



**By
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Paddled!

A Naughty Schoolgirl Tale

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By Tabitha Kohls

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Adult Reading Material

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The Headmistress brought the wooden paddle down again, hard.

“Hmngff!” Scarlett tried to scream, but her mouth-filling gag reduced her cries to incoherent sputters, sending bubbles of spit down her chin.

The reformatory staff liked to call the horrible gag a *scold's bridle*; the dreadful device consisted of a thick apple-wood spike, jutting painfully deep into her open mouth and held in place by a web of tight leather straps running around her head.

School rumor said that the three-inch thick wooden spike was soaked in foul liquid soap for a full month between uses, and Scarlett now knew the legend to be true. Every single time her tongue scraped against the rough wood block, the nasty soapy taste nearly sent her dry heaving!

She had been gagged two days earlier, for calling one of her teachers a "stupid bitch". As had so often happened during her short stay at the Paddlehard Reformatory, she'd quickly regretted her rude outburst.

Scarlett sobbed helplessly around the spike as Headmistress Warwick slammed her thick paddle across her lower buttocks again. Her bottom was on fire!

How she wished that the Headmistress had taken the wretched gag out before administering her paddling, but no such luck. Though, in an odd way she was actually thankful for the uncomfortable, foul-tasting gag; it slightly helped to distract her from the Headmistress's brutal paddling.

"That is eight strikes, I believe. Oh, do compose yourself, child! I will not put up with your blubbering! Just two more strikes, and we shall be finished for now." Headmistress Warwick said harshly, as she raised her paddle high into the air over Scarlett's bound form.

Scarlett couldn't help trying to look back, but she was so tightly strapped down to the Reformatory's infamous wooden horse, she could twist just enough to see the shadow of the torturous instrument in silhouette on the office wall to her left. To her greater horror, several young students were actually looking in at her, through the window!

She screeched around the gag again, trying to draw the official's attention to the eavesdroppers. But Warwick ignored her, bringing the paddle down again. The thick plank hissed as air rushed through

its many drilled holes, giving Scarlett just enough warning to tighten her buttocks.

- CRACK! -

Scarlett succeeded in screaming this time, even with the gag. A thick froth of soap bubbles and saliva squeezed out between her red lips and the wooden spike. More foam began to shoot from her nostrils, as she lost control, the soapy mixture burning like fire and giving her face a rapid appearance.

Still screaming from the blow, she kicked her legs back uncontrollably, even as she pounded her fists impotently on the padded leather of the whipping horse. The Headmistress simply stood back, patiently waiting for Scarlett's pointless tantrum to run its course.

Scarlett twisted against her bonds, almost unconsciously noticing that her peeping toms had disappeared from the window. She twisted around just enough to look at Warwick, pleading through her tears with soap-spewing grunts of pain.

Headmistress Warwick smiled back at her, crossing her arms proudly across her broad chest. Until now the crimson haired schoolgirl has been arrogantly defiant, taking the early blows in stride, but no longer. Now tears streamed with abandon from the girl's eyes, mixing with the soapy spittle and foam from her gagged mouth.

The Reformatory official looked approvingly down the schoolgirl's naked backside, proudly appraising her work. Nine wide red lines crossed the girl's ample derriere, with this last stripe falling perfectly across Scarlett's upper thigh.

With great care she had laid the previous spankings across the girl's buttocks, working her way down. A true professional, she had moderated her swing, such that the first seven swats had been relatively light, only really putting her strength into the final blows. It

was no mystery why Scarlett's previous resolve had suddenly evaporated. Warwick prided herself for her ability to break the will of any of her charges.

“And that makes nine. Just once more, my dear, and then we can get to the *rest* of your punishment.”

Warwick raised the paddle one last time. Even as the board swung down to add a final red stripe to her thigh, Scarlett couldn't help but wonder just what the Headmistress meant by "the rest of your punishment. "

The pain of the final blow sent all other thoughts from her mind, as red hot fire rushed up her backside and shot through her spine!

This time the paddle had struck wickedly hard, right across her mid-thigh, far worse than the previous nine blows. The pain literally took Scarlett's breath away; she was reduced to snorting like a crazed animal, sending even more thick soap bubbles running down her chin and across the leather horse below.

While Scarlett desperately tried to regain her breath, Headmistress Warwick calmly wiped down her favorite paddle, placed carefully in its holder above her book rack, and then finally opened the outer office door. Two waiting female teachers entered and began unhooking Scarlett's straps. They caught her exhausted body as she slid limply off the horse, and wiped the leather down quickly to avoid permanently staining the infamous punishment device.

One teacher held the carrot-haired schoolgirl until she could finally stand on her own again, then carefully began to dress her back in her regulation Paddlehard Reformatory uniform. Once she was fully dressed, the teachers escorted Scarlett to the girls' restroom in the hall to fix her hair and wipe her face down. One of the women thrust a can of cream into her shaking hands, and shoved her inside.

As soon as the door closed behind her, Scarlett tried to yank the scold's bridle off, but the thick straps were firmly locked together with a heavy padlock at the back of her skull. After several futile attempts, she gave up.

Carefully touching her bright red bottom, she administered a layer of the cooling cream from the can. As she gently wiped the cream across her bottom, she could already feel multiple thick welts rising up in long lines bisecting her reddened rear-end. As she had expected, the very worst were from the final excruciating strikes across her thighs and the very bottom of her butt cheeks.

She didn't want to imagine how bad they would look when her butt cheeks finally returned to their normal pale shade, a mass of dark purple lines running across her cheeks, drawing every eye as she passed down the hall. And never mind the pain of actually sitting in the hard wood seats in her classes!

Right on cue, she yelped smartly as her hands touched those last welts, the cream instantly sending the wounds burning furiously. *I swear, when I get out of this hellhole, I'm going to kill my fucking boss for getting me into this mess!!!*

Finally satisfied that she had put the cream where she most needed it, Scarlett wiped her hands clean and finally set about fixing her face. She couldn't help but feel irritated as she went about the pointless exercise, but knew she couldn't risk breaking even this rule.

All students of Paddlehard Reformatory were expected to maintain a certain degree of personal decorum at all times, even while being punished! After all, as the Headmistress always said, the Reformatory had a reputation to uphold and no little paddling was excuse enough to look disheveled!

She carefully brushed her hair through the bridle's leather straps, and applied a thin layer of lip gloss to her soap-burned lips. Most

makeup wasn't allowed in the Reformatory, and then only on special occasions, but she was expected to keep her lips from chapping.

When she finished, she looked into the mirror and winced. She hated how the gag made her mouth look, stretching her lips into a humiliating 'O' expression. Scarlett rubbed her sore jaws for a moment, and steeled herself for the final part of her ordeal.

She took a long, deep breath and then pushed the thick gag even further into her open mouth!

It was incredibly painful, and the very tip of the spike nearly made her gag as it prodded the back of her throat, the rough wood rubbing against the back of her tongue and filling her mouth with even more soap.

However, she was rewarded for her self-torture when her teeth finally reached a deep groove set near the end of the long spike. The groove nearly cut the gag in two, and allowed her to *almost* shut her mouth entirely. She sighed with relief as the pain in her jaws lessened instantly.

Of course, her lips were now stretched even wider around the plug's thicker base, but at least she was a little more comfortable. She swallowed carefully, barely avoiding setting off her gag reflex, and winced at the foul taste of soap. Staring at her reflection, she thanked god that this was her last day wearing the bridle.

For the past two days, the faculty only took the long wooden plug out during her meals and for brushing her teeth. Otherwise, she'd been forced to wear the gag to all of her classes, and even at night in her dormitory room!

She couldn't wait until tomorrow morning, when the wretched thing would finally be removed and no doubt returned to wait in its bucket of soap to soak until another schoolgirl needed its services.

She shuddered as she realized that future schoolgirl would likely as not be *her*, again!

Finally finished composing herself, Scarlett stepped back and assessed her appearance. She turned to the side and winced as she saw the bright red stripes on her thighs just peeking out from under her plaid skirt. Between her paddled bottom, her lip-stretching scold's bridle, and her ridiculous schoolgirl uniform, it was nearly impossible to believe that she wasn't the 18-year old naughty teenager she appeared to be, but was in reality a 28 year old newspaper reporter!

She rubbed her butt; the ointment was starting to take some of the sting out of her wounds. God how she loathed paddlings!

Though on the plus side, the paddling *had* helped her make up her mind: One way or another, she had to escape from Paddlehard, and soon!

She knew leaving her assignment early would be hell for her career as an investigative journalist, but she just had no choice. At the earliest possible opportunity, she would have to get in contact with her boss and get the hell out of here!

- 6 Weeks Earlier -

Scarlett Chaswick worked as a reporter for the Paddington Press, a small newspaper with a rapidly shrinking list of subscribers. The 28 year old redhead had joined the small press straight out of college, expecting it would serve as a launching pad for her career.

Much to her dismay, her career had instead utterly stagnated and soon she was stuck reporting insipid human interest stories! It was so humiliating; she might as well just give up and work as a bimbo weather girl!

With every passing year, it looked like her dream of being an influential, famous professional journalist was slipping away. Soon she'd be lost in totally obscurity, forever.

But then something big happened in her sleepy little corner of the world: a popular teen icon was caught with drugs in her purse and sentenced to spend three months at Paddlehard Reformatory, just a short drive from Paddington City!

The twenty year old celebrity, Marilyn Castle - better known as 'Mary Cherry' to her legions of tweener fans - was the star of a hit television series, and had already launched herself into a pop-singing career. She was even set to make her big screen debut that very next summer.

Like most serious-minded adults, Scarlett Chaswick knew virtually nothing about the teeny bopper, save for the occasional sound bite she picked up channel surfing. But when Mary Cherry was charged with DUI and drug possession, and sent to Paddlehard, Scarlett saw her big chance at fame and prestige had finally arrived!

As she had expected, her chubby boss Chief Harrison simply saw the pop singer's predicament as a potential windfall for the small paper. Scarlett agreed with his assessment, but just knew that the real windfall would be for her own career!

The teen idol was infamously difficult to get an interview with, but with her trapped in the Reformatory without her army of lawyers and agents constantly at her side, it might just be possible to get access to her. If Scarlett could manage an interview, from inside the Reformatory, she could finally get the recognition she deserved!

As much as Scarlett liked to consider herself a serious investigative journalist, she knew the reach these celebrity gossip stories could have. Mary Cherry's DUI was already a national headline; if she could interview the girl, the scoop would surely land her attention from the nationwide papers. She might even be able to ride the story

all the way into the chief's seat! Hell, if she played her cards right, she might even catapult her stalled career right out of Paddington altogether and land a job with the real newspapers!

All she had to do was get inside Paddlehard, and the rest was easy! And she already had the perfect plan...

Naturally Scarlett wasted no time approaching her boss with her devious plan to gain entry to the Reformatory and get some one-on-one time with the pop-starlet: she'd go undercover at the school as a teacher!

She already had a journalism degree and the school had an opening for a journalism teacher. She'd just apply for the job, give a perfect interview and land the job, and then have all the time in the world to interview Mary Cherry. It was flawless!

Unfortunately, Chief Harrison didn't see things her way. Amber, another young reporter, and her biggest rival at the paper, had already convinced him that Scarlett was just too young looking to pass off as a distinguished and accredited teacher.

Instead, Amber had her own plan: Scarlett *should* go undercover, but as a student!

And to Scarlett's eternal humiliation, Chief Harrison agreed!

Despite her protests, and reservations, the Chief was adamant that Amber's plan was for the best, and in less than a week after Mary Cherry's DUI story broke, Scarlett found herself going undercover as Paddlehard Reformatory's newest inmate!

From the very beginning, things had gone totally wrong!

Firstly, Amber went to Paddlehard Reformatory, posing as Scarlett's aunt and legal guardian. That much *was* according to plan, but then Amber botched everything by enrolling Scarlett as an eighteen year old, whereas Mary Cherry was already twenty! She would have to stay in a totally different dormitory and would be in totally different classes than the teen-idol! Scarlett was furious at Amber for being so incompetent!

And to make matters worse, Amber had even enrolled her under the name of Scarlett Cheeks!

Thankfully, Scarlett managed to salvage her plans somewhat by scoring high enough in the Reformatory's entry exams to enroll in some of the same courses as Mary. But she soon discovered it was all for nothing; she spent her entire first day of classes trying to get near the pop-star, only to be totally blocked out by the girl's friends.

Mary had already been at the Reformatory for two weeks by the time Scarlett was enrolled, and had grown a large clique of rich and popular students, who shielded her as well as her old agents and lawyers ever did.

Depressed, but not yet beaten, Scarlett modified her plans again. She would just have to show Mary that she was cool and subversive enough to join her cool-kid club.

To that end, Scarlett spent her second day of classes blowing off the teachers' questions and constantly interrupting. At first her obnoxious behavior actually seemed to be working; in the classes she shared with Mary, the girl and her friends started giving her thumbs up and smiling when she misbehaved. One girl even passed her a note in the hall, telling her to keep it up!

She was ecstatic; at this rate, she'd have her interview before her first week was up and then she could get back to the land of adults and put this whole humiliating assignment behind her.

But then everything went horribly wrong.

Paddlehard Reformatory had a well-earned reputation for discipline, and the teachers were notoriously strict. Just before her last class ended, Scarlett interrupted one time too many, as Mary and her friends cheered her on.

Before she could react, the angry teacher dragged her out of her seat by one ear and pulled her to the front of the class. To her utter horror, the woman immediately pushed her over her knee, and proceeded to administer a harsh spanking to her bare bottom, before the entire class! And with a hairbrush no less!

The class broke out in giggles and howling laughter. And Mary and her friends were the loudest of them all!

After that Scarlett's reputation was in shambles. She wasn't just the new kid in school, she was the weird new kid who got spanked on her bare bottom. Until the punishment, it had never even occurred to her that she was - as far as anyone else knew - the youngest girl in class. Somehow that made the whole incident even more humiliating. Even though she knew she was really in her late-twenties, she still felt like a little girl getting disciplined in front of all the big kids.

From that day after, she had a reputation among the faculty as a troublemaker and problem child. She soon found the teachers were happy to punish her for any perceived failing, even if she was obviously not guilty. After all, she probably deserved it anyway.

She was spanked many more times over the next few weeks, and even had her mouth soaped out for swearing nearly every day. Her massive drop in status did nothing to win points with Mary's clique, either.

After six weeks of being spanked, paddled, and soaped, Scarlett still hadn't gotten within ten yards of Mary Cherry. It was looking like

she'd have to stay undercover for the full three months, and even then, she doubted she could ever get her interview!

Besides utterly failing at her assignment, Scarlett had another problem to deal with.

Like all of the students at Paddlehard Reformatory, she spent almost all her time either in class, eating in the food court, or sleeping in her dormitory. Ever where she went, she was surrounded by people. Even the restrooms offered no escape, as the stall doors all lacked doors. The lack of privacy was driving her up a wall!

Nighttime was the worst. From 9PM to 6AM, Scarlett was forced to sleep with the 'other' eighteen year old delinquents in a communal dorm room, cooped up all night long with two dozen other girls. For her fellow students, the lack of privacy was simply an annoyance, but for Scarlett the total lack of privacy was rapidly becoming a serious issue.

She hadn't had a boyfriend in well over a year and was used to being alone at night, when she could finally let off some steam. If she could just get herself off once, life in the Reformatory would be so much easier!

Perhaps it was the humiliating uniforms or the way her starched panties slid up and down her sex all day, or maybe it was simply psychological, but Scarlett's sex drive was off the charts and getting worse by the day! She desperately needed to cum!

She tried in vain to masturbate in the restrooms, but with no stall doors to shield her, she never managed to do more than tease herself. Obviously her dorm room was off limits for such nocturnal activities, and the communal showers were equally useless.

Making matters worse for her, Scarlett had been using pornographic films and sex toys to help satisfy her needs ever since she broke up with her last boyfriend a year before. Now she was discovering she was far more dependent on her sexual aids than she'd realized. She *had* managed to sneak her favorite pink vibrator into the school when she first arrived, but without porn and a few minutes privacy, using it only fanned her sexual flames.

Finally, out of sheer frustration, Scarlett decided to break curfew and sneak out of her dorm. She knew she was risking an almost certainly terrible punishment, but she just didn't care. She desperately needed an orgasm, before she lost her mind!

Besides, she wasn't that afraid of being caught anyway. The day before she had angered one of her teachers by cursing the bitch under her breath. Apparently, instead of just washing her mouth out with soap for the hundredth time, the strict matron had actually gagged her! Even worse, she would have to wear the horrible gag all week long!

Given all that, she figured if she was caught, the worse the school officials could do to her was to expel her. And in that case, she would actually be grateful to be rid of this place once and for all. It was obvious that her celebrity interview was never going to happen, and she just wanted to get back to her old life. Her boss would be pissed, but at this point, Scarlett just didn't give a damn!

And so, gagged and clutching her pink jelly vibrator in one hand, Scarlett padded down the tiled halls of the Reformatory. The faculty should be sleeping she knew, but there were a few real night owls among them. She took each step carefully, thankful that her thick socks deadened any noise.

Finally, she reached the school library and slipped inside.

She tried every computer in the place, but they were all password protected. Annoyed that she had risked breaking curfew for nothing,

Scarlett started to leave. But then she remembered the librarian's small office in the back of the room. And sure enough, the librarian had left her own laptop logged onto the school's server!

Scarlett spent the next several hours surfing the internet, watching free porn videos and riding her vibrator to one glorious orgasm after another, her fluids slowly staining the librarian's expensive office chair. She was working her way to her fifth orgasm when she heard a loud gasp from behind her. She looked in terror at the clock, only now realizing that she had spent the entire night playing with herself!

A hand fell heavily on the chair back. As Scarlett shivered on the brink of her fifth consecutive orgasm, the hand swiveled her around. Scarlett's mouth fell open; the library was packed with wide-eyed students! First hour study hall had started!

For a long, awkward moment, the only sound in the entire room was her vibrator still buzzing away wildly in her wet sex! And then the wave of fresh humiliation slammed into her, instantly pushing Scarlett to her fifth and largest climax of the morning!

When her screams of passion finally died down, Miss Aglethorp, the school librarian, grabbed Scarlett by the ear and pulled her straight to the Headmistress's office.

- Back in the Present Day -

Scarlett Cheeks stepped out from the girls' restroom gingerly, feeling her short, rough plaid skirt sway across her fresh welts. She groaned around her bridle, and flushed crimson at the thought of walking down the halls and up the facility's many stairways. It was going to be a miserable few days, until her bottom finally healed.

The two teachers were waiting for her, with Headmistress Warwick between them. still smugly looking down at the undercover journalist

from over her wire-frame horned glasses.

"Well, Miss Cheeks, you look almost properly abashed for your naughty behavior this morning," Warwick said, giving the undercover journalist a smug look over her horned wire-frame spectacles. "And you are in luck; Miss Higgins and Mrs. Dimsdale here have convinced me to remove your bridle a whole day early."

Scarlett's eyes widened at this last news. Were they really going to remove the horrid gag, early?

Warwick saw her expression of hope, and smiled darkly. "It seems Miss Higgins and Mrs. Dimsdale both think you would be served by personally explaining your predicament before each of your classes today. They've even prepared a lovely little speech for you."

The broad chested school official held out a folded paper for Scarlett to read. Gulping with sudden dread - and accidentally swallowing even more of the horrible soap - she took the paper and began to read.

To her horror, it was even worse than she feared!

"Dearest Students of Paddlehard Reformatory,

"As you all know, I am Scarlett Cheeks, the newest attendee of this fine institution, and I am very sorry to say I have not lived up to this Reformatory's fine standards. I have been a very naughty girl, in fact. A very, VERY naughty girl!

"This morning, as you are already aware, I was caught masturbating like a common trollop in the school's esteemed library. Over the course of the night, I befouled Head Librarian Aglethorp's personal computer with the most vile sorts of smut imaginable.

"Even worse, I have permanently stained her favorite chair with the excretions of my self-abused loins, and so thoroughly filled the

library with the fragrances of my regretful passions that the entire room will need to be closed for a full week to air out. I hope that this will not inconvenience any of you too greatly in the days to come.

"I, Scarlett Cheeks, humbly apologize for my degenerate behavior and firmly swear to never again lay an idle hand upon my most intimate flower. I will endeavor to always remember the value of chastity and good womanly virtues, at all times. To this end, I now ask that any and all of you who notice me failing in this goal, to immediately notify the nearest member of the faculty, so that I do not disgrace myself again. Thank you.

"It is also my most desperate wish that you will all find it within yourselves to forgive me for my indelicate act this morning. It may please you all to know that our wonderful Headmistress, Miss Warwick, has already dutifully paddled me on the bare in her office this very morning, the marks of which shall adorn my backside for several days hence.

"As further penance for my disgraceful nocturnal activities, I shall be completing a special extracurricular activity for Miss Hollidales' sewing class: reupholstering Miss Aglethorp's office chair, which is currently soaked through with my most personal fluids.

" I respectfully beg your forgiveness, and dearly hope that through these personal penances, I shall overcome my dreadful behavior, and once more regain the respect of you, my fellow students."

Scarlett was appalled! She couldn't read this, not in front of the other students!! She'd die of embarrassment!!!

Warwick just smiled coldly down at the diminutive young woman, her smiles mirrored by the two other teachers. Realizing she would get no mercy from the three staff members, Scarlett reread the paper, hoping irrationally that the prepared speech wasn't as bad as it had first sounded. But it only seemed to get worse.

Only as she started to fold the paper back up, did she notice the small, handwritten note below the typed speech above. Her eyes widened again as she recognized the tight, concise script that marked it as the Headmistress's very own handwriting.

"Miss Cheeks, please add the following to your remarks:"

And just under her note, was another short typed addition.

"And one more thing; I am proud to inform you all that our attentive school faculty have confiscated the vile instrument I used to assist myself in my abhorrent masturbation in the school library this morning.

"This item, a large pink vibrating sexual aid, shall be kept on display in the school's trophy case for the remainder of the term, where it will serve as a constant public reminder of my heinous violation of the Paddlehard Reformatory Code of Conduct and a personal reminder of my sworn oath to never again give in to my most base desires. That is all, thank you."

Scarlett was utterly dumbfounded by what she read. With gathering horror, she slowly turned around, until her gaze fell upon the massive mahogany trophy case.

She gasped in shock! A fresh wave of humiliation washed over her in an instant, making her knees nearly buckle. She raced across the hall, nearly choking on her gag, and stared in terror through the trophy case window.

Standing upright, smack dab in the center of the case, was her bright pink vibrator! Worse still, a small puddle of fluid had already formed around the base of the still glistening pink totem!

Two picture frames sat on each side of the pink sex toy. One was a picture of herself, smiling in her uniform the day Amber had enrolled

her at Paddlehard, while the other frame contained a typed copy of the apology speech she still held in her hand.

Scarlett shook her head, inadvertently dragging the bridle across her tongue again. She hardly noticed the soap anymore; her mouth had gone totally dry.

Headmistress Warwick's commanding voice broke through her mental fog, as she said, "Now Miss Cheeks, in addition to your paddling, I have informed your teachers that you are to be sat in the 'dunce' seat at the head of your classes until your paddle-marks have faded from sight."

Scarlett turned back to face her, shivering. She slowly nodded her head, tearing up slightly as the bridle drove against the back of her throat. With all the humiliations being heaped upon her in the last few moments, she scarcely noticed the addition of the dunce chair, though deep down she knew she would soon come to hate it even more than her self-deprecating speech or the trophy case display.

Every class had a dunce chair that was kept in the front. It came with a tall, pointed dunce cap of course, and given that it was really a tall stool and not a chair at all, she knew the other students would be getting wonderful views of her freshly paddled bottom for days to come.

Warwick spoke again, now gently rubbing her jaw. "Hmm, speaking of paddle-marks, turn around my dear."

Scarlett didn't hesitate; she turned in her regulation Mary Janes without a thought, and even lifted the back of her plain black-and-white plaid skirt to give the Headmistress a better view of her busted bottom.

Warwick winced at the sight, and clicked her teeth disapprovingly. "As I feared; those welts do not look very good. Not very good at all. Miss Cheeks, I am going to remove your scold's bridle now and then

you will head directly to Nurse Jennings's office. You will tell her to give you an immediate booster shot of antibiotics, before your welts get infected. Is that understood?"

Scarlett nodded again, more carefully this time. She crossed the hall back to the three school faculty, and in very short order, Headmistress Warwick unlocked the straps holding her bridle in place, and yanked it from between her jaws.

"Good, now get to the nurse's office at once, girl." Warwick snapped, tossing the bridle to one of the waiting teachers. "You are well overdue for a checkup, anyway. Nurse Jennings was complaining about that just the other day."

The short, undercover journalist rubbed her jaws and lips, almost happy for once. Warwick dismissed the two teachers, and started to return to her own office. Just as Scarlett started her long walk to the nurse's office, the tall Headmistress turned back.

"There is one more thing, Miss Cheeks; I've called your Aunt Amber and discussed your little... incident this morning. In quite some detail, I should add. She assures me that she has an idea which should help us better control your dirty urges in the long term."

Scarlett blinked, then her eyes widened in alarm as the Headmistress's words finally registered. *Warwick called Amber?! Oh god! She knows about my...my...oh god Nooo!!!.*

Overcome with sudden despair, Scarlett's knees trembled beneath her, as waves of humiliation coursed through her body. She mentally cursed herself for ever getting into this mess, and especially cursed Amber for making things so much worse!

And now the bitch knew, she fucking knew all about her whole embarrassing night in the library! And god only knew what fresh horror Amber was about to inflict on her!

Warwick smirked at Scarlett's reaction, and continued, "She and your Uncle Harrison will be arriving tomorrow afternoon to discuss how best to deal with your...indiscretions in the future. And to implement your aunt's suggested treatment, of course. Naturally, I expect you to return to my office after your last class tomorrow. Do not be late, Miss Cheeks."

Scarlett nodded vigorously. Her voice was hoarse as she spoke, her tongue feeling nearly raw in places and burning with soap residue. "I-I will, Headmistress. Uh, I mean, I won't...that is, I won't be late, I mean."

Warwick snorted, and gave a dismissive nod to the redheaded faux-student, before slamming her office door closed behind her.

Scarlett stood in the hallway for a long moment, pondering the woman's final words. Her body still shook with the thought of Amber knowing about her jilling off in the library. And all about her paddling too, no doubt. She shuddered.

But didn't Warwick say her "Uncle" was coming today, too? A beam of hope suddenly blossomed deep inside Scarlett, and for the first time since she had been subjected to the dreadful scold's bridle, she smiled.

If Harrison is coming, that means I can finally get out of here! Oh thank god, I'll be free again!! And if that asshole Harrison still wants his big story, he can just enroll that bitch Amber instead, because I am done! Let's see how Amber likes spending a few months as a student! Ha!

Her smile turned to an evil grin at the thought of her rival forced to mince around in the reformatory's uncomfortable and surprisingly scandalous uniform.

Her brief grin soured slightly as she realized that with her large breasts and athletic build, Amber probably *could* pass as a teacher,

and would never have to go undercover as a lowly student.

Still, at least I won't be here anymore, so there is that. Scarlett thought to herself, her smile returning.

Elated by the sudden hope that her ordeal was nearly over, young Scarlett Cheeks skipped jovially down the hallway toward the nurse's office.

She was *almost* totally unaware of her bright red bottom bouncing out behind her.

When Scarlett finally reached the nurse's office, the door was closed. Judging from the muffled noises coming through the door, Nurse Jennings's was busy with another student. Shrugging, she sat down on the small wooden bench set up before the door, and waited her turn.

She didn't have to wait long, as it turned out; the door opened a just few minutes later. Scarlett kicked her feet before her, waiting for the nurse to call her in, and dreaming of finally leaving Paddlehard behind once and for all.

She was startled from her reverie by a melodic voice above her. "Oh, hello there. It's...Scarlett, right?"

Scarlett looked up, surprised. Her eyes popped wide open when she realized who was talking to her: Mary Cherry, her very self!

"Oh...um...um...yeah. Scarlett Chas-er-Cheeks." She replied, dumbfounded. After weeks of trying to get a moment alone with the pop-starlet, she had all but given up on ever really meeting the girl. Yet here she was, standing over her.

The undercover journalist was suddenly overcome by the hope that she might be able to salvage something from this disaster of an assignment after all. She grasped Mary's proffered hand and shook it, a little too vigorously.

Mary looked at their clasped hands, and smiled. For just an instant, Scarlett thought she saw something a little dark in that smile, but the actress-turned-singer's expression softened immediately.

Suddenly, a thought occurred to Scarlett; what if Mary had heard about her incident in the library?! Instantly her revived hope crashed like a lead weight inside her. If Mary had heard about that, it might ruin everything!

"You're in some of my classes, aren't you? That's pretty impressive; given our obvious age difference, I mean." Mary Cherry said, beaming at her.

Scarlett was stunned speechless. Did that mean Mary didn't know about the library? She must not, because she was actually talking to her, in fact, she was complementing her!

She swallowed, suddenly feeling a bit flush with excitement. Maybe she really could come out of this assignment ahead. If she could just find a way to get more time with Mary, hopefully before she found out about the library, she could finally get enough information for a real story or maybe even a real interview after all! Then she could leave this horrible place a hero, instead of an abject failure!

"Um...thanks! I, um, had to pass a lot of these tests when I first came here, to get in the higher courses, you know? And, um, it was, uh, like, really, really hard!" Scarlett said, feeling her cheeks redden as her voice broke. Her tongue and jaw was still sore, and she was fumbling around her words in her excitement to impress the young celebrity.

Mary gave her an odd look, making Scarlett wince inwardly. Crap! She was blowing her only chance!

"I bet it was." Mary nodded absently, starting to turn away. She glanced at her watch. "Well, I'll be seeing you around, I guess."

Scarlett panicked! She needed to seal the deal, quickly, before Mary walked away and this chance disappeared forever!

"Um, like, um...maybe we could...um...like...hang out together or something? I'm like your...biggest fan, since, like, forever and stuff!" Scarlett said, wincing again at how desperate she sounded.

Mary Cherry stared at her, and nodded slowly. "You *are*?"

"Yeah, sure! I've, like, um...been your biggest fan since I was a little kid! I've got all of your albums and movies, and I...um...love your show!" Scarlett said, gritting her teeth.

"Really? That's great! I always love to meet a fan. I've got all every season of my show on disc; maybe we could watch them after class sometime, if you are interested." Mary said, smiling now.

"Oh, that sounds just wonderful!" Scarlett cooed. She returned Mary's smile, but inside she was freaking out! *Please don't ask me about your show, please don't ask me about your show!!*

In truth, she had only the most basic knowledge of Mary Cherry's cookie-cutter pop music; just a few snippets picked up when switching channels on the radio.

And she had never even watched more than a few minutes of Mary's breakout hit show, *Vannah Couver*. What she had seen had been painfully insipid and hackneyed beyond belief, and overflowing with plot holes galore. She vaguely remembered that the show centered around a young teen girl living a double life as a rich, famous pop-star by night, and an average, unpopular student by day.

All thanks to a few rolled up socks under her training bra, and a fake-looking black wig. It was stupid, even for a kids' show.

“That's good! We could hang out some, since you are such a big fan and all. You might even like my friends, they're big fans too. So...what's your favorite episode?” Mary asked, that dark, almost knowing, glint suddenly returning to her smile. Scarlett gulped, despite herself.

“Um...well...I like them all, I guess.” She finally said, lamely.

Mary laughed, flashing her teeth and rolling her eyes, “Oh come on, you don't have to flatter me, Scarlett. What is your *real* favorite episode?”

Scarlett desperately searched her memories, wishing she had done more research on the young celebrity's boring, childish show. Mary leaned over her, waiting for her answer.

The diminutive reporter stared helplessly up in the girl's pretty face, suddenly confronted by the fact that blond twenty year old was much more developed than her, her large, natural breasts easily feeling the uniform top near to bursting, while Scarlett's own top was practically flat in comparison.

“Um...I kind of like...the one where you go to the...um...party...where--”

“Hey! I don't have all day here, missy!” A voice suddenly cried out. Both Scarlett and Mary Cherry turned to face the door. Nurse Jennings stood in the doorway, stamping her foot impatiently.

“Sorry, Miss Jennings.” Scarlett said. She waved a quick goodbye to Mary and followed the nurse into her office, sighing with relief.

Nurse Jennings bent over, peering through her glasses at Scarlett's exposed backside.

The redheaded woman looked back over her shoulder. For some damnable reason, the ancient nurse had insisted that get up on the exam table, on her hands and knees. Now her skirt was flipped up her lower back, and her regulation panties were hanging loosely from one ankle. She yelped as the nurse ran a finger across one of her remaining paddle marks.

“Hmm. Yes, you do have quite a bit of bruising here, and I don't like the look of these stripes. You must have really angered the Headmistress, girl. Let me get your temperature and then I'll give you a course of antibiotics.” Nurse Jennings said.

The nurse pulled a large glass thermometer out of a drawer. Scarlett opened her mouth wide, automatically. But the school nurse just chuckled.

“Think again, dear. Now, just relax. This might be a bit cold.” Scarlett gasped as she felt something push against her rosebud!

“Ahh!” cried Nurse Jennings, as Scarlett's leg kicked out, nearly hitting her! “Don't do that!”

“Wait! Can't you just use a digital one or something?” Scarlett asked, frantically. The absolutely last thing she wanted was to have that huge thermometer in her butt!

But the nurse just sighed wearily, and tried to shove the instrument in again, despite her frantic protests. Scarlett jerked again, trying to keep her bottom away from Jennings's hand.

“Oh, settle down!” Nurse Jennings yelled, growing annoyed. “If you can't control yourself...”

She put the thermometer down and picked up a series of straps. Ignoring Scarlett's outcry, the strong nurse easily overpowered the frail girl, and strapped her arms and legs tightly to the tabletop. "I'm sorry to do this to you, my dear, but I really must insist. Now, let's take your temperature."

"Wait, please, can't you just warm it up a lit—AH! AHH!!" Scarlett shrieked as the nurse pushed ahead.

The long, thick thermometer slowly slid its way into Scarlett's tight little butthole, one thick, slimy inch at a time. Gelled lubricant ran in lines down her cheeks, and then down her thighs. The cold liquid made her legs twitch, and tickle.

"There now, that wasn't so bad, was it?" Jennings said with a smile, as she finished twisting the glass tube into the bound faux-schoolgirl's hind end.

Scarlett groaned and squirmed, trying to find a more comfortable position, and all too aware that several inches of glass tube were sticking out of her butthole!

"Now don't clinch dear, we wouldn't want you to cut yourself, would we?" The nurse said with a chuckle, but Scarlett was in no mood for it.

After several minutes, the young journalist had had enough. Her hoarse voice broke out in a high-pitched whine. "Isn't it done yet? How long do I have to stay like this?"

"Sorry, dear, these old thermometers were always a bit on the slow side." Nurse Jennings said. She slid off her gloves, and reached into a drawer, and snapped on a fresh pair. "But while we're waiting, I can administer your checkup."

Scarlett looked at her, confused and uncomfortable. "Checkup? What checkup?"

Nurse Jennings held up a large black object, with a metal comb on one end. She plugged it into a wall socket. "Your lice inspection, of course. Your Aunt Amber informed me some time ago that you have a nasty history of lice infestations, and wanted me to just get rid of the forest entirely. Don't worry, this won't take but a moment."

Scarlett's eyes grew wide in shock, as the old nurse flipped a switch, and the buzz cutters snapped to life!

"You can't cut off my hair!" She shrieked, shaking her head around. Her natural, carrot-colored hair swung about, still made up into two long pigtails that framed her face, and gave her a very innocent appearance at all times.

Nurse Jennings laughed heartedly.

"I didn't say head lice, my dear."

The nurse swept the last of Scarlett's bright red pubic hairs into the wastebasket, and sighed. Scarlett yelped as Jennings smack her gloved hand smartly across the girl's bare pussy mound!

"Smooth as a baby's bottom; let's just see those nasty bugs take up residence there again!"

Scarlett groaned. From her vantage point she couldn't see her bare sex, but she could feel the room's cold air on her newly exposed skin. The old nurse had finished her off by lathering her sex with foam and actually running a razor over her mound!

Scarlett yelped again as the nurse suddenly sprayed her between the legs! She jerked her head back and saw the nurse fumbling with a large red canister, marked in various warning signs, including a skull and crossbones symbol!

"What the hell!?!?" She cried.

The nurse answered her with another spray, this time the blast was wet and cold, and sharp, acrid smell filled the room for an instant. Scarlett felt her skin prickling under the wet spray, and trembled.

"Just a mild hair growth retardant, nothing to get so alarmed about," Nurse Jennings said, tossing the now empty can in the wastebasket, atop a small pile of reddish hairs.

"HAIR GROWTH RETARDANT!!!" Scarlet shrieked, as the prickling across her groin became a full-blown burning, itching sensation. She wriggled her hips helplessly, only managing to draw circles in the air with the glass thermometer still sticking out of her ass.

Nurse Jennings rolled her eyes, and pulled the gloves free of her hands. "Oh calm down, dear. It's just so I don't have to drag you back here every week for a fresh shaving. It'll only last a few months, a year or two tops."

Scarlett stared in open-mouthed horror at the nurse's words, but Jennings continued, "Of course, most of the girls claim it exacerbates the itching like mad, but you know how girls are. Always have to complain about something or other."

She gave Scarlett a sudden smack on her bare buttocks, making the journalist involuntarily clench her sphincter around the slick glass thermometer.

Sighing, the nurse looked up at the wall clock, and smiled. "Oh my, look at that. It's almost time for lunch! How time flies when you are having fun! Well, I believe I'll go take my lunch break now. Don't worry, Miss Cheeks, I shouldn't be gone too long. Besides, it'll take at least another twenty minutes to get an accurate temperature reading, anyway. And that spray really needs to air dry before you put your panties back on."

With Scarlett shrieking in protest behind her, the elderly school nurse slipped out of her tiny office.

Strapped down like she was, Scarlett could do nothing but watch as the woman disappeared, leaving her trapped helplessly on her arms and knees, thermometer-filled ass pointing towards the door.

Which, she suddenly realized in horror, the nurse had totally forgotten to lock!

For nearly half an hour Scarlett watched the door, certain that at any moment it would burst open, revealing dozens of students ogling her totally exposed sex and buttocks.

While she waited, the spray on her crotch did eventually dry, and the itching sensation seemed to literally quadruple! She wriggled her groin in the air, totally unable to relieve the ever-present need to scratch.

Eventually a group of girls arrived outside to wait for the nurse, forcing Scarlett to stop wriggling. She didn't even dare groan as the itching grew stronger and stronger. She could see the girls' blurred outlines in the door's fogged glass window, and was sure they would notice an movement or noise coming from her.

"Please don't come in, please don't come in..." She whispered to herself. The long thermometer was still sticking out of her, pointing straight at the door. Her neck was getting a crick from being twisted so long, so finally she had to turn away.

She jerked her head back around as she heard the handle click and door swing open! Nurse Jennings stood in the doorway, smiling and rubbing her stomach with an idle hand.

“Hello dear, sorry it took so long, but I was famished. I just had to go back for seconds; the cooks were in top form this morning, believe you me.”

Scarlett looked in terror as the nurse held the door wide open behind her! A half-dozen schoolgirls stood in the hallway, eyes wide in shock. Then they began to laugh and point.

“Shut the door! Shut the door!!” She screeched.

“What? Oh, yes, of course. I forgot our resident masturbator was so shy.” Nurse Jennings said, smirking. With deliberate slowness, she slid the door shut again. “Your little library incident is all the talk in the cafeteria, Miss Cheeks. Seems you made a real impression on some of the first hour ”

Scarlett groaned; if Nurse Jennings knew about her embarrassing incident in the library, surely Mary Cherry would know by now. Her hope to finally succeed at her assignment died inside her.

Oblivious to Scarlett's inner turmoil, Nurse Jennings just smiled absentmindedly, and without the slightest warning, pulled the thermometer out of Scarlett's backside.

“Ugh! Ahh!”

“Hmm...Yes, I do believe you might have a slight fever, dear. But no matter, that's simple enough to fix. I see this quite a lot, actually. Just a quick shot, and it'll clear right up!” Nurse Jennings said, shaking the thermometer in one hand, as she opened a cabinet with the other and removed a large syringe. “Okay, this might pinch a bit dear, but it'll be over quickly. Just a simple antibiotic.”

The undercover journalist gritted her teeth as the massive needle was slid, none too carefully, deep into the flesh of her buttocks. She squirmed until the needle was pulled back out and the nurse wiped her rump clean with a stinging alcohol pad.

“There we are, in a few days you'll be fine as rain. Now, there are a few side effects I should warn you about.”

Side Effects?! “Why didn't you tell me about that before you injected me?!” Scarlett cried, angrily.

The nurse looked at the ceiling and shook her head with exasperation. “Oh, they aren't anything to get so upset about, dear. But you should expect to be rather constipated for the next several weeks. That's true of most good antibiotics, actually. But don't worry, I know just what you need.”

Nurse Jennings returned to her cabinet, scrounging around until she found a large glass bottle. It was filled with greenish water, with large things floating within. Scarlett thought it looked rather like a gallon jar of pickled eggs.

“Okay, Miss Cheeks. I made these myself, from an old family recipe. They'll fix you right up.” Nurse Jennings carefully unscrewed the lid and plucked one of the eggs from the brackish water. It was the same size and shape as a goose egg, but it quivered in her hand like jello.

Scarlett stared at the wiggling egg, and scrunched her face in revulsion. “Oooh! What are those gross things?”

Nurse Jennings smiled. “Why, they're suppositories, what else would they be, dear? And they'll be keeping you regular as a metronome from now on!”

Scarlett's eyes widened! She gasped, looking at the massive capsule. “Su-su-suppositories!?!”

The nurse patted the jar endearingly. “Yep, I make them myself from an old family recipe. And this green brine is just a mild preservative; a little ginger root extract and a lot of salt water. Now my dear, I want

you to insert one of these capsules rectally, three times a day. For the next, oh, let's say... six months.”

Nurse Jennings screwed the lid shut, then pulled out her tube of lubricant. “Since you’re still strapped down, I’ll get you started. Now, don’t clinch, dear...”

Mary stood with her little clique of rich girls in front of the Reformatory's trophy case.

“...and now, that stupid bitch has cut a fucking plea deal! She's what started this whole stupid mess in the first place. If she had just kept her damn mouth shut, I'd be on set, filming right now, instead of being stuck in this shitheap! And now my stupid lawyer says the DA has filed more charges. He's pushing to keep me here past the twenty-one year old cutoff. He actually expects me to stay here for another three fucking years, can you believe that! I'm telling you, I can't catch a break!”

Margaret, one of richest girls in the whole school and the cliques second-in-command, sighed with sympathy. “That's tough, MC. My dad sent me here, says I need more discipline or something. I hate this place!”

Mary started to reply, but stopped and pulled the girls into a huddle. Scarlett, walking very gingerly and carrying a large jar filled with green water, slowly shuffled pass them, totally unawares.

Once Scarlett was well out of earshot, Mary laughed, “That's her!”

“Her? Oh right, the masturbator! What about her?”

Mary smiled coldly. “I just bumped into her in front of Nurse Jennings's office. I'm so totally going to make her my bitch this year!”

Margaret laughed, and not kindly. “You really think you can manipulate her? Horny or not, she's not dumb; hell, she's in a lot of our Senior classes. Bitch probably gets better grades than I do.”

Mary sighed, “Trust me, I've seen her type before, they'll do anything to be one of the popular girls.”

“*Really?*”

“Definitely. Back in my old high school, after my show started when I was thirteen, I had girls like her clinging to me like flies on shit. Just wanted a piece of me, 'cause I was rich and famous and going places. It was fucking annoying, until I realized I could make them do anything I wanted. I didn't do my own homework for years!”

The clique watched Scarlett stop and stare up a flight of stairs. She seemed strangely hesitant to climb them.

“That sounds pretty sweet. Hey-- do you think you can get her to do your homework now?”

“Eh, who gives a shit about that? But seriously, you guys all saw how she was in her first class a few weeks ago; she's totally obsessed with me. Hell, when I saw her outside of the nurse's office, all I had to do was act like I didn't know what total finger-slut she was, and she fell all over me! She was all *'I'm like totally your biggest fan ever!* It was hilarious! She's a fucking fan-girl!”

“No way, she didn't say that! What a geek! I bet she has all of your albums and posters and shit too!” One of the other girls said, giggling.

Mary laughed. “Totally, and you should have seen her face when I said we could hang out sometime, I swear to god she practically came in her panties right then and there!”

Scarlett had started the long climb up the stairs, her jar sloshing back and forth. The girls watched transfixed, as Scarlett reached the top landing. Dull red stripes were clearly visible just under her short skirt.

“Anyway, there were tons of girls just like her in my old high school, little obsessed fan-girls that would do anything for a little attention. My friends and I used to pass the time making them jump through hoops for our amusement. You wouldn't believe the things we got them to do. If she's half the fan she claims to be, I'll have her eating out of my hand by the end of the week!”

Out of my pussy, is more like it! Mary thought to herself, watching Scarlett take her first hesitant step up the stairs. *And if that reporter comes through for me, I won't even have to use my charms on Scarlett. She'll be my little bitch, whether she wants to, or not.*

Margaret looked around cautiously, scanning for teachers, then pulled out a packet of cigarettes. “I bet you five smokes, you can't get her to show us her paddle marks.”

“Oh please, if we're going to bet, let's make it something hard!” Mary laughed, mockingly. She thought for a moment, then grinned and turned to face the trophy case behind them.

She looked meaningfully at the pink vibrator, still glistening wetly. “I bet you the whole pack that I can get her to frig herself in front of us by this time tomorrow.”

Margaret broke out laughing at Mary's audacity, but stopped when she saw that Mary wasn't laughing with her. She swallowed. “Hey, you aren't serious, are you MC? I mean, there is no way in hell you can get her to do that.”

Mary grinned, and started to reply, but stopped as a tall, busty brunette woman appeared in the Headmistress's office door and called to her.

Mary Cherry grinned, and said, "Well, sorry girls, but I gotta go. See ya all tomorrow."

Amber waved at Mary Cherry, and called, "Oh hello Mary, would now be a good time?"

Mary smiled back and nodded. She turned back to her clique. "Well guys, I gotta go. But I'll tell you guys what; be in the third floor restroom at six o'clock, and I'll show you what I can make that bitch do."

She walked toward the office door before the girls could respond and disappeared within.

Scarlett walked gingerly up the stairs, holding the sloshing gallon jar of suppositories tightly to her chest. Try as she might, she couldn't quite hide the bottle's oversize label: ***Nurse Jennings' Extra-Large, Ultra-Strength Anal Suppositories: For Gentle Relief of the Impacted Bowel.***

She gasped as she felt the goose-egg sized capsule slide around inside of her. It felt like the slimy egg would pop out at the slightest movement. It was very slowly dissolving, becoming more slippery by the second!

All around her, other students hurried to their afternoon classes. Scarlett groaned in frustration as she realized she'd have to take the jar to class with her, as she just didn't have time to make it back to her dorm.

And so she soon found herself sitting on the dunce stool in the front of her first afternoon classroom, wearing the ridiculous dunce cap and reciting her humiliating apology letter for the first time. And all while the huge jar of suppositories sat cradled in her hands.

The only saving grace was that Mary Cherry didn't seem to be attending class today. It was bad enough she had to humiliate herself before the entire class, without spilling the beans about her indecent behavior in the library to the very person she most wanted to impress.

It was with great relief that she finally finished her speech and was allowed turn in her seat to face the chalkboard. The students snickered as they got a front-seat view of her red striped bottom, but at least she didn't have to look them all in the eyes.

But not twenty minutes into the class, Scarlett felt a sudden cramp in her guts. Her eyes widened as she realized she needed to use a restroom, immediately!

"Um, Miss Hannigan?" She asked, raising one hand. Being at the front of the class, she was hard to miss.

"Yes, Miss Cheeks," The teacher said, turning back from her board. "Is there a reason you are interrupting my lecture, young lady?"

"Um, um, I, uh, I really need to use the restroom, please."

Miss Hannigan raised an eyebrow, and started to say no, but then looked at the huge jar of suppositories Scarlett was still holding. Realization slowly dawned, and she gave the faux-student a knowing grin. "Of course dear, here's a note in case you meet a hall monitor."

Scarlett gratefully snatched the note from the teacher's hand and started for the door. Miss Hannigan called after her, "Oh, Miss Cheeks, the third and second floor lavatories are out of order; you'll need to go to first floor, dear."

Scarlett groaned, but thanked her and turned back to the door. Just as she left the room, her fellow students called after her, making lewd accusations as to why she *really* needed to use the restroom.

Scarlett's face flashed red, even as her itching crotch rubbed against her rough skirt.

Tightening her sphincter as she raced down the long hall to the stairwell, she prayed she could make it in time. There were nasty rumors floating around Paddlehard about what Headmistress did to girls who messed themselves, and the last thing Scarlett needed was to wear a fucking diaper to class!

Thankfully, she managed to reach the first floor toilets just in the nick of time. Unfortunately, she realized only then that she had forgotten to take off the dunce cap before leaving the classroom!

Miss Hannigan's class was nearly over by the time Scarlett returned, looking thoroughly disheveled. The students couldn't contain themselves from giggling at her long absence. Even Miss Hannigan, normally so stolid, couldn't refrain from asking, "Whatever have you been doing in the restroom for so long, Miss Cheeks. I do hope we won't have to air out the toilets too, like the library!"

Scarlett blushed crimson at the teacher's words and the student's accompanying laughter. She had never been so embarrassed! And she still had three more afternoon classes to sit through!

-CREAK!-

Scarlett froze instantly. A girl near the door softly moaned and rolled over, but thankfully didn't awaken.

The young journalist sighed with relief, causing the bed to creak again. Wincing at the sound, she waited another long moment before slowly sliding her fingers up and down her sex.

Since her treatment in the nurse's office, Scarlett's pussy was constantly itching like mad. The intense sensation was driving her

crazy, and sending her libido skyrocketing in the process! She was just so damn horny!

The bed creaked again, and she was forced to stop. She waited a few seconds, to make sure none of the other girls had awoken, then tried yet again to masturbate.

But no sooner had her finger touched her swollen little clit, than the bed creaked again. She hissed angrily through her gritted teeth; the stupid bed always creaked and groaned with even the slightest movement! It was intolerable! Frustrated beyond belief, she finally stopped and lay still in her uncomfortable bed, horny and unsatisfied.

God how she needed a good orgasm! She sighed, causing another creak to echo around the room.

The dormitory was long and rectangular, with a dozen small, creaky beds occupied by as many girls running down both walls. Unable to get herself off, her mind returned to the events of the past day, and how terribly humiliating they were. She briefly wondered if her humiliation was driving her sudden arousal, but the thought was far too disturbing, and so she swept it away quickly.

She turned over, eliciting more squeaks from the bed springs. If didn't know better, she'd swear the bed was actually *designed* to keep her frustrated forever!

But that was crazy, she knew. A sharp pain in her backside made her suddenly involuntarily clench her buttocks, instantly making the slimy remnants of her second egg-sized suppository wriggle around inside her. She had forced another egg up her backside just before bed, per the nurse's instructions, and it was rapidly breaking down.

Walking with her suppositories inside had been an entirely new experience for the undercover journalist, and not one she was looking forward to repeating the next day. While her afternoon

courses were all on the same floor, her morning courses all fell on separate floors, alternating each period.

Which meant that she would be forced to climb up and down several flights of stairs between each class, with every step threatening to dislodge her rectal egg! She shuddered at the thought, and turned over onto her back.

On the vaulted ceiling above her, was a large plaque, just visible in the soft moonlight filtering in through the barred windows. It was one of the Headmistress's favorite quotes, immortalized in solid bronze.

“A red bottom earned, is a lesson learned!”

Scarlett stared at the horrible plaque, and silently thanked god that "Uncle" Harrison would be arriving the next day, and taking her away from this insane reformatory, once and for all. She couldn't wait to be free of this horrible place and its endless punishments.

Laying in her lumpy bed, the young undercover investigative journalist silently promised herself that once she was free, she'd really pamper herself to celebrate, no matter the expense. After all this, she deserved it.

With thoughts of private baths and expensive salon visits filling her head, Scarlett finally slid off to sleep, one hand still lightly rubbing her swollen sex through her sheets. A small circle of dampness slowly appeared where her hand touched, filling the large room with the faint tangy odor of her nocturnal secretions.

In the other beds, the girls giggled softly as Scarlett's bed creaked and squeaked, all night long!

“Ow!”

Scarlett dropped the cloth and stuck her finger into her mouth. She could taste blood. The sewing class teacher ran over and pulled her hand free.

“Let me see, girl! Oh, why it's just a little prick; you'll be fine. Miss Cheeks, quit being so dramatic!”

Scarlett looked up at the harridan, blushing. “Sorry, Miss Hollidale.”

The teacher sighed and shook her head, then returned to pacing the room. Scarlett looked sheepishly at the other girls sewing, then picked her ream of cloth back up and searched for her dropped needle.

She was sitting in Miss Hollidale's sewing class, trying to reupholster the librarian's office chair. She had already cut the original fabric away, and the smell of her previous night of passion was lingering around her. Her pungent juices had soaked clear through the thick fabric and worked their way to the bottom side of the chair.

She lightly sniffed at the bottom covering and made a face. There was nothing for it, she'd just have to replace that layer of fabric as well.

Scarlett wiggled her rump on her stool, trying to find a comfortable position. But between her morning suppository slowly dissolving inside her, and her still reddened cheeks, her wriggling only managed to expose even more of her paddle-marked bottom to the class.

Besides her sore bottom, her crotch was driving her mad! Her entire pussy was itching like crazy, especially where her pubic hairs had been before Nurse Jennings shaved them off.

And even worse than the itching, was how incredibly horny she was! She'd awoken in bed practically drenched in her own juices. It took

all of her concentration to keep her mind off sex and on to her classroom tasks.

Just as she found her needle, the classroom door burst open. Scarlett spun around on her stool at the sudden noise, only to see one of the reformatory's many hall monitors standing in the doorway.

"Miss Cheeks?! You are wanted in the Headmistress' office, at once!"

Miss Hollidale nodded at her. "Go on girl, your sewing will wait until next class, I'm sure. Though I think I might hang it out a window to dry off first."

Scarlett followed the tall hall monitor across the building, wincing at each step. Her butt was very sore, and the slimy egg in her rump wasn't helping.

Thankfully they reached the office before she had an accident in the hall. The monitor stopped beside the outer office door, and said, "Go in, Miss Cheeks. The Headmistress and your aunt are waiting for you in the conference room."

Scarlett slipped through the door, feeling suddenly confused. Sure enough, when she entered the conference room beside Warwick's personal office she found both the Headmistress and her nemesis, Amber Anders, sitting at the conference table. But where was Chief Harrison?

The two women had apparently been talking just before Scarlett entered, but now cut their discussion off sharply. A strange package sat on the wooden table before them.

Amber smiled evilly at the undercover journalist, as the Headmistress gestured to the low empty seat opposite the two women. "Scarlett, please have a seat. We need to discuss your future at Paddlehard."

Scarlett approached the chair cautiously. A pained expression crossed her face as she looked down at the hard oak seat. Unconsciously rubbing her bottom through her skirt, she replied, "Um, if it's all the same to you, I'd rather stand."

Amber's grin widened. "I bet you would."

Headmistress Warwick crossed her fingers before her, and spoke. "You may stand, if you wish. Now, Miss Cheeks, as I informed you yesterday, I have discussed your unladylike behavior with your aunt and we have come to an agreement. I feel that having you permanently expelled from this institution is the only way to ensure that your disgraceful actions do not rub off on your fellow students."

Scarlett felt a second's excitement at the mention of expulsion, but winced inwardly as Warwick continued, "However, your aunt believes she has found the perfect solution to your lack of self-control. Miss Anders, if you please."

"Oh, do call me Amber, please." Amber said graciously. "Now, let's show my niece her new present."

She started to reach toward the package before her, but Scarlett interjected, "Wait! Where is Ch-er-*Uncle* Harrison? Wasn't he supposed to be here?"

Amber started to speak, then looked apologetically at the Headmistress. "I'm sorry, ma'am; can you give us a little privacy for just a moment? This is a bit personal."

"Of course, dear," Warwick said, slipping out of her chair. "Just give a shout when you're ready to proceed."

As soon as the door shut, Amber's forced sad smile turned cold. "Well, Scarlett, how is your assignment going?"

"Cut the bullshit, bitch!" Scarlett snarled. "Where is Harrison?!"

Amber sighed. "Well, that's a bit complicated. Do you remember Jennifer? That top heavy blond intern Harrison was always sneaking off with during lunch?"

Scarlett frowned. "Yes, I think. But what does she have to do with Harrison not being here?"

Amber laughed. "Let's just say that Mrs. Harrison found out about Jennifer a few days ago; now Harrison is somewhere in Mexico, with the blond bimbo."

"Chief Harrison is gone?!" Scarlett asked. "Wait, then who is in charge at the paper?"

Amber grinned sheepishly; Scarlett gasped in shock! "Wait, surely not...you? You can't be Chief! You don't have the qualifications!"

"Don't tell that to Mrs. Harrison; she was quite adamant that I get the job. Especially after I so nicely told her about Harrison's little lunch dates." The busy reporter's grin grew into a smile. "Technically you are right though. In fact, you're more qualified for the position than I am, but oddly enough, no one could find you. Now that Harrison is gone, I'm the only person left at the paper who knows about your little undercover assignment."

Scarlett stared at her rival in dawning horror. Her mouth went dry as she realized Amber was right; with Harrison gone, her fate was totally in her rival's hands.

Amber continued, drumming her fingers absently on the box before her. "Speaking of assignments; how is the interview going? Have you gotten close to Mary Cherry yet?"

Scarlett blinked at the sudden change in topic, then replied, "Um, well, no, not really. But who cares about that? Amber, you have to get me out of here!"

"Do I?" Her rival said, still playing with the large box. "It seems to me that you haven't finished your job yet. Don't tell me that a little assignment like this was just too much for a professional journalist like you. Surely not."

Scarlett groaned inwardly. *Amber, you bitch!*

Swallowing what little pride she had left, she said, "Okay, fine, I admit it; I've failed. Are you happy now?"

Amber leaned across the table. "I'm ecstatic. Though you should know, you didn't fail. At least, not entirely. So far you've played your part to perfection. Better than I ever expected, actually."

Scarlett frowned. "What the hell are you talking about, Amber? I've been stuck here for six weeks, and I've said maybe ten sentences to Mary Cherry this whole time. I'm nowhere close to getting an interview; I don't even have any decent gossip to share."

"Yes, but I didn't have Harrison send you here to get an interview." Amber said, smiling.

Sent me here? But I volunteered for this assignment. Didn't I?

Amber seemed to read her thoughts, and went on, "You wanted to be a teacher, remember? I convinced Harrison you should be enrolled as another student. You see, you aren't here to get the inside scoop on Mary Cherry; you're here as payment."

"Payment? For what?" Scarlett was getting bewildered now.

Amber chuckled at Scarlett's puzzlement. "Honestly Scarlett, you're supposed to be an investigative journalist! Isn't it obvious? I already got an exclusive interview with Mary Cherry, weeks ago. And more interviews since."

"What!?! How?!"

"You see, Miss Cherry has certain...needs. Not unlike your own." Amber replied, gesturing to Scarlett's crotch. The redhead blushed.

"And much like your own needs, sometimes Miss Cherry lacks self-control. She has a nasty tendency to push her little girlfriends a bit too hard. In fact, her last bitch, some little gofer from her tv show, turned on her. That's how Mary Cherry ended up here in the first place. Her little not-so-willing girlfriend managed to get caught with some of Mary's personal stash of party drugs, and pulled a plea deal.

Amber pulled a sheet of paper from her purse; Scarlett saw that it was a newspaper clipping. "This ran on the front page of the Paddington Press, today. Miss Cherry's little girlfriend just delivered new evidence to the prosecution, and now Mary Cherry has had her sentence increased. Normally Paddlehard Reformatory only holds young women from eighteen to twenty-one, but thanks to Cherry's girlfriend, our little pop-starlet is stuck here until her twenty-third birthday. Three years from now."

The busty brunette slipped the paper back into her purse, then leaned across the table, looking directly into Scarlett's eyes.

"And that's why Miss Cherry was willing to give me an interview; she wants a personal playmate, someone she can control, someone who can't run away or cry for help. Someone who can't say no. And most importantly, someone who doesn't want to play."

Amber's icy smile dropped a few hundred degrees.

"So I gave her you, Scarlett."

"Let go of me, you bitch!!!" Scarlett screamed, slapping feebly at Amber. The taller brunette easily held the raging redhead in place against the table.

The conference room door burst open, as Headmistress Warwick reentered, already brandishing her paddle.

"What is the meaning of this?!" She bellowed.

Amber released Scarlett, but before the smaller woman could respond, Warwick grabbed her about the waist and pulled her back.

"I demand an explanation for this, now!" Warwick bellowed again.

A sudden thought burst into Scarlett's mind; maybe there was a way to escape the horrid fate Amber had tricked her into.

"Headmistress Warwick, I want-no, I *demand* that you expel me immediately." Scarlett said.

For a brief second, Warwick looked puzzled. Even Amber suddenly looked apprehensive. Hope swelled in Scarlett's chest. *I did it! I beat Amber!*

Then the Headmistress spoke. "Absolutely...not! I have already discussed this in depth with your aunt, Miss Cheeks, and we both reached the same conclusion. Clearly, you need discipline in your life, and I'm afraid that your young aunt is simply not up to the task of giving you the discipline you so desperately need."

"But--" Scarlett said, cringing at the whiny tone her voice took on.

"But nothing, Miss Cheeks!" Warwick said. "My word on this is final! You will remain at this institution until your twenty-first birthday, and not a second less."

Amber interjected. "Perhaps we should finalize things now. Before she has another outburst."

"Tell me what?" Scarlett asked, as Warwick finally relaxed her iron-like grip around her waist and put her paddle down. The huge

woman pulled out a pen.

Amber slipped another paper from her purse, and pushed it across the table. As Warwick pulled it over, Scarlett was surprised to see that it was not another newspaper clipping, but in fact a legal document. "What is that?"

"This," Warwick said, as she signed along a dotted line at the bottom of the page, "Officially places you in the care of this facility. You are now a Ward of the State, Miss Cheeks."

Scarlett couldn't believe her ears; she was a Ward of the State?! Amber couldn't do that, could she?

Of course she can, who would argue with her. Thanks to my fake identity, she's my legal guardian. Scarlett thought, with a tremble.

Warwick folded the sheet up, and slipped into her pants pocket, before turning back to Scarlett. "Will you behave yourself, child? Another outburst like that, and I will redden your bottom. And I'm sure you are plenty sore from yesterday still."

Scarlett gulped, looking anxiously at the woman's paddle. She nodded dejectedly.

Amber leaned across the table, tapping on the box before her. "Well, now that that is over, I think we should show my niece her new little helper, don't you?"

Warwick nodded. "Yes. Miss Cheeks, your aunt has gratefully found a solution to prevent anymore of your deplorable self-abuse. Amber, if you would, please?"

Amber grinned wickedly, and opened the package before her. Scarlett stiffened as her rival lifted a large, metallic object from the box's velvet-lined interior.

The stainless steel chastity belt shimmered brightly as Amber hefted it above the table. It was made of solid plates of thick steel, with a very strong hinge connected the bottoms of the front and back portions of the belt. The triangular front shield was especially thick, but was lined with numerous strange bright pink rubber studs. The rubber nubs jiggled slightly as Amber held the belt up.

The sight of the studs sent a shiver down Scarlett's spine; their placement on the front shield would put them directly against her pussy lips!

Even Warwick looked surprised by the rubber stud lining. Amber saw her expression, and shrugged apologetically. "Sorry, I was in such a hurry I didn't have time to get a proper belt made to order. I had to pick up one in a novelty adult bookstore in downtown Paddington. Unfortunately, they only had this Teaser model in stock, but the proprietor assured me that these studs would not provide enough stimulation to further sully my dear niece's reputation."

Scarlett stared at the horrible belt, then shook her head. She felt her blood racing as anger swept over her.

Suddenly, something inside her head snapped. Rage bubbled up; every treatment she had been subjected to these past six weeks, the bridle, the paddlings, the apology letter, the public spankings; all of it came crashing back at her in one huge wave of fury.

"I am not going to wear that!"

Warwick and Amber both blinked in surprise at Scarlett's outburst.

Then Warwick placed a hand on the paddle before her. "On the contrary, Miss Cheeks, that is exactly what you are going to do. You will be wearing this belt as part of your regulation uniform, for the foreseeable future."

Scarlett shook her head again, and said, "No! I will not!! I absolutely refuse to wear that belt!!!"

Her righteous rage suddenly dried up, as Warwick turned to face her. The look of sheer fury on the Headmistress's face would have sent a lion whimpering away in fright. Scarlett's legs buckled beneath her.

Amber gave a regretful sigh and stood next to the trembling redhead. She leaned down and whispered in the girl's ear. "Oh my dear Scarlett, you really must learn to control that tongue of yours. Though I suppose Miss Cherry will give you lots of practice."

Scarlett screamed at her, her rage suddenly back. Leaping back to her feet, she pulled her arm back to give Amber a well deserved punch.

Her blow stopped in mid-swing as the Headmistress of Paddlehard Reformatory grabbed her by the wrist.

Scarlett's rage fled again, as fear swept in to replace it. She had never seen the Headmistress so angry before.

"Wait! Please, I-I'm sorry! I'll wear the belt, please, you don't--"

Scarlett's pleas were cut off as Warwick pulled her from the door by her wrist. The huge woman sat down at the chair Scarlett had refused, and in one smooth motion, slung the terrified faux-schoolgirl across her knee!

Flinging Scarlett's skirt up, the Headmistress grasped her regulation panties in one meaty fist, and pulled them up through the poor girl's cheeks. Just when Scarlett thought she would die from the terrible wedgie, her panties ripped in half.

Even before Warwick brought the paddle down upon her backside, Scarlett's face was streaming with tears; she knew she was about to

get the paddling of a lifetime, but did it have to happen in front of Amber of all people, too?!

- SMACK! -

"OW!!!"

- SMACK! -

"Ow! Please! No! No more!"

"You have shamed this institution for the final time, Miss Cheeks! I will not put up with this foolishness again!"

- SMACK! -

- SMACK! -

- SMACK! -

The blows came fast and hard now, too quickly for Scarlett to possibly count. She screamed in pain and stomach-wrenching humiliation as the paddle fell across her bottom. In seconds, her already sore cheeks were glowing like two ripe tomatoes. The day-old purple welts disappeared as the redness spread, blending away in a tide of pain.

Scarlett's shrieks echoed through the large room, drowned out only by the sound of the paddle striking her bare bottom, again and again. Amber watched silently, only smiling coldly as her rival was humbled before her.

Finally, Headmistress Warwick paused to let Scarlett catch her breath. "So, will you obey your elders now, Miss Cheeks?"

Scarlett gulped back a sob; her ass was throbbing! She shook against the woman's muscular thighs, and trembled at the thought of another paddling. She knew she had no choice but to give in.

"Y-Yes, H-Headmistress! I wi-will!"

- SMACK! - "OW!!!"

"Will what, dear?"

- Sob - "I'll obey m-my elders!"

"Good girl. Now quit sniveling and stand up straight." Headmistress Warwick commanded, pushing the sobbing young woman to her feet.

Scarlett stood shakily, and started to reach for her sore butt, but Warwick smacked her hands away. "No! Keep your arms up!"

Tears of pain and embarrassment streamed down Scarlett's face, leaving her eyes puffy. Amber gave an approving whistle as she stared at the redhead's glowing derriere.

"Wow, now that is one well-paddled bottom!"

"Thank you, Amber." Warwick said, her voice filled with pride.

Smiling, Amber lifted the belt again and walked around the conference table. Scarlett trembled as her rival slid the open belt up between her legs, until the cold metal hinge was pressed firmly against her taint.

"No more nighttime fun for you, Scarlett," Amber hissed into her ear, as she folded the belt closed.

The front plate fold up over her crotch, driving the half-inch rubber studs against her sex just as she had feared, while the back piece of the belt slid between her throbbing butt cheeks. It was thin as a thong, but widened across her rosebud, leaving an opening more than adequate for relieving herself, or inserting more suppositories.

Each piece, front and back, was topped by one half of a metal waistband. Scarlett gasped as the two halves slid tightly into place just above the curve of her hips, and snapped together.

"Done." Amber said simply, stepping back to admire the belt.

Scarlett looked down at her groin in stunned silence. The belt shimmered between her legs, a cold, impersonal wall between her most intimate of places, and the outside world. Shaking, she lightly touched the cold steel with a finger. The thick shield clanged softly, and she felt nothing.

Until she started to move, that is, then she felt dozens of tiny hard studs poking against her labial lips!

"Ungh!" She gasped, clutching at her sex, but the metal didn't yield. She turned toward Amber, but even that simple motion sent the studs to quivering, each lightly tickling her sensitive folds inside her metal prison. The sensation was maddening! "Take it off, please!"

Amber grinned at her, and held up a set of key chains. On each hung a small key fob, one white, one pink. Reaching down, she touched the pink fob to the front panel, and the triangular shield fell forward, revealing Scarlett's sex!

A small wire cage remained in place over Scarlett's pussy, making any direct contact impossible, but with the shield hanging open, the tiny studs were no longer pressed against her.

Amber looked at Warwick, and explained, "The best feature of this model is that the front panel can be opened whenever needed, say, for basic hygiene purposes."

"How very thoughtful," Headmistress Warwick said, nodding approvingly.

Scarlett drummed her fingers helplessly over the wire cage locking her hands away. Her pussy was throbbing, nearly as badly as her ass! She could actually feel the heat against her hand, even as she felt dewdrops of moisture run down her skin. A thin line of sexual juices slid down her inner thigh, tickling her as it went.

Amber sniffed and wrinkled her nose. "Well, I think that has had time enough to air out!"

So saying, she reached down and flipped the metal shield back in place. Instantly, Scarlett's sex was assaulted by the evil studs again!

Amber held up the other key fob, and tapped her hand against the metal waistband of the chastity belt, taking care to keep the key from getting too close to the thick lock. "Only the white key can actually open the belt's main locking mechanism, however."

Scarlett stared in horror as Amber lifted the key away, and draped its lanyard around her neck. The key dropped into the deep cleavage between her impressive breasts, and disappeared from sight. "Of course, I'll be keeping that key safe and sound, back home."

Warwick nodded again. "A sound policy. Miss Cheeks has already proven capable of breaking into places she doesn't belong; leaving it in my office would only tempt the tart to break in and steal it in the dead of night. But what should we do with the pink key? Give it to Nurse Jennings, perhaps?"

Amber smiled, twirling the pink key around her finger. "Actually, I wanted to talk to you about that. I believe you mentioned a 'Big Sister' program over the phone."

"Yes, sometimes we assign one of the older girls to watch over and tutor the younger girls. I think your niece could use exactly that sort of constant, hands-on attention." Warwick replied. "Did you have someone in mind?"

Amber smiled, "As a matter of fact, I know the perfect person."

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The End

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