

Gwen Gets Schooled

Crimson Rose

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Welcome to Rome, Wisconsin, home to farms, fields, forests and Our Lady of the Blessed – a small all girls Catholic College situated on the corners of Boredom and Yawn in the exact center of nowhere, far from the temptations of the small town and the leering eyes of the male population.

“Ugh,” Gwen sighed to the girl walking next to her. “I’m telling you, Tawnie, this place is as dull as watching wet paint dry.”

“At least you have less than two years before graduation,” Tawnie replied sullenly. “This is only my second semester. And in all honesty, I’m not sure I can take another four years of watching water boil.”

“I said the same thing every semester, but with no money or other options I’m stuck here just like you. Well, this is my stop,” Gwen said looking at the small brick building that made up the entirety of the English Department. “Time to listen to another hour of Sister Helen talking about nothing. I swear, one of these days I’m going to get out of this shithole town or die trying.”

“Let me know when you want to go. In the meantime, food court after class?”

“Sure. See you there.”

Watching her friend walking away, Tawnie admired the way her ass jiggled and swayed beneath her school uniform skirt. *Damn*, she thought *if only I could get a piece of that. I bet she tastes as sweet as honey*. Suddenly feeling as if she was being watched, somehow reading her every illicit thought, Tawnie looked around but saw only a few other students paying her no attention whatsoever. Sighing, she continued on across campus and enter one of the many similarly built brick buildings – going to the bathroom before heading to class.

While doing her business, Tawnie heard the bathroom door open and then two woman whispering about a club, initiations and Sister Lacie but not much else. The door opened again and she heard one of the women say to the other “see you at Temnor Hall at ten.”

“Damn straight,” the other woman replied. “I can’t wait to teach that stupid professor a well-deserved lesson.”

“Amen to that.”

Temnor Hall? Tawnie thought about the old building on the furthest edge of the university. *What in the hell are they doing at Temnor hall? There’s nothing there. It’s been closed for months*. Leaving the bathroom, she headed towards the classroom with the women, abandoned building and mysterious club pervading her every thought.

Having no idea what the lecture was about, Tawnie left behind a line of fellow students and made her way to the food court near the center of campus where she found Gwen sitting at a table in the corner. After buying a couple slices of pizza and a coke, she pulled out a chair and joined her. “So, I heard something interesting before class.”

“Oh yeah?”

“What do you know about Temnor Hall?”

“It’s been closed for months due to a leaky roof the school never bothered to get fixed. Why?”

“Well, apparently there’s a secret club there. I overheard two women talking about it while I was in the bathroom. They’re meeting at ten and I think Sister Lacie is somehow involved. They said something about teaching her a well-deserved lesson. What do you think they’re doing in there? I bet they’d be in trouble if Mother Superior found out about it.”

“Whatever it is, it’s probably fun,” Gwen said gulping down a mouthful of pizza crust. “Lord knows you can’t do anything entertaining around here unless you do it in hiding.”

“I’m going to check it out. Want to come with me?”

“I don’t know. If we get caught doing anything against school policy we can get booted and as much as I loathe this place, I can’t afford to go anywhere else.”

“Yeah, you’re right,” Tawnie sighed. “Forget I even mentioned it. I just thought it would be fun to do something other than study all the damn time.”

“Trust me, I feel your boredom, but I don’t think it’s worth risking disciplinary actions being taken against me.”

“Probably not. Oh well, so, what are you doing later?”

“Same thing I do every night...study.”

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Having trouble sleeping, Gwen tossed and turned as she thought about what her friend told her over lunch. Unable to get the club off her mind, she stared at the ceiling. *Dammit!* She thought looking over at the clock. *If I want to get any sleep at all I’m going to have to investigate this club business.* Letting out a long sigh, she got out of bed and dressed in the only clothes she and every other student was permitted to wear – her school uniform consisting of a knee-length pleated skirt, white blouse and black vest. Initially going to leave the vest behind, she reconsidered in the hopes its black color would help hide her from the ever prying eyes of Mother Superior and her nun staff.

Feeling bad for not waking Tawnie, but reasoning it was far riskier entering the freshman dorm after hours, she made her way across campus – keeping to the shadows as much as possible as she cautiously approached Temnor Hall. Finding it as dark and quiet now as it had been for the last eight months, she moved in closer for a better look. The windows were all boarded up, and all but one door locked – odd considering the building was tightly secured the last time she attempted to break in six months ago.

With one last look around to make sure the coast was still clear, she pulled the side door open and slipped into the darkness. When it was closed behind her, she unlocked her cell phone and clicked the flashlight app to activate the bright LED on the back. In the pitch black it lit the room up like a lantern in a cave. Quickly surveying the stacks of dust-covered boxes stacked against the walls and on top of desks and old, discarded equipment scattered here and there along with bits of trash, she saw nothing to indicate the existence of a club.

Spotting a doorway at the back of the room – door hanging half off its rusty hinges, leading into a short hallway with stairs going down into darkness, she closed the distance and began hearing voices. Though she could discern three distinct women, she could not tell what they were saying until she quietly walked to the end of the short hallway.

“Did you see the look on Sister Lacie’s face when we showed her the new toy she would be testing out for us?” One female voice said, laughing.

“Yeah, she looked like we asked her to cut off her arm,” another replied. “Oh well, she’ll get use to it eventually. They all do.”

Hearing the women walking around deeper in the room beyond, Gwen waited a few more minutes to make sure no one else was going to pop out at her before slowly making her way down the steps. At the bottom was another short hallway leading to a tightly closed door. The voices grew louder, and there was something else – moaning perhaps.

Cracking the door open, she clasped her hand over her mouth and bit her lower lip as what she saw was so far beyond anything she could ever imagine she nearly gasped. When

Tawnie told her there was a secret club at Temnor Hall she thought it would be a bunch of students gathered together having a party, but it looked more like something from a medieval dungeon, not a Catholic college.

From her limited view of the room she saw a naked Sister Lacie – a school professor, cuffed to chains hanging from the ceiling. Dangling from her nipples were weighted clamps and her back, ass and breasts were covered in wickedly nasty welts. As Gwen moved her eyes down Sister Lacie's body she saw that her legs were kept spread open by a long metal bar strapped to her ankles.

As surprising as all that was, the most shocking thing were the toys buried in Sister Lacie's holes. Between the professor's legs was a two and a half foot pole with a circular top. Affixed to the top were two very long and extremely thick dildos covered in nubs. Sister Lacie had them about halfway in her pussy and ass when a voice yelled out from somewhere deeper in the room.

"I said take every damn inch you stupid bitch!" a woman yelled. "I'm beginning to think you like getting punished. Is that it, you dumb slut? Do you like feeling the whip tearing into your flesh?"

"No Mistress!" Sister Lacie screamed in agony as the whip added another welt to her ass. "This cunt is sorry, Mistress. PLEASE, please stop hitting me, Mistress!"

Shocked, Gwen tried to see more of the room, but was afraid to open the door any further than she already had. Instead, deciding she had seen enough she pulled it closed and turned around to leave – running right into a woman standing there with her hands on her hips.

"Holy shit! You scared the hell out of me!"

"Enjoying the show?"