ChapterOne

She was a prodigy, but so what around here everyone was. Roxanne Cho, stood about 3’5” tall. Sleek jet-black hair lined her round cheeks. Almond shaped light brown eyes and high cheekbones gave her face a flat but rounded quality.

She was a thin and wiry 11 year old with an inclination toward fidgeting. Of Chinese decent but moved here by her parents 2 years ago to hone her flourishing ballet skills, she was naturally introverted having only a rudimentary hold on English. Just beginning to come out of her shell at the beginning of school this year she regressed into a totally introverted state after her parents’ death.

Frequently she could be seen pushing her glasses back up as they perpetually slid down her adorable button nose. The entire school was a hodgepodge of ethnicities, cultures, and races. Far from being the only young Asian trolling the halls, she was clearly the most attractive. However the characteristic that drew each student to the prestigious Claymont Girls Prep School was always the same. Money.

The financial backing for this school came from the ironclad contracts signed by the parents or guardians of the some 4,500 girls. The daughters of politicians premiere athletes, movie stars, media moguls, and even a few girls whose parents’ reputations were more infamous than famous.

Ms. Valerie Rose, the 35-year-old recipient of the McManus Award for outstanding work in the field of primary and secondary education had tended to the school as Head Mistress for the last 10 years. She rose through the ranks like no one before her or since, pioneering rigorous but effective methodologies that transformed inner-city misfits into straight A students. Since being elevated to her prestigious position has produced two award-winning singers, four doctors and six doctorial candidates, a chief of police and a constant supply of top tier talent for Cambridge, Yale and Julliard.

Her office one the 4th floor overlooked the most beautiful part of campus. Acres upon acres of lush forest surrounded the school, and she’d always had a propensity for nature.

As she turned from the picturesque view she is greeted by the dejected faces the three girls that had managed to get a demerit before school had officially started. Each of their files lay in front on the solid pine desk. “You three realize school has yet to start and you’ve already recorded a demerit. I can’t wait to see what you have planned for lunch, expulsion maybe? Or perhaps you’ll just jump straight to felonies.” She fingers through the heavily stacked files of two of the girls; twins, the daughters of a senator and probably soon to be president who clearly had little to worry about in the ways of ramifications, as they were nearly bulletproof even from the renowned Ms. Rose. But then again she always had the school’s arduous disciplinary code to fall back on in such occasions.

She eyed both of them. Matching pouty lips, and honey colored hair. Petite 15 year old frames that were just starting to fill out her eyes following soft the curves of the girls as they stood in the school uniforms, which Valerie herself had assigned. She veered away from the traditional schoolgirl uniform, feeling the cliché had just been overdone. A more formal V-neck sweater with a collar shirt and tie, and either a pleated skirt or slacks were allowed. To Valerie’s delight, the Watson twins, being the attention whores that they are always choose the skirts. Their black stockings stopped mid thigh which was enticing to say the least, and as her eyes trailed down heir hips to their eyes finished taking in every inch of the identical perfection before her she snaps back to reality.

“A week’s worth of detention with no extra circulars for both Ms. Jean Watson and Claire Watson.” She says jotting the punishments on carbon copy referral papers and tearing a copy off for both of them. “I think next time you decide pranks on the first day of school are a good idea I’d advise you to reconsider, or at least plan better.”

“That’s not fair,” Jane, the slightly blonder and significantly mouthier of the troublesome twins speaks up. “I don’t think taking the batteries from Mrs. Paulson’s hearing aid denotes a weeks worth of detention.” Although she knows removing the screws from her chair may have been. She balls up the referral and promptly slams it back on the desk.

“Outstanding,” Ms. Rose retorts, “you’ve now earned yourself a month, care to try for the grand prize a paddling on the first day of school in front of your entire class?” She places her pen down on the desk and tugs abruptly at the hem of her designer jacket as she swiftly makes her way around the desk. Standing only 5’9” she could hardly be considered menacing but the 5” heels put her well above 6’, and to most students at the school and some teachers that was enough stature to counteract any thoughts or reproach. “Let me explain something to you Ms. Watson, in fact to the both of you. You believe yourself untouchable because of your last name, but one more mistake from you and your father will be summoned personally from Capitol Hill to come get his two angels who were both just kicked out of the most esteemed school on the east coast. I’ll be sure to hold a press conference, invite media outlets from every possible corner of this country and make a spectacle out of both of you and him. So, how untouchable are his little princesses now?”

Jane and Claire confer via a quick glance in each other’s direction and lower their heads in deference to a well-expressed counterpoint. “I thought so,” she says making her way back behind the desk. “I’ll expect formal written apologies from both of you to Ms. Paulson and the entire 9th grade class for your distractions by the morning bell tomorrow. Now OUT!” She snaps.

The two quickly gather their backpacks sling them over their shoulders and make their way from her office leaving the petrified Roxanne behind in silence.

The silence fills the space between the nervous culprit of a malicious prank and her disciplinarian. The anxiety has the young girls stomach in knots, the bottom hem of her blouse crumples up in her clammy palms. “Miss Rose, I- I didn’t know what they were going to-“

The head mistress’ hand flies into the air stopping her appeal for leniency. “Miss Cho, since the passing of your parents I have look the other way on your slipping grades, spotty attendance, and mischievous behavior because,” she sighs looking up at the mousy child who has the habit of trifling with the hem of her skirt when nervous. “Well,” she says standing up leaning forward, “because you are a prodigy. However it seems you’ve chosen to squander your talent, as a favor to your parents, you were admitted into our ranks. However, should you choose to peruse this line of behavior you will inextricably find yourself back in that small little rice patty of a town back in China that your parents fought so valiantly to get you out of. Do I make myself clear?”

“Yes Ma’am,” Roxanne quickly acknowledges. Opening her mouth to speak again yields nothing as the words to justify her behavior escape her.

“You will report to your classes as scheduled, at the end of the school day I expect you to attend ballet practice in the studio,” She looks up from her writing to see Roxanne hastily nodding. Her neatly manicured finger presses the intercom on her phone, “Candace,” she says. The choppy footsteps of her timid 19 year old secretary shuffle in.

“Ma’am,” she says, as she opens the door taking two tiny steps in.

“Following Ms. Cho’s ballet practice today you will pick her up and escort her back here, this is to be done immediately following her practice, is that understood Candace?”

“Yes Mistr--- Ma’am” she says. Roxanne turns back to match up a face with a name. She’d seen Candace around the halls, but this was the first time she’d heard her speak. Her voice was shaky as if laced with fear. “Will that be all Ma’am?” Candace asks her jittery eyes darting back and forth between Ms. Rose and Roxanne.

A small smirk comes across Valerie’s face; she takes time to answer watching the anxious girl squirming in her doorway. Knowing the vibrator embedded deep within her is causing the tremors that have her knees on the verge of buckling. Beads of sweat have manifested on her forehead as her eyes beg for relief. The chastity belt around her waist has prevented her from resolving this issue. “Have you ever met Roxanne?” Valerie asks enjoying the sight for a little while longer.

“No ma’am,” Candace stutters watching Valerie’s finger inching toward the rather mundane looking remote control on her desk. “Ma’am please!” she interjects at a near shout.

Roxanne confused by the strange behavior looks back taking closer stock of the Valerie’s peculiar assistant. Her light brown hair was disheveled, her blouse, though buttoned was partially untucked from her skirt, which was askew. Her attention seemed to fade in and out and her flushed cheeks made her quite a perplexing scene.

Candace flashes a rigid smile at Roxanne, which did little to settle her curious nerves. Even more confusing sudden yelp as though she’d just been stuck by lightning.

Of course Valerie knew exactly what this was all about. The disheveled hair was from the multiple times her hands were run through her chocolate colored strands in frustration, her shirt was untucked because she rushed to get it back into her skirt which was around her knees as she sought to climax behind her desk aggressively yet ineffectualy trying to stimulate her clit before another orgasm slipped away…and the yelp. That was just a small punishment for her feeble attempt at climaxing without permission. The voltage was hardly worthy of all the noise, a small 50 kV charge that was sent via the remote on the desk to the dildo in her ass.

For the last 3 hours this had been poor Candace’s plight constant stimulation in the throbbing pussy combined with seemingly random and focus breaking shocks.

She recovers from the electrifying moment and looks up at Valerie who has again prevented her from climaxing. The wanton look of exacerbation is plastered across poor Candace’s face. “That will be all Candace.” She says feeling the warmth between her legs increase. “Focus Ms. Cho,” she snaps drawing Roxanne’s attention back to her.

Valerie watches Candace leave the room her black mini-skirt that is clearly too short for work hardly hides her ass which peeks out just from under the bottom and as she looks closer she can see the moisture that has worked its way around the chastity belt and down Candace’s inner thigh, tell-tale signs of being close to climax only to be shocked from ecstasy back to reality.

“Now Ms. Cho, hurry on to class, and please no more of these unpleasant meetings.” Valerie says clearly being in a better mood.

 “Yes Ma’am,” Roxanne says bowing at the waist, a custom from her home country that she’d still not managed to break. She scurries out; her backpack filled with a number of books has to weigh nearly as much as her. The grey pleated skirt that followed her out stopped just above the knee and left just enough for Valerie’s imagination.