**This Red Skirt's First Day**

by Sealed By Mistress

It was a typical Monday morning. The homeroom teacher would arrive to take attendance soon, and the girls were chattering with their friends about the weekend and the other usual things. It was late autumn and they were new to sixth grade and to middle school, mostly eleven years old save a few who were already twelve and a couple who were only ten, having skipped a grade. They were the usual mix of height, weight, complexion, shape and attitude, and while their clothes had to match the school uniform of white and dark green they were allowed pants, skirts, blouses, dresses, cardigans, sweaters as they fancied. As long as they wore the school tie, their shoes were dark and had no more than a one inch heel, they were free to improvise. Backpacks and book bags sat by desks, waiting to disgorge their contents at the appropriate time.

However, there had been an important change in the classroom since Friday: there was a new desk. More accurately one standard desk in the front row had been removed and replaced with one of a different design. This had been mentioned on Friday and several girls were quite interested in it and its new occupant, or rather the likely new presentation of its old occupant, who had not yet arrived.

“Good morning class, sit down and listen up.”

Their teacher was a kindly woman of middle years, but her voice carried authority and the girls - good kids usually capable of no more than minor mischief - did as told. There was quiet, albeit with a little fidgeting. The special desk was still unoccupied.

“Before I take attendance, I need to tell you how to behave with Kennedy. Today will be her first day as a Red Skirt, and I know none of you have shared a class with a girl like that before. The most important thing - save your question for now Samantha please - is to be respectful. I will not tolerate any bullying or teasing, and she is not an exhibit to gawk at or pester with questions. She's the same person as she was on Friday. However, there are some rules that apply to you but not to her, and vice versa, mostly about the dress code. I've already sent letters for your parents home with a few of you who've tried pushing the envelope, and that's not going to change.

“Kennedy belongs to someone, but that someone is not any of you. Don't order her around. Don't touch her body or her stuff without permission. I trust you girls, and I think you'll all do just fine as long as you remember what I've just said. Now we'll hear from Kennedy herself. Harper, tell her to come in.”

Harper - one of the ten year olds and the girl closest to the door - hopped up and did as she was told. Almost every girl in the class gasped, went wide eyed, put their hands to their face or some combination as their classmate walked in and stood beside the teacher. She was wearing, as could be guessed, a red skirt, but it was so short it barely covered anything. It was also flared and made of shiny, silky fabric quite unlike the sensible cotton and wool of the ordinary uniforms. It was paired with a white sleeveless cropped blouse of the same sort of material, cut quite snug and so short that a wide band of Kennedy's bare tummy was on display. Her slim legs were also bare and she wore bright red patent pumps with at least a three inch heel. Instead of the usual school tie she had a little red bowtie with the school crest.

If Kennedy's outfit was unusual, the accompaniments were scandalous. She had a leather collar padlocked around her neck with matching leather cuffs locked over her ankles. Her belly button sported a hefty ring piercing and her face was make up in striking colours. She folded her arms behind her back and cast her eyes around the room, seeking out her friends with a nervous smile.

“What do you have to tell us, Kennedy?”

The girl gulped, but spoke clearly.

“Ms Palmer, my Mistress has a message for you, should I do that first or at the end?”

“Now is fine.”

“She says you should be very strict with me and it's okay to discipline me during the day including in front of the class. You can spank me with your hand or use a paddle, and she sent a leather strap to give to you if you want. You can make me take my panties down and you can hit me as hard as you choose and wherever you think is best, including my feet which you should know I don't like at all. Or you can send a note home with me and she'll punish me herself. Um, that's all.”

“Thank you Kennedy. I will have that strap to use on you, so you'd better be a very well behaved girl.”

“Y-yes ma'am. I will. Should I, uh, say the other stuff?”

“Go ahead. Class, pay attention. Willow, whatever's outside the window is less important than in here.”

Kennedy shuffled her feet, still a little wobbly in her sexy shoes. She took in a deep breath and continued.

“I'm dressed like this to please my Mistress. Sometimes she'll put me in other clothes, but Red Skirts like me are supposed to look sexy for their owners. I'm only allowed thongs and sometimes no panties at all, and you'll see when I bend over! Sometimes I'll have a fuzzy tail or something and please don't pull it because it sticks in my butt and it'll hurt. I might have a leash on my collar, but don't try to lead me around by it because only Mistress is allowed to do that. She's the only one allowed to call me 'good girl' too. Sometimes when we do sports I have to be naked, like for swimming and for gymnastics, and sometimes I only get to wear sneakers. I don't have any pubic hair any more, I have to keep it all shaved smooth. Please, like, try not to stare too much because it'll make me really embarrassed, okay? Oh and the photo thing?”

“Oh, that's right. Girls, you're not allowed to take pictures of Kennedy or ask for selfies with her. If you do, you'll be going home without your phone and an invitation for your parents to discuss your rudeness with me.”

“It's kind of a lot of stuff, but please be nice to me, okay? I'm still me, just a little, uh, obvious. It'll be weird if I get spanked in front of you, but I'll try not to have it happen too much, because that's, like, pretty embarrassing as well. If I have bruises or marks from being hit, don't grab them because they hurt. Um, that's the point of them, so... Can I sit down now?”

“When your classmates have had a chance to ask questions. Samantha, do you still have one?”

The girl nodded. She was looking Kennedy up and down, lingering over her exposed body parts in a way that made her nervous.

“What do we call you, and will we get to meet your Mistress?”

“Um... Kennedy. Like usual. I don't think she's going to come and talk to the class or anything, but she'd probably say hello if she's picking me up and you're there... I think.”

Samantha nodded and brushed a strand of hair from her face. She smiled a toothy smile. From the back Daisy, one of the older girls, raised her hand and received a nod.

“Why'd you, um, do this. I mean, become a slave and be dressed up and whacked and all?”

“Well... um! I guess, it feels right. Y'know, like when you do something you're good at like drawing or dancing and it, like, fits? When I saw the other Red Skirts here I knew I wanted to be one.”

Daisy thanked Kennedy and Ms Palmer picked one of the three remaining girls with their hands up to ask the last question.

“Will you be doing the sex lessons? Red Skirts help out with those, right Ms Palmer?”

Kennedy bit her lip and looked at her teacher, who gave her the go-ahead.

“I don't know for sure, but I think so. My Mistress has been teaching me sex stuff, so... maybe? That's not until next semester, right ma'am?”

Ms Palmer nodded.

“Correct. And yes, Red Skirts do aid in the female health and wellness classes, but at the discretion of their owners. Now, Kennedy, fetch that strap for me. I want to try it out and then you can go to your kneeling desk - no sitting for you any more, remember?”

Kennedy blushed beneath her makeup and grabbed an item from her backpack. It was a stiff swatch of glossy black leather, about two inches wide by ten long with a dark wooden handle. She handed it to Ms Palmer who swished it through the air as the scantily clad girl flinched. At a word and a gesture the school's newest Red Skirt bent over, showing off her tiny panties before tugging them down to her ankles. When she touched her toes the skirt rode up and displayed her backside beautifully.

“I thought we should get this over with so you don't all spend any time gossiping about when and what would happen. Legs straight Kennedy, that's better.”

The girl's little pussy peeked from between her pale thighs and her teacher took a moment to enjoy the sight. She wasn't much of a sadist, nor did she want to own a slave girl, but this sort of part time access was a perk of the job. She swung the strap and it smacked against Kennedy's bottom with a crisp crack. A pink stripe welled up and apart from a hiss from Kennedy, the room was completely silent. Every eye was locked on the proceedings. A second stroke delivered a second ringing slap, a second stripe and drew a quiver and a whimper from its obedient recipient. Ms Palmer aimed lower with the third stroke, right at the top of those lovely eleven year old thighs. Kennedy yelped and her legs buckled at the pain before she forced herself back into position.

“That's enough. Pull up your underwear and take your place. It's nearly time for first period.”

Kennedy wriggled her thong into place, taking care not to scrape her fresh marks and went to her desk. It was lower to the ground than the others and was designed for kneeling. She tucked her legs under the saddle and wriggled into place, wincing as her new bruises squashed against the wood. Despite the discomfort she felt very much in the right place. She just hoped no-one would notice the dampness between her legs, or hear what she'd be doing in the bathroom later...