**A Schoolgirl's Spanking**

by[Totzman](https://www.literotica.com/stories/memberpage.php?uid=705030&page=submissions)©

As a guidance counselor for an all girls preparatory school, my job is to oversee the girls' development in becoming successful young women. As is happens, many times the girls, being young and often misguided, require a little extra attention in order to help keep them on their paths to success. My name is Hannah Bloomemfield, and I have held this job for fifteen years. During those fifteen years, I can say that at one time or another, every girl who has attended my school has, at one point or another, required this extra attention. If you are unsure of what this attention is which I am referring, I will tell you simply. Part of my job requires punishing the girls physically. Yes, we do practice corporal punishment at my school, and we do not practice it lightly or sparingly.  
  
The type of corporal punishment we provide is usually a spanking, performed with a paddle or often a cane if the girl has been especially insubordinate. The paddling or caning is performed on the girl's behind, with minimal if any clothing to provide cover.  
  
As a general rule, the girls are required to lift their skirts or dresses, or remove them completely, so that they may be spanked on the seat of their panties. Often, however, I may see fit to instruct the girls to remove their panties, so that they may be spanked on the bare bottom.  
  
My job grants me full authority over the girls, and as such, I can implement punishments as I see fit without question. All of the girls at my school understand this authority, and know never to question me regardless of whether my ruling is fair. If I wished, I could ask any girl in the school to come to my office and undress completely, and if she objected, I could increase her punishment. Every girl in the school understands that I have this power, and for that reason, very, very few girls object to any of my instructions.  
  
As I said before, every girl in the school has at one time or another, been to my office and received this type of discipline. This is not because my school has a behavioral problem, just the opposite. My school simply has very high standards. For instance, if a girl were to forget a homework assignment one day, I could have cause to punish her for that. If a girl were to speak up in class without being called upon, her teacher could choose to send her to my office for the infraction. Now this is not to say that every time a girl makes the slightest mistake she is punished with a bare bottomed spanking, in fact most times these small infractions are overlooked. However, I do keep a list in my office with the names of every girl in the school, and every time one of those girls is sent to my office for a little one-on-one attention from my paddle or cane, I put a little checkmark next to her name. As the school year progresses, I take note of how many check marks appear next to each girl's name. If I should notice a girl has what I consider to be too few check marks next to her name, I will instruct her teachers to keep an eye on her. More often than not, that student will be sent to my office within the week.  
  
I do not spank students to be mean or sadistic, I simply believe that corporal punishment is something a girl needs to experience often in order to have a well-adjusted education. Therefore I use my lists to ensure that every girl in the school pays me a visit a minimum of three to four times per school year. Most girls in the school will have visited me about twenty times in the course of their education at the school.  
  
Now you may be wondering why I am telling you all of this. Chances are, if you are reading this, it is because you have a fetish for spanking. If this is true, do not feel ashamed. There is nothing wrong with having a spanking fetish, and it is perfectly normal to be aroused by the thought of punishing a pretty girl. I personally am a straight woman, and even I can understand the appeal of witnessing a beautiful young lady being made to partially disrobe, and seeing her bending over so that her bottom is exposed and vulnerable. I can understand why a man might enjoy imagining the embarrassment the girl feels at being made to assume such an immodest position while awaiting the pain that is soon to follow. And I can certainly understand how it might be exciting to some to see and hear the smack of a paddle or crack of a cane against the soft, tender bottom of an attractive young lady.  
  
So if you are one of these people, if you are one of those men or women who take pleasure in a young woman's spanking, I promise you I do not judge you and I do not think any less of you. It is perfectly acceptable to derive joy from this, and I welcome you to openly express your enjoyment here, in the privacy of this story, between you and me. No one else needs to know, and you are free to do as you please.  
  
Now, I have a delectable surprise in store for you. Right now, a very pretty girl is on her way to my office. She is nineteen years old, has curly brown hair that falls just below her shoulders, and bright blue eyes. She has long, lovely legs, a slim waist, beautiful breasts, and a cute, round and firm bottom. She is a member of the school swim team and she plays the violin. Her name is Sara Patterson, and when she gets here, I am going to give her a spanking.  
  
Sara was late three times this month, and it has been some time since her last punishment, so she is certainly due. When she gets here, I intend to give her a well-deserved caning, and I am inviting you to be a silent, invisible presence in the room as it is done. Sara will not know you are here. You will be in the room. You will see everything that I see. You will know everything that Sara feels and thinks during her experience with me, without her even knowing it. You will get a detailed account of everything that happens in this room, as it happens.  
  
Now, keep in mind this is meant to be a learning experience for Sara, but that is no reason why it cannot be an erotic experience for you. Sara is not going to enjoy the pain she will be experiencing a few minutes from now, but you are absolutely welcome to enjoy her pain if you wish. I should let you know that I selected Sara to share with you because she is one of the most attractive girls in my school. She has a very fit, sexy body and when she gets here, I will be asking her to completely disrobe for your pleasure. As I told you before, I do not always require girls to undress for their punishments, however today I will be asking Sara to show a little more skin then usual since you are present to enjoy it. Sara understands my authority and she will comply with my request without question.  
  
Now, due to Sara's exceptional good looks and state of undress I will be asking her to assume, you will likely become highly aroused while witnessing her disciplinary session. Let me tell you now this is perfectly normal. You are encouraged to enjoy Sara's humiliating punishment as much as you wish, and since you are an invisible presence, you might even wish to masturbate while doing so. Do not feel embarrassed about this. Many people find masturbation enjoyable while witnessing a spanking, especially a spanking of a very attractive nude girl like Sara. I personally have no objection to masturbation, so if you should feel the desire to masturbate during Sara's caning, I strongly encourage you to do so. My intention is to make Sara's entire ordeal as enjoyable for you as possible.  
  
With that said, we are ready to proceed. Sit back, make yourself completely comfortable. You might wish to get yourself a drink before we continue. Get yourself completely settled in. Are you ready? Then let's get started. Simply continue reading, and the humiliating and painful punishment of Sara Patterson will begin...  
  
There is a knock at the door, and I promptly open it. Sara Patterson steps into the room. She is dressed in a white button-down blouse, a short plaid skirt, and black heels without socks. Her hair is tied back into a ponytail. Sara nervously clutches her bookbag, which she keeps slung over her shoulder.  
  
"Come in, Sara," I say. "Close the door behind you."  
  
Sara steps into my office and closes the door.  
  
"Now, Sara, do you know why you're here?"  
  
Sara trembles before answering.  
  
"Because of my lateness, ma'am," Sara says.  
  
"That's correct," I say. "Is there something keeping you from getting to your classes on time?"  
  
"Well ma'am, sometimes I feel like there isn't enough time between classes. I like to catch up with friends, and also have to make sure I have all my books for each class, and I sometimes run a bit behind," Sara says.  
  
I nod to her.  
  
"Yes Sara, but it is your responsibility to get to class in time, regardless of your other commitments," I say.  
  
"Yes, ma'am," Sara says.  
  
"Now, you've been late to three classes this month, and I see this as an ongoing problem," I say. "To address this problem, you are going to be punished."  
  
"Yes, ma'am," Sara says. Her heart pumps faster; she is getting scared.  
  
"Now I've given you the paddle before, correct?" I say.  
  
"Yes ma'am," Sara says. "It really hurt, and I learned my lesson."  
  
"Well the paddle may have hurt, but this time I feel you need something a little worse."  
  
I can see the fear in her eyes. She is dreading what is going to happen next.  
  
"Yes, Sara, this time, I'm giving you the cane," I say.  
  
Sara is absolutely terrified. This is her first time getting the cane, and she is never going to forget it.  
  
"Ye-e-es, ma'am," Sara says. She is too nervous to get the words out of her mouth.  
  
"Good," I say. "Now would you please retrieve the cane and place it on my desk?"  
  
"Yes, ma'am," Sara says. Sara steps towards the back wall, and retrieves the sturdy wooden cane from its place next to my other spanking implements. Sara makes her way back to my desk, and places the cane atop it.  
  
The last time Sara was punished, she got the paddle on top of her panties. She likely has no idea that this time, she is going to be caned on her bare bottom. It's time for her to find out.  
  
"You may get undressed now, Sara," I say. I intentionally do not specify whether she is to remove all of her clothing or just some of it. I simply wait to see how she reacts to my instruction. She places her book bag on the floor. She looks as though she is about to ask whether that includes her underwear. But she does not. Sara unbuttons her blouse and removes it. She places her blouse onto a nearby chair. Sara then unbuttons her skirt and lets it fall to her ankles.  
  
She is not used to being seen in this state of undress. She is now wearing only her bra and panties, and her heels. She turns to face me, and now I feel the question coming.  
  
But she is too nervous to ask. She doesn't want to risk looking foolish. But she doesn't want to be seen nude either. She finally eeks out the words.  
  
"Everything?" Sara asks meekly.  
  
"Everything," I say in no uncertain terms. Here you go boys, I hope you enjoy it. Sara unhooks her bra fastener and places her bra onto the chair as well.  
  
Fantastic breasts, aren't they? So large, and so full! I bet you see now why I picked Sara from all the other girls for you feast your horny eyes. It's okay, you can look! Remember, she doesn't know you're here. You can stare at her breasts for as long as you want. She doesn't get to leave until I let her.  
  
Well, I'm sure you want to get the spanking underway. I tell Sara to turn around and touch her toes. She does as I ask. She can see my other spanking implements leaning against the wall in front of her. A chill runs up her spine. I take the cane off my desk and step towards her.  
  
"You may lower your panties," I say.  
  
Sara takes hold of her panties and pulls them down to her mid-thigh area. As she does, she catches a glimpse of me approaching her from behind, cane in hand. There is no mistaking the fear in her eyes.  
  
I place the cane against her buttocks, to let her get a feel of it first.  
  
"You'll be getting twelve strokes," I say. "You'll count them off as we go. As always, we will begin after you politely request it."  
  
Sara gulps. This is it for her. As for all of you watching, I hope you're nice and warmed up because this is the moment which you've been waiting.  
  
"Miss Bloomenfield?" Sara asks. "May I have my caning?"  
  
"Yes," I say. I remove the cane for a second, and then give her bottom a light tap. It's important to tease before a caning; it heightens their senses and helps builds on their dread. Sara jumps at the touch of the tap so I know my method is effective.  
  
I wait about ten seconds and then I administer the first stroke.  
  
WHACK!  
  
Sara squeals.  
  
"One, ma'am," Sara says. She follows directions well. There is a reason she gets sent to my office less often than some of the other girls.  
  
I swing the cane again.  
  
WHACK!  
  
Sara moans in agony. She knew a caning would hurt, but she wasn't expecting this.  
  
"Two ma'am," Sara says. Her voice is weaker now. She will have much difficulty making it to twelve strokes. She hasn't let out any tears yet, but they are on their way. Every girl who has gotten the cane by my hand is reduced to tears by the sixth stroke. Sara seems particularly sensitive, so I expect her to break by the third or fourth.  
  
I swing the cane again.  
  
WHACK!  
  
"Owwwww!" Sara moans. Her breathing has become deeper; this may be it.  
  
"Three, ma'am," Sara says, but no sniffles. She's managed to hold them back, but not for long, of that I am certain. I swing the cane again.  
  
WHACK!  
  
Sara squeals.  
  
"Four ma'am," and the sniffles are here. Sara sobs silently as her body trembles in pain.  
  
WHACK!  
  
"Five, ma'am," Sara says between tears. Her body shakes and her panties fall from her thighs all the way to her ankles. I take note on where the cane marks are placed on her bottom, and I make a mental note to ensure she gets equal attention on every part. When caning a girl, I personally prefer to begin on the buttocks and gradually move down to the thighs. I have learned through trial and error which areas on the buttocks are the most sensitive, and I make sure to cane the girls the most on those areas.  
  
WHACK!  
  
Sara shrieks, and takes half a step forward. It is quite difficult to maintain a standing position while bending over without support, so I place a chair in front of Sara for her to rest her hands.  
  
"Six ma'am," Sara cries.  
  
We are now halfway though the caning, so I give Sara another "teasing tap" to test her sensitivity. She jumps at the softest touch of the cane, so I am pleased I've instilled a sense of fear and respect for the cane. I hold the cane against her buttocks for several seconds before taking the next swing.  
  
WHACK!  
  
"Seven, ma'am," Sara cries. She grips the chair hard, trying to put the pain out of her mind. I swing again.  
  
WHACK!  
  
Sara emits a noise that does not sound like a number, so I wait to hear it. She sobs for several seconds.  
  
"Sara?" I ask.  
  
"Ei-eight, ma'am," Sara says between breaths.  
  
"That's what I thought I heard," I say. "But if I have to ask again, the stroke will be repeated, understand?"  
  
Sara quickly nods her head.  
  
"Yes, ma'am," Sara says. I examine the cane marks on her behind. I made sure to put several on the very lower part of her buttocks and some on her upper thighs, or her "sit spot." In this way, I've ensured that Sara will find sitting in any position comfortably for the next seven to ten days to be impossible.  
  
With her buttocks thoroughly caned, I decide to place the last four cane strokes on the very sensitive inner thigh area. All girls absolutely hate this, so I find it makes an impressionable finale for an effective caning experience.  
  
"Now Sara, you're going to spread your legs apart for me, nice and wide," I say.  
  
Sara sniffles for a second, and then steps out of her panties that have gathered around her shoes. She spreads her legs apart as I asked.  
  
"Wider," I say. "As wide as you can. There, that's a good girl."  
  
Sara now has her legs almost at a ninety-degree angle, relying on the support of the chair to keep her standing. This will make it much easier for me to cane the very soft and sensitive inner thigh area just below her buttocks. Being caned in this area is absolutely excruciating, to the point that many girls I punish in this manner often become uncooperative.  
  
Sara takes solace in having been told that she is "a good girl," and that is precisely why I tell her so. I have found that giving the girls a compliment often helps ease them into a sense of greater complacency, which is necessary when administering such a severe punishment as this. With the comfort of those words, Sara, out of fear of disappointing me, will make an extra effort to remain cooperative for these final four strokes against such a very sensitive part of her body. I've learned through years of experience that this is a very effective method of manipulating the girls into submitting to punishments far more severe than they might normally be able to tolerate. Sara does not realize it, but I've just manipulated her into lowering her emotional defenses. She has made herself vulnerable to immense pain, but all she is thinking about is how pleased she is that she has just won my favor. Now, I've ensured that Sara is both physically and emotionally ready to have her punishment carried out to completion  
  
I mentally plan my next four swings, and I take the first swiftly.  
  
WHACK!  
  
Sara's squeals have now graduated to full on wailing. It is possible she has never experienced this much discomfort in her life.  
  
"Nine, ma'am!" Sara screams. I nod and swing again.  
  
WHACK!  
  
"Ten, ma'am!" Sara screams. Even through her anguish, Sara might be making the mistaken assumption that she should be happy she only has two more strokes remaining. However, even if I were to stop caning her now, her agony would continue to last for hours. The worst part of a caning is effectively not the caning itself, but the aftermath. Sara will find this out very soon to her great disappointment. I cane Sara again.  
  
WHACK!  
  
Sara sobs. She takes a breath. She sniffles.  
  
"Eleven, ma'am!" Sara says, with almost no strength left in her voice. It is now time to administer Sara's final stroke. For you gentlemen who are currently stroking your swollen and hard members, now may be the time to release your loads, and shoot that creamy white goo all over. I raise the cane once more, and dispense the final stroke against Sara's naked bottom.  
  
WHACK!  
  
Sara does nothing but cry. Perhaps it is the pain, or the relief of being finished, but she cries, and says nothing more.  
  
"Sara?" I ask.  
  
"Twelve, ma'am!" Sara says. I shake my head.  
  
"I shouldn't have had to prompt you," I say.  
  
"No, please!" Sara pleads, between her tears.  
  
"Once, more," I say, and I swing the cane again. Harder, since I had to repeat it.  
  
WHACK!  
  
"Twelve, ma'am," Sara says again.  
  
"That's better," I say. "What a shame, you failed to count on your last stroke."  
  
Sara's beautiful bottom now features brutal red and blue cane marks across both cheeks, the back of her thighs, and on her inner thighs. I place the cane across my desk.  
  
"Sara, you may stand now," I say.  
  
Sara painfully pulls herself to her feet. She turns to face me, and I can see her face is stained with tears. She will never forget this moment for the rest of her life.  
  
"Now what do you say?" I ask.  
  
"Thank you," Sara says. "Thank you, ma'am."  
  
"You're welcome," I say. "Now, before you dress, you may put the cane back in its place against the back wall."  
  
Sara obediently takes the cane from my desk, and places it exactly where she was told. She walks slowly and uncomfortably, as she will for several days. Sara dresses herself, wincing in pain as she pulls her panties back up over her swollen behind.  
  
Once she is fully dressed, she turns back towards me.

"May I go back to class, ma'am?" Sara asks.  
  
"Yes, you may," I say.  
  
Sara opens the door, and steps out of my office, making sure to close it behind her. Once she is gone, I take out my list of the students, and put a check mark next to Sara Patterson's name.  
  
And there you have it. I truly hope you've enjoyed yourself. I hope sexy Sara and her humiliating punishment was arousing and stimulating for you, and I do hope it was enough to bring you to a satisfying orgasm! It is my pleasure to share my beautiful girls and their severe (yet necessary) punishments with those that will appreciate them. Please know that you are welcome to return any time you wish and observe as many spankings as you like. And as you walk through the halls of my school and happen to notice any fetching young females in which you have a particular interest, be sure to let me know who they are! I can see to it that your preferred girl makes a visit to my office very soon!