

RANDOM HOUSE  BOOKS



Sandra's New School

Yolanda Celbridge

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Sandra's New School

Yolanda Celbridge



Exhibitionist

ALL WAS PEACEFUL. A single jet plane lazily traced its trail across blue sky under a sun that glowed above white cliffs and the sparkling calm of the Channel. It was one of those afternoons when the last September heat of an Indian summer seems a particularly glorious and English property. Along the clifftops snaked a path lined with hedgerows; above that, long, cropped lawns, garlanded with rosebeds and rockeries, led to comfortable villas.

On one of the lawns, right down near the clifftop, a woman lay motionless on the grass with a towel beneath her. She was nude. Seen from above, her bare body was a sliver of gold against her bright green lawn. A butterfly weaved its jittery arc across the grass and landed on her left buttock, as though summoned by its twin, a tiny red and blue tattoo which nestled at the lower part of the fleshy globe near the cleft.

The butterfly landed on the smooth, firm skin, brushing the thick tuft of blonde hair which peeped from the crack of thigh and bottom. The woman lay still for a moment, smiling as the butterfly tickled her, then with a lazy hand shooed it away, slapping her bare skin with her palm as though warning the butterfly not to come back. The buttock quivered slightly, and as though to be fair, she slapped her right buttock too, but a little harder.

This operation was watched by her companion, who was seated on her own towel, but wearing a light-pink sundress, pulled up to reveal pale white thighs, and shaded by a parasol. Gulls wheeled above the two women in the still blue sky.

Sandra Shanks, the nude, blonde woman whose repose had been disturbed by the butterfly, sighed happily and smoothed her thick mane back off her shoulders to ensure sunlight would caress every inch of her naked body; she spread her thighs so that the rays might penetrate each crevice, and contentedly resumed her basking. Her companion, Margaret Betts, looked enviously at Sandra's golden tan.

Her skin was alabaster white and though both women shared the same ripe figures, and the same long legs and shapely slender feet, Margaret was timid in the sunshine and satisfied for it to dapple her unstockinged legs, as she sipped her iced Pimm's. Sandra looked idly at her watch. After a surprise phone call from Manchester, Maggie, a casual school friend, had been welcome to stay overnight and await her husband Bill who would collect her to proceed to Southampton for the continental ferry.

Sandra heard the ice cubes tinkle in the drowsy air.

'I'm glad you got in contact, Maggie,' she said. 'We must get to know each other better. How long is it since school? Four years, I suppose. We're both twenty-two, aren't we?'

'I was just thinking how lucky you are to live down here on the coast,' Maggie replied. 'For me, leaving London for the north was a bit of a wrench, but you get used to it. I didn't know it was so lovely and secluded here. I imagined you were in a suburb of Brighton or somewhere.'

Sandra abruptly raised her shoulders, her large, bare breasts sweeping the grass whose blades were crushed by the big, crimson plums of her nipples.

'Sedgedean is a proper town,' she said, pretending to be cross. 'Actually, it's great: no snobbery, they take you as

they find you, and pretty open-minded, if you know what I mean.'

She giggled mischievously, tucking in a stray breast.

'But you seem to be the lucky one. Your bloke is only away in the week, selling whatever it is he sells.'

'Bathroom fittings,' said Margaret. 'He's area sales manager, you know. The whole northwest.'

'My bloke can be away for months,' said Sandra. 'Bloody oil rigs supervisor. You see, they have to send divers down to clean the pipes, and first actually move the oil rig, just a few metres, with tugboats. It's something about insurance. While the oil rig is standing still it is a building, but once it's moved, it is a ship, and must have a proper captain. That's what Ray does: just sits and barks orders at the tugboats. They send him all over. Sometimes he gets home and they phone him at the airport, and he's off again, without saying hello, or . . .'

She giggled again.

'Good money, but aren't you lonely?' said Maggie, looking up at Sandra's opulent house in the heat haze and the gleaming silver Merc parked outside.

'Not if I don't want to be,' drawled Sandra, brushing a non-existent fly from her right nipple. 'I know what he gets up to in these tropical dumps. All those LFMs . . .'

She pouted, and Maggie raised an eyebrow.

'Little fucking machines,' said Sandra simply. 'But when the cat's away - or in Ray's case, the tomcat -'

'You don't mean -' Maggie began.

'What do you think?' Sandra giggled. 'Boys and girls, we're all the same. Aren't we, Maggie?'

Maggie blushed prettily and smiled, shifting her bare legs and drawing her dress down an inch.

'Can't think why you don't join me,' said Sandra. 'The sun's glorious on the bare bod. Too much tan isn't good, but the English sun is just right, and I have a sun lamp for the winter. Then I go to a nudist club quite near Brighton. You're

not shocked, I hope. It's actually quite sexless, if you choose -'

'We have them in the north, too, you know,' said Maggie. 'But the sun doesn't agree with my skin.'

Proudly, she flounced her mane of russet brown hair, rivalling Sandra's in its shiny thickness.

'Must be awfully uncomfortable, wearing knickers in this heat,' Sandra said. 'I usually go without.'

'I'm not wearing knickers,' Margaret replied. 'Not exactly . . .'

Sandra gave a puzzled frown.

'My dear Maggie, you can't be not exactly wearing knickers. You either are or you aren't.'

'Does Ray go with you to the nudist place?' said Margaret, carefully changing the subject.

'No, he thinks it's silly. That's why I go, to make him jealous. I do everything to make him jealous, the sod, but he never is. He even laughs at the idea of peepers watching me sunbathing nude! He jokes about them climbing through the hedge and, you know. As if it was just a laugh, and I was just some slag, and - and didn't matter.'

She drank greedily and lit a cigarette, sucking hard on the smoke.

'Some men' said Margaret gravely, 'are turned on by the idea of other blokes doing their wives. While they watch. Threesomes and that. I mean, blokes boast about having two women in bed at once, don't they? But plenty of women have had two blokes using her, like a slave.'

Sandra gave a knowing giggle, then sucked her Pimm's through a candy-striped straw and turned over to lie on her back. The strong slabs of her long thighs and her flat belly gleamed with sun oil and her breasts stood pertly upwards, despite their large size, as though reinforced by silicone, which they were decidedly not.

At her crotch, a ripely swelling mound was covered not in downy pubic thatch but by a veritable jungle of blonde curls

that hung well below the pink, protruding lips of her quim and crawled up her belly almost to her navel. Sandra placed her fingertips on the lips of her quim and began to stroke herself gently with an impish grin on her wide, crimson lips.

‘He’d love it if I shaved down there. All these LFMs have hardly anything, you know. But I tell him that all the geezers I’ve ever known go ape-shit over a big bush. Even then he just laughs.’

‘Oh,’ said Margaret. ‘I shave. Bill likes it, and I think it’s nice. Makes me feel sort of girlish. But yours is lovely. And the way the hairs hang down, peeping out your bum, and you have that butterfly sort of nestling there.’

Sandra touched her bare bottom and smiled impishly.

‘If he wants to fuck, you know,’ she said, warming to her theme, ‘sometimes I make him take me down to the beach in the car, and do it in the back seat, so all the peepers can watch. That turns me on. It’s called dogging. When the bugger’s horny, he’ll agree to anything to get it, like all blokes. I love my legs sticking up over the front seat, and him pumping away, and anybody watching. I love the thrill of being seen or discovered somehow. I even let him find condoms in my purse, once, and didn’t even pretend to be embarrassed. He just laughed at that.’

‘A real exhibitionist likes strangers to watch and likes doing it with strangers,’ Margaret said coolly.

‘Doesn’t everybody? All the girls I know go dogging. Why do you think I sunbathe nude, here by the hedge? It’s far enough so the neighbours can just see . . .’

‘But anybody walking along the cliff path could see, through the hole in your hedge,’ said Margaret.

‘I know. I keep it trimmed,’ replied Sandra. ‘It’s on my property, so only a deliberate trespasser could see me. Plenty do, I’m glad to say. You’d be surprised how many guys are suddenly eager for a job of lawn-mowing, supervised by a female nudist. And if I like them, they get

more, and in the open. That's the thrill: fucking a new body, a complete stranger, and knowing somebody might see.'

Sandra licked her lips and scratched her bushy mound.

'You have a lovely body,' said Margaret serenely. 'It's nice that you're proud, and like to show it. Such a lovely bottom, and big boobs. I'm jealous!'

'Why so coy? Maggie, you've great tits and a great bum and legs. You're a proper magnet! Surely you don't go without when Bill's away? Come on, girl talk.'

'No,' said Margaret sharply, and Sandra laughed, her bare breasts heaving like cherry-topped flans.

'I mean it,' said Margaret. 'Look.'

Slowly, deliberately, she raised her dress to reveal a garment made of steel-grey netting through which her shaven mound was faintly revealed. The garment hugged her pubis and buttocks and was secured by a tiny padlock.

'You said you had no panties,' said Sandra, peering.

'It is a chastity belt,' Margaret answered proudly. 'And Bill has the key.'

Sandra whistled and touched the thin mesh that tightly covered her friend's bare pubic mound.

'But that's barbaric! And your shaved pussy; doesn't it itch terribly as the bristles sprout?'

'Yes,' said Margaret.

'Why do you let him do such a thing?' Sandra gasped.

'I don't, Sandra. I beg him to do it. It was my idea, so that I would be faithful.'

'Faithful!' Sandra exclaimed, as though Margaret had mentioned some medieval torture device. 'While he's staying in those hotels with whatever tart he's picked up in the bar? Oh, I'm sorry, Margaret, I didn't mean -'

'I don't mind what he does,' replied Margaret, her eyes glittering. 'That's part of the pleasure, Sandra. 'You see, I made him get his nipple pierced, his left one. And he wears a little gold ring, like an earring, with the key to my chastity belt soldered to it. So if he's tomcatting, he can't forget me!'

Can't help feeling guilty. And when he comes back and unlocks me, why, we have the best sex you can imagine. I'm wet just thinking about it.'

In truth, the grey sheen of her chastity belt was dark with the moisture from her protruding red quim-lips. Sandra put a hesitant finger on the place and nodded. Margaret explained briskly that she was never, ever allowed to take the device off, not even to go to the bathroom. It was scarcely more than a G-string, but covered the bum-crack and pussy securely, and was a fine mesh coated in teflon.

'When I have to do the business, a strong shower spray is all I need afterwards.'

Margaret smiled rather smugly, and pulled her dress right up, until her bare breasts showed, the nipples pert and conical on a bosom as ripe as Sandra's and braless. But beneath her breasts, and pushing them up and out, was a tight waspie corset, the same pink as her sundress, and fiercely crafted with bone stays. Her waist was cinched very painfully, exaggerating the swell of her ample bottom.

'I wear this for my own pleasure,' she murmured. 'Bill knows it hurts, and that makes him guilty: there is nothing to tame a man like submitting to pain for him. And if he suspects I've wanted to be naughty, he gives me this.'

She swivelled to show her buttocks almost entirely bare under the thin efficiency of the chastity belt. They were covered in ugly blue bruises. Sandra gasped.

'He spansks you?' she said uncertainly.

'He belts me,' Margaret replied. 'A good forty or fifty with a big leather studded thing on the bare bum. And then I cry, and he says he's sorry, and we fuck. It is fabulous. Actually -' she blushed, and started to rise '- talking about it makes me want to go. Drink goes right through me.'

'No need to go back to the house,' said Sandra. 'You can tinkle in the rose bushes and rinse with the garden hose.'

'Oh, I think it's more than a tinkle,' said Margaret.

'The same applies.'

Sandra leaped to her feet and, breasts bouncing, led her friend across the lawn to the rose bushes. Margaret squatted like a dog and Sandra watched as the golden rain sprayed from her pussy, just like a garden sprinkler. Then she strained and Sandra burst out laughing. She lifted the hose and began to spray Margaret's bottom and pubis.

'It looks just like spaghetti!' she said.

'Wholewheat spaghetti, please,' said Margaret, laughing too as the fierce jet squirted her quim and bumhole shiny clean. Hand in hand, they resumed their reclining positions and clinked glasses, Margaret leaving her chastity belt showing, with her damp dress covering her breasts.

'Your dress is all wet, you silly,' said Sandra. 'Go on, take it off. You've got shade.'

Margaret lifted the dress over her shoulders, catching her breasts and making them wobble, and then grinned shyly. She sat there wearing only the waspie corset and her chastity belt, and Sandra shook her head in wonderment.

'A week without -' she murmured and looked again at her friend's moist gash, with the clitoris peeping demurely between the fleshy folds.

'Of course, you can always diddle,' she said, shrugging.

'Masturbation has never been so wonderful,' Margaret replied gravely. 'I do myself every day. And when Bill comes home, I tell him everything. I mean, I tell him all my fantasies of big cocks when I do myself. And he tells me nothing at all, for I won't let him!'

She spoke exultantly.

'That is such sweet pleasure - submissive pleasure, Sandra - to dream of him betraying me, fucking some slut in a hotel bedroom, his cock in another woman's pussy. The shame! Oh, Sandra, you can't imagine what a thrill it is.'

Sandra suddenly realised that she had been stroking her own naked pussy and that her lips were moist.

'I know what Ray does, but out of sight, out of mind. If I ever caught him, I'd cut his balls off!'

Margaret eyed her friend curiously.

'Would you really want to?' she whispered. 'I mean, suppose you peeped through the hedge and saw Ray here, on this very lawn, with a woman, both of them naked as we are. Why, we could be, you know, doing it, if we had one of those things, those toys you strap on. Maybe Ray would enjoy that. So would you mind watching him with someone?'

Sandra felt the moisture suddenly flow in her gash.

'I'd cut his balls off!' she repeated uncertainly, then laughed. 'But why would I peep through my own hedge?'

Sandra reached out and ran her fingers over the ridges on her friend's bare bottom, stroking the skin in awe. She felt her pussy moistening and her heart beating faster.

'And you let Bill thrash you . . .'

'Same as the chastity belt. I beg him to.'

Sandra took a long swallow of her drink.

'I'm sure I wouldn't like it,' she said, nervous and overly defiant. 'When did you discover yourself?'

'That I'm submissive, just as you are exhibitionist? When I realised that I couldn't tame Bill, or satisfy myself, by playing his own game. To compete with tarts, you have to be the opposite. Isn't that what you're doing to Ray, Sandra? Trying to be a better, browner, more tempting version of these little brown fucking machines? Believe me, it doesn't work. He's done all that. Men want something different. They are so used to aggressive, promiscuous women. If a man suddenly finds his woman is totally submissive - that she doesn't even mind him fucking around - then he truly belongs to her.'

Margaret was breathing quite heavily, like Sandra. Both women looked into each other's eyes.

'Of course,' murmured Margaret, 'girl friendships are another matter.'

Sandra recommenced her stroking of Margaret's bared fesses.

'Whopping that bum of yours must be nice,' she said.

Margaret put a finger in the crack of Sandra's arse.

'You said we should get to know each other better, and that people down here were open-minded . . .'

Sandra did not resist as she worked the finger up and down. The heat seemed blistering, and with the alcohol she had drunk, it made her feel light and giddy. She was soaking wet between her thighs. She looked instinctively towards the hole in the hedge.

'Sometimes the girls from that posh school go for walks there,' she said dreamily. 'They always peek when I'm sunbathing nude. And I put on a show for them, as if I don't know they're looking.'

Her fingers clasped her wet pussy and found her clitoris stiff and throbbing, and she began to rub it.

'Girls will be girls,' she murmured.

Margaret too was rubbing her own clitty through the moist fibres of her chastity belt and began to pinch her left nipple with her other hand, so that it blossomed suddenly into hardness. She had let her parasol fall and her russet hair was bathed in light. Sandra reached out gingerly and touched the back of Margaret's hand, over her pussy, then transferred Margaret's fingers to her own throbbing clit, and began to stroke the wet folds of her friend's labia.

'I envy those schoolgirls. An all-girls school teaches you the sweetest ways of pleasure,' Margaret said.

She began to rub Sandra's clitty with two fingers, tweaking the stiff little organ and making Sandra sigh with pleasure. Sandra put one finger inside Margaret's gash, then two, and exclaimed that she was sopping wet.

'As if you didn't know,' said Margaret and placed Sandra's thumb firmly on her distended nubbin.

Sandra needed no encouragement to move her hand up and down against the wet, silky hole while Margaret worked vigorously between Sandra's parted quim-lips. Both women spread their thighs wide and let the soles of their feet touch in a diamond shape. Each woman, as she masturbated the

other, had a hand caressing the nipples of her own breasts to hardness.

Their faces were red with pleasure, and Sandra felt the sun had melted into her as her belly fluttered and her stiff clit sent spasms of tickling joy up her spine that grew in a crescendo as her pussy trembled and squeezed on her friend's probing fingers. Margaret's gash was flowing with hot oil all over Sandra's wrist and both women leaned forward, gasping, and kissed full on the lips as they masturbated each other to long, pulsing orgasm.

Afterwards, they lay on their backs in the golden sun, hands clasping pussies, and Margaret said she was bound to tell Bill everything, but would not mention her name. Sandra insisted she did and that the idea made her wet.

'Bound!' she teased. 'I suppose he ties you up as well, in this submissive thing of yours.'

'Why, of course,' said Margaret seriously. 'That's part of it. It's lovely to be bound hand and foot, with leather thongs, gagged, and whipped on the bare.'

'Well!' exclaimed Sandra. 'Where on earth did you learn all this stuff?'

Margaret sighed happily with a faint blush.

'At school,' she said. 'Last year. It's a sort of finishing school for grown-up girls, called Quirke's, not far from here, and quite near that posh place, in fact. We used to go for walks past this very house!' She giggled. 'And we did peep at you sunbathing in the nude, Sandra, and once there was a man with you. It was lovely to watch you doing it, you know. Quirke's School is very select, about fifty girls. I mean, they are not girls, they are all in their twenties, but dress like girls. Miss Quirke herself, the headmistress, is about thirty, I'd guess, and very proper. It's a finishing school, really, and girls board for a week, or more, depending. It is a proper school with mistresses and classes and exams, all English - grammar, composition, and so on - and all girls. The school rules are very strict indeed and you are

chastised for breaking them, and of course no males are allowed in.'

'Wow,' said Sandra.

'Don't women - don't you and I - know how to do each other far better?' said Margaret with sudden coyness. 'When you have dozens of would-be schoolgirls cooped up together, well, tickling is almost part of the curriculum, although there are fearful punishments for it. The aim is to make us real ladies: that is, seemly and obedient.'

'Plenty of spanking for disobedience, then?' said Sandra drily, but failing to hide her eagerness.

'There is much more than spanking,' said Margaret. 'But if you are a good girl, then you need never even bare your bum for spanking, let alone -'

'Let alone what?' Sandra insisted, her eyes bright.

'You'll find out, if you really want to. And, Sandra, I know you do. I'll give you Miss Quirke's card and if you write a very respectful letter, saying that you are a young lady in need of proper strict instruction, she might agree to send you a prospectus, and you can make your own mind up. It's not cheap. They count in guineas, so it is six hundred guineas a week, about 900 E's, and please mention my name.'

'That's over 600 quid,' said Sandra.

'It includes full board, tuition, and uniforms: gymslips and ankle socks and pleated skirts, nighties and cotton stockings and blouses and caps and so on. By the way, Miss Isobel Quirke is an old-fashioned disciplinarian, and you mustn't use vulgar words like quid.'

Sandra thought of all the old school stories she had read, where the girls of privileged families seemed to have such innocent fun. She looked again at Margaret and saw her as a picture of serenity and control, and suddenly longed to cover her naked body in stuffy skirts and blouses and tight shoes, and be a mischievous little girl again.

‘Yes,’ she said faintly. ‘Don’t forget to send me that prospectus, Margaret. Maybe I’ll give Ray a surprise . . .’

Suddenly Margaret rose.

‘By the way, Sandra,’ she said coolly. ‘You know when you hosed me clean? It hurt awfully, the jet of water right up my bottom, but I don’t think you did it quite hard enough. Would you be good enough to hose me properly clean, with the jet on full strength now, if you please?’

Puzzled, Sandra agreed, and directed the jet straight between the blue welts of Margaret’s spread buttocks, so that the little pink bud of her anus seemed actually full to overflowing and made her gasp.

‘Spank me on the bare bum,’ Margaret whispered.

Sandra delivered a vigorous spanking with her palm on the wet buttocks, about thirty slaps which made the already bruised buttocks redden beautifully, but made her palm sore. Then she obliged further by hosing Margaret directly on her ditty, which was stiff again, until Margaret gasped and moaned in a second climax.

Suddenly there was the sound of a car crunching in the driveway, and Margaret said that it was Bill at last, come to pick her up for the drive to Southampton and the continental ferry. She smiled mischievously at Sandra and primly smoothed down her dress and adjusted her parasol, but stopped Sandra from covering herself. Margaret glowed with the pleasure of her orgasm.

‘No,’ she said, ‘I want Bill to see you nude. Then I know he’ll be fancying you all during our drive, and it will make me so mortified! And him so guilty and frustrated, he’ll give me such a bare flogging! I can’t wait. He’ll belt me rigid in our hotel room tonight.’

‘Well, I hope you enjoyed our little scene,’ Sandra said. ‘I did, even though my palm still aches from spanking that lovely, submissive bum of yours!’

‘I did enjoy it, and aches go away, even though a submissive would not want them to,’ Margaret replied. ‘But

it's easy to throw words around. You're a nudist, an exhibitionist. Are you ever really naked, to yourself? We all wonder what we really, truly are, and Quirke's School has helped me find out. Just ask yourself, my naked Miss Sandra: in our little scene, who was the submissive?'

The Schoolgirl's Friend

SANDRA'S HEART BEAT as she arrived for interview with Miss Isobel Quirke. The parchment prospectus had duly arrived after a week's anxious waiting. A few sketches showed the school, a handsome seventeenth century building, and the extensive wooded grounds with playing fields. For six hundred and something quid, as Sandra figured it, it must be as sumptuous as the prospectus. Miss Quirke had summoned her for interview at twelve o'clock sharp, with three days' notice. There was no phone number.

Sandra had duly arrived in her silver Merc, parking with a rather showy crunch of gravel, and was welcomed by a very pleasant young woman of her own age who cast an admiring glance at the car, and chummily called her Sandra, introducing herself as Stephanie Long, a school prefect. She wore a dark blue blazer, a grey, pleated skirt and a white shirt like a boy's, with a striped tie and blue stockings, and high-heeled buckled shoes. Her hair was of medium length, ash blonde, and pressed shiny flat, curling demurely round her chin, where it swayed enticingly, as her full shapely bottom swayed in front of Sandra. The swirl of her short skirt revealed a rather flouncy white petticoat beneath and Sandra wondered if this was regulation for all the girls. Stephanie wore a riding crop at her belt, half hidden by the tail of her jacket.

She showed Sandra into a spacious hallway, decorated with portraits of stern women in academic dress. Some of them cradled canes as one might hold a posy of flowers. The ceiling was high and vaulted, its polished oak beams across white plaster, and the carpet was a dark blue, with oaken doors leading to various classrooms or offices.

Sandra herself wore a maroon suit with a rather short skirt and stockings of white silk, her shoes pink - and very stiletto - matching her frilly and rather bold thong panties. She usually went knickerless but had donned panties out of respect. In the dignified, austere surroundings, she started to feel less than formal.

They walked along a narrow corridor to a vestibule nicely adorned with flowers. On the way, two or three schoolgirls passed them, took off their round blue peaked caps and curtsied to Sandra. She smiled in surprise. The schoolgirls were of her own age, and no less ripe of figure than herself. As she glanced at their retreating bottoms, tight in their grey skirts, and the girls swaying on surprisingly high chunk heels, she wondered if that was how proper school 'gels' dressed.

'You only have to wear a cap if you are going outdoors -' said Stephanie, helpfully, '- unless - hmm!'

She kept her cap on, removing it only as they were admitted to Miss Quirke's book-lined study. This too was decorated with flowers and looked through French windows on to manicured lawns, flowerbeds and playing fields. Beyond was a coppice beside a charming ornamental lake. The floor was bare linoleum, looking curiously cheap amid such comfort. Miss Quirke sat at her heavy, walnut desk, smiled at Sandra, but did not stand up to greet her, nor did she invite her to sit down in the single armchair.

Sandra stood nervously in front of Miss Quirke with her hands clasped at her crotch. There was something in Miss Quirke's manner which made her feel guilty of something; 'up before the beak', as in the school stories. Miss Quirke's

smile eased her anxiety. Her face was handsome and chiselled and her trim body looked well exercised.

She wore a sombre black jacket and skirt, with black shiny stockings and a frilly, white blouse, obviously silk, which opened at her neck to show a hint of generously swelling breasts – severely restricted by some kind of corsage, over a pencil-thin waist – with a plain gold locket on a neck chain. Her chestnut hair was short, but expensively styled, with a charming kiss-curl at her brow and a scalloped sweep that did not quite cover her nape. Sandra realised that all the ‘girls’ she had seen were exquisitely coiffed, and nervously fingered her own long blonde mane. Was it too, too unkempt?

At one end of the bookcase was fixed a hook, from which dangled a long, thin cane of bright yellow wood, quite fearsome, and with a splayed tip like a snake’s tongue. Sandra felt herself blush; the cane seemed to stare at her. Then she remembered the quaint mention in the school prospectus that discipline was firm but fair, and was delivered if necessary, in ‘traditional’ manner for the proper ‘turn-out’ of well-behaved young ladies. The traditional manner obviously meant not just spanking, but the cane. Sandra wondered when its use became necessary, and swallowed hard.

Instinct told her to behave as though she were already at school; she kept her head bowed and looked up only when addressed by Miss Quirke, even though she was aware of the headmistress’s bright eyes sizing her up, as a breeder would a colt. Miss Quirke politely called her Miss Shanks and explained that schoolgirls and staff of all ranks were addressed as ‘Miss’. She said that due to ‘outside commitments’ many girls were unable to attend school for more than a week at a time. A girl’s first week was as a ‘fresher’, after which she took her ‘prelims’ or preliminary examination. If she passed, and became a junior, she could elect to stay on, or return later for a further week, and the

'moderations' exam. That would make her a senior, and eligible for prefectship. Weeks of residence and success at exams were credited even if continuous attendance was impossible. Exam failure meant a girl repeated her week.

'Some of our best girls have been freshers for months, or even years!' she said sweetly.

Apart from prefects, there was a complement of forty girls, ten to a dormitory. Normally the ranks had separate dormitories although circumstances sometimes dictated an overlap. There were four dormitory prefects and four school prefects - of which Stephanie was one - the head prefect and four mistresses. The school rules were quite simple, although they might seem arcane to an outsider, and a large part of fresher's week was devoted to learning them by example, as they were not written down.

'A proper girl, Miss Shanks, should know instinctively what is right,' said the headmistress with a smile so sweet that Sandra felt suddenly at home, amongst girls.

She smiled too when Miss Quirke said that the premises were free of males, her pert breasts swelling proudly over what had to be a corset. Perhaps a waspie like Margaret's was standard issue, or the privilege of rank.

'Here, we are girls among girls,' she continued. 'We are a strict school, Miss Shanks, but girls can learn so much when free of male influence -' her lips puckered in distaste '- and girls can learn so much from each other.'

'Oh, yes, Miss,' said Sandra, with an enthusiasm that surprised her, and Miss Quirke nodded in approval.

Her eyes turned to her cane and Sandra's followed.

'Strict means old-fashioned, Miss Shanks,' she said. 'Our lessons are primarily concerned with deportment, manners, athletic excellence, and, above all, correct use of our beloved English language, abuse of which is the enemy of good manners. Now, any breach of good manners does incur certain punishments, of which the cane is one.'

She smiled again, but now her perfect, white smile was icy, and Sandra shivered in foreboding, but also in a longing she had never known before. Miss Quirke was in perfect control, of her words, and of her girls. Suddenly, Sandra wanted to be one of those girls. She stammered as much, feeling absurdly shy – was it her hair? her panties? – and gasped in delight as Miss Quirke nodded.

‘I think we may try you as a fresher, Miss Shanks. My instinct tells me you are a proper girl, fit for training. Present yourself at nine o’clock on Monday morning.’

Miss Quirke’s tone suggested that she was being immensely polite, and that only the strictest discipline could make this tousled female resemble a proper girl, and that Sandra should feel terribly, terribly guilty if she let Miss Quirke down. She asked if a cheque would be OK, and Miss Quirke smiled thinly.

‘No, a cheque will be satisfactory, Miss Shanks,’ she said. ‘Cheap American usage is not part of a lady’s vocabulary. Six hundred guineas, for one week only. You are apprised of the amount in this distasteful modern currency. Should you pass your prelims, and wish to prolong your tuition, the fees are slightly higher.’

Then she looked at her watch, a thin, golden roundel with a white face on a black leather strap.

‘Well!’ she said brightly. ‘I have a disciplinary appointment at twenty-five minutes past the hour, and before you decide to write your cheque, Miss, you may care to witness a minor punishment for unseemly behaviour.’

Sandra saw Miss Quirke nod to Stephanie, who took down the yellow cane and handed it to the headmistress, and with a flutter of excitement, Sandra murmured her agreement. She stood beside Stephanie to watch the caning. First, Miss Quirke flexed the cane, brushed it to make sure it was oiled and supple, then swished it in the air with an alarming whistle. She smiled coldly at Sandra.

‘If you are not already aware, Miss Shanks, I trust you do not find it unnatural that all canings at our school are taken on the bare bottom.’

Sandra felt her heart thump and a tiny seep of moisture in her pink panties.

‘N-no, Miss, it is quite natural to me. I mean, to cane on the bare bottom seems most efficient. It would be the most painful, I imagine, without knickers in the way.’

‘You imagine correctly,’ said Miss Quirke, flexing her cane. ‘Then you have not yet known bare-bottom caning?’

‘Why, no, Miss, not bare.’

Sandra would not admit she had never been caned at all.

‘Well!’ said Miss Quirke, with a warm smile. ‘I am sure you will be a good girl, and never have to know what it feels like. A naked caning is, as you say, most painful.’

At twenty-five past the hour precisely there was a timid knock on the door and Miss Quirke bade entrance. Stephanie opened the door, and a tall, ripe-figured young woman of just over twenty years old came in, nervously looked at Sandra, and curtsied to her, to Stephanie, then to Miss Quirke. She placed herself before Miss Quirke’s desk, holding her blue school cap at her crotch.

‘Well, Miss Devine,’ said Miss Quirke. ‘You know why you are here.’

‘Yes, Miss,’ said the girl, her head bowed.

‘And it is not for a first offence.’

‘No, Miss. I’m awfully sorry. I don’t know what came over me. It just slipped out.’

‘Quite,’ said Miss Quirke drily. ‘And the purpose of the schoolgirl’s friend –’ she rapped the leather desktop with her cane ‘– is to stop such things from slipping out. Improper language, Miss, is simply – not – on. Is it?’

At each of those three words, she swished the cane in the air, harder each time, and Sandra saw Miss Devine pale.

‘No, Miss.’

‘No, Miss!’ said the headmistress icily. ‘That is what you said the last time, Miss Devine.’

Now her frown changed to a warm smile.

‘Let us hope that after this, further chastisement will be unnecessary. Let me see. On our last meeting, I gave you four stripes of the cane. I now intend to give you six. I trust this is acceptable to you?’

Miss Devine was shifting nervously from foot to foot and her bottom was twitching already under the tight pleats of her skirt.

‘Yes, Miss, of course,’ she whispered.

‘By the way, you observe we have a visitor, a prospective fresher. With your consent, I propose that she witness your punishment. Is that satisfactory?’

‘Oh! Well, I – I guess so, Miss.’

There was a chilled silence in the study and Miss Devine’s fingers flew to her mouth.

‘I cannot believe what I have just heard,’ said Miss Quirke with acid scorn. ‘You – you . . . Oh, I cannot bring myself to repeat the American barbarism. I can only assume you have got it from television. What are we to do with you, Miss Devine? Are you fit to complete your week?’

‘Oh, Miss, please don’t expel me!’ cried Miss Devine.

‘I await your suggestion, Miss,’ said Miss Quirke, making motions as though to put away her cane.

‘Please, Miss Quirke,’ begged the girl, sobbing now. ‘I’ll take an extra stroke. Would that purge me?’

Miss Quirke pondered, or pretended to.

‘Well,’ she said thoughtfully. ‘As I recall, only one girl has ever been expelled, and that was a prefect, for excessive zeal in a certain punishment. Some of us may think Quirke’s is too soft these days.’

She looked at Stephanie, whose eyes glittered like gems.

‘You will receive nine stripes of the cane, Miss Devine, on your bare buttocks,’ she intoned formally. ‘Now please lower

your knickers, raise your skirt and assume a spread position over the chair back.'

So that was the purpose of the well-worn leather armchair! Sandra felt her belly tighten and her panties moisten quite copiously as the girl obeyed and she bent over the high chair back. It obliged her to stand on tiptoe, and she raised her skirt, draping it neatly over her spine. Then, with a sigh, she lowered her white, frilly panties to her knees, letting the garment hang there, stretched like a bridge. Finally she perched her cap backwards on her head, which she was thus obliged to hold high, and Sandra knew that this was part of the humiliating punishment.

Miss Devine wore a frilly, white lace suspender belt to match her panties, in contrast to the black school stockings. Miss Quirke judged that the straps were too close together and covered her fesses, so the girl had to fumble and unfasten the straps and tuck them up into the sussie belt and let her stocking tops droop sluttishly.

Sandra's pulse quickened as she saw the firm melons of the girl's naked fesses. They were already faintly striped with the marks of - perhaps - many beatings and Sandra found their mottled ridges exciting. She imagined herself in the same position - bare bum raised in submission, and waiting for the sting of the hard wood on her naked skin - and felt her quim-juice flow faster with a little tickle in her clitty which began to tingle and stiffen. She breathed hard. Never in a million years would she have thought that she could be excited by watching a cruel, naked beating, and even more thrilled by the awful certainty that one day soon her own bare buttocks must feel the cane.

'You agree to a bare-bottom caning of nine stripes for your misdemeanours, Miss Devine,' said Miss Quirke formally, 'witnessed as required by one prefect, and with your consent by the prospective new girl. Any noise or squirming deemed excessive will result in the stripe's repetition. You further acknowledge that you are free to discontinue

punishment at any stage, and leave school, with the balance of your week's tuition being refunded to you, less a fine of twenty guineas for every stroke refused.'

'Yes, Miss,' sobbed the girl from her humiliating position. 'My bottom is bared and ready for just caning. Please, Miss, flog me without delay.'

Miss Quirke nodded in satisfaction and stood behind the bared girl, then lifted her cane. Sandra saw that her own bottom was a juicy peach and quite tight in her formal black skirt, which was also surprisingly short, allowing a good glimpse of long, muscled thighs and calves in gleaming black silk stockings. Sandra repressed the thrilling thought that Miss Quirke's own bum looked ripe for a bare-bottom caning and was quite possibly no stranger to it.

This impression was increased as the cane whistled in the air and delivered the first stripe to the girl's naked peach. The springy wood cracked with such precision across the soft, bare flesh of the central buttocks that a vivid, pink stripe was raised at once, and both buttocks trembled in furious agitation as Miss Devine involuntarily clenched her furrow tightly, relaxed it, then clenched the bum-cheeks hard again, awaiting the second stripe.

This was not long in coming; Miss Quirke's aim was sure, and the cane's lash wealed the bare flesh exactly on the bruise raised by the first. The flogged girl's whole body was jolted by the force of the stroke, which made her bare fesses quivering jellies as the crack of her buttocks danced and tightened like a jerked whipcord.

Her breath came in harsh, poignant gasps, and Sandra was shocked to find herself breathing heavily in the excitement of witnessing a naked beating. Her face was flushed; she glanced sideways at Stephanie and saw she was agitated too. The crotch of Sandra's pink thong panties was sopping now with her quim-juice and she felt it trickle outside the panties and down to her stocking tops, past her own sussies. She prayed that her stockings would not get

too wet and show humiliating evidence of this mischievous excitement, or Miss Quirke might misjudge her motives for coming to school and refuse her admittance! She slightly regretted having worn such a tarty short skirt.

The crack of the third stripe on the girl's bare jolted Sandra back to the matter. Three vivid welts now graced the white bum-skin, the third stripe diagonal to the first two, as though Miss Quirke was amusing herself with a game of noughts and crosses. Accordingly, the fourth stripe was parallel to the third, and the fifth on the very top of the bum, where the skin was so tender, and straight across.

This stripe made Miss Devine squeal and her bare bum squirmed so frightfully that Miss Quirke paused, panting herself, but said that the squeal meant a repetition of the fifth. The flogged girl sobbed her agreement and the stripe was given again, right in the same place, but this time she made only a tortured gasp, though her legs shot straight out behind her, before buckling so that her panties slipped to her ankles, as her entire body convulsed in shudders.

Miss Quirke ordered her to step out of the panties altogether so that her legs and buttocks could remain properly spread, and the sobbing girl obeyed. Her stockings now draped her knees and the reason for Miss Quirke's insistence on spread thighs became obvious, for the sixth and seventh strokes took the mewling student in uppercuts, right on the soft flesh where thigh met buttock.

Her squirming had Sandra gasping as her own pussy flowed with oily juice and she knew her panties and stockings too were soaked and well stained but did not care. She felt her clitty stiff and throbbing and longed to rub the tingling nubbin. One touch and she knew she would bring herself off.

She suddenly imagined Margaret, bent over like that, her luscious bum taking cruel stripes from a merciless cane, and felt frustrated that she had done nothing more than spank her friend's wet bottom. Maybe next time. But she felt

dizzily uncertain. Did she want to wield the cane on the helpless bare bum of a girl, or be that girl herself?

Stephanie was gazing with as much lustful excitement as Sandra, and there was a dark, wet stain on her stockings. Underneath her knickers, her trembling fingers played with her riding crop.

Of course. Stephanie was a prefect and carried the means of beating other girls. All must learn to be submissive, like Margaret, but for some, a prefectship would allow the expression of their dominant instincts. All girls together, all talents made to blossom.

There was a deathly silence as Miss Quirke paused to wipe her brow, oddly lifting the hem of her black skirt to briefly reveal her own white frilly petticoat and her sussies and frilly stocking tops, which bore shiny patches of moisture. She too was excited, Sandra knew. Miss Devine was left squirming and clenching her bare bum for the last fearful stripes, but Miss Quirke waited and waited until she had calmed herself and her breathing was even.

Then she lifted the cane very high and dealt two strokes in lightning succession - vip! vip! - that made Sandra shudder in sympathy even as her quim gushed with juices and she felt her panties and stockings soaked in the liquid from her throbbing, swollen gash-lips. Her clitty stood stiff and tingled as though electric.

The flogged girl's body shuddered violently at these two cruellest stripes, and she let out a long wail, and suddenly there was a hissing noise: a golden stream flowed from her bare gash and down her stockinged legs, on to the linoleum floor, whose purpose was at last clear to Sandra.

Surprisingly, this lack of control was in no way considered an imperfection. Miss Quirke simply rang a bell and shortly afterwards another girl arrived - the same age as Sandra, Devine and Stephanie - dressed in a charming frilly French maid's uniform, with seamed fishnet stockings, white bonnet and apron, a short black tutu which made no