Girl's School Disciplinarian

PART I

 By Bobbi

 Richard Hazel was delighted that he had been selected

from among several applicants to be the assistant headmaster, or

in this case assistant to the headmistress, of one of the most

exclusive girl's school in the country. The entire staff of

Greenwich Academy was female, except for a very elderly biology

teacher and, now, Richard. Fresh from school, himself, having

just received his master's in English literature, Richard had

been looking for a teaching position. An interview over lunch

with Greenwich's lovely headmistress, Ann Henderson, had

clinched the job.

 "You know the assistant head acts as the school

disciplinarian." Ann had said grinning broadly, "I wonder if you

are aware of that." Richard was, indeed, unaware of that part

of the job and Ann had explained the discipline practices at

Greenwich.

 "Girls are sent here by very conservative families who

want them to behave in a traditional way. Therefore, they

insist on old-fashioned discipline and give us written

authorization to administer it." Ann Henderson laughed when

Richard continued to look puzzled. "We use corporal punishment,

Richard," she said. "In addition to teaching them literature,

you will have to spank them - that is the younger ones. Girls

16 and older are put over a punishment horse and a rattan cane

is applied to their bare bottoms."

 She smiled at his obvious embarrassment. "You'll get

used to it. There is always a female there to help you, usually

me, and we do all the bottom baring that is necessary. All you

have to do is apply the punishment."

 At the thought that he would be spanking bare female

backsides, Richard had blushed deeply. Then, as he cooled off,

he noticed that the conversation was really exciting his new

superior. "Ms. Henderson," he said finally, "I'll try to do the

job properly." She had insisted on his calling her Ann and,

when they shook hands to seal their new relationship, her hand

had lingered on his arm squeezing it warmly.

 That had been a few weeks ago before the beginning of

the new term. Now, the school year was well under way and

tonight was his first experience as disciplinarian. With some

hesitation, he walked toward his office exactly at 8:00 P.M.,

the time set for the week's punishments. There were three girls

waiting for him on the bench outside the office, their eyes

averted and obviously distressed as they anticipated their

fate. One of them, apparently the oldest, looked quite adult

and well developed notwithstanding the school uniform that she

wore. For a moment their eyes met and the girl blushed deeply as

she recognized the man who was about to discipline her.

 Ann was already in the office preparing for the evening

session. She had placed a straight backed chair in the center

of the room and rolled the horse out of a closet, firmly

locking its wheels in place after it had been set in an open

area of the office. It was the kind used for gymnastics with a

padded leather top.

 "We start with the youngest." Ann said,"that gives the

older girls a little more time to think about what's coming and

they appreciate the lesson all the more. This paddle is what we

use on the youngsters." She handed him a thin wooden paddle

through which several smooth round holes had been drilled.

 At a signal from Ann, another female teacher who was

assisting brought the first girl into the room. She was a very

nervous 12 year old who had been caught stealing . "Well,

Doris," said Ann, "you're going to get a spanking and I hope you

learn not to take other people's things. Now, go and place

yourself over Mr. Hazel's lap."

 The young girl, tears already beginning to roll down her

cheeks, begged to be spared the painful punishment. "Please, Ms.

Henderson, I don't want to be..to be spanked. I'll never do it

again."

 "Nonsense, Doris, you deserve a spanking and you're

going to get one. If you delay, it will only be harder for you."

 Crying loudly, the girl lay across Richard's lap as he

adjusted her small body so that the child's buttocks were

properly positioned under his right hand. Ann lifted Doris's

school uniform jumper out of the way and lowered the white

cotton knickers to a point just under the curve of the bottom

cheeks completely exposing the spanking area. Taking the

paddle, Richard applied it to the round cheeks firmly,

alternating from one to the other.

 "Yike........yeow......oh......ouch." The hapless girl

yelped as the paddle struck her resiliant bottom cheeks, each

solid smack leaving a red blotch on the girl's round backside.

As Doris kicked her legs vigorously, Richard realized that the

paddle was imparting a painful sting even though he was not

swinging it very hard. A simple snap of the wrist brought the

wicked instrument rushing through the air to hit the exposed

bottom with a loud report. The howl from the young student

testified to the pain it must be causing.

 After a few minutes, the young bottom had been reddened

considerably and the well-spanked child was tearfully promising

ideal conduct. Richard looked at Ann who nodded her agreement

that Doris had been sufficiently punished. Richard released the

girl, who quickly pulled up her knickers and ran from the room.

"Very well done," said Ann, "you did that quite well and knew

when to stop." Ann's own face was flushed with excitement. "I

have difficulty with that and, since we don't want to punish the

Šgirls excessively, I prefer that the assistant head do it,

although this is the first time we've had a man.

 The next girl to be ushered into the room was a 15 year

old who had violated the school's smoking rules several times.

Ann recited the various incidents to her and announced the

punishment. The young lady blushed furiously as she realized

that she was to be spanked and hesitated before taking her place

across Richard's lap.

 "Come, young lady," Ann commanded, "get over there.

Next year you will feel the sting of the cane. I think you

would prefer the spanking."

 This time the regulation knickers were lowered to reveal

a very well developed female bottom. The girl's twin cheeks

were exquisite and Richard could not resist admiring them before

he began to spank the lovely mounds of bottom flesh.

Nevertheless, he administered the spanking as objectively as

possible causing the cheeks to wiggle and squeeze as the sting

of the paddle penetrated into the soft and yielding flesh.

 "Ouch..........oh..........don't...........Yeow.....

please stop..............Agh." The teenager's howls mingled

with the sharp smacks of the paddle as the girl's legs kicked

and waved in the air giving Richard a delightful view of her

vulva and pussy lips.

 It seemed to Richard that spanking a lovely young girl

was not altogether unpleasant. He could feel his own excitement

stiffen as the girl bounced and wiggled over his lap, rubbing

against what he hoped was not an obvious bulge. Richard was

more than ready to terminate the punishment when the reddened

bottom cheeks and the penitent wails of the teenager indicated

that the lesson had been learned.

 When released from her humiliating posture, the young

girl stood, her knickers at her ankles, exposing the furry thatch

of her pubic mound as well as her chastised bottom cheeks which

she rubbed vigorously. Richard, slightly embarrassed by this

display, began to blush. This seemed to amuse the females

present, including the punished student who slowly, and somewhat

painfully, wriggled into her knickers while affording Richard

another vivid view of her rosy twin mounds.

 When the young girl left the room, Ann walked over to

Richard and, bringing her face close to his, whispered so that

only he could hear her. "Don't be upset. It's perfectly natural

for you to be stimulated by these girls. We'll discuss this

later. Now, it's time to see what you can do with the cane"

 At Ann's signal, the other teacher escorted the last,

and oldest, student into the room. She was the very mature 17

year old whom Richard had noticed before and, obviously, in her

last year at the Academy. Her well developed figure made even

the school uniform look delightful and the short jumper revealed

lovely legs. As a senior, she was priveleged to wear

pantyhose and shoes with moderate heels, all of which added to

her erotic appearance.

 "My dear Alice," said Ann addressing the girl, "last

year you were a chronic curfew violater and you seem to be

getting off to the same start this year, but this time with a

twist." Turning to Richard, Ann continued. "You are aware of

Edgewood, the school for boys at the end of the road.

Unfortunately, it's too close for our comfort. Last week Alice

was discovered in a boy's room over there. The headmaster

brought her back to us and assured me that the boy would be

properly punished. Since they have the same discipline policy as

we do, I assume he is paying for his fun in the same way that

our Alice will."

 The girl's face reddened as she responded. "I was just

visiting and lost track of time. I didn't do anything wrong -

nothing happened - believe me. We were just talking."

 "I'm sure," said Ann sarcastically, "then how did your

knickers wind up on the floor of his room."

 Alice, thoroughly embarrassed by this confrontation, and

the dreaded chastisement in store for her, began to sob. "We..

...we were just [sniff].....oh, I don't see why I can't be

treated like an adult. I'm almost 18.

 "You were just about to say that you were starting to

have sex when you were interrupted," suggested Ann. "You should

consider yourself lucky that you were. When you are 18, you can

do what you wish. However, you are not there yet and it is my

obligation to see that you are maintained under discipline."

 The ladies escorted the tearful Alice to the horse and

bent her over it so that her backside was uppermost on the

padded top and her feet barely touched the floor. Leather cuffs

hung from the frame of the device and these were used to

imprison the girl's hands. Smiling, Ann lifted the jumper out

of the way and lowered the hose and the knickers underneath to

expose a well form pair of bottom cheeks already wriggling with

embarrassment and anticipation. "Very well, Mr. Hazel, let's see

if a dozen strokes will improve Alice's behavior.

 Grasping the rattan cane firmly, Richard tested it once

by whipping it through the air. The reaction of the young lady

whose bare bottom was exposed for punishment suggested that she

had heard its sound. Again he brought the rattan through the

air but this time he applied it smartly to the twin cheeks

before him.

 Instantly, a red welt appeared on the quivering mounds

accompanied by a moan of pain. Alice gasped again as Richard

laid on a stroke. Pausing briefly, he again wielded the cane

placing a stripe almost immediately below the first one.

 "Yeow..", Alice shrieked, kicking violently with her

feet and managing to drum on the floor with the tips of her

shoes as the sting spread across her naked backside.

"Oh....please, it hurts terribly."

 Richard studied his target for the next stroke. The

girl's buttocks were raised high and presented perfectly for

punishment. Not only were the bare hillocks in evident view,

but the humiliating posture also exposed a substantial part of

the intimate area between them. Richard found himself becoming

aroused by the sight of the pussy lips, surrounded by a furry

thatch of pubic hair, and hidden in the cleft betweeen the

quivering bottom cheeks.

Nevertheless, Richard recalled himself to the job at

hand and continued to wield the cane on Alice's wiggling and

naked posterior, pausing briefly between each stroke to allow

the full effect to be felt. Alice's shrieks served to reassure

Richard that his performance was effective just as the reddening

stripes, criss-crossing the pale mounds of Alice's bottom, gave

proof that the punishment was being well applied.

 By the 8th stroke, Alice was howling hysterically.

"Oh..., please............oh this is awful.......it

hurts....yeow.........I promise I'll never do it again."

 When the final strokes had been applied without mercy to

the wailing Alice, the hand restraints were removed from the

sobbing young lady. She remained over the horse, however,

bawling miserably and seemingly unwilling to endure the

humilation of facing her tormentors. Instead, for a few

minutes, she continued to present an erotic display of bottom

cheeks covered with fiery red welts and, as she wiggled and

bounced with pain, a furry cunt visibly moist from her exciting

ordeal.

 It seemed to Richard that he had an erection that could

not be calmed as he contemplated the ease with which he could

insert his stiff manhood between those wet pussy lips.

Embarrassed, himself, Richard quickly sat down as the ladies

helped Alice dismount.

 The girl removed her hosiery and knickers, not wishing to

endure the friction of underclothes against her chastised

backside, and with a quick and wistful glance at Richard, fled

sniffling from room, her jumper skirt barely covering her red

bottom.

 Ann dismissed the female assistant with a nod, then

locked the office door. Smiling, she approaced Richard, aware

of his embarrassed situation. "She was cute, I must admit," Ann

said.

 Ann knelt in front of Richard and, to his dismay,

unzipped his pants and freed his tormented cock from the

clothing which had imprisoned it. "Now relax," Ann murmered,

"these sessions get me horny too, so I suggest we simply do what

is neccessary to obtain relief. Do you agree"?

 Richard could only moan in response as Ann inserted his

stiffend cock between her red lips. In a few moments, his

delighted sighs filled the room and evidenced his assent.

 GIRLS' SCHOOL DISCIPLINARIAN

 PART II

 Richard Hazel had settled in comfortably as a

teacher and as assistant to the head of Greenwich Academy, an

exclusive private school for girls. To his delight, he

discovered that the primary function of his administrative job

was the spanking of those young ladies who violated the school's

strict rules - a responsibility which he handled very well and

which was sexually stimulating to him. The spankings were also

stimulating to Ann Henderson, his boss and the school's

headmistress, a required witness to each of the bare bottom

chastisements. As a result, he found himself the happy object

of Ann's attentions after each friday night punishment session,

with his cock nearly buried in the lady's eager mouth or between

her equally hungry pussy lips.

 As the school term advanced, however, the demands on his

disciplinary skills abated. After the first few weeks, the pain

and humiliation of the first few miscreants seemed to serve as

an object lesson for all of the girls. Although each spanking

was privately administered, the sound of the paddle or the cane

followed by anguished cries could be heard by other girls on

their way to the school store, club meetings or other evening

activities. Undoubtedly, also, the sight of a sniffling teenage

girl walking uncomfortably back to her dormitory, while rubbing

at her stinging posterior, sent a message to her peers that

inappropriate behavior was dealt with severely at the Academy.

 So it was that Richard's mind was not on disciplinary

duties on the particular afternoon that Ann walked into his

office. He had been grading papers and looked up at the

interruption.

 "Richard, my sweet," smiled Ann, "we have a problem on

our hands and I want you in on it. Mrs. Harris just had a

report from one of her 9th graders. Apparently, the child's

roommate has a badly bruised backside and she was worried about

it. Someone has been walloping her. Have you been practicing

your spanking after school?"

 Richard ignored the jibe. "This fits in with what I've

heard before. I think we have some sort of secret organization

operating in the Upper School. Some of my students have

suggestted it, but noone is willing to talk about it. I'm told

it's called the Ladies of the Evening because they meet at

night, after lights out, and they like the joke which the name

creates."

 "I intend to get to the bottom of this," said Ann

angrily. "I won't have that kind of nonsense in my school. If

anyone is going to smack ass, it will be me. Or you, dear,"

she said, softening and bending to kiss Richard. "I will send

for the girl immediately and bring her here."

 About 10 minutes later, Ann returned to Richard's office

followed by a reluctant teenager. Ann smiled as the girl

declined an invitation to be seated. "Betty," she said

addressing the nervous 14 year old, "I understand that you have

been smacked around a little. How did it happen?"

 "It's nothing, Ms. Henderson," the girl mumbled.

 "Nevertheless, you will tell me...about that and about

the Ladies of the Evening."

$HThe reference to the secret organization definitely

struck home and a flush crept over the girl's face. "I...I

can't talk about it," she said.

 Sternly, the young headmistress seated herself in one of

the chairs and pulled the surprised Betty over her lap. In a

moment, the girls uniform skirt had been raised and her knickers
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Šlowered. Betty's full bottom cheeks, now exposed, revealed a

number of red blotches, obviously the result of their having

been smacked repeatedly with a hard implement. Embarrassed that

her pudgy mounds were now on display in Richard's presence, the

girl wiggled and groaned.

 "O. K. my girl. We get the truth out of you or I will

ask Mr. Hazel to lend me his paddle and I will personally give

you another dose."

 At this Betty began to wail. "Oh, please," she

blubbered, "Don't spank me, I've had enough. I'll tell you

but....but you can't tell them I told....they'll kill me."

 Tearfully, with her ample bare mounds in the air over

Ann's knees, Betty disclosed the secret of the Ladies of the

Evening. As Richard had surmised, the group purported to be a

secret sorority started by 5 10th grade girls 2 years ago. The

leaders were now seniors but each year they had each recruited a

9th grader so that the group now numbered 15. Betty was one of

five 9th grade candidates chosen for this year.

 "How does the bottom warming enter into all this"? Ann

applied a gentle smack to the upraised bottom on her lap as she

asked the question and was delighted by the yelp of pain from

the youngster.

 "We.....we have to do things for the sisters, that's the

older girls who are already in, and if you don't do what you're

supposed to, or if its not right, well....you get the paddle."

 Betty went on to describe the punishmnent session which

was held for those unlucky candidates who had committed

infractions. The offender was made to bend over the back of

chair, placing both hands flat on the seat. Then her skirt was

raised and knickers lowered to the floor. In that humiliating

posture, the girl received the alloted number of strokes from

each of the "sisters" applied with a college fraternity paddle

which one of them had obtained from her older brother. The

result was that the backsides of several 9th graders had been

given a severe workout.

 "You must know, Betty," said Ann, giving the girl

another sharp spank, "that secret societies or sororities of any

kind are against our rules. As of this moment you are out of

it. I will deal with the Ladies myself."

 Ann's hand moved softly over the Betty's tormented

cheeks as the girl wiggled in nervous anticipation. "Now, dear,"

Ann said, "if you are ready to give me the names, I think we can

let you go back to rubbing that sore backside."

 Later that evening, the headmistress of Greenwich

Academy lay on her back in Richard's bed, her legs apart and

waving in the air as she held him in the "saddle" formed by her

thighs and buttocks. Between groans of pleasure Ann recounted

the details of her meeting with the 15 girls named by Betty.

Threatened with immediate expulsion, the "Ladies" had begged for

some alternative punishment and, after a suitable period of

suspense, Ann had relented. "Wait till you hear what I have

planned," she murmered. Then she gasped loudly as Richard's cock

plunged further between her pussy lips.

 Although there was no formal announcement, that friday

evening a large number of girls from the upper school filled the

stands in the gymnasium as the story circulated that the

snobbish members of the forbidden sorority were to be

disciplined in the presence of their peers. From the locker

area, Richard and Ann led an unhappy string of "Ladies" onto the

gym floor. The 15 girls were dressed only in tee shirts and

knickers, as their bouncing breasts and protruding nipples

demonstrated. A number of chairs had been set up and, at Ann's

instructions, they sat down to await their punishment,
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Šembarrassed at the presence of an audience. A scorers table had

been set up in the middle of the floor and small gym mats had

been draped over both ends.

 "You girls have violated school rules by forming a

secret society and participating in forbidden activities." Ann

was addressing the 15, but the spectators, expectantly hushed,

were listening to every word.

 "The worst part of it all is that you treated your

younger schoolmates with brutality and encouraged a snobbish

attitude among the other members of your group. I think that,

after our talk, almost all of you are now aware that the Ladies

of the Evening organization was a big mistake. We will accept

that, but you must be punished. As your names are called,

kindly step forward to the table, drop your knickers to the floor

and bend over one of the ends. You will each receive 8

strokes of the cane from Mr. Hazel and myself.If you move out

of position before you are permitted, you will receive

additional strokes."

 Turning to the spectators, Ann reacted to the murmer

caused by her announcement. "Those of you who do not wish to

share this punishment had better be quiet. This discipline

session is being held in the gym not only because of the large

number of girls involved but because I want all of you to get

the message. While the punishment is relatively mild, the pain

and humiliation of it is intended to bring these young ladies

down to earth. I expect that the lesson will be learned."

 Turning to the embarrassed girls, Ann called up the

first two who, with some hesitation, took their places over each

end of the table. By agreement with Ann, Richard advanced on

the teenager lying over the nearest end and paused a moment,

cane in hand, to survey the nubile backside upended before him.

Overcome by the shame of this public chastisement, the girl had

begun sobbing as soon as her bare bottom cheeks were exposed so

that her twin mounds quivered with anticipation as well as the

effect of her emotion. Richard noted, with some delight, that

the girl's bottom consisted of two perfectly formed mounds with

whisps of pubic hair peeping out from the dark cleft visible

between them.

 Richard's reverie was interrupted by the swish of a cane

and a loud yelp of pain. Ann had begun to apply the punishment

to the girl at the other end of the table. As if following this

cue, Richard began the job at hand. Pausing briefly between each

stroke, the headmistress and her assistant applied the requisite

number of strokes to the soft female rumps as the girl's howled

and danced.

 When the punshment was over, the girls remained in

position, crying loudly, until Ann excused them and then

scooped up their knickers from the floor and ran from into the

locker area, bouncing and jiggling in a manner that amused the

spectators. As the next two girls were called to take their

place, Richard moved to the other side of the table to the

position which Ann had previously occupied. This time the bare

bottom presented to him was larger and more voluptuous so that

Richard was rewarded with the delightful bounce of the twin

cheeks as the cane left its mark.

 For the next several minutes, the gym was filled with

the sobs and cries of the anguished young girls undergoing

punishment as, two by two, they assumed their positions and felt

the chastisement of the cane. As a futher measure of

humiliation, the girls were quite aware that the required

posture that thrust their bare bottoms high in the air for

punishment also exposed their most intimate female areas to the

view of the onlookers. But as the cane bit into the tender
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Šbottom cheeks, most of them had difficulty keeeping their feet

from dancing about in a frantic hop or beating their toes

against the gym floor in a futile effort to calm the pain.

 Nearly all of the youngsters, when excused by Ann, ran

from the floor of the gym, sobbing and rubbing the reddening

welts of the cane crisscrossing their bare behinds. Some, more

modest, attempted first to replace their knickers but found their

bottoms too sensitive for the stretched cotton. As a result,

several girls left the floor with knickers covering only the

pubic area leaving their sore rumps exposed to the air which,

together with their sobs and cries of distress, contributed to

the amusement of the audience.

 Finally, one young lady remained seated after the

others, soundly chastised, had fled in shame. Cynthia Baker,

the leader of the group, sat up primly, her proud breasts and

erect nipples thrusting against the cotton shirt. Cynthia had

not been apologetic in Ann's meeting. On the contrary, she

considered the school's position on her sorority as quite

reactionary and had said as much. Ann vowed she would find a

way to bring this snobby bitch down.

 "Cynthia," said Ann sweetly, "no cane for you, my dear.

You have been very difficult in this situation making it hard

for me to enforce the rule of the school and encouraging the

others to question my authority - you have been a very stubborn

child. So....you are to be punished as a naughty little girl is

punished. Right here, in front of your friends, Cynthia, Mr.

Hazel will give you an old fashioned spanking. We'll see if the

paddle can help you understand the situation."

 Cynthia blushed furiously. As Richard approached her,

beckoning, she seemed frantic. "Please," she murmered to him,"

don't humiliate me that way. I'll take the cane, but a spanking

is too embarrassing. I'm....I'm 17 years old."

 Nothwithstanding her protests, Richard pulled her, half

dragging, to a chair in the center of the gym floor and

positioned her over his knees in the classic spanking posture.

Cynthia small fists beat against his leg, but a resounding smack

of the paddle he was holding against the girl's ample and panty

clad rump soon gave her something else to think about. Pausing,

Richard placed his hand in the waistband of Cynthia's knickers

and pulled them down to her ankles where they retarded the

girl's frantic efforts to kick. The spectators became quiet as

Cynthia's twin mounds were exposed and Richard began to apply

the paddle to the bare cheeks.

 SMACK.................SMACK..............SMACK, the

spanks decended like the crack of a cap pistol on the bare and

wiggling bottom. "Ouch..........Ow..........stop.......Oh..

Ooo.....,that hurts........please.....no-oh." Cynthia's

protests turned to howls of pain as the Richard spanked the

bouncing mounds with a slow even cadence.

 "Yeow......hoo,hoo...........ouch, help...AIEEEK.

Cynthia began to howl loudly. As much as she tried to wiggle

and kick to avoid the punishment, the paddle continued to

descend on her tormented and reddening cheeks. She waived her

legs in the air wildly, kicking off the flimsy knickers. Her

shrieks and yelps of pain and her gyrating red bottom cheeks

made her appear to be a little girl suffering the traditional

punishment for her naughtiness. This image contrasted somewhat

with the mature furry cleft which she displayed as her thighs

opened.

 Cynthia was blubbering loudly when Richard, at last,

ended the painful and ordeal. He did not allow her to leave her

humiliating position over his lap so that, for a few moments she
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Šlay sobbing, her bare bottom cheeks red and quivering with the

hot sting of the paddle - in every sense a completely subjugated

young lady. Finally, Richard placed her on her feet, still bare

from the waist down and spoke to her softly. "Cynthia, "it's

time for your little speech of apology. Now do it well or you go

back over my lap."

 Cynthia stood, completely humiliated and red-faced, her

blazing bottom exposed to everyone. Her hands were cupped in

front of her to cover her pubic mound, although, from time to

time, they rubbed at her well-spanked backside. Her friends and

classmates sat silently as she began in a cracked and sobbing

voice. "I....I'm sorry......what I did was wrong....[sniff]. I

apologize and ask you all to forgive me."

 Ann, who had retrieved the girl's knickers, brought them

to her. "Very well," she said, "I hope you have learned your

lesson. You may leave."

 When all of the girls had filed out of the gym, Richard

guided Ann to the table over which the girls had been punished.

Before the surprised headmistress could protest, he bent her

over the end and, pulling up her skirt, yanked her knickers down

to floor. Freeing his hard and throbbing cock, he thrust it up

against Ann's cunt and was pleased to discover that she had

become soaking wet during the evening's proceedings. With a

murmer of delight, he slid his rigid maleness between the

headmistress's moist pussy lips. Again the gym resounded with

feminine noises, but this time there were no tears.

 GIRLS' SCHOOL DISCIPLINARIAN

 PART III

 Parents' weekend at Greenwich Academy is always a

chaotic experience. Parents and their daughters mill about the

campus, in the dorm rooms and the recreation areas. While there

are formal activities designed to give the them an idea of the

school life, parents usually try to see faculty members to

inquire about the progress being made by their darlings.

 To avoid this kind of confrontation, Richard Hazel,

assistant to the headmistress of Greenwich, and the school

disciplinarian, spent Saturday afternoon in his private study

marking papers. This was not the office which he generally

occupied, but the room used for punishment. Of course, there

were no discipline sessions scheduled which give Richard a free

afternoon. At least until a knock on the door intruded on his

solitude.

 With a sigh, he went to the door and, opening it, stood

staring at the lovely woman in the doorway. Richard's visitor

had the face and figure of a fashion magazine cover. Her

beautiful blond hair, blue eyes and the hint of firm and ample

breasts under the jacket of her elegant suit caused him to pause

as if paralyzed.

 She smiled at his discomforture. "May I come in," she

said, "I'm Evelyn Colewell."

 Richard stammered an unintelligible response, but he

backed away from the door and waved her in. He directed her to a

chair, watching her exquisite legs moving under the short skirt

of the suit. "Please do. Won't you sit down."

 As she entered the room, he realized that she had a

teenage girl in tow, obviously her daughter. Of course, Richard

thought, Lynne Colewell, a 14 year old and something of a smart

aleck, according to the other teachers. Richard had not been

called upon to punish the girl as yet, but her continued

misbehavior had been brought to his attention and he certainly

expected to see her very soon.

 "You know my daughter Lynne, I believe," she continued.

"We're sorry to intrude but Ms. Henderson told me you were the

one to see."

 Richard had to pull himself together to keep from

staring again. The lady had to be in her 40s, but she looked

25. He glanced at the daughter who was a smaller version of her

mother but without her parent's charm and graciousness. The

girl had not come here willingly and was grumbling and muttering

under her breath.

"What can I do for you, Mrs. Colewell," he said finally.

 "You may be aware that my daughter has not impressed her

teachers with her good manners. I understand from my

discussion with the headmistress that Lynne is very likely to be

sent to you for discipline.

 "That is true. She is probably going to be on the next

list." Richard wondered if Mrs. Colewell was fully aware of the

nature of the punishment administered at Greenwich Academy. From

the look on Lynne's face, it was obvious that the teenager knew

what to expect.

 "I became quite upset," Mrs. Colewell continued, "when I

discovered this while I was putting some sweaters in her

dresser drawer." Opening her purse, Mrs. Colewell drew out a

pack of cigarettes nearly empty but with about 8 or ten

remaining. "Am I correct in assuming that smoking is against the

rules"?

 Before Richard could respond, Lynne became agitated.

"Oh, you bitch, why can't you mind your own business," she

snapped.

Ignoring her, Richard addressed his lovely visitor.

"Yes, that is a serious infraction."

 "So Ms. Henderson indicated when I mentioned it.

Frankly, Mr. Hazel, I am not pleased with Lynne's attitude and I

believe she requires immediate correction. That is why I brought

her here. I want her punished right now."

 Noting Richard's hesitation, Mrs. Colewell continued. "I

realize that we are talking about a spanking, Mr. Hazel. It is

something that Lynne has needed for some time, but it is beyond

my ability and her father,...well, we're divorced, so I have

been raising her by myself."

 "Very well, Mrs. Colewell, we'll begin right now."

 Reaching into his desk, Richard extracted a wooden

paddle, slightly larger than a table tennis racquet, through

which several holes had been drilled. He moved toward the

teenager and led her to a chair a few feet from the one in which

her mother was sitting

 The topic of the discussion and the sight of the paddle

had increased Lynne's apprehension. "Oh....please....no.......

Mother...," she shrieked as Richard seated himself and pulled

the terrified girl over his lap. Lynne was dressed in the

school uniform so that her regulation jumper skirt rode up above

her hips as he adusted her position across his knees, exposing

her ample bottom filling the white cotton knickers which

Greenwich girls were required to wear. Holding her skirt well

above her waist, Richard applied pressure to the small of

Lynne's back to hold the squirming girl in place. He paused as

he contemplated the wiggling backside still covered by the

knickers.

 Glancing at Lynne's mother, he became aware of her

delightful and amused smile. "Don't be embarrassed, Mr. Hazel,"

she said, "go ahead and lower her knickers."

 Richard smiled in return and pulled the teenagers brief

knickers to a point below her knees baring her well formed twin

mounds and shapely thighs. Lynne squeezed her cheeks together

as much in an effort to reduce the exposure of her nearly mature

feminine cleft as in anticipation of the dreaded punishment.

The girl had stopped protesting and began to whine softly as she

awaited the spanking.

 Lynne did not have to wait very long. Within a few

moments, the paddle was rapidly spanking the resiliant

bottom-cheeks, each smack landing with a loud report on the soft

female flesh. The wriggling teenager began to shriek with pain

as she felt the fiery sting. "Ouch.....oooh. ow........agh......

.please..no...don't."

 Richard looked up for a moment as he paused to inspect

the reddening backside bouncing on his lap. Lynne was waving

her legs wildly in the air, no longer concerned about displaying

the furry cleft and soft pussy lips each time her thighs parted

in her effort to avoid the punishing strokes. Mrs. Colewell sat

as if fascinated by the scene. Her legs were tightly crossed

with a hint of white thigh above her stocking tops. Her face was

flushed and her nostrils flared with excitement.

 Returning to the bare bottom lying on his lap, Richard

applied himself to the punishment of the bare bottom lying on

his lap. Lynne was crying loudly as the continued sting and

humiliation of the spanking broke down her reserve. "Oh..

help,this is awful.........Yeow........I'll be good......

Ouch.........oh.........please."

When He was satisfied with the red hue of the tormented

girl's bottom cheeks, Richard helped her to her feet.

Tearfully, Lynne hopped from side to side as she rubbed at the

pain in her bottom, oblivious to the soft curly tufts of her

pubic mound which she was now revealing. Her knickers remained

around her ankles for several minutes as she massaged her hot

posterior. Then, sniffling into a tissue supplied by her

mother, the teenager stepped out of her knickers and stuffed them

into hand.

 "You can probably go back to your room now, Lynne, if

it's all right with Mr. Hazel. I will be along later to say

goodbye before I leave the school"

 Richard nodded and the girl, now somewhat calmer, looked

at Richard then at her mother. Smiling briefly, she left the

room still carrying her knickers in her hand.

 When Lynne had closed the door behind her, Mrs. Colewell

walked over to Richard who was still seated. Putting her arm on

his, she smiled warmly. "Thank you very much. I'm sure Lynne

will benefit from that."

 Richard, feeling himself like a schoolboy in the

presence of this elegant and beautiful woman, stammered a

response, hoping that Mrs. Colewell would not notice the

erection bulging in his pants. She continued to speak, softly

and, Richard thought, in musical tones. "Richard, you must call

me Evelyn, please. I do hope we will be friends."

 "Certainly," he said. "Evelyn, I'm sure that your

daughter has learned a lesson and will improve her behavior.

Have you had much trouble with her."?

"No, actually, just recently. Since her father and I

divorced. I believe she blames me for the difficulty, but we

married very young. He was the first man who...well, you know

what I mean. Anyway, Lynne's respect for me diminished and I

allowed her to get away with it. I have even continued to spoil

her hoping that would restore our relationship. I guess I

messed things up out of a sense of guilt."

 "A child needs a firm hand in a situation like that,"

said Richard. "That's particularly true of adolescent females."

 Evelyn laughed. "What about their mothers. Don't you

think they need a firm hand as well. I think I have been as

bitchy as Lynne these last few months. Perhaps I need a spanking

myself."

 "Well," Richard quipped, "you've certainly come to the

right place. That's what I do here."

 "Very well," said Evelyn huskily, "let's get it over

with, please."

 Evelyn removed her jacket exposing perfect breasts,

jutting outward without support, their nipples already hardened.

She folded the jacket and placed it over a chair. Then,

unzipping and stepping out of her skirt, she stood in front of

Richard wearing only a garter belt and bikini knickers. Her long

legs were encased in sheer stockings held up by the garters and

ended in a pair of high-heeled shoes which contributed to the

erotic effect. "Shall I get across your knee?" she asked,

whispering softly.

 Richard was too excited to reply. Instead he guided the

Evelyn's lovely frame into spanking position and lowered the

knickers to a point well below the curve of her unblemished twin

mounds. Their dampness confirmed her arousal as did the moist

pubic hair surrounding her delicate pussy lips, visible between

the lady's shapely thighs. With a gasp of appreciation, he ran

his hand over the smooth bottom cheeks. "This ass is almost too

good to spank."

 She giggled, looking back at him from her humiliating

posture. "Go ahead and spank it anyway."

 Richard began the spanking slowly, applying the paddle

smartly to the firm cheeks and alternating the smacks so as to

impart a uniform glow the the area. Then he applied a flurry of

strokes, each leaving its stinging mark on the punishment place.

 "Oooch............yeow." Evelyn emitted a yelp of pain

after each smack but, unlike her daughter, seemed to be deriving

more satisfaction that distress from the chastisement. She

kicked her feet in the air wildly and ground her hips into his

lap as she squeezed her thighs together.

 By the time Evelyn's bottom had taken on a satisfactory

shade of red, this friction was certainly contributing to the

hardness in Richard's cock. He felt that he was suffering

nearly as much as the spanked woman lying on it. Concerned that

he might embarrass himself by cumming in his pants, Richard

ended the spanking and helped Evelyn to her feet. She smiled,

rubbing her bottom sensually for a few moments. Then, she

leaned over and kissed him fervently.

 Pulling him to a standing position, Evelyn knelt before

him, unzipped his slacks and released the stiff and tormented

tool. Richard breathed a sigh of relief which turned into a cry

of delight as she began to minister to his maleness with her

lips and tongue.

 "You must have an awful time, spanking those young,

sweet bottoms," she murmured. But Richard's reply was lost in

his loud moan as her mouth enveloped him.