**The Prefect**

by\*Lady Lucia\*

Winter.  
  
It was Elise’s favorite season.  
  
Even after the magic of Christmas had long faded, January and February still held just as much magic for the appreciative girl. Scarves and creative layers to personalize the repetitive academy outfit she and the rest of the girls at her private school had to wear. Hot chocolate and a warm fireplace after a brisk walk in the cold. And, most importantly, snow. While most adults in the north grew jaded due to shoveling and driving in the annual torment, Elise loved every second of it.  
  
Today included. Fresh snow on the ground from the previous night’s precipitation encouraged Elise to take her favorite route after the last class of the day. On colder days, she would stay in and do homework or study her notes from that day’s lecture. But a walk through the park sounded all too great for her today. She needed to decompress, and walking always helped. The fresh snow was just an added bonus.  
  
At just sixteen years old, Elise was one of the youngest prefects at Edgewood Academy for Girls. She was mostly in charge of the thirteen and fourteen year old junior high girls, though her responsibilities sometimes extended to the fifteen year olds when her peers were busy. Most of the time, her job was easy. She would help teachers and administrators with their responsibilities during her free period, and then make sure all the younger girls were back in their dorms after curfew.  
  
Every now and then, her job was difficult. Today was one such day. Two thirteen year old girls got into a nasty fight at lunch. Elise had intervened immediately, and paid dearly for it. She got her own blonde hair pulled, a few noticeable scratches on her arms, and the sleeve of her blouse partially ripped. Thankfully, a teacher and an older prefect showed up before things got out of hand, but it was still enough of an ordeal that left her shaken afterwards.  
  
Reliving the experience had distracted her throughout the rest of her classes, and a good portion of the walk so far. Standing at 5’5, Elise wasn’t particularly short. But her academic lifestyle didn’t help her much in terms of strength or muscle. Certainly not enough to stop a cat fight on her own. The faintly sore scratches brought the memory back again and again. The screams of the girls, the jeering of the crowd of girls that did nothing to help the situation…  
  
“Elise…? Elise? ELISE!!!” The yelling of her name snapped the distracted blonde out of the most recent iteration of the memory. Elise turned towards the voice, just now noticing three girls on the small bridge that she was about to cross.  
  
“Oh, hey,” Elise gave a faint smile as she approached, realizing a bit too late who it was calling out her name. All three of the girls were in the year below her, and shouldn’t be using her name in such a casual way. “I would prefer Ms. Elise,” she said. It wasn’t her favorite thing, especially for girls so close in age, but rules were rules.  
  
“Oh, does that count when we’re off the school grounds?” One of the girls asked. A red haired first-year named Katie? Katherine? Elise couldn’t quite remember. “Ms. Elise,” the girl corrected herself, “What’cha doin’ out here?”  
  
“Just taking a walk.” Elise smiled, letting out a sigh of relief to herself. It was always a coin toss whether a girl would be respectful or disrespectful to prefects at Edgewood, especially those closest in age to the others. While prefects did have authority, it was easier for girls to dismiss their peers compared to their teachers.  
  
“Us too! We’re just taking a quick break here,” the redhead said, “Do you want to join us? You can walk with us afterwards!”  
  
“Yeah, stick around, Elise!” The short brunette girl behind her added. Elise was pretty sure her name was Anna.  
  
Elise wanted to correct Anna too, but decided against it. These girls seemed friendly enough, but the offer was still not the best idea. When she became a prefect, she was warned about getting too close with any girl in a lower grade. It would make it more difficult to gain respect when needed, and sometimes more difficult to discipline for the prefect if they’re close to anyone. And that wouldn't be fair to anyone else.  
  
“Sorry, girls.” Elise gave them a half smile. “I’d love to, but I have a lot of studying to do. I’ll be heading back to the academy in a second.” She felt bad for lying, but it sounded better than saying that spending time with them was strongly discouraged.  
  
“That’s fine,” the first girl said, “Have a good rest of your walk!”  
  
“You too!” Elise smiled. Rather than take the bridge, she turned back the way she came. It wasn’t her intended route, but it was the only way to make her excuse real.  
  
However, she only got one or two steps before the redhead called after her, “Wait, Elise?”  
  
“Yes?” She turned back around. Once again catching the lack of her proper title a little bit too late.  
  
“Where did you get your backpack? It has so many pockets!”  
  
“Umm, I bought it on Amazon.” Elise replied. Even though she just ordered it a few days ago, she couldn’t remember the exact brand or style off the top of her head, “I can give you the link later if you’d like?”  
  
“Do you mind if I see it first? It’s always better to check it out in person, don’t you think?”  
  
“Oh, umm, sure.”  
  
It seemed like an innocent enough request. After all, mailing something back that didn’t quite work out was always a bit of a chore.  
  
Elise walked onto the bridge to join the girls. She let the backpack slide off her shoulders, deciding it was better to watch the girls instead of turning her back. Just in case. As she approached the redhead, she realized the first year was an inch or so taller than her. Not a huge deal, but she always felt a little off when being the voice of authority to a girl taller than her.  
  
“Do you mind?” The girl asked, reaching out for the backpack. The two other girls were whispering about something, but Elise didn’t bother thinking about that. Girls would be girls.  
  
“Just be careful with it? It’s new.” Elise said.  
  
She reluctantly let the first-year take the bag.  
  
“Let’s see…” the redhead unzipped the main pocket.  
  
Elise wanted to protest, but she bit her tongue. It was mildly violating, but, at the same time, it wasn’t that big of a deal. The girl wanted to check out the backpack, and the inside of the pockets would be a factor if she decided to buy one for herself. That, and Elise didn’t have anything in her backpack that would cause alarm.  
  
One by one, the girl unzipped every single pocket. Elise just watched, waiting patiently for her to finish her inspection.  
  
“Annie?” The redhead glanced back to the girls behind her. Before Elise could realize what was happening, the shorter of the two brunettes quickly walked up and took the backpack out of the first girl’s hands. She walked over to the edge of the bridge, holding the backpack over the running water beneath them.  
  
“Hey!” Elise exclaimed. “What are you doing??”  
  
She tried to get to her backpack, but the redhead was quick to block her path. “Ah, ah, ah, Elise.” She smiled. “One more step, and Annie will turn your backpack upside down!”  
  
Elise froze. It hit her all at once. The fake curiosity about her backpack. The whispering. The unzipping of every pocket. But it was way too late.  
  
“Annie, don’t!” Elise called to the shorter girl. "Please don't!"  
  
“Hush, Elise.” The slightly taller redhead smiled, now standing directly in front of her. “Don’t worry, Annie won’t drop your things. IF you do something fun for us to earn it back!”  
  
Any rational girl would walk away.  
  
Especially a girl that was supposed to be the voice of authority under normal circumstances. She could explain the situation to the school. Replace the books, binders, and assignments. And let these mischievous girls be reprimanded by their teachers and parents.  
  
But Elise had JUST lost her backpack last week. The thought of asking her teachers for all the class materials a second time made her feel embarrassed and a little guilty. So she reluctantly decided to play along. Let these immature girls have their fun.  
  
“What do I have to do...?” Elise reluctantly asked.  
  
“What do I have to do, /Miss Kaitlyn/,” the redhead was quick to reply, “See what it’s like for us, little prefect.”  
  
Kaitlyn. That was her name.  
  
Elise flushed at the nickname ‘little prefect’ more than the demand that came with it. Kaitlyn was barely an inch taller than her, but the words were still patronizing enough for Elise to cringe at the teasing disrespect.  
  
“Fine.” Elise let out a heavy sigh. “What do I have to do, Miss Kaitlyn?”

Miss Kaitlyn.  
  
It sounded wrong the moment Elise said it out loud. The worst part was, she only enforced the title for herself because it was academy policy. It wasn’t her favorite thing, and she wished she could somehow explain that now. Because these girls seemed to think it was her power tripping or something.  
  
The following silence was agonizing. In reality, it only lasted a few seconds. But it felt like an eternity to the blonde prefect.  
  
“Hmm…” Kaitlyn finally broke the silence. She put one hand on her hip, and the other on her chin in mock concentration. “How about this?” Kaitlyn said. She lowered the hand off her chin, casually dropping that arm. “Flash us your bare chest.”  
  
Elise was stunned. “…Excuse me?!”  
  
The nerve of this girl! Elise had only played along with the teasing title because it seemed rather harmless. But this was not harmless. This was downright insulting.  
  
“I think you heard me, Elise.” Kaitlyn smiled. “Well? What will it be? Yes or no?”  
  
“No! And it’s ‘Miss Elise!’” she exclaimed. This had to stop. Now. “Kaitlyn, enough. I’m not doing that. Annie, give me my backpack.”  
  
“It's 'Miss Kaitlyn.' And you’re no fun, Elise. Oh well.” Kaitlyn shrugged. “Annie, dump out her backpack.”  
  
“Okay!” The short brunette eagerly smiled. She started to tip the backpack over.  
  
“STOP!! Annie, wait! I’ll do it, I’ll do it!” Elise gave in rather quickly when she saw her bag get close to the tipping point. The thought of all her belongings falling into the frigid water below made her compulsively react before she could fully think it through.  
  
Elise's shrill voice seemed to be enough to at least give Annie pause, though the brunette was more looking at Kaitlyn for direction, rather in response to Elise's outburst. “You’ll do what, Elise?” Kaitlyn asked.  
  
Another teasing way of turning the tables. It was common practice for prefects and teachers alike to make students say things out loud. If a student was late to class, and a teacher got on their case about it, they wouldn’t just say “Yes, ma’am” or “Yes, Mrs. XYZ.” It was always something like “Yes, ma’am. I won’t be late again.”  
  
It was just how things were done. And how Elise was taught to discipline when she first became a prefect. It made sense at the time, as it was a good way for girls to internalize a responsible thought. But now it was being used against her. For something not responsible at all.  
  
“I’ll…” Elise began, then hesitated.  
  
Was this worth it?  
  
It’s not like she hadn’t been topless in front of girls before. She had gym class every day. Changed from her regular bra to a sports bra in the locker room. But that was her changing amidst a crowd of other girls, all of whom were keeping to themselves for the most part.  
  
This was different. This was her actively displaying her body in a completely inappropriate way. Even if it was just to other girls, it was still wrong. Especially considering it was girls she was supposed to have authority over.  
  
“Well? I don’t have all day, Elise.” Kaitlyn crossed her arms.  
  
“Kaitlyn-”  
  
“MISS Kaitlyn-” The persistent redhead corrected her.  
  
“Miss Kaitlyn…” Elise mumbled. She wanted so badly to be firm with the girl before her. But that subtle height difference, the stern expression on Kaitlyn’s face, and the backpack still dangling over the edge of the bridge all affected her in one way or another.  
  
“Better.” Kaitlyn smiled. “Now, were you going to say something, Elise?”  
  
“You know what?" Elise said. "Fine. Drop my stuff.”  
  
It would be painful to watch, but she would survive. And all three of these girls would get in trouble. Kaitlyn, Annie, and the other brunette. Elise didn’t know her name, but she’d be able to identify her later if she needed to. “I’m not doing that, Kaitlyn.”  
  
“Miss Kaitlyn.” The redhead corrected her again. “And you’re no fun, Elise.” The casual use of her name right after the correction wasn’t lost on her. Kaitlyn turned back to the girls behind her, “Annie. Caroline. Run back to the dorms. Hide her backpack. I’ll be back soon. Go on, run!”  
  
At Kaitlyn’s order, the two girls were quick to do as they were told. Elise felt a fleeting relief as the backpack was brought back over dry land, but that relief was short lived. The other two turned around and ran back along the path across the bridge.  
  
“Wait! Annie!” Elise called after her, but to no avail. Kaitlyn blocked Elise’s attempt to chase after them, and there was really nothing Elise could do about it. Short of shoving the girl aside or pushing her down, if she could even manage that, there was no way past the redhead’s quick movements. And no proper prefect would be rough with a student.  
  
Elise narrowed her eyes at Kaitlyn and was thinking of the best way to berate the girl, but Kaitlyn beat her to the punch. “New deal, Elise.” She crossed her arms, giving a confident smile to the blonde prefect. “Be at our dorm at 4 PM sharp. We’ll have to find another way you can earn your stuff back.”  
  
Kaitlyn. Annie. Caroline.  
  
Those were the names. Elise was already sick of this. “Enough, Kaitlyn. I’m not earning anything. I’ll be there at four. You’ll hand me my backpack, or you’ll be in even worse trouble.”  
  
“Miss Kaitlyn. And I’ve been in trouble before, Elise.” Kaitlyn rolled her eyes. “How about you? Do you want to explain how a prefect managed to lose her backpack to a group of younger students? And how those younger students read through all of her private prefect stuff after she let her belongings fall into their hands?”  
  
Ugh. What was with this girl?!  
  
But Kaitlyn had a point. Elise had only just recently become a prefect. This would look pretty bad from an outside perspective. Even if she was in the right. And now that Kaitlyn pointed it out, Elise realized that she would have preferred the backpack to be in the river. No one but prefects and teachers were supposed have access to her prefect materials, as it listed a good number of students by name for one thing or another. If Kaitlyn and her friends started pilfering through those things…  
  
“Okay, fine.” Elise sighed. “I’ll be there at four. Just leave my stuff alone, okay?”  
  
“And…?”  
  
“And what, Kaitlyn?”  
  
“Miss Kaitlyn.” She raised an expectant eyebrow. “If you can’t get my name right, we WILL go through your stuff, Elise.”  
  
It took everything Elise had not to scream at the girl. She was still a prefect. She wouldn’t lose her cool. “And what, Miss Kaitlyn…?”  
  
“And you’ll have to earn your stuff back.”  
  
“Fine.” At this point, Elise just wanted to leave. Take some time to think things over before committing to Kaitlyn’s annoyingly persistent demands.  
  
“The whole thing, Elise?”  
  
Elise let out a frustrated sigh. It was just words. “I’ll be there at four. And I’ll have to earn my stuff back.”  
  
“Don’t be rude, Elise. You forgot about my name. And four PM sharp, right?”  
  
Just words. Just words. “I’ll be there at four PM sharp, Miss Kaitlyn.” Elise reluctantly repeated, “And I’ll have to earn my stuff back.”  
  
“Good girl. Was that so hard?” Kaitlyn asked, not even attempting to hide her grin. Then she turned on her heel and strutted off in the same direction the two brunette girls had run, only pausing to glance back at the flustered blonde prefect one more time, “Be punctual, Elise!”

It was almost time.

Elise paced the hallway just around the corner from the door she was avoiding. It still wasn’t too late. She could call this whole thing off. But Kaitlyn’s words rang true. It wasn’t her fault, but Elise indirectly handed over a number of private notes on students. If she could just get those two binders back, the rest of her things didn’t matter.

She pulled out her phone for the hundredth time. Three minutes until 4 PM.

Elise would play along. If things got out of hand, she would bail. She was a prefect, even if they didn’t respect her authority. They wouldn’t get away with this. Two binders, and then straight to the administration to pass on the discipline responsibility.

One more deep breath. Then she rounded the corner and strode to the door before she could talk herself out of her poorly constructed game plan. Out of prefect habit, she knocked on the door, then opened it without waiting for a reply.

“Elise!” Of course, Kaitlyn was the first one to greet her. She and her two cohorts were waiting on the couches of the common room. All in uniforms that matched the one Elise wore, though none of them wore the blazer that went with the outfit like she did.

Two other first years studying in the common room glanced up at Kaitlyn’s exclamation. Elise couldn’t tell if they were more curious about the presence of a prefect at this hour, or that the redhead had just addressed her so casually. Perhaps both.

“Girls,” Elise nodded to the two studying. Play the part. Play it cool. Then she turned her attention back to Kaitlyn, “You wanted to discuss something?”

They wouldn’t try anything here, would they? She was a prefect. No way in hell would Elise do anything that would further undermine her authority in front of more first years. Surely they knew that.

“Let’s talk in private.” Kaitlyn said. Not a question, Elise noted. The redhead girl stood up and walked over to her room. She opened the door, and gestured for Elise to enter.

It was both relieving and unnerving all at the same time. Elise’s previous worry was alleviated. No one else would witness her being spoken to so disrespectfully. But at the same time, she would be hanging out in a first-year’s dorm room, rather than the common room. It would be frowned upon if anyone found out. But what choice did she have? Short of bailing right now, she really only had two options. Public or private.

“Sure.” Elise faked a smile.

Once the blonde prefect entered the room, the other two girls were quick to stand up from their cozy common room chairs and follow. Kaitlyn gave them both a knowing smile as they did. The stunt on the bridge was done on a whim, and adjusted on the fly. It hadn’t gone quite as well as the devious redhead hoped, but that was fine. It was enough to get the stuck-up prefect here. And this time, the girls had well over an hour to plan things out before Elise showed up.

The clueless, uptight prefect had no idea what was in store for her.

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\*Lady Lucia\*

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Elise did a quick once over as she entered. Also a prefect habit, as room inspections were part of her responsibilities. Save for a little clutter on the desk, the room was pretty clean.

Kaitlyn lived in a single room, which meant she was either lucky, or her parents were wealthy enough to pay extra to secure it. The first-year dorms were set up where ten girls would live together. A common room and six bedrooms. Four of the bedrooms were doubles, and two were singles. Singles were cost extra. If they weren’t all claimed and paid for, then any remaining girls who requested one would get it via luck of the draw.

“First things first, Elise.” Kaitlyn said. The two brunettes walked straight passed Elise, smiling at her as they did, then sat down next to each other on the bed. Kaitlyn shut the door behind her, taking a confident step into the room and towards Elise. “What do you call me?”

Arguing was pointless. It would just prolong this whole experience. “Miss Kaitlyn.” Elise reluctantly replied. She tried so hard to play it cool, but couldn’t help but lightly blush when the two girls on the bed started giggling.

“Good girl.” Kaitlyn repeated the same demeaning phrase she had casually used on the bridge earlier. The redhead walked past Elise to take the desk chair, making the flustered prefect the only one without a seat.

“Look, I’m here.” Elise said. She tried to push away all of her frustration. Being calm was the best way to deal with girls like this. “Please give me back my things.”

“Elise. A proper girl addresses the one to whom she’s speaking.” Kaitlyn said. She sat back in her chair, echoing one of their teacher’s common phrases.

“Please give me back my things, Miss Kaitlyn.” Elise flatly responded.

“Good girl.” Kaitlyn nodded. “So the girls and I have been talking, and here’s what we decided. We took a quick peek inside your bag. That’s okay with you, right?” Of course it wasn’t. But Kaitlyn continued without waiting for a reply. “We saw two books, two notebooks, two binders, and your wallet. Seven things.”

So much for privacy. The things Kaitlyn listed were what Elise had with her for the last two classes of the day, as well as her prefect materials. Had the girls looked any further than that?

“Kaitlyn-”

“Miss Kaitlyn.” The girl cut Elise off. “Be a proper girl, Elise. Are you a proper girl, my little prefect?”

Elise wouldn’t let Kaitlyn get a rise out of her. Just words. Same as on the bridge. If she could play along, this would all be over soon. “Yes…” Elise muttered.

“Yes, what?”

“Yes, Miss Kaitlyn.”

“The whole thing, Elise.” Kaitlyn leaned forward in her chair, staring the blonde prefect down, “If you can’t even get this right, you might as well leave.”

No. Absolutely not. This brat wouldn’t scare her off or send her away. Elise took a heavy inhale, trying to calm herself. “Yes, Miss Kaitlyn. I’m a proper girl.”

“Good girl, Elise.” Kaitlyn sat back. Content for now, apparently. “Now, you have to earn back seven things. So we decided you should do seven tasks for us. Sound fair?”

“What?! No!” Elise protested. “Kaitlyn, that’s too much. Just give me back my bag!”

“Elise!” Kaitlyn exclaimed. She almost sounded offended as she glared back, “You JUST said you were a proper girl.”

“I…” Elise hesitated. What was going on?? None of this was fair. “Miss Kaitlyn…” she corrected herself, losing her composure for a second. No, she could do this. “Miss Kaitlyn. That’s way too much. Please, just give me back my belongings.”

“I will,” Kaitlyn smiled, “AFTER you do your tasks. What will it be, Elise? Do a few little tasks for us, or leave empty handed? Answer like a proper girl, okay?”

Elise was dumbfounded. This cocky redhead should NOT be talking to her like this. It wasn’t appropriate. It wasn’t respectful. But she was awkwardly standing in Kaitlyn’s unfamiliar room. All three girls had their eyes on her, waiting expectantly for an answer. It was a win for them either way. Either she would back down and get in trouble for leaking private information, or she would play along and no doubt embarrass and demean herself in front of the girls she was supposed to have authority over.

“I’ll do seven little tasks for you, Miss Kaitlyn.” Elise begrudgingly replied. At least using Kaitlyn’s ‘little’ word against her. “But nothing like what you told me to do on the bridge.” She added. Elise had already demeaned herself a bit in front of these girls. She could manage a little bit more. Hopefully.

“Fine, I won’t have you flash us,” Kaitlyn rolled her eyes. “Well, Elise? Ready for your first task? Answer properly.”

Elise quietly sighed to herself. She could do this. Worst case scenario, she could back out if the tasks were awful.

“What will it be, Elise?”

“Fine.” Elise muttered, “I’m ready for my first task, Miss Kaitlyn.”

Kaitlyn stood up, reminding Elise of their height difference all over again. The red haired girl confidently walked right up to the blonde prefect, giving her a teasingly sweet smile. Then said those familiar words that made Elise cringe every single time.

“Good girl, Elise.”

The nerve.

The nerve of ALL of these girls. Kaitlyn, for being so disrespectful. The two brunettes, Annie and Caroline, for watching and giggling and not saying anything in her defense. If Elise weren’t so committed to getting her things back, she would have chewed these girls out the moment she arrived. But Kaitlyn had framed it in such a way that it seemed like she had no choice but to play along.

“Annie?” Kaitlyn turned to the girls on the bed. “Do you want to go first?”

“Sure!” The short brunette girl beamed. Annie hopped up from the bed and waltzed over to the door. There was a spare academy uniform hanging on the back, and Annie was quick to take it and join Kaitlyn and Elise in the middle of the room. “Here you go, Elise!” Annie smiled at the reluctant prefect. Not as devious or arrogant as the expression Kaitlyn wore. The short girl just looked amused at all of this, and certainly didn’t mind calling Elise by name.

“I…” Elise took the outfit from the shorter girl’s hands. She didn’t know how to react, but Annie was holding it out expectantly, so it only made sense to take it from the girl. “What is this?” She didn’t know what else to say.

“It’s your first task, Elise.” Kaitlyn said. “This is one of Annie’s uniforms. Your current get-up is a little…stuck up? Prudish? Boring? What do you think, Caroline?”

“Hmm…” The other brunette sat up on the bed, looking Elise over. She was certainly the more quiet of the three, but Kaitlyn made a point to include her. “Stuck up.” Caroline decided. “She’s a prefect.”

“Exactly, Caroline.” The red haired leader smiled at her friend. “Elise is stuck up.”

“I am NOT stuck up!” Elise exclaimed. She crossed her arms, only just now realizing that she was letting these girls talk about her as if she wasn’t even there.

“Then prove it.” Kaitlyn said. Elise had unknowingly taken the bait. “Your first task is to change into Annie’s uniform. If you’re not a stuck up little prefect, it should be easy.”

Elise glanced down at the outfit in her hands, then glanced towards the short brunette still standing near her. “But…” She started to protest. Annie was at least three or four inches shorter than her. Her outfit would be tight and awkward and uncomfortable on Elise.

“But what, Elise?” Kaitlyn asked. She mirrored Elise, crossing her own arms. “It should be an easy task for a girl who claims she’s not stuck up. Tell you what. We’ll even let you choose where you want to change. In here, or in the bathroom?”

Another difficult decision. Changing in Kaitlyn’s room meant stripping in front of these three girls. The bathroom was safe to change in, but a more public ordeal. She would have to walk past the girls in the common room twice, and pray they didn’t notice the awkwardness of her new outfit on the way back.

“I’m not stuck up…” Elise muttered. As if those words would change the preconceived notion these girls had. She went with her gut, answering Kaitlyn, “I’ll change in the bathroom.”

It was the better choice. No way would she strip off her current outfit in front of the three girls that were already having fun at her expense. Maybe the girls outside wouldn’t notice. Better yet, maybe the common room would be empty. Wishful thinking, considering classes were over for the day.

“Then hop to it, Elise.” Kaitlyn dismissively waved her off, “There’s only so much time until dinner, unless you’d rather continue this tonight?”

“Okay, okay! I’m going!” Elise groaned. She was already turning to leave before Kaitlyn spoke, but the patronizing words made her even more frustrated with this whole situation.

She was so close. So close to the door, but then she heard Kaitlyn’s familiar voice behind her. “Say it properly?”

Unbelievable.

“I’m going to change, Miss Kaitlyn.”

And Elise rushed out the door. She didn’t want to argue or fight back against the rude girl. She just wanted to get these stupid tasks over with and get her things back. The flustered prefect stormed past the small group of girls in the common room, change of clothes in hand, paying no mind to their quizzical looks. All of them would know she was a prefect from one school activity or another, but she couldn’t worry about that familiarity right now. She was on a mission.

Each common room had a bathroom that connected to an adjoining hallway. Elise was quick to ‘escape’ the previous room, taking a minute to look around. No one at the sinks. All the stalls free. Thank goodness. Before her luck ran out, Elise slid into one of the stalls, not wanting one of the girls from the common room coming in to ask her anything.

Less than two hours until dinner.

After checking the time, Elise slid the phone into her dark gray blazer’s pocket, then shed the outer layer. Grateful for the hook on the back of the door, she carefully hung the blazer up, then got to work. The stall was a bit cramped for her taste, considering she could normally change in the comfort of her own room, or at least in the spaciousness of a locker room. But what choice did she have?

The blonde prefect started with the most difficult part. She pulled off the dark red checkered skirt and balanced herself as she slipped the fabric past her black flats. Careful not to let any part of the clothing touch the bathroom floor. Then she replaced it with Annie’s skirt, going through the same thorough process on the way back up. As expected, it was VERY short on her. Even without a mirror to reference, Elise could see how much of her thighs would be showing if it were spring time. She was beyond grateful that Edgewood allowed girls to wear leggings in the winter to go with their uniform.

Everything else was easier. She rested the skirt over the stall door and made short work of stripping off her white top and replacing it with the short brunette’s identical one. But it was only identical in color. Elise’s height made the shirt almost impossible to tuck in, and the sleeves didn’t even make it close to her wrists. Not to mention that Elise’s 34Bs made the already tight shirt a little tighter. Annie had to be a 30, or 32 at best. The top button was uncomfortably snug, so Elise chose to keep it undone. She used the tie to cover up the casual nature of the top bottom as best she could, then donned the dark gray blazer once more.

Finished with her task, Elise made quick work of hanging her skirt and top on the now empty hanger. She left the stall and paused at the mirror, wanting to know just how bad the smaller clothes looked on her.

‘Not awful,’ she thought to herself. The girls in the common room might not even notice. The tights, blazer, and tie all did a perfect job of covering up the skin that would have been far more obvious otherwise. But that was the only silver lining to go with how tight and uncomfortable the small clothes felt. The blonde prefect fidgeted with the outfit for a few seconds, adjusting what she could, then gave herself one last check in the mirror. Heading back towards the common room, she couldn’t help but think about a mildly concerning fact as she looked herself over in the mirror: This was only the first task.

Elise briskly strode through the common room.  
  
Calmly enough that she wouldn’t draw extra attention to herself, but faster than she would normally present herself around these girls. She had no idea whether or not the four studious girls in the common room noticed her change of attire. Elise was solely focused on making it back to Kaitlyn’s room.  
  
Once there, she was quick to close the door behind her. One task officially down.  
  
“Umm, Elise?” Kaitlyn was the first to address her. The redhead sat in her desk chair, the other two girls comfortable on the bed again. “What are you wearing?”  
  
“…Annie’s uniform…” The prefect answered, a bit skeptically. Did Kaitlyn just want her to say it out loud? Before she could question it too much, the disrespectful girl pointed out that she still wasn’t answering things properly. So Elise begrudgingly corrected herself. “I’m wearing Annie’s uniform, Miss Kaitlyn.”  
  
“Are you…?” Kaitlyn asked. Mimicking Elise’s skeptical voice. She looked the blonde prefect up and down, not being subtle or quick about it. “You’re only supposed to be wearing Annie’s clothes, Elise. Annie, did you give her one of your blazers?”  
  
“No I didn’t, Miss Kaitlyn!” Annie sat up. She sounded almost offended at the accusation, but was unable to hide the hint of a smile that came with calling her peer by the unnecessarily proper title. “I only gave her one of my skirts and one of my dress shirts.”  
  
“Interesting.” Kaitlyn sat back in her chair, crossing her arms. Still looking the unsuspecting prefect over. “Then Elise hasn’t completed her first task, has she? That blazer isn’t yours, nor is the tie.”  
  
That wasn’t the first task! Elise was taken aback by Kaitlyn’s words. “What-” She started to protest, but Annie’s excited voice cut her off.  
  
“Those aren’t my leggings either!” The small brunette happily pointed out.  
  
“Those aren’t your heels.” Caroline added.  
  
“Wait!” Elise exclaimed, “That wasn’t what you said!”  
  
Kaitlyn stood up from her chair. Looking more stern than before as she strode over to the flustered prefect. “Elise. Your task was to wear Annie’s clothes. ONLY Annie’s clothes.” The devious redhead said. She kept a perfectly straight face as she twisted the facts, walking past Elise to stand behind her instead. “It’s up to you, little prefect.” Kaitlyn gently placed her hands on the blonde’s shoulders. “You can leave right now, and let us keep your stuff.” She teasingly pulled at the collar of Elise’s blazer. “Or you can stop being stuck up, and finish your first task.”  
  
“I-”  
  
“Which one, Elise?” Kaitlyn gave another light tug on the blazer. “Do you want help with your blazer? Or do you want to leave with nothing? Answer properly, Elise.”  
  
Once again, Elise was put in a situation where it seemed like she only had two options. Neither of the choices were great, but choosing the latter would mean she had dressed up in Annie’s clothes for nothing. Playing right into Kaitlyn’s hands, Elise quietly answered. “I want help with the blazer…”  
  
“Speak up, Elise.” Kaitlyn spoke into her right ear as she tugged a little more firmly on the gray blazer, “And remember who you’re addressing when you speak.”  
  
“I want help with the blazer, Miss Kaitlyn.”  
  
“Please take off my blazer?” The redhead adjusted the words, able to fully smirk now that she was out of view of the prefect’s sightline.  
  
“Please take off my blazer, Miss Kaitlyn.” Elise said, her words more clear due to Kaitlyn’s last warning. Her cheeks lightly flushing at the cringeworthy phrase. The blush darkened as the two other girls couldn’t help but giggle.  
  
Kaitlyn couldn’t resist. It was almost too easy now that the stuck-up prefect had started to play along. “Are you sure, Elise?” Her lips curled up again as she toyed with the slightly shorter blonde. “Answer properly.”  
  
Elise hesitated, but ultimately decided to play along. “I’m sure, Miss Kaitlyn.” She answered. That same awful title. “Please take off my blazer.”  
  
“Better, Elise. Try to answer that properly all the time, okay?” Kaitlyn said. She more assertively tugged at Elise’s blazer, this time aiming to actually take the outer layer off now that the prefect had so politely asked her to. Once the blazer was past Elise’s shoulders, it easily slipped off the rest of her body as the manipulative redhead guided it.  
  
Kaitlyn walked the blazer back to her desk, setting it over the back of her chair. Elise was all too aware of how much of her figure was on display as the white dress shirt hugged her way too tightly. Before Elise could think about it too much, Kaitlyn was quick to walk back over to the prefect. “Do you want help with your tie?” Kaitlyn took the dark red tie in her hands, not waiting for an answer. “Speak like a proper girl, Elise.”  
  
“Yes, Miss Kaitlyn.” Elise muttered, used to the patronizing drill at this point. Arguing would only entertain the girls and prolong this whole ordeal. “Please take off my tie.”  
  
“Good girl.” Kaitlyn smiled. Elise tried to shrug off those demeaning two words. She felt both awkward and impatient as they stood nearly chest to chest, but Kaitlyn didn’t seem to mind. She made short work of undoing the prefect’s tie and pulling it off completely, leering down at the slightly shorter girl the whole time. “Hold still, Elise.” She said. And, before the blonde could realize what the first-year was planning, her top two buttons had been undone as well.  
  
“Hey!” Elise exclaimed. As Kaitlyn stepped back to admire her handiwork, Elise quickly reached up to button the tight shirt back up to a respectful level.  
  
“Elise, what are you doing?!” Not Kaitlyn’s voice this time. It was Annie’s. The short brunette hopped up from the dorm room bed, looking appalled at Elise’s perfectly normal action. “You’re being stuck up! It only counts if you do what Miss Kaitlyn says!”  
  
“But-”  
  
“No buts, Elise.” Kaitlyn took control again. “Can you handle taking off your tights and heels all by yourself, or do you need help with those too? Or do you want to give up on your first task?”  
  
“I…” Elise hesitated, her hands still frozen near her buttons. She suddenly felt very self conscious as she stood in the middle of the room. Kaitlyn, looking almost judgmental. Annie, looking offended again. Caroline, sitting back and watching patiently. Now that these girls had twisted the original words of the task, it was impossible for Elise to remember exactly what was said. And now that Annie was backing Kaitlyn up, she was even less sure of herself. “I don’t need help.” Elise sighed.  
  
“Then hurry up, little prefect.” Kaitlyn crossed her arms. “We only have so long until dinner, and you’re still just on your first task.”  
  
Dinner! Elise had almost forgotten. This all had to be done before dinner. She had prefect duties after the last meal of the day, all of which required her to have the two binders currently in the possession of these slightly younger girls.  
  
Elise wanted so badly to chew these girls out, but she bit her tongue instead. She knew what she had to do. “Yes, Miss Kaitlyn.” She answered. Still in faint disbelief that she was going through with this, the blonde prefect reached down to remove even more of her clothes.

Kaitlyn had to fight the almost irresistible urge to grin as the blonde prefect stripped herself even further. How had such a pushover been allowed to become a prefect? Little Elise also hadn’t yet seemed to grasp what was happening. Once the prefect’s first ‘task’ was complete, Kaitlyn wouldn’t just be in possession of her backpack. She would be in possession of ALL of Elise’s clothes.  
  
The wicked redhead hadn’t checked yet, but she also assumed that if Elise had brought her phone along, it would be in either her skirt or blazer pocket. It would almost certainly be locked, but that was no matter. Just seeing it in Kaitlyn’s hand would be enough to fluster the blonde even more.  
  
Elise had to reach under the short skirt to get a good grip on her black tights. She was careful, very careful, to not bend or shift in a way that would reveal anything past the hem of the skirt. More and more of her bare legs were on display as she lowered the tights, and Elise realized her mistake way too late. She was still wearing her flats. It would be impossible to remove the tights completely until the shoes were removed first.  
  
Trying her best to ignore the watchful eyes from the ‘audience’ of first-years, Elise half bent and half squatted, choosing a pose that would leave her the least exposed. The fabric now around her ankles made things a little more difficult, but she was able to momentarily balance on one foot and quickly pull off one flat and then slip half the tights off as well. Now that she was halfway done, the other leg was much easier. She stood upright again, flats and tights in her left hand.  
  
“Good girl.” Kaitlyn smiled. Just like before, the redhead rose from her desk chair and was quick to walk over to Elise, “I’ll hold onto those for you,” she said. Not a request. She gently but assertively took the last of Elise’s clothes from the girl’s hand, adding it to the pile on the desk. It was only then that Elise noticed her skirt and dress shirt were both crumpled on the desk, despite the fact that she had neatly hung them up in the bathroom before taking them back to Kaitlyn’s room. “Well, Elise?” Kaitlyn sat back down, speaking up before Elise could voice her distaste for how her things were being treated. “Are you ready for your second task? Answer properly.”  
  
Even without a mirror nearby, Elise was keenly aware of how inappropriate she looked right now. Annie’s skirt only went down to just above mid-thigh, and now her bare legs were completely on display. The blonde prefect would also NEVER show her cleavage in the way it was currently displayed. With the buttons Kaitlyn undid, and the loss of her tie and blazer, a good portion of her chest was now visible. Not to mention the tightness of the shirt that would obviously show her form to any casual observer. It was borderline slutty.  
  
But to voice her concern now, when she had just stripped herself even further? She would just be called stuck-up, and this whole ordeal would take longer. For now, Elise took solace in the fact that no one was taking pictures. Maybe this was all in good fun. Good fun at her expense, of course. “Yes, Miss Kaitlyn.” Elise said. “I’m ready for my second task.”  
  
“Good girl,” Kaitlyn said, holding back a smile, “Answer properly from now on, okay? I don’t want to keep reminding you.”  
  
“Yes, Miss Kaitlyn.” Elise replied. Giving into the brat’s patronizing rules, but speaking in the most flat and neutral tone she could muster. “I will answer properly from now on.”  
  
“Good girl.” Kaitlyn nodded. Happy to use the same awful words of 'praise' over and over again now that Elise was arguing less. “Hmm, Annie got to give the first task. Caroline, do you mind if I take the next one? You can have the third.”  
  
“Of course, Miss Kaitlyn,” the quiet brunette smiled.  
  
“Thanks, Caroline! Use this time to think of a good one,” the red haired leader suggested. As if they hadn’t talked through a good portion of this before Elise showed up. “Now, my little prefect,” Kaitlyn turned back to Elise. “You’re not going to complain or make a fuss like you did for the first task, are you?”  
  
Elise already wanted to talk back again. About the demeaning ways the younger girl was addressing her, or about this whole situation. But she didn’t. “No, Miss Kaitlyn.” Elise said, answering ‘properly,’ as painful as it was, “I won’t complain or make a fuss.”  
  
“Good girl. Now, for your second task. Hmm…” Kaitlyn crossed her arms and glanced up. Pretending to think about the impending task. One that she knew would fluster the blonde in a completely different way. “Oh, I know.” The edge of Kaitlyn’s lip curled upwards. “Your second task, Elise, is to kiss one of us.”

No! No, no, no.  
  
Surely Kaitlyn couldn’t be serious. For starters, Elise wasn’t into girls. And, almost more importantly, she could get into serious trouble if anyone found out about something like that.  
  
Elise needed to keep her cool. “Miss Kaitlyn…” she began. But what could the hesitant blonde say? She literally /just/ said she wouldn’t complain or make a fuss. Would talking about the inappropriate nature of the task count as complaining? Furthermore, when it came to things that were inappropriate, Elise already crossed numerous lines. ‘Hanging out’ in a first-year’s private room. Presenting herself in such a revealing way. Letting this disrespectful red haired girl swap the way they both addressed each other.  
  
“Elise, relax,” Kaitlyn giggled, “I didn’t say ‘make out.’ Just a simple kiss. There’s no harm in that, is there?”  
  
Elise hesitated. Was she that transparent? Kaitlyn clarified the inappropriate task before she even asked. And, once again, made it seem like none of this was a big deal. If Elise argued now, she would seem like the boring, stuck-up girl this first-years thought she was. “…Just a peck…?” Elise asked. She needed to be sure.  
  
“Exactly.” Kaitlyn nodded. “And remember, Elise, you also get to choose the girl you want to kiss.”  
  
The blonde prefect couldn’t help but blush at that last phrase, nor could the other two girls help but giggle. Now wasn’t the time to protest against the implications Kaitlyn’s casual words had. Elise had more important details to worry about. “No pictures. And no videos,” she said. She was still a prefect, and needed to maintain at least a little bit of authority. And discretion, for that matter.  
  
“Elise, we haven’t used our phones once since you arrived, have we?” Kaitlyn pointed out.  
  
Looking back, Elise realized the redhead was telling the truth. Not only had the girls not taken any pictures or videos, they hadn’t even had their phones out to text or scroll through social media. Unless they had been sneaky about it. No, Elise wouldn’t entertain that idea.  
  
Phones…Kaitlyn had her phone! How had she not realized it until now? No, it’s fine. Elise told herself. Her phone was safely tucked into her blazer pocket. Aside from stacking her outfit pieces into a messy pile that would surely wrinkle them, no one had messed with her clothes.  
  
“Okay, fine.” Elise relented. “One quick peck.”  
  
“Good girl,” Kaitlyn smiled. “Well, Elise? Which girl do you want to kiss? Remember to answer properly.”  
  
That’s right. Answering ‘properly.’ Up until now, it had been fine. A little embarrassing, but fine. But now, the question was set up in a way that the answer would sound bad no matter what. Even worse, she was in too deep to argue against that particular rule. After all, she had played along with it so far.  
  
Setting that thought aside, there was still the actual question to contend with. Which girl would she kiss? Elise nervously glanced around the room. Kaitlyn was out of the question. Obviously. Caroline was the most quiet of the three. Elise barely knew the girl, even after her rounds as a prefect. Annie…was honestly the safest choice. The short brunette was eager to play along with Kaitlyn’s games, but not in a malicious way. But, while a safe choice, Annie almost felt more inappropriate, considering how innocent the girl appeared. Or did her height and cheerful demeanor just make her appear as such? These girls were all the same age. Elise’s perception of Annie could be totally off.  
  
Wait…were any of these first-years into girls? That would complicate something even as simple as a quick peck. Or would it? After all, this was just a group of amused girls having fun at her expense. The kiss wouldn’t mean anything. Ugh, she was overthinking and taking too long! Elise could practically feel Kaitlyn preparing to chastise her for taking too long to reply.  
  
“Umm…” Elise hesitated. She decided to go with her gut. It was just a peck. She just needed to stop thinking and get it over with. “I want to kiss Annie, Miss Kaitlyn…”

Elise immediately felt the heat rise to her face. She couldn’t believe she just said those words out loud. But it was already done. Or so she thought.  
  
“Umm, Elise?” Kaitlyn asked. Suddenly sounding a little confused. “Why are you telling me…?” No, the confusion was an act. Elise could hear the bossy tone, along with the hint of amusement. “Tell Annie what you want, Elise. And say it properly, or it might end up being more than a peck!”  
  
At those words, Elise internally gasped. A quick peck felt wrong enough already. Anything longer than that was…  
  
The flustered, blushing prefect couldn’t help but feel nervous about what Kaitlyn was suggesting. She didn’t even stop to think about how unreasonable or unrealistic the ‘threat’ was. Elise was a prefect. Never in a million years would she do something so inappropriate with a younger student. But the smirking red haired first-year made it sound like it was a very real possibility. If anything, Kaitlyn presented the threat like it would be Elise’s fault if it happened.  
  
So Elise turned her attention to the short brunette sitting on the bed. And she said the words before she could talk herself out of it. “I want to kiss you, Annie.” She could feel her blush darkenening at the more direct phrase  
  
“Okay!” Annie exclaimed. The eager girl was quick to hop up from the bed, joining Elise in the middle of the room. “Soooo how should we do this? Where should I put my hands?” Annie asked.  
  
Elise could see the subtle nervousness in the shorter girl’s eyes. Now that the kiss was actually about to happen, the bubbly girl looked a little hesitant. The idea itself must have seemed fun to her, but Annie clearly hadn’t thought about the physical execution.  
  
“Annie, you don’t have to if you don’t want to,” Elise said. Taking on that prefect role. And low key trying to get out of the kiss herself as an added bonus.  
  
“How about you put your hands on her hips, Annie?” Kaitlyn suggested. Not forcing or pressuring her peer, but giving her guidance that seemed to supersede Elise’s words. “Would you like that, Elise?”  
  
Damn. Another question she needed to answer ‘properly.’ Kaitlyn was clearly content to both drag this out and make it as awkward as possible for her. “Yes, Miss Kaitlyn. I’d like that,” Elise said. The redhead was quick to correct her. This was about Annie, after all. So Elise directed her attention to the short brunette before her, slightly adjusting her words. “I’d like your hands on my hips, Annie.”  
  
Now that Kaitlyn was suggesting it and Elise was asking for it (albeit at the whim of Kaitlyn), Annie was more eager to play along. She gently rested her hands on Elise’s hips, facing the still lightly blushing prefect. At another one of Kaitlyn’s ‘suggestions,’ Elise reluctantly placed her own hands on Annie’s sides, resting just below the girl’s small breasts. Careful to stay at least a full inch away from the base of her bra. As innocent and appropriate as she could manage in her current predicament.  
  
“Ready, Elise?” Kaitlyn asked. She seemed happy to lead this awkward encounter from the comfort of her desk chair, “Remind Annie one more time, will you? What do you want, Elise?”  
  
Elise knew what she had to say. It was infinitely more difficult now that the brunette was standing so close, looking up at her with those excited yet nervous eyes. “I want to kiss you, Annie.”  
  
“Okay…” Annie quietly replied. Softly smiling. Her deep blue eyes meeting Elise's emerald greens. Obviously waiting for further instructions, or maybe for Elise to make a move.  
  
When Kaitlyn didn’t speak up again, Elise decided she needed to take charge. It was the only way to stop this from taking even longer. “Close your eyes, Annie,” Elise said. Realizing her words might have sounded mildly flirty, she quickly added “please” to sound a little more proper.  
  
The brunette first-year did as Elise said, her eyes flickering closed. The blonde prefect kept her attention wholly on the short girl now patiently and quietly waiting for a kiss. Not out of any interest or desire, but more in an effort to not accidentally glance up at the smirking redhead beyond her.  
  
Bracing herself for the inevitable, Elise took a deep breath, managing to keep her focus on Annie’s face. The lips she would be aiming for. Just do it, Elise told herself. Demanded of herself. She needed to stop stalling and just get it over with. The hesitant prefect took one more calming breath. And then, without allowing herself another second of doubt, Elise closed her own eyes and leaned in to kiss Annie.

The kiss ended as quickly as it had begun.  
  
Elise met Annie’s lips with her own, gave the lightest of nips to the girl’s lower lip, then pulled back. After a brief moment of silence following the separation, both girls opened their eyes at about the same time. Elise kept her hands on Annie’s sides, and let the short brunette keep her hands where they were on her hips.  
  
The blonde prefect desperately wanted to let go, but presumed that going too quickly would make her seem stuck-up all over again. Annie just seemed a little unsure of what to do. She glanced up at Elise, looking for guidance from the girl normally in charge of first-years like herself.  
  
However, it was Kaitlyn who broke the spell. “Well, Elise? Aren’t you going to thank Annie? Remember, be proper.”  
  
The word ‘proper’ only got more amusing to the redhead, considering all the improper things the prefect was doing in her room. Dressing in such a revealing way. Kissing a younger girl. Letting herself be bossed around.  
  
“Umm…” Elise hesitated. Right. Proper responses. For a moment, the kiss had distracted her from everything. Nothing had changed about her feelings about Annie, or girls for that matter, but the reluctant intimacy affected her nonetheless. “Thank you for kissing me, Annie…”  
  
“You’re very welcome, Elise!” The short brunette exclaimed. Kaitlyn’s patronizing words clearly brought Annie back to reality. Before Elise could realize what was happening, Annie flung her arms around her and pulled her into a tight hug. Then Annie pulled back, stood on her tiptoes, and kissed Elise right on the cheek. “I can’t believe a prefect wanted to kiss me,” she giggled, meeting Elise’s eyes with a flirty and amused smile. Then the brunette detached completely herself from the blonde prefect and joined Caroline back on the bed.  
  
Elise stood alone in the center of the room, again. Unable to keep herself from lightly blushing at Annie’s last words. Completely oblivious to the fact that Kaitlyn fed the phrase to both brunettes, correctly assuming the prefect would choose one of them over her.  
  
“She did, didn’t she?” Kaitlyn smirked. Giving Annie a wink and then turning her attention back to the reluctantly obedient prefect. “Isn’t that what you wanted, Elise?”  
  
Elise was going to kill her. When all of this was over, she planned on getting all three of these girls in trouble. But especially Kaitlyn. Unfortunately, that still seemed a long way off. Two tasks of seven done. And she was in no position to call things off. If she didn’t continue ‘playing along,’ she suspected a girl like Kaitlyn wouldn’t hesitate to keep not only her backpack, but also the clothes Elise now fully regretted removing and handing over.  
  
“Yes, Miss Kaitlyn. I wanted to kiss Annie,” Elise muttered the ‘proper’ response, her blush darkening as the two brunettes burst into another fit of giggles.  
  
“I knew it,” Kaitlyn smiled, “All those little stolen glances during dorm inspections and curfew rounds? You think you’re so subtle, but it’s painfully obvious, Elise. We all know you’ve been crushing on Annie for weeks!” Kaitlyn said.  
  
Elise glared daggers at the wicked redhead as she lied through her teeth. The shortest of kisses was suddenly twisted into a long term ‘crush’ that was wrong for so many reasons. But before she could open her mouth to argue, Kaitlyn was clever enough to immediately change the subject. “You can flirt with Annie later, Elise! For now, it’s Caroline’s turn. Are you ready for your third task, my little prefect?”  
  
Keep your cool, Elise told herself. Kaitlyn’s last three words echoed in her head. It wasn’t the first time the redhead said the patronizing phrase, but it bothered Elise more this time around. Everything Kaitlyn said seemed designed to get a rise out of her, and she wouldn’t allow the disrespectful first-year to achieve her goal.  
  
“Yes, Miss Kaitlyn.” Elise said. Back to her flat, unamused tone. “I’m ready for my third task.”  
  
“Good girl,” Kaitlyn smiled. Another awful patronizing phrase that was becoming more and more common. She nodded to Caroline, “Your turn! Got one picked out?”  
  
“I do,” the quiet brunette said. She turned from Kaitlyn to Elise, her lips hinting at a smile. Elise genuinely couldn’t tell if this task would be better or worse than the other two. Quiet girls could be so nice, but sometimes so vicious.  
  
“Come on, Caroline!” Annie exclaimed. She gave Caroline a teasing shove, “You’re leaving all of us in suspense!”  
  
“Okay, okay,” Caroline gave a slightly wider smile. “Elise.” Another suspenseful pause. And then the quiet girl said something the blonde prefect wasn't prepared for at all. “Your third task is to go commando.”

“Excuse me…?”  
  
For a moment, Elise snapped back to her normal self. A prefect who was supposed to have authority over the younger girls, first-years included. Who was supposed to be respected by them as well.  
  
The first two tasks were embarrassing, each in their own way, but she somehow managed to justify them in her head. But to take off her underwear? Elise was a proper girl. She had never once entertained the idea of wearing an outfit without the proper attire underneath. And having it suggested by one of these first-years made her realize just how far she let them push her already. Kaitlyn especially.  
  
Before she could argue further, the redhead jumped in to help her brunette friend. “Don’t worry, Caroline. I’m sure little Elise just didn’t catch that. After all, she promised she wouldn’t complain or make a fuss. Isn’t that right, Elise?”  
  
“I-” Elise hesitated. DID she promise? She definitely said the words about not complaining at some point, obviously at Kaitlyn’s demand, but the past half hour or so was all starting to blur together. “I don’t think I promised,” she said. It wasn’t the first time someone tried to use that against her. Plenty of more immature 7th and 8th girls would try to pull the ‘you promised’ card on her, when she really only gave half of an agreement to begin with.  
  
“You might as well have,” Kaitlyn rolled her eyes, acting like Elise was being the difficult one. “You’re a prefect, Elise. Would a girl like you lie to us…?”  
  
Elise couldn’t believe this. The clever redhead trapped her. Again. And she made it seem so casual and effortless. Despite the disrespect these girls were showing her, Elise was still a prefect. She could just tell Kaitlyn reference it on purpose. As one of their prefects, the blonde couldn’t admit to being a liar when girls in the lower grades (even these girls) were supposed to look up to her. “Well…no…” Elise said. A quick correction and an annoyed look from Kaitlyn got her to answer ‘properly’ like usual, “No, I wouldn’t lie to you, Miss Kaitlyn.”  
  
“Good girl, Elise,” Kaitlyn smiled, “So you won’t complain or make a fuss?”  
  
“No, Miss Kaitlyn,” Elise sighed, “I won’t complain or make a fuss.”  
  
“Good girl. Now Caroline, what was that third task?”  
  
Caroline smiled as well, grateful for Kaitlyn’s help in making sure the prefect would keep playing along. “Your third task is to go commando.”  
  
Just like that, Elise was back to doing as these girls said. “Okay…” she muttered. From now on, she would be very careful about what she said out loud. Before Kaitlyn could offer any patronizing or demeaning ‘assistance’ like before, Elise reached underneath her skirt to take off her underwear.  
  
What had she said so far? No complaining, no making a fuss. Answering ‘properly.’ Elise also remembered insisting she wasn’t stuck-up, which Kaitlyn already used against her once or twice.  
  
The three girls watched in amusement as the prefect before them slowly revealed and then removed her underwear. The light pink panties came into view rather quickly as Elise slid them down her legs, considering how short Annie’s skirt was on the flustered girl. Elise bent down, careful not to show her backside as she did so, and stepped out of the leg holes one at a time.  
  
“I’ll take those,” Kaitlyn said. She got up from her chair again and snatched the underwear out of Elise’s hand before she could even protest.  
  
Elise almost snapped something at her, but managed to catch herself. No complaining, she reminded herself. Every little reaction would only further entertain the girls and make this take even longer. Three tasks down. Four to go. Eyes on the prize.  
  
That focus, of course, was way more difficult when she stood keenly aware of how different she felt without her underwear on. There were no windows in the room, but Elise still felt as if there was a breeze down there. The new feeling almost felt more awkward than embarrassing. Not wearing leggings or panties also made Elise realize just how careful she needed to be with her movement. Annie’s skirt was quite small on her, and every little motion risked revealing something if she weren’t careful.  
  
“About as boring as I’d expect,” Kaitlyn said. The redhead’s voice brought Elise out of her thoughts. The devious first-year held the light pink fabric up with both hands, both inspecting it, and showing it off to the other girls, “No lace, no interesting cut, no nothing. We’ll have to take you shopping for more exciting underwear some time, Elise.”  
  
Elise resisted the urge to lecture her. Holding her underwear like that was wrong in itself, not to mention the disrespectful insults that came with it. But she wouldn’t give in to the bait. “May I have my fourth task, Miss Kaitlyn?” she begrudgingly asked instead.  
  
“Not yet, Elise. Though I appreciate that you’re speaking so properly now. Keep it up,” Kaitlyn said. She delicately dropped the panties onto the stack of Elise’s clothes. “But you can’t start your fourth task until you finish your third.”  
  
“Kaitlyn…Miss Kaitlyn…” Elise said, unsure of where Kaitlyn planned on going with this, “I just did what Caroline said.”  
  
“Did you? Caroline’s task was for you to go commando. Are these boring pink panties all you’re wearing beneath your clothes, Elise?”  
  
And then it hit her. Elise nervously looked back and forth between Kaitlyn and Caroline, both of them seeming to be in agreement. Her panties weren’t enough. These awful first years wanted her to remove her bra as well.

Her bra.  
  
The girls wanted her to take off her bra.  
  
Elise’s first instinct was to straight up refuse. The underwear was already way worse than expected, now that Kaitlyn had basically inspected Elise’s panties and showed them off to the other girls, rather than merely adding them to the ever growing collection of clothes on her desk.  
  
But there was that recent condition. Elise confirmed to the girls that she wouldn’t complain about anything. Did this count? As much as she disliked the idea, Elise could already hear the argument the girls would make if she refused. A bra isn’t /that/ different from panties. She already removed one. What’s the problem with removing the other?  
  
“Okay…” Elise muttered. What choice did she have? If she backed out now, these first-years would have gotten all kinds of entertainment at her expense, and she would have nothing to show for it. Even worse, Kaitlyn and the others would get to hold onto that personal information that she still prayed they hadn’t looked at yet.  
  
“Be proper, little Elise,” Kaitlyn smiled. The wicked redhead couldn’t believe this. The first few tasks required a good amount of pressure before the blonde agreed to do as she was told. This latest addition to Caroline’s task seemed so easy in comparison. “Do you want to take your bra off for us?”  
  
“I…” Elise hesitated, the warm blush returning to her cheeks. Once again, Kaitlyn phrased things in the worst possible way. But if she complained, it would only make things worse all over again. “Yes, Miss Kaitlyn,” she sighed, “I want to take my bra off.”  
  
“Go on, then. And try to be quick about it, Elise. We don’t have all day. Can you be quick for us, Elise?”  
  
The blonde prefect held back a snappy retort to the first-year’s audacity and patronizing tone. “Yes, Miss Kaitlyn. I can be quick.”  
  
“Say the whole thing, Elise. What do you want to do? And how will you do it?”  
  
“I want to take my bra off…” Elise repeated. More heat rose to her face as she said the mortifying words, “And I’ll take it off quickly.”  
  
“We’ll see,” the redhead smirked. She reached into her desk drawer and pulled out a stopwatch. The action itself made Elise nervous, and she let out a light sigh of relief when it was something so innocent. Short lived relief, considering Kaitlyn’s next words. “You have 30 seconds, Elise,” she turned the watch around so Elise could see the numbers, “Starting…now!”  
  
For a few seconds, Elise stared in shock. Kaitlyn hadn’t specified a punishment for failure, but the hint of a threat was enough to stop her from protesting the absurdity of a time limit. By the time she came to her senses, there were only 25 seconds left.  
  
Elise’s original plan involved the arduous process of taking the bra off while keeping the tightly fitted button-down on. But now, Kaitlyn had taken that option away, whether she had known Elise’s intentions or not.  
  
23 seconds.  
  
Unable to think clearly under the time pressure, Elise started scrambling to take the bra off. She had the good sense to turn around, but that was the best her logical brain could manage in the heat of the moment. Now facing away from the girls, Elise undid button after button on Annie’s shirt until the last one was undone.  
  
“10 seconds!” Kaitlyn’s amused voice called from behind her.  
  
Elise barely had time to register the embarrassment of the shirt hanging loosely on her body. She was almost out of time! Abandoning the plan to hold onto the white dress shirt while completing her ‘task,’ the flustered prefect whipped the shirt off her shoulders and quickly pulled at the tight fabric still on her arms. Finally managing to get it off, she dropped it on the floor and immediately reached back to undo her bra.  
  
All three girls watched in amusement and fascination as the slightly older girl stripped for them as quickly as possible. Elise’s long blonde hair didn’t quite hide the strap of the nude bra currently being undone and, as the prefect before them got the bra loosened, her entire bare back became exposed. Now that her victim was facing the opposite direction, Kaitlyn let herself fully smirk at the situation.  
  
Still scrambling, Elise rushed to pull the bra the rest of the way off of her arms, but couldn’t find it in herself to let go of the personal garment as easily as she dropped Annie’s shirt.  
  
“Done!” Elise exclaimed. She held the bra out for a moment to show the three first-years that she had completed the task, then quickly moved her arms in to cross them over her chest.  
  
“Cutting it pretty close, Elise! Two seconds to spare,” Kaitlyn said. Like the previous few times the reluctant prefect removed a garment, the devious redhead rose from the comfort of her desk chair and crossed over to her. She pulled back Elise’s blonde hair, ignoring the faint flinch of surprise from her touch, “Turn around for me, little prefect.” Her words were gentle, but still with a hint of command.  
  
Elise shivered, though she wasn’t sure whether it was from the cold or from Kaitlyn’s fingers running over her hair and grazing at her bare shoulders. “Yes, Miss Kaitlyn…” she mumbled. Even in her current state of undress, she remembered to say the awful words.  
  
And, at Kaitlyn’s demand, the topless prefect turned around.

Elise couldn’t believe this was happening. How could she let things get so out of control? Prefects were discouraged from spending time in younger girls’ rooms, as that familiarity could make it difficult to maintain authority over the academy girls. And yet, here she was. Not just spending a prolonged amount of time in a first-year’s room, but standing there completely topless.  
  
The blonde prefect now faced the three girls. Kaitlyn still stood uncomfortably close, relishing the ever growing control she had over the older girl.  
  
“May I hold onto that for you?” the wicked redhead asked, giving a light tug on Elise’s nude bra. As if it were a question.  
  
Elise couldn’t help but listen. From her perspective, the only way out of this was to continue playing along. “Yes, Miss Kaitlyn…” she mumbled, out of habit. Her arms remained firmly crossed over her bare chest, but she loosened her grip on the bra.  
  
Rather than snatching the bra like she did with so many other articles of Elise’s clothing, Kaitlyn slowly pulled at the bra until the blonde fully let go. “Good girl,” she smiled. Elise blushed, glancing down in embarrassment. Outside of changing in the locker room, she had never been this exposed in front of others before. Kaitlyn placed her index finger under the prefect’s chin, lifting Elise’s head until their eyes met, “Are you my good girl, Elise? Answer properly for me, okay?”  
  
Kaitlyn was only fifteen. Why did her voice have so much authority? The extra inch or two of height the redhead had on Elise seemed so much more dramatic now that they were standing so close together, and Kaitlyn’s voice carried so much control. It didn’t help that the first-year was fully clothed and Elise was nearly naked.  
  
“Yes, Miss Kaitlyn,” Elise reluctantly replied, “I’m your good girl.”  
  
At the mortifying phrase, Elise’s cheeks turned beet red. Kaitlyn just gave her a soft smile, pretending like she didn’t notice. Her finger still remained under the blonde’s chin, holding her so she had to keep her eyes up, “I’m your good girl, Miss Kaitlyn,” the redhead corrected her.  
  
“I’m your good girl, Miss Kaitlyn.”  
  
“Speak up, little prefect. What are you, Elise?”  
  
Elise cleared her throat. She wanted to glance away, to look anywhere but Kaitlyn’s eyes, but she couldn’t manage to break away from the girl’s stern stare. “I’m your good girl, Miss Kaitlyn.”  
  
“What are you, Elise…?”  
  
“I’m your good girl, Miss Kaitlyn,” Elise said, even more clearly.  
  
“Yes you are, Elise,” Kaitlyn said. She kept the one hand firmly under Elise’s chin, using the other one to tuck a few strands of blonde hair behind her ear. “Whenever I ask that, you will answer properly. Do you understand?”  
  
Elise wanted to argue, to flat out refuse. And yet, she couldn’t. Kaitlyn stared down at her with the most judgmental eyes, and yet spoke with the most gentle voice. The redhead’s demeanor and Elise’s nudity cast a spell that the prefect couldn’t seem to break. “I understand, Miss Kaitlyn…” she sighed. Echoing whatever the first-year said more and more easily in her vulnerable state of dress.  
  
“And what are you, Elise?”  
  
“I’m your good girl, Miss Kaitlyn…”  
  
“That’s better, Elise,” Kaitlyn smiled. She couldn’t believe how easy the prefect was making this for her. “Can you answer a few questions for me, Elise?”  
  
Deep down, Elise was still trying to resist. All of this was so inappropriate, and only seemed to be getting worse. But Kaitlyn kept making everything sound like it was no big deal, and arguing only got more difficult. Four more tasks. She only needed to do four more tasks, and this would all be over. Hopefully. “Yes, Miss Kaitlyn. I can answer a few questions…” Elise hesitantly replied. Arguing would just drag things out.  
  
“Do you change in the locker room with all the other girls, Elise? Answer properly. Full sentences, or this will take longer.”  
  
“Yes, Miss Kaitlyn. I change with the other girls.”  
  
“So other girls have seen you naked?”  
  
Elise’s blush deepened. “It’s…it’s not like that…” she mumbled. The locker room was all about ignoring everyone around you and just changing yourself. It wasn’t like anyone stared at anyone else.  
  
“Have you changed from a regular bra to a sports bra around other girls?” Kaitlyn sighed. Again, like Elise was being the difficult one.  
  
“Yes…” Elise muttered. A long silence followed. Kaitlyn just stared at her expectantly. Right. ‘Proper responses,’ in the redhead’s words. “Yes, I’ve change bras around other girls…”  
  
“And it wasn’t a big deal?”  
  
“No.” Another pause. “No, it wasn’t a big deal.”  
  
“What wasn’t a big deal, little Elise?”  
  
“Umm…changing bras around other girls wasn’t a big deal.” Elise muttered. Again, technically true. She changed in the locker room every week day. But she didn’t like the direction Kaitlyn was taking this.  
  
“Good,” Kaitlyn gave her a soft smile, though her gleaming eyes didn’t quite match the rest of her expression. “It’s just us girls, changing bras. No big deal. What are you, Elise?”  
  
Elise didn’t want to say it, but she couldn’t find the words to protest. She was a topless prefect in a first-year’s dorm. She couldn’t have Kaitlyn getting mad at her at this point. “I’m your good girl, Miss Kaitlyn,” Elise said, blushing for the umpteenth time.  
  
“Yes you are, Elise.” Kaitlyn said. The slightly taller redhead slowly lifted her hands and gently placed them on the blonde’s wrists. “Now be a good girl. You’re not going to make a big deal out of nothing, are you?”  
  
“I…” Elise’s voice caught in her throat. Wrong. Inappropriate. Improper. The resistant thoughts rushed through her head, but they were drowned out by the first-years words. Fighting back would no doubt be making a ‘big deal out of nothing.' Fighting back would mean she had done all of this for nothing as well if she backed out now.  
  
It was just three girls. They changed in the locker room as well. They probably saw their fair share of breasts on accident, just like she had. Obviously this situation was different, but Elise managed to use it as justification in the heat of the moment.  
  
Just girls. Not a big deal.  
  
“I won’t make a big deal out of nothing, Miss Kaitlyn,” Elise said.  
  
“Good girl,” Kaitlyn nodded. She gave a light tug on Elise’s wrists, resisting every urge to smirk and break the dominant spell the prefect was under, “Is there something you want to show us, Elise?”  
  
“Yes, Miss Kaitlyn…” Elise mumbled. She couldn’t believe the words that were coming out of her mouth. The blonde’s blush deepened as she realized what the awful first-year was guiding her to say. But it was too late. Kaitlyn already set her up so saying anything else would make her situation worse. Not realizing her actions would make things worse all on her own, Elise played along, “I want to show you my boobs…”  
  
Following Kaitlyn’s gentle tug, Elise slowly lowered her arms.

Annie and Caroline watched in fascination as their devious friend convinced the prefect before them to keep doing such improper things. This was SO exciting! Not only was Elise practically naked, but Kaitlyn managed to coerce the older girl to reveal herself. Unfortunately, the redhead’s body still blocked their vision, so they could only watch in suspended anticipation.  
  
Meanwhile, Kaitlyn was thoroughly enjoying herself. This wasn’t the first girl she had stripped. Any time a girl crossed her at Edgewood, she was quick to put that girl in her place. But she had never done something like this with an older girl before, let alone a prefect. And never so calmly and slowly. Normally her plans involved stranding a girl naked in the locker room, or glueing her skirt to her chair at lunch. But Elise…the flustered blonde was willingly showing off more and more of her body. ‘Willingly,’ with a good amount of conditions and pressure, but willingly nonetheless.  
  
As she pulled Elise’s hands away, Kaitlyn got a perfect view of the blonde’s bare breasts. The perky 34Bs were just as pale as the rest of Elise’s body, her little pink nipples slightly hardened. No doubt from the cold of being undressed, or maybe from Elise’s touch as she covered herself up until now.  
  
The redhead was almost jealous, but managed to keep a calm expression. While Elise’s chest wasn’t quite as impressive as Kaitlyn’s, the prefect’s breasts looked annoyingly good when on display. Kaitlyn always thought her own looked much better while clothed or in a bra. She wasn’t quite as perky when fully topless, which was annoying at times. Obviously boys didn’t mind, as a topless girl is still a topless girl. But looking at the exposed blonde just reminded her of that mild annoyance at her own body.  
  
Knowing she couldn’t stare forever, the controlling redhead brought her gaze back up to Elise’s face. “Good girl, Elise” she smiled, bringing the prefect’s hands all the way down to her sides. “We’re all girls here, remember? Are you going to freak out and cover up…?”  
  
“Umm…” Elise trailed off. How was this happening?? She was topless in front of a first-year. Totally topless. But…there were all those things she said. Or rather, that Kaitlyn said. It was getting difficult to remember things clearly.  
  
She wouldn’t complain.  
She wouldn’t make a fuss.  
She wouldn’t be stuck up.  
She wouldn’t make a big deal out of nothing.  
She wouldn’t freak out.  
  
Did all that outweigh the fact that she was topless? These were first-years! She was their prefect! This was wrong. This was inappropriate.  
  
In the lingering silence following Kaitlyn’s last question, Elise desperately thought everything through, trying to be logical. Lightly blushing at the realization that her breasts were continually on display as Kaitlyn gently held her hands all the way down by her sides. And yet, she couldn’t find the strength to attempt to cover up.  
  
Somehow, Elise found a way to justify this mortifying turn of events: Kaitlyn already saw her boobs. The damage was done. The best she could do now was to make that exposure count.  
  
“Yes, Miss Kaitlyn…” she sighed, not thinking twice about the title that was already becoming a habit at this point.  
  
“Answer properly, my little prefect,” Kaitlyn smiled, still gazing into Elise's eyes, “You won’t freak out?”  
  
“I won’t freak out.”  
  
“Miss Kaitlyn.”  
  
“I won’t freak out, Miss Kaitlyn…”  
  
“You won’t cover up?”  
  
“I won’t cover up, Miss Kaitlyn.”  
  
“You’re okay hanging out while topless?”  
  
“I-“ Elise’s voice caught in her throat. She didn’t want to say it. It was wrong. But what choice did she have? She continued echoing the words, mumbling the awful phrase, “I’m okay hanging out while topless, Miss Kaitlyn."  
  
The redhead leaned in and gave Elise a brief kiss on the cheek before she could shy away from the intimate gesture. “Good girl,” Kaitlyn whispered. She pulled back before Elise could freak out about the kiss, and then made short work of exposing the blonde to the others. Kaitlyn knew she was pushing her luck with that last question, but she couldn’t resist. Letting go of Elise’s hands, the redhead scooped up Annie’s borrowed button-down on the floor where Elise dropped it in her haste to strip. Then she returned to her desk, adding the garments to the ever growing stack of clothes beside her.  
  
Somehow, Elise managed to find the courage to keep her hands by her sides, even when she was reminded of the presence of the other girls in the room. Frozen by both nervousness and embarrassment from this whole situation, and the faint fear of things somehow getting even worse for her if she covered up.  
  
The two brunettes couldn’t help but gasp and stare. Elise. A prefect who normally did room inspections and enforced curfew for them. The slightly slutty clothes and the short lesbian kiss were one thing. Both were fun to watch and participate in, especially since it was a girl like Elise was doing it, rather than one of their peers. But now, the normally authoritative blonde now stood with her boobs blatantly showing. It was unreal. Aside from the amusingly short red checkered skirt, almost every inch of Elise's fair skin was on display.  
  
“Annie, my dear?” Kaitlyn said. She glanced over to the short brunette, a teasing lilt in her voice. “I believe it’s your turn! Do you have a task for Elise?”  
  
“Hmm…” Annie looked towards Elise in thought. It was impossible to not stare at the prefect’s bare breasts. I mean, they were right there. Totally on display. There was the obvious task, of course. Removing the skirt. But that was almost too easy, and Annie was nicer than Kaitlyn. The nearly naked prefect deserved a minute to breathe before being more exposed, as Kaitlyn would obviously find a way to do away with the skirt no matter what. “Oh, I’ve got one!” she exclaimed, thinking of something a little more creative.  
  
“Hold on,” Kaitlyn held up a finger before Annie could continue. “Elise. My little prefect. Are you ready for your fourth task? Answer properly.”  
  
Elise desperately wished she could slam on the brakes. She almost spoke up and objected about it being Annie’s turn, since Annie would be fourth if they kept going in order. After all, Elise just stripped. To a timer, no less. Surely she was on task five or six. Looking back, however, she realized Kaitlyn managed to get her to do all of that for free. The third task was to go commando, bra included. Somehow, that escalated into stripping as quickly as possible, and then showing her boobs to all three girls. And yet, no task was ever mentioned. Even worse, she already agreed to keep her hands down.  
  
The blonde nervously glanced down towards her bare breasts. She knew what they looked like. She saw them every day when putting on or taking off a bra. But seeing them in this context just made her blush all over again. Because she wasn’t topless in her room. She was topless in Kaitlyn’s room. In front of three first-year girls.  
  
Deep down, Elise knew she should call this off. Every second that passed just made her feel more exposed. And yet, she found herself reluctantly answering Kaitlyn instead. Blushing at the way the redhead kept addressing her in the most disrespectful ways.  
  
“Yes, Miss Kaitlyn…” Elise quietly said. Still glancing down at her bare chest. “I’m ready for my fourth task…”