**The Prefect**

by\*Lady Lucia\*

Annie looked Elise over again and again. Her eyes constantly dropped to the prefect’s exposed chest. Not too big, not too small. No tan lines. Small pink nipples. It was strange seeing a girl in such detail. The short brunette had obviously seen glimpses of other topless girls in the locker room, but this was entirely different. This was a girl who was standing fully on display, not changing with her back turned and with her locker door blocking most of the view.

Kaitlyn was an evil genius. To get a prefect to be so malleable, so obedient? It was crazy. Annie was so grateful to be friends with the redhead. Being enemies, or even a target, would be awful.

‘I’m ready for my fourth task.’

Elise just said it. And it was Annie’s turn. She already thought through all the potential ideas the three of them tossed around in the hour before the prefect arrived. Nothing was set in stone, as it all depended on how things played out. But overall, things had gone fairly smoothly. Kaitlyn was right. Elise was too worried about her possessions to think clearly at first. And the deeper the hole she dug, the more difficult it would be to get herself out.

While Annie constantly sought Kaitlyn’s approval, the brunette also felt a tiny bit nervous about bossing a prefect around like this. Kaitlyn assured Annie and Caroline they wouldn’t get in trouble. Their friend was amusingly wicked, but she was also fiercely protective. Kaitlyn wasn’t scared of the teachers and administrators, and she would happily take all the blame for this if Elise ratted them out. Even so, Annie stuck to the more innocent tasks when it was her turn. Just in case.

“Okay, Elise,” Annie said, “Your fourth task is to go to dinner with us.”

Simple, and seemingly innocent, but Annie knew Kaitlyn would approve. The leader of their little gang already stressed the importance of prolonging Elise’s time with them. This task would ensure she stuck around until dinner, and then returned to their dorm afterwards to get her things back. It would be up to Kaitlyn if she wanted to extend things beyond that.

Meanwhile, Elise was still nervously standing there topless. Every few seconds, her hands twitched at her sides, yearning to reach up and protect her bare chest. Even if it was just girls seeing her, it was still wrong. Wrong because it was indecent, wrong because she was a prefect, and wrong because it wasn’t like her at all.

And yet, the blonde managed kept her hands at her sides, in the name of 'not freaking out.' In the name of protecting sensitive information about all the other first-years. Elise tried to ignore the fact that all three girls were blatantly staring at her. None of them tried to hide the fact that they were checking out all her exposed skin, and Kaitlyn’s confident smirk persisted the entire time.

Elise chose to focus on Annie. The one speaking and, more importantly, the one who wasn’t smirking at her. “Umm…” Elise hesitated at the question. On the one hand, she understood that dinner meant even more time with these girls. But on the other hand, it was a simple task. The prior one involved removing her undergarments, and in a not so graceful way. Dinner didn’t seem awful in comparison, especially considering that she’d be clothed. Hopefully in her own clothes again, rather than Annie’s. “Okay,” she replied, lightly blushing when she felt a tiny breeze tickle her chest.

“Say it properly, Elise,” Kaitlyn reminded her.

“Yes, Miss Kaitlyn,” Elise said. She turned back to Annie, “Annie, I will go to dinner with all of you.”

Kaitlyn caught Caroline’s amused sideways glance. The blonde said ‘Yes, Miss Kaitlyn’ so quickly, and didn’t even seem to catch how effortlessly it came out. As usual, the redhead knew she could do so much more with such a seemingly simple task. “Elise,” she said, quietly and calmly, “You’re talking to Annie. Ask her to dinner, and ask her properly.”

“I-” Elise’s voice caught in her throat. Now the blush returned, a darker shade of red than the light pink that came from being totally topless. Kaitlyn was being obnoxious about her ‘crush’ and their kiss again. Fine. She would show Kaitlyn that none of this bothered her. “Annie, may I take you to dinner?” Elise asked. She tried it overly polite just for good measure.

Of course, that wasn’t good enough. Kaitlyn ‘coached’ her through a few more attempts, adding a number of incriminating and wildly untrue details. Even so, the redhead nonchalantly insisted they were known facts. The other girls nodded in agreement every time, making it sound like Elise was simply in denial of her own feelings.

“What are you, Elise?” Kaitlyn asked near the end.

“I’m your good girl, Miss Kaitlyn,” Elise mumbled.

“Then prove it.” Kaitlyn said. She gestured towards the short brunette sitting on the bed nearby, “Take her hand and get it right, Elise. Be a good girl.”

Deep down, Elise knew it was a bad idea. But on the surface, she couldn’t help but listen to Kaitlyn’s patronizing words. It seemed like the only way to ‘complete’ the task was to do it Kaitlyn’s way. She was so close. Once she said the mortifying words, there would only be three tasks left.

Well, three tasks and dinner.

Elise walked over to Annie and took the girl’s hand. She tried not to think about the fact that her bare breasts were now at eye level for both brunettes on the bed. “Annie…” Elise began. Just like with the kiss, Annie’s bubbly smile softened now that things were a little more ‘real.’ Before she lost her nerve, Elise continued. “I’ve had a crush on you for weeks. I can’t help but check you out during all my prefect duties. And when we kissed…I…I was the happiest girl in the world.” She could feel her cheeks burning. Kaitlyn’s words, Elise’s voice.“I’d like to ask you out on a date…may I take you to dinner, Annie?”

For a moment, the whole room was quiet. Even Kaitlyn, though she was no doubt waiting for Annie to come up with a response of her own.

“It’s a date,” Annie winked. She squeezed Elise’s hand at the same time, giving that same bubbly smile as she finally let go, “I can’t wait, Elise. Maybe I’ll even get a kiss at the end of the night!”

“Oh, she’ll kiss you,” Kaitlyn said, as if it was already decided, “But before your date, my little prefect still has some tasks to do for us!”

“My turn, little Elise!” Kaitlyn smiled.

The awful ‘leader’ of the three girls had already turned Annie’s simple and innocent task into something so much worse. A more exaggerated confession of Elise’s nonexistent feelings for the cute brunette. But something told the exposed prefect that a task designed entirely by Kaitlyn would be much worse than one altered by her.

Elise just waited patiently and silently, not knowing what else to say. Despite how long she stood topless, the urge to cover up was constantly there. It took all her effort not to wrap her arms around her exposed breasts and avoid the ogling of the three amused girls that got to sit comfortably fully clothed around her.

“By the way, my little prefect…” Kaitlyn said, “If you try to hide that cute little chest of yours, the punishment will be taking off your skirt. Understand?”

“But-” Elise stopped herself just in time. No arguing. No complaining. But it was like the wicked girl could read her mind. Then again, who wouldn’t be tempted to cover up if they were topless in such a way? She chose not to fight it. “Yes, Miss Kaitlyn,” Elise muttered.

“Good girl. Now then, for your fourth task…” Kaitlyn trailed off. The redhead walked over to her closet and pulled out a small bag, followed by one of Elise’s binders. The prefect couldn’t help but feel a tiny bit of relief at the mere sight of it. Until she learned what was next. “It’s time for surprise room inspections. For all the rooms connected to our common room.”

Elise’s jaw actually dropped.

No. No way. No way in hell.

She would lose every ounce of authority if the seven other first-years in the pod of rooms saw her dressed the way she was. Listening to Kaitlyn’s every word. It’s not even that it was that many people, but she knew they would talk. By the end of dinner, the whole grade would have heard about her nudity and the reason behind it.

“You know what to say,” Kaitlyn said. Her face was back to its serious expression, as if this was incredibly important. None of the smirking and smiling that normally came with her demands. The redhead strutted right up to her, holding out the binder, “Be a good girl, and you can keep the binder afterwards.” She held the binder out, and Elise couldn’t help but reach for it. It’s exactly why she was putting up with all this. For this binder and the other one. And all her other belongings, of course. “Ah, ah, ah,” Kaitlyn pulled the binder away right as Elise’s fingers grazed it. “If you’re going to be difficult, we’ll just shove you out of the room and lock the door behind you. No backpack. No binder." She paused to let those words sink in, "Now then, what do you say?”

And Elise said it. The words were almost effortless now that Kaitlyn had gotten her to say them so many times. “Yes, Miss Kaitlyn.” The wicked first-year had her trapped anyway. There's no way she could fight off three girls at once. If the three of them were going to shove her out for being ‘difficult,’ she might as well take ‘control’ of the situation. Once again, Kaitlyn stood there silently, looking impatient. Elise took the cue, not realizing how easily the words were tumbling out of her mouth. “I’ll do room inspections right now.”

“Good girl,” Kaitlyn finally cracked a subtle smile. She handed Elise the binder, then walked back over to her desk. The feeling of the binder in her hands gave the prefect a sense of relief, despite the fact that every inch of her skin above and below the short skirt was on display. But she also realized Kaitlyn gave her the less important binder. This one was just day to day stuff like room inspections. The other one held the more important information. Elise was so distracted by the faint sense of relief that she hadn’t noticed Kaitlyn looting through the bag she had retrieved along with the binder. “But before we get started, you’ve got a choice to make.”

“What choice?” Elise nervously asked. Realizing her mistake, she quickly added on, “…Miss Kaitlyn?”

“Choose one.” Kaitlyn simple said. She held up two items, one in each hand. The first one was obvious, though Elise was appalled by the demeaning nature of it. A slim black collar. Kaitlyn clearly had no qualms when it came to humiliating her.

“What…what is that…?” she asked, pointing to the other hand. A collection of shiny chains in Kaitlyn’s hand looked unfamiliar and a little bit daunting, but Elise still wanted to know before making a choice. The thought to deny both hadn’t even crossed her mind.

“Oh, these?” Kaitlyn smiled. She held up the ends so Elise could see, “These are nipple clamps. You attach them to those cute pink nipples, and then…” she snapped the chains taut with her hands, “I can pull you around.”

“Kaitlyn, please…”

“MISS Kaitlyn. And are you complaining, my little prefect?”

Elise hesitated. The binder was in her hand. She was so close. “No, Miss Kaitlyn. I’m not complaining…” Elise said. She didn’t even realize how far Kaitlyn had conditioned her in terms of both words and obedience.

“Then choose,” Kaitlyn said. She turned to the other girls, showcasing the two items as well, “My older sister’s. She’s horrible at hiding things, so I helped myself last time I was home!”

“The…the collar…” Elise managed to get out. Of the two, it was obviously the safest choice.

“Properly, Elise.”

“The collar, Miss Kaitlyn…” she corrected herself. But it wasn’t enough. Kaitlyn had the prefect try again and again, closing the distance between them as she did so. “I’m your good girl, Miss Kaitlyn. Will you please collar me?”

“There. Was that so hard?” Kaitlyn smirked. She stood right in front of Elise, content to take her time with the collar. Kaitlyn shifted Elise’s long blonde hair out of the way, made sure to graze her skin a few times as she positioned the collar, and even stepped a little closer just to make Elise nervous.

Elise gasped as Kaitlyn tightened the collar. Not too tightly, but definitely enough so she could feel the leather touching her fair skin on almost every part of her neck. “Now you’re not just my little prefect, and my good girl,” Kaitlyn smirked, her hazel eyes gleaming as she stared the reluctantly obedient prefect down. The redhead gripped the collar and gave a sharp tug, pulling Elise forward. She pressed her lips against the prefect’s ear, whispering in an exaggerated seductive tone. “Elise. You’re my pet.”

Kaitlyn’s pet? What did that even mean?

The binder in Elise’s hand gave her some sense of relief amidst her current state of undress, but the addition of the collar made her nervous and uncertain and confused. She had already ‘accepted’ doing room inspections while topless. That was already completely against her proper nature. But, as Kaitlyn had already figured out, the blonde definitely had a submissive side.

“Time for room inspections!” Kaitlyn stepped back and clapped her hands together. Before Elise had a chance to collect her thoughts, the redhead switched to a more eager personality, “Be a good girl and hop to it, Elise. If you’re not out there in ten seconds, you can do the inspections without Annie’s cute skirt on.”

Elise’s eyes widened. “Wait, Kaitlyn-” She started to say. Suddenly it wasn’t about whether or not she would do the room inspections, but how undressed she would be while doing them. As usual, Kaitlyn set things up so it seemed like she only had two bad options.

“MISS Kaitlyn.” The redhead’s eyes narrowed, “Don’t mess it up again.”

“Yes, Miss Kaitlyn.” Elise mumbled, taken aback by the harsh tone.

“Seven seconds. Six. Five.”

The blonde prefect scrambled to collect herself from everything that had happened in the last minute and quickly made it towards the door. As Kaitlyn reached “two,” Elise took a shaky breath and opened the door.

The common room before her made Elise regret her compliance completely. The thought of more first-years seeing her so exposed was nothing in the comparison to the reality to it. Now that it was closer to dinner, most of the girls had returned to their rooms at this point.

There were five in the common room. Five. Five girls who were chatting, or doing homework, or studying with each other. At first, they glanced up like anyone would when a door opens nearby, but all five sets of eyes immediately noticed the unusual scene before them. The average girl would wear a towel from their room to the bathroom, or maybe their outfit if they were more self conscious. But this girl was standing with her pale breasts blatantly on display.

“Oh my God!” One of the girls finally broke the silence. Because this wasn’t just any topless girl. This was their prefect.

Elise instantly clamped her arms over her chest and tried to turn around. She couldn’t help herself. “What are you doing?!” “Where are your clothes?” “What’s going on?” The words cascaded over Elise so much that she couldn’t logically answer even one of them. Looking back, she couldn’t even remember how many steps it took for Kaitlyn and the others to undress her. Each task seemed so doable at the time, but the reality of her situation was only now sinking in. Because though the common room was secluded, it was still way more public than the privacy of Kaitlyn’s room.

Unfortunately, the wicked redhead was ready for her. The moment Elise turned around, Kaitlyn was already standing behind her. “Elise! What did I say about covering?” Before Elise could even respond, Kaitlyn gave her a firm push and walked into the prefect in a way that made her take a few steps backwards. Caroline and Annie left the room right after their ‘leader’ did and closed the door behind them.

“Kaitlyn, stop! Give me back my clothes!” Whatever trance Kaitlyn had put Elise under had all but vanished when the reality of her situation sunk in. She was almost naked! And she had…kissed a girl? Stripped herself? Said all those mortifying thing! Everything that had blurred together amidst her ‘tasks’ now came rushing back with far more clarity.

None of this was worth it.

Elise would have been better off going straight to one of the faculty members when Kaitlyn stole her backpack, but her confident prefect side thought she could handle the disrespectful girls herself. Obviously she was wrong.

“Miss Kaitlyn.” The redhead went for the same correction. “Elise, you’re being a bad girl. Apologize. Now.”

“No!” Elise exclaimed. She remembered now. Ever since stepping into Kaitlyn’s room, the redhead had refused to call her by the name that the academy’s policy enforced. And then she went so far as to take the title for herself. But Kaitlyn wasn’t a prefect. Elise was. And now that she was in front of so many first-years she was supposed to have authority over, she needed to take charge like she was supposed to. “Kaitlyn, enough. Let me back in. Give me my clothes. And-”

But that’s as far as she got.

And then Kaitlyn slapped her across the face.

Elise was stunned.

No one had ever slapped her before. Ever. And Kaitlyn hadn’t held back at all. Though Elise couldn’t see it herself, her pale cheek had a solid pink mark left from Kaitlyn’s harsh strike.

The curious and amused chatter around the room went completely silent. All the onlookers were just as stunned as Elise. A few of them had witnessed Kaitlyn’s antics before, but most had only heard stories. Until now.

“Elise!!” Kaitlyn had seemed a little bit annoyed before, but now she looked absolutely furious. Before the stunned prefect could properly recover, Kaitlyn slapped her just as hard a second time on the same cheek. “You said you would behave!”

Did she? Elise couldn’t even remember all the things she agreed to. Not while being slapped in front of a room of first-years. Not while wearing a skirt and nothing else. But the only way to block Kaitlyn would be to expose her chest. “Kaitlyn-”

“MISS Kaitlyn!” Kaitlyn swiftly reached forward and gave a sharp pinch to Elise’s exposed stomach, causing the unsuspecting girl to squirm. Elise had braced herself for another slap, but hadn’t expected Kaitlyn’s fingers and nails to dig into her lower skin for a second. With her arms firmly clamped over her chest, Elise had no way to defend herself from the slaps or the pinches.

“…Miss Kaitlyn…” Elise muttered, her cheeks darkening not just from the two slaps. What was she doing?? All of her proper instincts were screaming at her to take charge and punish the disrespectful girl. Or maybe to run. But how? The ‘logical’ side of her brain pushed back. How on earth could she take charge right now? Where could she run? Being topless in this common room was better than running topless through the academy halls. Did ‘freaking out’ like this cost her everything she had been working for?

Elise was frozen, unable to look away from Kaitlyn’s harsh stare. Her cheek stung, and her face began to heat up from blushing as she noticed all the common room girls staring at her. “I’m sorry…” Elise said. She was apologizing. Without a prompt. To the girl who just slapped her across the face.

“I’m sorry, Miss Kaitlyn,” the stern redhead corrected her.

Elise echoed the words, feeling her face burn even more as she did so. She was now keenly aware of the ‘audience,’ but tried to tell herself it would be fine. Surprisingly, her prefect nature kicked in a little bit. Maybe if she could be brave and show the onlookers that none of this bothered her, then it would be better. Not even she believed the lie as she tried telling it to herself. This was way too much to handle for a somewhat reserved girl. Yet here she was.

“And what are you, Elise?”

“I’m your good girl, Miss Kaitlyn…”

“What else are you?”

“I’m…” Elise’s voice caught in her throat. Inappropriate. Improper. Wrong. But she said it anyway. “I’m your pet, Miss Kaitlyn.” Embarrassing. Demeaning.

A few little gasps and whispers filled the room, but Kaitlyn was quick to take a step closer to the more and more submissive prefect. “Don’t listen to them. Listen to me, Elise.” Kaitlyn said. She slipped two fingers under the leather collar, pulling the blonde a little bit closer. “Are you going to be a good girl? Are you going to be my obedient pet? Or are you going to keep freaking out like a boring, stuck up girl…?”

“I’m going to be a good girl…” Elise quietly replied. When Kaitlyn repeated her other question, Elise reluctantly added the second part. “I’m going to be your obedient pet, Miss Kaitlyn.”

“Good girl, Elise.” Kaitlyn said. She kept her grip on the collar, moving to whisper in the flustered prefect’s ear again. “Now show everyone your boobs.”

Elise blushed all over again at the blunt command, and stiffened a bit when Kaitlyn gave her ear a light nibble. But then the redhead let go of the collar and stepped away as if nothing had happened, moving to the side so everyone in the room had a good view of the topless blonde prefect. Elise’s hands were still wrapped around her chest, though her bare shoulders and midriff were constant reminders to the other girls that they already got a glimpse of Elise’s bare breasts before she covered herself up. A reminder that she didn’t have a bra on.

“Just a few quick ground rules, girls,” Kaitlyn spoke up before Elise could bring herself to expose her chest again. “If you didn’t hear, Elise is my obedient pet. She’ll do anything I say. Won’t you, Elise? Answer properly.”

“Yes, Miss Kaitlyn,” Elise glanced away, “I’ll do anything you say.” Until I get my things back, she thought to herself. Though something told her Kaitlyn would delay that as long as she could. And degrade Elise as much as possible in the process.

“Good girl,” Kaitlyn smirked. “But for the rest of you…Elise is MY pet. That means no pictures. No videos. No touching her unless I give you permission. Follow the rules, and she’ll show you her boobs. Understand?”

As the room nodded and voiced their agreement, Elise couldn’t help but feel a little bit self conscious about her body. Even though she was more developed than almost every girl watching the scene with amused anticipation, she still couldn’t help but get embarrassed by the whole thing. Not to mention how casually Kaitlyn said 'she'll show you her boobs.'

It wasn’t about size. It was about her being topless and everyone else being clothed. Kaitlyn compared it to girls changing in a locker room earlier, but this was different in every way. If she lowered her arms, she was basically giving every girl in the room permission to stare at her bare breasts.

“Drop your arms, pet.” Kaitlyn commanded.

No pictures. No videos. Just a room full of girls that were supposed to respect her under normal circumstances. Elise tried to focus on the first two. It was as much of a silver lining as she was going to get. “Yes, Miss Kaitlyn.” Elise said.

Blushing furiously, the submissive blonde slowly lowered her arms.

How had it come to this?

Elise stood near Kaitlyn’s door with her hands fully by her sides. Bare breasts on display. Pale, perky 34Cs. Small pink nipples. Every inch of smooth, soft skin above her waist was visible to the whole room. Annie’s skirt didn’t leave much of Elise’s legs to the imagination either. Her curves were nice, and her body was in shape, but that didn’t make a difference at the moment. All the blonde prefect could think about was how badly she wanted to bring her arms back up, or just turn away like she would in the locker room. Or just how badly she wanted clothes in general.

Her cheeks were still flushed from the constant demeaning and embarrassment, especially once the girls in the common room started giggling and chattering with each other, glancing back and forth between each other and the ‘show’ that Kaitlyn was putting on. Just by how much each one stared or glanced away every now and then, it was pretty clear which ones were a little embarrassed for her and which ones were more amused at their ‘stuck-up’ prefect in such a state of undress and reluctant obedience.

“Now, my pet. You’ve been a bad girl, haven’t you?” Kaitlyn asked.

“Umm…” Elise trailed off. That’s right. She was wearing a collar. For a moment, she had forgotten, but now she was fully aware of the leather accessory that made her feel even more degraded than the slaps or the rude words. “Yes, Miss Kaitlyn.” What else could she say? Elise’s hands twitched by her sides. Part of her still wanted to cover up and make a run for it, but she couldn’t bear the thought of being seen sprinting across the academy to the completely opposite wing. Her own room never felt so far away. “I’ve been a bad girl.” The details of everything that had happened since she arrived in Kaitlyn’s rooms were now a huge blur, but she couldn’t deny the obvious fact. If she wanted this to end, she had to keep doing what Kaitlyn wanted.

“Do you need to be punished, Elise?”

“Umm…”

“Stop saying ‘umm,’ Elise. It’s not proper. Good pets don’t hesitate. Now apologize. Properly.” Kaitlyn glared. She stepped forward so Elise could see her while her body was still bared to the rest of the room. Stern expression. Hand on hip. Kaitlyn took that same harsh tone from before. The combination of everything made the dominant redhead seem so much older and mature than fifteen.

“I’m sorry, Miss Kaitlyn,” Elise said. She hadn’t even started the fifth task yet! How long was Kaitlyn going to drag this out?

“Have you been a bad girl, pet?”

“Yes, Miss Kaitlyn. I’ve been a bad girl.”

“And you need to be punished?”

“Yes, Miss Kaitlyn. I need to be punished,” Elise mumbled. The surrounding girls were watching in awe as the normally composed prefect was still standing with her upper half totally exposed and saying such things with no argument.

“Because…?”

“Because I’ve been a bad girl…”

“The whole thing, pet.”

“I-” Elise kept internally wincing at the demeaning nickname, but knew that wasn’t a battle she could even begin to fight right now. Keeping her arms by her sides and the urge to argue at bay was enough of an effort. She needed to move this along. “I need to be punished because I’ve been a bad girl, Miss Kaitlyn.”

Music to Kaitlyn’s ears. The prefect really was submitting! Part of her expected more fight from the blonde once she was in front of so many other girls. “Do you remember what I said would happen if you covered yourself, Elise?”

No! No, not that. Now that Kaitlyn said it, Elise immediately remembered the threat of losing her skirt. Her current state of undress was making it difficult to keep track of things. The threat was actually meant to get her out the door, but Kaitlyn assumed correctly in that Elise would mix things up while flustered.

“Kaitlyn, please-”

SLAP. “Miss Kaitlyn,” the redhead struck her un-slapped cheek.

Elise could feel her eyes water from the sharp strike. The slap connected perfectly and made a satisfying sound for Kaitlyn and all those observing. For Elise, it seemed to heighten the pain and obedient shock that came with it. “Miss Kaitlyn!” Elise immediately corrected herself. She didn’t even think about doing anything else but obeying as Kaitlyn glared down at her. That one inch height gap felt taller every minute. Elise really didn’t want to be slapped again. At Kaitlyn’s insistence, Elise was apologizing to the cruel girl, rather than trying to chastise her. “I’m sorry, Miss Kaitlyn. It won’t happen again.” It was way too late to do anything else but submit.

“It better not, Elise.” Kaitlyn snapped. “You’re my pet. In fact, you’re no longer my little prefect while you’re dressed like this and being such a bad girl. Tell me you’re not a prefect, Elise.”

“I’m…I’m not a prefect, Miss Kaitlyn.” Elise repeated. For some reasons, the words almost made sense, despite the illogical nature of them.

“And what are you, Elise?”

“I’m your pet, Miss Kaitlyn.”

“Good girl. For once,” Kaitlyn rolled her eyes. “Now then, tell me what I said would happen if you covered your boobs like a bad girl.”

“…I would lose my skirt, Miss Kaitlyn…” Elise flushed at the very idea. Even if it was all girls, that was still her most private area. She had accepted as best she could that her breasts were on display for anyone who wanted to look and would continue to be so for the foreseeable future, but her lower region was SO much more personal.

“That’s right, pet. Care to drop your skirt for us, or would you like a different punishment instead?”

Deep down, Elise knew. She knew that whatever Kaitlyn had in mind would somehow be worse than full nudity. But she couldn’t help herself. She needed to keep the last shred of clothing she had on. With no underwear currently on, losing Annie’s skirt would leave her with nothing. “I’d like a different punishment, Miss Kaitlyn. Please.”

“Very well, pet,” Kaitlyn smirked, “But if that’s the case, you’ll have to earn it.”

This time, Elise didn’t even put up a fight. She was torn between looking at Kaitlyn’s stern and somewhat annoyed face, and then the faces of all the common room girls. “What do I have to do to earn it, Miss Kaitlyn…?”

Some were still a little shocked that their normally proper and strict prefect was so exposed and continuously submissive to Kaitlyn, while others were blatantly smiling and giggling at the situation. Elise followed rules so rigidly, which would be fine if she weren’t a prefect. But since she was a prefect, the sophomore girl held the first-year girls to her own personal standards, which meant a lot of them got negative marks from Elise’s room and curfew inspections. Those girls were beyond happy to see Elise in a situation like this.

“To keep your skirt? Hmm…” Kaitlyn trailed off. In all honesty, this was new to her too. All the other times she humiliated other girls, she was only in charge of the set up. Any classmate who crossed her would end up embarrassed, and would get the message, but Kaitlyn had never been this involved in a girl’s humiliation until now. Still, she had to think quickly. This would be the perfect show to not only forever keep Elise under her heel, but to ensure that she had an even more powerful reputation than before. “Tell me, pet. Has anyone ever touched your boobs? Besides you, of course. Be honest.”

There was a long pause, and Elise’s blush slightly darkened, but then she answered more quickly than Kaitlyn expected. Maybe the recent lecture on not hesitating or saying “um” was paying off. “No…” Elise muttered. As usual, Kaitlyn was quick to correct her. “No, Miss Kaitlyn. No one has ever touched my boobs…”

“I thought so,” Kaitlyn smirked. Just as she expected. A stuck-up, prudish girl at an all girls school? No way. Elise wouldn’t be the type to venture off campus for co-ed activities that could lead to anything of that nature. “You’re such a prude, Elise. I bet half the girls in this room have done more things than you have, and you’re older than us. Now ask, pet.”

Elise was practically frozen again. She knew exactly what Kaitlyn was implying. Not only did the red haired girl plan on taking such an intimate ‘first’ from her, but she wanted Elise to ask for it. “Miss Kaitlyn…” Elise said, not sure where she was going with the thought. She had always thought she’d be sharing her body for the first time with the right guy at some point. But here she was. Topless. With seven pairs of eyes on her. Eight, counting Kaitlyn’s.

“Yes, Elise?”

“Will you please touch my boobs?”

The words sounded SO wrong, yet there was really no ‘proper’ way to ask for such a thing. The look in Kaitlyn’s eyes told Elise everything. If she didn’t play along, she would essentially be forfeiting her skirt. And that was the one line Elise would avoid crossing at all costs. Letting a girl like Kaitlyn grab at her chest was still better than letting a whole room see her most sacred area. One first, in exchange for avoiding another.

Kaitlyn just smirked again. “I don’t think the whole room heard you, Elise. And address me properly.”

Elise gritted her teeth, but repeated the mortifying phrase a little more loudly. “Will you please touch my boobs, Miss Kaitlyn?”

“Okay, my pet. Why don’t you guide me there?”

Once again, Elise was stunned by the nerves of the girl. Kaitlyn wasn’t even trying to be stern any more. She was smirking and eyeing Elise with almost a hint of a challenge in her eyes. Daring her to say ‘no.’ But Elise couldn’t, which was no doubt why Kaitlyn looked so confident. Elise still had no choice but to keep doing whatever Kaitlyn said for now. Even if it meant giving up something so personal.

The ever more meek prefect half-heartedly tried to convince herself that this didn’t count, since it would be a girl fondling her chest. She could still share such an experience with the right guy and it would be a different kind of experience. But deep down, Elise knew she was ultimately giving that ‘first’ to Kaitlyn, regardless of how she tried to justify it.

Elise reached forward and found Kaitlyn’s hands, and slowly raised them towards her bare chest. Just before Kaitlyn’s hands arrived at their destination, Kaitlyn resisted a little bit. Waiting until Elise met her eyes again, she prolonged the build-up by demeaning Elise a little bit more. “Tell me what you are, Elise. And tell me what you want.”

Elise took a deep breath, but knew she couldn’t hesitate too long without Kaitlyn somehow making this even worse. “I’m your pet, Miss Kaitlyn. And I want your hands on my chest.” And before she could talk herself out of it, Elise shifted Kaitlyn’s hands so both the girl’s palms were resting on her bare breasts.

Warm.

That was Elise’s first thought. Just like when Kaitlyn held her wrists, or her neck, or any other of the little touches from before. Kaitlyn’s hands were noticeably warm on her skin, and Elise felt her cheeks heat up as those warm hands rested on her bare chest. Elise basically had a constant blush since walking out into the common room. The degree of darkness was the only thing that varied.

“You’re so soft, little Elise,” Kaitlyn smiled. She resisted the urge to look down at Elise’s 34Bs for now. There would be plenty of time for that in a moment. Instead, she trained her hazel eyes on Elise’s, thinking through how she would best fluster the girl with her hands, “Should I squeeze too?”

“Yes, Miss Kaitlyn…” Elise mumbled. She had assumed from the start that squeezing would be part of it, but of course Kaitlyn was going to make her specify between touching and squeezing first. After a long silence while Kaitlyn merely rested her hands on Elise’s chest, Elise answered ‘properly’ like she had been slowly conditioned to do whenever Kaitlyn asked something. “Please squeeze my boobs, Miss Kaitlyn.”

“Look at me, Elise. And tell me what you are.”

“I’m-” As the blonde prefect before her began speaking, Kaitlyn gave a long, slow squeeze to both of Elise’s breasts. Kaitlyn guessed that something like this would forever burn in the slightly older blonde’s memory, so she decided to make the most of it. Not only would it be a girl groping at her chest, but now Elise would be looking at Kaitlyn’s smirking expression and confessing what she was, all during the very first time she was touched like this.

-your pet…” Elise partially gasped the last word as Kaitlyn’s hands slowly grasped her bare breasts. Ever the proper girl, Elise had never really touched herself like that before. She had adjusted her boobs when putting on a bra or swimsuit, and had, of course, washed her chest daily in the shower, but Elise always thought ‘exploring’ her body to be somewhat improper. Ever since developing, she never found the courage to squeeze at her own chest, and now another girl was giving her that experience instead.

“That’s right, Elise. You’re not a prefect. You’re a pet. MY pet.” Kaitlyn kept her eyes trained on Elise’s nervous emeralds. After the first squeeze, she gave a few deep massages with her fingertips, then gave another firm squeeze. “Now be a good girl, Elise. Hold still and be quiet.”

And then Kaitlyn explored. FULLY explored. Kaitlyn had only messed around with one other girl up until this point, and that was fully clothed and rather tame compared to this. With Elise essentially her obedient doll, Kaitlyn took the opportunity to grasp and grope and squeeze in every possible way. Hard squeeze, soft squeezes; some slow, some fast and sharp. Between squeezes, she massaged the tops of Elise’s B cups with her fingertips and gave some pressure with her thumbs at times as well. Kaitlyn let her eyes roam down to the girl’s soft, pale skin, getting a perfect view of how the blonde’s breasts shifted in her hands.

It quickly became apparent that the exposed prefect was insanely sensitive when it came to her breasts. Maybe it was her general inexperience, or maybe it was just her body. Every time Kaitlyn gave too hard a squeeze or playfully pinched at Elise’s nipples, the girl stiffened and sharply inhaled through her nose, all while subtly wincing in an amusing way. To Kaitlyn, at least, and maybe some of her audience members. But when Kaitlyn gave the more slow and deliberate squeezes, or ran her thumbs over Elise’s little pink nipples, the sensitive girl would twitch and softly gasp. No matter how hard Elise tried to hide it, it was perfectly clear which sensations turned the girl on, even if she would never admit it.

“So, my pet…” Kaitlyn gave a few of the more effective squeezes, carefully watching and listening to Elise’s reactions. Rather than alternate between motions, Kaitlyn tried to catch Elise off guard from a previous reaction, wondering if she could elicit a moan between breaths. “If you like this, and you like this…” Kaitlyn assertively ran her thumbs over Elise’s nipples, causing the obedient girl to shiver, “Then you’ll really like this.” In one smooth motion, Kaitlyn squeezed Elise’s breasts in what she guessed would be the absolutely perfect way, ending the motion with another teasing rub over her pink nubs.

Elise couldn’t help herself. As awkward and humiliating as the situation was, her body was completely betraying her. She had managed to avoid any yelping or squirming from the more harsh motions, and had certainly suppressed the things she felt from the noticeably good spots, but Kaitlyn's last action combined too many pleasurable feelings at once. Elise had kept her mouth clamped shut ever since the first audible gasp she made, but that didn’t stop the faint moan from escaping through her throat in response to what Kaitlyn's hands did.

“ELISE!!!” Kaitlyn slapped her left breast. Hard. Whatever momentarily pleasure the first-year had brought her vanished immediately, and was replaced by an awful stinging sensation.

It was almost more offensive and painful than the slap across her face. But before Elise had a chance to recover from being groped for a full minute or two, or from the disrespectful strike on one of her most private places, Kaitlyn said something that made Elise wish that the redhead had kept on slapping her boobs instead.

“Jesus, Elise! I knew you were a lesbian, but I didn’t realize girls excited you THAT easily…”

Elise froze.

That's...that's not…

How could Kaitlyn say that?? It was one thing for Elise to 'confess' her feelings about Annie in private, and to give the short brunette a peck, but this...

No one had ever called her the L word before, and certainly not so bluntly. No one had even asked. Elise had always been into guys, which of course meant that she stayed single at an all girls school. She was too busy as a prefect and as a model student to try to date outside school hours.

The constant pink on her cheeks turned into full on red as the 'audience' of girls gasped and whispered to each other.

This couldn't happen.

It's not that Elise harbored any negative thoughts about non-straight sexuality, but this was an all girl school! If word got out about this, and something told Elise that it would, then everything would change. Room inspections. Changing in the locker rooms. Everyone would look at her differently.

And yet Elise stayed speechless. She was dumbfounded that Kaitlyn would do such a thing to her. Somehow, this was worse than being physically exposed.

By the time Elise came back to reality, Kaitlyn had already stepped away to give everyone a good view again, and was halfway through an explanation to the first-year girls. "...and that's how I figured it out. I've never met someone who stares at boobs so much. She's more obvious about it than most horny guys are. Oh! And she also confessed her huge crush on Annie earlier. Maybe it's because Annie's so cute, or maybe little Elise just likes the risk of liking a girl she's not supposed to be with."

"It's true!" Annie giggled. The short brunette lightly blushed as well now that the attention was on her, and maybe a bit from receiving an offhand Kaitlyn compliment. Either way, Annie didn't seem to mind adding to the gossip. "Elise said she's been crushing on me for WEEKS!"

"Annie was a good sport and kissed her a few times earlier, but I don't know if it's meant to last," Kaitlyn shrugged.

"Maybe if she's a reeeeeally good girl!" Annie grinned. Then she walked over and kissed Elise's cheek before moving back to her place by Caroline's side.

"Caroline, want to even her out with the other cheek?" Kaitlyn asked.

"Oh...sure, I guess," Caroline said. From what Elise knew about the taller brunette, and from the nonstop disaster of an afternoon, Caroline was more content to be an audience member than a participant. Still, the more quiet girl would never say "no" to Kaitlyn. Nor would the rest of these girls after today, most likely. Caroline stepped up and crossed to Elise's opposite side, planting a kiss on Elise's more tender cheek, the one Kaitlyn had already slapped a few times.

Elise was still frozen and stunned. If she tried to argue or even move, Kaitlyn would just slap her face or her chest, or add more punishments. And how could she argue? She HAD kissed Annie, and she HAD confessed her feelings. While she was basically blackmailed to do so, it didn't change the fact that there were multiple witnesses from Kaitlyn's room to verify it. And her dark blush could easily be interpreted as embarrassment from being 'outed' in front of all these girls.

The poor prefect finally managed to find her voice. "Kaitlyn..."

SLAP.

The cruel redhead had moved away during her explanation, but she instantly closed the distance and struck Elise across the face on the same cheek as before. Kaitlyn was right handed, and preferred to use that one for a harder slap. While Elise was reeling from the blow to her cheek, Kaitlyn immediately followed it up by slapping her previously unslapped breast.

"ELISE." Kaitlyn glared at her, resisting the urge to smile when she saw the blonde's gaping expression from the two slaps, "Bad girl!"

"M-Miss Kaitlyn..." Elise corrected herself, almost trembling in front of the girl. Kaitlyn's extra inch of height had never seemed more daunting, and whatever bravery Elise found in trying to deny her false sexuality vanished completely as Kaitlyn stared her down after the two painfully hard slaps. "I'm sorry..." she muttered, glancing away, "It won't happen again."

SLAP.

This time, on the first boob from a little earlier. Elise sharply inhaled, gasping from the awful feeling and the lingering stinging that followed. "Look at me when you speak, pet."

"Yes, Miss Kaitlyn." Elise mumbled. She felt any last remnants of control slipping away as Kaitlyn punished her again and again for the smallest mistakes. Elise realized, more than ever, that she needed to be obedient. It was the only way to get out of this.

Kaitlyn made her repeat the apology, this time while looking right into her cold hazel eyes. And then the dominant redhead made things worse, as always. "You like girls, Elise. What does that make you...?"

And then she stepped away again.

Elise looked at the five seated girls who had all gone completely silent when Kaitlyn slapped her, and she became all too aware of her bare chest all over again. Even so, she managed to keep her hands by her sides. Obedient. She needed to be obedient. A good girl. Kaitlyn's pet. Anything to get her clothes back, her prefect materials back, and hopefully a little bit of her dignity as well. So Elise did as she was told, praying that she could undo the damage later.

"I'm a lesbian, Miss Kaitlyn…"