**A School Spanking**

by Flogmaster

*Two randy teens discover love as they suffer the rod and strap at school.*

"Jenna Malone!" cried Mrs. Pamplemouse. "Get your butt up here right NOW!"

Blushing furiously and trembling, the pretty cheerleader walked to the front of the class. Her denim jeans were molded to her full, round ass, and Jerry couldn't take his eyes off the glorious cheeks as they swayed back and forth.

"How dare you cheat in my class!" roared the teacher.

"I'm sorry," sobbed the girl, terrified. "I... I wasn't ready for a quiz and I--"

"Shut up!" Mrs. Pamplemouse wasted no more time scolding the girl: she yanked her forward and bent her across her desk.

The big wooden paddle with the air holes in it was in her hands in a flash, and the BOOM when it hit shook the room like an earthquake. Jenna wailed and kicked her feet, but was smart enough to remain in position. Bang! Bang! Bang! went the paddle, Jenna rising to her tiptoes and groaning with each powerful swat.

Jerry was drooling. Jenna's butt was amazing by itself, but being paddled the curvy flesh was a hundred times prettier. This was the most incredible day of his life. There was only one thing missing...

... and when he heard Mrs. Pamplemouse say the words, "Take down your jeans," he nearly fainted. He watched as the teary-eyed brunette slowly rose and began to unfasten her jeans.

"Here it comes," he thought. His dick felt like it had rammed a hole through his pants.

Jenna's jeans were so tight she had to wiggle to get them down. Her butt went this way, then that, and back again. Slowly, inch by inch, the jeans descended.

As Jerry glimpsed the white of the girl's panties, he woke up. His mom was shaking his shoulder and telling him he overslept. He glanced downward and saw with horror his blanket was tented with his prominent erection. He quickly rolled to one side, blushing and praying his mom hadn't seen.

"I'm up, I'm up," he groaned, totally depressed at the realization his fantasy had only been a dream.

He'd had a secret crush on Jenna Malone for months. She was one of the top cheerleaders, a total babe, and she didn't know he existed. Which was probably a good thing, because if she'd known he'd have had to deal with knowledge that she knew him and didn't like him. At least this way he could blame her ignoring him on ignorance.

Mrs. Pamplemouse's English class was eerily reminiscent of his dream. Right on schedule she announced the pop quiz; Jerry was relieved he'd reviewed the reading on the school bus.

As he wrote in his answers, Jerry glanced over at sweet Jenna. She was frowning, her perfect lips curled into a delicate pout. Obviously, she hadn't studied. Then, like a flash, he saw the open textbook in her lap. She leaned back slightly, looking downward, then wrote on her paper.

"She's cheating! She's \_really\_ cheating!" he thought. He couldn't believe this was happening.

The roaring in his ears went to shattering volume when he heard the unmistakable harsh voice of Mrs. Pamplemouse: "Miss Malone, just what do you think you are doing?"

"Ma'am?" Jenna was pale, but put on her most innocent face.

"Stand up. On your feet. NOW!"

Trembling, the girl rose. Jerry's heart was thumping like rock concert. The textbook slid from the girl's lap and she caught it, deftly closing it and placing it on her chair.

"Miss Malone, you are aware that we have rules against cheating?"

Jenna stared at the floor and didn't say a word. She was shaking.

"Front and center."

Panic entered the girl's face. "Oh no, please ma'am! No!"

Jerry's dick was swelling. "This can't be real," he thought. "I must still be dreaming! I bet I fell back asleep after Mom woke me up."

Jenna wasn't wearing jeans, but a skirt: a lovely denim skirt that hugged her bottom tightly. Jerry gulped and rearranged himself down below. He was glad he was sitting in the back row of the class -- everyone was watching the spectacle at the front of the room.

Mrs. Pamplemouse pulled her chair out from behind her desk and sat down. In her hand was a small wooden paddle with a blade about the size of a paperback. Jenna was crying and shaking her head and babbling on about "never doing it again" and other nonsense. But like millions of naughty schoolchildren before in the same situation, it did no good. She went right across the teacher's lap.

And right back up, for Mrs. Pamplemouse had found that the girl's skirt was far too tight to be raised after she was in position. In fact, it was too tight to be flipped or even rolled up when she was standing!

"Remove your skirt!" said Mrs. Pamplemouse sternly. There was something about Mrs. Pamplemouse when she used that tone that meant you didn't argue. Sniffling with self-pity and blushing furiously, Jenna kept her back to the class as she unfastened and slipped the skirt down. She stepped out of it prettily, but all Jerry had eyes for were the skimpy, lacy white French-cut panties she wore. They were almost thongs, leaving most of her ass bare. Jerry felt a powerful surge between his legs as he stared at those glorious hams.

In seconds, Jenna was over the teacher's broad lap and the paddle was smacking down. The deafening SPLAT with each paddle contact brought a howl of agony from Jenna, who was sobbing and kicking like a baby.

Jerry was almost in agony himself, his dick was so cramped. At every blow it seemed to expand still further. He had to reposition it again, and when he had a hold of it, he couldn't help himself: through his jeans his hand went up and down the shaft just a little and then, suddenly, he was spasming in a delicious, mind-bending orgasm.

When Jerry opened his eyes, a blissful smile of utter joy on his face, he started and gasped in horror. Mrs. Pamplemouse loomed above him, the paddle gripped tightly in her hand.

"Think I can't see this far back, Mr. Jenkins? You filthy, naughty boy! How dare you. Right in my class!"

The dream had turned into a nightmare. Jerry found himself being dragged by an earlobe toward the front of the class. The room was deadly silent, yet he knew it was full of snickers and giggles. Everyone had watched him. Everyone knew!

"Pants down, Mr. Jenkins," ordered the teacher, and Jerry, his face going chartreuse, obeyed. He fumbled with the button fly for a few seconds, but finally managed. The jeans started to drop.

Out of the corner of his eye he saw pretty Jenna was standing facing the blackboard, her punished bottom on display. The French-cut panties hadn't been enough for Mrs. Pamplemouse -- she had pulled them down to the girl's knees so her bottom was fully bare. The round cheeks were scarlet with dark crimson blotches of pain. Jenna was still weeping.

Without a thought, Jerry's dick sprang to life, intercepting the descending jeans. They caught, hanging there, and there was no hiding the source of the problem. He quickly reached to unhook them, but Mrs. Pamplemouse had already seen. Her face was livid.

"You \_horrible\_ boy!" she screamed. "I was just going to paddle you like I did Jenna, but it's obvious a naughty boy like you needs a lot more punishment than a mere paddling."

Before Jerry could move, she reached out and grabbed his underpants and yanked them to his ankles. His dick sprang forth and swayed in her face, but she ignored it, grabbing his earlobe and dragging him across her lap.

In seconds Jerry was in more pain then he'd ever felt in whole life. The paddle was like a hot iron, scalding him with every touch. He felt tears racing down his cheeks, so hot they seemed to sear their own path through his skin, leaving permanent canals. He howled and kicked like a child, begging the teacher to stop hurting him.

But Mrs. Pamplemouse was an expert: she paddled him for a full five minutes, making sure she wore out every inch of his backside. Then she sent him to the blackboard to stand next to Jenna, his jeans and underwear around his ankles, his raw, blistered butt on display for everyone.

"Hands on your head!" ordered the monster, and he obeyed, noting Jenna was in the same horrible position. It was worse for him though, for he could do nothing about his body. He saw Jenna glance toward him and immediately his soldier saluted. He blushed even more furiously, staring straight ahead and trying to pretend she wasn't looking, but his dick just kept growing and growing, until it touched the chalk tray of the blackboard in front of him. Jerry wanted to die.

Mrs. Pamplemouse ordered the rest of the students to finish their quizzes. Jerry opened his eyes and glanced to his left. Jenna had stopped crying. She was staring right at him. His heart fluttered and forgot to beat. He felt like someone was choking him.

Then, Jenna smiled. And all the pain went away. Jerry forgot he was standing half-naked in front of his entire English class, forgot his bare ass had just been roasted to 350-degrees Fahrenheit, forgot his exposed dick was sticking straight out in front of him, poking the chalk tray of the blackboard. He forgot everything but that smile.

"It was worth it," he thought to himself. "Just for that smile."

Suddenly a shadow loomed behind them. "What are you two smiling at?" There was a loud whack! and Jerry saw Jenna cringe. The explosion happened again and his ass was on fire.

"Obviously," said Mrs. Pamplemouse coldly, "I have been too gentle with the two of you. I shall send you to the headmaster."

Cold fear settled in Jerry's stomach as he heard those awful words. He wanted to scream out "No!" and beg for mercy, but he couldn't move. Dimly, he heard Mrs. Pamplemouse order him to step out of his jeans and underpants, and he felt himself obey. He slipped off his shoes and socks and soon he was naked from the waist down. He saw Jenna was sliding her panties down and off.

Mrs. Pamplemouse presented Jerry with a note. "Be back in an hour: I want the class to see Mr. Garber's work."

It was two embarrassed and depressed teenagers who shut the classroom door behind them and began walking the deserted corridor. Both were pale, frightened, and half-naked.

"It's rather chilly out here without any pants on," whispered Jenna.

Jerry flushed. He nodded, scarcely daring to believe she was talking to him.

"Have you been caned before?"

Jerry shook his head. He was afraid to speak, lest he wake up.

"Me neither. My friend Monica was caned last year; she said it hurt something awful. Felt like a red hot poker against her skin."

Jerry wasn't even thinking about the caning. He was only thinking of the lovely girl beside him. If this was what it took to meet her, the price was cheap.

Suddenly Jenna giggled. It was a delightful sound, flowing like a watery brook. Then he saw she was staring at his penis. He moved to cover it up, but she stopped him with a hand on his arm. He couldn't move.

"I can't believe you're still, uh, stiff, after all that." She jerked her head back toward Mrs. Pamplemouse's classroom.

She reached out a hand and to Jerry's horror, his penis swelled to meet her. "Oh! It's getting even bigger!"

God, even nude the erection hurt! The skin of his ball sacks was squeezing his balls the way a python hugs its prey.

"Oh," said Jenna, seeing his face. "It hurts, doesn't it? I had a boyfriend who told me that erections can be quite painful. Here, let me help you."

Before Jerry could do anything, she was leaning forward. Her lips, warm and wet, embraced him. He didn't know what to do or think, so he did nothing. Her sweet tongue laved his head and his dick swelled and burst and in seconds he was pumping.

The orgasm was ten times better than the one he'd had that short lifetime ago. He collapsed to the floor, drained. Jenna stood near him, grinning, white cream on her lips and teeth.

"Oh my God!" Jerry breathed. "Oh my fucking God!"

"I'll say," whispered Jenna, kneeling in front him and planting a kiss on his lips. He tasted his own spunk but didn't care. She'd kissed him! She'd kissed him on the lips!

"I \_love\_ a man who's excited to see me," she said, smiling at him. Jerry blushed and looked away. Her hand touched his cheek and turned his face to hers. "I'm serious," she said. "Those football assholes get so much pussy it's as special as a Quarter Pounder."

Finally, Jerry found his voice. "You're the most beautiful girl in the whole world," he said. "Do you know that?"

"Of course," Jenna nodded. Then she laughed, and he realized she was teasing him. "You're not so bad yourself. We need to get you to a gym, put some muscles on here" -- she squeezed his narrow biceps -- "but you've got plenty of muscle down here." Jerry gasped as she grabbed his scrotum.

After a few seconds, she let him go, still smiling that devilish smile.

"I'll follow you to hell," he said bluntly.

She nodded. "That's where we have to go. Did you forget our appointment?"

Jerry had, in fact. He stared at the note trying to remember what it was about. Dimly, it came back to him.

"I wonder what would happen if we weren't back in an hour," he said.

"We'd be punished," whispered Jenna, leaning closer. "Probably severely."

"By Mrs. Pamplemouse?"

"And by Mr. Garber."

"With the cane?"

"Of course."

Jerry shrugged. "I don't care."

"It'll hurt something awful."

"I suppose."

Jenna laughed. "I suppose I don't really care either. Fuck 'em." She kissed Jerry on the lips again, this time longer. His body began to react to her touch. She suddenly felt something touch her thigh and gave a little yelp.

"Oh, it's you. My, you come back to life quickly!"

"Think you'd better do something about it before we go to Garber's?"

"Why Jerry Jenkins, you have a dirty mind!"

Jerry just sighed with contentment. She even knew his name!

[Author's Note: This was where I originally ended the story, but I liked these two scamps so much I decided to see what their thrashing was like. Their punishment was cruel, but it had no effect: I'm afraid these two are incorrigible.]

Mr. Garber was big bear of a man, older, with gray hair and a gray beard, but physically fit and imposing. He towered above the two teens kneeling on the carpet in front of his desk, hands on their heads, bodies naked from the waist down. He was reading the note from Mrs. Pamplemouse, his frown deepening.

"How dare you \*CHEAT\*!" he roared at Jenna, his face black with rage. "And you, filthy boy! Delighting in her punishment with self-abuse? You shall both be soundly flogged!"

He opened the huge punishment cabinet and the two children trembled. The inside looked like a medieval torture chamber. Across the top were leather floggers, each with five, seven, nine, and eleven tails respectively. Canes hung under the floggers, five of them, each of a slightly different combination of length or width. One was a narrow rod without a handle, and it hung by a leather loop on the end. Along the bottom of the cabinet were numerous paddles, of all shapes and sizes. Jerry saw a couple were leather, but most were wood. They ranged from tiny ones the size of a small hairbrush to massive oars with air holes drilled across the face. There was more, but Jerry felt his eyes glazing. He couldn't take it all in.

On the swinging door of the cabinet hung several leather tawses, straps of various thickness and weight. It was one of these the headmaster carefully selected. "This is the cheater's strap," he was saying. "Let me give you a sample. Stand up, Miss Malone. Place one foot on my desk."

Unsure of the head's exact intent and extremely nervous, Jenna got to her feet and faced the massive desk. She lifted her right leg and placed it awkwardly on the desk, standing on one leg. The position exposed her blatantly and she blushed furiously.

"Good," nodded Mr. Garber. He approached her from behind and stood slightly to her left. The strap he held was flat, perhaps a quarter-inch thick, and split into two twelve-inch tails. He swung it in a semi-circle, wrapping it around her left leg. The last few inches of the belt, where all the power was, connected with the tender insides of her thigh.

Jenna let out an inadvertent screech. Her face was pale with terror. She trembled violently, tears brimming in her eyes.

"Switch legs, Miss Malone."

Reluctantly, Jenna obeyed. She was no longer concerned about her modesty. Her only thought was that he was going to hit her with the belt again.

Indeed he did. He struck her backhanded, a mirror image of the other blow. Jenna staggered, a low moan pouring from her clenched lips.

Mr. Garber knelt behind the girl to examine his efforts. He forced her to bend forward a bit, and move her legs more apart. She bore a thick scarlet weal across the inside of each thigh. The stripes were about four inches below the pursed lips of her sex, which, Mr. Garber noted, were moist.

"Excellent," he said, rising with a smile. "You may put your leg down. Those were just sample strokes, Miss Malone. The cheater's strap is not used on the behind, but on the hands. You will now receive six strokes to each palm. We will alternate palms. You will not move your hands until I give you the word. If you move your hand before or during the stroke, you will immediately receive one stroke of the belt to the inside of each thigh, exactly like you just experienced. Do you understand?"

Sniffing back her tears, Jenna nodded. "Yes, sir."

The headmaster suddenly whirled on Jerry. The tip of strap dangled dangerously in front of the boy, touching the tip of his erect penis. "Looks like you haven't learned your lesson yet, boy. Does my whipping this young lady excite you? I think you need a taste of the strap yourself, to teach you some humility. Up. Right leg on the table, just like Jenna did."

Quickly, Jerry obeyed. Mr. Garber gave him two strokes to his left thigh, then had him switch legs and repeated the dosage on his right. The stinging was horrible, and horribly close to his dangling balls. He ached to reach down and rub the sting away, but dared not. At the head's orders, he went back on his knees, hands on head, to watch Jenna receive her punishment.

Mr. Garber turned to the pretty girl. "All right. Step up. Extend your right hand, please."

Jenna held out her hand, palm up. The strap whistled through the air and her hand bounced with the shock. For a second, she just felt numb. Then it felt like molten lava had been pour across her hand.

"Left hand." CRACK!

Arrgg. Jenna groaned, doing all she could to keep her hand steady. The last thing she wanted was more thigh smacks, but this was ridiculously painful.

"Right hand." CRACK! "Left!" CRACK!

On and on it went, stroke after stroke. Jenna could feel her palms swelling, her fingers burning. But the worst was having to offer up a swollen, blistered palm for further strokes. Finally, on the fifth stroke of her right hand, she faltered. It wasn't something she intended at all -- her hand just moved.

Mr. Garber stopped the stroke before it started. "Turn around. Leg up!" he ordered, and Jenna, weeping openly, obeyed. The blow to the inside of her thigh was agonizing, above the previous mark, and worse than she remembered. Then she had to swap legs and do it again.

"Right hand out. This is number five." Jenna's hand wavered, but stayed. CRACK! Oh, the pain was mind-numbing.

"Left hand." Ah, she couldn't, she couldn't! It was unbearable. Like the right hand before, her left disobeyed her, moving away as the strap descended. It caught her fingers with a glancing blow. Instantly she was turned around, offering her bare legs for the leather belt. The strokes were hideous, landing across the previous welts.

"Left hand \_again\_," said the man. "That half-stroke didn't count."

Weeping, Jenna held out her left hand. The leather cracked across it horribly, and she felt like surely her palm would split open.

Then it was time for the right again. It took all her will to accept the sixth stroke, and it was mostly the fact that it was the sixth and final stroke that gave her the strength.

But her left betrayed her again. It would not obey her, moving as the strap came down. This time Mr. Garber was unduly annoyed. He gave her two blistering wallops across each thigh, promising her four the next time she moved. Somehow, Jenna took the blow to her left hand. Her thighs burned and her hands were numb. She stood quietly, tears streaming uncontrollably down her face, and watched the headmaster hang up the strap. She was never so grateful to see anything in her life.

But Mr. Garber was now taking out a long brown cane. Jenna gulped and snuck a glance at Jerry. He was looking profoundly nervous and frightened, but he smiled when he saw her. She saw that he was erect again. Didn't he ever learn?

"Let's have you up on the table, Miss Malone."

Jenna started. "M-me, sir?"

"Hop to it, girl! Did you think a few strokes of the cheating strap was all you'd receive? Of course not! You're going to soundly thrashed, my girl, and that means a proper caning. Now up on the table before I add to your punishment."

Jenna climbed onto the teacher's desk, blushing furiously. Her hands ached something awful when she tried to place them flat against the table. She waited, on hands and knees, feeling horribly exploded, naked from the waist now. Her body was already on fire, and it was about to get worse. Her butt felt huge and exposed.

"Bend forward, my dear. Nose to the table."

Oh God. This was even worse. Her butt was the highest point of her body, pointing outward in an obscene moon.

"Legs wide apart, dear."

Whimpering, but not daring to disobey, Jenna complied. The stern headmaster wasn't satisfied until her ankles were at the corners of the desk, nearly three feet apart.

Jerry, meanwhile, was feasting on the incredible view. Never in his short life could he have imagined the scenario he was witnessing. The hand strapping had been horrible, and now the lovely Jenna was to be caned, but all he could think about was how beautiful she looked. She was above him now, her magnificent bottom bared and arched, the puffy pink lips of her sex peeping openly between her spread legs. She was ready for the thin rod to impart its punishing kiss. Jerry could hardly wait.

Mr. Garber had positioned Jenna so her feet hung off the end of the desk. It hadn't even occurred to Jerry to wonder why, until the man lined up the cane against the sole of her left foot.

"Yes, Jenna," said the Head at Jenna's startled cry, "I'm going to thrash your feet. Stay still and in position or you'll earn extra strokes across your bottom!"

The rod whistled through the air and landed with a heavy thwack across the bottom of Jenna's left foot. Jenna cried out, wiggling her foot frantically. Mr. Garber ignored her fussing and calmly delivered two more strokes.

Poor Jenna was gasping and crying as the headmaster moved to her right foot. Now that she knew what to expect, she was doubly afraid. She took the first stroke well, but inadvertently moved on the second.

Mr. Garber clicked his tongue. "That's a stroke to the bottom, lass," he scolded, and the cane sizzled across Jenna's upturned rear. She screamed at the pain and Mr. Garber laughed. "Stings, doesn't it? You just remember that, because the next time your foot moves it's two punishment strokes."

Jerry stared in amazement at the crimson weal across the girl's buttocks. Her bottom was already a hot pink from her paddling, but the cane stroke was so red it made the pink skin look white. For a reason he couldn't fathom, the weal turned Jerry on something awful. His cock swelled to maximum extension and began to drool. It hurt so bad that Jerry almost reached down to touch it, until he regained his sanity.

Meanwhile, the foot whipping was continuing in the most miserable fashion. Jenna could do nothing to sooth the burning of her feet except wiggle, and that was dangerous. Twice more she moved her foot too much. For her second offense she was given two strokes across her bottom, and for the third, three. Her buttocks already bore six scarlet weals and her punishment wasn't finished!

Mr. Garber calmly and ruthlessly applied a dozen cane strokes to each foot. Toward the end of the foot punishment, Jenna couldn't stop wiggling her feet. It delighted Jerry to watch her striped with the thin rod. Though his heart ached imaging all the pain he knew she was enduring, he couldn't help but feel tremendously aroused.

"Ah, that's another wiggle!" cried the headmaster. "Seven penalty strokes this time!"

Jerry drooled with excitement as the man lined up the cane across Jenna's upturned bottom. Her ass nearly completely covered with juicy weals so the first stroke was laid across several others. Jenna shrieked and begged the headmaster for mercy. Her buttocks rocked from side to side as she wiggled her hips frantically, attempting to dissipate the pain. The Head ignored her and simply laid on stroke after stroke. Several he put low, across her upper thighs, which was no doubt a relief for Jenna's poor bottom, but her sensitive thighs paid the penalty.

The gyrations of Jenna's wonderful body was too much for Jerry: without even touching it, his cock burst and spurted, drooling white come down his stiff shaft. His eyes were closed as he groaned in ecstasy. When he opened them, it was to find the stern headmaster glaring at him. The tip of the cane was an inch away from his cock. As Jerry blushed and started, the cane flicked his dick with a light stingy blow.

"Ow!"

"You filthy, naughty, disgusting boy!" roared Mr. Garber. "On your feet, NOW! Bend over and touch your toes."

While Jerry struggled to get up and into the requested position, the man went to the cane cabinet and selected a long brown rattan cane. He returned, bending it and whistling it through the air in practice strokes that sent chills through the teenage boy.

"I shall make these hurt, boy. You don't \_dare\_ let go of your ankles if you know what's good for you."

Jerry didn't even need to know the consequences of disobedience: whatever it was it was sure to be horrible, worse that the caning he was about to receive. He vowed to not rise up no matter how much it hurt.

It hurt horribly. The first stroke cut across his buttocks like a knife. He could have sworn he was bleeding. After a half dozen he was amazed that there was this much pain in the world: it didn't seem that anything could hurt so much. He gritted his teeth and hung on, and tried to think of the lovely Jenna, still in position on the desk waiting for the rest of her foot whipping. He remembered their encounter in the hall, every sweet touch and glorious look from the cheerleader, and it warmed his heart and stiffened his resolve. The caning was awful, but the courage he gained from Jenna's presence made it endurable, and somehow Jerry survived the two dozen strokes without rising.

"Stay in position," said Mr. Garber, and Jerry heard him march over to Jenna and continue her foot whipping. The delay must have helped the girl, for which Jerry was pleased, because she held her feet still for the three strokes she had left, sparing her buttocks from further penalties.

Afterward, Mr. Garber had the two stand facing the wall, hands on head, for ten long minutes. Suddenly the man was behind Jerry and proceeded to paddle his rump twenty-five times with a fat wooden paddle. Jerry was howling, but took his licks as bravely as he could. He stood panting as the Head put down the paddle and moved to Jenna, spanking her with his hand fifty times. Her full buttocks bounced mischievously as she yelped and danced under the onslaught.

"That ought to do it," said the headmaster. "Turn around, both of you."

Jenna quickly obeyed, but Jerry was slower, blushing furiously. It took all of his strength to keep his hands on his head. His erection was huge and unmistakable.

"Oh my God!" gasped Jenna.

Mr. Garber was furious. He grabbed a leather tawse from the cabinet and whipped the back of Jerry's legs. Despite the pain, Jenna's admiring look kept Jerry hard for a long time. Gradually his erection softened.

"What are you smiling at?" roared the headmaster, suddenly turning on Jenna. She paled and stepped back, but the man's hand was already examining her. "You're as wet as a waterfall!" her cried. He turned her around and began thrashing her buttocks.

At first Jenna was horrified, and the first dozen strokes were hideous, but then she caught Jerry's smile and saw with astonishment he was swelling again! She barely felt the next dozen or two, and when Mr. Garber finally stopped and saw Jerry's huge cock, she had to stifle a laugh.

With the growl of a furious beast the Head tore into the young man, whipping him soundly. He didn't stop until Jerry's erection had subsided. Mr. Garber smiled, pleased, and then he saw Jenna.

"Damn it!" he shouted, his hand emerging damp. "What is it with you?" The strap flew through the air stinging Jenna's ass over and over again. Despite the assault, she began to giggle.

Mr. Garber paused. "What the--" He followed Jenna's gaze. "Oh shit!" he blurted out, seeing Jerry was once again a man. For a moment the headmaster looked like he would explode, but finally he sighed and threw down the strap. "I give up. You teenagers are always horny, and I guess it can't be whipped out of you."

Teary-eyed but smiling, the two well-thrashed teens left the headmaster's office. They took their time going back to class, stopping at a restroom to admire each other's marks. That quickly led to the mutual exchange of pleasure.

"We're gonna be really late for Mrs. Pamplemouse," Jerry said finally.

Jenna grinned. "Who?"

"She's gonna be furious. Probably spank us."

"Oh dear, I'm scared."

"Yes, you're so scared you're leaking," laughed Jerry, going down for a lick.

The pretty girl spread her legs and sighed. "I don't care if she beats us all night. In fact, I hope she does!"

"Oh yeah?"

"Yeah. You're damn sexy when you're getting your ass whacked, you know."

"That's doubly true for a certain young lady I know," winked Jerry.

"You liked watching my ass get smacked?"

"Loved it. Such a lovely ass, even lovelier in hot pink and covered with scarlet lines!"

Jenna laughed and kissed him, and then they did something that set them back another quarter of an hour.

Epilogue

Jenna's hope came true!

The End