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Camilla's Caning

by

Satyr

(address withheld)

Camilla, an Australian schoolgirl at school in England is caught having sex behind the bike sheds. She blackmails the Deputy Head into inflicting an unusual punishment, rather than sending her to the Headteacher. (Mf bd spank cane nosex)

As the last of the buses pulled out of the school gates, I turned on my heel and began the long and solitary walk back towards the new science block where I had my office. I was gratified to see that the staff car park was emptying swiftly too – as usual, old Jonas, the head of geography, was the last to go. He hurried past me clutching his bulging briefcase, which he decanted into the rear of his new sports car before jumping into the driving seat. There was a brief pause while he hunted through his pockets for his distance spectacles then, with a furious revving of the engine, he shot backwards then skidded to a halt. Into first gear and a wheel-spin, then he was away with only the accelerating roar of his engine to mark his departure. I couldn't quite see why a man of his senior years should wish to buy such a vehicle, unless it was to impress the children he taught. Sadly, it hadn't – they still called him "Old Jonas" behind his back, as did most of the staff room.

Still shaking my head, I walked slowly back to the science block, savouring the mild spring weather. The block was deathly quiet as I mounted the stairs and passed my office on the top floor. I noticed that the door was standing ajar, not as I had left it. I poked my nose inside, detecting the faint musty smell of one of the cheap perfumes that some senior girl was wearing. I wrinkled my nose and glanced along the side of the filing cabinet. Nothing there.

I walked swiftly along the corridor towards the old physics lab. As I pushed through the door, the murmur of conversation ceased, and the four senior girls who were within settled into an uneasy line facing me. I stopped. 'Right,' I said, 'who's first?' Without a word, the girl nearest to me, a slim brunette, unclasped the side of her skirt. Next to her, I could see a chunky blonde begin to unbutton her blouse. Not for the first time, I wondered how I'd got myself into this mess ...

It had started the earlier in the school year, on a pleasantly warm autumn day. One of the local companies, a small firm by national standards but a major local employer nonetheless, had a close business relationship with an Australian company. It was said locally that the Australian firm was founded by a son of the founder of the British company, whose other son now ran it. The two companies manufactured similar products and, to assist in the development of their respective workforces' had arranged a scheme whereby managers in each company were able to swap jobs for a

year at a time with their opposite numbers. So, over the years, we'd had a number of Australian youngsters spend an academic year with us. That year, we had Camilla, a tall, striking, seventeen-year-old redhead. She was an undisciplined handful though, always late, always insubordinate, often on Senior Mistresses' report.

On the day it all started, I'd decided to take a stroll in the school grounds over the lunch break. The period just before lunch had been perfectly bloody, with the little monsters trying to run riot, and the first period after lunch featured my least favourite class of sullen fifteen and sixteen-year-olds, all academic underachievers who would leave school in a few months with no qualifications despite the system's best efforts.

I'd just turned the corner by the bike sheds, *en route* to the playing field, when I heard a muffled grunting sound and a low hum of excited chatter from the secluded corner which was formed by the junction between the science block and the handicrafts extension. The bike sheds, which were out-of-bounds at lunchtimes, save for those children who went home for lunch, stood in that junction, and hid the corner of the building. They were, because of their secluded location and by being out-of-bounds, an ideal place for mischief. I went to investigate.

As I stepped around the end of the shed, I found a milling pack of boys before me, all facing away from me. Before them stood a girl who stood supported by one of the shed's supporting stanchions, her head thrown back and her hair falling away in a red cascade. Her blouse was open and her skirt hitched up, showing a generous amount of haunch. Between her outspread thighs, one of the smaller lads was labouring, buttocks clenching and his trousers about his knees. I realized then, that all of the boys clutched their dinner money, and that they were waiting their turn. That was as much as I saw before a heavy buffet in the small of my back propelled me flat onto my face on the grass. A shout of 'Run!' went up, and from my prone position, I was aware of the sound of flying feet, but wasn't able to intervene or even recognise any of the departing pupils.

I struggled upright to find myself alone. Except for Camilla.

She was standing upright now, one shoe on, the other off. She was watching me speculatively as she slowly buttoned her blouse, her skirt still hitched about her waist, her thick red bush on display and a dribble of semen running down the inside of her tanned thigh towards the top of her hold-up stocking.

She caught my eye. 'I couldn't run,' she said. 'I'd lost a shoe ...' She stopped and waited, still rearranging her clothing.

'What,' I said, rather stupidly, 'were ... do you think you were playing at?'

'Fairly obvious,' the girl giggled in reply. 'I was fucking for the boy's dinner money.' She paused. 'You ...?' she started, eyeing me speculatively.

'NO! Certainly not,' I snapped, catching her drift immediately. 'The very thought! You will go straight to the Headmaster.' I pointed to the main building, my finger quivering with rage.

The girl smiled in a rather superior way. 'I think not,' she replied. 'I think we'll sort this out between ourselves. Like you did with Amy.'

I felt as if I'd been hit by a bus. I felt light-headed. 'Wha', What?' I gasped, unable to believe what she'd said.

'You heard ... sir. We'll sort this out between ourselves. In just the same way as you did with Amy last year.' She paused. 'Shall we say 3.45 at your study? Good! That's agreed. I'll see you then.' With that, she smoothed her skirts over her hips and stepped past me and away.

My mind was in such a whirl that I took some time to recover. Towards the end of the preceding school year, I'd caught one of the senior girls, Amy, smoking a "herbal"

cigarette behind the very same bike sheds. I'd dealt with her myself, rather than send her to the head. Dealing with her had entailed having her strip naked before caning her. I'd expected that shame would have prevented her from saying anything to anyone about her unusual punishment. It seems that I'd been wrong ...

I was just about on an even keel again when 3.45 came. At the appointed time, I sat in my office, waiting. The clock ticked on, the hands moving inexorably towards the hour. At 3.58 exactly, I heard the heavy clatter of feet in the corridor outside, and my study door crashed open as Camilla strode through.

Casually, she dropped her schoolbag and blazer in a heap by the door as she back-heeled it closed. 'Bit late,' she offered in her broad Australian drawl. 'Sorry, phone call.' She paused. 'Suppose you're going to punish me the same way you did with Amy?' she continued.

That name again! My mind flashed back to the preceding year, and Amy lying over my desk ... I was dragged back to the present by the broad twang of Camilla's voice.

'She told me all 'bout it. In the strictest confidence, of course. So, if she can avoid seeing the head for smoking, I reckon we can do a similar deal for my little business venture.' She paused again, her head on one side. 'Naked, I suppose? S'right,' she continued, 'I'm not shy, plenty of guys have seen me without my kit on.'

Without waiting for a response, she began to unbutton her blouse. She was a tall girl, and well built. And well practiced in stripping too, it seemed, for in next to no time, her blouse had come off exposing a well-filled white bra. Casually, she half-turned and dropped her blouse onto the pile behind her formed by her bag and blazer. Without pause, she unzipped her school skirt and allowed it to slide down her legs. Skilfully, she pivoted and flicked it with her toe onto the top of the pile and stood before me in just her underwear, shoes and stockings. She faced me for a moment, hands on hips. She must have seen me looking at the stockings. 'Not strictly school uniform, but more convenient for fucking than tights,' she offered without a glimmer of embarrassment. She reached behind herself, and the broad elastic of her bra slackened as the cups slid away from her.

She was a tall girl, and built in proportion. So I suppose I shouldn't have been surprised that her titties were big and round, almost those of a mature woman. Almost before the bra hit the floor, she'd bent forwards, her titties swinging deliciously as she hooked her thumbs into the waistband of her panties and thrust them down her legs and off. She straightened up and stood, gloriously naked, bar shoes and stockings, for my inspection.

As I said, she was a tall girl, and well-built in a fleshy kind of way. Her red-hair was loose and cascaded down her back, contrasting well with her pale, almost alabaster skin, which was peppered with a sprinkling of freckles.

Good-sized breasts swayed deliciously either side of her chest, their summits capped by a large red aureola from which a fat, stubby, nipple poked like a small thumb. As I watched they began to swell, doubtless stimulated by the eroticism of her situation.

Below the pinch-in of her waist, she broadened into wide womanly hips and the part of her thighs displayed a dense, untrimmed red bush below which, with a little imagination, once could just make out her gash.

Camilla stood still for a few moments, allowing me to inspect her. Then, she stepped forwards slowly. 'Over the desk?' she asked.

‘Over the desk,’ I agreed.

As I stepped around the desk, Camilla positioned herself so that her head and upper torso rested on the desktop, her legs spread wide for stability, and her bottom raised high for me. As I positioned myself behind her, I could clearly see the pink of her slit peeping at me from amongst the curls. I dropped my hand onto the small of her back.

‘I suppose,’ she said, ‘that you’re going to take me along the corridor for the cane?’

She was right, of course. The room was far too small to be able to swing the cane properly. I’d taken Amy along to the old physics lab to have more room. I’d have to do the same with her too.

‘Yes, I think so,’ I replied, ‘but not before I’ve warmed you up a little.’ With that I cracked the flat of my hand across her tautened asscheek, making it wobble deliciously. A red hand-shape sprang up immediately. Her skin felt cool and firm to the touch. I brought my hand down over the other cheek, then settled into a tempo of increasingly hard smacks, alternating between her reddening buttocks and slowly moving down to slap the backs of her upper thighs.

She began to squirm deliciously as I moved back to administer the final few slaps to her now reddened ass. I was vaguely aware of the scent of an aroused woman.

‘Ok,’ I said finally, ‘It’s time for the cane. Stand-up and follow me.’ I unhooked the cane from the coat-hook behind the door where I’d secreted it earlier in the afternoon and checked the corridor. The coast was clear. ‘Come on.’ I gestured her to follow me and strode along to the physics lab. As I stood in the doorway, holding the door back against its spring, Camilla padded past me, her magnificent bubbies swaying gently.

Unbidden, she settled herself over the end of the nearest lab bench, her bottom raised.

I positioned myself behind her and tapped her rump gently with the cane, adjusting my position so that the stick would strike both buttocks together without curving around her hip.

Ready at last, ‘Six,’ I announced.

‘S’right. Do you want me to count ‘em?’

‘I don’t think,’ I replied, ‘that you’re taking this anywhere near seriously enough young lady. You’re about to be caned, hard. I don’t intent to inflict the type of play caning that your boyfriend may have given you in the past. This is going to hurt. Now, brace up.’ Without further ado, I tapped her ass gently again then drew back the cane.

It landed with a most satisfactory *crRARACK* and her buttocks wobbled with a departing wave effect. Almost immediately, a thin red welt sprang up. Camilla pulled forward slightly, but otherwise made no move. Right, I thought to myself. If that’s how it’s to be ...

The second stroke buzzed through the air, landing an inch above the first and parallel to it, drawing an immediate angry red weal. This time, Camilla twitched and I heard her intake of breath. That’s it, I thought to myself. Hard enough for her to feel it, and proceeded to lay on the final four strokes with similar force, one above the other, until the prone girl had a set of six, nearly perfectly parallel, blazing red tramlines across her ass.

I stepped back to admire my handiwork. Good enough, I thought. ‘Ok, Camilla,’ I said. ‘That’s it. Up you get.’

The girl half rolled and looked back at me over her shoulder. ‘Is that it?’ she asked, her voice slightly amused. ‘I’ve had worse off my boyfriend and that’s when we’re playing ...’

I saw red. I confess, I simply saw red and lost it. The girl had been mocking when she had been caught behind the bike sheds, late for her punishment, and now mocked even that. Without thinking, I stepped forwards and pushed her back down onto the bench. I felt her thump back into position and stepped back. This time, the cane made a vicious hiss through the air, and the sharp *craaaack* of its arrival was noticeably louder than before. Camilla jumped; her head and upper torso twisting up off the bench. I heard her gasp of surprise. Roughly, I pushed her back down and swung again, delighting in the sight of her twisting ass and the bright-red welts springing up as the cane landed again and again and again.

Below me, the girl was starting to writhe, making her heaving bottom a difficult target. I planted my free hand in the small of her back, just above the swell of her buttocks, and using a somewhat shortened cane, began to thrash her wriggling bottom with short, hard, strokes.

I could hear her fingernails scrabbling for purchase on the smooth wood of the bench top, and, from the corner of my eye, could see her finely muscled thighs flexing.

My arm was starting to ache, and my breath came in short gasps as my chest heaved at my exertions. I slowed to a halt, my hand still in the small of Camilla’s back. Her ass was bright red and criss-crossed with reddening welts. The only sounds in the lab were my heavy breathing and Camilla’s sobs.

‘Right, young lady,’ I said once I’d got my breathing under control. ‘Stand up.’

To my surprise, she obeyed immediately and without a word. Good, I thought, at least I’ve cured her smart mouth.

Still silent, she turned and faced me. Now as before, there was no pretence at modesty. I could see that her nipples were dark red and engorged, her chest heaved making her titties wobble delightfully. She watched me through a tumbled mane of hair, her eyes puffy-red and wet with tears, which ran unchecked down her cheeks.

‘Ok,’ I said, ‘I trust that that will be a lesson you’ll remember.’ I wagged my finger in her face. ‘I don’t want any more cheek from you, and I expect you to behave in future, otherwise ...’ I left the threat hanging, dismissing her back towards my study and her clothes with a tilt of my head.

That hadn’t been the end of it of course, for she was incorrigible, treating punishment as one of the hazards of the dangerous game she’d chosen to play. Several times more over the rest of the school year, I found myself thrashing a very naked Camilla ...

She, and her family, had gone back to Australia at the end of that year but not, it seems, before she told some friends about how to avoid the more regular punishments ...

‘Sir? I’m getting cold. If you’re going to do it, would you get on with it?’ The girl’s voice brought me out of my reverie and into the present. It was the slim brunette, of course, naked and lying prone across the bench where Camilla had lain last year. Beside me, the chunky blonde – also naked – wordlessly handed me the cane before stepping back into line with the other two girls who waited their turn under the rattan, over the bench.

