**A Schoolgirl Spanking**

They were lying in bed, snuggled together after making love. Her bottom was

still blushed red, hot and lined with welts from the caning and paddling he had

given her before she rode his cock to orgasm.

She nuzzled her head into his chest. "Will you cane me like a schoolgirl

sometime?" she asked.

"How is a schoolgirl caned?"

"She has to bend over. Her headmaster raises her skirt and tucks it up so it

will not fall down. Then he pulls her knickers down and gives her 'twelve of the

best' with the cane, while she counts each stroke. She does not get a warm up

spanking and the strokes are given very hard. It hurts a lot, but if she

squirms, or misses the count, or gets up she gets extras."

"Does our schoolgirl cry?"

"Yes, she does"

"And what happens after the schoolgirl is punished?"

"Well... Maybe the headmaster might finds the sight of her bare welted bottom

and her pussy peeking out between her thighs irresistible and he takes her hard

from behind."

She put her hand down to his cock, which had grown rock hard. "I see that you

like naughty schoolgirls."

"Especially when they get caned hard."

He caressed her pussy with his index finger. The lips of her vulva were slick.

"I see that you like cruel headmasters."

"Oh yes, I love my headmaster, even though he spanks me very hard." She moved on

top of him, sliding his cock inside her. He cupped her buttocks in his hands as

she started to move, grinding her mons into him. He started slapping her bottom

which was still sore from the spanking he had given her earlier. They came

together.

The next Saturday he was sitting in the living room reading when she came down

from the bedroom carrying the cane and a piece of paper. She was wearing a plaid

skirt that come down to her mid thighs, a white blouse and a tie. Her hair was

in two braids and she was wearing white socks and saddle shoes. Her full breasts

pressed against the white fabric of the shirt, which was unbuttoned to show the

top of her white lace bra.

"I was told to give this to you, Sir", she told him as she handed him the paper.

The note said "This young lady has been repeatedly caught passing notes to boys

during class. Please give her twelve of the best, on the bare."

He put the note down on the coffee table and stood up. "Passing notes, young

lady! Its clear that you need a good hard spanking."

"You're to get twelve of the best, my girl?"

"Yes, Sir. I brought the cane, Sir." He took the cane that she offered to him.

"Well, we might as well get this over with. Bend over the back of the couch"

She bent over the couch, the back of the couch under her hips, her hands resting

on the seat cushions.

He raised the hem of her skirt, tucking it in the waist band, revealing a pair

of white lace string bikini knickers, stretched tightly over the round curve of

her bottom.

"I don't think that these are regulation school knickers, are they?", he said as

caressed her bottom beneath the transparent lace.

"No, Sir."

He pulled her knickers down to the middle of her thighs. "Passing notes to boys,

wearing slutty little knickers." He moved his hand between her thighs, caressing

her pussy. "Do you let boys touch you here? Do you like it a lot?" he asked,

rubbing her clit.

"Yes, Sir. It feels very good, Sir"

"You are a naughty girl. You need a hard spanking, don't you?"

"Yes, Sir"

"I'm going to add two strokes for wearing those slutty knickers and four strokes

for spreading you thighs for boys. And that brings the total to..."

"Eighteen strokes, Sir"

He moved away from her, standing on her left side. He tapped her bottom with the

cane. "Stay in position and do not get up until you're told. You are to count

each stroke. If you squirm, miss the count or get up you, will get extras. Are

you ready for your spanking?"

"Yes, Sir"

"Good girl"

Raised the cane and brought it down hard across her bare bottom. The cane left a

red welt across the top curve of her buttocks.

She drew in a breath sharply as she felt the burn of the cane stroke. "One", she

counted

He waited ten seconds and gave her the next stroke.

"Two"

As he caned her the strokes brought a cry before she counted out each stroke. By

the time he had given her the first dozen strokes she was crying like a spanked

little girl, her sobs mixed with her cries as she took each stroke, counting

them out. She was crying hard and did not count the fourteenth stroke.

"What number was that?" he asked

"Fourteen, Sir", she said between sobs.

"And what happens when you miss the count?"

"I get extras, Sir" she said in a small voice.

"Good girl. I'm going to give you that stroke over and add an extra stroke."

He brought the cane down hard across the bottom of her buttocks, near the crease

of her thighs. She cried out and counted "fourteen".

He gave her the next stroke across the center of her bottom and the following

one across the tops of her thighs. She squirmed.

He caressed her welted cheeks. "Such a naughty girl. Missing the count and

squirming. I'm going to have to give you the last stroke over and add another

punishment stroke."

He gave her another stroke and she counted "sixteen".

She stayed still and took the next two strokes, counting them out as she cried.

He let her catch her breath as he caressed her welted bottom. "And we have how

many punishment strokes?", he asked her.

"Two, Sir"

"And how are punishment strokes given?"

"Extra hard, Sir."

He slipped his hand between her thighs caressing her. "Good girl. That's right.

You don't have to count these, but I want you to thank me for each one."

She sobbed "Thank you, Sir" as she took the next two strokes.

She heard the rustle of his clothes as she lay crying over the back of the

couch. She stood up and saw that he had taken off his pants and underwear. His

cock was standing out, erect and hard.

"Did I give you permission to get up?" he asked severely

"No, Sir. I'm sorry, Sir", she said as she bent over again.

He slipped her knickers down her legs and she stepped out of them. She spread her

thighs as he moved his hand between them, caressing her. She slowly stopped

crying as the pleasure of his caresses on her bottom and her clit replaced the

burning pain of the cane. He spread her pussy lips, opening her for his cock.

Her lips were slick with arousal. Holding her from behind, he slipped into her,

thrusting in and out of her slowly. She arched her bottom up, pushing back,

taking him deeper, starting to move against him.

"Stay still", he ordered.

He fucked her slower for another couple of minutes and then withdrew. "I want

you to ask me to give you another four strokes for being a naughty girl and

getting up before I gave you permission."

The caning had hurt so much and she dreaded the thought of four more strokes.

"May I please have another four strokes for getting up before you gave me

permission Sir?", she asked softly, her voice catching on "four strokes".

He picked up the cane. "Yes, you may." He tapped her bottom with the cane. "Now

get that bottom up high", he ordered.

She arched her bottom upward. He thought that she looked beautiful, her lovely

ass, lined with cane welts, offered for the punishment, her pussy offered to his

cock. He gave her four cane strokes, hard and slow. She was crying again after

the first stroke.

She was still crying as he entered her again, his strokes harder and faster this

time, thrusting into her deeply, pushing her against the couch. As he took her

he could feel her hot welted buttocks under his loins. She moved her left hand

under her, rubbing her clit, bracing herself with her right arm. It felt so good

as he pushed into her, but it hurt too, as he slammed hard against her sore

welted ass. The itch of orgasm started to build up in her as she pressed against

her clit with her fingers. She pushed her ass up more, taking him a little

deeper inside her, the pain fading from her buttocks and thighs. He come and she

followed a few seconds later.

She lay limp over the back of the couch, the pain from the cane welts returning.

"That's what happens to naughty schoolgirls who pass notes" he told her.