#### Phoenix Girls School

On the out skirts of Phoenix as you go North towards the Grand Canyon on the I-17 freeway if you look carefully at the right time you will notice on your left in the distance a small compound of buildings near the base of one of the mountains. Were you to get off the freeway and make your way to the compound you would find a gate blocking your entrance with a guard and high walls surrounding the area. You might be further interested to note that there are no signs indicating the purpose of the facility. If you were to inquire of the guard you would be told some fanciful story and sent on your way, continued questions of the guard would be met with silence and finally the guard would politely suggest that contacting the police might be necessary to help you find your way back on your journey.

Since I am responsible for security and other duties and I designed the systems I am confident of what I just described.

And what is this mysterious facility you ask? Well, itâs a school, but not just any school, it is a private school that caters only to a very specific problem for families with a substantial ability to pay our exorbitant fees that allow me to enjoy an income that might be otherwise not be available to me. But allow me to explain and introduce myself, My Name is Mark Robbins and as I said earlier I am in charge of security, my other duties involve discipline with in our facility, and as I go on Iâm sure my role will become more clear.

Our school caters to the families of young ladies that have gotten themselves in trouble, you will note that I said our clients are the families and not the young ladies, the guests as we call them are not expected to like or enjoy their experience here and indeed if they were satisfied then in all likelihood we would not be doing our jobs to the extent required.

Most of our referrals come from a few select high priced lawyers across the country that specialize or work extensively in juvenile problems. The girls have usually gotten them selves into trouble over an extended period of time, and by the time they come to our attention they have been sentenced to a lengthy term in a juvenile facility. The offenses run the gamut from stealing and shoplifting to auto theft, drugs and even holdups and other things that, even after years in the business, still surprise me when I see the young, seemingly innocent faces of the girls when they arrive at our school. Suffice it to say, none of them are here for singing too loud in Sunday School.

The usual method is for the lawyer to first talk to the judge about our program and, if the judge agrees to allow the juvenile to attend our school, a few days after the girl begins serving her sentence and is tasting the horrors of the system she and her parents are presented with the option for the first time.

The girls are usually desperate to get out of the lockup, having found it to be far less suitable that their wealthy parentâs homes and soon agree to our program though it seems no matter how hard we try and explain how strict we are and what disciplinary measures we take there is always a major adjustment period upon arrival, but more on that later. The parents are usually so happy to get their kids out of ãjailä and off to a camp and avoid the embarrassment in their social circles that the look of shock when they hear our fee schedule soon fades away.

If all agree, the parents are not allowed to bring the child to our facility themselves. Within twenty four hours of the paper work being completed (and of course our fee paid in advance for six months) A female representative from our school signs the new guest out of the facility holding her and takes her directly to the airport and onto the plane for a trip to Arizona. These representatives ( or guides as we call them) are often ex-police women and with one look at them and their aggressive, no nonsense attitude most girls go meekly with out comment or resistance. The girls are not encouraged to talk until they arrive at the facility and only the most basic conversations take place during the trip. This serves to raise the anxiety level of the girl and make the first words spoken to her more special and likely to get and keep her attention.

I said earlier that most girls go along quietly when there are taken to the plane, several weeks ago one of our new charges didnât and with her I will start telling you about how our school works with her story.

Joyce Dewitt was a typical enough young lady in most respects, her father was a wealthy lawyer in Southern California, and she had received insufficient supervision as she grew up the oldest of three girls. She was constantly in and out of trouble. She was fifteen when she arrived to stay with us. She had been on probation for breaking into a house and a multitude of other offenses, when she and a few friends decided to steal a car and while drunk they had run the car into a parked police car causing some injury to the police officer and a major scandal in her community. ( you might have read about it in the paper a few months ago)

The judge reviewing her extensive juvenile history decided that removal from her family and two years in a juvenile ward was the answer, Her Fatherâs lawyer a friend of the judges was able to get him to agree to the alternative of our program. As is often the case Joyce and her parents warmed to the idea of her not being in jail and instead at an exclusive school, (sounds so much better at the tennis club you know)

Joyce was difficult on the trip and had tried to get away from her ãguideä and had to be restrained with force, a not very promising start I thought to my self as I listened to Ms. Stuart ( The Guide) report in my office. Where is she now ? I asked.

Young Ms. Dewitt is in processing right now then she will be assigned to the Adams cottage was the answer from the very formal and rigid Ms. Stuart looking much like a recruiting poster for the Female Marine Corps.

Well, after sheâs through the processing phase, bring her up here, I suppose now is as good a time as any for the young lady to discover a new set of facts about her life. ãYes sirä snapped Ms. Stuart doing an about face that would have snapped lesser legs with the sharp turn.

An hour later there was a knock at my door and Ms. Stuart and the new girl Joyce entered the room, and stood before me at my desk as I began my introduction tailored to her specific situation. Joyce had been given the school uniform that they were supposed to wear in their cottages. A simple white cotton dress that was devoid of any frills or sense of style and barely reached her knees, it was the beginning uniform that would give way to more acceptable clothing as the privilege was earned.

ãJoyce I want to welcome you to our homeä I said, ãby now youâve read the rules and have signed paper work indicating that you understand these rules, do you have any questions?ä

ãNaw No questionsä she said in a tone that conveyed all the contempt she was able to muster and project a ãtoo kewl for youä attitude. She had her arms crossed and was putting all of her weight on one leg in a defiant pose.

I decided that rather than slowly lead into things and make her understand what was happening I would be better served to shock this little hardcase and get her attention right off the bat.

Fine Joyce then if you will, bend over that small deskä I said pointing at the small punishment desk to my right and raise the back of your dress above your waist.

WHAT, What did you say, I will notä she nearly shouted starting to back away from me until she felt Ms. Stuartâs hand on her arm. You canât You have no right What did I do?ä Joyce I said in my most patient voice, I can and I have every right you and your parents have given me all the permission I need and as to what you did, you failed to cooperate with Ms.

Stuart on the way out here and failure to do as you are told by any member of this staff will always result in a very firm punishment. And for you right now that means a paddling.äJoyce continued to look at me with defiance giving away to confusion and fright.

Iâve never, I mean I donât get spanked, Iâve never been spanked, Canât we talk about this? You canât spank me. You just cant.

Joyce I assure you I can and I am going to, Now please dont make this any harder on yourself. With that Ms. Stuart began gently leading Joyce towards the desk, she went willingly but slowly still trying to absorb what was happening to her.

As she went toward the desk she looked back at me over her shoulder, I noticed a small tear in he corner of one of her green eyes, she was a very attractive young lady of about 52 slim and budding in all the right places for a woman of her age. I was pleased to see the tear not because I feel pleasure in others unhappiness, but I considered it a beginning and healthy partial shedding of a poor attitude.

Standing before the desk, at Ms. Stuarts instructions Joyce began fumbling and trying to delay, she backed away from the desk only to be pushed back into place firmly. Ms. Stuart said, in a authoritarian voice You bend over the desk now Joyce. Joyce slowly bent over and as she did Ms. Stuart raised the back of her dress up and laid it on her back.

Picking up the paddle a thin polished piece of wood that had a good handle and was lovingly polished to a dark mahogany color. It was about a foot long not counting the handle and four inches wide, all in all a most effective tool for the purpose it was designed.

I went to the right of Joyce and placed a hand on her back and with a warning to hold still I gave her a medium swat to see how she would react. OHH came a squeal not so hard. I looked at the perfectly shaped pert young bottom that was before me clad only in a tight pair of thin regulation knickers and had to push some very unauthorized thoughts from my head before proceeding.

The second swat was harder by design and Joyce gripped the ends of the desk and held on firmly, the third and fourth swats of the paddle began to build a sting and I sensed her weakening resolve as she raised her back slightly with the fourth swat.

SWAT SWAT SWAT three times I brought the paddle down as hard as I ever do in this situation and in rapid fire sequence. Joyce yelped and stood up straight putting her hands on the seat of her knickers she turned and looked at me with pleading eyes through tears that were now running down her face, Please no more Im sorry I wont cause any more problems I promise she pleaded.

Joyce I said firmly, bend back over the desk, we have nothing to discuss until your punishment is over, the only thing that will result in more delay is the removal of your knickers and more swats being added to your punishment. She looked at me for a few seconds and I watched as the defiant young lady that had a few minutes ago stood before me, accepted defeat and with shoulders slumped in resignation she turned back to the desk, and was now sobbing softly as she bent back over to take her paddling.

For a young lady that had never been spanked she took her punishment very well, it seems that most of the girls that come through here are strong willed and determined people and that trait is part of what has gotten them in trouble. Joyce used this will to see her through the paddling.

SWAT SWAT SWAT the paddle bounced off her bottom as she clinched and released the tension in her butt cheeks to help manage the discomfort during the spanking. She was soon crying freely and I watched as her shoulders rose and fell in shudders every time the paddle landed. It was now possible to see red color through the thin knickers that had been issued her during the in processing.

I waited a few seconds after the 10th swat of the paddle and then began asking her questions between swats, this is designed to ensure that the new charge is communicating and doesnt try any silence protests .

Will you listen when you are told to do something from now on? SWAT

SWAT I didnt hear your answer SWAT

Yes Sir came the mumbled reply.

Will you follow the rules here? SWAT

Yes sir

From now on you will take your punishments with out protest, Do you

understand?

SWAT SWAT I didnt hear any response SWAT SWAT

Yes Sir, Im sorry she gulped out between tears.

This kept up for a few more swats and then Joyce was allowed to stand up, she was guided back in front of my desk by the efficient Ms. Stuart where she was made to stand until a few minutes later she got he crying under control at which time I began a short lecture designed to re-enforce the lessons of the punishment.

Having completed that I turned my attention to Ms. Stuart and said, Joyce has been assigned to the Adams cottage is that right? Yes Sir she responded, as I reflected to myself that Ms. Stuart was a bit to formal for my comfort and I might have to deal with that at some point soon.

Fine Ill take her down and introduce her myself, I said and dismissed Ms. Stuart.

Taking the still teary eyed child by the arm I led her to the door where I motioned for her to pick up the small bag of personal items that had been issued her and out the door we went.

The cottages as we refer to them are really houses in their own right, each one has a married couple and three to four kids, and function much as a family might with the adults in this case Joe and Carol Adams. The pseudo parents are authorized to handle matters in their house as any parents might and this includes discipline of small matters, it is generally only when things are deemed serious or some special re-enforcement is required to make a point that I become involved.

I knocked on the door and Carol answered, she greeted me and said why this must be Joyce, welcome to our and for a while your home, and gave her a hug, which Joyce returned quickly as this was the first sigh of friendship she had encountered that day. This is pretty much the standard greeting for new kids and it is hoped that it starts the bonding process in her new family.

However Joyces education was not over for the day, I noticed two of the girls Katie and Sarah were standing in corners of the living room with their noses against the wall. I looked at the girls and then Carol who smiled with a tired but patient look and said Late again, and you remember how many times weve gone through this exercise, I smiled back indeed I did remember The two girls had gotten a spanking only a few days ago for being late for a class.

Joyce was still standing next to me trying to take this all in when Jill the last of the three girls assigned to the Adams entered the room, She was a tall Slender girl sixteen years of age, I introduced the two and Joyce went over to stand with Jill.

Jill whispered to Joyce what was about to happen and I watched Joyce closely as I saw her eyes widen and her hand move to her bottom and start rubbing in a gesture that I doubted she was even aware of.

Since this was a repeat offense Carol had chosen to make a statement with their punishment in the hope that it would end this tardy foolishness once and for all.

The girls were summoned to the room made to face away from us and bend over with their hands on their knees, when this was done Carol took the backs of their dresses and flipped them up on to their backs, I heard Joyce give a little gasp as it became evident the girls had been required to remove their knickers before we arrived and were now fully exposed for a bare bottom spanking,

Katie and Sarah had taken their positions without protest or comment, both girls had been with us for several months now and were well aware of the penalties for not cooperating with a punishment, ( a visit to my office, and that was to be avoided if at all possible)

Carol left the room for a minute with the two girls still bent over in the punishment position, she soon returned with two ping pong paddles and handing me once said will you assist me here Mr. Robbins? I would be delighted I replied, as I looked over at the recently paddled Joyce I wondered if her eyes could get any bigger as she observed what for her must have been a most memorable day.

With a chuckle to myself I took a position to the side of Katie while Carol took a similar position with Sarah, since Carol was left handed we were facing each other with the two exposed girls between us, since this was not the first paddling we had administered together we knew the procedure to follow.

I started with a SWAT SWAT SWAT to Katies backside as soon as the third swat landed Sarah received three swats from Carol. I then gave Katie four swats SWAT SWAT SWAT WHAP with the paddle, by now her bare bottom was showing the effects of the paddle and a red hue was developing.

WHAP SWAT WHAP SWAT as Sarah received her four whacks with the paddle, and joined her friend in developing a red fanny. With the five swats that I now gave Katie she began losing her composure and started crying and shifting her backside slightly with each swat, but she stayed in position. Sarah also began crying half way through her punishment and almost raised up with the last swat but held herself in place.

Another series that had each getting six cracks of the paddle ended and the punishment was over the girls were sent to their rooms to compose themselves.

I turned to Joyce and said now young lady you are getting an idea that this is nothing like any thing you have ever been exposed to in the past is that right?

She looked at me and clearing her throat said yes sir. I was pleased that she said this with a tone of respect and no smartass was in her voice. Fine I said tomorrow morning at 8 am I would like you to come to my office and I will finish explaining what your responsibilities and what will be expected of you. I looked at the paddle in my hand and as her eyes followed mine to the paddle I said and I suggest you be on time.

PHOENIX GIRLS SCHOOL II

I looked up when I heard the tentative knock on my office door, glancing at the clock on my desk which read 7:58 I called out, come in. The door slowly opened and a tentative Joyce Dewitt our newest student entered the office, carefully closing the door behind her she said you told me to be here at 8 a.m. Mr. Robbins.

Yes I said nodding my head solemnly that is correct and I am pleased to see you are on time, she gave me back a half smile in appreciation of the less than stellar compliment and relief that she was so far not in any trouble. I reflected to myself that this was understandable since last night she had received at the age of fifteen the first real spanking of her life.

Ms. Dewitt I started taking on a serious tone, do you know what we hope to accomplish during your stay here? Uh, well sir, I guess, I mean, to get me out of trouble? No Ms. Dewitt I snapped with a mock harshness thats not it at all, what we intend to do, and will do, is to change your behavior and by the change in your behavior and attitude you will redeem yourself. Do you understand?Yes sir she said. Do you really I asked? Then please explain it to me. This brought a confused look to her face and a stuttering attempt at an explanation that reflected no understanding at all. Uh Im sorry sir Im not sure I do understand. No you dont have the foggiest idea and your first lesson for the day will be to pay attention and ask questions if you dont understand, bluffing and silly answers have no place here. That will be three. Three? she repeated. Yes Ms. Dewitt you have earned three swats with the paddle before you leave this room this morning.I began the standard lecture telling her about the school as she tried to listen and reflect on the fact that it was only a few minutes past eight in the morning and she had already earned a spanking, the confusion was all over her face like a map of despair.

Joyce we have a small community here, there are ten cottages in all and usually we have a full complement of four girls per cottage and two house parents. For the length of your stay you will be supervised for the most part by your new parents, they will oversee your activities and have approval over all your choices. If at any time and I repeat anytime they feel you deserve it, they are fully authorized to spank you. Your new parents and I will be the only ones that spank or punish you. however if any adult member of our facility wishes they may bring you to either me or your new parents and if we deem it necessary you will be I know Joyce interrupted Spanked. Thats right I said, and I caution you not to talk when I am talking or be a smart mouth, now the count is five. That silenced Joyce and she listened to the lecture with out any more comments. When I finished I asked if she had any questions, to which she replied no. Fine then Joyce if you will assume the same position on the desk you did last night well dispense with your paddling and get you off to class. Joyce moved over to the desk as I picked up the paddle and walked over to her, she was bent over and I reached down and pulled up the back of her dress and laid it on her back.

I popped the paddle down the five promised times, not as hard as last night since I didnt see the events of this morning as all that serious. Still I made sure the swats stung and was assured they did by her reactions during the short paddling, when she stood up and faced me her eyes were just a touch red and she was blushing in embarrassment and from the sting.

At the school we were aware that our charges often felt the punishment and supervision overbearing, however it is our purpose to get the girls attention, and that begins with an attitude make over and we have found that a very strict format works best. In many cases we are able to return the girl to her real home in less than a year with a complete attitudinal change that is almost unrecognizable to her parents, and via the word of mouth from satisfied customers we pick up more business and not lastly raise our fees, since we shamelessly charge the maximum the traffic will bear. More on how we accomplish this attitudinal change later.

I didnt see Joyce for several more days, when it was my regular turn to have dinner in her new home. I try to rotate and have dinner with each of the ten families twice every month.

It was a blustery cold desert November evening, a week or so before Thanksgiving, I had arrived a half hour or so before we were to eat, which I try to do as it gives me a chance to see how the girls and their new parents are interacting. I knocked on the door and Joyce answered, saying please come in Mr. Robbins and standing aside as I entered.

The other three girls were standing in front of Joe who was obviously giving them a lecture of some sort and Joyce went back from closing the door to stand with the others. Joes wife Carol came over to where I was standing and said softly enough that the girls couldnt hear, were going to have an old fashioned tonight, general behavior reasons. I looked at her and nodded I knew exactly what she meant.

To make it easier for the girls to change their behavior we try and treat them like little girls as much as possible, we take away make up, stylish clothing and dress them in simple white dresses and tennis shoes, we have found that if they are all treated like children they drop some of their false pride and are more adaptable to direction and the correction we offer. In the circles they traveled before coming here all their friends were too kewl for school and normal behavior and they ran not so much as with the crowd but more like in a pack. We have found that with very tight supervision to monitor attitudes that the girls will quickly adapt to being part of their new group and new values. It is our job to ensure that the environment is devoid of trouble and all are treated the same. It is easy to be a rebel if every one around you is a rebel, but not so easy if everyone of your peers is behaving and tightly supervised.

An old fashioned was a discipline that was used on a fairly regular occasion by most of the parents that was designed to make the girls feel less than grownup. It was utilized as an attention getting device that was not harsh but meant to stop attitudes from wandering and give the girls a needed reality check. The room was not brightly lit and as I took a seat in an over stuffed easy chair by the TV. The four girls were intently looking at Joe as he continued his lecture I noticed they were all barefoot, this too would have been by design.

The young ladies were sent to face the wall now that the lecture was completed, and for a few seconds the only sound was the cracking of the fireplace in the semi lit room. The light from the fireplace danced across the room illuminating the backs of the girls dressed only in their regulation short dresses. The backs of their pale legs reflected the light from the fire and their dresses took on the various hues of color cast off from the flame.

I looked about the room as Joe and Carol now began moving two chairs close together in the living room. The home was decorated for thanksgiving even down to pictures the girls had drawn for holiday. Pine cones were placed on one window sill along with a seasonal wreath , there seemed to be more warm reds and other colors on display than usual creating a very homey scene, I noted to myself with approval.

Joe went over to the girls lined up against the wall and gently took Katie by the shoulder and turned her around and pointed to his wife Carol who was sitting in one of the chairs. Katie walked over to Carol, as Joe took Sarah by the shoulder and guided her to his chair. Both girls stood in front of their new parents and were quietly being lectured once again.

The chairs faced each other and were about four feet apart, I was seven or so feet away from the girls and situated so that when the spankings began due to the fact that both Joe and Carol were left handed one of the girls would be facing me and one would not.

At the same time Joe and Carol reached out and took a young lady by the arm and gently pulled her across their laps, both went with out resistance. Carol was to my right with Katie across her lap, as a consequence My view was of Katies bottom which was still covered by her small white school dress. Sarah soon took a similar position on Joes lap and as she did she looked at me with a resigned look on her face and a half embarrassed smile.

As if it were rehearsed both girls dresses were raised and placed on their backs and in the next motion their knickers were lowered all the way to the backs of their knees.

And this is what is meant by an old Fashioned it is simply what is considered to be and old fashioned bare bottom hand spanking that might be administered to a seven year old child. It is meant to sting of course but also to embarrass and remind the girls that immature behavior leads to child like punishments.

The first swat to the girls bottoms brought a grimace from Sarah as the dual clap of hands meeting bottoms sounded in the room. Joe and Carol were accomplished spankers having been parents in our school for over three years now, and they quickly got down to business.

For me it was like watching one spanking I was watching Sarahs face and Katies bottom side by side. The Spankers being as practiced as they were kept the punishments fairly even, though I suspect Carol was the harder spanker of the two.

CLAP, SMACK, CLAP, SMACK, The spanking was under way in earnest. I watched as Sarahs face became red and Katies bottom was following suit.

Sarah began after about ten spanks to grip the legs of the chair and try and hold on, she was raising her head and looking around the room, at me, and then back down at the floor as the spanking continued. WHAP SMACK WHAP CLAP WHAP the spanking was a through one but not overly harsh for two young ladies of sixteen that would benefit from such punishment.

Katie was now beginning to kick her legs in time to the spanks, her bottom was turning a red that was a close match to some of the thanksgiving decorations in the house. I watched as her knickers began the descent past her knees from the kicking and movement of her legs. WHAP SMACK SPLAT CLAP the sounds of the spankings took on a crisp sound as they echoed in the small living room and drowned out the crackling of the fire. I thought to myself in a silly reflection there is more than one fire burning here to night.

The spankings took about three or four minutes, quite lengthy by our normal standards, but the individual swat had been hand spanks and caused only a good sting, more important was the fact that the girls had gotten a lengthy over the knee bare bottom hand spanking. Both were crying freely as they were let up and were placed back against the wall with their knickers now at their ankles and their dresses tucked up above their waists, exposing their red bare bottoms for the time being.

Joe then went to Joyce and as he had done earlier took her shoulder and slowly turned her around and pointed to his wife. Joyce started walking over to Carol and I noticed a tear starting to escape from the corner of her eye as she got in front of Carol. Joe took the last girl Jill and led her to his chair. Once again the girls received a quiet lecture and were taken over the knees of their spanker.

Jill who was across Joes lap was facing me and I was looking at the tail of Joyces dress. Jill had a pixie cute face, that was very expressive and could convey feelings with only a look or a glance. Joyce had one of those bottoms that was not plump but was fully formed and was described as very spankable. I knew that she had only been spanked twice since getting here and both of those were only several quick swats of the paddle that I had given her. It would be interesting to see how she took a long very firm hand spanking.

As the dresses were being raised and the knickers were lowered, the only sounds in the room were the cracking of the fire, the soft crying from the two spanked girls and the sounds of the knickers being pulled away from the bottoms of the young ladies. Jills expressive face registered annoyance, slight fear, and embarrassment. She looked at me and gave a grimace that somehow reflected all of these emotions that summed up her current predicament.

Joyce was clinching and unclenching her bottom like a weight lifter flexing before a record attempt. She lowered her legs and dug her toes into the rug in anticipation of the beginning of the spanking.

Joe lowered his hand onto Jills bottom gently and then as one, both of the kids fannies were struck by the hand of correction. Jills eyes widened and a look of surprise quickly crossed her face and then she made a grimace that was so humorous that I almost laughed. Joyces bottom seemed to bounce from the swat she received and she otherwise held her position.

SWAT CLAP SWAT SPANK the rhythm began, slowly at first then picking up the cadence as the parents disciplined their disobedient children.

CLAP SWAT SPANK SWAT Joyces tail was beginning to turn red and white splotches gave way to red as the color turned to deeper red, it was hard to make out the color in the dim light of the room but as a spanker of some experience I was able to tell what effects the swats were having. Soon Joyce began kicking her legs in protest of the spanking and had to be warned to maintain her position and take her spanking like a lady. She lessened her kicking and began waving her legs left then right and then apart. Had she realized that she was exposing her self like that she might have been more careful. But since she was never spanked before she got here I doubt it even crossed her mind. And then again in the middle of a spanking maybe that was the last thing on her mind.

SWAT SMACK SPANK CLAP SPANK CLAP the spanks were coming quickly now and the sting was building for the young ladies. Jill was teary eyed and a pout was on her face as she tried to keep from breaking into a real cry. Her arms stretched down to the floor and she seemed to be trying to push up from the floor and then she would stop and cross her arms, in an effort to maintain herself through the spanking.

WHAP SPANK SLAP CLAP WHAP

Joyce started yelping and crying and kicking her legs as her butt grew redder and redder. Jill finally let go and slumped on Joes knee and started bawling and covering her pouty face with her hands. Then it was over and they were allowed to get up and put in place against the wall.

The first two girls were allowed to lower their dresses and pull up their knickers, and after a few minutes to clean up, they were made to finish setting the table for dinner.

Soon we were all eating a very nice dinner that had been prepared by the girls. Joyce was ill at ease for the rest of the evening, the others having been here longer and somewhat more used to spankings, soon recovered their composure and carried on a normal conversation.

Until I asked about grades, then Jill got one of those patented looks on her face. The grading term was almost up and all the girls that get unsatisfactory marks in relation to their abilities are to visit me and my paddle for a counseling session. From the look on Jills face I thought I could expect to see her in my office next week. And quite a number of others I suspected, Grades day was usually very active for me.

And as things turned out, this one was no exception.

PHOENIX GIRLS SCHOOL PART # 3

Every three weeks we have a grading period at the school. While this is more often than most schools, we find it helps us track the girls progress more closely.

The girls are set up on a program that computes our expectations against their history with us, and their ability. For example a girl that has done C work and is deemed to be capable of not much better at this point and gets a C is not likely to be dealt with too hard. However a girl capable of A work that gets a C, might well expect to get a complete tanning of her bottom.

The reviews are held in my office with just me, the young lady in question and a note from her teacher. Thats it, no appeals, the matter is decided and punishment delivered before she leaves my office.

It is an especially hectic day for me, I meet with all of the forty girls in our school, the appointments are ten minutes apart through out the day with a short break for lunch, which usually means a quick sandwich at my desk. Many of the girls have met or exceeded our expectations and it is my pleasure to tell them of their reward. This may be a shopping trip to a local mall, longer TV privileges, a step closer to going home or any number of possibilities. Some of the other girls have not done so well and for them the visit to my office is a different matter.

The girls are set up to come to my office on a random basis during their gym class period when ever possible, to ensure that as little class time as possible is missed. The girls are instructed to come to my office clad only in their gym shorts, their tennis shoes and gym T-shirt. Nothing else period. This is designed to remind them that they are being treated like young immature children until they learn to handle themselves and their responsibilities like young ladies of their real age.

At 7:30 that morning the first girl knocked on my door and entered at my instruction. I could tell that several girls had arrived early by the nervous girlish talk coming from the hallway. It was never a good idea on grade day to be late for an appointment in my office.

Janet one of our youngest students at fourteen was first, a quick review of her records and I was able to tell her how pleased we were with her since her arrival six months ago. Her grades were better than expected and she was to be part of the next trip to town. She left my office bubbling with happiness and relief.

The next girl was Bonnie. She was five foot two a nice looking kid that had just turned fifteen. When we got her here at the school the first thing we had to do was wash the purple out of her hair. She was a mess. (even now referred to as Bratty Bonnie in some more cynical circles) Bonnie to my stunned amazement had improved in the last three weeks and avoided the paddling this time, that she had gotten on her last visit.

Chrissy came in next. She had been with us for four months now and was only slowly starting to get with the program. Chrissy was medium build, five foot four and developing in all the proper places and showed every sign of developing into a beautiful young lady. But right now she had a major league problem, me. I looked at her report card that she was required to bring with her and then I looked at her.

Chrissy, This is not the sort of report card you promised me three weeks ago you would have this time, is it? I asked.

Uh, no sir I guess not

What seems to be the problem young lady?

I dont know, Im trying my best.

Chrissy, how could tell me your trying your best, when it says here you have been late three times for classes and failed to turn in your home work assignments twice?

I dont know Mr. Robbins. Im sorry

Chrissy, Im not the least impressed with your efforts since your last visit here and you promised to do so much better, do you remember the promises you made? I asked the near tears young lady.

Yes sir, I remember

Chrissy, last time I made a mistake in being lenient with you, not an error I make often any more, I shall try and correct that oversight now.

Please move over and stand in front of the desk.

Chrissy looked at me and then walked over to the desk, and stood in front of what was called the paddling table. She took a deep breath, her shoulders raising up and then down as she tried to relax and compose herself for her paddling.

Chrissy, drop your shorts I commanded, and slowly her fingers went into the waist band of the small white gym shorts the girls wear for all physical activities. She slipped the shorts down to her knees, her bottom was now bare down to the backs of her knees up to just above her slim waist where the T-shirt stopped.

Bend over, Doing as she was told Chrissy bent over and placed her hands on the edge of the table and got ready for her paddling. I reached over and took off my desk my favorite paddle. About a foot long not counting the handle, I ran my left hand over the smooth polished surface as I walked toward Chrissy who was still bent over and looking down at the desk.

I took a position to her left about eighteen inches behind her, I placed my left hand on her back to remind her to stay in position. Taking the paddle I gently placed it against her fanny and held it there for three or so seconds pushing it against her bottom and then drew it back a gave her a medium pop of the paddle. As I drew the paddle away she gave a little wiggle of her bottom, like you might expect to see on a beach bunny, not a naked tail about to be paddled.

I smacked her butt twice quickly with medium swats, and noticed the third swat brought with it some color to her otherwise white bottom. It was time for the paddling to begin in earnest.

I began building the intensity of the spanking with each swat being a bit harder than the one before it. By the ninth pop of the paddle she was feeling the heat. She was shaking her head from side to side with each stroke of the paddle, her long brown hair waving back and forth across her neck and her back.

POP WHAP POP WHAP Please Mr. Robbins, not so hard, Im sorry, Ill do better She whimpered in a soft voice. I ignored this plea and focused on my mission. Her bottom was now a healthy red tan color with splotches of white when the paddle struck its target. Maybe you should have given that attitude some more consideration the last three weeks, young lady I responded with no sympathy in my voice. POP WHAP SLAP POP WHAP CLAP as the paddle continued its descent onto her flamed bottom.

Stay there I commanded, stepping back to view my handiwork. Her tail was thoroughly red and reflecting one very well paddled bottom. Her fanny was doing its wiggle again back and forth a few inches each way and then a small surge up and down, a regular dance of its own.

Tell me, Chrissy, Why didnt your cottage parents deal with your tardiness before now? I dont, cant say came the response. I was so surprised by this totally unacceptable answer that I had trouble believing I could have heard correctly. What did you say Chrissy? Silence was my answer, only soft crying came from the child bent over before me.

I gripped the paddle and gave her three swats that must have been heard around the school. She yelped, stood up and literally danced right out of her shorts and left them in a pile as she hopped up and down and turned around to face me, with both hands trying to protect her bottom. Ill tell, Ill tell she choked out between gasps and tears.

I took her by the arm and led her to the center of the office, and holding onto her arm I gave her a medium swat and said. I want the truth and right now young Ms. Chrissy. When she slowed down or seemed to waver I gave her butt a swat of encouragement, and soon I had the story. I made her stand in the center of the room and went back to my desk and sat down. Chrissy I want you to keep this a secret for the rest of the day, do you understand? Yes sir she responded. I will And with she was allowed to pick up her shorts and put them on as I watched. After she left still crying the next girl came in wide eyed and trembling in anticipation.

Her name was Pattie a cute sixteen year old that looked like she was twelve. Before you feel too sorry for Pattie you should know that she was involved in a school drug ring for her final of many offenses and was scheduled to be in juvenile custody until her twentieth birthday. She was lucky to be here. Much to Patties relief her grades werent that bad and she got off with ten swats of the paddle on her gym shorts. despite the fact she was crying when she left, she was so relived after hearing Chrissys paddling she was smiling through her tears.

Several more girls came and went and then it was Jills turn. I had been wondering what her report card would look like since the night I had dinner at the Adams cottage and she had looked funny when I asked about grades. Good Morning Mr. Robbins she said with false chipper voice that was tinged with a nervous tone. Good morning, Jill. May I see your report card? I replied . With this, her mood swung downwards and she looked very unsure of herself.

I opened the card and noticed quickly that the grades were far from the quality of work she was capable of, and I expressed this thought to her. I know Mr. Robbins, I should do better, I really dont have an excuse. I am always more persuaded of a girls progress when they stop making excuses and start taking responsibility for their actions, so I was encouraged by Jills attitude in this matter.

I took the paddle as I watched the cute face of Jill look at the paddle and then me as she made a little face of concern and resignation. Her green eyes and unturned pert nose complimented her expressive mouth perfectly as she got a play pout on her face and gave me a look of surrender. Taking her by the shoulder we walked together to the small desk. She stopped in the correct place, having been spanked here more than once she knew the routine. up or down? She asked. I think down for these grades young lady I replied.

She placed her fingers into the waist band of her shorts and looking at me, she pulled them down to just below her bottom cheeks and stood back up. Not quite, Jill all the way down, you know how this works And with that she bent back over and pulled down her shorts to her knees, and I watched as they slipped down to her ankles. With out a word she bent over and put her hands on the desk and waited for the paddle to do its work.

As was, and is my to this day my custom I placed the paddle against her bottom and held it firmly against her bottom for about three seconds and then gave her a few gentle pats to ensure I had her attention. WOW she exclaimed as the paddle struck her fanny for the first serious swat. Jill was an expressive girl and rarely took a spanking in silence and this was to be no exception.

OWW, OWIEE, OUCH, OOOO, OWIEEEE, were the bursts of chatter from the child as the spanking progressed. She was soon yelping and talking all through the spanking, though the conversation gave way to tears and sobs as the paddle landed for the fifteenth time and the heat was building. Jill had a bottom that reflected color and was quickly red, her fanny bounced with every swat of the paddle.

OUCH, NOT SO HARD, OWIEE, OOOOO, Quiet Jill I want you to reflect on this spanking for the next three weeks and see if you can improve those grades of yours, disgraceful, you are capable of much better, much better little lady I instructed between swats of the paddle.

Do you understand She sobbed out her response as I held the paddle against her fanny waiting for my answer. Yes, gasp yes sir, I will do better I promise, I promise. OWW OUCH AWW As the paddle flew three more times. Thats what you said last time Jill, I suggest you pay more attention this time

Stand there for now Im not sure were through I told here and walked over to my desk as she stood in position and rubbed her red flaming bottom and tried to work out the sting. Pushing my intercom button I asked my part time secretary to come in. She entered, looking around with wide eyes, she was new to the school and one of the few employees that doesnt live on campus. I hired her based on the recommendation of a friend and so far she has proven acceptable. Please contact Ms. Stuart and tell her to be in my office at five this afternoon and I want Bonnie Ward back here at four thirty. Yes sir, I will call Ms. Stuart and you want Bonnie, wasnt she the girl that was here earlier?

Thats right. OK yes sir, she said looking at Jill still standing by the desk with her red tail on display and two hands massaging it. I watched the expression on her face but was unable to read it, which struck me as odd, usually I can read faces and body language pretty darn well, especially in young ladies.

I told Jill that she was free to pull up her shorts and return to class, I had more work to do. This afternoon promised to be interesting and I would be getting to the bottom of a serious violation of school policy if I was right in my guess.

The secretary looked at me and said Will that be all sir To which I responded. Yes Daria, you may go now.

PHOENIX GIRLS SCHOOL #4

A few minutes before 4:30 , a knock on my door told me that Bonnie was here for her appointment. Come in I called out, and Bonnie entered. You wanted to see me Mr. Robbins? She asked nervously. Bonnie stood three feet in front of my desk, a slim but not thin girl of 52 who had just turned fourteen. She was fidgeting and very concerned about the necessity for this visit.

Pushing her short blond hair to one side she asked again. You wanted to see me sir. I waited a few more seconds to let the tension build and the began. Bonnie when you were in the office earlier today you showed me a very good report card, is there anything you want to tell me about it? Bonnie looked at me with a lost expression that verged on panic. What do you mean? Mr. Robbins She asked in a strained voice.

Bonnie I think you know very well what I mean, and Im giving you this one chance to tell me. Now do you have anything to say She looked at me and the resistance faded, she told me everything in quick frantic bursts. Having heard her out and confirmed the problem, I decided to take care of her part immediately.

Bonnie the other party will be also punished, however you have a punishment coming for your part in this do you understand? Lowering her head she responded softly Yes Sir She raised her head and brushing a tear from her eye, she said Im sorry sir Bonnie please go and stand in front of the desk I commanded in a firm voice. She looked at me with tears now streaking her small face and nodded slowly turning and walking to the desk, where most spankings in my office take place.

Reaching the desk she bent over and placed her hands on the desk edge. Not so fast there young lady I said stopping her. Stand back up and take down your knickers to your ankles She pulled up her short white school dress at the sides and inserted her fingers in the waist band of her knickers. She lowered them slowly as if to delay the punishment. As she pulled them down to her ankles she was bending over and her short dress rode up her legs and her bottom which was uncovered until she stood back up.

Walking by my desk, I picked up the paddle and went to her left side. Now you may bend over I told her. She bent back over and placed her hands on the desk, gripping the sides. I reached over and flipped up her dress onto her back, exposing the bare bottom that was about to be paddled red.

I took my position and as is my custom placed the paddle against her bottom, pressed it gently and held it there for about three seconds, I then pulled it back a foot and gave her three pats. These pats of the paddle are not meant to hurt but give the tension a little time to build. I believe that anticipation can be an important part of the punishment for some of the girls.

Bringing the paddle back I gave her a mild swat, and then followed it with a firmer swat. Bonnie was no stranger to being paddled in my office and gave no reaction to these first few smacks of the paddle, she knew full well worse was soon to come.

Drawing the paddle back three feet and lowering it I brought it back up in a stroke that caught Bonnie on the lower part of her fanny, with a crisp stinging swat. Her bottom surged up and bounced with the impact. I didnt hesitate and began a steady stream of swats of the paddle to her backside. She rode them out as bravely as she could and it wasnt until the fifteenth swat that I got a reaction. OWW Her head lowered to the desk and she slumped forward onto the desk for support. It is against my rules for the girls to lay on the desk during a paddling and I stopped. Bonnie, get back up I said reaching over and placing my hand on the front of her waist and pulling her gently to encourage her back into position.

She gathered herself and got back into position. The paddling resumed, with the paddle being applied to her tail with a renewed vigor. Soon she was yelping and crying but stayed in place until it was over. I stopped and told her to stand up. Still crying she stood and faced me. May I go now sir she asked? yes I said. But I suggest you use better judgment in the future. Yes sir, I will she replied bending over to pull up her knickers, and rubbing her bottom she left the room.

I called to my secretary and asked. Has Ms. Stuart shown up yet for her five oclock appointment Yes sir, shes in the conference room like you asked She replied looking over her shoulder at the departing Bonnie still rubbing her bottom as she walked.

Good, send her in, its show time I told the puzzled secretary. Yes Sir, right away she replied heading for the conference room.

Soon the prim Ms. Stuart was standing before my desk. She was about 5 4 in height, 26 years old, She had attractive features that were hidden by her lack of makeup, her hair was in a bun and she wore very plain unattractive glasses and her posture was ram rod straight.

Ms. Stuart, I will come right to the point, I have evidence that you have helped at least two of our students to evade their responsibilities and cheat I looked at her and saw her expression change and what little color her face had vanished.

Im not sure what you mean, Mr. Robbins

Im sure you do know what I mean Ms. Stuart, and I suggest you tell me everything and I mean right now One of Ms. Stuarts strengths was her weakness, she couldnt lie worth a darn and I knew it.

Ms. Stuart, You helped Bonnie forge her report card and you helped Chrissy hide her tardiness from her cottage parents, do you deny that? I demanded of the very unhappy Ms. Stuart.

She hung her head and said in a small voice almost too low to hear. No sir, I did help the girls

Ms. Stuart, your employment status with this school is terminated, Please remove your belongings and be off our grounds in fifteen minutes. She looked at me with a blank expression and as it sunk in that her five year career was over she began to tremble. Will this go on my record?, I mean the reason Im leaving She asked.

Of course it will, what do you expect? I asked in an amazed voice.

Im sorry Mr. Robbins, I was only trying to help the girls. she said looking at me with pleading eyes.

Ms. Stuart, I understand that you meant no harm, and indeed were trying to do something positive, no matter how foolish. However the fact of the matter is, this is a serious violation of school policy and I see no recourse other than your discharge.

She stood in front of my desk in stunned silence, and just when I thought that she was going to turn and leave she spoke again.

Mr. Robbins, the purpose of this school is to help with young ladies in trouble so they dont ruin their lives, am I right? She asked.

Yes, Ms. Stuart that is correct, but so what? I inquired back.

Mr. Robbins, as an employee of this school for years now I feel I deserve the same second chance the girls get

I thought about what I had just heard and decided to find out if Ms. Stuart was sincere. OK you want a second chance, you got it. As the relief flowed over her face I said But youll have to earn it like the students What do you mean earn it? she questioned back.

Just this Ms. Stuart, and by the way for the time being you have lost the right to be called by anything but your first name, Janet. you will now leave my office, and after you have done so you have a choice to make.

Number one you can collect your belongings and walk off the campus. Or to the supply room, dress your self in the same uniform the girls wear and report back. I shouldnt have to tell you what to expect if you choose that course of action. Dismissed.

She started to speak, as I picked up a typed report from my desk and ignored her, she backed away a few steps, then turned and scurried from the room. It would be interesting to see which choice she selected. I looked at the report and frowned

in annoyance. I picked up the phone and asked my secretary to come in.

Look at this I told her. Its full of errors, the right hand column doesnt add up and the grammar errors are too numerous to count She looked confused and apologetic, Im sorry Mr. Robbins, Ill do it over. I handed her the paper and said You do that Daria, this kind of work is unacceptable.

I turned to some other work, and reviewed a few applications of possible future students as the time passed. Then a knock on my door, the door opened before I could speak and into the room came Ms. Stuart or as I was calling her now Janet.

But it didnt look like her. She had taken her hair out of the bun, it flowed freely over her shoulders and contrasted sharply with the simple white student dress she was wearing. Her nerdy glasses were gone, showing her face and its features in a more positive light than I had seen before. She was beautiful, imagine I thought in stunned silence this ugly duckling has transformed herself into a beautiful swan. Amazing.

I see you have made a choice, Janet I said looking at her still in surprise. She nodded not saying a word, looking sheepish and embarrassed. Go over and stand at the table, and remove your knickers I said picking up the paddle while she was still watching me. She turned and walked to the table and stood before it as I approached. I told you to remove your knickers, do it now. I snapped.

She turned her head and looked at me over her shoulder with a half smile

and said.

I dont have any on, I thought Id save you the trouble. Then bend over the desk I instructed. Doing as she was told she placed her hands on the table and did what ever mental preparations she needed to do before her paddling began. I intend to make this a memorable experience Janet, I mean to spank you as thoroughly and more so than any of the kids Ive had in here. Youre an adult and should know better. I told her, and she responded with a simple I Know, I was wrong, I deserve this

I reached over and took hold of a part of her student dress and pulled it up and lay it on her back,. She was correct there were no knickers on this lady. I took the paddle and placed it against her bottom and gave her a medium whack, which I knew she wasnt expecting. She had witnessed several paddlings in my office and was aware of my usual procedures, so I was determined to vary my routine to keep her mentally off balance.

She flinched as the second swat hit her bottom with more of a sting than she expected. The paddling was now a steady stream of shots to Janets red fanny, she maintained her silence. The only sign that the spanking was taking a too on her was the rising up on her toes with each swat and then lowering herself back down after the paddle pulled back. Her full but not plump bottom shook and wiggled with every swat of the paddle.

As they all do, under my paddle, she soon began making sounds of distress. She began sobbing and shaking her head from side to side, to her credit she maintained her position. I slowed the pace of the swats at about the twenty fifth swat. I began to administer the swats at a rate of about one every four to five seconds.

Janets butt was totally red, and after a few more she was squealing with each landing of the paddle and throwing her head wildly.

AIIEE OWWW AAAA AAAWWW came the sounds of a lady being paddled thoroughly. She began to raise her left arm and hand up off the desk and try to move it back to protect her bottom, I took her hand and pulled it firmly down onto the desk, with a comment. Janet you stay in position and take your paddling, I dont care how much it hurts, you have earned every swat of this paddle.

I KNOW was her only response through her crying as the tears ran down her face.

Do you realize the damage you almost caused to this schools reputation?

I demanded.

SWAT, SWAT, SWAT

YES, Im sorry She cried out after the third swat.

I expect you to never put this school at risk again, do you understand? I asked and delivered three more swats for effect.

Her bottom was almost steaming from the paddling, she was growing frantic and crying uncontrollably. The paddling was as hard a spanking as I had ever given and to her credit she had taken it as well could be expected.

I gave her three more hard swats and stepped back. You may stand up now, Janet I told her. After a few seconds she pushed herself away from the desk and stood up straight. You are dismissed I told her and with that she walked from the room rubbing her bottom, her hands were under the dress doing their best to massage the sting away from her bottom.

I turned to walk back to my desk and noticed in the background of the adjoining office that my part time secretary was watching with wide eyes at the proceedings. I thought to myself, better she should be working on her secretarial skills than things that were none of her concern. Maybe I should discuss her employment with her uncle who convinced me to give her a chance. Yes I think I should.

PHOENIX GIRLS SCHOOL Part 5

I rolled over and looked at the alarm clock, it was going to be a long day. The phone was ringing as I blinked at the digital clock that informed me it was 1:30 in the morning. And the damn phone kept ringing.

Hello I grumbled into the offending phone. Mr. Robbins, We have a situation, came the voice of Clem the security officer in charge on the night shift. OK Clem

what is it. Sir, three of the girls are missing he answered.

Missing ? Missing ?, What the hell do you mean missing? I asked trying to clear the cobwebs from my sleep drugged brain. Just that sir we cant find three of the girls

I got dressed and met Clem and two of the security personnel in the guard shack and listened as he filled me in on the details. Evidently three girls, two from the Snyder cottage and one from the Adams cottage were missing, they had all been present for bed checks in their cottages, but after some activity had been noticed on the grounds at about midnight and emergency bed checks were conducted at one in the morning they were reported as missing.

Soon a well practiced search procedure was sprung into action and with the assistance of the local police force, we had over twenty five searchers looking for our missing Girls. Forty five minutes later as I was standing outside the guard shack discussing with one of our security officers the situation and where to concentrate the next phase of the search, Clem came out and said, They found them Mr. Robbins. It seemed that our wayward Kids had been located two miles down the road trying to hitchhike, their luck was not working that night the first car that stopped was a patrol car and they were snagged.

I waited by the gate for the car, running through my head how to best deal with the situation. One thing was clear, we simply could not have girls trying to escape, it was an evasion of responsibility, showed a lack of commitment to making the adjustments to their behavior patterns required and that was part of the reason they were here in the first place. No doubt about it, I reflected I would have to make an example of these girls that would last for a long time, or be prepared to spend a fortune on building a more secure fencing system. I knew that the school board of directors would frown on any unnecessary expense, and that made my plan of action the only possible solution that I could see.

The patrol car pulled up and the officer got out, went to the back door of the car and out came our three missing girls, the officer turned to me and said, I believe you are looking for these young ladies? and with a wink he got back in the car and drove off. There would not be any official report of the incident, several years ago the police chiefs daughter spent nine months with us and he was happy with the results and delighted that we lost the billing for his daughters stay. No, there would not be any police reports on problems with our girls.

I turned my attention to the three in question. They were standing on the road where the car had let them out, reluctant to move without permission, I walked over and stood in front of them with my hands on my hips. They were all looking at the ground in embarrassed silence. The three girls were Chrissy 15, Pattie 16 who looked like she was twelve, and Jill from the Adams cottage, she was 16 a tall slender girl with a cute pixie face.

The girls had been ill prepared for their escape attempt, they were wearing the short white dresses they are issued and white tennis shoes. All of them had ripped their dresses to shreds and gotten dirt stains on them from crawling under the fences and scampering through the desert. They were a pathetic sight, Jills dress was torn down the back almost all the way from the bottom of the dress almost to the top. When the breeze blew, her backside was almost totally exposed, but I thought to my self, not as exposed as it was to be shortly.

The girls shifted nervously and shuffled their feet in the dirt in anticipation of what was next. Soon their cottage parents came down and took charge of them for the night. I would be taking charge of them the next morning in my office. Showing the concern that is expected of parents there was a lot of mix between relief and annoyance at what the kids had done. I watched in amusement as the girls were led away, Chrissys cottage mother now satisfied that she was all right had now started smacking her bottom as they walked back to the house.

I instructed Clem to write up the report and with that I went back to my small house at the East end of the complex to get some much needed sleep for the next day.

As instructed the girls were in my office at eight the next morning, each girl was required to come alone and be dressed in their gym outfits that consisted of a white T-shirt, shorts and tennis shoes.

Jill had arrived first and was sitting on my sofa when the other two arrived, my secretary opened the door and said Mr. Robbins, Chrissy and Pattie are here to see you And with that the door was opened up and in they came. And took their places next to Jill on the sofa You may go now Daria, I told the secretary, she had entered with the girls and was just standing there as if she belonged. Maybe she did but not the way she thought I reflected to myself. Oh, Oh yes sir she responded and closed the door as she left.

On your feet girls, and in front of my desk I commanded as soon as the door shut. As one they scrambled to their feet and scurried to stand as directed.

Other than being a little droopy eyed from the previous nights activities they looked none the worse for wear. I looked at Jill first, she was trying to manage a half hearted smile and giving me a cutey pie look that was supposed to gain her some advantage. Not a chance kiddo I thought to my self, Im going to tan your bottom good, no matter how cute you look.

In the middle was Chrissy, she was fairly new to the school and had been doing well up to this point. The 54 girl was fidgeting and very unsure of herself, I watched as the tears began to form in her bright green eyes, she looked at me and then down at the floor.

The last culprit was Pattie, 16 years old and as pretty a girl as we had at the school, and she knew it. Her blond hair Blue eyed Beach Bunny look was part of what got her in trouble and landed her disobedient tail in this school. Her body was well developed for her age and she cut an impressive figure of young womanhood.

Well now, my young friends, would anybody like to explain last nights events to me? I inquired of the young ladies. This request was meet with silence.

A kinder person might have let it go and gotten the punishments that we knew were coming over with, but I decided to make this a special morning for my guests and draw the matters out.

No comment? I asked again in a firmer tone? Whose idea was this?, When did you decide to humiliate your cottage Parents by this thoughtless action? At this Chrissy covered her face and started crying. Most of the girls form real bonds of attachment to their cottage parents and care for them deeply, some of them because they are receiving real parental love and involvement for the first time in their lives.

Still silence. Taking a hard tone I said. You brats think youre going to cause all this trouble and then refuse to answer my questions. Fine, well see about that. Drop your shorts to your ankles. Jill started to say something, and I told her quickly Missy, the time for talk is over for right now, when I ask you a question the next time I suggest you answer. Now drop those shorts

Chrissy was first to respond, she took her hands away from her face and placing her fingers in the waist band of her shorts, she slowly started lowering them, I watched as they slid down, off her waist and past her knickers and down her slim tan legs and then fall to the floor. She looked up at me with tears in her green eyes and her hands went to her side, and she looked down at the floor and her discarded bunched up gym shorts.

Patty made a small face and I noticed her lips were twitching and tears filled her soft baby blue eyes, as she lowered her shorts, down they came slowly as if she wanted to hold onto them for every second possible. When they were at mid thigh she loosened her grip and led them slide easily down her legs, until they crumbled at her feet on the floor.

Jill, had by this time also lowered her shorts and accidentally caught her fingers in the waist of her knickers and they started coming down, she was so nervous that she didnt notice until they were halfway down. Opps She exclaimed and pulled her knickers up and letting the shorts drop, all the while giving me one of those patented expressions of hers that almost made the situation humorous.

Once again Jill started to say something, Mr. Robbi..., Jill I said

not a word remember? I want you to speak only when spoken to, do all of you girls understand?

Not taking any chances, the response I got was three nodding heads, eager to please.

I instructed them to step apart still facing my desk with four feet between them. They did as instructed.

Walking to my credenza and picking up the paddle, began talking while I looked at the paddle as one might an old friend that has proven themselves numerous times to be faithful, and up to any task required of it. Holding the paddle in my hand I looked at the girls each in the eye one at a time to ensure their complete attention. I began walking around my desk toward the culprits.

So you think you can embarrass the school and all of us and then have the nerve to refuse to answer my questions? I was now standing behind them as they faced forward towards my desk. Im going to see if I can make an attitude correction here before we proceed with the real purpose of this mornings little get together.

I stood to Jills left and taking her soft slender arm with my left hand, I gripped her firmly and gave her one pat of the paddle on her smooth white knickers and then popped the paddle onto her butt. She didnt make a sound as the crack of the paddle echoed through the office. Two more swats and she began pulling her bottom in and pushing her hips forward as the fourth and fifth swats landed she gave out small noises of pain.

I moved quickly to Chrissy in the middle, as I took my place to her side she looked over her shoulder at me with her green eyes and then looked forward in resigned defeat of her impending spanking. Following the same pattern I gave her one pat of the paddle and then five quick smacks.

It was now Patties turn, the sixteen year old blue eyed blond beach bunny was slightly fidgeting raising one foot an inch or so and then the other in an unconscious dance of nervous anticipation. I patted the paddle against her panty bottoms and held her arm firmly, with the last two swats of the paddle her small dance increased as the paddle hit her bottom.

I went back down the line and started over, and a minute later all three girls had received ten swats of the paddle. I walked back to behind my desk and looked at three teary eyed young ladies. Patty was rubbing her bottom gently and looking at the floor. Chrissy and Jill had their hands at their sides and were looking at me waiting for whatever was next. As veterans of numerous spankings in my office they knew well that this was the beginning, and by no means the end of their morning with me.

Well ladies, shall we see if we have more cooperative attitudes? Who would like to tell me about last night? Jill sputtered out first. were sorry, we just needed a break And then the whole tale came out as the girls eager to avoid any more trouble gave up each and every detail. Suffice it to say that it was no more than a childish effort to get a breath of freedom and they hoped to be back before they were discovered missing. Through tears and pleas for mercy they confessed to planning the whole ill conceived plot over several days.

OK then I announced. Id say we have some punishments to take care of, any one think otherwise? Knowing that I didnt expect an answer to that question the girls kept quiet and didnt say a word as I watched the color drain from the face of my beach bunny Patty. Jill by contrast seemed to get redder in the face at the mention of more punishment, and Chrissy just blinked her green eyes and rubbed some more tears away.

It was now nine fifteen and I had two letters I needed to have typed up and faxed by ten, clearly if I started the paddlings now I wouldnt have time to get the letters out so I decided to postpone the punishments for a short period, which wasnt at all bad I always believe that the anticipation and waiting for a paddling makes for a more memorable experience, and that was exactly what I was after here.

I made the girls step away from their shorts and instructed them to stand in front of my bookcase facing the wall and to remain there without speaking until I told them otherwise. I noted with some interest that the girls were growing up since they had arrived and been issued their clothes, Patty especially seemed to fill out her knickers, her bottom cheeks stretched the material to its fullest and I could see her red cheeks through the regulation knickers that she had been issued upon her arrival.

With the three girls properly placed for the time being, I called my secretary in to give her some rough draft notes to prepare for my letters. As Daria entered and walked to my desk, she was looking at the backsides of the three young ladies on display, and she almost tripped over one of their shorts as she approached the desk, so intent was she on the view.

She looked at me with wide eyes and asked Yes Mr. Robbins, what did you want? I looked at her and growled a bit more intensely than I intended. Daria, unless you are more concerned with your work than paying attention to other people then possibly you would like to join them? She looked at me Oh no sir, No sir not at all, no sir that wont be necessary.

What was that? Did I hear something? I demanded. I had heard some talking and picking up my paddle I strode over to Jill and Patty who had been whispering. Bend over I instructed the two girls and they looked at each other and assumed the position required. I reached over to Jill and placed my fingers in the waist band of her knickers and pulled them down, slapping her hand away when she tried to interfere. I took the paddle and gave her five quick swats on her already red tail.

Moving behind Patty, I pulled down her knickers and gave her five swats with the paddle on her bare bottom, she squealed with each swat.

I told the girls to stand back up and to leave their knickers where they were. As I turned Jill and Patty were rubbing their now bare bottoms and their knickers were just below their bottom cheeks, leaving the red bottoms on full display.

Turning back to my secretary I said Perhaps youd care to go back to work now?, but first please put this back on my desk for me I said handing her the paddle.

Daria took the paddle with all the care I would have expected if Id have given her a loaded weapon. She took it gingerly and walked over to the desk and put it in its place.

I returned to my work, only looking up every now and then at the panty clad tail and two red bare bottoms that stared back at me.

Finally my work was done and it was time to attend to the matter of three young ladies. Jill I said in a firm voice, drop your knickers and step over to the desk She knew as they all did when I said the desk, I meant the small desk that was to the right of my desk that served as the spanking desk, where they were required to bend over and receive their paddlings.

Jill took a deep breath and exhaled, she then placed her fingers in the waist band of her knickers that were just below her bottom cheeks and slowly lowered them, when they got to her knees they fell the rest of the way on their own. She stepped out of the crumpled knickers at her feet, turned to face me, and after a seconds hesitation started walking to the desk. Jill, please go to my desk and pick up the paddle and bring it to me I instructed. Without a moments delay she walked to the desk and picked up the paddle walked back to me and held it out with both hands, I took the paddle from the tall slender 16 year old with the pixie face and pointed to the spanking desk and watched as her red bottom wiggled away from me towards the desk.

As soon as she got to the desk, she bent over and placed her hands on the edge of the desk. I walked over, and held the paddle against her bottom for a few seconds pressing it firmly against her cheeks to emphasize its presence to her. Jill, you are not to move or take your hands off that desk, until I instruct you to do so, do you understand? I asked. Yes sir was her reply.

With that I pulled the paddle back and gave her a pop, medium hard on the center of her tail. With about three seconds space between pops of the paddle I gave her five more. By then her already tender bottom was developing into a bright red. Keeping up the same pace I went to work increasing the power between the swats to insure a lesson well learned.

POP, CLAP, POP, CLAP Jill began crying freely by that point and was yelping with each stroke of the paddle, soon her slim bottom was wiggling from left to right and back again with each descent of the paddle. Hold still Jill I had to warn her and she slowed but never fully stopped wiggling her bottom.

OWWW AHHHhh Nooo were her responses to the clap of the paddle on her bottom. Im sorry, I wont ever do it again She stammered out between tears and the pop of the paddle. After exactly twenty five swats of the paddle, I stopped. You may stand up now Jill I told the well punished girl. She shot straight up, her hands each went to a bottom cheek and began rubbing softly to try and take away the sting. She slowly turned to face me and making no effort to cover herself, she looked at me and said softly. Im sorry Mr. Robbins, I really am I know Jill I believe you, now go stand with the other two, Ill tell you when you can get dressed. I answered. I watched as one very red fanny moved away and took its place next to the other two, and as she kept rubbing trying to work out the sting.

Chrissy Was all I had to say and the fifteen year old with the bright green eyes turned, took down her knickers and started walking towards me. I pointed to the desk and she took her place. I held the paddle against her bottom and gave her several soft pats before beginning. The first real swat was on the lower part of her bottom, just above her slim tan legs that so well set off her very spankable fanny.

I gave her much the same punishment that Jill had received and she took it well only once almost popping up out of position, But a quick hand on her back prevented this and she slumped back into place. As soon as I gave her permission to stand, she started hopping in small circles, frantic from the spanking and relived it was over, she crossed her arms and kept turning as if that would some how help. I took her by the arm and stopped her interpretation of a spinning top. She stopped at once as if embarrassed and stood there looking up at me with tears streaming from her bright green eyes.

I pointed to the other girls and she slowly started walking back to her place.

Patty The sixteen year old blond, blue eyed beach bunny removed her knickers, turned and looked at me and didnt move. Take your position I commanded. Ever so slowly she began shuffling towards the desk, the fear clear in her eyes. As she passed me she said Please Mr. Robbins I ignored this quiet plea for mercy and pointed to the desk.

She stood before the desk, and after a few seconds delay, she bent over with out being told. I walked over to my position and admired the young ladies almost prefect body, she was model material no doubt about it, her long blond hair spilled over her shoulders and onto her back. Her pert bottom was a prefect fit for a California bikini. She turned and looked over her shoulder at me with her big blue eyes for a few seconds and then looked forward towards the wall.

I placed the paddle against her bottom, which was less red than the other two and observed her bottom as the paddle made a small impression on her fanny as I held it there and pressed, her bottom swelled out at the edges of the paddle from the slight pressure. As I brought the paddle back I could see her tense up and tighten her butt cheeks in anticipation. I gave her a medium swat and then two more, with the third she gave a low moan.

I then picked up the intensity of the swats, keeping the pace at the usual of one spank every three or so seconds. It was only after about five more of these that Patty began her small dance of raising one foot two or three inches up and back and then lowering it and raising the other foot with the next swat. I didnt make her stop as I might have some other practices since it was not interfering with the paddling.

She flexed her bottom cheeks loosening them up after every swat and then tightening up almost immediately in preparation for the next, this in concert with her small dance made her as active a spankee as Ive ever had short of trying to avoid the punishment. Her bottom began taking on a redder appearance and soon caught up and passed her companions well colored fannies.

OHH, OHH, OHH, OHH was the extent of her utterances as the paddle struck her bottom. She continued her activities until I stopped. Stand up I told her and after a seconds delay she stood up. She turned slowly looked at me and put her arms around my waist and hung on tightly and cried and cried. I slowly pried the half naked girl off me and led her back to the others and put in place. By now the others had stopped crying and there was only some sniffling. I waited for Patty to settle down and then called the girls over to stand in front of my desk.

Tell me ladies, have we learned anything today? I asked. They clearly remembered the earlier lesson on not answering questions and were all too eager to assure me that indeed they had learned a great deal.

Yes Sir, Mr. Robbins They almost spoke as one. I made them stand there embarrassed as they were, naked from the waist down and gave them a good ten minute lecture. Having decided that the lesson was learned and that the word would go out about the high cost of attempting to escape, I let the girls go back to the bookcase and retrieve their knickers and put them on and then their shorts.

And with that they were allowed to leave my office and go directly to class, where I knew that would have a long day sitting on blistered bottoms and the unforgiving wood desk seats in the class rooms.

I had one more task to complete that morning, I called to my secretary Daria, come in here please and close the door behind you................

PHOENIX GIRL’S SCHOOL PART VI

As the juvenile judge looked down at me from his somewhat imposing perch I knew I was in trouble. The other kids had been sentenced to substantial stays in the juvenile system and I was afraid that a similar fate was in store for me.

The all had longer records of trouble than me but as my Dad’s lawyer had said to me in a meeting before seeing the judge I was making an impressive start on my own record of crime and would soon take a back seat to no one in my age group. He didn’t seem to be very positively impressed with me when he was saying this. I confess that I knew the crowd I was hanging with was trouble, but I never thought it would come to this and I surely didn’t know that they would try and rob that store, and there I was in the car when we were pulled over.

With my recent past shoplifting and vandalism and some other offenses, my credibility was at an all time low, and my pleas for understanding were falling on deaf ears, even Mom now considered me a bad influence on my younger brother and sisters.

My knees were knocking, I could be sent away for up to four years in a juvenile system that had small mercy for spoiled fifteen year olds, who were in truth novices at this crime game, other than a smart mouth I was not cut out for this kind of trouble and in over my head and I knew it.

“Well Ms. Walters, you’re case worker tells me you are remorseful about the trouble you’ve caused, and want another chance is that correct?”

“Yes sir”, I whimpered back in my best attempt to sound scared and sorrowful, which really wasn’t all that much of a stretch.

Taking only a slightly softer tone he then spoke. “ I believe that there is the possibility of turning around your behavior pattern and making a major change in your life before it is too late, Are you looking forward to a lengthy stay in the juvenile system?” he asked. “No sir, not at all” I responded trying to fight back the tears and frustrated at the impossible situation I was now in. For the first time in my life I felt I was no longer in control, and I was having trouble adjusting to that simple fact.

“There is one possibility that remains, that might not mean our Juvie jail, if you think you might be interested.” “Oh yes sir, I’ll be good” I responded earnestly. “I won’t cause any more problems at home, or any where else. I promise.”

“Jenny, I think you misunderstand me. I have no intention of allowing you to go home at this point, I think the lack of strict supervision and your old environment would be exactly the wrong combination for you, no, your parents and I have something else in mind for you, if you care to avoid jail and the juvenile record that you will have.”

“I don’t understand” was all I could think of to say. The judge looked down at me and with the hard edge returning. “Jenny in Arizona there is a small school that specializes in handling young ladies like you and trying to turn their lives around. It’s no picnic and quite expensive, however you Father will pick up the bill and after hearing about the school and it’s program I am convinced that it might work for you.”

“Arizona? Arizona I wondered where the hell was that”, some where out west I was sure of that, A long way from New Jersey no doubt about that. Disconnected thoughts flashed through my head, was it hot there?, was there enough water to drink, this guy was talking about sending me to the Arizona desert, where was Arizona again? I tried to think.”

“Your choices are quite clear young lady, you can either go into our local system for several years or you can go the Arizona Girl’s School until you prove to everyone’s satisfaction that you will follow the rules of society, which is what your parents and I think would be best, however I will not order you out of state against your wishes. A little corporal punishment may be good for you, nothing else seems to be working. What will it be?” he asked.

I looked at him with too many thoughts running through my head at once and said, “Arizona, I’ll go to the school I guess.” He looked sternly at me and said. “No guessing Jenny, either you agree to go or you don’t. Make up your mind I am busy and have other cases today. “Ok Ok I’ll go to the school” and with that agreed to I was led away by Dad’s lawyer. “What is corporal, what ever he was talking about?” I asked the lawyer. He looked at me with a smile and said “Corporal punishment, it means if you don’t behave they spank you.” and with that he handed me some forms to sign while I tried in vain to digest this latest bit of news.

“Spank me, you mean they will spank me at that school?” I asked thunderstruck as the lawyer continued to push the papers under my nose. He nodded yes and pointed out the lines that indicated I was signing my freedom away. Fifteen minutes later I was back in front of the judge telling him that I understood what I had agreed to and had no objections to being sent to Arizona. I was led from the courtroom and placed in a small holding area for several hours.

A few hours passed, my parents had gone home and I felt so alone. “Jenny, my name is Ms. Stuart, I will be taking you to the school” a voice announced and I looked up to see a tall lady with a frown looking down at me. When I sat there looking at this new person in my life and wondering what was next she snapped me out of my mental interlude with a sharp and not friendly. “ I said move, and now Missy unless you want to regret it later.” I snapped up from my reclining position and came to my feet right then.

A few minutes later we were on our way to the airport in a taxi and Ms.

Stuart was proving herself the silent type, well that was fine with me. I pondered the events of the day and what this move to the forsaken reaches of Arizona would be like. Not quite New York City I supposed. I wondered about the shopping and when would my clothes arrive, I sure hoped someone thought to have them checked on this flight, what a downer it would be to have to wait to go shopping to have something decent to wear. It might be a day or two before I could get to a mall.

A few hours into the flight, Ms. Stuart almost started acting like she had some human emotion after all. We made some small talk and then I asked a question, “what did you mean back there in the cell when you said I better hurry up or I would regret it later?” I asked. She looked at me and answered with a question. “They told you what kind of school this is didn’t they?”

“Well yes I guess they did” I answered “It’s an all girls school, isn’t that right?” She looked at me for a few quiet seconds and then speaking slowly and low so I had to strain to hear over the airplane noise. “It’s a girls school all right but like none you’ve ever heard about I suspect. You will do as you’re told and when you’re told or you will be punished and as often as necessary. You will be restricted to the campus for at least six months, you will wear regulation uniforms and when you get out of line, as I might add I am sure you will, you will be paddled until your bright red bottom convinces Mr. Robbins that you have learned a lesson.”

With that she turned and picked up an airplane magazine and started turning the pages. I hadn’t interrupted her since it was so hard to hear, and I sank back in my seat to try and make sense of what I had heard. “Restricted? Six months? Regulation Uniforms? Paddled? Bare bottom?” I knew she wasn’t kidding, but this was too much, just too much.” For the first time my situation and the trouble I had gotten myself into was dawning on me. As the plane flew through the night sky the darkness outside matched my outlook.

We landed about 10:30 PM and a van was there from the School to meet us, at least I think it was from the School, it didn’t have any markings indicating where it was from. A 45 minute drive found us in the middle of no where and pulling up to a gate, a few words were exchanged with a guard and we were allowed to enter. I was turned over to a lady who found a bed for me in the first aid room. I fell asleep almost at once still in my clothes, too exhausted from the day and it’s events to care in the least.

I woke up with a start and as I jerked awake, there was a large lady hovering over me, she announced herself as the school nurse and asked if I was ok. I assured her I was, and with that a another new person was called for. “Hello my name is Daria,” She announced and it’s my job to get you processed in and assigned to a cottage, and with that she turned and said. “Follow me”

We entered a shower room and I was instructed to undress and get into the shower, I carefully laid my clothes out and did as I was told, determined to go along with their silly program and maybe some one would realize that a cooperative person like my self did not belong in this prison camp laughingly called a school and I could go home.

She threw me a bottle of shampoo and told me to wash my hair. “ Can’t I said, just had it done and I don’t want to ruin it, it may be a week or more before I can find someone out here to do it right. Daria laughed and destroyed my day as I watched her dump my clothes in a hamper. “Don’t worry about your hair, in a few minutes you get a regulation school cut and you won’t have enough hair to worry about, now hurry up.”

I was handed a large rough white towel as I came out of the shower, and Daria told me to follow her after handing me a pair of rubber thongs from a large box next to the shower. With the towel wrapped around me we left the shower area and went into a hall way filled with people, students and damn their hair was short, faculty members and some clerical people. Nobody seemed to pay me much attention though I was super embarrassed as I squeaked down the hall way dripping water with only a towel to cover my self from the world.

We entered another room and I was measured and weighed and after a few minutes handed a box of what appeared to be white rags. “Put them on” Daria instructed me. “What, put what on?” I asked back with a tone to my voice to show I was beginning to get annoyed with this rather rude treatment. “Those are your uniforms, now get out of that towel and into your School dress.” And to my great annoyance I realized that this plain white frumpy and far too short dress was what these people expected me to wear, well no way was I going to that.

“No” I announced with an air of superiority that I hope conveyed that these things were clearly not satisfactory and they had best rethink letting me wear my own clothes.

“No?” Daria asked back and looking at me with no small amount of astonishment on her face. “No? Did I hear you right?”

“You heard me just fine, what part of No didn’t you understand?” I responded now proud of my stand and sure that I would be legend in this crummy school for getting the rules changed. I was on a roll, these damn country western hicks weren’t going to push a Jersey girl around. No Way No How, No day. She looked at me for a few seconds and then asked slowly. “You’re sure about this? You wouldn’t care to change your mind?”

“I’m quite sure, thank you, now if you can just take these rags back and arrange for some decent clothes and if you don’t mind just a whole hell of a lot, make it quick.” I commanded in my most authoritative voice.

Daria now looked at me with the trace of a smile on her lips as if she were enjoying a secret that she didn’t wish to share at that moment, “ Fine if that’s the way you want it, I’ll discuss the situation with Mr. Robbins.” She said as politely as one could hope for and I became more convinced of the strength of my position. And she left the room.

A few minutes went by and then a few more and I became impatient and after about fifteen minutes I opened the door and yelled to the nearest person walking by “Where the Hell is Daria, I’m tired of waiting and I want some action.” The girl I had yelled at looked at me in astonishment and then looked past me at something, lowered her eyes and scurried away as a loud voice behind me boomed out.

“Action it is you want young lady?, then by heavens action it is you will have, make no mistake about that.” I turned to see an above average size displeased looking man standing in front of me and next to him was Daria. They contrasted not only in size but in facial expression as well. His frown and obvious displeasure were the opposite of her now growing smile.

Faster than I could anticipate he moved forward and before I could react he took my left ear lobe between his fingers and proceed down the hallway with me following my head now attached to his hand. I blustered and yelled all to no avail and soon I was half walking, half hopping and stumbling behind him with Daria close behind.

I was almost in a state of shock at this beastly behavior, even when I yelled something about lawsuits and my Father’s lawyer he didn’t stop or slow down. I realized we were entering an office and I remember the door slamming shut as the three of us entered the room.

I was let go in front of a large desk and stood there trembling with anger as he walked behind the desk and sat down. I started to spit out some threats and stopped when he held up his hands palms towards me and spoke first.

“Jenny” He began in a reasonable even voice. “ All of this is new to you and sometimes this takes some adjusting to, and we have found that a quick immersion into the realities of the situation is the best course of action. You will find we are not like any other school you have heard of, or any Juvenile system you have come across. You have had all the explanation you needed to make the correct choices before you started this disturbance. You will never behave like that again at this school and I will make sure of that right now.”

Some doubt was creeping into my mind as I listened to this determined man make his speech, something he did with an ease that made me a little nervous and concerned about my immediate future.

“Jenny from here you will be taken to meet your cottage parents who will be responsible for you and then to your first class. But before we do that you will be paddled for your inexcusable behavior here today. Now if you will step over to that desk in the corner of the room and bend over we can get this over with.”

I pulled the towel tightly around me acutely aware of my near naked condition and frantically looked around at the desk, then at Daria and back at Mr. Robbins. “I will not, you can’t be serious, you have no right to expect me to... well you just can’t be serious you can’t.” I could hear the tone in my voice rising taking on a shrill quality at the impossibility of my situation and what this man was suggesting I do.

He looked at me with a stern face and I saw him pick up a long wide paddle, I watched transfixed as he took the paddle in both hands, he looked at me and then put the paddle down and picked up a somewhat smaller and thinner paddle, he spoke in a very firm almost hard voice. “I can, I am, and you will be paddled before you leave this room. Now I suggest you do as you are told and quickly.”

I moved toward the table a few steps propelled by the intimidating manner in which he spoke and out of fear of the paddle he was holding. Daria mercifully took me by the arm and tried to comfort me and led me to the table as I resisted only slightly too stunned to protest any further. Before I was aware of it I was standing where I had been instructed and as my knees quaked I waited wondering what was happening and unable to see any alternatives. I knew I couldn’t run and I sure wasn’t going to change Mr. Robbin’s mind that much was evident.

As I stood there wondering with dread what it was going to be like, since I last got a spanking when I was ten I heard the words that stunned me more than anything in my life up until that moment. “ Hand Daria the towel and bend over” Mr. Robbins announced as if he were having a normal conversation.

I started to turn and voice a protest when Daria leaned toward me and spoke softly.

“Do as he tells you, and do it now. Trust me you have no choice, don’t make this worse.” As if in a dream I slowly removed the towel and handed it to her and with a shudder of shame and embarrassment I bent over the desk as instructed. “Boy if only my cool friends could see me now.” I thought grimly to my self.

Daria and my towel moved away and out of sight, leaving me exposed to Mr. Robbins and his paddle as I fidgeted and brought my legs together tightly. He moved beside me and I felt the paddle against my bottom and then a few slight pats of the paddle as I supposed he was getting his aim down.

I heard the sound first, and as the loud pop hit my ears, the first thought did not connect the sound to my situation and then just as quick I felt the paddle crack home. The burn was substantial but I didn’t move I was still too embarrassed at being naked and bent over to want to expose my self. The second and third swats increased the burn and I felt myself gripping the edge of the desk in an effort to maintain my position. “Surely it must be almost over” I told my self, the beast can’t expect me to take much more of this. But by far it wasn’t over.

“Four” I grunted to myself as the paddle landed and I felt an intensity of heat and burning building on my butt that I would never have imagined. On the seventh or so swat I gave up all concerns of modesty and jumped up and my hands shot to my rear rubbing frantically. “Get back in position” Mr. Robbins growled. “I can’t it hurts too much, please I can’t.” I sobbed through tears. “Should have thought of that before you started being such a smart mouth, now back in position before I decide to start over.” And slowly I bent back over the desk, as I felt the throbbing in my bottom and the tears on my face and running down my chin. I felt so childlike I was in his total control, my bottom was flaming, my face was tear streaked and I was naked and being paddled by a strange man. My world at that moment was a mess and I was miserable.

With each swat of the paddle the sounds exploded out of my mouth as soon as the paddle landed leaving it’s burning sting and producing more tears and the frantic shaking of my head. I can’t say I heard the paddle as it hit my butt, more like I felt the sound. With each swat of the paddle I heard the noise in my ears, but it wasn’t the clap of the paddle, it was a roar of red pain as my butt burned I felt the blistering heat as a red hot sound thundered in my head.

OWW, NOOoo, AHHHhh, and with each swat of the paddle I exclaimed a protest of pain and yelped out my distress. All to no avail the paddle kept coming down and turning my fanny into what felt like red hot coals were being held against it with each swat.

OOOO, OOAAHHh, PLEASE NO MORE, STOP, I’M SORRY, accompanied each of the strokes Mr. Robbins laid across my tail with that paddle. I was aware that I was wiggling my backside to try and avoid the paddle and twice he had to stop and warn me to stay still, placing his hand on my bare hip and moving me the few inches back into place before blazing away again.

Oowie, NO,NO, NO MORE, PLEASE NO MORE and the burning on my bottom continued as well as the burning in my ears, as I shut my eyes and tried to hang on.

A pause, and then I sensed it was over, Daria was beside me and I took the towel and wrapped it around my self as I slowly lowered my self to the floor. I stayed there for a few minutes trying to compose my self and stop crying. Daria reappeared holding the box of regulation clothes that I had been so disdainful of a few minutes earlier. I was helped to my feet, now more composed but still crying like a baby, both at the pain and the shock over the change in my life and the situation I was now in.

She took the towel and right there in front of Mr. Robbins I had to pull on the knickers and small dress that comprises the school uniform. I winced and started crying all over as I sat down to put on my tennis shoes. That done I was led back to the desk and Mr. Robbins, as I sniffled and tried to wipe away the tears from my face with my hand. As I looked at him with a red burning face and bottom he spoke.

“Jenny, you got the same lesson that many girls get when they first arrive and try to test us. Don’t test me again, you won’t like it.” I wondered bitterly if he thought that maybe I liked this lesson.

“Daria, will show you to your cottage and then to your first class, and I suggest you pay attention and give your best effort. Do you understand?” “Yes sir” I sniffled eager to get out of that office.

As we walked towards the cottage in the bright Arizona sun, I had to be almost led, the combination of the tears in my eyes and the sun made it hard to see. Taking me by the arm and helping me Daria spoke first. “You did good in there for a first spanking in this place, a lot of the girls have to be held down until they learn that that only makes it worse.” I looked at her, blinking and asked, “Worse, what could be worse than that?” “If you try to resist your spanking you are restrained and either he starts over or doubles the punishment. Believe me not many of the girls have that happen to them twice.” She answered.

“Anyway for what you did he was easy on you.” I looked at her again and spat out. “Easy on me, easy, are you fucking kidding, that was easy?” As we approached the cottage and Daria reached to knock on the door she answered. “Sure you only got twenty five swats of the paddle, not many at all really for the way you were acting and then the small paddle at that, you were darn lucky Jenny, and don’t you forget it. And watch your mouth around here, that kind of language will get you more of the same.”

As we heard some one call out from inside to wait a second She turned to me and said. “I suggest you watch your behavior your new house parents are very nice people, but I know for a fact they won’t hesitate to put you over their knee if they think it’s warranted, and I’ll bet before you come around to meeting the school requirements, it will be necessary a many times.

And with that the door

opened...............................................

PHOENIX GIRLS SCHOOL Part VII

Yes Mr. Robbins? I asked closing the door behind me as instructed.

Sit down Daria He said motioning to a chair with an absent minded wave of his hand as he finished reading the report in his hands. Putting down the papers he looked at me over the rims of his reading glasses with an arched eyebrow and asked me a question. Daria, are you aware that you are due for your thirty day review? Yes sir I replied. Ive been looking forward to this. Lets see shall we? He said handing me a blank review form. Well just go down this together and see what it looks like, is that ok with you? I responded that it was. Attitude he started on our one to ten scale Id give you an 8.5, very good. Thank you sir I beamed.

Job knowledge an 8.0 but increasing as time on the job increases, quite satisfactory Yes sir, I acknowledged.

Effort, Hmmm not quite so good Im afraid. he said looking at me once again this time with the other eyebrow arched. Daria I dont think youre applying your self to nearly the best of your ability. Far too often I see you talking to others or taking time away from work for personal matters. This is a 4.5 not good, not good at all. I slunk down two inches in my chair as he continued.

Attendance he announced I tried to look cheerful but I knew what was coming here, and for the first time in the review I began to worry. You have missed two days and been late three times in the twenty one working days since you started. Terrible simply terrible, a 2.5 and youre lucky to have that he said firmly as my cheeks burned red with embarrassment.

Teamwork, very important here at the school as you know we have a small staff and everyone has to do their share and to the extent you dont give your maximum effort you hold us all back and with that he said 5.

5

Quality of work, no surprises there are there Daria? I blushed and looked at the floor, only yesterday I had to redo several reports due to careless errors. No sir I stammered out. 4.0 he announced.

We went through several more categories some good and some not so hot, I was asked to read the review and sign it, which I did.

Leaning back in his chair Mr. Robbins took a long look at me and said. Daria, most if not all of your problems here are due to carelessness and not a lack of job knowledge. Arching his left eyebrow in an attempt to see that they were both exercised equally he went on. Due to your unsatisfactory review and the reasons we have discussed, I must conclude that you are not sufficiently motivated to work here. Therefore I am sorry to tell you that your employment status with us is terminated.

I was shocked. I knew that I had a few problems since I started but I never thought that this would happen. Maybe I should have paid more attention when some of the older secretaries tried to offer advice. Mr. Robbins had counseled me a number of times on errors and the need for accurate work, but I never thought it would or could come to this, I was being fired and from my first real job. I was ashamed as I slowly picked myself up from the chair and looked at Mr. Robbins through tear filled eyes and turned and walked to my desk for what I imagined was the last time.

After a lengthy cry in the ladies room I reemerged to clean out my desk. I was approached by the some what intimidating Ms. Stuart who told me that Mr. Robbins would like to see me. See me, Im fired what does he want with me now? I asked.

Dont know she replied he only said he wanted to see you. Come in Daria Mr. Robbins said as I stood in the door way of his office. You wanted to see me? I asked. Yes, as you left my office a few minutes ago it seemed that you wanted to say something. he went on, It is never easy to let an employee go however Daria in your case your carelessness made the decision for me. He looked at me waiting for a response. I know it is my fault and Im sorry, its just that after my uncle went to so much trouble to get me this position, I wondered if there is anything I can do to change your mind? I almost begged.

Daria, I would be happy to give you another chance if somehow I could be convinced that you would take a second opportunity more seriously. But that doesnt seem possible so I want to wish you the best of luck. And with that I was out of his office again. I was standing by my desk when Janet one of the students came up to me and asked in a quiet hushed voice, what kind of mood is Mr. Robbins in?

OK I suppose I answered why? she looked at me and blushed and replied in a yet lower voice. Cause I was sloppy with some of my work and despite repeated warnings I didnt get things done on time and now Im going to get paddled.

And there it was as clear as day, I almost slapped my head in annoyance for not thinking of it sooner, I knew what I had to do if I wanted to stay and for sure I did want to remain at the school. I think his mood is ok Janet dont worry too much. I said trying to give the petite fourteen year old some encouragement. She looked at me appreciatively and with wide brown eyes that were clearly worried she said. Thanks, I sure hope youre right. And with that she sat down on the sofa to wait until she was called. I entered Mr. Robbins office for the third time that morning and I knew that either I would leave the room no longer an employee of the school or I would have convinced Mr. Robbins of a way to ensure that taking a second chance on me was a good bet.

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Yes Daria, what is it now? I would have thought you would have left by this time. He inquired with a small tinge of annoyance in his voice. Sir I started summoning up all my courage. I want to stay at the school and I have a suggestion that might ensure that my work is satisfactory. He looked at me, and waved me into the room and as I stood before his massive wood desk he said. Go on Im listening. Well sir, its kind of like this I started off stammering out my quickly thought out plan. In the future if I make, oh say five no make that ten errors in a week I would agree to take a spanking of maybe one swat of the paddle on my jeans for every two errors and in this way you can be sure that I will always try my best. I spit out the last few words in a nervous torrent.

I looked at him in amazement, he was smiling, then chuckling and then broke out into a short laugh. Daria he said still smiling, Im not in the habit of negotiating with young ladies, and while I admire the sprit of your suggestion, I find it totally unacceptable. I looked at him with a sense of impending doom, my idea was shot down in flames and I knew that when I got home Unc. was not going to be happy.

I was getting ready to turn and walk out of the room for the final time when he spoke. What I will agree to Daria is that you deserve to be punished and maybe losing your job isnt the only possibility, so here is my suggestion which I might add is final and not open to discussion. I looked at him with my heart rising in hope, maybe things would be all right.

The plan quite simply is, you will be punished right now, today, for your errors and whenever I feel it is appropriate in the future, you will be punished in the same manner as any of the students here are, and

you know what that means. Indeed I did, the thought of a few swats on the seat of my jeans as a punishment became a fond and no longer possible memory. Thats it take it or leave it. he said with a tone that made it clear the time for discussion was over. Uh can I think about it? I asked. No he shot back. This has taken up enough of my day you wanted a second chance, it was your idea, now either you decide to take the same punishments as one of the students or you are free to leave the school grounds. He shifted slightly in his chair and asked. So what will it be? I didnt hear you, speak up he said leaning forward to try and hear my embarrassed mumbling. Ill take the punishment I said looking down at the carpet. Are you sure? He inquired in a some what softer voice. Yes sir I answered raising my head and looking him in the eye. Im sure.

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A few minutes later I found myself sitting on the sofa next to Janet, I was trying to be cool I didnt want her to know I was about to get paddled as if I were also fourteen. I hoped that she would be called in first and be gone before I had to get my paddling.

Janet come in here please Mr. Robbins voice called out. Great I thought at least she was going to be first and would be gone by the time it was my turn. And then in disbelief I heard Daria you too. I followed Janet into the office and to her surprise I was soon part of the action.

Ladies Mr. Robbins began, you both know why you are here, so lets get this started.

Daria, please close the door. After doing as instructed we were standing in front of his desk waiting for instructions. My mind was a haze of emotions, less than an hour ago I was just beginning to get my job review and now I was about to get a spanking along with one of the students. My knees felt weak and my stomach was one great knot, numerous times I had listened to the paddlings from the other side of the door and wondered what it was like in here and now I was about to find out.

Who was going to be first? I wondered. Daria please go stand in front of the sofa, Janet place your self in front of the desk. He announced pointing to the small desk in the corner of his office. I went over to the sofa and stood nervously watching as Janet walked over to the desk as instructed. Mr. Robbins satisfied that we were both in the proper places turned around to his bookcase and picked something up. As he turned back toward his desk he had in his hand the paddle. The paddle that I knew was soon going to be burning my bottom. It sure looked bigger and meaner than the previous times I had seen it, I suppose that in part due to the fact we were about to have a different relationship.

At his order Janet reached under her short white school dress and pulled her knickers down to her knees and bent over the desk. Mr. Robbins stood beside her and pulled up her dress and laid it across her back as far as the short skirt would reach. He then placed the business end of the paddle down to touching her knickers still at her knees and with the edge of the paddle he pushed the knickers the rest of the way to her ankles.

Satisfied he took the paddle and placed it against her bottom and saying a few words to the little fourteen year old that I could not hear he then brought the paddle back and gave her a soft swat. She flinched noticeably not so much in pain as from pent-up anxiety. Her pony tail waved back and forth as she shook her head in small sharp movements.

Two more, then three swats, still not hard but getting firmer. The paddle while not all that wide all but covered the better part of the young girls bottom for a short second as it landed. The reddish marks from the paddle were now beginning to show as the pace of the paddling picked up.

OH, OH, exclaimed Janet as the paddle swats now picked up and began landing with a crisp clap of the paddle against her bare bottom. She was moving her backside six inches to the left and then six inches to the right between each swat of the paddle. OH, OH, AHH, OH, OUCH. Her bottom was wiggling and jiggling like a fish out of water but never leaving the limits of six inches one way and then the other. She seemed well aware of the penalties for trying to avoid a spanking and was doing her best to stay in line. I hope Im as brave I thought to myself.

I noticed with a detached part of my mind that the room echoed with the sounds of the paddle and made the paddling seem that much louder. Janets bottom was now splotched red and white and she was clearly struggling to hold on and maintain her position. With a quick flurry of five swats that had her yelping the paddling concluded. Mr. Robbins told her she could stand up and then she was allowed to bend over and pick up her knickers off the floor. Still with knickers in hand she was told to stand beside me. I looked down at her as the tears fell from her brown eyes and she rubbed the back of her dress to relive the sting while one hand still clutched the small white pair of knickers. Then it was my turn.

Daria He said pointing to the small desk. He didnt have to say anything else I knew what was expected of me and was determined not to embarrass myself in front of Janet. I stood in front of the desk and taking a deep breath I pulled up my dress and reached into the waist band of my knickers and started to pull them down. Odd but at the moment I wondered if I would have worn a different pair than the plain white old fashioned ones I had on for maybe a showier pair if I had known that they were going to be on display like this, the thought quickly slipped from my mind as I lowered them to my knees and bent over the desk.

Mr. Robbins grabbed my dress in the middle and quickly pulled it up and laid it across my back, exposing my pale white fanny to my small audience. He placed the paddle between my legs and I felt it against my knees as he pushed down my knickers with the paddle all the way to my ankles. I then felt the paddle as he placed it against my bottom and pulled it back and then gently replaced it again, he did this three of four times until he had my complete attention focused on that very specific part of my anatomy.

Then a crisp swat and then another and with the third I could feel a burn on my butt to match the burn of embarrassment in my facial cheeks. Truly I was on fire at both ends, but I knew one fire was going to get worse than the other.

I listened to the swats and the echoes in the room as I tried to focus on something else other than the burning on my bottom, but it was no use all I could feel was the pop of the paddle and the burning that accompanied each swat. I was soon crying and shaking my head from side to side and trying to maintain my position as I had seen young little Janet do so bravely earlier. Any real thoughts of trying to tough out the paddling were long gone, my only concern was getting through the spanking and not doing anything foolish that would earn me extra punishment.

And that was for the errors I heard Mr. Robbins say Now lets deal with your attendance, shall we? And with that another Smack as the paddle struck home and I squealed in pain.

SMACK, SMACK, SPLAT, POP, SMACK, the paddle was now rising and falling too quickly for me to even consider trying to follow. My ears were trying to sort out the sounds of the paddle the echoes and my yelping and crying and Mr. Robbins lecture as he landed the paddle on his negligent secretarys bare red bottom.

OHH, OH, AWW, OUCH, NOOO, ILL DO BETTER I PROMISE, I announced to the world at the top of my lungs. Still not satisfied Mr. Robbins delivered five more swats and then confident that he had given me a review that I would not soon forget, he reached over and pulled my dress off my back and into place.

As instructed I picked up my knickers and moved into place next to Janet. After a short lecture we were instructed to replace our knickers and stand back up. Janet you may return to your cottage now, and Daria Ill see you tomorrow morning, and with a smile he said Dont be late. With that we both quickly moved out of the room and rushed to the nearest ladies room to wash our tear stained faces. Damn Ill never make another mistake again said Janet to me as she dried her face with a paper towel and rubbed her bottom with the other hand. I hear that was my only response.

The day was now over and I got into my truck for the ride home to my Uncles house my bottom was stinging and I sat on the seat heated up by the Arizona sun with a great deal more discomfort than usual. As I was half way home my dilemma hit me, should I tell my Uncle what had happened since he went to some lengths to get me the job? And if I did how would he react? And if I didnt and he found out from Mr. Robbins then what would happen?

It was a long drive back as I pondered the choices.

PHOENIX GIRLS SCHOOL # 8

As Bill Watson approached the cottage he heard the familiar sounds of a spanking coming from the open window as the breeze pulled the curtains out and gently waved them as if they were being pushed out into the warm air by the sounds of the activity inside. “What now” he wondered, “which one was it now?” He knew that any of the three girls that he and his young wife were responsible for were quite capable of having done something to deserve a spanking and as a matter of fact quite often did.

The sounds of the spanking became clearer and louder as he came closer, he heard the steady sounds of a hand meeting a bare bottom the splat, splat, splat along with the whimpers and cries. He was sure now, the whimpers and tone of the crying gave up the fact to his practiced ear that Jennifer was the latest spankee in the Watson cottage. “Well that was hardly a surprise” he thought to himself and then reflected that no matter which one it had been. Jennifer, Angie, or Tina he would not have been surprised, it had been that kind of week.

He opened the door and shut it behind him and wearily took in the scene. The first thing he noticed was that Angie was in the corner of the room and watching, waiting her turn, and in the center of the room was his wife with Jennifer across her knee. Jennifer’s knickers were at her ankles, her short white school dress was draped over her back and her feet were kicking as best they could under the circumstances and the white knickers blended in with the white school issue tennis shoes she was wearing.

Her bottom was red and getting redder, clearly his wife was annoyed and felt some serious spanking was in order. Bill as was his custom didn’t ask any questions or interfere, this spanking was all his wife Donna’s project, as he wondered why she didn’t spare her hand and use a paddle, though she was proving quite effective if Jennifer’s bouncing red bottom was any indication.

Jennifer’s long tan legs stretched straight out and then slowly lowered to the floor and they seemed to dig in and then she curled her lower legs slowly up again as he watched. When her legs got high enough to interfere with the action Donna pushed them back down with the move of an experienced spanker and continued the job at hand. Jennifer’s long blond hair was covering her head and flinging wildly as she shook her head from side to side. With a final flurry of five spanks Jennifer’s punishment was over. She rose from Donna’s lap and stepped back and as her short dress slid back down she bent over and pulled up her knickers and shuffled to the wall where Angie was waiting to be instructed.

“Over here” Said Donna speaking for the first time since Bill had entered. “Right now” and with that the unhappy Angie went to Donna’s side and without being told, reached under her dress and lowered her knickers and laid herself across Donna’s knees. Her dress was pulled up revealing what Bill considered to be one of the more spankable bottoms at the school. Her compact and full but not overly so bottom was framed by the dress at her waist and her knickers now at just below her bottom cheeks. The contrast between the white of the clothing and her amazingly tan backside was striking. “Well she’ll get almost no opportunity to sun her fanny at this school” Bill observed, “though if her behavior doesn’t improve it may well stay tanned.” His thought process was interrupted by the sound of the first swat landing on Angie’s fanny. Bill watched as her bottom bounced with the impact, and the small girl flinched and seemed to try and lower herself in her spankers lap as if to avoid the impact of the spanking.

As soon as Donna’s hand pulled back for the next swat, it seemed that an imprint of red appeared on Angie’s bottom, but before Bill could determine it this were a fact or merely an illusion the second and then the third swats landed. “Yep” Bill thought “Thats doing it, getting red now all right, no doubt about that.” The small girl was a youngish looking fourteen and had arrived at the school only a few days before, but was already proving to be a hand full, having gotten a spanking from Bill on her first day there, indeed within one hour of their introduction Bill had the young girl across his lap for a spanking. “And she had not seemed to learn a thing from the experience” he thought dryly.

Donna was proving once again that she was an expert at giving over the knee spankings with her hand. Angie was now whimpering and trying to struggle against the control Donna had over her, Donna’s hand took Angie’s right wrist and pulled her arm back to in effect immobilize the child and with out missing more than a beat or two the spanking resumed. The knickers that once served to help frame her bottom slid down her legs in spurts aided by her body movement and kicking.

SPLAT, SPLAT, SPLAT, SPLAT, SPLAT Donna was now in a rhythm and the spanks were coming at a steady rate, the spanking was not fast but a even pace designed to give Angie just enough time to fully experience the last spank before another stinger arrived to bring a small yelp from the girl.

Bill looked over at the freshly spanked Jennifer, who hand her hands inside her knickers and was rubbing her bottom as she watched Angie’s spanking through tear filled eyes with an intensity that suggested she had never seen anything more interesting in her short life.

Angie was crying freely and no longer struggling, though as each spank arrived she seemed to shudder and flinch at the impact. Then Donna stopped and let Angie’s wrist go and placed a hand on her shoulder to help her up. Angie scurried to the wall, pulling up her knickers and struggling to wipe her tears away as she went.

With both of them at the wall, Donna went over and stood before them and waited until Angie composed herself enough for a conversation.

“Girls, is this sort of thing going to happen again?” Donna demanded in a firm voice.

“No ma’am, Ms. Watson.” sputtered Jennifer, who now had her hands out of her knickers and at her side.

“And you Angie, will this happen again?” No, no way I’ll do as I’m told, I promise” came the anxious answer from the freshly spanked Angie.

“Fine for now then. You two get back to the kitchen and do the dishes as you were told, and when I’m satisfied you can go to your rooms, but not before then, now scoot.” And with that the girls made for the kitchen and their chores.

Donna turned to acknowledge her husband for the first time since he had entered. “Hi dear, as you can see, we’ve had an active afternoon here.” He responded “I see you indeed have.”

After a few more words that were somewhat restrained by the presence of the girls, Bill went to the kitchen and got a soda and watched as the girls tried to act as normal as possible and finish their chore so they could retreat for a few minutes to freshen up before dinner and study time.

“By the way Daria brought our new girl by earlier.” Donna said as she arrived in the kitchen beginning her inspection. “Seems she’s going to be a handful, she got paddled by Mr. Robbins during her orientation. She has quite a record to work off. Her name is Jenny, so now we have a Jennifer and a Jenny.”

Donna picked up a wooden spoon as the girls were putting the dishes away and stood behind Jennifer. “Though hopefully she will be more careful with dishes than Jennifer.” and with that Donna took a dish down from the shelf where Jennifer had just placed it and turned it over in front of the girl exposing a large dirty area.

Donna took Jennifer’s left hand and placed it on the counter, and flipped up the back of her dress, Jennifer knowing what was expected put her right hand on the counter and with a sigh, bent forward. The large wood spoon connected solidly with the girl’s sore seat, she yelped and raised up on her feet and then back down again. Four more swats of the effective spoon on Jennifer’s tail and the girls were told to go to their rooms.

A few seconds later, Bill went to answer the door, as he opened it, he said “Why hello Daria” and looking at the girl beside her said. “ and you must be Jenny Walters? Am I right?” The girl looked at him with an unhappy face and nodded her head in the affirmative. “This is Jenny all right and I think we’d better talk before I go, may we come in Mr. Watson?” Daria asked.

“Of course, of course, sorry didn’t mean to keep you standing out there.” Bill said quickly stepping aside and waving the girls in. “What do we need to talk about, Daria” Bill asked his curiosity now aroused. “Tell him Jenny. it’s better if it comes from you.” Daria told the unhappy girl. “It’s what we agreed on.”

Jenny shuffled her feet and looked at the floor and started crying, clearly upset and very unhappy. Daria spoke “She’s had a rather rough day, she started with a serious attitude and got Paddled pretty good by Mr. Robbins and then she had a problem with one of her teachers.” Daria looked at the girl again and continued. “The teacher wanted to send her to Mr. Robbins but he is gone for the afternoon, so I was able to convince her to let you handle the discipline, I’ve explained to Jenny that you and Mrs. Watson are strict, but anything is better than a second paddling tonight when Mr. Robbins returns.

“Now tell Mr. Watson, Jenny right now.” Daria said firmly knowing that the sooner the matter was taken care of the better it would be for Jenny.

Jenny shuffled her feet some more and each hand grabbed a handful of dress and squeezed tightly, summing up her courage she looked up and said to Mr. Watson. “I called the teacher a name, I didn’t mean too but I called her a bitch in front of the whole class. I’m sorry I really didn’t mean to but she kept asking me questions and I didn’t want to answer, why couldn’t she just leave me alone?”

And with that Daria said’ That’s the way it was explained to me too, well I guess I’ll be going now, Jenny you are with good people that care about you, I suggest you listen to them.” Jenny tried to smile at Daria as she said this and said “Thanks for trying to help.” “no prob.” and with that Daria was out the door, relived that she had not been asked to stay, she witnessed too many spankings around the school to want to stay for any more than necessary. They always made her nervous.

“Two spankings in one day, that’s quite a start young lady.” Bill said firmly looking at his new charge. “No sir, I was only spanked once today.” she replied, embarrassed to be discussing spankings with a strange man, in a new house. As she wondered to herself “Was it only yesterday that I was in New Jersey listening to the judge tell me that I was going away to school, strange seems like a hundred years ago.”

“One so far, Jenny. I intend to spank you for your behavior in class, we never let disobedience go unanswered here at this school.” Jenny glanced up and then back down at the floor and could only think to say “Oh”.

At that Moment Donna came into the room, having meet Jenny earlier, she nodded her hello and then spoke to Bill. “you’ll have to take care of this one dear, my hand is tired and I’m busy with dinner,” and disappeared to the kitchen.

Taking Jenny by the hand Bill spoke calmly and in as friendly a manner as he could in a effort to make the situation as easy as he could under the circumstances. “And now is as good a time as any.” With the he led young Jenny who only resisted slightly then went docilely with him. They entered a bedroom, Jenny recognized some of the things on one of the two beds as the school issue clothing she had received earlier in the day and correctly guessed that this was to be her room.

As she stood quietly in the center of the room unsure what to do, Bill pulled out a chair and sat down and with out a word pulled the girl to his side. She went not resisting over his knee. To Jenny there was a feeling of unreality almost as if this were happening to someone else. She felt her dress being pulled up and then his fingers in the waist band of her knickers. She shuddered at his touch and pulled her legs close together to make the removal harder and protect her modesty. Bill no stranger to such practices was not even slowed down and soon her knickers were no longer a factor in protecting her bottom.

“You did get paddled pretty good, didn’t you?” Bill observed looking at the red marks on her bottom from her earlier meeting with Mr. Robbins. Jenny was silent.

SPLAT, “I asked you a question, young lady, please have the grace to answer when you are spoken to.” “Yes sir” Jenny sputtered “I’m sorry, yes I was paddled very hard.” “Better, thank you for answering, please remember in the future that I expect answers to questions.” SPLAT, SPLAT, SPLAT, SPLAT now with five firm swats Bill stopped for a second to see the effect of his spanking. The girl was gripping his pants legs and pulling trying with all her strength to maintain her position as the spanking started. Bill didn’t want to over due the spanking on an already sore bottom and decided to administer only a moderate spanking which he figured would be quite sufficient under the circumstances.

He placed his hand on her bottom gently and then raised it looking at the imprint his hand made, the color change and the redness on her bottom, he repeated this a few times in each instance placing his hand more firmly and then releasing it. Now satisfied, and based on a great deal of spanking experience and young ladies bare bottoms he knew how much more of a spanking was fair.

“Fifteen more, Thats all.” He thought to himself.

SPLAT, SPLAT, “OOWWww” SPLAT, SPLAT “AAAiiiee” SPLAT.

SPLAT, SMACK, “Oh Oh Oh” SPLAT “OOOOUUUcch” SMACK, SMACK.

The sounds of hand meeting bare bottom filled and echoed through the small bedroom. Jenny was wiggling her bottom with each of the spanks and moderately kicking her legs, “ I think she’s going to tear my pants” Bill thought to himself with a small smile.

SMACK, “OOOOOhhh” SPLAT, “Aiiieee” CRACK, SMACK “SORRY, SORRY I’m SORRY” SPANK.

The girl lay across his lap with her death grip on his pants legs, she became aware that it had seemed to stop, and she felt her knickers being pulled up. With a hand on her shoulder she was helped up and stood before Bill, who gave her a hug and said. “Welcome to the family, The restroom is down the hall, you may clean up. Dinner is at six, don’t be late you’ll want to meet your new sisters.” and with that he was gone.

Jenny rubbed her bottom and tried to compose herself. A few minutes later she was looking at her very red bottom in the restroom mirror, amazed that it could be so red and how very much it had hurt to get it so red. “This place sucks” she thought to herself, and then “But I think I’ll not say that to anyone that can hear me”

Promptly at six, she shyly went into the living area and saw the other girls, the first thought that popped into her mind was “Wow these girls are all beautiful” She knew from her classes earlier that the school had a normal mixture of girls, some pretty some not as pretty, but these girls, well that was a different matter, she felt a bit envious.

The introductions were made and the other girls hugged her and tried to make her feel welcome. As they sat down to dinner, she noticed that two of the girls had thought to bring small pillows to sit on, and she wished she had done the same. “Maybe it’s just because they’re short and they need something to sit on” She thought to herself, but when she saw Jennifer wince when she bent forward to pass something she knew that she had not been the only one spanked that day.

“What a place, I have to get out of here.” she thought to herself. “I wonder if any of them feel the same.” Looking at the others she promised herself that tomorrow she would try and find out.

PHOENIX GIRLS SCHOOL Part 9

You can tell, sometimes as soon as you meet someone. You can just tell that they’re trouble. Jenny had it written all over her. A cocky walk and a way of talking that told you she thought she was better than everyone else and didn’t care if you knew it.

It was at dinner that night I first met the girl that was to cause me so much trouble, she had just arrived at the school and had already received a paddling from Mr. Robbins and a spanking from Mr. Watson only an hour or so earlier. Not a record, but still a very impressive beginning I reflected to myself.

But let me tell you a bit about me, before I go on. My name is Tina, Tina Wellington. I live in California, well I used to before I came here. I get good grades and am doing well at the school and have great affection for Bill and Donna our cottage parents. I do get into trouble from time to time and have gotten numerous spankings from them as well as two paddlings from Mr. Robbins. But like a lot of the girls here I came from a unhappy home life and despite the strict rules and discipline I like it here, I really do.

And now I was to share a room with this new girl Jenny, my previous roomy had spent almost two years at the school and had turned from being a borderline criminal to a very nice, productive person. She became student council president and turned her life around. She was allowed to return to her home amid much fan fare and celebration put on by the school at her departure. I was so happy for her and sad to see such a good friend go I cried the rest of the day.

And now look at what I had to put up with I thought as I looked across the dinner table, yep this one was going to be trouble. Her eyes were still red and puffy from the two spankings she had received, but that was doing nothing to interfere with the “airs” she was putting on. Her nose was stuck up so far I expected it to scrape the ceiling.

After dinner, as was the custom we went to our rooms to study and prepare the next days assignments. She sat there just looking at the wall, until I had to ask. “Jenny, don’t you have anything you’re supposed to be reading?” She slowly turned her head as if troubled to make such an effort and replied. “Fuck em, I’m not doing shit for these people.” I don’t know if I were more shocked by the language which is simply not heard at this school by any girl that wants to be able to sit down, or the attitude that she still had, and after two spankings the very same day. “Oh yeah this was going to be fun,” I thought grimly as I returned to my studies.

The next day I heard from some of the girls she had class with that she had been the same way all day and had slid very close to more corporal punishment, but by the skin of her teeth escaped.

That night as we went to our rooms to study, something had changed, Jenny was friendly and acting like we were old buddies. Delighted at this new attitude I tried hard to be friendly back and soon we were engaged in a nice friendly conversation that was fun. She had a great sense of humor and a lot of funny stories to tell. I did notice that the jokes were always at somebody else’s expense and never was she at fault. Never the less it was fun and we had a great time, until Donna came in and told us to hush and study.

A few minutes later Jenny leaned over toward me and asked in a conspiratorial whisper “Anybody ever escape from this place?” “What, what do you mean escape, like leave, are you kidding?” I responded shocked that anyone would have the nerve to even bring up something like that. I looked back at the door nervous that the mere mention of the idea would bring Mr. Robbins and his paddle springing into the room. After a few seconds I was able to take my eyes off the door and look at Jenny.

“You mean to tell me that no one has ever slipped out of this Hell hole? Damn what a bunch of wienies you all are, it would be so easy.” She was looking at me with a sneer. I fidgeted at the thought and said. “Well rumor has it, and this was long before I came that a few years ago three girls did get away for a while, but they were caught and then punished something terrible, I’m not sure what it was, you understand but I’m told that it was awful, just awful. Since then no one has tried to escape to the best of my knowledge.

“You all must be cowards.” I bristled at the charge “There have been a few minor attempts I responded but these were mostly just to get away for a short period and even these were punished harshly. But that’s not what you’re talking about is it?”

“No, way California girl, I’m talking about getting out of here for good. If I can get home I’ll tell my parents what kind of place this is and I’ll never have to come back here.”

“But the punishment if you get caught, will be awful, I’m not sure but I heard it was the worst ever.” She looked at me with contempt growing on her face. “What more can they do, I already got paddled once by that asshole Robbins and I lived didn’t I? Screw em.” I didn’t know what to say and turned my head and went back to my studies shaken at the thought of what Jenny was suggesting.

The next two days passed quietly, Jenny spoke to me only when she had to, but I could just feel that something was brewing, I could just feel it. I was unsure if I should say anything to anybody and then decided to mind my own business and stay out of trouble.

The third day after our conversation I was eating lunch with a few friends on the outside patio when Judy looked over at me and asked. “Are you going to do it, like Jenny says?” “Do what?” I asked puzzled, though I could feel a knot growing in my stomach at the thought of Jenny. “leave, escape, runaway, I don’t care how you put it, are you going with her? She says you are.”

Now the three other girls at the table were looking at me with questioning curious eyes. “No, no way, I don’t even know what you’re talking about.” “Sure that’s what she said you’d say” Judy answered back smugly. “Just want to cut us out Huh?”

“NO really I don’t even know what you’re talking about.” I protested to deaf ears.

Sarah leaned forward and said in a hushed voice, “I’ll tell you from what I hear I wouldn’t risk it, I hear those girls that tried it really got in trouble.” “What happened to them?” I asked trying to find out more and separate fact from fiction. And at that moment the lunch bell rang and we scurried to our respective classes. I wondered “What had happened that was such a big deal?, and how do I find out for sure?” I also knew that Jenny and I were going to have a talk that evening about her telling the other girls I was going to run away with her, that liar!

Classes went well enough that day, I got one demerit for not paying attention in class, but I was a long way from being in trouble for that sort of thing, I’m pretty careful in class. I try to behave. I would like to be student council president one day.

When I got back to the cottage that afternoon, there was no one there and I began doing some of my chores so I could have some free time later and maybe even get to go to the TV room for an hour or so. Just as I finished vacuuming the living room and was putting the vacuum away Jenny walked in looking smug as usual. “So what’s the big idea?” I asked “Telling people I’m running away with you?”

“Oh, grow up, For some reason the kids around here look up to you and when I told them you were coming I got two right away that I can use to break out of this dump. Now dry up dipshit, and leave me alone.” And with that she stalked out of the living room and slammed the bedroom door behind her.

I was burning, I have a temper which is part of why I am here now, and this was more than I could take. I pushed open the door and as Jenny turned around I demanded.

“What the hell is your problem?, What makes you think you can just say anything you want about me?”

“I told you dipshit, leave me alone, now fuck off”

“I will not leave you alone, while your telling lies about me, I don’t want to get in any trouble because of you.” I shot back, I was starting to get tears in my eyes from the frustration and being so mad.

“AWWW look Tina is going to cry”

She was right, I was so mad I was about to cry, no hell I was crying. “I’m not going to let you do it. I won’t let you get some other girls in trouble just for your rotten plans.”

“Fuck you, chickenshit.” She snarled in anger.

And with that I shot out a hand in anger catching her on the shoulder and pushing her back against the wall. She leapt from the wall and soon we were engaged in a free for all fight. She grabbed my hair and as I smacked my hand on the side of her head we both we down onto the floor. We were entangled and punching and slapping as best we could. “Bitch, Bitch you Bitch” Jenny was yelling while all I could do was grunt and keep slapping.

We rolled over one another and against the wall, I got her pinned and was getting the better of the exchange as I sat on her and pounded away with slaps to her body as she covered her head and cursed me.

“What the Hell is going on in here?” demanded Mr. Watson throwing open the door.

He grabbed me by the arm and yanked me off Jenny who scurried away to a corner of the room and started an act you wouldn’t believe.

“She hit me, she beat me up. I didn’t do nothing and she hit me, for no reason.” Then she broke down into tears and acted the victim of the whole incident. We were separated and put into corners of the living room and Mr. Watson talked to each of us individually. My conversation with him took place after Jenny’s.

“Tina did you hit Jenny first?” “yes sir”

“Why?” “She said some things about me.”

“Is that all?” “Yes Sir.”

And it was all, what more could I say? I just couldn’t be a tattletale, that would be all I needed around the school. To have that rep. would cost me most of my friends. Many of the girls still had most of their street codes of what you say and do, and to a great extent it is respected among the girls. And despite my feelings they were my friends, all the friends I had in the world at the time.

Ten minutes later I was sitting outside Mr. Robbins office waiting for him to return. I would be expected to explain to him that I had started a fight and Mr. Watson suggested I be paddled. That was it, that was all I was supposed to say.

“Hi Tina” came a voice bringing me out of my dejection as I sat on the bench. “What are you doing here?” I looked up glumly and then cheered up slightly. “Hi Daria, I’m in trouble” She sat down beside me and asked “What’s the problem?” I told her the whole story and knowing Daria could keep a secret I swore her to silence as I told her everything.

“Geeze, I can understand you’re being upset but you shouldn’t have hit her you know the rules, you’ve been here long enough. “I know, I know I just couldn’t help it.” Daria looked at me and then in a soft cautious voice “What ever you do Tina, don’t try and run away, the penalty is not worth it.” My curiosity rose to the surface despite my present problems. “Why what do you mean, What happens?” Daria glanced at me and was about to speak.

It was then that Mr. Robbins came around the corner and as he was opening the door to his office, turned to us and said. “Hello Daria, hello Tina and how is everyone today?” “Uh, Mr. Robbins, sir I need to talk to you” Daria gave me a pat on the shoulder and said “Good luck” and with that she was gone and I felt so alone. “Come in then.” Mr. Robbins invited with a more formal tone.

I was standing in front of his desk as he sat down, and I made my

report. “You say you hit the new girl, and you hit her first?” “Yes

sir”

“Mr. Watson talked to you both and you are the only one he brought

here?” “Yes sir”

He turned and took from his desk top a paddle, not the usual paddle I had seen and felt that one before. This one was wider, it looked to be about four inches wide and two or more feet long. It wasn’t very thick though I thought hopefully. The wood was a light color and highly polished, it almost seemed to shimmer in the light. As he turned it I noticed that there were holes drilled at the end, and that just couldn’t be good, so it seemed to me at the time.

“Remove your shorts and knickers and take your place by the desk, you know where.”

Indeed I did. I walked over to the desk in the corner of his office and with my back to him I placed my fingers in the shorts and my knickers and slid them down to my ankles feeling totally exposed I lifted one foot and then the other and stepped out of my clothing and laid it on the desk away from where I would soon be leaning for my paddling.

I leaned over and placed my hands on the desk without being told, I knew the routine. I felt the paddle on my butt as he placed it against my skin and held it there for a few seconds that lasted a lifetime. I felt it press against me and the impression it was making on my fanny. I could almost visualize it and how it must appear to him.

“WHAP, WHAP, and them a delay, as the burning came to the surface, the first few pops of the paddle never seemed to hurt as much right away, but given a few seconds, and there it was, the pain came rushing in.

WHAP, a two second wait. WHAP, two more seconds. WHAP,

And that was the pattern a swat of the paddle every two or so seconds.

WHAP, WHAP, “MMMM” WHAP, “MMMnn”

The sting as the paddle bounced off my bottom was incredible, it felt like a thousand bee stings and then another thousand and then another thousand. I raised up on my toes and then back down again as the paddle once more crashed in to my naked unprotected bottom.

SPLAT, WHAP, “OOOwwii” WHAP “Aiiiieeeeee” My yelping was growing louder with each swat of the paddle.

WHAP, WHAP, “OOOOOooo” I began crying freely and then just broke into sobbing and shaking my head with each swat of the paddle.

WHAP, WHAP, SPLAT, “OUCHIEeeee” “NNNooo MOOOOre”

SPLAT, SPANK, WHAP. “No, No, No, No, No” PLEeaassee”

And then a quicker than usual flurry. WHAP, WHAP, WHAP. ,WHAP, WHAP.

“Thats all” Mr. Robbins announced.

I shot straight up and both hands shot to my cheeks and with each hand holding onto one butt cheek as if they might fly away on their own I began hopping up and down and turning in small circles. That I was making a spectacle of my self mattered not all to me at that point. Tears were flowing down my face freely and I wanted to wipe them away but I wasn’t letting go of my fanny not just yet anyway. I felt a real need to give it all the protection I could.

With me holding onto my bottom Mr. Robbins took me by the ear and led me over to stand in front of his desk. I stood where I had been placed still crying and holding on to my tail and naked from the waist down while he picked this really swell time to begin a lecture on fighting in the school.

“Tina” He concluded the lecture. “I better never hear of you picking on another girl again, I never thought you were the bully type. Now get dressed and tell Mr. Watson when you get home that he’s to keep a strict eye on you and you’re to do Jenny’s chores next week. You are dismissed.

And with that I pulled on my knickers and shorts and limped back to the cottage and reported to Mr. Watson. I did notice Donna looking at me funny and then she would look at Jenny smirking in the corner of the living room and then back at me. “She knows” I thought. “She knows something is not right” Two hours later as I lay in bed and made a decision to sleep on my stomach that night I heard Jenny say. “So shithead, now you know, don’t mess with me”

I quietly cried my self to sleep.

PHOENIX GIRLS SCHOOL PART 10 or TINA’S REVENGE

The next morning as soon as I could I managed some time by myself in front of the mirror and pulled down my bottoms and examined my tail. As I expected the marks from Mr. Robbins’ paddle were fading but still evident. It was at that moment I heard Jenny’s loud obnoxious laugh from the living room pierce my ears. I resolved to see that the scales of justice were once again put on an even keel. It was now time to find out who my friends were.

I did some listening and gentle question asking around the school that day and was able to begin picking up some facts. Sally a nice polite fourteen year old and Becky a sixteen year old were reputed to be in with Jenny and her projected break for freedom. Several other girls were considering, but the thought was that they would back out.

Each evening as I did Jenny’s chores and then mine I thought and planned about nothing, other than how I could bring her plans to a crash and avoid hurting anyone else. And with any luck I wanted to get back into the good graces of Mr. Robbins, Bill and Donna. “That girl is going down” I mumbled to myself with high hopes.

The more I talked to the other girls I began to realize that Jenny had been spreading some poison tales about me and had made things difficult for my information gathering. I decided to take a chance and turn to the one person on the school payroll that could help and all the girls liked and trusted. The question was how could I talk to Daria alone? For sure we had almost no free time. Every minute of our lives seemed to be scheduled.

Another day passed and I heard that the “break” was planned for Saturday night after the dance. The details I was hearing back were sketchy and a bit hard to believe. Four times a year some boys (Never enough to go around) are bussed in for a few short hours and we have a dance. Not that what happens deserves the description of a dance. We’re herded into the gym and under bright lights that would put the sun to shame and with just under a million chaperones watching with their beady little eyes and we pretend to have fun. In truth we’re so desperate to see some boys close to our own ages we look forward to the dances with high expectations. The expectations are never quite meet, but soon we are looking forward to the next time.

As I heard more and more of the details I realized to pull this off Jenny would have to be sneaky, lie convincingly, betray friends and talk people into doing things they didn’t want to do. In short she was perfectly qualified.

The next afternoon on my way to Math class, I saw Daria and what may be my last chance. The Dance was the next night. “Daria, do you have a few moments?” I called out to my one hope for preventing Jenny from succeeding. “Hi, Tina sure no problem, what’s up?”

I left the conversation with Daria, satisfied that she had understood and would respect the confidentiality of what we had discussed. So while Jenny’s plans were being made my plans were also whirring around. At the very least tomorrow night would prove to be interesting.

The night of the dance came, it was the usual stuffy affair and all the same the change was so welcome we embraced it as if it were the end all, beat all of social affairs. I watched Jenny pick out one then two different boys, a seedy pair I thought to my self and then she spent all night dancing and talking to just the two of them. No doubt about it, she was putting her plan into action. Her two companions also picked two boys each and were doing their best to flatter them.

About a half hour before the dance was to end Daria motioned to Sally to come over, Sally eagerly went over to talk to Daria and they went out the door together. Ten minutes later Daria came back and Sally was not seen again at the dance. A few minutes later the process was repeated with Becky. Then the last song played and the dance was over. It was show time.

Jenny looked about wildly for her friends and then in desperation, left the gym alone clearly annoyed at her friend’s absences. The boys boarded the bus as we all watched and it pulled away. At the gate it was stopped by security and then as the gate was about to go up, Daria, Mr. Robbins and two security personnel appeared. The boys were asked to get out for a head count and to the amazement of the boys chaperones they appeared to have one extra boy.

The clothes Jenny had stolen quickly gave her away, they were far too big and sagged, she looked like a poorly outfitted scarecrow. She was plucked from the lineup and hustled to Mr. Robbins’ office.

Daria took me by the arm and said. “Come on Tina, you’ll want to see this, you’ve earned the right, I think.”

We were in Mr. Robbins’ office, there was of course Jenny, Mr. Robbins, Daria, and our house “Dad” Bill. Jenny still had on the pair of Blue jeans that drooped and had to be held up with one hand, her shirt was a red plaid hunting type shirt that was also far too big. I was surprised by her clothing I hadn’t heard anything about that part of the plan. I had only known that she was to dupe some of the boys into smuggling her onto the bus. The boys deluded by all sort of wild promises that made their eager ears burn had happily agreed.

Mr. Robbins looked at the stubborn girl. “Where did you get those clothes?”

Silence

“I asked you a question, young lady I expect a response.”

Mr. Robbins spoke next to everyone’s surprise. “Why those are my clothes, she stole those things from my dresser.”

“So what if they are? they’re kind of crummy any way, you’d never miss them.” Jenny responded in a snotty voice. I almost had to admire the girl, here she was in serious trouble and defiant to the end, what a brat. I thought “I’m glad Daria invited me, I Think I’m going to enjoy this.”

“Get out of those stolen clothes right now.” Ordered Mr. Robbins. After a few seconds hesitation Jenny let go of the pants and they slid to the ground. She stepped forward and out of them and began unbuttoning the far too large shirt. It slipped off her shoulders and dropped to the floor beside the pants. Jenny was naked except for her small white school issue knickers. She placed one arm over her breasts and the other was at her side.

Mr. Robbins looked at me and spoke. “Tina, Daria has told us the rest of the story regarding the incident between you and Jenny. Mr. Robbins and I have discussed the matter and feel that an apology is warranted. You were wrong to strike Jenny, but under the circumstances the punishment was more that would usually be given.” I was thunderstruck. My heart leapt with gratitude and happiness. I was forgiven.

He turned to face Jenny. “And as for you young lady, trying to escape and involving others in your scheme and lying and stealing. I promise you a lesson you won’t soon forget. Daria bring in the other two girls.”

Daria, got up left the room and soon returned with Sally and Becky. Both girls looked scared. As directed by a wave of Mr. Robbins and they soon took their places beside Jenny.

Daria sat back down on the sofa and gave me a pat of encouragement on the knee and put a finger over her lips to indicate I should say nothing from there on out. I nodded my head in understanding.

Mr. Robbins turned his full attention on the three girls. “Trying to leave our school is a very serious matter. Before you came here each of you was given a choice and you choose this school. Now just because you find it harder than you like, you decided to cut and run. It is that sort of short sighted thinking that caused you to be here in the first place. You will each be punished right here and now. However after you receive your paddlings Jenny will remain behind for some extra attention. As ringleader and one who would lie and take advantage of a roommate you will receive the strap.”

I turned to look at Daria and shrugged my shoulders as if to say “Strap, what’s the strap? What is he talking about?” But another finger to her lips ensured my silence.

Mr. Robbins went on speaking and as he did he nodded towards Daria and me. “Sally, Becky you have Daria and Tina to thank for stopping you when they did. As a result of their actions you will avoid receiving the strap and further punishment. You should be grateful.”

I looked up at Becky and Sally were still in their school party dresses. Both of them were looking at me and despite the tears forming in their eyes they nodded their appreciation. Sally the younger of the two at fourteen, was a short slim blond girl with blue eyes. “The typical California look” I thought to myself. “Only she’s from Idaho.” She was fingering the ends of her pink and white cotton dress nervously and fidgeting from one foot to the other.

Becky at sixteen and a nine month veteran of the school who should have known better was somewhat more composed outwardly. I knew that inside she was trembling and that her stomach was in knots. She knew what was coming. Becky crossed and then uncrossed her arms finally leaving them at her side. She had a body that most of us would kill for. At 5’2” she was perfectly proportioned, with well developed breasts that could have been the envy of any Miss. America. Her long slender but not thin legs were on display to their full advantage in the short party dress she was wearing.

I then looked at Jenny and then ignored her and her deceitful ways.

“Sally you will be first.” Mr. Robbins announced, and her small face went just a bit whiter. Her button nose seemed to twitch much like a pet rabbits I used to have. She gulped and nodded in acknowledgment. She was waved over to the spanking desk by Mr. Robbins. Once there she was instructed to take off her dress. She slipped it over her head and placed it on the desk. She was naked except for her knickers and shoes.

“Remove your knickers and place your hands on the desk.” Mr. Robbins ordered in a firm but gentle voice. Her trembling fingers went into the waist of her knickers and she began to pull them down. It was then that I remembered she was one of the few girls to never have been paddled by Mr. Robbins. The most she had ever gotten to this point was a few over the knee spankings from her house parents. This was a whole new experience for her. I found myself wishing her the best in getting through the experience. I knew what she was in for.

When she was bent over I saw Mr. Robbins go to her right side. He was holding the same paddle he had used on me only a few days ago. She glanced at him tilting her head just a bit to the left and then as if not liking what she saw, back down at the desk.

Daria and I were no more than seven feet away and I could almost feel the impact as the first swat of the paddle landed. Her bottom flexed at the swat and she went forward a few inches. I winced, it almost hurt watching and I felt a little light headed. Only a few days ago that had been me.

“POP” The paddle landed and Sally didn’t move or flinch. I thought I heard her take a deep breath but I couldn’t be sure. Maybe it was me.

POP, POP SMACK as the paddle landed the sound seemed to explode in the small room. I felt so strange watching the paddling almost like an out of body experience. I was there, but not really.

I watched her small bottom turn red as Mr. Robbins applied the paddle to her. She was flinching and wiggling her fanny with each swat of the paddle. POP, POP and now I could hear her crying, she was sobbing with all the intensity that her little body was capable of. But still Sally stayed in position and took her paddling. After twenty pops of the paddle had landed Mr. Robbins told her to stand up and get dressed. We all watched her still facing away from us as if to deny our presence pick up her dress and slid it over her head and her body. She then stepped into her knickers and pulled them up. Only then did she turn towards us. Her face was red from crying and tears flowed down her cheeks. She gave Mr. Robbins a brave little smile as she was dismissed to go back to her cottage.

“Becky” was all Mr. Robbins had to say and forward stepped Becky to the desk. Without a word being spoken she was soon bare butt naked save her dancing shoes and bent over the desk. “uuhh” was all I heard after the clap of the paddle. The paddle seemed to shimmer in the office light as it was brought back and then forward at blinding speed to smack into Becky’s bottom. The pops seemed louder than from Sally’s paddling. Whether this was my mind playing tricks on me or Mr. Robbins deciding the older girl deserved a harder spanking is something I am unsure of to this day.

The loud pops of the paddle almost hurt my ears, I could only guess what they felt like from Becky’s point of view. Becky was bent over with her legs pressed together. Her bottom cheeks were pointed straight back at Mr. Robbins and his paddle. She took the first seven swats of the paddle with out a sound. On the eight swat she started to stand up, a firm hand on her shoulder by Mr. Robbins put here back in place. Her composure was now gone.

“OOOO, I’mmmm Sorrrry, OUCH, OOOoeeeee, Nnooooo Mooore, Pleeaaaasssseeee”

She was crying and begging for the paddling to stop. Mr. Robbins was unmoved and completed his task. Becky was soon dressed and let from the room. Now it was Jenny’s turn. Jenny approached the desk, still clad only in her knickers. She put her fingers into the waist band and slipped the to just below her bottom cheeks and bent over. Mr. Robbins wasn’t having any of that and ordered. “Jenny, remove those knickers, you know very well what is expected of you.” She stood back up and pulled them down to her ankles and kicked them aside.

The paddle landed and landed again. Jenny kept her place determined to take the punishment with out giving us the satisfaction of seeing her struggle. She made a brave effort. The paddle popped off her bottom seemingly with out effect for the eighth, ninth and tenth time. On the eleventh, she bent her knees slightly and then straightened back up at once.

On number fifteen, her will power gave way and she burst into a loud cry. “OOOHHhh”

“POP, SPLAT, SMACK, POP, SMACK.” And with each slap of the paddle she howled her protest. As with the other girls it was over at twenty.

Jenny picked up her knickers and put them on with her back and flaming bottom facing us. As she turned around Daria got up and handed her a school dress which Jenny quickly put on. Jenny started for the door thinking she was done. Mr. Robbins stopped her saying. “Jenny I promised you something extra for your part in this foolish activity.” He turned slightly and announced to the small audience and Jenny. “Tomorrow at eight I want everyone in my office and we will complete Jenny’s punishment. Tonight Jenny will be placed in detention. Daria please take her to the detention room and see to any needs she might have.” And with that we were all dismissed.

I walked back to the cottage with Mr. Watson. Neither of us had anything to say. I suspect that like me he was thinking about tomorrow.

Eight o’clock in the morning arrived. What a way to start your day I thought, getting the strap. Poor Jenny. “What was I saying? Poor Jenny Hell, after all the trouble she caused. I should feel sorry for her? Not likely, I pushed sympathy from my mind.

I was back in the same place. Mr. Watson sat on a chair across the room. Just as we were getting settled in Daria entered the room followed by a subdued Jenny. Mr. Robbins got right to the point and as Jenny stood before him clad in her white gym shorts, T-shirt and tennis shoes.

“Jenny You are to be punished this morning for trying to escape, lying and stealing, do you have any explanations or like to add anything I might be unaware of?” She shook her head no. He stared at her for a second and she still didn’t respond. The tension was thick enough to cut with a knife. I could hardly breath. Mr. Robbins gave a small shrug and walked over to the credenza behind his desk and opened up a wide drawer. He pulled something out and held it for a few seconds. When he turned around I let out my breath and noticed Jenny take a step backwards.

It was about two feet long. It was black, a shiny black leather. It hand a wood handle of four to five inches the handle looked to be worn and very old but solid. The strap it’s self was almost four inches wide. Maybe more. It looked like each swat would cover the whole of Jenny’s bottom. He dropped it to his side and it seemed to shimmer in the light and flex freely. I can’t say for sure how thick it was and I sure wasn’t going to ask for a measurement. Now that I knew such a thing existed at the school I was going to be a good girl, a very good girl I promised myself.

It was at this point that I thought the fight went out of Jenny and I saw here make the first mental steps to changing her attitude. Her face lost much of it’s color and as the strap went to Mr. Robbin’s side so did her eyes. She was watching the strap with the intensity a mongoose might watch a cobra. Only this time the cobra was going to strike the little mongoose.

“You know what is expected Jenny.” Mr. Robbins told her. She turned quickly and went to the desk. She lowered her shorts and knickers in one movement and placed them on the floor. As she bent over I noticed her butt was still tinged with red from the previous night’s paddling. I thought to my self. “That was only eleven hours ago and here she is again about to get it again.” For the world I would not have traded places with her.

The first blow of the paddle struck her bottom with a loud “SNAP” sound. At the same instant she let out a howl and jumped straight up. She didn’t turn around but stood there facing away from us. Her hands shot to her butt and rubbed vigorously. Mr. Robbins placed his hand on her bare shoulder and reluctantly she went back into position bent over the desk.

“WHAP” Now better prepared for the swat Jenny maintained her position. But with this, only the third swat she was crying loudly. Her butt was a very uncomfortable looking red. I couldn’t begin to imagine how much that strap must have hurt.

“WHAP” As once again the strap was brought to her bottom with a terrible sounding swat. Jenny raised her head up and looked straight forward and gave out with a long yelp that seemed to fill the room.. “OOOOWWWwwiiiieee”

She continued to look forward as the next two Swats hit. She seemed to sink towards the desk with the last one and then back into position.

With the sixth swat of that awful strap Jenny screeched once more. Her butt was one red mass of flame.

SPLAT “OOOOUUUUccchhh”

WHAP “NNNNooooo”

SNAP “OOOOOOiiiiieeee”

The ninth and tenth swats came almost together as Mr. Robbins made the strap almost sing through the air.

POP WHAP “GGGeeeezzzee OOOHHHH Pleeeasse”

As Jenny seemed to sag onto the desk, it was over. Mr. Robbins watched her for a second and then turned and walked back to his desk and placed the strap back in he drawer as carefully as if it were an old friend.

It was over and we were dismissed.

Daria assisted Jenny in getting dressed and took her back to the detention room to compose herself. Jenny would get some time and then would be expected to go to class. There were no good reasons for missing school and getting a spanking would not get you much sympathy around this school.

The word about Jenny’s strapping was all over the school by midday. Up until it happened to Jenny none of the kids at the school really believed such a thing existed. It was more like a rumor or legend. Now that we know, you can almost feel the change in some of the kid’s attitudes. Walking on egg shells doesn’t even begin to describe it.

I can assure you that after witnessing that strap in action I have redoubled my efforts to be a model of behavior.

And two weeks later, I made student council. I know that I can be student body president someday. I just know it.

And Jenny? You ask. Let’s just say that some of the kids learn faster than others and some require more discipline.