**Lauras Punishment**

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**A Laura Grant Story**  
  
I could not believe that I was standing completely naked before Mr. Millibrand's large imposing desk. My clothes, which I had reluctantly removed a few moments earlier, were folded neatly on a chair at my side. I could see his dark eyes looking at me over the top of his small bifocal glasses, taking in the delights of my young exposed body. I saw the tip of his tongue lick hesitantly over his lips. Behind me the imposing figure of Matron was standing, her arms folded across her imposing chest.  
  
"Where is the offending item, Matron?" Mr. Millibrand inquired.  
  
"Turn around, Miss Grant," the Matron spoke with authority.  
  
I slowly turned and exposed my trim rear for Mr. Millibrand's inspection.  
  
"Ah, yes, I see it." I knew that he was looking at the small tattoo of a butterfly that I had in a moment of madness, while out in town a couple of weekends back with two of my classmates, Eunice and Deirdre, and after the swift consumption of a few vodka shots, allowed a tattoo artist to inflict rather painfully on my person.  
  
"Yes, I did know that tattooing was classed as self abuse," I admitted to Matron who found the small tattoo during an examination of a strained leg muscle I had sustained during a hockey match. Such things as tattoos were frowned on at Claremont College and not something that refined young ladies like me apparently did.  
  
That's how I found myself naked in front of the head of College. He got up from his chair and came around his desk. Now close to me, I could smell the tobacco on his clothes. He asked me to bend over and turn my rear to the window. He leaned over me and examined the tattoo more closely. I flinched as I felt his finger run over the delicately painted butterfly.  
  
"There's no way of removing it?" he inquired, looking at the Matron.  
  
She shook her head. "It can be done, but it's a very painful procedure, and it can leave a scar."  
  
He slowly shook his head, then said I could stand up as he returned to his seat.  
  
"What are we going to do with you?" he asked. "You knew tattooing was against College rules, but you went ahead and let someone abuse you in that way." I let my head droop, looking at my feet. It was bad enough being naked in Mr. Millibrand's presence, but to be treated like a naughty school girl was awful.  
  
"I am afraid we are going to have to make an example of you. If I let you get away with it, there is no saying where it will all end, and of course I am going to have to inform your parents." Suddenly, I was really upset at the thought of daddy being informed of my misdemeanor.  
  
"You may put your clothes back on now and go to your room; all privileges are suspended until the matter is settled." I slowly slipped back into my clothes conscious that he was watching my every move. I tried not to expose myself too much, but with him being so close, it was difficult not to as I eased my feet into my regulation white cotton panties.  
  
Back in my room, I was quickly visited by Eunice and Deirdre who wanted to know how I had gone on. "The dirty old beast," exclaimed Deirdre when I told them about the close examination I had had to endure.  
  
It was three days later that I was again called to Mr. Millibrand's office. This time I was shocked to see daddy there. He looked grave as he sat in one of Mr. Millibrands leather arm chairs. He was wearing his usual pin striped business suit, his bowler hat resting on his knee.  
  
"Good morning, Laura," he said as I walked in. "Rather bad form this, especially when your mother's away, dragged all the way up here from the city just because you can't behave yourself."  
  
Mr. Millibrand looked at me. "I've filled your father in on the details, and he has agreed with me that an example must be made of you to show the other students that we will not tolerate behavior like this in Claremont College." He looked at me sternly. "I could have expelled you, but as a favor to your father who has been a very good and generous benefactor to the school we have decided to deal with the matter another way, one which I think will have the desired effect on any other students thinking of following your example."  
  
I stood there wondering just what the pair of them had come up with. I knew daddy was a strict disciplinarian. I had seen the way he had treated my brothers when I was at home, and it was only down to the timely intervention of mummy that I myself had never felt his hand or belt on me.  
  
"I think your father would like to see the offending item," Mr. Millibrand suddenly said. I looked at daddy and he nodded curtly. I was shocked. Was I again going to have to suffer the indignities of undressing, and this time not only in front of Mr. Millibrand, but also my father as well?  
  
I looked at Mr. Millibrand, awaiting instructions. "Just take your panties off, girl, and raise your skirt," he said. With some concern, I reached under my skirt and began to ease down my panties. Once clear of my hips, they dropped to the floor, and I stepped out of them. I moved back in front of daddy, bent forward, and gingerly lifted my short skirt. I stood there with my legs slightly parted knowing that in this position I was revealing far more than an eighteen year old daughter should reveal to her father.  
  
I cursed under my breath as daddy seemed to take his time examining me. I jumped as I felt him rub his fingers over the offending tattoo. "How could you disfigure yourself like this?" he exclaimed. Then I felt a sharp slap on my exposed bottom. "Get yourself dressed."  
  
Thankfully, I stood up, easing down my skirt before bending down to pick up and ease my feet into my discarded panties.  
  
At last fully clothed again, I stood looking at Mr. Millibrand, his fingers clasped together in front of his face. "In consultation with your father, we have decided on your punishment." I looked around at daddy, but his face displayed nothing. "As you need to be made an example of, you will be punished in front of your peers, and as the law now stands, it forbids the use of corporal punishment by teachers, but I have talked this through with your father, and he has given his permission for you to receive your punishment from your own colleagues." I gasped when I heard what Mr. Millibrand said. I turned and looked pleadingly at daddy, but there was no sign of remission in his eyes  
  
"Report to Matron at one thirty," I heard Mr. Millibrand say. "You can return to your class now." I turned and walked swiftly from the office. I saw the look on the other student's faces when I walked back into the classroom. I realised that they had been informed already of what was about to happen. The head must have phoned through while I was making my way back.  
  
There were smirks on some of the guy's faces and looks of pity on some of the girls. Thankfully, Miss Gaunt, our tutor, let us leave for an early lunch, and I was consoled by my friends Eunice and Deirdre. They informed me that Miss Gaunt had instructed them to all assemble in the gym at one thirty.  
  
At lunch I could not eat a thing. I only managed to drink some water, but that was all. At one thirty prompt I presented myself to Matron. "You've only got yourself to blame for this," she said sternly, as I walked nervously into her room. "You know the rules." Then she told me to a way of explanation.  
  
I slipped out of my clothes and stood there naked as she checked around me. At last she nodded. "You're okay," she said. Then she handed me one of the examination gowns, one of those horrible green things that tie at the back. I slipped my arms into it and she tied it for me. It suddenly dawned on me that whatever punishment I was about to receive, this flimsy gown was probably all I would be wearing, or could it be even worse that that. Oh, God, no! I almost fainted at the thought.  
  
"Right, Miss Grant," she said. "Let's go and get it over with." She led me down the short corridor to the gym. When she opened the door, I almost turned and ran. In the centre of the gym was a large vaulting horse, and ranged around it seated on the floor was every member of my class. To one side, sitting in chairs, was Mr. Millibrand, Miss Gaunt, and daddy.  
  
As I was led forward by Matron, I was conscious that I was naked under the thin examination gown. I could feel my breasts moving as I walked and my nipples rubbing against the cloth. I stood there with all the class looking at me as Mr. Millibrand stood up. "Miss Grant has willfully broken one of the rules of Claremont College. She has willingly allowed herself to be tattooed. As far as the college is concerned, this is self abuse and will not be tolerated." I was now beginning to get scared; all this over a bloody little butterfly.  
  
"The matter has been reported to her parents, and her punishment has been agreed upon by her parents and me, and one of them is here to observe the punishment." I saw him turn to daddy and nod. "Due to the restraints of the law, college staff members are now not allowed to administer corporal punishment to students, so it has been agreed that this will be done by two member of her own class. One will be Jason Walker, the head boy, and the other Philipa Green, the head girl. They will administer six strokes each."  
  
I nearly screamed when I heard this announcement, but I held myself in check. I knew Jason well, and he thought, due to his position as head boy, he was Mr. Big in college and expected all the girls to fall at his feet. He had tried it on with me, but I had rebuffed him on more than one occasion, and now he had no love for me. Philipa, on the other hand, was a different kettle of fish. She hated me ever since she found out I had slept with her boy friend. I knew I could expect no pity from either of them.  
  
"Is everything ready, Matron?" Mr. Millibrand inquired. I saw Matron nod. "Right, prepare Miss Grant for her punishment." I feared the worse when she came over and began to untie the gown. Was I going to have to suffer the indignity of being displayed naked before the whole class? I quickly knew the answer as she slowly removed the gown from my body.  
  
I saw the hungry look on the guy's faces as my nakedness was openly displayed to them. I was shaking with fear and disgusted with my bodies reactions as I could feel that my nipples had responded and were protruding hard and erect.  
  
Matron took my arm and led me over to the vaulting horse. She instructed me to climb up and lie over it on my stomach. I lay there, the coolness of the leather against my stomach, and the roughness of the wood sides pressing against my breasts. I quickly realised that in the position I was now in I was unable to keep my legs together, and that every member of my class was probably staring at my pussy that was so blatantly exposed to them between my open thighs.  
  
The next thing I knew was Philipa was walking around the vaulting horse, a long thin cane in her hand. She stopped by the side of me. "You're in a pretty mess, now aren't you?" she hissed. "And I'm going to enjoy this." She turned and walked back around the horse. I tensed my body for the first stroke. When it came, I cried out and my body jerked. It was quickly followed by a second and a third. Philipa was a tennis player, and she was using her powerful serving tactics on me.  
  
I felt my bottom tingle and I tried to hold back the tears. I knew whatever Philipa could do to me, Jason would do twofold. The next blow suddenly landed square across my already reddened cheeks, and I cried out again in agony as the next one landed across the top of my thighs. I gripped tightly onto the protruding handles of the horse waiting for the last blow from Philipa. At last it came and I relaxed; half my treatment was over.  
  
Suddenly, I looked up to see the smiling figure of Jason by my side stroking the long cane in his hands. "You wouldn't let me have your arse before, would you bitch, but now it's all mine." I knew this was going to hurt terribly. Could I at least retain some of my dignity by not crying out and not pleading with him for the torment to stop?  
  
When Jason's first stroke hit me, I must admit I almost blacked out as the pain was so intense. It was followed almost on the same spot by the second. My fingers dug into the wooden sides of the horse as I closed my eyes and waited for the next one. Then I heard Jason's voice. He was back beside me. "I can't believe you are actually enjoying this, bitch," he hissed. "Your pussy's dripping."  
  
I couldn't believe him. Then I suddenly felt a trickle of moisture run down my thigh. "Oh, my God, I couldn't believe it I was actually cumming in front of the whole class. Then he was gone and his third stroke sent a searing pain through my body, and again I felt myself cumming. I managed to retain my composure although my body badly let me down, and after another two strokes, at least the pain was over.  
  
I must have looked a mess as Matron helped me down from the horse, my face streaked with tears, and my legs and thighs wet with the juices that had run from my pussy. Matron wrapped the gown around me, and putting an arm around my shoulders, escorted me back to the medical room. She helped me up onto an examination table and I lay there as she gently wiped between my thighs before applying a soothing cream to my abused bottom.  
  
I was still lying there when daddy entered the room. He nodded at Matron who made an excuse and left the room. He looked down at the red stripes that criss-crossed the otherwise perfect spheres of my bottom. "You took your punishment well, Laura my darling. You are a true Grant. Your Daddy's very proud of you." He ran his hand lightly up the side of my body from my hip to the swell of my breast. "You have become a very attractive woman," he said. "When you are feeling well again, I think it's about time we got to know each other better."  
  
I reached out and took his hand. I squeezed it and looked up at him. "I do love you, daddy," I said."