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Rhiannon's New School

By Jennifer Campbell

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Rhiannon had always been an A student in school, passing all her exams, answering correctly in class, and helping out her fellow students, but she had a wilder, disobedient nature at home, especially with her step-father. Resenting him, she was upset with how he had changed her mother into a dutiful, obedient wife rather than the fun-loving woman she had been.

When she was a senior her family moved, and Rhiannon had to go to a new school. The Academy of Proper Discipline was her step-father's idea. A private school he said would make her more like her mother. Rhiannon wasn't sure what he meant by that but she didn't like the sound of it.

On her first day, the teacher had given a pop quiz with some unusual questions on it. Not the math, science, English and history questions she was used to, these questions focused more on how she felt, especially when she had been bad. Questions like, do you like to be punished, and do you get excited when someone else exerts control over you?

As days passed, she found her fellow students were also sort of odd, especially the girls. They seemed to be docile, little things unconcerned with anything but pleasing their boyfriends of the male teachers, and there were no female teachers at the Academy. *Now that is strange, very strange.*

Rhiannon had tried to answer honestly on that first day quiz, as her parents had taught her, but when she got the quiz back, a bold 'See the Headmaster' was written on it. Ashamed and upset, as she was certain she had failed the quiz and was in for some sort of discipline, she made her way to the Headmaster's office. *Already I'm in trouble here, which never happened at my old school.*

"Rhiannon, have a seat, and may I say it is a pleasure to have you as a new student at the Academy. I'm dazzled that you did so well on our little opening day quiz."

So well, that certainly changes things, perhaps I'm here for a reward.

Headmaster Locke was a bearded man, dressed in a proper tuxedo suit with a bowler hat. As he took the hat off and hung it on his rack, she noticed he was bald too, but her mind was on her relief that she had not failed the quiz.

"Thank you, Headmaster, I'm relieved, as I had not expected a good result when they sent me here." She smiled hesitantly, as she still did not understand why she had been summoned to his office. "If I did okay on the quiz, may I ask why I am here?"

"Well, I like to go over the quiz with new students, especially ones that showed the remarkable proclivities you did. He waved his hand to a seat which she took, and then he closed the door behind her.

Looking about his office, she thought everything looked normal enough save for this wooden frame with copious leather straps on it. Curious about what it was and why it was there she pointed to it and asked the Headmaster. "Whatever is that, sir?"

The Headmaster laughed, but moving like a cat, he grabbed Rhiannon, one hand over her mouth, and the other around her torso. "Truthfully, girl, those are the tools I need to see if your answers on the quiz were real, or fakery." In moments his powerful hands had her stripped, gagged, and strapped over the wooden apparatus.

Rhiannon tried to cry out for help, but the gag was far too effective for her to make any serious noise.

"Soundproof walls, Miss, a feature I insisted upon in my office. Now we're going to test your mettle, and your libido, and find out if you're suited for the Academy." He

took down a thin whippy stick from a wall display, and smacked Rhiannon across her behind with it.

Sheer waves of pure agony ripped through her body. Pain worse by far than any she had ever felt, and unfortunately for her, it kept coming. She screamed, cried, bucked and squirmed, but no one helped and it didn't seem like it would ever end.

However when it did, Rhiannon felt strangely alive. Her nerve endings pulsing, she felt an unimagined new feeling. It's like the feeling I get when I look at a cute boy, all gushy inside. Right now I feel like I would let any boy touch me, in the place I need to have touched.

Shockingly, her thoughts were rudely interrupted by the Headmaster's fingers pushing into her exposed pussy. *Ohhhh, don't...no...feels so...oh, my god.* Rhiannon's whole body felt amazingly sensuous, like she was alive to sensation for the first time.

"Dripping wet, Miss, telling me your submissive answers were true. Now, let's see if you come like a slut slave." With no warning, Headmaster Locke let his fingers piston in Rhiannon's soaking sheath. Feeling the waves of unadulterated pleasure rise inside her, she followed where they lead her to quivering and shaking climax.

"You seem to have been fueled by your caning, Miss. How wonderful you could discover your unique relationship with pain. Here at the Academy we will continue your exploration into the dark side of your sexual nature." Headmaster stabbed the intercom on his desk. "Mrs. Peters, I have a very well-qualified new slave, for the dungeons, please have her transported."

From her restrained position, Rhiannon saw a middle-aged brunette with a husky build walk into the Headmaster's office, and they both went to work releasing her from

her bondage, but she quickly learned she was not free to go as her hands were cuffed behind her back, and a hobble chain was attached to her ankles.

"The Academy trademark, Headmaster, as usual with new flesh." Mrs. Peters inquired of her boss seemingly unconcerned for Rhiannon's condition.

"Well, certainly, the others will be expecting it. They do so love to greet a new student, and it shows a spirit of togetherness in the Academy."

Rhiannon sensed she was not going to enjoy Academy tradition, but she had no idea how much. Her blue eyes got big as saucers as Mrs. Peters fished a long chain out of a nearby box which had two mean-looking spring nipple clamps on each end.

Rhiannon tried to move away, but the headmaster grabbed her arms and held her tight, and his assistant snapped on her nipple chain to her tender, virgin breast buds. Her nipples were in agony, but Mrs. Peters was not yet done with her.

Moving to a little mini fridge hidden behind the headmaster's desk, she took out a quart of fresh red strawberries, and then moved to the box again for a tiny, metal double hook.

Rhiannon noticed how the nipple chain was long, and it dangled just above her still moist pussy when Mrs. Peters slipped the hook into the lowest link of the chain, and then pierced a strawberry onto the dangling lower hook. Now Rhiannon had a delicious breast-pussy connection with a sweet juicy strawberry dangling just above her clit.

"Good work, Mrs. Peters, you'll get a deep fucking later." Mrs. Peters bowed her head and spoke quietly. "Thank you, Master, it is more than this slave deserves."

Only now was Rhiannon getting a clear picture of what the Academy truly was; a training facility of female submissives to be made into sex slaves.

"Nonsense, slave, you're very deserving, why else would I have asked the class of 99's valedictorian to be my assistant?"

Mrs. Peters blushed, and pulled up her skirt to reveal no panties while opening up her blouse to reveal her braless tits. She said nothing more but Rhiannon noticed the headmaster began to play casually with her open cunt.

"It's close to time, let's move her along, and begin her greeting."

Moving to the box once more, Mrs. Peters brought out a high leather collar which she fasten firmly about Rhiannon's neck, forcing her to look upwards as she could no longer tilt her head down. Handing a chain leash to the headmaster, Mrs. Peters picked up the strawberries and walked along beside Rhiannon as the headmaster led her out of the office into the school hallway.

As the hallway was deserted, it being during classes, Rhiannon bounced back and forth between being happy to not be seen in this condition and being distressed there was no one to rescue her. *Can this truly be happening to me? I'm collared, cuffed and nipple chained being led down the school hallway to sexual slavery.*

Right then, the worst/best thing in the world happened, and as the school bell rang, Rhiannon felt conflicted about her feelings. *Oh shit, they'll all come pouring out of the classrooms and see me like this, but at least I'll be rescued.* However, to her utter amazement, students simply acme out into the halls, male and female alike with the faculty, and they simply watched her, doing nothing. *Can this be; no one notices a naked, cuffed and collared girl roaming the hallways?*

"Who wishes to be first to greet?" The headmaster asked the question like this happened every day, and a sweet redhead named Ginger, whom Rhiannon had met and formed a beginning friendship with, pushed out of the crowd and called out.

"Me please, Master, I will take first taste."

"So be it."

All Rhiannon saw was Ginger's head disappearing from her view as the girl dropped to her knees, but she felt the rest, in a shockingly intimate way. First her thighs were pried apart, and then her breasts were pulled agonizingly downward as Ginger grabbed the strawberry with her mouth and mashed it into Rhiannon's exposed clit. Pushing it all over Rhiannon's slave cunt, Gingers made nothing but sweet pulp and juice out of the red fruit, which she began to lick up with her voracious tongue.

Once the strawberry was gone so also was the need for the hook, and so Ginger released it letting Rhiannon's nipples free to pop back up to their naturally pert position. However Ginger was not finished, as she continued to attack Rhiannon's strawberry flavored pussy, and engorged clit. Ginger lapped lustily at the offered orifice until the headmaster ordered a halt to her licking.

"Stop, Mrs. Peters another strawberry, now whose next." Now the please to be next came hot and heavy as girl after girl knelt to first torture, and then worship Rhiannon's intimate parts.

Oh, Jesus, they have it all planned out, first the horrible pain and then the sweet licking, but never enough to come before the next bout of torment. It's diabolical, but I'm so wet and desirous of it. How can that be?

Rhiannon lost track of how many times Mrs. Peters hooked a new strawberry over her needy pussy, but soon the headmaster removed her gag and she screamed out her need before then all.

"Please, somebody, make be come, I beg you."

Suddenly the crowd around her parted, letting a naked sandy haired young man stride up to her. His cock was standing up proudly, a rigid pole of flesh that was far bigger than any male organ Rhiannon had ever seen. With no delay, he thrust his shaft into Rhiannon, fucking her with callous abandon just like she wanted.

She heard the Headmaster's voice in her ear. "Welcome to the Academy, slave, where you will discover your true destiny."

The End

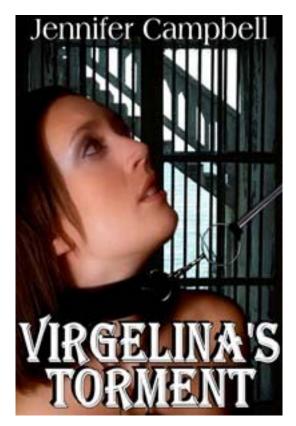
ABOUT JENNIFER CAMPBELL

Jennifer Campbell lives in a modern log cabin, nestles under the fir and spruce that cover the mountain her ancestors settled under. She lives with her Master, Jack, who she serves in an eight year M/s relationship. Not wishing to live free or die, as the state's motto suggests, she continues her pure submission. Jennifer would love to hear from other submissives, especially those who are touched by her writings about female slavery. Never wanting to forget who and what she is, Jennifer will sometimes write when she is wearing her collar, or her nipple chain.

Jennifer maintains a My Space page and blog.

Fans may email Jennifer at jencampbell8520@gmail.com

If you enjoyed <u>RHIANNON'S NEW SCHOOL</u>, you might also enjoy:



VIRGELINA'S TORMENT

By Jennifer Campbell

Highly sexual and easily aroused, the women of Ranexx have many factors in their biology which make them natural slaves. Our heroine, Virgelina, is a pampered pleasure slave, sent by her Master to the Imperial Palace to compete to become an imperial pleasure slave to serve the Emperor. However, when Virgelina fails miserably, it is she, not her Master, who must face horrible treatment and tortures at the hands of Varius, the head imperial slave trainer. After days of torment, Virgelina is forced to confront her Master, who abandons her body to a cruel fate. Will Virgelina survive and find another Master to serve and perhaps even love?

Warnings: This title contains very graphic language, violence, bdsm, degradation and golden showers.

Excerpt From VIRGELINA'S TORMENT:

Virgelina was surprised when they eventually left the palace building and began

walking along a path through a pasture. The air was warm, and the sun felt good on

Virgelina's naked body. She saw arabans running and playing in the next pasture, and if not for the weight of the punishment hanging over her head, she would have been happy. Thankful to Justus for releasing her nipples, she wanted to take his hand as they walked, but such liberties were not taken on Ranexx. I wish I had the courage to speak to him, tell him everything I feel. Someone should know, as I may be dead soon. As they walked, the twin suns sank low in the sky, and on the opposite horizon they could barely see the nine moons rising.

Justus led her to a large barn, and she watched him open the barn door letting light rush into the main hallway of the enormous building. She saw rows of stalls revealed on each side of the center aisle, and immediately noticed that the stalls on the right were clean, well maintained, and mostly housed large arabans. The mighty steeds looked well contented with fresh straw, and large wall-mounted troughs containing food and water.

When Virgelina turned her head to the left, she was met with a quite different picture. These stalls were smaller, about one third the size, and they were filthy, unkempt places that seemed to have no troughs or buckets for the feeding of their occupants. The occupants were all slave girls, naked as was customary, but chained in a bizarre kneeling position to the floor. Their faces and breasts pressed close to the filthy straw, and their nude bottoms thrust up to be viewed or used. All the girls" wrists had been cuffed tightly behind their backs, and every ass displayed fresh, red whip marks or cane strips. Their knees were forced apart by metal bars cuffed between them so that their bulging cunt lips were exposed, and their engorged pleasure bulbs hung down obscenely.

Closer inspection showed one more awful feature that most of the tethered slaves had in common. Most had their hair shaven, or cut brutally, from their heads. The cutting had been haphazard and uneven, and had left cuts, scraps, and tufts of uncut hair on their heads. They were now crude caricatures of the beautiful women they must all have once been.

Virgelina immediately wondered why their clit-bulbs were so engorged, as it seemed as if these slaves had been punished terribly, and recently. She doubted they had felt any pleasure since they had been in this barn, so why the swelled clit-bulbs? It was obvious to any observer, and not lost on Virgelina, that to the arabans this was a place of comfort, their home away from the pleasures of the pastures, while to slaves, this was a living hell of pain and humiliation.

Justus fairly pulled her along to an empty stall, but she stopped at the stall door, disgusted by the awful stench of the place. She only moved forward when Justus pushed her, allowing him to push her to her knees to be chained like the other slave girls. Right then, she snapped from the terror inside her. She blurted out fear-driven words through weeping eyes, all the time looking at the fine Maldorian sword that hung from Justus' belt.

"Please, Master Justus, just kill this slave now. Slit her throat with your sword, it will be easy, and she promises to die with your face in her eyes. Please, this slave begs to have this cup taken from her lips. Strike quickly before she loses her nerve."

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TOP HUNT By Jennifer Campbell

Follow corporate VP Jennifer Campbell down the dark corridors of her deepest desires, in a quest for total submission. Unsatisfied with her current top, she embarks on a sexual odyssey to find a stricter, more thrilling dominant. Soon she becomes a coveted prize, sought by two Masters, whom she must choose between if she proves worthy to serve both. Will she kneel beside the sublimely obedient Gail, to serve Keefe Murdoch, Master of The Mansion, or will she offer her body to Grant Farrell, a deliciously qualified job candidate at her company? What will become of her flaxen-haired assistant, Donna, who longs to be trained as Jennifer's personal sex slave.

Warnings: This title contains graphic language, anal sex and bdsm elements including bondage, pain, humiliation and degradation.