasm swept through her and she screamed in ecstasy.

Above her, Adam smiled. He felt the sudden hot rush of her juices flooding his cock and his movements became more urgent. He bit down sharply on the other nipple and she threshed about uncontrollably as another orgasm took her. He knew he was close to cumming but wanted her to feel it so he slowed down - trying to maintain control. After a few moments, her eyes fluttered open.

"Oh," she cried. "I've died and gone to heaven."

"Not quite," he smiled. "But it's pretty close. I'm going to cum now. Are you ready for this? I want you to feel me cum inside you."

She nodded and he increased his tempo again, thrusting with short, sharp strokes.

"Almost there," he panted as he felt his balls tighten. "Yes, yes. Here it comes."

He arched his back, ramming his prick as far into her cunt as it could go and pumped his cum into her in long spurts.

The sensation of his hot semen, flooding into her, was too much for the teenager. For a third time she was racked by a convulsive orgasm so intense that she actually passed out.

She came to to find Adam and Aimée tenderly bathing her with damp towels. Aimée looked concerned.

"Are you okay, Trish?"

Tricia stretched languorously, smiling like the cat that got the cream. "Now I really have been to heaven." She gripped her friend's hand. "Aimée, it's marvellous, stupendous. Words can't describe it." Adam smiled smugly.

"Oh, good," said Aimée. "Now it's my turn."

Adam gave a start. He had got so carried away with fucking Tricia that he had forgotten about the other girl.

"Erm, there might be a slight delay," he said apologetically. "I'll need a few minutes to recover. And you'll have to get me going again." Aimée pouted, clearly disappointed. He stroked her face. "Don't worry, Aimée . You'll get fucked. And I promise you it will be every bit as good as Tricia's. For a start, I suggest a shower."

"What? Together?" said Aimée.

"Why not? There nothing like sharing a shower with two sexy girls to get a man going," he smiled.

"Well, what are we waiting for?" said Aimée, jumping to her feet.

"I don't know if I could," groaned Tricia. "I just want to lie here and enjoy."

"Oh, come on, Trish," said Aimée, tugging at her hand.

Between them, Adam and Aimée helped Tricia to her feet and half supported, half dragged her to the bathroom. The shower was large - a fact Adam had noted when he first moved in - but it was still a squeeze for three. But what a delightful squeeze! They soaped each other liberally amidst much giggling. The sensation of two warm, wet, soapy teenage bodies wriggling and squirming beside him was making his senses reel. He reached down and cupped their cunts, slipping a finger into each downy furrow while kissing them alternately. In turn the girls soaped and massaged his cock and balls. And they didn't confine their attention to him, while he slid a hand down between their taut little buttocks, and probed their anal openings, the girls were toying with each other's downy pussies.

"Oh, Tricia, I do love you," sighed Aimée.

"And I love you, my sweet," responded Tricia, and leant forward to kiss her friend deeply on the lips.

Somehow that kiss of love was more arousing than any that had gone before and Adam was aware of his cock stirring.

"Are we ready for some more fucking, girls?" he asked.

"Oh, yes please," they responded eagerly.

As the girls busied themselves with the hairdryer, Adam reclined on the bed and watched. There was something intensely erotic in watching two young teenagers, now completely unselfconscious, drying each other's hair. The little touches, the smiles, the giggles, the gestures - their whole body language spoke of a new level of intimacy. They were his now.

Ablutions finished, they crawled up on the bed to join him. They smelt fresh and clean as only young people can.

"Kneel up," he instructed.

They knelt, facing him, knees apart as he felt between their slim thighs and fingered their downy pussies.

"That feels good," Aimée murmured as she felt his finger slip between her outer lips.

"And I've got something that will feel even better," he murmured back.

As if reminded, Aimée looked at his half-erect cock. She reached out a shy hand and began to stroke it. Tricia joined her. Together they stroked and teased him into full erection.

"It feels so nice, so big and hard yet soft at the same time," said Aimée.

"It will feel even better inside you," he replied. "Do you want it?"

"Oh, yes," she nodded, her eyes shining. "I want it. But it's so big."

"In that case I think you should be on top. That way you can control how much you can take."

Eagerly, the young girl straddled his body. Downy gash was open and dripping. He made her take hold of his cock and guide it into her. She was very tight even though she was wet and willing and had to wriggle and squirm to force the head into her cunt.

The look on her face almost made him cum on the spot. Her eyes It was of astonishment and pride and excitement and lust all in one.

"Oh," she gasped. "It's inside me. I can feel it. Oh, it feels so good."

She slid her knees further apart and, with little 'Oh's and 'Ah's and much wriggling of her little bottom, slowly absorbed him. She turned to her friend and clutched her hand.

"Oh, Tricia, it's all inside me. I can feel it right up me."

Tricia smiled at her friend's excitement. "It's heavenly, isn't it. I can't wait to do it again."

Aimée had sunk down so that most of Adam's cock was buried in her tight little cunt. He was having a hard time remaining still. He wanted, needed, to thrust into her urgently but he wanted the young girl to savour her first experience of being penetrated by a man's cock.

"I'm going to start moving now, Aimée," he said at last.

Very slowly he thrust up then withdrew. He could not move much but Aimée reaction was superb. She gasped with delight as she felt him stab deeper into her and gave a sigh of disappointment as she felt him withdraw. Her cunt was very tight, fitting perfectly round his cock.

Gradually he increased the speed and power of his strokes, lifting himself off the bed so that the little girl was almost suspended from his cock. Aimée clutched at Tricia for support. She could feel Adam's cock moving deep inside her. Each time he withdrew it seemed to suck her insides with it and each time it returned it filled her even more completely. The sensations were so intense she began to shake and shudder. An ecstasy she had never known before swept over her. She lost her balance and would have fallen off Adam's cock if Tricia hadn't held her steady.

As he saw Aimée overcome by her orgasm, Adam stopped. He was close to cumming himself but wanted to let the young teen recover so she could fully appreciate the sensation of having a man's sperm spurting inside her. Tricia kept her arm supportively around her friend's shoulders until she had calmed down a bit.

"Oh, my God," Aimée asked in a shaky voice, half laughing and half sobbing. "What happened?"

"I think you came," said Tricia.

"That was... That was... I can't describe it," she said shaking her head in wonder.

"Don't try," said Adam. "Just enjoy. Are you ready for me to start again. I want to cum inside you."

"I... I think so. But please be careful, I feel very... strange."

Adam slowly began moving again. Despite just having cum, Aimée's cunt was still very tight and, if anything, even hotter than before. He thrust carefully, not wanting to disturb her unduly. When he was satisfied she was okay - her skin was flushed and damp with sweat and her eyes were closed but she wore a beatific smile - he increased his pace.

"Hold her safely," he told Tricia.

Tricia held Aimée securely as he thrust into Aimée's tight young cunt, sinking his buttocks into the bed then launching himself upwards. The combination of his movements and the bed-springs meant that Aimée was bouncing about on top of his cock. The sensation of his cock pounding into her made her shriek and yell in excitement.

He could feel the cum boiling up in his balls and knew he was about to cum when Aimée suddenly shrieked, "Oh, it's happening again."

Her arms clutched Tricia, her cunt clutched his cock, her body spasmed and that was it. With a hoarse cry, he emptied his balls deep into Aimée's tight cunt.

Her eyes flew open. "Omigod. I can feel it. Ohhhhhhh."

He held himself off the bed with the young girl impaled on his cock as long as he could then, with a huge sigh, he sank back into the bedcovers. Tricia released her friend who toppled forward onto his chest. She showered him with kisses.

"Oh, thank you , sir. Thank you."

He stroked her hair and murmured sweet nothings in her ear. He freed one arm and beckoned Tricia down into his embrace. They lay and cuddled for some time, each of them more than satisfied at the result of the first private lesson.

Finally he pushed them off. "It's time you two were getting back. You've got school tomorrow."

They groaned.

"I don't think I'll be able to walk for a week," said Aimée weakly.

"Can't we stay here tonight?" asked Tricia winsomely.

"I can't say I'm not tempted," he chuckled. "But it wouldn't be a good idea. Come on, now. Up you get or I'll be forced to spank you again."

With cries of, 'You wouldn't,' and 'You beast,' the girls clambered to their feet. He fetched their clothes and watched them dress. Despite just having cum three times, he still felt stirrings. There was something about them, particularly Tricia, that triggered an instinctive chord of lust. He ushered them to the door and watched as they hobbled down the hall, distinctly bowlegged. "Next time," Tricia had whispered as he kissed them goodbye, "will you fuck me as hard as you fucked Aimée?"

**Chapter 11 - Consequences**

"Hard night, was it?" Jacqueline leered at Adam at breakfast.

"What?" he said, blearily.

She nudged him with her elbow. "Two of them was there?"

"It's none of your business," he said huffily.

"You made enough noise to awaken the dead so I think it makes it my business."

Adam flushed. "Sorry," he muttered.

She nudged him again. "You lucky dog. Who was it?"

"Tricia and Aimee."

She whistled appreciatively. "Wow. Were they good?"

"For beginners, yes." He smiled at the memory. "Were we really loud?"

"Fair to middling."

He looked at her askance. "Do I detect a slight green tinge?"

It was Jacqueline's turn to flush. "A bit, yes. I kept wishing I was there."

"And who did you wish you were - them or me?"

"Both," she answered promptly.

"Well, you never know," he leered. "I'll keep it in mind."

"Hmph. You realise Anne'll need to know?"

He looked startled. "Will she? How? I suppose I'll need to go and tell her."

"You won't need to."

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Her remark proved to be prophetic for he received a message instructing him to attend Anne's office immediately after classes. She was seated behind her desk looking as beautiful and tailored as always. She looked up as he entered and frowned.

"Care to tell me what happened last night?"

"Well, erm ..." he stammered, not wanting to get the girls into serious trouble.

"Cut the crap, Adam. Just tell me the true story."

He told her the tale, emphasising his part as seducer. Her eyes gleamed with excitement.

"The little minxes! Oh, I can read between the lines." She paused in thought. "Were they good?"

He smiled. "They're both exceptionally hot little girls with a natural aptitude for sex. Tricia is the bolder but more submissive in sex itself. Aimee is the opposite."

Anne grinned. "Good. You realise that this is a serious breach of school rules and they will have to be disciplined. I want you to be there too"

"What? You want me to punish them? After seducing them? That's hardly fair."

"Oh, no," she leered. "I wouldn't expect that. You will be punished, too."

Adam stared at her in astonishment. "But ... What ...," was all he could manage.

"It's all part of their continuing education," she said returning her attention to the papers on her desk. "My apartment. Five past seven on the dot," she finished, not looking up.

Adam left the office fuming. What right did she have to treat him this way? Hadn't he been made a partner in this enterprise? Possibly not. Was she deliberately humiliating him? Reminding him that he was really just a hired hand. But, deep inside, a small part of him was excited. He had actually quite enjoyed his initiation ceremony and the thought of another session, especially with two hot girls like Tricia and Aimee, was rather appealing. The more he thought about it, the more excited he became.

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At precisely the appointed time he rang Anne's bell. She opened the door and he gasped. She was dressed in an electric blue latex catsuit, split down the front in a deep 'V' to the navel. It forced her breasts up and in, moulding them into huge, bulging melons. A heavy zipper with a conspicuous ring-pull started just below her navel and disappeared between her legs. Her long blonde hair was pulled tightly away from her face and caught up at the back in a tight bun. At the sight of face, she grinned and turned to show him the back. The zipper ran up between her buttocks - also pressed and moulded by the tight latex - and stopped at her coccyx.

"Ah, Mr Hazel," she said in a severe voice. "How nice of you to join us." And winked.

Adam felt his cock stir in the loose jogging pants he had chosen to wear. 'This could be interesting,' he thought.

She led him into the training room where the girls waited. They were dressed in short, pleated skirts, white blouses and ankle socks. They looked young and frightened.

"Mr Hazel," cried Aimee. "What are you doing here?"

"Be quiet," Anne commanded.

Looking suitably discomfited, Adam took his place beside the girls. Anne paced up and down in front of them.

"You are here, tonight, because of reports of serious misconduct last night. Mr Hazel would you care to explain."

"Well, Ms Henderson, I have to confess that, last night, I seduced these two young ladies."

"Seduced them? You mean you had sex with them?"

"Yes, Ms Henderson."

"Both of them?"

"Yes, Ms Henderson."

"At the same time?"

"Well, one after the other. Both at once would be a bit much, even for me. But they were both present."

Tricia giggled.

"Silence!" roared Anne.

Tricia lapsed into stunned silence.

"And where did these seductions take place?"

"In my apartment."

"And how did they get to be in your apartment after curfew?"

Adam considered. This was the test.

"I asked them to come under the pretence of doing some private study." Tricia and Aimee exchanged glances - something that did not escape Anne's notice.

"This is very serious indeed. You are telling me that deliberately induced these two under-age girls to your apartment with the sole intention of seducing them?"

'Oh, God,' thought Adam. 'Put like that it sounds monstrous.'

"Yes, Ms Henderson," was all he said.

"That's not right, Miss," Tricia burst out. "It wasn't like that at all."

"Oh," said Anne. "Then perhaps you'd like to tell me how it really was."

"He didn't seduce us, we seduced him. We went to his apartment after curfew and asked if we could get more lessons like the one we'd had earlier."

"Which lessons would these be?"

"Er...," Tricia blushed. "Oral sex?"

"Oral sex?" asked Anne in an astonished voice?

"Yes, Miss." Tricia looked at her boldly. "Cock sucking. And we told him we wanted him to have sex with us."

"I see. Is this the real story, Me Hazel?"

"Well..."

Anne sighed in exasperation. "I appreciate you wanting to protect the girls. But either their story is true or yours is. If yours is true then they are lying and I will punish them twice as severely."

Adam nodded sheepishly. "I'm sorry, Ms Henderson. Theirs is the true story - almost." Anne looked at him sharply. "They did come to my apartment unannounced and they did ask for private lessons in fellatio. As I recall it was I who first suggested sex but, I have to say, that the girls did not object - rather the reverse, in fact."

He glanced up at Anne to see that she was trying to suppress a smile and maintain a stern expression.

Anne turned to the girls. "Is this true?"

"Yes, Ms Henderson," they chorused.

"I think we might have arrived at something near the truth at last." She paced up and down a bit. "Did you enjoy it?" she suddenly asked the girls.

"Ooh, yes, Ms Henderson," they said breathlessly.

"And you'd like to have sex again?"

They nodded.

"Mr Hazel, as their sexual tutor, how would you rate them?"

Adam was taken aback. How should he respond? Say it was the best experience of his life - or play it cool? "In terms of enthusiasm, I would give them full marks. They applied themselves to the exercise wholeheartedly. In terms of technique, 50 percent. They have much to learn about giving and receiving pleasure through sex. I would also have to say that they listened and learned quickly and they were not afraid to experiment. Overall I would say an excellent first performance."

The girls, who had looked slightly apprehensive at Anne's question, were beaming. He noticed that Tricia was pressing her legs tightly together. He caught Anne's eye and indicated, as subtly as he could, the tensed thighs. She gave an almost imperceptible nod.

"Praise indeed," she said in a frosty voice. "I wonder if, though, Mr Hazel's penchant for schoolgirl pussy is overcoming his better judgement."

The temperature in the room dropped several degrees. Adam had to admit she was a superb actress. He doubted the girls would be aware of it but he could see that her nipples were making significant bumps in the tight latex. She turned to confront them, feet planted wide apart, hands clasped behind her back, her face a mask. She looked at once implacable and extremely sexy.

"I'm glad you all had a good time. But the fact is that you have all behaved impetuously and irresponsibly. You girls are meant to learn about sex in a controlled and disciplined manner; not rush out and fuck the first man you see. As for you, Mr Hazel, you are entrusted with the girl's education. It is not your place to hop into bed with every nymphomaniac pupil who waves her tush at you. I have given the matter some thought and decided that such an unusual crime deserves an unusual punishment. Mr Hazel, please strip. You too, Aimée and Tricia."

Adam, removed his clothes, trying not to appear too eager. He was already excited and his cock stood at half mast. The girls followed more reluctantly.

In the meantime Anne had lowered a short beam which had a complicated arrangements of ropes and pulleys terminating in four sets of handcuffs. She beckoned Adam over and made him raise his arms above his head. She clipped the handcuffs around his wrists and raised the contraption until he was just standing flat on his feet. He could feel the strain in his arms. She called Tricia over and made her stand directly in front of Adam. He could feel the points of her breasts pressing against his ribs and her breath was hot on his chest. Anne clipped handcuffs on Tricia's wrists and hoisted her up until their faces were level. Adam looked deeply into Tricia's scared eyes.

"It's okay," he whispered. "I'm here with you."

"You may wish, Tricia, to wrap you legs around Mr Hazel for support. Mr Hazel, please kiss her."

Tricia's legs wound round his waist. He could feel a warm damp spot where her pussy touched his belly. His cock rose. He bent his head forward and began to nibble her lips. Instinctively she parted her lips and began to kiss him back. Some instinct told him not to stick his tongue into her mouth. The instinct proved right for suddenly there was the sharp crack of leather against flesh and Tricia jerked towards him, almost causing him to lose his balance. At the same time she threw her head back and howled.

"Please don't scream like that," said Anne. "It's most unladylike."

"I agree," said Adam quietly. "You nearly deafened me."

"But it hurts," hissed Tricia fiercely.

"Yes, dear, it's supposed to. Kiss me again and that'll help. Just don't bite my tongue off."

Another blow fell. This time Adam was expecting it and braced himself. Tricia managed not to break the kiss but let out a muffled 'Mmmphh' of pain. Her tears wet his cheeks. As Anne continued to mete out measured blows on Tricia's bottom, his belly also became wet as Tricia's juices began to trickle from her cunt. Her nipples were hard points pressed against his chest and her skin radiated heat. He became very hard and prayed that Anne's aim didn't falter. Somehow that added to the excitement. Tricia's kisses became more demanding, her tongue darting and thrusting in and out of his mouth as the situation and the beating heated her to a sexual frenzy. She began to rub her body against his, trying to make herself cum against his belly.

As suddenly as they had started, the blows stopped. Tricia continued to writhe and wriggle against him, needing now to cum and desperate for the relief that would bring. He heard Anne call Aimee over and felt her hot little hands on his cock. Then Anne lowered Tricia a few inches and the hot little hands guided his throbbing erection into Tricia's sopping cunt. Anne was very clever and she only allowed him to insert the first inch. Now he was desperate. Tricia's cunt was hot and wet against the tip of his cock and he wanted to thrust upwards and bury himself deeply inside her. But, because he was only just touching the ground, he was only able to move a small amount. Tricia gave a moan of frustration and wriggled frantically in a vain attempt to impale herself on his prick.

"Ohh," she hissed in frustration. "I want it inside me."

"Now, Mr Hazel," said Anne. "Whatever you do you must not cum." And the first blow from the leather strap landed on his bottom.

Although he had half expected it, it still took him by surprise and he stumbled forwards, almost losing his balance. The breath hissed from his teeth. Tricia covered his mouth with sympathetic kisses. His sudden motion had dislodged his cock and he felt Aimee's small hands reinsert it.

Again Anne laid on the blows in an unhurried rhythm. The initial pain turned to a stinging heat that spread through him from the tips of his toes to the top of his head. He suddenly remembered Anne's warning and was grateful for having cum so frequently the previous night. He determined to make Tricia cum, instead and began to flex his buttocks, making his cock wriggle around just inside the entrance of her cunt. With a bit of luck he might be able to stimulate her clitoris. Tricia responded, twisting her hips as she clung to him, moaning and panting in his ear as she desperately tried to get herself off.

Anne continued a steady rain of blows, urging on to greater efforts. Suddenly Tricia's whole body jerked and shook as an orgasm hit her. She bit down hard on his shoulder. Her juices flooded down his cock and dripped from his balls. Anne changed tactics, bringing her leather strap down hard first on Tricia and then on Adam. Tricia jerked awake with a cry of pain and resumed her frantic movements. It did not take long before her body was racked by a second and then a third convulsing orgasm. The last one drained her completely and she hung limply from the beam dripping tears and sweat and cum. Even a particularly harsh crack from Anne's strap only caused her to twitch a bit and moan.

Gently and tenderly, Anne lowered her to the ground and she and Aimee half carried her to a couch. She lay in a curled foetal position , thumb in mouth whimpering quietly to herself. Anne released Adam who massaged his stiff arms and rubbed his stinging bottom, his cock still rigid and coated in Tricia's cum.

"Very good," said Anne quietly.

She had Aimee fetch cold drinks and damp towels. They cleaned Tricia up and made her sit up and drink.

"Right, young lady," said Anne, turning to Aimee. "Do you want some of the same?"

Aimee paled. "I don't think I could take that, Ms Henderson," she said.

Anne smiled and clucked her under the chin. Somehow that was more frightening than anything and Aimee flinched.

"That's okay, sweetie. I had something different planned for you, anyway."

She made Adam lie prone on a padded table. He groaned as his bruised bottom flattened against the cold surface. Aimee was urged up onto the table and made to kneel astride him. Anne forced her head down, making her rest her weight on her elbows, her bottom up in the air. Her ankles and wrists were secured to the table with leather loops. Her face was close to Adam's, her small, pointed breasts squashed against his chest. He could see the fear in her eyes and feel her trembling. He tried to smile reassuringly but was sure it looked more like a grimace.

"Kiss him Aimee," Anne commanded.

Aimee placed her lips on Adam's. They were stiff and lifeless. Adam began to lick around them and gradually they parted allowing him to push his tongue between them.

He could hear Anne moving around the room. Suddenly Aimee went rigid. Her eyes and mouth flew open in shock. Anne had taken a vibrator and after coating it liberally with lubricant, had inserted it into Aimee's exposed vagina. She worked it in and out until the girl's cunt had expanded enough to take its full length, then switched it on. It buzzed like a demented bee as Anne continued to slide it in and of Aimee's tight cunt.

After the initial shock, Aimee began to enjoy the sensation of the plastic prick. Adam could feel her nipples stiffen and she began to wriggle and squirm. Her kisses grew hotter and wilder and she began to moan softly into his mouth.

"Mr Hazel, please stimulate her with your fingers."

Adam reached between them and sought Aimee's clitoris with his fingers. The little girl went wild, rubbing herself against his hand and moaning in his ear. Her hair spilt wildly over his face.

Suddenly there was the crack of leather on flesh and Aimee, jerked and screamed, almost deafening Adam.

"Don't scream, dear," he said, probing her hot wet slit more fiercely.

Anne laid another blow then another on the little girl's taut, exposed bottom. Aimee's wriggling and squirming became even more frantic as, on the one hand, the pain of the blows spread across her bottom and, on the other, the vibrator and Adam's probing fingers were causing her extreme pleasure. A few more whacks and screamed and went rigid, flooding Adam's hand with cum.

But Anne and Adam would not let her rest. The blows continued to rain down on her rear and Adam and the vibrator continued to stimulate her from the front. She came again and again until, unable to take any more she collapse on top of Adam like a limp rag doll.

Anne and Tricia immediately released her and carried to the couch where they ministered to her tenderly. Adam lay for a while, recovering and then sat up.

"Wow," said Tricia, coming over to him. "That was hot. Are you okay Mr Hazel."

"Thank you, Tricia, I'm fine," he smiled.

"Look, I'm sorry we got you into trouble." She winced.

"No, it was my responsibility. I could have stopped it. I'm sorry I got you into trouble. Is your bottom very sore?"

She nodded then grinned, her naturally adventurous nature coming to the fore. "But it was worth it, wasn't it?"

"Tricia," he said sincerely. "It would have been worth it even if the consequences had been ten times worse."

"Gosh, really?"

"Really and truly. Would you like to do it again?"

She bit her lip then blurted out, "Yes. Both last night and just now." She glanced up to see how would react.

He laughed and stroked her hair. "Then we'll have to see what we can arrange."

"But..." she glanced anxiously in Anne's direction. "Do you think..."

He winked at her. "Just leave it to me."

Tricia flushed bright red. "Ohh..."

Anne summoned them over. Aimee was sitting up on the couch wincing in pain but with eyes that glowed. She surveyed them sternly.

"Right. I hope you now realise how seriously I take unauthorised seduction."

They nodded meekly.

Adam cleared his throat and said, "Ms Henderson I would like to offer my deepest apologies to the girls for leading them into this situation. Although they approached me, I could have and should have prevented this from happening."

"Oh, Mr Hazel," wailed Aimee. "We shouldn't have come to see you in the first place. We're very sorry."

"I hope you've all learned your lesson," Anne said. "Now, girls, get dressed, please, and go and see Miss Thomson. She will give you something for your bottoms. Mr Hazel, please stay here."

Hurriedly, the girls pulled on their clothes, grimacing as harsh cloth came in contact with tender bottoms, and fled from the room.

Anne burst into laughter as the door closed behind them. "You were right. Those are two very hot girls and I think we've got two new recruits to our Secret Society. I only hope that they don't blab."

Adam grinned. "I don't think they will. I impressed the need for secrecy on them last night. You were superb, by the way."

"I always am. Did they really enjoy that?"

"I know Tricia did. She as much as asked to do it again. And didn't you notice Aimee's eyes at the end. They were positively smouldering."

"I did. I wanted to know if you saw it too. Do you want to fuck them again?"

"Yes. Particularly Tricia. There's something sassy about that little minx that makes me want to take her to bed and screw her all night long."

"Hmm. Aimee's a sweet girl, too."

"Okay," he laughed. "We'll make it a foursome."

"They're still very young," Anne said with concern. "I'm still not a hundred percent sure about this. However, I don't think we've any alternative, now. I'll arrange for a full initiation ceremony sometime soon. In the meantime, Mr Hazel, please try to be a bit circumspect in your lechery." She stood and looked down at him with a challenging look, hands on hips. "And now you have one more task to fulfil before your punishment is finished."

"You can punish me like this any time," he murmured as he reached for the ring-pull.

**Chapter 12 - The Secret Society**

Adam was really finding his feet now. He was more relaxed; the girls were more relaxed and, paradoxically more respectful. They began to be more imaginative with their 'uniforms' but now he found this exciting and exhilarating rather than stressful. He would deliberately make some appreciative comment at some of their more outré interpretations. His classes went smoothly and he was developing the sort of relationships with his students that he was accustomed to. He still found it occasionally disconcerting that, to achieve this, he had had to beat them and maintain the role of a martinet - albeit in a sexual sense. However, he began to enjoy life again.

His 'additional duties' became more intense. Anne repeated her fellatio lesson for most of the classes in the school. The older girls were, naturally, more experienced and better at cock-sucking and he found it harder to contain himself and maintain the necessary detachment. He barely managed not to cum during the first round with the 3rd year, which, admittedly, contained more than it's fair share of exceedingly sexy young girls. He was equally hard pressed with the 4th year and was not looking forward to meeting the 5th whom Anne had, for some reason, by-passed. The follow-up lessons were even worse as the girls, having got over the novelty of having a real live man to practice on, set about teasing and tormenting him for all they were worth. During his second session with the 3rd year he came three times.

By the end of each day he fell into bed exhausted and awoke the following morning still feeling tired and dissipated. The face that stared out from his bathroom mirror looked drawn and haggard and his appetite disappeared. He wondered what was happening to him and was shocked to realise that, for the past few weeks, he had cum on average twice every day. That average was going to go up rather than down for Anne had an ambitious education programme for her charges. By the end of it, he estimated that he could be fucking every girl in the school once a week. The thought made him shudder and the realisation that it did made him profoundly depressed.

He was picking at his dinner one evening, pushing pieces of meat from a delicious stew around his plate when he realised Helen had sat down opposite.

He looked up at her indifferently. "Hello, Helen."

She said nothing for a while but studied him carefully. "You look awful," she said at last.

"A friendly greeting."

"I'm serious. You look awful."

"That's good because I feel awful."

She studied him a while longer. "Come and see me when you've finished." She left, leaving him feeling more depressed than ever.

She was waiting in her office when he arrived.

"Strip down to you underpants, please," she said by way of greeting.

"What?"

"Strip, please."

"Why?"

She gave an exasperated sigh. "Adam, you are clearly not well. I am not a qualified doctor but I do know enough to give you a proper physical check-up. Now, if you've finished with the inane questions, we'll get on with it."

"I'm sorry, Helen. I wasn't thinking straight."

He stripped as requested and sat up on the examining table. She did all the things doctors normally do when checking a patient's general health. Adam considered the mystery that was Helen as she did. He had not really had much contact with her and realised he knew very little about her. He knew she did not apparently approve of the secret activities of the school and was puzzled as why she stayed. The one time he had broached the topic he had been rebuffed. He surreptitiously examined this enigmatic woman - well spoken, intelligent, probably privately educated, had some medical training. Physically she was very attractive - tall, slender, fine-boned, elegant, high-breasted and long-legged. Her face, framed by thick dark-brown hair, was somewhat thin and her features a trifle pointed. These somehow added to her attractiveness. Her expression, though, was always serious. She rarely smiled and she carried an air of quiet disapproval.

"Right," she said at last. "You can get dressed, now."

"What's the verdict, doc? Will I live?" he joked.

"Don't call me that." Her voice was sharp.

"What? Doc? Sorry. I was only joking."

"I'm not a doctor and I don't like being referred to as one."

"I apologise. I won't do it again. What have you discovered?"

She brushed her hair off her forehead with an impatient hand. "I was, perhaps, a trifle sharp." He realised this was meant as an apology.

"Anyway, you're suffering from simple exhaustion. I'm going to give you a tonic."

"Okay."

"And I want you to start going to the fitness room. See Barbara and she'll work out a programme for you."

"I didn't know we had a fitness room."

"Oh, yes. We don't do any organised sport but the girls must stay fit somehow. Anne is quite adamant and I agree with her. Fitness is mandatory."

"Oh. Then that would..." He realised he was thinking aloud and finished the thought silently '... explain why the girls were in such good shape.' He had noticed they all seemed to be particularly well toned and honed.

"What?"

"Nothing. Just an idle thought. So I see Barbara about fitness."

"Yes. And I'll speak to Anne about reducing your, er, additional duties for a while. Oh, yes," she noticed his look, "I know about them. That's the cause of your exhaustion."

"But you don't approve of them."

"It's not my place to either approve or disapprove." Her tone was cold. "Now I'll get you that tonic."

"Thank you," he said mildly.

She returned some ten minutes later and handed him a large bottle filled with a thick green liquid.

"It doesn't look much and it tastes as bad as it looks, I'm afraid. But it will do you good so you must take is as directed." She gave him a thin smile.

"I will. And thank you for taking the time to check me over. I was afraid I might have some sort of virus."

"Not at all."

He left, clutching his bottle and with a determination to, one day, find out more about this strange, enigmatic woman.

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True to her word, she spoke to Anne who reduced his workload, much to the disappointment of the girls. True to his word, he took his medicine as directed. In one thing Helen had been wrong. It didn't taste as bad as it looked - it tasted much, much worse. He also saw Barbara who showed him the fitness room and gave him an exercise regime. The fitness room was impressive with machines to exercise, seemingly every muscle in the body independently. He had always thought of himself as fairly fit, being an enthusiastic amateur football player, but after his first workout he realised he had become very out of condition. If truth be told, he would probably have abandoned the whole thing half way through if Barbara hadn't been watching with a superior smile on her face.

However the three remedies proved effective. He slept like a log and woke feeling refreshed. He began to enjoy his food and, best of all, he began to feel randy again. The old bounce returned to his step and he felt on top of the world. His recovery was noted with relief by more than a few.

"I think," said Anne to Barbara, "it's time Adam came to a meeting of the Secret Society."

"Good," Barbara leered. "Do I get to whip him again? I haven't paid him back for making me cum."

"Not this time," laughed Anne. "I want Adam to set the agenda. I want to see how inventive he is and whether he's understood our aims or is still in stud heaven. I'd be grateful if you'd give him some guidance."

"I suppose so," said Barbara regretfully. "But I still want him. He has such a nice, tight bum. It would look so good with some nice, red weals across it."

"Barbara, you're incorrigible. We'll see. Truth to tell, I rather agree with you."

Anne selected four of the 3rd year, knowing Adam seemed to have a thing for them. He was somewhat taken aback when she told him.

"But I've never organised anything like that before," he protested.

"Then it's time you started. Just remember they are still young and relatively recent recruits. Barbara will give you all the help you need."

He spent an interesting evening exploring the possibilities of the Club Room. Several ideas came to mind which he rejected as being too extreme. Eventually he came up with a plan and took it to Barbara. She basically approved and added a few suggestions of her own.

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At the appointed hour, Adam was despatched to conduct the chosen girls to the Club Room. As he had instructed, they were dressed as model schoolgirls; pleated skirts, white ankle socks, black pumps, white cotton knickers. The difference was that, on top, they had translucent white blouses and no bras. They looked both nervous and excited.

"Do you know what's going to happen?" he asked them.

They nodded. "You will first beat us then fuck us," said Eva in her delightful accent.

"Are you scared?"

"A little. It's not nice being beaten."

"But it's great afterwards," said Paula.

"It's what we're here for," shrugged Nikki.

He escorted them to the door and told them to enter in pairs holding hands. They stepped nervously into the Club Room and he slipped off to remove his outdoor clothes. They were greeted by the sight of Anne an Barbara dressed in traditional school-teacher's gowns. That the gowns were made of black silk and, beneath them the pair were practically naked, charged the air with erotic intent. Anne had chosen sheer black stocking and black patent shoes with 5-inch heels. Her harness bra made her large breasts jut out with uncompromising sexual intent. Barbara, a devotee of latex, had a severe, shiny black corselet which lifted her breasts high and framed her blonde bush. Black latex stiletto- heeled boots clung to her legs. Adam, as he slipped in quietly behind the girls, had a gown was matt black under which he sported nothing but a cock harness. All in all the three presented a appearance of aggressive sexuality.

In keeping with the charade, Anne harangued the girls about some fictitious misdemeanour. The four schoolgirls exchanged apprehensive looks. Whatever they had been expecting, it wasn't this. Having finished berating them, she made them remove their skirts and kneel up on a narrow bench. It was so narrow that they could only just get their knees on it. To keep their balance, the girls had to reach up and grip a rail at forehead level which forced their bottoms to stick out provocatively. Anne and Adam passed down the row and pulled down each girl's cotton knickers to just below her buttocks. They stepped back to admire their handiwork - four taut schoolgirl bottoms outthrust and poised to receive whatever treatment their tormentors chose. His cock began to stir. To add to his pleasure, the bench was hard and sore on the girls' knees. They began to shift their weight from one leg to the other making their bottoms twitch and roll enticingly.

Adam and Anne stepped up behind them and ran their hands lovingly over the tense bottoms. Adam slipped his hand between their thighs to feel their twats. He was both amused and pleased that there was a distinctly damp feel to both Paula and Coral. He held his hand up for Anne so sniff.

"Such hot girls, don't you think?" she murmured.

Barbara handed the pair long, flexible canes which they swished menacingly. Anticipating what was to come, four pairs of buttocks clenched nervously. Taking their time to draw out the tension of expectation they each laid four strokes on the girls' exposed bottoms. The canes swished down with a terrifying whistle and landed on the tense flesh with a satisfying crack. The air was filled with sobs and screams and tears as ribbons of pain lanced through young teen bodies. Four pairs of buttocks became expertly decorated with twelve bright red stripes. The three adults stepped back, leaving their charges to hang, sobbing, their knees aching from the hard wooden bench and their bottoms aflame. Coral took one hand off the rail and made to rub her burning bottom. Instantly, Barbara's cane whistled down again. Coral screamed and nearly toppled from the bench. She gripped the rail tightly, practically dancing on her knees as more pain raced through her body.

Indeed all the girls were twisting and turning in vain efforts to relieve their burning bottoms. The sight made Adam's cock stand up straight.

"What a delightful sight," he murmured to Anne, sliding a hand inside her gown to fondle her firm bottom.

"Yes," she replied, wiggling her bottom under his hand. "I bet you'd like to do the same to me."

"The thought did occur," he said, squeezing her cheek forcefully.

Having enjoyed the spectacle for long enough, the girls were allowed to stand up. To prevent them from rubbing their tender bottoms or pulling up their knickers, they were made to place their hands on their heads. They were then told to walk across the room to another bench. As their knickers were tight about their upper thighs, they could only hobble with small, mincing steps which caused much delightful jiggling.

This new bench was a very strange affair. It had six bottom-sized indentations which ensured that the sitter was positioned correctly. This was important for, protruding from the seats were small dildos. Anne and Barbara removed the girls knickers and made them sit on the bench. The dildos were inserted into their cunts. The girls protested wildly about how sore their bottoms were but their protests were ignored. Once seated, they were made to stretch out their arms, each girl linking with her neighbours and the arms were bound together. Finally, their knees were pushed wide apart and each girl was attached to her neighbour by the ankle. They stared at their tormentors apprehensively, fearful of what new mischief might be afoot.

Adam knelt down behind the bench and reached underneath. He began to push upwards. Paula, who was in the middle, let out a shout and stared down between her legs.

"Aieee, what's happening. Ohhhh," she cried.

What was happening was that the small dildo was becoming a larger one. Most of its length had been hidden below the bench and Adam was now easing it upwards, burying it deep in the teenager's cunt.

"Oh, God," cried Paula. "What are you doing."

Having dealt with Paula, Adam attended to the other three, slowly easing the dildos up into the cunts of the girls above. Soon he had the four girls sitting on the bench with their tight teen twats stuffed full of plastic cock and their legs spread wide apart for the lustful appreciation of their audience.

The shock of this intrusion initially distracted the girls from noticing that the cover of the bench was of coarse wool. Very soon, however, they became aware that their seats were not comfortable. The material scratched against their inflamed skin. It began as a tingling sensation, grew to an itch and finally became an unbearable prickly heat. They could not escape it, they could not relieve it. Their bottoms were on fire and the flames slowly spread through their whole bodies, penetrating every nerve. They cried, they squealed, they begged for mercy. They sobbed, the tears rolling down their cheeks, they screamed. They wriggled and squirmed and writhed and twisted but the more they did the worse it got.

The writhing and twisting, of course, made the dildos move around inside their cunts and the more they wriggled the more the dildos churned. To add to the experience, Barbara crossed to a small control panel and manipulated some switches. From below the bench came the whine of electric motors and the dildos began to move round and round and up and down. Very soon the pain in the girls bottoms was fighting with the waves of pleasure caused by the electric dildos in their cunts. The screams turned to moans and the begging to pleading as pain and pleasure surged through their bodies in equal measure.

Paula's eyes took on a wild and feral look. She began to work her hips frantically, oblivious to the smarting of her bottom. Her mouth hung slackly open and her breathing came in ragged pants.

"Oh. Oh, yes, Yes," she gasped

She stiffened, her head thrown back. "Aiieee," she cried. "I'm cumming. Oh. God, yessss!"

Her orgasm seem to trigger the others and, before too long, the other three also came and the cries of pain had become cries of ecstasy.

But the torment did not stop for the girls, the dildos continued to churn away inside their cunts and their sore bottoms were still being irritated by the scratchy seats. The three adults carefully unfastened the girls' blouses and pushed them back to reveal four exquisite pairs of breasts with distended nipples. Crouching down, the adults suckled on the youthful breasts, teasing the girls even more. Barbara handed out four pairs of nipple clamps, each pair joined by a silver chain. Before the girls realised what was happening, the clamps had been deftly attached to their protuberant nipples.

"Aaiiee," they cried and further ribbons of pain shot through them.

Still crouching, Adam and Anne reached out between the parted legs and sought the girls' swollen clits. Overcome by the assault of two sources of pain and two sources of pleasure the girls squirmed their way to further orgasms. At last, unable to take any more, they hung in their bonds, panting and sweating, their breasts heaving, their eyes glazed and their mouths slack.

Taking pity on them at last, the adults released their victims. They gently helped the girls to stand and guided them to a soft divan where they were made to lie on their tummies. Anne applied soothing lotion to the inflamed bottoms while Adam and Barbara sponged them down.

When they had recovered sufficiently, they were helped into a sitting position - with much wincing and 'ouches' - and given refreshing drinks.

"Oh, Miss Henderson," said Nikki at last, "that was... phew... well, I don't know... It was indescribable."

Anne smiled at her fondly. "You were all very good. Weren't they good, Mr Hazel?"

"They were, indeed, Miss Henderson. And they'll be even better soon."

"There's not more, is there?" cried Coral in alarm. "Oh, I don't think I can take any more."

"We haven't cum yet," said Adam.

"Oh," said Paula, eyeing his still erect cock. "Does that mean...?"

"It does indeed," said Adam with a leer.

"Well, in that case..." She licked her lips.

"What are you like?" said Nikki.

"I don't know," said Coral. "I think I would like to be fucked now."

"I know I would," said Paula.

"It's not only Mr Hazel who needs satisfaction," said Anne, striking a pose with her gowns pushed aside, legs astride, hands on hips and pelvis thrust forward. "Who's first?"

"Ooh," the girls gasped.

Eva, rolled onto her knees and crawled forward. "Me, Miss Henderson, if you would like."

Anne smiled down at the French girl who knelt at her feet, her long brown hair dishevelled and falling over her face. "I would like. Off the bed, girls."

The girls stood and Anne lay down on the mattress. She spread her legs and beckoned Eva. Eagerly the young girl crawled between Anne's thighs. Anne raised her hips.

"Show me what you've learned," she commanded.

Eva lowered her head and started to lick round the outer lips of Anne's cunt. Next she planted little kisses and nibbled gently.

"Oh," Anne gasped. "I think you've learned well."

The others watched as Eva got more adventurous and Anne began to buck her hips in response to Eva's ministrations. It was an erotic sight; the statuesque blonde, her large breasts rolling and her hips twitching with the honey-toned French girl crouched between her outspread thighs, her pert bottom up in the air still red from the earlier abuse.

Adam's cock was fully erect and he noticed that the other girls had their hands between their thighs. He glanced at Barbara who flashed an amused smile. With a slight nod of his head he indicated that Nikki would be his choice. Barbara nodded. He touched Nikki on the shoulder and gently pushed her towards the bed. Paula looked disappointed.

"My bottom's still very sore, sir," said Nikki.

"That's okay. You'll be on top."

He lay down and made Nikki stand astride him. He looked up at the well- developed 15-year-old with her blonde bush and large, pink-tipped breasts.

"Do you like what you see, sir," she asked archly.

"I do indeed, Nikki."

He made her turn round and squat over his thighs. She opened her pussy lips with two fingers of one hand and guided his rigid member to the entrance of her vagina. Slowly she lowered herself further, impaling herself on the first few inches of his cock.

"Oohh," she gasped. "That feels do good."

"Mmmm, indeed it does," he replied.

She began to bounce up and down. Because he was only partly embedded, she had to be careful not to lose him. As it was, at the top of her bounce, only the glans was inside. For Adam the sensation was exquisite. In this position her cunt seemed particularly tight and the feeling of his sensitive glans slipping in and out was superb. The sight of her taut reddened bottom bouncing up and down added to the thrill.

He glanced over and saw that Eva was still crouched between Anne's thighs working her cunt assiduously. Anne had her fingers buried in the girl's brown hair and seemed to be trying to pull the young girl's head into her cunt. Barbara had the other two crouched at her feet and was making them lick all the way up her shiny black boots. From time to time she would flick a many-stranded whip across their backs almost caressingly.

Spurred on by these erotic sights, he reached out and scored his fingernails across the tender skin of Nikki's tense bottom.

"Aieee. Oh, please. No, sir," she begged.

She bounced faster as his nails continued to torment her.

"Oh. No. Oh. Oh," she panted.

He started to move, thrusting upwards to meet her coming down. She needed no encouragement now and bounced vigorously on his cock, panting and wailing. He began to feel the cum rising and his balls tighten.

"Oh, sir. Don't stop. I'm going to cum," she suddenly cried.

"I'm going to cum too, Nikki," he panted hoarsely.

She was wriggling frantically now, twisting and turning and bouncing on his cock. It proved too much. With a hoarse cry he arched his back, driving his cock deep into her hot cunt and came long and hard.

"Oh, yes," she cried as she felt the cum squirting into her as, head thrown back and hands clutching her breasts, she came too.

The strain of squatting for so long, unnoticed in the heat of her passion, suddenly made itself felt. Her legs turned to jelly and she collapsed sideways, half lying across him. Wincing, she tried to straighten up and he helped her roll off onto the mattress where she curled up in a foetal position.

He lay back, fingers linked behind his head, in a state of well-being and looked around. Anne had finally released Eva and the pair were relaxing, Eva cuddled into Anne's arms. Barbara was still being serviced. She was standing, legs apart and knees bent with Coral's face pressed against her bare cunt and Paula licking and kissing her bottom. A flush had spread across her face and shoulders and her skin was gleaming with sweat. As he watched, she began to tremble.

"That's it, Coral. Just like that," she cried in an oddly harsh voice. Her belly spasmed and she pressed Coral's head against her cunt as she came. She sank to the floor, pulling the girl with her.

Anne and Eva got up and fetched more drinks. They relaxed, the adults caressing and cuddling their chosen partners. The girls were quiet and somewhat glassy-eyed. It was the first time they had experienced a private club session and they were a bit overwhelmed by the glut of sensations they had just experienced. If truth be told, Adam was feeling a bit that way too. Paula, approached him shyly. "Please, sir, can I ask you a favour?" "Of course, Paula." "Would you... would you fuck me? Please?" He looked down at the slender girl in astonishment. She had been whipped, abused and sexually tormented - and still she wanted to be fucked. He couldn't see her face as she was looking at the ground, her face hidden behind her hair. She was certainly a very desirable girl, as were all the 3rd year, and his cock began to stir at the idea of penetrating her tight cunt.

"I think that could be arranged," he said with a smile.

She looked up and there was hunger in her eyes.

"Thank you, sir. I really need it."

"How so?"

She flushed in embarrassment. "I don't know, sir. It's sort of like an itch. Inside me. The sort you can't scratch. But somehow... I just need to feel your cock inside me. Please don't be angry."

He cupped her pointy breasts and rubbed the already stiff nipples with his thumbs. She drew a sharp indrawn breath.

"Why should I be angry, Paula. It's good that you should want to feel a cock inside you. That's what we're training you for. Don't be embarrassed about it. However," he glanced down. "I may need some assistance."

"Oh, may I, sir," she asked eagerly.

He nodded. She dropped to her knees and hefted his flaccid cock in one hand. Pushing her hair behind her ears, she bent forward and closed her lips around the tip. They had learned their lessons well, these girls, and with lips and tongue and teeth and hands she soon had him standing erect.

He touched her head to indicate he was ready. She glanced up and he nodded. She stood and, holding onto his cock possessively, led him to a settee. Instead of, as he'd thought, lying down, she leant on the arm and spread her ankles wide apart.

Like this," she said, looking back at him with need in her eyes. "If you don't mind."

e looked at the slender legs, the muscles tautened by the pose, the small tight buttocks, and the long gash of her cunt, its outer lips open and the pink inner lips clearly visible.

"No, I don't mind at all," he said, stepping up behind her and running his hands up her soft inner thighs and over the firm buttocks.

With his thumbs, he prised apart the outer lips of her cunt and shuffled forward until the tip of his cock was lodged just inside her. Pressing forward, he slid into her tight warmth.

She gave a deep sigh. "That's just what I need. Fuck me hard, please. Don't hold back."

He gripped her bottom, drew back and thrust powerfully forward, burying himself up to his balls.

"Ahhhh," she wailed. "So good."

With his fingers digging into her bottom, he began to thrust in and out as hard as he could. His thighs slapped against hers and his balls swung back and forth, banging against her mound. At the end of every stroke he rose up on the balls of his feet, lifting her up off the floor on tiptoe. She braced her arms against the settee and pushed back at him, eager to meet his onslaught.

"Yes. Yes," she cried. "Like that."

Suddenly, a stinging pain lanced across his bottom, then another. The shock made him drive into Paula even harder.

"Oh, shit," he cried.

There were giggles behind him. He was too focussed on pounding into Paula's willing cunt to look round but surmised that Anne and Barbara had incited the other girls into spanking him.

The blows continued, spurring him on to greater efforts. He was panting hoarsely, Paula was wailing and moaning, the audience was egging them on with cries of encouragement. Suddenly she gave a wailing cry, almost a howl. He could feel her cunt convulse against his cock as she came. Her body convulsed then went limp though she continued to grip the settee arm tightly. He could feel his balls tighten as his climax approached. He grasped her hips tightly and thrust into her in shirt, harsh jabs until his cum spilled along his cock and spurted into her.

"Ohhh," she wailed. "I can feel you cumming. Oh, yessss."

He relaxed, his legs trembling and, as his cock began to shrink, pulled out of the young girl's cunt. A stream of sticky cum tricked from her cunt and down the inside of her thigh. She was so week she could hardly stand and Adam had to help her hobble over to the mattress. She sank down with a sigh and smiled up at him, a satisfied look on her face.

"Thank you, sir. I needed that."

He knelt down and kissed her tenderly. "Thank you, Paula."

"Eva, Coral, clean her up," commanded Anne. The girls looked round in confusion. "She's dripping cum. Clean her up. Use your tongues." Paula's classmates knelt on the mattress and tentatively licked at her sticky thighs.

"Mmmm, that's nice," Paula murmured.

With growing enthusiasm, the pair cleaned Adam's cum from Paula's thighs. With a glance up to see how she was reacting, Eva shifted higher and began to lick around Paula's pussy. Paula gasped and Eva stopped.

"No, don't stop, Eva. That's nice."

Thus encouraged, Eva retuned to her labours. Her busy tongue was soon between Paula's pussy lips, lapping the cum from inside her cunt. Paula moaned softly as she felt her friend's tongue invade her. She spread her thighs wider and hunched her hips to urge Eva on. Nothing loathe, Eva began to lick and probe in earnest, sucking out swallowing the residue of Adam's deposit. Paula was tossing her head from side to side. Despite having been forcefully fucked such a short time ago, Eva was rousing her again.

Coral, having had her cleaning duties interrupted, had an inspiration. Seeing Eva's pert bottom waving in the air and ho much Paula was enjoying the attention, she crawled round behind the French girl and stuck her tongue in Eva's cunt. Eva's cry of surprise was audible even though her mouth was full of pussy. She wiggled her hips to tell Coral to continue and doubled her assault on Paula. Coral attacked Eva's cunt with vigour, probing and poking, licking and sucking.

"Good God," murmured Anne in Adam's ear. "Wherever did they learn to do that?"

"Extra-curricular activity, I bet," he replied.

"Very talented girls. I might be tempted to try them out for myself, one day."

"And I'd like to be a fly on the wall. But, yes, there's something about the 3rd that's special."

The activity on the bed became more frantic as both Eva and Paula approached and then reached orgasm. With beaming smiles the three girls exchanged passionate and sticky kisses.

"Okay, girls," announced Anne clapping her hands for attention. "That will be all for tonight. Get dressed and Ms Beech will escort you back to your dorms. Remember you must not discuss what happened here - Club Rules."

Coral and Eva looked disappointed, not having been fucked yet but they all obediently wandered round collecting their scattered clothing and putting it on. Adam noted that watching young girls getting dressed was almost as erotic as watching them getting undressed. The difference, he concluded, was that once the clothes off, he got to fuck the wearer. Finally dressed, they allowed Barbara to usher them out. Coral looked back wistfully - a fact not unnoticed by either Adam or Anne.

Anne and Adam tidied the room; returning apparatus to its position, straightening covers and cushions, collecting glasses, and so on. Satisfied that all was in order, Anne linked her arm companionably through Adam's and the pair made their way to her apartment.

Anne fixed drinks as Adam sprawled out on one of the huge, leather sofas.

"That was a good show," she said with a satisfied sigh as she sat down beside him. "I think I'll award you nine out of ten."

"Only nine?"

She smiled. "Well, nobody's perfect."

"Except you?"

"Except me."

He sighed theatrically. "The only thing that mars your perfection is your innate modesty."

She gave him an indignant look. "You beast," she said.

"I know," he said smugly. "A right animal."

She collapsed into giggles. Somehow he had never associated her with giggling and it made her all the more attractive in his eyes. He traced a hand up her smooth thigh, delighting in the soft, smooth resilience of her skin.

"Seriously," she said when she had recovered. "That was a good session. You struck the right balance between pain and pleasure. There was variety and nothing was overdone but the girls learned that they had to obey."

"Thank you. What about Paula?"

"She's quite something. She seems to be naturally on heat all the time."

"And that's how we want them all to be?"

"Yes. Paula put it well. I want them all to have an unscratchable itch inside."

"Just like you," he leered.

"Yes," she replied seriously. "Just like me... and you. You have it, too."

He was silent for a moment. "You know, it's amazing," he said in a thoughtful voice.

"What is?"

"Well you are, for one," he grinned.

"I know that already," she stuck her tongue out at him. "But what's amazing now."

"That ten days ago I wondered if I'd survive the term but tonight I've cum twice already and I'm looking forward to doing it again."

Anne's smile was smug. "It's amazing what rest, exercise and some of Helen's tonic can do."

He pulled her close, delighting in the feeling of her magnificent breasts pressed against his chest. He slipped his hands under her gown and cupped her bottom, pulling her tightly against he growing erection.

"You're altogether too pleased with yourself for your own good," he said softly. "I believe it's time I whipped a little humility into you."

"Oh," she gasped and raised her fists against his chest. "You wouldn't dare."

"Oh, wouldn't I?"

He dug his fingers into her bottom and pulled her fiercely against his groin.

"But I'm you Headmistress," she protested, but there was a fire in her eyes.

"You are, indeed, my head mistress but that doesn't mean you don't get punished. Now take off that gown, go find me a whip and present yourself properly for a flogging."

She looked into his eyes where he was trying to maintain a stern expression.

"Yes, Master," she said meekly.

She posed on elbows and knees, her back dipped, her beautiful bottom in the air presented for him to possess as he chose. Her face was hidden by her hair which spread over the carpet and her breasts were pressed against its rough surface. He noticed, with amusement, that the outer lips of her labia were already slightly open.

She had chosen a multi-stranded whip with long strands and a short handle.

"Are you ready?" he asked, raising the whip.

"Yes, Master. Please." Her voice was muffled.

"Please what?"

"Please whip me, Master."

"You really want me to?"

"Yes. I really want you to."

"Tell me again what you really want me to do."

"I really want you to whip my bottom."

"And make it all red?"

"Yes."

"And hot?"

"Yes."

The teasing was getting to her for she was wriggling her hips from side to side making the cheeks of her bottom roll. His cock was rising in anticipation.

He appeared to give the matter some thought. "So you want me to whip your bottom and make it red and hot."

"Yes. Yes. Do it," she cried.

"Well, if you want it that desperately, perhaps I won't. Perhaps I'll just leave and go home."

Her breath hissed. "What? You can't. You can't just leave me," she wailed.

"Oh, yes I can... but I wont," and without warning he brought the whip down. The strands slashed across her bottom.

"Aieeee," she screamed. "That hurt." She jerked, her buttocks clenching as rivulets of pain spread across her skin.

"Did you enjoy that?" he asked sadistically and gave her three more blows in rapid succession.

"Aieee. Owww. You bastard." She drummed her fists on the carpet and thrust her bottom around as filaments of red spread across her cheeks.

"You did enjoy it," he said and criss-crossed two more strokes.

"Ow. Ow. No I didn't."

"Don't be modest. I think you did."

He continued in this manner, striking at random and teasing her in between until, at last, she cried, "No more. Please. No more," and fell forward on the floor.

His first instinct was to comfort her but, in this game, he knew he must be the implacable Master.

"Up on your knees," he ordered. "I want to fuck you."

"You can't. You can't," she wailed. "My bottom's too sore."

"No arguments. Up. Unless you want to feel the kiss of my whip again."

"Oh, no. No more."

She heaved herself back into position, head down, backed dipped and bottom up. He noted with satisfaction that the stark red tendrils were fading into an area of bright red.

He pushed her knees apart with his foot then knelt between them. He placed his hands flat upon her burning cheeks and rotated them with his palms.

"Aiee. Ow. Oh," she cried.

He took his cock in one hand and guided it to the entrance of her cunt. As he has known she would be, she was wet and ready. Pressing forward, he slid into her hot, welcoming cunt. Whenever he entered her it felt like he was coming home.

She breathed a large sigh. "That's so good. Now fuck me like you fucked Paula. You don't know how hot it made me watching you ram into her like that."

He held her hips and began to pound in and out of her cunt. Her squeals and cries were a mixture of pain as his belly smacked against her sore bottom and pleasure as his cock plundered her very depths. She began to hump back against him, urging him on to greater efforts. She was obviously well aroused because it wasn't long before she cried, "Yes. Yes. Oh, yes," and dug her fingernails into the carpet as she came. Having cum twice already that night, he was in for the long haul and continued to pound into her mercilessly. He brought her to a second, convulsive orgasm before he felt the familiar tightening in his loins and emptied his balls deep inside her body.

Spent they collapsed on the floor only for Anne to cry out as he crushed her aching and abused bottom. Reluctantly he rolled off and, clambering to his feet, half carried her through to the bedroom. There they collapsed on the bed and fell instantly asleep sated and exhausted by their evening of debauchery.

**Chapter 13 - Bald Pussies**

Having recovered his strength and now able to be able to obtain and maintain an erection at will, and to cum several times in a day without apparent ill effect, life was sweet for Adam. Anne maintained that it was his exercise regime and better diet but he privately believed it was Helen's magical tonic that was the true cause of his sexual stamina. He wasn't about to tempt fate - the old adage about looking gift horses in the mouth came to his mind - so he continued to swallow the foul-tasting liquid regularly.

He continued to be rather obsessed with the 3rd year who seemed, as a group, to be randier and more adventurous than the other classes. They all appeared to have that 'internal itch' that Anne referred to. He was wondering how to exploit this randiness when a golden opportunity presented itself. He heard a rumour - no, no more than a whisper in the wind - that two girls, Susan and Linda, had been conducting a small experiment. He decided to see if it was true. After classes one day he signalled for the girls to remain behind. They looked very apprehensive.

"Its okay, girls, you're not in trouble. I understand you've been experimenting."

"Experimenting, sir?" Susan said a trifle nervously.

"Yes, experimenting - as in trying something new."

"I don't understand, sir."

He grinned. "I hear you've been using a razor on places that don't normally get shaved."

The girls blushed. "Where did you hear that, sir?"

He smiled at their discomfort. "That hardly matters, does it? I think I'd better carry out an inspection."

"Inspection, sir?"

"Yes. I want to see for myself."

"But, sir..."

"No buts. Come on, lift your skirts and pull down your pants. Let me see your pussies."

Blushing furiously, the two girls pulled up the fronts of their skirts, hooked their thumbs into the waistbands of their knickers and pulled them down to expose their hairless pussies to his lustful gaze.

"Show me properly," he commanded.

The girls dutifully parted their thighs and thrust out their pelvises.

Their gently rounded bellies curved in naked splendour down between their thighs to their hairless puffy cunt lips. They looked very young and vulnerable.

He inspected them closely, "Very nice. Does it feel good? Come on, don't be shy."

"It felt a bit odd at first, sir, but now we quite like it."

He stepped forward and ran his fingertips over each shaved mound.

"Mmmm, yes. It does feel nice."

He slipped a finger between each hairless furrow and rubbed gently.

"Does that feel nice?"

"Oh, yes, sir," they gasped.

"Has it made a difference - being shaved?"

"It was a bit uncomfortable at first but now we're used to it," said Susan.

He continued gently fingering the naked pussies. "Anything else?"

"Well," admitted Linda, blushing. "We're more sensitive down there, now."

"Are you, indeed? How much more sensitive, I wonder. I think we should find out. Stand up on that chair, Susan"

Susan clambered up onto the chair and lifted her skirt again. He pulled her knickers half way down her thighs. Then prising her knees as far apart as he could, he pushed a finger between her bald cunt lips.

"Oh," she gasped.

"Nice?" he asked.

She nodded.

"This will be even nicer," he said, replacing his fingers with his tongue.

"Oh, sir," she gasped as she felt his wet tongue probe between her hairless lips. "That does feel nice." She thrust her hips forward to offer him easier access.

He licked over the young girl's shaved mound and round the puffy outer lips of her naked labia. She bent her knees and tried to open her thighs wider. Little panting cries emerged from the back of her throat.

Suddenly he stopped and said, "I think Linda should have a turn, now."

"Oh, sir," Susan wailed. "Please don't stop."

"Now, Susan, don't be greedy. You know you have to share things fairly."

He reached out and helped the trembling, aroused girl down to the floor. She stood very close and looked longingly up at him.

"While I'm doing Linda," he smiled. "You could give me some attention with that sweet little mouth of yours."

She made a small moue of disappointment but obediently began to unfasten his trousers.

"OK." He turned to the other girl. "Up you get Linda and let me inspect you properly."

While he had been licking Susan, Linda's little fingers had been busy inside her knickers. He noticed the damp patch and the delicate aroma of aroused teenager as she stood on the chair facing him.

"Tut, tut," he said, frowning. "It's very naughty of you to start without me. We shall have to do something about such bad behaviour."

He eased down her knickers to reveal her twat as naked as her friends. Her cunt lips, larger and fuller than Susan's, were red and puffy and moist.

"Very tasty." He smacked his lips. Above him, the young girl giggled nervously.

He leaned forward and began to give her bald pussy the same treatment he had given her friend's. At his feet, Susan had released his cock and was clutching it in one little hand while she licked the tip. As he leant forward, she was squashed between him and the chair and his cock jammed into her mouth, almost choking her.

"Carry on, Susan," he instructed, lovingly inserting his tongue into Linda's hairless cunt. Valiantly, Susan tried to ease her head back to prevent his large cock from suffocating her. All she was able to do, however, was move her head back and forwards slightly - virtually fucking his cock with her mouth.

"Very good, Susan," he said, raising his head for an instant.

He gripped Linda's hips and pulled her towards him. The knickers around her thighs, and the width of the chair, prevented her from parting her legs fully. She desperately wanted to feel his tongue right inside her and bent her legs and thrust out her hips in a vain attempt to make herself more accessible. She was panting and moaning and put her hands on the back of his head to urge him even deeper.

Before she could cum, though, he stopped and stepped back, pulling his cock from Susan's surprised mouth.

"Well I approve of your shaved pussies. I want you to keep them like that from now on." He frowned. "But I have to say that I am disappointed in you attitude and behaviour. I really do expect you to be more cooperative. Up on that table on your backs. Quickly."

He helped the trembling and frustrated Linda down from the chair. With some trepidation, they climbed on the table and lay down. He pulled off their knickers and positioned them side by side with their feet just on the edge of the table, knees bent and heels tucked tight against their buttocks. He pushed their bent knees wide apart so their gleaming, bald cunts winked salaciously up at him.

"Yes. I'm most disappointed in you both," said and brought the flat of his hand sharply down on Susan's exposed cunt.

"Yeow," the surprised girl cried as a sharp pain shot through her and tears filled her eyes. Her body jerked and she slammed her knees shut.

He prised then roughly apart. "Keep your knees open or I shall have to tie them," he commanded. "And punish you further."

"But that hurt!" she wailed.

"Susan... ," he warned.

"Yes, sir," she whimpered and reluctantly spread her knees.

Linda was lying with her eyes tight shut and teeth gritted. She knew what was about to happen. He reached out and fondled her bare cunt. She opened her eyes in surprise. Immediately, he turned the caress into a smack.

"Aaiieee," Linda screamed.

Instinctively her knees came together but, with tears of pain in her eyes, she forced them apart again.

"Good girl," he murmured encouragingly.

He smacked each hairless cunt for several minutes. With each blow, they cried out and writhed in pain. Tears were streaming down their faces but bravely and obediently they kept their knees wide apart. They clasped hands for comfort and solace.

Suddenly he changed tactics. Dropping to his knees in front of Linda he began to lick and nuzzle the cunt he had just been smacking.

"Oh," she cried out in surprise as she felt his tongue invade her private place. "Oh my God."

He sucked her stinging cunt lips into his mouth. Despite the pain he had inflicted, she was wet and his tongue slipped easily in between the folds of her outer lips. The pain that burned her sensitive lips turned into an unquenchable fire of lust as his busy tongue penetrated deep into her and sought her clitoris. The young girl began to thrash around on the table top.

"More! Deeper!" she screamed, arching her back up off the table.

He slipped his hands under her buttocks to support her and fucked her with his tongue, sucking hard on her inner lips and biting down on her clitoris. Above him the sex-crazed teen cried out in pain and lust and ecstasy.

Judging his moment, he let her go, sitting back on his heels and wiping the back of his hand across his mouth. For a moment she didn't seem to realise that he had gone and continued to thrash around on the table. Then, with a cry of disappointment, her eyes flew open.

"You're not stopping?" she wailed.

He said nothing.

"Oh, you can't leave me like this! Please!" She wiggled her hips in frustration, her open cunt pink and glistening. "Oh, please. I'm so close. Please. Please."

Ignoring her, he shuffled along to where Susan was watching her friend with huge eyes. Two fingers were buried in her snatch in a vain attempt to satisfy the fierce itch that burned inside her. He pulled her hand clear and buried his head between her thighs. The young girl jerked in shock as she felt his tongue penetrate her. He set about her vigorously, thrusting his tongue in and out, nibbling on the sensitive inner walls of her cunt and teasing her clitoris with lips and teeth. Soon she was in the same state as her friend, rolling and writhing on the table top, moaning and panting. Her hands clutched the back of his head, pulling him to her as if trying to stuff his whole head into her cunt.

Again he judged his moment and, as he sensed she was close to cumming, forced his head back out of her grasp. Susan wailed in disappointment and frustration.

He stood up. "Right, off the table and attend to this," he commanded, indicating his rigid cock.

Reluctantly and petulantly, the girls clambered down from the table and knelt in front of him.

"Aren't you going to fuck us, sir?" Susan asked.

"Not right now."

"Why not?"

"Because right now you're going to suck me."

"But sir," wailed Linda, looking up at him imploringly. "We're very, very hot. We really want you to fuck us."

"I already told you - not right now."

"Please, sir, please fuck us. We need to feel your cock inside us."

The words thrilled Adam to his core - two sexy 15-year-olds literally begging him to fuck them. Adam could feel his excitement rising.

"How badly do you want to be fucked?"

"Very badly." "We'd do anything you want."

"Anything?"

"Yes," they breathed, completely caught up in their lust. "Anything. Anything you want. Just please fuck us."

"Well, okay," he said with apparent reluctance. "Maybe, if you're very good and do everything I say."

"Oh, yes," they breathed "We will."

"Well get your mouth's busy just now and we'll see."

With little moue's of disappointment, they bent their heads, one either side, and began to lick and nuzzle his shaft. Adam always found having two young girls licking and sucking his cock was intensely exciting and knew he wouldn't be long in cumming. The promise of being fucked made them extra attentive. Their breath warmed his shaft, their hair tickled his belly, their tongues and teeth ran teasingly up and down his length. A small hand crept between his legs and fondled his balls.

"Oh, yes, girls. Very nice," he groaned. "Are you ready for it?" He could feel the cum surging up in his balls. "Okay. Mouth's over the tip. Don't spill any of it."

The girls covered the tip of his prick with their lips, running their tongues over the sensitive skin. He held his cock steady as his cum boiled up and spurted into their waiting mouths.

"Don't swallow yet," he warned. "Let me see."

They knelt back and opened their mouths so he could see the sticky white of his cum coating their tongues.

"Good girls. You can swallow now and then clean me off."

The girls swallowed down his cum and took turns in licking his detumescing cock until it was completely clean of all cum.

"See, you can be good if you try. Stand up now."

They clambered to their feet. He looked at them, flushed and dishevelled, eyes hooded and lips swollen with lust. With their knickers still down around their knees, they looked really hot and wanton. He wanted to fuck them there and then but they were a bit too sassy and he wanted them so hot and submissive that they would do whatever he said.

"Do you still want to be fucked?"

They nodded.

"You want to feel my cock deep inside you?"

They nodded again, eyes locked on his and mouths parted.

"You want me to fill your little cunts with cum?"

"Yes, sir, please," they panted.

"And you'll do anything for that? Anything I say to be fucked?"

They nodded again and Linda whimpered.

"Do you have corsets or teddies? And stiletto shoes? Good. Come to my apartment wearing corsets, stockings - high ones no suspenders - and stilettos. Linda in white and Susan in black, although the colours are not so important. Have you got that?"

"Yes, sir," they breathed.

"Right. Tidy yourselves up and off you go. Oh, and do not touch yourselves. I want you hot an panting for it."

He pulled up his trousers, fastened them and strode out without another word or a backward glance.

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Amazingly, they had managed to dress exactly as he had ordered he noticed with satisfaction as he took the raincoats they had used to cover their unconventional attire. He handed them velvet chokers to match their outfits.

"Put these on and come through when you're ready. And remember what you've come here for"

They appeared in the doorway a short while later. Linda posed, leaning against the doorpost with her weight on one leg, hand on her outthrust hip. Susan lifted one hand to smooth the hair on the back of her head.

"Come here."

They walked across the room on their 5-inch heels, hips swaying exaggeratedly. Their waists were pulled tight by the corselet's, forcing their small, high breasts even further up and out. Their sexes were beautifully framed by the edge of the corselet's and the lacy tops of their stockings. Young teenagers dressed up as sex-objects excited him and these two were a truly erotic sight. He handed them drinks.

"Sit down."

Linda sat rather primly on the edge of the seat but Susan sprawled back with her legs slightly parted. His eyes were drawn to the bare swell of her mound. Linda, noticing his gaze, quickly adopted the same posture.

He raised his glass in salutation. "Very well done so far, girls," he said, taking a sip.

The girls also drank, pulling faces as they realised that vodka was a prime ingredient.

"It's just to relax us all," he smiled reassuringly.

They smiled back a trifle nervously and took another swig.

"Now," he said in a business-like tone. "Just so we have no misunderstandings - you're here to get fucked. Is that right?"

The girls exchanged glances. "Yes, sir."

"You've come here of your own free will and you've dressed in these sexy clothes to make me hot and excited so that my cock will get big and hard. And when it's big and hard and throbbing, you want me to stick it into your tight little pussies? Right?"

Again the exchanged glance. Linda took a gulp of her drink and shuddered as the alcohol burned down her throat. "Yes, sir," she said.

He smiled and relaxed his tone. "I must say that you're doing an excellent job. You both look very sexy. And you're willing to do anything to get me to fuck you? I think that's what you said earlier."

The vodka was working on Linda. "I am," she announced, slumping deeper into the chair and draping one leg over the arm. Her naked cunt seemed to wink up at him.

Susan looked at her friend in surprise then downed the rest of her drink in one go. "And I am, too."

"Excellent."

He began to unbutton his shirt. The girls watched in fascination as he slowly removed all his clothes. His cock hung in a curve already responding to what was about to occur.

"Stand up," he commanded. "To get me fully in the mood and show you really are willing to do anything, you're going to put on a little show. I like the taste of young girls' cunts. So I want you each to come and kiss me and let me know what the other one tastes like."

They looked at him in blank astonishment as they tried to work out what he meant. Then Susan flushed bright red and said, "Ohhhh."

Linda looked at her blankly.

"Tell her, Susan."

Blushing furiously, Susan whispered in her friend's ear. Linda went bright red then shot him an angry glare. He nodded at her to indicate that Susan was right.

"But we can't do that," she protested.

"Why not?" asked Susan.

"Because... it's not right."

"Don't you think I'm pretty and sexy?" pouted Susan.

"Well, yes... but...,"

"'Cos I think you're very sexy."

"D-do you?"

"Yes," Susan breathed. "I've always wanted to kiss you."

"Ohhhh."

"Would you like me to kiss you?"

"Yes... No... I don't know."

"I think you do. I'm going to anyway."

She pulled Linda's head towards her and kissed her full on the lips.

"There, that wasn't bad was it?"

Linda was breathing heavily. "No," she whispered.

She pulled Linda into another kiss. Adam could see her tongue probing her friend's mouth. She put her arms around Linda's waist and pulled her body tight against her own. Almost against her will, Linda began to respond. Her hands slowly came up clasp Susan's upper arms. She began to move her head, kissing Susan back.

Adam clapped his hands once. "I want to see these nipples nice and firm now. Lean back slightly and rub you breasts together."

The pair were almost the same height and their corselet's made their small breasts stand up and out. With hands on each other's hips, they leant back until their nipples were just touching then began to sway gently from side to side so their nipples brushed. The two looked into each other's eyes and then down at their breasts.

"This is nice, isn't it," murmured Susan. "My nipples feel all tingly."

"Mmmm. Mine too," replied Linda.

"I'd like to kiss them. May I kiss Linda's breasts?" she asked Adam.

"You can."

Susan bent her head and kissed her friend's breasts. She ran her tongue over the nipple and sucked it into her mouth.

"Ooooohhhhh," Linda gasped. "That's nice. Do it more. Harder. Harder. Use your teeth."

Susan's white teeth bit into Linda's brown nipple while the tip of her tongue teased the end.

"Oh, Susan, stop. I can't take any more," Linda gasped.

Susan raised her head and smiled at her friend who was trembling. "Will you do mine, now, dear. But not so hard."

Linda lowered her head and lavished Susan's breasts with kisses.

"Oh, dear Linda, that feels so nice," Susan breathed. "You make me feel all weak and tingly inside." She caressed her friend.

"I'm waiting for my kisses," Adam reminded them.

They looked blankly at him, so caught up were they in their own newly- discovered lust.

"I want to taste Linda when I kiss Susan and Susan when I kiss Linda. I think you really need to kiss another pair of lips. Have you never done it before?"

They shook their heads, blushing furiously. Then looked at him, unsure of how to proceed

"Put your hand down and see how ready the other is."

Shyly, Linda slipped a hand over Susan's bald mound and felt between her legs.

"Oh my, you're very wet down there," she said.

"It's all your doing," Susan said, slipping her hand between Linda's legs. "You're wet, too."

Adam coached them into position on the floor with Susan below and Linda above.

"Now you can start. You remember what I did to you earlier?"

Linda ducked her head between Susan's spread thighs and placed her mouth upon the bare cunt lips before her. Tentatively she stuck out her tongue and began to lick the inside of Susan's cunt. Susan drew a shuddering breath as she felt Linda's tongue enter her. Then she raised her head off the floor and began to reciprocate. Adam placed a cushion under her head for support.

"Open her with your fingers, Susan," he instructed. "That way you'll be able to get your tongue in deeper. Use your fingers as well as your tongue."

He watched as Susan delicately pulled Linda's cunt lips apart to expose the pink inner walls of her vagina. It was a truly erotic sight: the young girls in their corselets, their slim legs clad in sheer nylon spread wide; darker head between white thighs and blonde head between black. He knelt close to Susan's head, stroking his already rigid cock, and watching closely as Susan applied her lips and tongue to Linda's open, eager twat.

Soon the young girls were lost in their first lesbian experience, each trying to outdo the other in their assaults on each other's pussies. They had each curled their arms around the other's thighs and were writhing and bouncing in rapture. The air was fragrant with the scent of hot young sex and alive with their ecstatic moans and cries.

The sight of the two 15-year-olds eating each other's cunts with such utter abandon was getting to Adam. He nudged Susan and she drew back to see what he wanted. He pulled the cushion from under her head then knelt down and took his cock in one hand.

"I thought you wanted a kiss," she said.

"Now I want a fuck," he growled. "Open her."

Susan pulled her friend's cunt lips apart with delicate fingers and he edged forward until the tip of his cock was just inside.

"Oh," cried Linda, raising her head from Susan's dripping cunt as she felt him at her entrance.

He eased forward, sliding his shaft into Linda's hot wet cunt. It was very tight and he pushed forward slowly, revelling in the sensation. How he loved the tightness and willingness of young girls' cunts. He had already noted that Linda seemed to like to be hurt, and had made some plans for future occasions, so he was not prepared to be gentle. He eased his cock in and out several times to get her used to feeling him inside her, then gripped her hips and began to fuck her fast and furiously.

She threw her head back and screamed in shock. His belly slapped against her buttocks, squashing them flat. His balls swung back and forth, brushing Susan's nose and bumping her hairless mound.

"Oh, God," she cried. "Your cock. It's killing me. It's so good. Don't stop,"

He had no intention of stopping. She could only brace herself firmly against his furious assault and maintain a continuous litany of screams and moans as he pounded her young cunt mercilessly. He couldn't keep it up for long. He felt balls tighten and cried out, "Are you ready, Linda?" then, with one final thrust, buried himself as deeply as he could and pumped his semen into her.

He paused panting and shuddering to regain his composure. Linda was trembling, moaning and sobbing.

"Okay, Susan. I'm going to withdraw now. Open your mouth."

Carefully, he pulled his cock from Linda's abused cunt. As soon as it was clear, the cum began to trickle out and dribble down Linda's slit into Susan's waiting mouth.

"Clean her, Susan. Linda, squeeze it all out," he instructed.

Linda squeezed her internal muscles and more of his cum, mixed with her own juices, flowed out. Susan lifted her head eagerly and lapped away, poking her tongue into her friend's cunt to make sure she got all of it.

"Oh my God," whimpered Linda. "I'm cumming again."

Despite having just cum, he was still partially erect and was looking forward to fucking Susan. The sight of her lapping away at her friend's cunt, clearly excited by it, was certainly helping. He shuffled round on his knees and presented his cock to Linda.

"Clean it, please."

Without demur she braced herself on one hand and used the other to lift his sticky cock to her mouth. Lovingly she licked and sucked until every trace of cum had been removed. It didn't seem to bother her that she was tasting herself as well as him. When he was satisfied that Linda had finished, he rose to his feet and helped her stand. She could hardly walk and leant against him for support.

"Thank you, sir," she said simply.

She slumped down in an easy chair. Susan clambered to her feet and came to see if her friend was okay.

Linda smiled weakly. "Yes, I'm okay. I'm very okay. I've been fucked with a vengeance. Ohhh boy."

"I need a drink," Adam announced. "What about you?"

"With vodka?" asked Susan impishly.

"Not unless you want it."

"I do," said Linda.

"I don't think I need any," said Susan, looking at him coquettishly.

He returned with vodka for Linda, coke for Susan and whisky for himself. He sat back the sofa and made Susan sit on his lap with her back to him. Between sips, he fondled her breasts and pinched her nipples, causing the young girl to wriggle around on his lap. Her taut little bottom squirmed erotically against his belly. He slipped a hand down and stroked her bare mons, reaching down to slip one finger between her hairless cunt lips. Susan leant back against him, breathing heavily.

"You area hot little slut, aren't you?" he breathed in here ear. "Do you still want to be fucked?"

"Oh, yes," the small girl replied. "More than ever."

"Reach down and take my cock, then."

Susan reached her hands between her legs and began to pump his cock. His erection, which had subsided in the interval, returned and the hot teenager was soon pressing it tightly to her cunt, gripping it firmly with both hands. He caressed up and down her thighs, delighting in the contrast between the slightly rough texture of her stockings and the smooth bare skin above.

"Careful," he murmured. "You don't want to waste it. I think the time has come for you to be fucked."

Turning the teen around so she was kneeling on the edge of the seat, he made her take his cock in both hands and lower herself down onto it. Carefully she inserted the tip and then eased herself down, slowly impaling herself on his shaft. The beatific look on her face, as she felt it slowly press its way up her tight channel, was a picture.

"Ohhh," she breathed. "It's beautiful."

"It is," he agreed. "Look down."

She looked down to where his hard cock pierced her distended, naked pussy lips.

"A beautiful sight," he said, rubbing two fingers across the base of her mound, stimulating her clitoris. "Now slide right down."

Spreading her knees even wider, Susan, sank down until his whole length was completely embedded in her body. The hairless lips of her cunt pressed against the roughness of his pubic hairs. Her eyes with awe at the sensation of being so unquestionably filled with cock.

"What do I do now?" she asked. "I can hardly move."

It was true. Her knees were spread so wide that the tendons of her thighs stood out like ropes.

"Put your hands on my shoulders and rock backwards and forwards," Adam instructed.

He watched in delight the expressions that passed across her face as she felt his cock moving inside her. He cupped her breasts, pinching the stiff brown nipples between his thumb and forefinger. Her breath was coming in short gasps.

"It's so good," she panted. I can really feel you.

He smiled. "Linda," he called. "Come here. Between my legs. Help us. Play with my balls. Hold her bottom."

Linda crouched down and looked in fascination at the cock spearing her friend's cunt.

"It looks so big," she breathed. "Did I really take all that?"

She cupped his balls and squeezed them gently.

"That's nice, Linda," he groaned. "Lick them."

He felt her warm breath on his balls and then her tongue, lapping like a dog. The tongue moved to where the root of his shaft emerged from Susan's cunt.

"Oooh," gasped Susan as she felt Linda's tongue licking her stuffed cunt. "That's nice, Linda." Then an 'Oh' of surprise. "Linda, what are you doing?"

"Tell me," said Adam.

"She's licking my bottom. She's sticking her tongue in. Ooh, that's dirty - but it feels so nice. Don't stop, Linda. Do it more."

Adam made a mental note. Susan had a sensitive arse and might enjoy having it fucked.

Susan started to rock more forcefully. Her eyes were wide open but unseeing. Her mouth hung slackly open. She was completely caught up in the sensations of Adam's cock and Linda's tongue. He cupped his hands round her bottom and pulled the cheeks apart to give Linda better access. He braced his feet on the floor and thrust up and down, the tip of his cock banging against Susan's cervix. Susan's bottom was bouncing around too much for her to continue her ministrations so she returned her attention to his balls.

Susan was rocking furiously, her thighs tense with the strain. "Oh. Oh. Oh. Oh, yes. Oh, yes," she panted, then suddenly tensed and said, "Ohhh, yesss," in a softer voice.

Adam could feel the warmth of her juices sliding down his cock.

"Lick her, Linda," he instructed.

Susan's head slumped down on her arms. He continued to hump up into her.

"Are you ready, Susan. I'm going to cum in you."

With a beatific smile, Susan slid her arms round his neck and kissed him passionately, her tongue probing his throat as deeply as his cock was probing her cunt. With a final thrust, his balls, still enwrapped by Linda's hand, emptied and he pumped his cum deep into little Susan's willing cunt.

He allowed her only a moment's rest. With a warning to Linda that she was to catch the cum from Susan's cunt, he eased her up and off his cock and down onto the floor. There, she was made to clean his cock with her mouth while Linda sucked their combined juices from her cunt.

When he was finally satisfied, he sat up and surveyed the two girls crouched before him. The looked very wanton in their corselets and stockings with their hair dishevelled and cum smeared over their faces.

"Well, girls, did you enjoy that?"

They nodded.

"I think you should thank me for fucking you so well."

"Thank you, sir, for fucking us so well," they chorused without hesitation.

"Would you like to do it again?"

"Oh, yes please, sir!"

"Well, you both did very well so we'll see what can be arranged. Now I think you should give each other a great big kiss and then go and wash your faces."

The girls turned to each other and fell into a kiss totally without inhibition. Adam watched them with a quietly exultant smile. 'Yes!' he thought, 'Two more successful sluts.'

**Chapter 14 - Felicia**

Felicia remained an enigma. On the one hand she was a full member of the Inner Circle and took an active part in all the Society's activities but, on the other, she kept herself somewhat aloof, at least as far as he was concerned. While the rest of the girls had begun to relax in his classes and, in many cases, actively flirt with him, Felicia held herself apart. Not that she was awkward or uncooperative, no, it was more that she seemed to be disengaged, disinterested.

This both saddened and disturbed him for, in a school full of exceedingly attractive girls, in his eyes Felicia stood head and shoulders above the rest. She had the looks of a fantasy American cheerleader; heavy, blonde hair, a slightly retroussé nose, lips that seemed to settle themselves naturally into a pout. Unlike the wholesome image of the all-American cheerleader, her blue eyes seemed to smoulder with a promise of unimaginable delights. Her figure, too, was outstanding; full breasts that started high on her chest and consequently looked even larger than they were, a narrow waist and flaring hips. And her bottom! To Adam it was the most perfectly shaped bottom he had ever seen. He was constantly tempted to touch it, smack it, fondle it. He was not particularly into anal sex but his recurring fantasy was to ease his cock between these perfect cheeks and penetrate her anal sphincter.

His problem was that he couldn't work out how to get through this barrier. Oh, he knew he could just tell her to turn up at a certain time and place and she would do so, but somehow that didn't seem right. It dawned on him that he really wanted a 'normal' relationship with her. He wanted to woo her, court her, win her heart. He tried everything he knew to draw her out, engage her attention, but to no avail.

It was Jacqueline, as usual, who solved his problem.

"You're going to have to do something about Felicia," she said one day out of the blue.

"What do you mean?"

She looked at him askance. "I mean you're going to have to get your relationship with her sorted out. And soon. There'll be trouble if you don't."

He sighed. "Is it so obvious?"

"Don't tell me it's mutual."

"What is mutual?"

"Men!" she exclaimed. "Look, the poor girl is pining over you something rotten. She's been bitten badly. I can't see what she sees in you." She said nastily.

"She is? She has?" He was astounded.

She shook her head in disgust. "Adam, sometimes you can be the densest man alive, you know."

"I know, " he grinned. "It's part of my charm. But what about Felicia?"

She blew him a raspberry. "After that remark I don't think I should tell you. I think I should just let you stew."

"You wouldn't do that to me, would you?"

"No," she sighed. "I wouldn't. Although you don't seem to have noticed, Felicia is in love with you. And it would seem the feeling's mutual."

He blushed. "Not very professional, is it?"

"Fuck professional. What are you going to do about it?"

"I don't know," he sighed. "I can't seem to get through to her. I want to - I try to communicate with her but there seems to be some sort of barrier and I can't break it down."

"Then you're going the wrong way about it."

"I know, but I'm not sure what to do. I don't want to put her off."

"Put her off?" Jacqueline was flabbergasted. "Look, you've tried the civilised approach and it isn't working so why not try the opposite? Try the caveman approach. Just drag her off into the bushes and shag her rotten."

He opened and closed his mouth several times but could find nothing coherent to say.

"Think about it," said Jacqueline, getting up. "But not for too long."

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He studied Felicia carefully for the next few days, turning Jacqueline's suggestion over in his mind. She seemed to be aware of his scrutiny and endured it indifferently. After much agonising, he made up his mind. 'After all, you're not getting anywhere as it is and her solution might just work,' he told himself.

He planned the scenario carefully, checking and re-checking in his mind to make sure he had it just right. This had to be special, he knew. He had just one chance and he didn't want to blow it. Then, during his free periods, he set about searching for what he wanted.

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When all was ready, he called Felicia back as she was leaving the classroom. "Felicia, I would like to see you this evening at 7, please."

She paled slightly. "Yes, sir," she murmured a bit reluctantly.

"Now do you have white stockings - no suspenders, white shoes, a short, pleated skirt and a thin white blouse?"

She thought for a minute then nodded.

"Good. Seven, then. Don't be late,"

She glanced up at him, coyly, "Is this schoolgirl fantasy time?"

He frowned. "That is an impertinent question. Let's just say it's a variation on Ms Henderson's office."

"Yes, sir," she breathed and sashayed out of the room.

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He checked the room again to make sure all was right. It wasn't much but he fussed about like a broody hen. He felt like a callow teenager on his first date again.

The armchair was black leather. He had considered and discarded white and maroon leather, brocade and velour. The window was blacked out to ensure the only light came from the standard lamp next to the chair. The standard lamp was set just so, so that the chair itself and the floor in front of it was bathed in a pool of warm light and the rest of the room shrouded in shadows. In the gloom, he had placed several frames from the club room, some of which he had draped with black cloth to make them loom menacingly in the shadows.

Satisfied all was in order, he sat in the chair and waited. She was exactly on time.

"Come," he called in response to her knock.

She stood just inside the door slightly knock-kneed looking coyly at the floor, trying to affect a look of slutty innocence. She didn't need to for she was the picture of schoolgirl sex. The light from the corridor behind, framed her like a corona. She had followed his instructions perfectly; the lacy tops of the white, net stockings ended just below the hem of the dark grey pleated skirt. The loose white shirt shimmered in the low light.

"Shut the door and come here." He pointed to a spot just in front of where he sat . "Stand up straight, hands behind your back."

Starting at her toes, painted red he noticed with pleasure, he slowly and insolently ran his eyes up her body. He met her eyes watching him with a strange expression - apprehension, excitement, fear? He smiled slowly and coolly and she flushed under his gaze. He leaned back in the chair, simulating an indifference he most definitely did not feel.

"Are you wearing a bra?"

"No."

"Knickers?"

"No."

"Put your hands on top of your head."

Her breasts lifted under the silky material, stretching it; her nipples making small mountains under the taut cloth.

"Turn round."

Slowly she pirouetted. The pleated skirt hung from the rounded swell of her bottom, tantalisingly concealing the lush curves.

"Bend over"

She had to brace her feet apart to maintain her balance as she bent at the waist. The movement lifted the hem of her skirt revealing the delightful lower arcs of her bottom cheeks and the plump split peach of her vulva. The contrast between the warm skin and the white, net stockings was intensely erotic. He caressed the end of the riding crop up and down the sensitive insides of her thighs then flicked it upwards at her vulva.

"Ow," she gasped, rocking forwards and almost losing her balance.

"Be still."

He caressed the leather tip up and down her thighs a few more times, occasionally flicking the tip against her cunt. She gasped and tensed her thighs at the blows but otherwise held her pose.

"Stand up and turn round. You can bring your arms down."

She turned to face him again, her face flushed and her eyes shrouded in mystery. He regarded her calmly although his heart was pounding and his cock was making an uncomfortable bulge in his trousers.

"Kneel." He pointed with the crop. "Spread your knees. Wider. Now lean back and grip your ankles."

In this position her breasts were thrust up and out, the shirt pulled tightly across them. Her nipples, now obviously aroused, jutted proudly. He leaned forward and slowly undid the buttons, pulling the shirt free from her skirt. Her breasts were magnificent: generous without being heavy with conical pink areolae tipped by broad pink nipples. He stroked them with his fingers. They were, as he had known they would be, delightful to touch - soft and elastic yet firm, her warm skin soft and smooth as velvet. His enchanted fingers explored their fullness, circling round the base and teasing the nipples. She dropped her head back, eyes closed and breathing heavily as he teased her.

"Felicia." Her head snapped forward. "There's something I must say. You know I am going to hurt you. Maybe a lot." She nodded. He continued toying with her breasts as he spoke. "If you want to stop, just say so. Do you understand?"

"Yes." Her voice was barely a whisper.

"Good."

Without taking his eyes off her face, he reached behind him and found two nipple clamps connected by a silver chain. He tweaked one nipple between fingers and thumb, pulling it into prominence, then deftly affixed the clamp. Her eyes flew wide and her mouth opened in a soundless 'O' as sparks of pain shot through her body. Without waiting he repeated the action with the other nipple. A tear slipped from the corners of her eyes and slid down her cheek but she uttered not a sound. With a gentle finger, he wiped them away.

"Stand up, take off your skirt and resume your position."

Now her cunt was exposed and it was as beautiful as the rest of her; her swelling mons, covered in soft hair the same honey shade as her head, nestled roundly and proudly between her thighs. The white of her stockings setting off the warm tone of her skin.

"You are very beautiful," he said.

Standing, he took up the riding crop and pushed the chair away with his foot. He looked down at her for a moment then flicked the crop against her mons. She jerked and gasped. He regarded her for a moment then, carefully and deliberately began to smack her: the insides of her thighs, the front of her thighs, her mons, her belly, her breasts. He tried to keep the blows light - to sting rather than hurt. He wanted to tease her, to torment her, to make her burn. As he worked, never landing a blow on the same place twice, he saw her outer labia swell and open to reveal the pink lips of her inner labia. Small drops of moisture oozed from between them.

When he had started out, he wondered what his reactions would be. He had never set out before to deliberately hurt someone - least of all a beautiful teenage girl who was also one of his students. Of course there had been the punishment session and the Society meetings but there he had been part of a pageant, a ritual. This was different. He had set this up intentionally. Set it up so he would be alone with this beautiful, desirable girl. Set it up deliberately to cause her pain. Would he be able to go through with it? Would he enjoy it? Could he keep control?

Somewhat to his surprise he was more than enjoying it. The sight of the beautiful girl kneeling submissively before him accepting the pain he was causing her was more exciting, more arousing than anything he had ever known. His cock was rigidly painful. And yet, despite the excitement, a part of him was detached; a part that was calmly and coolly directing the blows, watching the girl's reactions and judging the next move.

Throughout his assault, Felicia maintained her pose - knees spread, hands on ankles and head thrown back, although she jerked and twitched with every blow. Indeed, her body was arched, willingly offering herself to his attack. A slow flush spread across her skin, starting at her face and spreading downwards to suffuse her whole body so that he could no longer tell where his blows had landed. She did not cry out but gasped in short, panting breaths. Tears rolled down her cheeks from her closed eyes.

He was considering stopping and moving on to the next torment when a low guttural moan emerged from the back of her throat. She arched her back even more, straining it upwards and her belly trembled and convulsed. She wailed, then sagged. The delicate, musky odour of young girl cum filled the air and moisture seeped from her cunt.

Then she really was sobbing and clinging to his leg and wailing, "I'm sorry. I'm sorry, Sir. I didn't mean to. Forgive me."

He put a hand in her hair and pulled her head back. "Well, I didn't say you couldn't," he said mildly. "I forgive you."

"Oh, thank you, Sir, thank you."

He pulled her to her feet and made her sit in the armchair, legs hooked over the sides. Dropping to his knees, he buried his face between her spread thighs and sucked at her juice-laden cunt, poking his tongue deep into her vagina to get at it all. She tasted tart and sweet, musty and fresh all at the same time. Her juice was and intoxicating aphrodisiac. She panted and moaned and beat the arms of the chair with fists as he pleasured her with his tongue.

"However," he went on, kneeling back on his heels, his face flushed and sticky with her juices, "you did interrupt my plans somewhat so a small reminder is in order."

She looked at him with a hint of fear in her eyes but obeyed willingly enough when he made her kneel up on the arms of the chair resting her head and arms on the back. In this position her legs were spread obscenely wide and her bottom was thrust out tautly and wantonly. He caressed his hands over the satin-smooth skin and ran the tips of his fingers up the exposed crack, lingering briefly at the puckered pink hole of her arse.

"You have a lovely bottom, Felicia. I'm going to enjoy taking it one day."

He had no idea why he said that. He had never been particularly turned on by anal sex before. But seeing it's pink perfection offered so shamelessly to him, brought on a sudden desire to penetrate it. She shivered at his touch and his words but said nothing.

He fetched a table-tennis bat from his stock of accessories.

"As this is a sort of punishment, you will count the strokes."

"May... may I ask how many?" she husked.

"As many as I feel like. You just keep counting."

He turned the bat smooth side down and started to paddle her bottom.

"Oww," she cried. "One. Aieee, two..."

He did not hit her particularly hard but her skin was sensitive after the previous beating and her orgasms so each blow seemed like an explosion of fire in her bottom. Every so often he turned the bat over and beat her with the stippled side. On her already tender skin, the hard rubber stipples were nails of liquid fire and she screamed even louder. She gripped the back of the chair tightly and cried and yelled and counted.

At fifty he stopped. Her perfect bottom was red and he was concerned about really injuring her. What's more he knew he couldn't hold out much longer. His cock was so hard it was painful and his balls ached. He dropped he bat and struggled out of his jeans and underpants, almost falling over in his haste. He straightened and watched her for a moment, her face hidden by her hair, her perfect round bottom red and glowing and contrasting with the white net stockings.

As he watched something amazing happened. A low animal moan came from deep in her throat and red flush spread across her entire body. She began to wriggle and twist on the chair - not as in pain but as if she had an itch that she couldn't scratch.

"Ohhhhh," she moaned. "Please. Please. I want it. I need it now."

"What do you want, Felicia?"

She wriggled her bottom. "I want you to do me. Please. Take me. I need you now. Inside me. Please, Sir... Master."

He placed his palms on her burning cheeks. Her cunt was dripping.

"What, exactly, do you want me to do?" he asked teasingly.

"You know," she moaned. "Put your thing in me. I can't stand it. Please. Fuck me!" she screamed.

He smiled triumphantly. This was an unexpected but very welcome development. Fucking her was exactly what he had in mind but he had not expected her to be actually begging for it. Taking his cock firmly in hand, he guided it to the entrance of her dripping cunt and inserted it in one long, steady stroke. She screamed and convulsed and nearly fell off the chair as she felt him penetrate her.

"Oh, God," she cried. "Yes! Yes! Fuck me hard!" He gave her what she wanted. Gripping her hips, he slammed into her as hard as he could, his belly smacking against her painful and tender bottom. She gripped the back of the chair tightly, rested her head on it and thrust back against him eagerly, seeming oblivious to the pain. She panted and groaned and moaned and he fucked her brutally. Her cunt was tight and hot and seemed to wrap around his cock as if it hade been made for it. With all the excitement of the evening, he knew he couldn't last long. Fortunately, neither could Felicia.

"Oh! Yes! Gonna cum," she panted.

"So am I," he groaned and humped faster.

With an ululating moan, her body convulsed. Hot wetness flooded his cock and the walls of her vagina gripped his cock. It was too much for him. His balls contracted and he tensed his buttocks to force his cock as deeply into her as he could as his cum spurted into her.

Spent and trembling he collapsed over her back for a moment. He wanted to stay buried deep inside her for ever but he was aware that she must be near the point of collapse. Reluctantly, he withdrew, their combined juices running stickily from her cunt and down her thighs. He helped her down from the chair. They stood face to face, trembling with the reaction to their sex. He looked down at her. With her hair matted with sweat, her face red and tear-streaked, her eyes bright and hooded, he thought she was just about the most desirable sight on earth. She peered up at his face intently then, suddenly she smiled.

"Master," she said simply and dropped to her knees. Taking his sticky cock in her hand, she proceeded to lick and suck him clean. His heart swelled at this act of homage and he stroked her hair tenderly. At last he urged her to her feet and bent and kissed her, tasting his cum and hers and not caring.

"Felicia," he said.

"Master," she replied.

There was a whole world of meaning in these two words.

"Are you going home tomorrow?"

"No."

"Then will you spend the night with me?"

She touched a finger to his lips. "You don't have to ask."

"But I want to. Will you?"

She smiled ruefully. "I don't think I'll be good for much after that."

He smiled back. "It doesn't matter. I just want to hold you."

"Oh," she blushed bright red and dropped her gaze. He realised she was crying.

"Felicia, what's the matter?"

She shook her head. "Nothing. Its just that... that's the nicest thing anybody's ever said to me."

He pulled her into his arms and held her for a long, timeless moment.

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The change in their relationship could not be hidden and it was soon common knowledge that the pair had a special bond - Felicia belonged to Adam in some distinctive and personal way. There was some banter, not all of it good-natured. Some, like Tricia, who believed they also occupied a special area in his heart were upset and he had to be very careful to reassure them that his feelings for them had not changed.

But things had changed. Felicia became a frequent visitor to his apartment, often staying overnight and the two explored the depths of their new relationship. Equally happy nights were spent in Anne's apartment as she guided and helped them understand the intricacies of the master-slave relationship. Surprisingly neither woman appeared to be jealous of the other - for which Adam was extremely grateful. He would have been hard pressed to decide which of them he loved most. As it was, Felicia seemed content to accept Anne's commands as much as his.

**Chapter 15: The Ceremony**

Tonight was the night. Tonight Tricia, Aimee, Lola and Catherine were to be initiated as full members of the Secret Society. Adam felt a tingle of anticipation as he wondered what form it would take. He also wondered if the girls had any inkling as to what was about to happen to them.

At 7 o'clock, he arrived at the Club Room and was somewhat surprised to find Erica waiting for him at the door him at the door. She was a relatively quiet and well-behaved girl and he had not really thought of her as one of the Inner Circle.

"Miss Henderson asks if you would change in here."

"Change?"

"Yes, sir." She giggled. "I don't think jeans and a sweatshirt are quite appropriate."

Adam laughed. "You're right, of course. I just never thought. Lead on."

Erica led him to a side room one wall of which consisted of a fitted wardrobe with mirror doors. She indicated a costume hanging on a hook.

"For you."

He took down the outfit Anne had chosen for him and examined it with some confusion.

"Would you, er, like a hand," said Erica.

He glanced at her, noting her rather flushed cheeks.

"Why, yes Erica, I think I would."

He handed her the costume and began to remove his clothes.

"You'll need to take your pants off, too." He shrugged and stripped of the final garment. "This bit is first, I think."

She handed him a pair of deep blue, calfskin tights. He struggled into them. They clung to his legs like a second skin. As he pulled them up over his waist, he realised that they had no front - his genitals were exposed for all to see.

"There seems to be a bit missing," he said.

Erica giggled and handed him an item that consisted of a small pocket with loose strings made of the same deep blue calfskin. He held it up and regarded it suspiciously.

"May I?" asked Erica.

She took the proffered item and dropped to her knees in front of him. She looked up at him then gently cupped his cock and balls and slipped the pocket over them. Her hands lingered and he felt himself stiffen. Deftly but slowly, she pulled two of the strings between his legs and up the cleft between his buttocks. She turned him round and pulled the other strings over his hip bones and tied all four strings at his back. Her hands dallied on his buttocks.

Finally satisfied, she turned him back and made him step backwards. She knelt, hands on knees and regarded him.

"Oh, yes," she said. "Quite something."

Feeling a trifle foolish and exposed in this revealing outfit, Adam glanced down. Beneath her white shirt, Erica's nipples were most definitely erect. Suddenly, he felt better. He made to step away but Erica stayed him. She shuffled forward on her knees and began to smooth the material on his legs.

"Must get this just right," she said.

She made quite a ceremony of it, spending more time stroking his calves and thighs than straightening the material. It was most arousing and his cock slowly grew, filling the restraining pouch and lifting it away from his body. The strings, he discovered, were elasticated. Her head was close to his stiff cock and he willed her to strip the confining material away and apply her mouth to his erection.

At last she seemed satisfied and knelt back. She was breathing heavily and her face was flushed.

"Goodness," she exclaimed in mock surprise as she caught sight of his cock. "Did I do that?"

"You little minx," he said. "I've a good mind to..."

"Now, now," she said, jumping to her feet, laughing. "You've got to save it all for later. Anyway we're not finished yet and you've still got to help me with my outfit."

She picked up a loose, silk shirt the same colour as the tights and slipped it over his arms. She stood very close as she clipped the fasteners at the front. He was very aware of her - hot and sexy. He cupped her chin and raised her face. Her lips were very red, her eyes were large and round. He could feel her trembling. He bent and kissed her gently.

"I think this is going to be a memorable night," he said softly, releasing her. "Now we'd better get you into your costume."

She sighed in disappointment, obviously hoping for more despite her earlier comments. Keeping her eyes firmly on his, she began to strip.

Adam had not seen Erica naked before - as he had found neither an excuse to punish her nor considered her as a 'partner'. He was rapidly changing his mind. At 17 she was entering the prime of her woman-hood - her breasts high and full with large areolae and nipples, her shoulders broad, her waist narrow, her legs long and sturdy. And she was not particularly shy, as he had just discovered. Adam's cock grew, if anything, even harder as he watched her slowly remove her school uniform.

"Have I ever told you that you are very beautiful?" he said as she stood , naked, before him.

She flushed with pleasure and dropped her gaze. She picked up two long, floppy black objects and handed one to Adam.

"Perhaps you could help me," she said coyly, pointing a foot in his direction.

He looked at the object and realised it was a latex boot - a very long black boot with 4-inch stiletto heels. Dropping to his knees, he slipped it over her foot and felt for the zip.

"It's easier if you do the other foot first," she said.

He helped her to stand up, swaying on the high heels. She explained how do fasten up the boots.

"I think I might enjoy this," he murmured.

Starting at the ankle, he smoothed the supple, shiny material around her leg, making sure the seam was straight, and eased the zip up. Inch by inch he ascended, encasing her legs in the clinging latex. It was a strangely sensual experience. He stroked the silky skin and planted little kisses on the back of her legs before finally enclosing them in their latex sheaths. He could feel her legs trembling and her breath come in little pants as he reached her knees and lingered there, nuzzling the sensitive skin. The trembling increased. She placed a hand on his head. "Please," she whispered.

He pulled at the zip and moved on and up, revelling in the firm muscles of her thighs. The boots seemed to go on for ever and ever but, finally, he reached the top an inch below her buttocks. As he clipped the zip in place, he was acutely aware of the round swell of her bottom only inches from his face. Unable to resist, he held her hips and gently sank his teeth into the beautiful globes.

She flinched. "Oh, sir. No. Please." And pushed his head away.

Reluctantly he stood. They were both flushed and his cock was stretching the elastic ties of the pouch their limit.

"You're a complete bastard, you know. You've made me all wet," she complained.

He sniffed ostentatiously. There was a definite aroma of arousal in the small room.

"There's certainly something in the air," he leered.

She made a moue and made to strike him. He caught her wrist.

"Now, now," he chided. "If you start that we'll never get out of here."

He stepped back and regarded her admiringly. The sensual latex, clung to her legs, emphasising their curves and the heels tautened the muscles flatteringly. The black tops, only an inch below her pubes focussed erotic attention on her blonde bush and prominent mound.

"Whew," he whistled. "Perhaps we should stay here after all."

She flushed then giggled. "I need to do my face and hair and you," she indicated his erection, "need to do something about that. Oh, and don't forget your mask."

"I know what I'd like to do with it," he said.

She giggled again. He sighed theatrically and turned away. "Oh well, I shall just have to find someone else."

"Don't forget your mask."

He picked up the mask she indicated and put it on. It covered the top half of his face, rising to two curved points almost like horns. He caught sight of his reflection in the mirror and turned to admire his outfit. 'Not bad,' he was forced to admit. 'A bit of a sexy devil all right.' He turned back to Erica and blew her a kiss. She cupped her breasts as if offering them to him and pouted.

"Till later," he said as he opened the door.

He stood for a few moments in the darkened hallway. The cooler air washed over him and his erection gradually subsided. He was left, though, with a tingle of anticipation.

Taking a deep breath, he pushed open the door to the main room and slipped in.

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The set-up was impressive. At one end was a low dais upon which was a throne of carved wood flanked, at a slight angle, by two low divans. The throne was picked out by a spotlight under which the gold and midnight blue covers gleamed. There were numerous cushions of various sizes scattered on and around the divans and dais. The floor in front of the dais was clear. On one side was a large wooden partition decorated with steel rings and bolts and ropes while on the other, in the dim beyond the glare of the lights were a selection of chairs and divans and even more cushions.

Adam noticed movement in the gloom and headed towards it. Jacqueline, Marcia, Barbara and Evaline were gathered at a table set back against the wall. They wore long cloaks that covered them from head to toe. Only the hoods were thrown back . Jacqueline saw him and handed him a tall glass.

"Drink this," she said. "You'll need it."

He sniffed at the contents before drinking. It didn't appear to be alcohol and had an odd bitter-sweet, musky smell. Jacqueline raised a glass containing the same liquid in a mock toast.

"To tonight. May the rituals be observed," she said in an oddly languid voice.

He raised his glass in salute and took a long pull of the contents. It tasted as it smelled, not unpleasant but distinctly unusual. Jacqueline was watching him with and amused expression.

"You're supposed to sip it slowly," she said. "But I suspect you'll need your strength tonight."

"What is it?" he asked.

"Oh, just a sort of tonic. To help you keep your strength up."

He took another swig of the drink. He didn't feel in need of a tonic for he felt very keyed up. He looked around. His senses seemed to be on overdrive tonight for he was aware of everything, the richness of the fabrics, the starkness of the bare floor, the lights glinting on the steel rings, the grain of the wood panelling, the smells of fabric, wood, dust and the perfumes of his companions. He turned back to comment on this to Jacqueline and found that he seemed to be moving in slow motion. There was a look of concern on Jacqueline's face. She relieved him of his glass and fetched him another.

"I knew you shouldn't have drunk it so quickly," she muttered. "Here, have this."

He raised an eyebrow, confident that it conveyed all the meaning he intended. It appeared to be so for Jacqueline said, "It's orange juice. Drink it up quickly."

As there appeared no reason to disagree, he did so. She fetched him another three and, when he'd downed them, she brought him back his original drink.

"Now, sip it," she said sternly. His senses steadied and he took a tentative sip. "Better?"

He nodded. "Potent stuff."

She patted his arm. "You'd better believe it." There was a noise at the door. "Looks like they're almost ready. We'd better take our places. Come with me."

She pushed back the cloak and grinned at Adam's gasp of admiration. She was dressed in a black latex playsuit. It was mainly a tight band from just below her breasts to her hips. From it sheer black stocking were suspended. From the tops of the suspenders, a silver chain looped down to her naked pubic mound. The slit of her quim was visible under her neatly trimmed dark pubic hair.

The top of the suit cupped and lifted her bare breasts, rounding them and pushing them out. As her breasts were on the generous side anyway, this gave them the appearance of two large half-melons with brown bulls-eyes in the centre. Her nipples were hard points. Straps rose between and around her breasts to an inch-wide leather collar. Sliver chains looped between the straps across her breasts, emphasising their fullness. Her hair was loose, cascading over her shoulders and long, silver earrings dangled from her ears.

"To say that you look spectacular would be an understatement," he murmured.

Marcia and Evaline emerged from the shadows, dressed the same as Jacqueline. Evaline looked uncomfortable. She did not like nor suit such an aggressive outfit, preferring more feminine and frilly clothing. The four took their places on the dais, standing in front of the divans with their arms folded across their chests. Barbara had disappeared.

The doors opened and the girls of the Inner Circle filed in. They were dressed in electric blue latex catsuits that looked like they had been sprayed on. The catsuits covered their entire bodies, from neck to wrist to ankle - except for their bottoms, breasts and genitals which were bare. Their hair had been elaborately set and they were masked. They teetered in on 5-inch heels and formed two lines between the entrance and the dais. They dropped to their knees and knelt silently facing each other. Adam was in shock. Each vision was more erotic, more licentious then the previous. He gazed in lustful admiration at the two lines of bottoms and breasts so artfully and erotically framed by the blue latex. His cock was now so stiff it was painful.

But worse was to come. The door swung open again and Anne made her entrance.

She was wearing teddy of the finest black calfskin decorated with pearl studs. It was cut high at the legs, almost to her waist, and swept down between her thighs in a sharp triangle to her pubic mound where it parted to leave her vulva bare. The front seam was held together with laces looped round silver studs and ending with a bow between her breasts. Her breasts! Her breasts were completely bare. The suit circled round them supporting and lifting them in a harness. They stood out from her chest in vast, rounded volcanic cones capped by shiny black cones over her nipples and areolae. On top she wore half a tail-coat - the back half - for, other than fitting around her shoulders and upper arms, it had no front.

Her legs were clad in crotch length black kid boots with 5-inch heels. Matching gloves covered her arms and in her hand was a short plaited whip. She had piled her hair up into an elaborate coiffure and made her face with dark eye shadow and bright red lipstick. To complete the ensemble, long earrings dangled from her ears, sparkling hypnotically in the light as she moved.

She walked slowly past the guard of honour, head held high, her hips and jutting breasts swaying sensuously. She was aware that every eye in the room was on her and was revelling in it. As she passed each pair of girls, they bowed their foreheads to the floor and thrust their bare bottoms up into the air. 'Whoever thought this ceremony up was a genius,' Adam thought with the small area of his mind that was still rational.

Anne reached the dais, ascended and stood before the throne. She clapped her hands twice and the girls clambered to their feet and faced the dais.

"We are gathered tonight to undertake an Initiation Ceremony into the Greenwood Secret Sex Society," she said in a formal voice. "Are all present who may reasonably be so?"

"They are," said Jacqueline, equally formally.

"They are," echoed one of the catsuited girls, whom Adam thought was Celia.

"And are there any here who should not be?"

"There are not."

"And have all preparations been made? Are the whips supple, the ropes taut and the shackles oiled?"

"They are," said Barbara who had appeared silently at one end of the dais. She was dressed in a flame-red latex catsuit with ostentatious zips with large pulls at crotch and breast and was carrying a long whip like a buggy whip.

"Do you all swear that the activities undertaken in this room and the words that are spoken here shall be kept within these four walls and shall not be reported, spoken of or hinted at to any person who is not an initiate of the Society?"

Jacqueline gestured urgently to Adam. "We so swear," said the whole company in unison, Adam barely managing to mumble out the words.

"Then let the Ceremony commence." There was both a sense of relaxation and heightened anticipation. "Before we start," Anne continued in a more conversational tone, "I have to say that tonight is rather special. Normally, as you know, girls are not initiated until the 3rd year. However, not just one but two of our current 2nd year have shown remarkable promise and so, tonight, we are going to Initiate the youngest ever members of the Society. I'm sure you will make them feel very welcome."

There was a ripple among the girls. It was obvious they had no idea who the Supplicants were.

Anne straightened and looked formal again. Barbara thumped a long wooden staff on the floor three times.

"Let the Supplicants be presented," she called in a loud voice.

The doors opened for a third time and the Supplicants were escorted in by Erica and three other senior girls. Like Erica the escorts wore long latex boots and nothing else except long cloaks of black satin with deep hoods that hid their faces and were open at the front.

The Supplicants looked very nervous. They were swathed in white gossamer from neck to toe; voluminous blouses and pantaloons caught tight at wrist and ankle. As they moved, the folds of the fabric hinted at rather than revealed the nubile bodies beneath. They had gold filigrees around their heads, white leather collars and their feet were shod in white high-heeled mules. Their wrists were symbolically bound in front of them and they were blindfolded. The suggestion of new entrants to a sheik's harem was unmistakable.

The Inner Circle swivelled to form a corridor down which the supplicants were led. They were lined up in front of the dais with their escorts behind them, heads bowed. Behind them, the Inner Circle formed up in a semi-circle.

"Supplicants," said Anne in a sonorous voice. "You stand before the Inner Circle of the Greenwood Secret Sex Society. You are here tonight because you have shown an appetite and aptitude for sex and we believe you are ready and worthy to become full members of the Society. Membership of the Society involves both responsibilities and privileges. First and foremost you will belong to the Society. You will be bound by the rules of the Society and will obey them to the letter. Failure to do so will have very serious consequences. The first, and most important of these rules is that you will never, under any circumstances, mention or even hint at the existence of the Society and any of the activities that take place to anyone who is not a member. Is that clear? I want no misunderstandings later."

She paused and looked at each of the Supplicants in turn. Tricia and Lola looked excited, Aimee apprehensive and Cat impassive as she always did.

The girls nodded. "Yes Ms Henderson," they chorused.

"Here I am not Ms Henderson, I am 'Mistress' as are all the other Officers - Mistress or Master accordingly." Tricia stifled a nervous giggle which Anne ignored. "You will be expected to do whatever is asked of you whenever you are asked by any of the Officers or Inner Circle. Your bodies will be used and abused. You will have sex - lots of it. You will be fucked and spanked and licked and whipped. You will be toyed with, tormented and teased until you believe you can't take any more - but you will. And is so doing you will find places in yourselves you never knew existed. You will learn about your innermost desires and be forced to confront your true selves. As you grow and learn you will be given, in turn, the same power over others as they have over you. Are you prepared to undergo such treatment? I want you each to say clearly and in turn."

And clearly and in turn the four replied that they were, indeed, prepared to submit themselves to the whims of the Society.

"Before you can be formally inducted, there are certain rites and trials you must undego to prove you are worthy to be members. Are you prepared to do that?"

Once again the four replied that they were although Aimee's voice was decidedly shaky.

"Then kneel before me and prepare yourselves for the ordeal."

Encouraged by their escorts, the Supplicants knelt and were forced to grovel, their foreheads on the floor, their arms outstretched and their bottoms stuck high in the air. The escorts bent and pulled the seats of the pantaloons apart to expose the girls raised bottoms. Barbara handed Anne a flask. Anne stepped down from the dais and moved behind the Catherine.

While Barbara stood with one booted foot resting lightly on the girl's head and warning her not to move under any circumstances, Anne poured some aromatic oil from the flask into the crack of Catherine's bottom. She intoned the words, "With this oil I anoint that part of Catherine's body held most precious by the Society," as Barbara administered a sharp smack on each cheek with a riding crop. Cat screamed and jerked in shock and pain very nearly stabbing herself on the long pointed heel of Barbara's boot.

"I told you to be still, silly girl," Barbara growled.

Anne crouched thrust her hand between Cat's thighs and squeezed her cunt tightly. "I take possession of Catherine's womanhood. Henceforth it is the possession of the Society to be used by the members as they will." Cat yowled and jerked again but, this time, remembered not to move her head. Barbara removed her foot and delivered two more stinging blows. Cat screamed again and slumped, sobbing.

Anne and Barbara passed along the row repeating the ritual. Tricia managed to remain still and silent, only an indrawn hiss of breath evidencing the pain that shot through her body. Lola cried out and wriggled her bottom and Aimee, her fists clenched so tightly her knuckles were white, managed to restrain all but a whimper.

Evaline then stepped up and presented Anne with a cushion on which lay four small, dimpled vibrators. Anne carefully inserted them into the Supplicants cunts and turned them on. The room was filled with an insidious buzzing and moans and sighs from the Supplicants.

Anne returned to stand in front of the dais and told the girls to kneel up. To each in turn she addressed two questions, "Do you understand the conditions of joining this Society?" and, "Will you undertake to obey the rules?" When the girl assented she made them repeat the oath. "I dedicate myself to the Society, body and soul. I grant the members of the Inner Circle, the Mistresses and Masters full and complete access to my body whenever and wherever they desire. I swear to protect the secrecy of the Society, it's members and it's activities."

Each girl gave the oath differently. Tricia knelt straight, her shoulders squared and her head high. She spoke in a clear, eager voice. It was obvious she relished the prospect of joining in the fun. Aimee, in contrast was shy and hesitant, her voice barely above a whisper. Adam could see she was trembling and wondered if it was in fear of excitement for her knew her to be a passionate little girl. Catherine was almost defiant. She made the oath sound like a challenge. Lola, by contrast, seemed very nervous. The dildo vibrating in her cunt and the residual pain from Barbara's riding crop made her wriggle and twitch.

At a sign the blindfolds were removed. The Supplicants gasped in astonishment and apprehension at the sight that met their eyes. Adam could appreciate their feelings. The whole situation was affecting him profoundly. It was so overwhelming that he felt detached from reality - as if her was taking part in someone else's erotic fantasy. His cock was straining at the posing pouch and his balls were beginning to ache.

"It is time to greet your mistress," said Barbara, urging the girls forward.

They shuffled on their knees to where Anne stood, arms akimbo, feet planted wide apart and hips thrust forward. They were made to lean forward and apply their mouths to her cunt. Barbara egged them on with little taps of her crop.

"And now," declaimed Anne after the proper homage had been rendered, "it's time for tonight's entertainment."

A low murmur of approval greeted this announcement.

Willing hands relieved the Supplicants of their clothes, about which Adam was slightly disappointed for the gauzy outfits gave the girls an air of exotic eroticism and he had rather been looking forward to penetrating them still dressed in their pantaloons. The vibrators were gently removed and the girls led to a stout wooden partition. There they were made to stand with their backs to it while their hands were tied above their heads. Leather cushions were slid behind their shoulders. Ropes were affixed to their ankles and, while two of the Inner Circle supported them, two others pulled on the ropes, raising their legs until their feet were above their heads and spread wide apart. The ropes were then secured leaving the young girls suspended with their bottoms hanging in mid-air and their genitals fully exposed. It was undignified, vulnerable, humiliating and not a little uncomfortable - exactly what was intended.

The Inner Circle collected paddles and marched past the girls in single file, laying a smart blow on each exposed bottom as they passed. The girls squealed and yelled as the stinging blows rained down. Suspended as they were, they were unable to more then wriggle their bottoms to relieve the stinging pain. Barbara handed Adam and his colleagues long feathers with which they tickled the outside of the girls cunts and their sensitive inner thighs. This new torment made the girls wriggle and twitch even more and the cries were mixed with moans.

Barbara and Anne then took short, thick leather straps and gently smacked the girls thighs, bottoms and, occasionally, cunts. The blows were not severe but every inch of the sensitive skin was covered so that it stung and throbbed. The girls were completely helpless to prevent these tortures and were sobbing, squealing and yelling. Yet Adam noticed that, despite their obvious discomfort, all four pussies were showing distinct signs of arousal. Their outer lips had parted and the pink interiors of their cunts were visible.

Next four of the Inner Circle crouched before them and applied their tongues, lips and teeth to the constrained cunts. They licked and sucked assiduously, applying all the tricks and techniques they had learned.

Tricia was the first. She strained at her bonds, her muscles rigid, her face a mask and cried out, "Oh, yes. Yes." The girl attending to her worked even harder, practically burying her mouth in Tricia's cunt as the young girl came. When, at last, Tricia slumped back, her partner rose, her face covered in Tricia's juices and a broad smile. Immediately another stepped up and applied a paddle vigorously to Tricia's bottom. Tricia squealed like a stuck pig as the pain of this new assault fought with the pleasure of the orgasm.

The others were not far behind and all were accorded the same treatment.

"It's going well," Anne murmured to Adam. "I think we've got four excellent new recruits here. They're responding very nicely, don't you think?"

"They are indeed," groaned Adam. "But if I don't get to fuck someone soon, I'll go mad."

"Men," said Anne disapprovingly. "No restraint. You'll get your chance soon enough."

The Inner Circle stepped forward again to apply a new torment. One gently applied a buzzing vibrator to the girls' genitals, running round and over their outer lips and up and down the valley between their parted bottom cheeks, while the other applied a rowel to the sensitised skin of thighs and bottom. Barbara watched approvingly, her arms folded across her chest and a smile of satisfaction on her face as the Supplicants, moaned and cried and squealed and wriggled under this twin assault.

Surprisingly, it was Cat who succumbed first. She gripped the ropes supporting her wrists and tried to push herself out and away from the board and impale herself on the vibrator which was teasing her inner labia. Her normally impassive face became a mask of lust from which emerged a low, ululating moan like a cat on heat.

"Mmm," said Anne, thoughtfully. "I think we might have underestimated that young lady."

"My God," muttered Adam., the hairs on his arms standing as stiffly to attention as his cock.

At a sign from Anne, the Inner Circle ceased their delicate ministrations and stood back.

"Right, Adam, this is your moment," said Anne. "Oh, and I want you to cum in each of them."

He looked at her askance but she only smiled and said, "Trust me."

Fully aware that all eyes were upon him, he stepped into the light and paused, making sure all the Supplicants could see the erection that strained at his posing pouch. They hung there, four young girls open and exposed: their cunts, willing or not, waiting to be plundered, ravished, taken. Up until now he had not appreciated the symbolism of the position Anne had placed the girls in. But suddenly it hit him like a hammer blow: it was one thing having a willing girl lie or kneel and spread herself to receive him, it was quite another to have four girls, completely helpless, unable to move or resist, the gashes of their young cunts, some barely covered with downy hair, spread wide open to receive the blessings of his manhood. The thought made him dizzy.

Slowly he untied the strings and pulled the pouch off. He hefted his cock in one hand and passed his gaze from girl to girl, giving each a look to say 'this is all for you'. They met his gaze with looks of lust mingled with trepidation. In Tricia's and Cat's eyes a hunger burned.

He swivelled slowly to let his audience see and admire the weapon that he was about to unleash upon his victims. Although they had all seen it before, indeed most of them had touched it, sucked it and fucked it, the solemnity of the occasion somehow magnified it into a mighty and majestic organ, the epitome of all manhood, and they gave a collective sigh, imagining, no doubt, what it would be like to have this formidable prick penetrate them. He completed his circuit and turned his attention to the girls dangling before him. For a moment he considered in which order he should take them. He decided on Aimee first and Tricia last with Lola and Cat in between. With measured steps he approached Aimee. The little girl was trembling with a mixture of lust and fear. Her bottom burned, her cunt itched and there was a deep, desperate need inside her to have this hard, hot cock buried deep inside her. The feeling was so intense it scared her.

"Are you ready?" he asked.

She nodded mutely, her eyes pleading.

He lifted his cock, brought it to the open entrance of her cunt and pushed gently. The purple glans parted the folds of her inner lips and sought the entrance to her vagina. She let out a keening wail as she felt it push into her. The audience released another collective sigh as they, too, felt that entry. Aimee's fellow victims were unable to see and could only listen in anticipation and trepidation as he slowly embedded himself in the little teenager's hot, tight cunt. When he was fully in, his pubic hairs pressing against her almost bare cunt, he paused. The girl, whose eyes had been closed as he breached her, opened her eyes and met his smiling gaze. She gave a tremulous smile back.

"Yes, sir. Please do it," she whispered. "I need it so badly."

Keeping his eyes locked on hers, he slowly withdrew until only the tip was still engaged then thrust forwards again. With a sense of unstoppable, ponderous power that a steam train has as it pulls away from a station, he slowly began to build up speed. He clasped the fronts of her slender thighs, pulling her tightly to him so he could thrust his cock that extra fraction of an inch deeper into her. Unable to move, the young girl must passively accept his assault. From the look on her face and the gnawing of her lower lip, she is hardly suffering - quite the reverse. He slid one hand down a thigh and sought her clitoris which he teased with one finger. The effect was immediate and electric. A red flush spread over her skin and she let out a long low moan. Then her body began to convulse as she was hit by a massive orgasm. Her muscles contracted around his cock making her already tight passage even tighter. With a mighty groan, he jabbed furiously at the back of her cunt and unloaded what felt like a gallon of cum deep inside her.

He stayed, panting, until his heart slowed its pounding and his breathing became more normal. Mindful of his duty to the other girls, he withdrew and was rewarded with a small, keening sigh of disappointment. To his astonishment he was as hard as when he had started.

Eagerly he moved to the next girl. "Are you ready, Lola?"

Lola nodded but her nod was much more hesitant. He felt that she was, perhaps, not so robust as the others, lacking their appetite for sensation.

He smiled at her reassuringly. "I'll be gentle, don't worry,"

She gave a little smile of gratitude. Carefully, he inserted his cock, still sticky with Aimee's juices and his cum, into her small, blonde cunt. She closed her eyes as she felt him enter and kept them closed. Whether this was from fear or the better to concentrate on the sensations of being fucked, he did not know. He started more slowly, making sure she was comfortable before he finally began to increase speed. Despite her initial trepidation, Lola began to respond and soon her head was twisting from side to side and she was giving little animal grunts in time to his pounding.

Although she was pleasantly tight, he did not find fucking her quite as exciting as Aimee. Still, he knew he had to make this special and took care to treat her exactly as her had Aimee. As with Aimee, he sought her clitoris and used his fingers to speed up her climax. She came quietly, flooding his cock with a prolonged sigh. As soon as she had, he speeded up his thrusting until he emptied his balls into her. He was pleasantly surprised when the sensation of feeling his sperm jet into her caused her to cum a second time.

She gave him a tremulous smile and a whispered, "Thank you," as he withdrew.

He smiled back at her. "Thank you, Lola."

Cat was next. She watched his approach from dark hooded eyes that burned hot and bright. Her normally disdainful expression had been replaced by something feral. She tried to spread her thighs even wider, eager to feel him inside her. She had a particularly attractive cunt covered with soft, dark curls. The outer lips had folded back to reveal dark pink inner lips between which protruded the nub of her clitoris. He resisted the temptation to pay oral homage to this delectable cunt.

"Please. Do not delay." Her voice was practically a growl. "I burn. I hunger."

"I don't intend to delay," he replied.

Still more than somewhat surprised that his cock was still hard, he brought its sticky length to the entrance of her cunt and leant forward, driving it fully into her in one long push.

"Ohhh, yessss," she hissed. "Now hard. Do me hard." Without further ceremony, he grasped the fronts of her thighs tightly and began to ram in and out of her, his hips slapping against her bottom and thighs, his balls swinging forward to bounce against her ass crack. She began to moan and wail. She gripped the ropes holding her wrists and tried to move with him, milking every scrap of sensation from his pounding cock. Her cunt was like a volcano. Its heat seeped into his cock and spread to his balls. Behind him he was dimly aware of the crack of riding crop on flesh and the sharp cries of pain as Barbara and Anne tried to prevent wandering hands seeking out throbbing cunts. The audience was to be kept in a state of erotic anticipation.

It was too intense to last long. From Cat's throat emerged the same cry she had given earlier. Her body went rigid and her cut clamped down on his cock so hard he was unable to move. He didn't need to. Her cry undid him. A shiver went down his spine, his balls contracted and his cum spurted deep into her body. With a final shudder, she relaxed and he was able to withdraw. She gave him a crooked smile.

"Perhaps, again, sir?"

He studied her for a moment. Tonight she had shown depths of passion he had not expected. "Very soon," he promised sincerely. "We'll do this again very soon."

He was starting to feel a bit strange. Despite having cum three times in quick succession, he was still hard. But each fuck had been so different and so intense in their separate ways that he was feeling drained. His cock was beginning to ache, as were his balls. He wondered how much longer he could last - and there was still Tricia to do. Dear little Tricia, he must make a special effort for her. Squaring his shoulders he moved towards her.

"At last," she whispered. "I thought you'd never get here."

"But I'm here now. Saving the best till last."

He looked at her hanging there, her blonde hair damp with sweat and hanging loosely. Her impish good looks were overlaid with tiredness and he suddenly realised what an ordeal this must be for these young girls.

"Are you ready?" he asked.

She nodded. "I'm always ready."

He smiled. "You are, too."

Taking his time, he inserted his tired cock into her sweet cunt.

"Oh," she murmured, "I do like you inside me."

Slowly and lovingly, he began to fuck her. For, truth to tell, he liked being inside her as much as she liked him being there. There was something about her - about the way she gave herself so completely, so enthusiastically - that made fucking her very special. He stroked lovingly, building up speed slowly, making sure she was with him. Soon she was gasping and panting, feeling his cock move deep inside her and adoring every moment of it. Her body began to respond. She felt the heat start to rise.

"Oh, yes. Yes," she gasped.

He moved faster, knowing she was getting close. His hand sought her clitoris and gently teased and aroused it. The heat spread right through her until she could take no more. Her body tensed, her muscles spasmed and the delightful, tingling euphoria that started in her cunt and spread to fill every corner of her body. It didn't matter that she hung suspended from a hard wooden board, 'her man', as she thought of him, had made her cum. She was in heaven.

At last he was done. All four Supplicants had been initiated into the Secret Society. Their ordeal was over - at least for the time being. Excited and sympathetic hands released them from their bonds and half carried, half assisted to divans where they were tended to an fussed over. Each of the helpers vividly recalling her own initiation ceremony. Refreshments were brought and a festive air settled over the group. A festive air tinged with erotic anticipation for the Inner Circle knew that the night was not yet over and they still had their part to play in the proceedings. Finally Anne clapped her hands for attention and waited until the buzz of conversation had died away.

"Fellow initiates I think we can say that our newest members have passed their initiation with much credit and I'm sure they will be loved and cherished in the months and years to come." There were murmurs and cries of agreement. She turned to the girls. "This group of depraved young women have treated you cruelly and mercilessly. It is only fair that they receive some punishment in return. You may relax and enjoy the show."

At a command from Barbara, the Inner Circle lined up and bent over. Bare bottoms taut framed by stretched latex. Barbara produced long whip like circus ringmaster's and proceeded to whip exposed bottoms. The thong of the whip whistled through the air and cracked sharply against tense skin of the bent over girls and the room was quickly filled with cries and wails. Anne pulled Adam to his feet.

"I know it's not very dignified," she said, "but I want your wonderful cock now."

Adam, to his astonishment, was still hard. The sounds of the whip cracking on taut flesh and the wails of the girls were making him very excited. They were obviously exciting Anne, too, for she had removed the cones from the tips of her breasts where her nipples stood out like small thumbs. Unable to resist, he rolled them between thumb and forefinger. She slapped his hands away.

"No messing. Just screw me," she said, reaching between her legs to unclip the teddy.

She leant on the arm of the throne, dipping her back to offer him her bottom and smiled enticingly over her shoulder at him. How could he refuse such an invitation? He hefted his still-hard cock and slid it in to her, finding, not surprisingly, that she was more than ready. He pushed in until he is pressed up against her bottom - how he loved the feeling of her firm yet elastic globes. She started to milk him, squeezing her buttocks and massaging his cock with vaginal muscles. He reached round and cupped her breasts - breasts too big to hold in one hand - and fondled and weighed them as he fucked her energetically. Before long she began to gasp and moan as her orgasm approaches, carried away by the sight of her girls being whipped and the feeling of being stuffed full of cock.

Barbara had decided that she had had enough fun with the whip and the girls were allowed to stand. They straightened, wincing, rubbing their sore bottoms and examining their neighbour's red stripes. Jacqueline handed round tubes of soothing cream which they applied gently to each other's bottoms. In the meantime, Marcia and Evaline had dragged large mat into the middle of the floor. The Inner Circle were made to lie in a circle, each girls with her face at the next one's crotch. At a signal, they were told to apply their mouths to the cunt in front of them. There will be two prizes; one for the girl who cums the most and one for the one who can hold out the longest. The girls set to work with a will, each determined to make other cum before she does.

"She's a wicked woman," Anne chuckled. "They're so hot after watching you that they won't last two minutes." She leant into the crook of Adam's arm and smiled up at him. "What say we take our leave and take a couple of toys with us?" She nodded at the divan where the new initiates were slumped.

"Now that seems like a good idea," he murmured. "Although I'm so shagged out, literally, that I doubt I'll be good for much."

"Mmm. How much of that drink Jacqueline gave you did you drink?"

"All of it."

"Oh, goody. Then you'll be fine for another hour or so."

Aimee and Lola had fallen asleep, curled up on one of the divans. Tricia and Cat were cuddled together, watching the proceedings with round eyes and idly playing with each other's pubes.

"Would you two like to come with us?" Anne asked.

They looked up at the pair and nodded. Taking a hand each, Anne and Adam led the girls back to Anne's apartment where showered with lots of soapy fondling and fell into Anne's bed. It was a couple of hours later, after Adam had managed to fuck them all again, that his cock finally wilted and he fell instantly asleep and did not awaken until late the following day.