

Chapter 1

At the tiny airport, a woman stood by the baggage-claim, holding a sign that said "Rachel Dane."

"I'm Rachel Dane," she said, timidly.

The woman, in her 30's, with red hair in a bun and looking very beautiful in her green sundress, said, "Of course you are. It's nice to meet you at last. I am Mrs. Lomond, your duenna at Sunset Harbor."

"Duenna?"

Mrs. Lomond laughed. "It's a very old-fashioned word. It means I'm the one who's directly in charge of you."

"Oh."

Rachel followed Mrs. Lomond to a little jeep-looking car, white with "Sunset Harbor School" stenciled on the door.

"Your luggage will be seen to," Mrs. Lomond said. "It will be delivered to your room at the school."

The drive across the island took very little time. On the way, Mrs. Lomond told her about what she could expect at Sunset Harbor over her first few days. "You're the first of the three pupils to arrive for the term."

"Only three?"

"Dr. Scott likes to give every girl his personal attention."

Something in Mrs. Lomond's tone gave Rachel pause. She tried to laugh it off. "What does that mean?" she said, trying to make her voice sound light.

"Wait and see," said Mrs. Lomond. "There's no use pretending that you don't know why you're here, Rachel."

"What?"

"I'll let Dr. Scott explain your situation to you this evening, but suffice it for now to say that his personal attention to your lovely young body will be something you must learn to welcome now that you have been sent by your parents to a school where we know how to deal with girls who touch themselves in the shower."

Rachel blushed and tried to find something to say that would sound like she thought it

was all a joke, even as she realized that it wasn't a joke at all.

Things got worse very quickly. As soon as Mrs. Lomond had led her into the beautiful villa that served as the school building and up the grand staircase to the dormitory room with its three beds, she said to Rachel, "Take off all your clothes, please, and put on the panties you'll find on your bed."

"What?"

"I believe you heard me, Miss Dane. Those panties, and only those panties, constitute your basic uniform when you are inside the school building. You may be instructed to wear other garments on top of them, but you are to consider your school panties as your ordinary dress while you are here."

It was a white lace thong that lay on Rachel's bed, the one closest to the door that Rachel knew was hers because of a card on it bearing the words "Miss Dane" written in beautiful cursive.

"I won't," Rachel said.

Mrs. Lomond sighed. "I am afraid I must spank you, then, until you see that obeying me is your only choice."

"What?"

"Please lie over the end of your bed, with your bottom to me. Lower your shorts and panties while I fetch the paddle."

"The paddle?"

"I think you must understand, Rachel, we had a very minute description of your life at home, including how often you are spanked."

Rachel put her hand to her backside. Surely Mrs. Lomond was simply making an idle threat.

"You will be paddled and caned even more often here, unless you can learn to obey simple commands."

Rachel felt tears come into her eyes. She looked at the pretty panties on the bed, and a part of her wanted to just put them on—she liked lacy lingerie a lot. But to have to wear only that thong ... in this strange school, and to have to undress in front of this Mrs. Lomond and put it on ... it was monstrous.

"I want to call my parents," she said, trying to remain calm.

"I'm afraid that's not permitted, Rachel. Now, do I have to summon the janitor, Mr. George, to help me undress you completely for your paddling and to hold you down while I give it to you? I know that Mr. George would like that very much, but I rather think you wouldn't find it as rewarding as he."

Rachel cast longing eyes toward the door. There didn't seem any way she could possibly reach it before Mrs. Lomond impeded her. Even if she were somehow able to get there, where would she go? Whom could she tell?

"All right!" Rachel said. "I'll put ... I'll put it on." She reached down for the tiny garment.

"No," said Mrs. Lomond. "That's not satisfactory now, Rachel. You must be punished for your failure to obey me. You had better get your backside over that bed and prepare for your first school paddling."

"Oh, please, Mrs. Lomond! Please don't! I'm new ... I'm sorry!" She felt the tears run down her face.

"That is not sufficient, Rachel. Do as I've said, and get ready for punishment, before I have to fetch the janitor."

Trembling, Rachel moved slowly to the end of the low bed that it seemed she would have to think of as hers from now on.

"Kneel there, now," said Mrs. Lomond, with a note of approval in her voice. "Then take down your shorts and your panties."

Rachel knelt, looking at the pretty panties on the bed and thinking about how now, after Mrs. Lomond had paddled her, they would show off a red bottom instead of a creamy white one. What was this school? What would happen to her here, when she wore that "uniform," and had to sit in class in it? She glanced at the other two beds, and saw that they, too, each had an identical white thong on them. The thought of meeting two other girls, and then of being nearly naked—more than naked, really—with them all the time seemed to have a very funny effect on Rachel. It made her terribly embarrassed, but at the same time she felt her nipples stiffen into her bra—the bra, she knew, she would soon be forced to remove.

"Take those shorts down this instant, Rachel Dane," said Mrs. Lomond. "I shall not ask again."

Rachel's finger fumbled with the button of the shorts, as she blushed ever more furiously. She lowered the fly and then, hardly believing she actually did it, pulled down her shorts to mid-

thigh, knowing that in doing so she had revealed her lucky red candy-stripe cotton panties.

"Those are adorable, Miss Dane, but we'll have them down, too." Rachel heard a slapping sound; it must be the paddle being slapped against Mrs. Lomond's palm.

"Couldn't I leave my panties on the first time, Mrs. Lomond?" she asked, plaintively.

"I've had enough, Miss Dane. You just earned five extra with that silly question. Get those panties down."

Rachel gave a little sob from deep in her throat. She hooked her thumb into the waistband of the panties and tugged them down to rest atop the bunched fabric of her shorts at the middle of her thighs.

"Thank you, Miss Dane," Mrs. Lomond said, severely—but not mockingly, at least. "Bend over, now, and put your weight on your elbows."

Rachel's heart seemed to beat faster and faster as she assumed the humiliating position. At home, if she were punished, she was always spanked spontaneously, the way her mother had done in the bathroom. No ritual ever accompanied chastisement in the Dane household. This demand for minute obedience in preparing herself to receive a paddling made Rachel's tummy flutter so much that she could hardly keep from getting up and trying to run away, even though she knew it would serve only to make her punishment worse.

She bent her upper body until her elbows rested on the pretty blue chenille coverlet. The thong she would have to put on when her spanking had finished lay there right before her eyes.

Mrs. Lomond's footsteps approached across the broad planks of the old wood floor. Rachel's duenna took up a position just to the left of where Rachel had had to expose and raise her backside for the paddle.

"You might as well," Mrs. Lomond said, "make use of this opportunity to contemplate your uniform, Miss Dane. You have perhaps already realized in looking at it that it is of a design that renders a girl's bottom practically bare. Dr. Scott chose it for that reason, above all."

Rachel felt the wood of the paddle come up against her bottom cheeks, and she shuddered at the feeling of having such liberty taken with her eighteen-year-old backside.

"Once you wear your uniform, Rachel Dane, your bottom will be on display at all times and, although you will be instructed to remove your uniform for chastisement from time to time, many of the smaller punishments you receive here at Sunset Harbor School—for example for small errors in your work—will be applied simply by having you rise and grasp your spread

ankles while I or Dr. Scott—or the janitor or anyone else Dr. Scott decides should do so—administers your discipline."

"Oh, God," Rachel whispered. "It's not true ... it can't be."

"I assure you, Miss Dane, that you are not dreaming. You have come to the school where you earned a place by your lewd conduct."

"But ... I j-just ... I mean, it was only touching myself in the shower."

"By the standards of much of this modern world of ours, to be sure, it was no great offense," Mrs. Lomond said sternly, "but I can assure you that by Dr. Scott's and my standards, it is something that shows a girl may stand in great need of correction. Dr. Scott has determined that you are such a girl—that is, a girl who can benefit greatly from the kind of education he and I will give you. You are lucky enough, Rachel Dane, to have parents who for their own reasons decided to send you here. Dr. Scott will explain further this afternoon, but now it's time for your spanking."

With that, and without further delay, Rachel heard Mrs. Lomond shift her weight slightly, then felt a little rush of air in the direction of her bottom. She felt the force of the impact at the same time she heard the sharp smack. Mrs. Lomond said, "One" at the very same moment.

Then the pain was instant and increasing just from that one blow and made Rachel whine like a puppy. Just as the smart of the first spank reached its height, Mrs. Lomond struck her again, saying "Two."

"Ow!" said Rachel, though she had resolved not to cry out.

"Three," said Mrs. Lomond; already the pain was terrible, and Rachel knew that the center of her bottom, where all three paddle-blows had landed, must be blazing red already. Despite herself, she threw her right hand back to try to ward off the paddle, if only for a moment.

"Get that hand back where it belongs. I shan't warn you again—if I see your hands from now on, while you are being spanked, you will receive five extra."

"P-please, Mrs. Lomond ... just ... just wait for a little while."

"Hands, Miss Dane," the duenna said, apparently meaning that she must put her hand back, and she finally did, and instantly, "Four" struck on the same spot and Rachel felt her bottom bounding up and down as she tried to assuage the pain a little bit.

"Keep that bottom still, Rachel Dane! You are going to learn here at Sunset Harbor to take a paddling like a good girl. Five. Six. Seven. Eight."

Now Rachel was screaming. How could a flat piece of wood hurt so much? She bit the inside of her cheek to try to stop the cries, but letting it out felt better, and as nine and ten came, she shrieked into the coverlet, her bottom jiggling up and down uncontrollably. Never at home, even that terrible time in the bathroom, had her parents spanked her so severely.

"Five more, Miss Dane," said Mrs. Lomond.

"Oh, no," Rachel said, through tears that puddled on the coverlet. "Please ..."

Eleven and Twelve visited her thighs, giving the center of her bottom a respite, before the last three caught her right there again. The screaming had gone out of her by the end, and she simply whimpered at each new paddle-stroke.

"Fifteen," said Mrs. Lomond, as the smack of the paddle against Rachel's poor bottom rang out the final time. "Now get up and take the shorts and panties all the way off."

Sniffling, with tears running down her face, Rachel rose. Keeping her back to Mrs. Lomond, she pulled down her shorts and panties together, blushing as she had to bend over to do so, sure that Mrs. Lomond could see a little bit of her pussy—and then again, feeling very strange at the thought; the heat began between her thighs, and she began to worry that Mrs. Lomond might even notice that her pussy was a little wet. Why did spanking always do this to her, afterwards?

"Now your T-shirt and your bra, Rachel," Mrs. Lomond said, patiently.

Rachel straightened up and pulled the T-shirt off over her head. This part was almost easy—or it was until she realized that after she took off her bra, she would not be allowed to cover her little breasts again.

"Now put on your uniform," the duenna said.

Rachel reached for the lacy thong. She didn't even dare look at it for longer than it took to sort out the front from the back. Again terribly conscious of what she must be showing Mrs. Lomond, she stepped into it and pulled it up over her hips. She couldn't help noticing that it looked a little strange with her young curls there springing out on either side of the narrow front panel.

"Turn around," said Mrs. Lomond. Blushing once again, Rachel obeyed. As if she had read Rachel's mind, Mrs. Lomond said, "You and your schoolmates will learn to shave one another between your legs. Your first lesson will be tomorrow morning."

"What?" Rachel couldn't help exclaiming. "But why?"

"So you look tidy in your uniforms, of course," Mrs. Lomond said, as if it were the most natural thing in the world. "Now you may relax in here or go out to the reading room across the hall. You may even go out on the veranda if you like. Please don't venture any further than that, though. You will probably not notice how closely you are watched and guarded, but I assure you that Dr. Scott has ways of ensuring you stay where you belong. I must go to the airport to fetch Frederica and Lara, your schoolmates."