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## **STRICT PUNISHMENT**

**By**

**Satyr**

**(Address withheld)**

By lunchtime, the sun had come out, and the temperature outside had begun to soar. It was unseasonably warm for late on in the Spring Term but in the classrooms of the Bishop Thomas Cranmer School, the temperatures - aided by a cooling breeze through the open windows, and the solid, 1950s brick construction - were comfortable.

As I brought the last lesson before lunch to a close, I decided that it would be a good day for a patrol of the school grounds over lunch. Like most large schools, we do have a problem with bullying and inappropriate behaviour. As a Deputy Headmaster, and the Deputy Headmaster with special responsibility for discipline, I made it my duty to try and eradicate such behaviour and the best way of doing that, in my view, was to provide a visible deterrent.

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Fifteen minutes later, having deposited my teaching materials in my study and eaten my sandwich, I headed out into the grounds. The school, unlike many others, retained its sports fields, and the two buildings which made up the school were backed by the sports field. The school main building was a long, red-brick, building of two stories. It was where I did most of my teaching and where the Headmaster, Senior Mistress and other Deputy Head had their studies. Adjacent was a slightly newer science block, which had been built later to house the chemistry, biology and physics labs, then extended to accommodate the metalwork and woodwork workshops. It was a bit of an untidy building, but it was where I had my study – a little room which nestled between the biology and chemistry lab preparation rooms on the second floor. The room had been designed as a rest room for the lab technicians who prepared experiments for their departments, but neither of the technicians had ever used it, preferring an old armchair in their respective preparation rooms. When I'd been appointed a Deputy Head and had needed a study, it was the only unused room of suitable size available.

At the back of the science block, in a corner created by the handicrafts extension, were the school bike sheds. They were reached from the road which led to the back of the school, and along which handicrafts supplies, food for the kitchen, and the thousand-and-one bits which the school needed were delivered. They were out of bounds during lunchtimes, except for pupils who went home by bike for lunch, but policing this was

impossible. As they weren't overlooked by any room likely to be occupied by a teacher at this time of day, they were an ideal spot for any mischief – bullying, smoking or worse.

So, on that warm lunchtime, I crept quietly along the side of the building towards them. Not surreptitiously you understand, but quietly. If anything was going on, I didn't just want to scare the miscreants off, I wanted to catch them in the act.

As I got to the corner, I could hear a low hum of conversation and, on the air, smell a faint burning smell. I bent my knees and peeped around, at waist level. I could see the back of one of the older girls, who was standing talking to somebody just out-of-sight, hidden by the side of the bike shed. In the girl's hand, I saw a roll-up. I rose, and stepped around the corner. As I stepped forward, my shoe scraped on the gravel. The girl gasped and jumped around startled, her mouth a wide O of surprise; a look of fright and shock on her face. I heard running steps.

"Stand still!" I roared, and walked swiftly to the corner. There was nobody in sight. The bang of a door from the side of the handicrafts block revealed where the other party had gone. "Too late," I thought, "I'll never identify the other one now."

I turned back to the girl, who was rooted to the spot. I recognised her immediately. It was Amy, who was in her penultimate year at the school. Her mother was a governor, and Amy was tipped for appointment as Head Girl. Being caught smoking on school premises would put paid to that immediately, and would result in a week's suspension.

I shook my head in disappointment. "Right," I said. "Put that out immediately. Take the stub with you to the Headmaster's office; I'll be right along."

The girl remained silent and, as I turned away, the awful penny dropped. The cigarette was a roll-up; not a shop bought, tipped, one. And that funny smell. It could mean only one thing. I turned back slowly, my eyes fixed on the cigarette. As I raised my eyes, the dreadful expression on her face told me all.

"Amy, I'm very disappointed in you. I expected much better from you than this." I paused. "This will mean immediate expulsion, of course. Permanent expulsion at that. Take the roach to the Headmaster's study. I will be along shortly."

Shocked, not by what I'd just found, but by who I'd found doing it, I began to turn away. I was stopped by her voice, and the quiver in it. "Sir. Please sir, don't. This will finish me, and my mum's not well ..." Her voice tailed off. I could see the tears in her eyes. The metamorphosis was incredible, from young woman on the brink of full maturity, to a little girl in serious trouble in the twinkling of an eye. I knew about her mother, of course, it was an open secret in the staff room. Nothing that regular attendance at Alcoholic's Anonymous wouldn't help, but it seemed that the girl thought it more serious, and I suppose, if she lived with it every day, it probably appeared so.

I don't know why I did it - this was a serious matter; an expulsion matter. Maybe it was the terrified look on her face that decided me. "Right," I said. "Put the roach out and go up to my study. Wait for me there. Take the stub with you."

I watched her walk away, and then turned to continue my patrol. I needed time to think.

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I got back to my study ten minutes later. I hadn't done much patrolling, but had done some serious thinking. Amy was standing outside the door, waiting. I unlocked it and settled myself at the desk, calling her in as I did so.

She stopped in front of the desk, her hands clasped in front of her.

"Well?" I asked. "What was in the cigarette?"

"Herb." She replied. She stopped, looking ashamed. "Cannabis," she corrected.

"Where did you get it? Who gave it to you?"

She shook her head slowly, looking a strangely appealing mixture of terrified and defiant. "Can't, sir. Sorry. Just can't tell."

"This is a serious matter," I replied. If you want any leniency shown to you, you'll have to co-operate."

She bit her lip and shook her head slowly, her hair swaying in time with her movements.

"No point in my wasting my time there, then," I replied. "Well, young lady," I said, changing the subject. "What are we to do with you?" It was a rhetoric question which was as well, as all she could do was shake her head. "This is a serious matter; one that always results in expulsion. In view of your mother's position on the Board of Governors, we couldn't possibly make an exception in your case. It would have a very poor effect on discipline." I paused. "Is there any good reason that you can offer why I shouldn't make an example of you – take you to the Head?"

"Please, Sir, don't." She sounded terrified. "My dad would kill me; and mum's not well," She paused. "It's the first time I've ever smoked it, Sir. It was the first time I've smoked anything Sir, honest. I won't do it again." She stopped, her eyes pleading. I remained silent, a thought forming.

"Sir, please. I'll do anything." It wasn't what she said so much as the image that formed unbidden in my mind. It was horribly, horribly dangerous. It would lead straight to gaol if I got caught, but ...

I needed time to think. "Very well," I said slowly. "I will consider this further. You will return here this afternoon, at 3.45, just after school has finished. I will consider what your punishment should be. If you accept my punishment, then no more will be said. If you don't, then you must take your chances with the Head – and your father". I paused for effect, watching the girl's face, noting the look of relief flit over it. "Make no mistake," I continued, "any punishment I inflict will be a serious one. Your lack of co-operation in such a serious matter demands it"

In the silence that followed, the school bell rang for the resumption of lessons. "Right," I said. "Off you go." I inclined my head towards the door. "Back here at 3.45."

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It was lucky that I had only one lesson to take that afternoon, and that was the first period after lunch. I fear that the class found me strangely distracted. As the bell rang for the end of the lesson, I couldn't wait to get out of class and back to my study. I needed to make a quick trip out of school before my meeting with Amy and, if I went quickly, I'd just have time.

As I clattered down the stairs, I had a sudden thought. I paused at the bottom of the stairs, then turned into the handicrafts department, heading for the woodwork shop.

As I entered, the woodwork teacher, a small, cheerful Welshman called Dai, glanced up and strolled over.

“Dai,” I said, without preamble. “I wonder if you have a few lengths of rattan you could let me have?” Dai looked quizzical, his head on one side. “I’ve got some cane furniture at home which needs a quick repair – I wonder if you’ve got ...” I paused. “It’s a long-shot, I know, but ...”

“Don’t get a lot of call for that,” replied the Welshman, “But I may just be able to help. Come with me.” He headed for the timber store. I waited in the doorway while he rooted in a box in the corner. Suddenly, he hooted in satisfaction.

“Here we are,” he said. Then he stooped again over the box. “Ah-ha, here’s the rest.” He straightened, and walked across the room. “Will these do?” In his hand, he held a bundle of scholastic canes, complete with the curved handle.

I nodded, trying to keep a straight face.

“Yes,” continued Dai. “The old Head kept these after corporal punishment was abolished. He just couldn’t believe it wouldn’t be restored. The new man gave them to me when he took over. “Dai,” he said. “You may be able to make some use of these”’. ‘Course, we never have, so, they’re all yours. Anyway, what part do you need to fix?’

“The seat,” I replied without thinking. I could have bitten my tongue.

Dai guffawed. “Very appropriate,” he said.

I forced a grin and thanked him, backing towards the door. His chuckles followed me down the corridor as I walked, the canes carried by my side, the distinctive handles hidden by my jacket.

Back in the safety of my study, I examined my booty. One of the canes had split, and a second had a serious bend in the middle, as if something heavy had rested on it for a long time. A third was quite light-weight but the third was thick, heavy, and undamaged. It was fully 36 inches long, with a tightly curved handle. It rested easily in the hand and made a satisfying swish as it curved through the air.

I stashed the other canes behind the filing cabinet in the corner of the room. The heavy cane I hung on the hook behind the door, hidden under my overcoat.

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The rest of the afternoon dragged and, just before 3.25, I went down to the front of the school, where the buses pulled-in, to supervise the queues of pupils awaiting their transport home. As I walked back towards the science block having seen the last bus away, I was secretly delighted to see the last trickle of children on foot, and on bikes, passing through the school gates; and that the staff car-park was almost empty. Only my car, the Head’s, and old Jonas, the head of Geography, were left.

As I entered the top corridor of the science block, I could see Amy standing waiting for me, her schoolbag at her feet. I opened the door and motioned her inside, closing the door behind us. She stood in front of the desk, waiting as I settled into my chair.

“Well, Amy. I’ve considered this most carefully.” I paused, lending gravity to my words. This had to be done carefully. I decided to lay it on thick. “This is a very serious matter. An expulsion matter and, in respect of the possession and – for your unknown

friend – supply of drugs, a police matter.” I heard Amy gasp in horror. I frowned and she subsided into silence. “Be quiet,” I stopped, letting the silence build.

“This is a serious matter, and must be dealt with seriously. If you accept my punishment, then no more will be said. Otherwise, you’ll have to take your chances with the Head, your parents, and the police.” I looked up, waiting.

“Sir. I’ll do anything, sir”. She sounded terrified. “I’ll do anything, sir,” she repeated.

“Very well,” I paused again. This was it. The moment of truth. Would I dare do it? I heard myself speak, as if from far away “You will be caned,” I said.

She gasped, her eyes widening in shock. “You can’t,” she stammered. “It’s illegal, and anyway . . .”

“So’s smoking cannabis,” I snapped, cutting her off. However, if that’s your attitude to those who try to help you, then . . .” I reached towards the telephone.

“Stop, sir. No, sir, please?” Her voice was filled with terror. I looked at her, the receiver still in my hand, finger hovering over the intercom button for the Headmaster. The girl swallowed. “I’ll do it, sir.”

So far so good, I thought to myself. Now, did I dare? “How old are you?” I asked.

“Seventeen.”

“I see. As you know, a good part of the punishment of a caning is the humiliation of everyone knowing that you’ve been caned. As this will be just between the two of us, then I have to increase your humiliation, just to ensure that you remember this experience, and don’t offend again.”

Amy swallowed, her head down, watching the floor.

I delivered my bombshell. “You are old enough to be caned as an adult woman. You will be naked when you’re caned.”

If she’d looked shocked before, that was nothing to how she looked now. She looked stunned.

“Well?” I glanced significantly towards the telephone.

The girl nodded, slowly, her eyes closed.

“Very well. We’ll inflict punishment now, then.” I leaned back in my chair, savouring the moment. I nodded towards a low table by the window. “You will fold your clothes neatly, and place them on the table. You may retain your shoes, ear studs and hair grips. Everything else comes off – jewellery, watches, the lot.”

The girl stood, hesitating. Everything was moving too fast for her to take in.

I injected a note of roughness into my voice. “Come on girl. Get on with it. I haven’t got all day.”

Slowly, reluctantly, the girl began to unbutton her blouse. As she reached the waistband of her grey skirt, she stopped, fumbling in turn with the skirt’s fastener at her left hip. I heard the zip go down. Amy turned towards the table, stooping forwards to step out of her skirt. She folded it neatly and, as she leant forwards to put it on the table, the hem of her blouse rode up, exposing her taut buttocks encased in a pair of white knickers under her tights. Still facing the table, she straightened up and slipped the blouse from her shoulders, exposing a white bra below. Her shoulders hunched forwards, as she tried to minimise her exposure.

As she was now a senior girl, Amy was allowed to wear tights, rather than the white knee socks the junior girls wore. Women always look so ungainly taking their

tights off. I busied myself at my desk as she sat on the hard chair in the corner to roll them off.

When I looked up, she was standing silently before me, still in her bra and knickers. Her shoulders hunched, one hand covering her groin, the other arm crossing her bust.

“Sir?” she said appealingly.

“Bra and knickers off.” I said, flatly.

“Sir, please?”

“Bra. And. Knickers. Off.”

Wordlessly, tears in her eyes, Amy turned to the side table. She reached behind herself, the broad elastic of her bra slackening as her hands moved forwards. The bra dropped onto the top of the pile of clothes. Quickly, she pushed her thumbs into the elastic of the knickers, thrusting them down her legs and stepped out of them. They dropped onto the top of the pile.

Amy stepped back in front of the desk, her arms crossed as before, covering herself. Her shoulders were hunched, and she looked at the floor.

“Stand up straight,” I commanded. “Hands at your sides. Quickly.”

Reluctantly, she straightened her arms to her sides. Now she was completely exposed to my gaze, gloriously naked.

Amy was just over average height for her age, and slender – without a trace of the puppy fat she’d carried only a few years before. Her dark hair hung to her shoulders and, held back by clips at the sides, softly framed her near perfect features. Her breasts were still quite small but perfectly formed, delicate coral nipples tilting up at their tips. A slender waist led to widening hips: a small, thin patch of fur decorating her pubis, below which her pussy was clearly visible. Her legs were smooth, brown and so very shapely.

“Clasp your hands at the back of your neck,” I commanded, “then turn around.”

She turned. Her bottom was a beautiful heart shape. Any smaller and it would have been boyish. Any larger, and it would be too fat for her frame. Just right. I could clearly see the white patch which had been protected by her bikini briefs the preceding summer. Gorgeous!

I rose from my desk and pulled the upright chair into the centre of the room.

“OK,” I said. “This isn’t properly part of your punishment, but a necessary prelude to it. Over my knee.” Gently then, “It’ll make the caning easier to bear.”

Amy stepped towards me and, as she began to drape herself over my lap, I stopped her. “Other way ‘round,” I said. “I’m right handed, so need your ass under my right hand.”

Amy blushed, straightened, and repositioned herself.

She felt quite warm across my knees. I reached under her thighs and encouraged her to ease forward to get a better position. I stroked her smooth bottom as I positioned my left hand on her back, to hold her in position. Then, all ready, I raised my hand and brought it down with a sharp ‘crack’ on her right asscheek, which reddened immediately in the shape of my hand. Immediately, I brought my hand down onto the other cheek, which wobbled deliciously. After the shock of the first blow, the girl yelped and wriggled at each smack. I began to strike each cheek alternately, making each buttock wobble; the red stain spreading slowly across them, until her whole ass was a bright pink, and my hand was stinging.

“OK,” I said finally. “I think it’s time you were caned. Stand up.” She rose and stood quietly, her head bowed in shame. “Go to the back of the door and bring me the cane. It’s under my coat.” As Amy stepped away, I couldn’t help but notice the sensuous wobble of her tits, despite their small size; and the delicious roll of her hips. I pushed the chair back into the corner as Amy approached with the cane in her hands. I took it from her. “Over the desk,” I ordered.

As soon as she lay flat, I realised my error. The room wasn’t wide – or long – enough to wield a cane effectively. My earlier practice strokes had been conducted near the door, where there wasn’t any suitable furniture, or space – once she was there – to be able to cane her. Biting back an oath, I sent her to stand in the corner, facing it, hands on the back of her head. “You contemplate what’s about to happen,” I told her. “I want you to think hard about what’s coming.”

With that, I left the room. I had an idea, and walked briskly along the corridor, past the long windows overlooking the school grounds and towards the old physics lab which was closed for refurbishment. As luck would have it, and because I was the senior teacher based in the block, I had the key so as to be able to admit the tradesmen when they needed access.

Quickly, I opened the door. To my left, in front of the blackboard, was a low podium carrying a long, sturdy, waist high, wooden-topped workbench. Set out in rows in front of it were identical workbenches, with sinks and gas taps set into the tops. At the back of the room were the high stools on which the pupils sat during lessons.

“Just right,” I thought. I returned to my study, leaving the lab door standing open.

Amy stood just as I’d left her; facing the wall, hands clasped behind her neck. I examined her reddened bottom for a moment. “Right Amy, pick up the cane from the desk and follow me.” As I stepped into the corridor, a thought occurred. I stopped and turned, watching Amy as she followed. “Hold your hands out in front of you,” I said, “palms flat, cane across both hands.”

She hesitated just inside the doorway, her expression anxious, eyes flicking side to side. “Sir,” she started.

“Come out into the corridor,” I snapped. “There’s nobody about.”

She stepped out, trembling. I stopped her in the middle of the corridor and made her stand, facing me, the cane across her palms. “Right,” I said. “You will wait here, just as you are now. I am going to the Physics Lab. When I call you, you will walk slowly and sedately, carrying the cane as you are now, to join me. I warn you now, if you walk too fast, I’ll add extra strokes to your sentence, and send you back to do it again. That clear?”

She swallowed and nodded unhappily. I turned and stalked down the corridor, turning to a halt before the lab door. Amy stood, shifting nervously outside my study.

“Chin up,” I commanded, “look at me. Right. Come here, slowly.” Of course, it didn’t matter how slowly she walked, I was going to give her extra strokes anyway, but it amused me anyway to see that she started off walking slowly, really rather sedately then, as she came to the windows, began to glance nervously left and right, and speed up. Her boobs jiggled and swayed invitingly as she lengthened her stride towards me. She looked at me with a mixture of horror and relief as she stopped in front of me.

“Too fast,” I grunted. “You were warned. That’s two extras. Now, walk back and do it again.” The naked girl looked at me, a look of horror spreading over her pretty



features. She stood still. I could see her trembling. I leant towards her: “Go. Back. And. Do. It. Again.” I ground out. “Slowly.”

Amy turned and fled. “Walk, girl!” I roared. She checked herself and walked back to my study door. Once she’d turned, I stopped her. “Right,” I said, “now we’ll do it again, and if necessary, again, until you learn to obey simple orders. There’s nobody about to see you – except me! Any more disobedience and I’ll add more strokes to what you’re already due to get. Now, cane across your palms. Palms flat in front of yourself, and walk towards me, slowly.”

Amy looked magnificent as she walked towards me. Boobs trembling slightly as she walked, her broadening hips rolling in time with her steps. She kept her gaze fixed on me, presumably to gauge my reaction. I kept my face deliberately straight, giving no clues. At her approach, I held my ground, forcing her to stop. “Right,” I said, prolonging her ordeal, “that was better.” I stepped back and inclined my head towards the door. “Inside.”

I closed the door behind us, and turned to find Amy standing, facing the end of the bench just inside the door. I took the cane from her. “Over the bench,” I growled.

Amy stepped forwards and, grasping the edges, pulled herself up onto the bench top. Her arse was perfectly positioned, but I could see the difficulty immediately. The benches were quite high, designed for pupils to stand at to work. They were just too high for Amy, to lie on, and have her feet on the floor. With the smooth surface, she was in danger of sliding off. I dropped the cane on the bench before her and cracked her smartly and without warning across each ass-cheek, making her yelp with surprise, before striding to the back of the lab and selecting a high stool.

“Right, young lady,” I said, gesturing to the stool, which now stood in the clear area before the teacher’s bench at the front of the lab, “over the stool. Grasp the lower foot rail with your hands. Keep your toes on the floor.”

Amy complied, looking apprehensively over her shoulder as I took up the cane and took a couple of practice cuts through the air with it. The cane hissed evilly. Amy’s eyes opened wide, a look of terror spreading over her face. I stepped behind her, admiring her taunt, reddened buttocks. Below them, despite Amy keeping her thighs pressed tightly closed, I could see her moist pink slit. I stepped to the side, and rested the heavy rattan across both cheeks of her ass. “Right, young lady,” I announced, “it’s time for the cane. This will hurt.” Amy looked terrified. Her legs trembled. I tapped her ass quickly, twice, with the cane, just to get my position and distance right. Her bum wobbled slightly. I raised the cane and brought it down in a wide, swinging arc. Crack! The cane landed right where I had aimed it. Amy’s head flew back, her hair swinging in an arc. She yelled with pain, and an angry red welt sprang up across the girl’s cheeks.

“Quiet,” I snapped, “unless you want the caretaker and cleaning staff to witness your punishment. No? I thought not. Now, get your hands down and back onto the foot rail, and keep them there. I don’t want them getting in the way.”

Amy stopped rubbing her bottom and, somewhat reluctantly, grasped the foot rail again. I positioned the cane an inch below the welt and tapped twice. Crack! Amy jerked as the second blow landed, but kept her hands on the foot rail. A second angry red mark sprang up, perfectly parallel to the first, across the girl’s creamy cheeks.

By the fourth stroke, Amy’s shoulders were heaving, but she made very little sound. The fifth stroke ran parallel to the four earlier ones, just an inch below the fourth.

She started to sob openly. I could see tears trickling down her cheeks, her eyes reddening as she looked towards me. The sixth stroke hissed evilly, making as loud a crack as its predecessors had.

“T-That was six, sir,” said Amy, pleadingly, half rising.

I pushed her down. “You have another two to come, for your misbehaviour outside.” As she settled back, I realised that I’d not told her how many strokes she was to receive. “Minx,” I thought, then, examining her ass, I realised that I couldn’t inflict too many more stokes without overlaying previous welts. I thought quickly. I was enjoying this, but didn’t want to overdo it. Now was the time to bring this dangerous game to a close.

I repositioned my self, tapped lightly, and administered the last two strokes. They landed in quick succession, leaving reddening weals. Already, the earlier ones were slowly empurpling. Her ass was going to look good in the morning!

“Stand up and face me,” I ordered. Amy rose and turned, all thought of attempting to preserve her modesty gone. Her hair fell forwards, masking her tear stained cheeks, her eyes were red and moist. “I hope you’ve learned your lesson,” I said. “If there’s any repetition ...” I left the threat hanging. Amy shook her pretty head. “OK, off you go. You may dress and leave. Off you go.”

I was surprised as the girl walked slowly from the room. I stood in the doorway, and watched my handiwork recede down the corridor before me, and out of sight into my study. Somehow, I didn’t think she’d give me the opportunity to cane her again – and I was right!

### **The End.**

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Funnily enough, the author does not condone child abuse or underage sex. Both of these activities are illegal in most parts of the world. Anyone trying to engage in either activity is likely to spend serious time in gaol, trying to avoid dropping the soap in the shower!

This is story is a fantasy, and is for the entertainment of adults only. Any corporal punishment you inflict as part of sex or other play should be consensual, and must be kept strictly within the limits set by the recipient.

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