**Girl’s School Disciplinarian**

by Bobbi

**GIRL'S SCHOOL DISCIPLINARIAN PART I**

Richard Hazel was delighted that he had been selected from among several applicants to be the assistant headmaster, or in this case assistant to the headmistress, of one of the most exclusive girl's school in the country. The entire staff of Greenwich Academy was female, except for a very elderly biology teacher and, now, Richard. Fresh from school, himself, having just received his master's in English literature, Richard had been looking for a teaching position. An interview over lunch with Greenwich's lovely headmistress, Ann Henderson, had clinched the job. "You know the assistant head acts as the school disciplinarian." Ann had said grinning broadly, "I wonder if you are aware of that." Richard was, indeed, unaware of that part of the job and Ann had explained the discipline practices at Greenwich. "Girls are sent here by very conservative families who want them to behave in a traditional way. Therefore, they insist on old-fashioned discipline and give us written authorization to administer it." Ann Henderson laughed when Richard continued to look puzzled. "We use corporal punishment, Richard," she said. "In addition to teaching them literature, you will have to spank them - that is the younger ones. Girls 16 and older are put over a punishment horse and a rattan cane is applied to their bare bottoms." She smiled at his obvious embarrassment. "You'll get used to it. There is always a female there to help you, usually me, and we do all the bottom baring that is necessary. All you have to do is apply the punishment." At the thought that he would be spanking bare female backsides, Richard had blushed deeply. Then, as he cooled off, he noticed that the conversation was really exciting his new superior. "Ms. Henderson," he said finally, "I'll try to do the job properly." She had insisted on his calling her Ann and, when they shook hands to seal their new relationship, her hand had lingered on his arm squeezing it warmly. That had been a few weeks ago before the beginning of the new term. Now, the school year was well under way and tonight was his first experience as disciplinarian. With some hesitation, he walked toward his office exactly at 8:00 P.M., the time set for the week's punishments. There were three girls waiting for him on the bench outside the office, their eyes averted and obviously distressed as they anticipated their fate. One of them, apparently the oldest, looked quite adult and well developed notwithstanding the school uniform that she wore. For a moment their eyes met and the girl blushed deeply as she recognized the man who was about to discipline her. Ann was already in the office preparing for the evening session. She had placed a straight backed chair in the center of the room and rolled the horse out of a closet, firmly locking its wheels in place after it had been set in an open area of the office. It was the kind used for gymnastics with a padded leather top. "We start with the youngest." Ann said,"that gives the older girls a little more time to think about what's coming and they appreciate the lesson all the more. This paddle is what we use on the youngsters." She handed him a thin wooden paddle through which several smooth round holes had been drilled. At a signal from Ann, another female teacher who was assisting brought the first girl into the room. She was a very nervous 12 year old who had been caught stealing . "Well, Doris," said Ann, "you're going to get a spanking and I hope you learn not to take other people's things. Now, go and place yourself over Mr. Hazel's lap." The young girl, tears already beginning to roll down her cheeks, begged to be spared the painful punishment. "Please, Ms. Henderson, I don't want to be..to be spanked. I'll never do it again." "Nonsense, Doris, you deserve a spanking and you're going to get one. If you delay, it will only be harder for you." Crying loudly, the girl lay across Richard's lap as he adjusted her small body so that the child's buttocks were properly positioned under his right hand. Ann lifted Doris's school uniform jumper out of the way and lowered the white cotton panties to a point just under the curve of the bottom cheeks completely exposing the spanking area. Taking the paddle, Richard applied it to the round cheeks firmly, alternating from one to the other. "Yike........yeow......oh......ouch." The hapless girl yelped as the paddle struck her resiliant bottom cheeks, each solid smack leaving a red blotch on the girl's round backside. As Doris kicked her legs vigorously, Richard realized that the paddle was imparting a painful sting even though he was not swinging it very hard. A simple snap of the wrist brought the wicked instrument rushing through the air to hit the exposed bottom with a loud report. The howl from the young student testified to the pain it must be causing. After a few minutes, the young bottom had been reddened considerably and the well-spanked child was tearfully promising ideal conduct. Richard looked at Ann who nodded her agreement that Doris had been sufficiently punished. Richard released the girl, who quickly pulled up her panties and ran from the room. "Very well done," said Ann, "you did that quite well and knew when to stop." Ann's own face was flushed with excitement. "I have difficulty with that and, since we don't want to punish the Šgirls excessively, I prefer that the assistant head do it, although this is the first time we've had a man. The next girl to be ushered into the room was a 15 year old who had violated the school's smoking rules several times. Ann recited the various incidents to her and announced the punishment. The young lady blushed furiously as she realized that she was to be spanked and hesitated before taking her place across Richard's lap. "Come, young lady," Ann commanded, "get over there. Next year you will feel the sting of the cane. I think you would prefer the spanking." This time the regulation panties were lowered to reveal a very well developed female bottom. The girl's twin cheeks were exquisite and Richard could not resist admiring them before he began to spank the lovely mounds of bottom flesh. Nevertheless, he administered the spanking as objectively as possible causing the cheeks to wiggle and squeeze as the sting of the paddle penetrated into the soft and yielding flesh. "Ouch..........oh..........don't...........Yeow..... please stop..............Agh." The teenager's howls mingled with the sharp smacks of the paddle as the girl's legs kicked and waved in the air giving Richard a delightful view of her vulva and pussy lips. It seemed to Richard that spanking a lovely young girl was not altogether unpleasant. He could feel his own excitement stiffen as the girl bounced and wiggled over his lap, rubbing against what he hoped was not an obvious bulge. Richard was more than ready to terminate the punishment when the reddened bottom cheeks and the penitent wails of the teenager indicated that the lesson had been learned. When released from her humiliating posture, the young girl stood, her panties at her ankles, exposing the furry thatch of her pubic mound as well as her chastised bottom cheeks which she rubbed vigorously. Richard, slightly embarrassed by this display, began to blush. This seemed to amuse the females present, including the punished student who slowly, and somewhat painfully, wriggled into her panties while affording Richard another vivid view of her rosy twin mounds. When the young girl left the room, Ann walked over to Richard and, bringing her face close to his, whispered so that only he could hear her. "Don't be upset. It's perfectly natural for you to be stimulated by these girls. We'll discuss this later. Now, it's time to see what you can do with the cane" At Ann's signal, the other teacher escorted the last, and oldest, student into the room. She was the very mature 17 year old whom Richard had noticed before and, obviously, in her last year at the Academy. Her well developed figure made even the school uniform look delightful and the short jumper revealed lovely legs. As a senior, she was priveleged to wear pantyhose and shoes with moderate heels, all of which added to her erotic appearance. "My dear Alice," said Ann addressing the girl, "last year you were a chronic curfew violater and you seem to be getting off to the same start this year, but this time with a twist." Turning to Richard, Ann continued. "You are aware of Edgewood, the school for boys at the end of the road. Unfortunately, it's too close for our comfort. Last week Alice was discovered in a boy's room over there. The headmaster brought her back to us and assured me that the boy would be properly punished. Since they have the same discipline policy as we do, I assume he is paying for his fun in the same way that our Alice will." The girl's face reddened as she responded. "I was just visiting and lost track of time. I didn't do anything wrong - nothing happened - believe me. We were just talking." "I'm sure," said Ann sarcastically, "then how did your panties wind up on the floor of his room." Alice, thoroughly embarrassed by this confrontation, and the dreaded chastisement in store for her, began to sob. "We.. ...we were just [sniff].....oh, I don't see why I can't be treated like an adult. I'm almost 18. "You were just about to say that you were starting to have sex when you were interrupted," suggested Ann. "You should consider yourself lucky that you were. When you are 18, you can do what you wish. However, you are not there yet and it is my obligation to see that you are maintained under discipline." The ladies escorted the tearful Alice to the horse and bent her over it so that her backside was uppermost on the padded top and her feet barely touched the floor. Leather cuffs hung from the frame of the device and these were used to imprison the girl's hands. Smiling, Ann lifted the jumper out of the way and lowered the hose and the panties underneath to expose a well form pair of bottom cheeks already wriggling with embarrassment and anticipation. "Very well, Mr. Hazel, let's see if a dozen strokes will improve Alice's behavior. Grasping the rattan cane firmly, Richard tested it once by whipping it through the air. The reaction of the young lady whose bare bottom was exposed for punishment suggested that she had heard its sound. Again he brought the rattan through the air but this time he applied it smartly to the twin cheeks before him. Instantly, a red welt appeared on the quivering mounds accompanied by a moan of pain. Alice gasped again as Richard laid on a stroke. Pausing briefly, he again wielded the cane placing a stripe almost immediately below the first one. "Yeow..", Alice shrieked, kicking violently with her feet and managing to drum on the floor with the tips of her shoes as the sting spread across her naked backside. "Oh....please, it hurts terribly." Richard studied his target for the next stroke. The girl's buttocks were raised high and presented perfectly for punishment. Not only were the bare hillocks in evident view, but the humiliating posture also exposed a substantial part of the intimate area between them. Richard found himself becoming aroused by the sight of the pussy lips, surrounded by a furry thatch of pubic hair, and hidden in the cleft between the quivering bottom cheeks. Nevertheless, Richard recalled himself to the job at hand and continued to wield the cane on Alice's wiggling and naked posterior, pausing briefly between each stroke to allow the full effect to be felt. Alice's shrieks served to reassure Richard that his performance was effective just as the reddening stripes, criss-crossing the pale mounds of Alice's bottom, gave proof that the punishment was being well applied. By the 8th stroke, Alice was howling hysterically. "Oh..., please............oh this is awful.......it hurts....yeow.........I promise I'll never do it again." When the final strokes had been applied without mercy to the wailing Alice, the hand restraints were removed from the sobbing young lady. She remained over the horse, however, bawling miserably and seemingly unwilling to endure the humilation of facing her tormentors. Instead, for a few minutes, she continued to present an erotic display of bottom cheeks covered with fiery red welts and, as she wiggled and bounced with pain, a furry cunt visibly moist from her exciting ordeal. It seemed to Richard that he had an erection that could not be calmed as he contemplated the ease with which he could insert his stiff manhood between those wet pussy lips. Embarrassed, himself, Richard quickly sat down as the ladies helped Alice dismount. The girl removed her hosiery and panties, not wishing to endure the friction of underclothes against her chastised backside, and with a quick and wistful glance at Richard, fled sniffling from room, her jumper skirt barely covering her red bottom. Ann dismissed the female assistant with a nod, then locked the office door. Smiling, she approaced Richard, aware of his embarrassed situation. "She was cute, I must admit," Ann said. Ann knelt in front of Richard and, to his dismay, unzipped his pants and freed his tormented cock from the clothing which had imprisoned it. "Now relax," Ann murmered, "these sessions get me horny too, so I suggest we simply do what is neccessary to obtain relief. Do you agree"? Richard could only moan in response as Ann inserted his stiffend cock between her red lips. In a few moments, his delighted sighs filled the room and evidenced his assent.

**GIRLS' SCHOOL DISCIPLINARIAN PART II**

Richard Hazel had settled in comfortably as a teacher and as assistant to the head of Greenwich Academy, an exclusive private school for girls. To his delight, he discovered that the primary function of his administrative job was the spanking of those young ladies who violated the school's strict rules - a responsibility which he handled very well and which was sexually stimulating to him. The spankings were also stimulating to Ann Henderson, his boss and the school's headmistress, a required witness to each of the bare bottom chastisements. As a result, he found himself the happy object of Ann's attentions after each friday night punishment session, with his cock nearly buried in the lady's eager mouth or between her equally hungry pussy lips. As the school term advanced, however, the demands on his disciplinary skills abated. After the first few weeks, the pain and humiliation of the first few miscreants seemed to serve as an object lesson for all of the girls. Although each spanking was privately administered, the sound of the paddle or the cane followed by anguished cries could be heard by other girls on their way to the school store, club meetings or other evening activities. Undoubtedly, also, the sight of a sniffling teenage girl walking uncomfortably back to her dormitory, while rubbing at her stinging posterior, sent a message to her peers that inappropriate behavior was dealt with severely at the Academy. So it was that Richard's mind was not on disciplinary duties on the particular afternoon that Ann walked into his office. He had been grading papers and looked up at the interruption. "Richard, my sweet," smiled Ann, "we have a problem on our hands and I want you in on it. Mrs. Harris just had a report from one of her 9th graders. Apparently, the child's roommate has a badly bruised backside and she was worried about it. Someone has been walloping her. Have you been practicing your spanking after school?" Richard ignored the jibe. "This fits in with what I've heard before. I think we have some sort of secret organization operating in the Upper School. Some of my students have suggested it, but no one is willing to talk about it. I'm told it's called the Ladies of the Evening because they meet at night, after lights out, and they like the joke which the name creates." "I intend to get to the bottom of this," said Ann angrily. "I won't have that kind of nonsense in my school. If anyone is going to smack ass, it will be me. Or you, dear," she said, softening and bending to kiss Richard. "I will send for the girl immediately and bring her here."

About 10 minutes later, Ann returned to Richard's office followed by a reluctant teenager. Ann smiled as the girl declined an invitation to be seated. "Betty," she said addressing the nervous 14 year old, "I understand that you have been smacked around a little. How did it happen?" "It's nothing, Ms. Henderson," the girl mumbled. "Nevertheless, you will tell me...about that and about the Ladies of the Evening." The reference to the secret organization definitely struck home and a flush crept over the girl's face. "I...I can't talk about it," she said. Sternly, the young headmistress seated herself in one of the chairs and pulled the surprised Betty over her lap. In a moment, the girls uniform skirt had been raised and her panties lowered. Betty's full bottom cheeks, now exposed, revealed a number of red blotches, obviously the result of their having been smacked repeatedly with a hard implement. Embarrassed that her pudgy mounds were now on display in Richard's presence, the girl wiggled and groaned. "O. K. my girl. We get the truth out of you or I will ask Mr. Hazel to lend me his paddle and I will personally give you another dose." At this Betty began to wail. "Oh, please," she blubbered, "Don't spank me, I've had enough. I'll tell you but....but you can't tell them I told....they'll kill me." Tearfully, with her ample bare mounds in the air over Ann's knees, Betty disclosed the secret of the Ladies of the Evening. As Richard had surmised, the group purported to be a secret sorority started by 5 10th grade girls 2 years ago. The leaders were now seniors but each year they had each recruited a 9th grader so that the group now numbered 15. Betty was one of five 9th grade candidates chosen for this year. "How does the bottom warming enter into all this"? Ann applied a gentle smack to the upraised bottom on her lap as she asked the question and was delighted by the yelp of pain from the youngster. "We.....we have to do things for the sisters, that's the older girls who are already in, and if you don't do what you're supposed to, or if its not right, well....you get the paddle." Betty went on to describe the punishment session which was held for those unlucky candidates who had committed infractions. The offender was made to bend over the back of chair, placing both hands flat on the seat. Then her skirt was raised and panties lowered to the floor. In that humiliating posture, the girl received the aloted number of strokes from each of the "sisters" applied with a college fraternity paddle which one of them had obtained from her older brother. The result was that the backsides of several 9th graders had been given a severe workout. "You must know, Betty," said Ann, giving the girl another sharp spank, "that secret societies or sororities of any kind are against our rules. As of this moment you are out of it. I will deal with the Ladies myself." Ann's hand moved softly over the Betty's tormented cheeks as the girl wiggled in nervous anticipation. "Now, dear," Ann said, "if you are ready to give me the names, I think we can let you go back to rubbing that sore backside." Later that evening, the headmistress of Greenwich Academy lay on her back in Richard's bed, her legs apart and waving in the air as she held him in the "saddle" formed by her thighs and buttocks. Between groans of pleasure Ann recounted the details of her meeting with the 15 girls named by Betty. Threatened with immediate expulsion, the "Ladies" had begged for some alternative punishment and, after a suitable period of suspense, Ann had relented. "Wait till you hear what I have planned," she murmered. Then she gasped loudly as Richard's cock plunged further between her pussy lips. Although there was no formal announcement, that friday evening a large number of girls from the upper school filled the stands in the gymnasium as the story circulated that the snobbish members of the forbidden sorority were to be disciplined in the presence of their peers. From the locker area, Richard and Ann led an unhappy string of "Ladies" onto the gym floor. The 15 girls were dressed only in tee shirts and panties, as their bouncing breasts and protruding nipples demonstrated. A number of chairs had been set up and, at Ann's instructions, they sat down to await their punishment, embarrassed at the presence of an audience. A scorers table had been set up in the middle of the floor and small gym mats had been draped over both ends. "You girls have violated school rules by forming a secret society and participating in forbidden activities." Ann was addressing the 15, but the spectators, expectantly hushed, were listening to every word. "The worst part of it all is that you treated your younger schoolmates with brutality and encouraged a snobbish attitude among the other members of your group. I think that, after our talk, almost all of you are now aware that the Ladies of the Evening organization was a big mistake. We will accept that, but you must be punished. As your names are called, kindly step forward to the table, drop your panties to the floor and bend over one of the ends. You will each receive 8 strokes of the cane from Mr. Hazel and myself. If you move out of position before you are permitted, you will receive

additional strokes." Turning to the spectators, Ann reacted to the murmer caused by her announcement. "Those of you who do not wish to share this punishment had better be quiet. This discipline session is being held in the gym not only because of the large number of girls involved but because I want all of you to get the message. While the punishment is relatively mild, the pain and humiliation of it is intended to bring these young ladies down to earth. I expect that the lesson will be learned." Turning to the embarrassed girls, Ann called up the first two who, with some hesitation, took their places over each end of the table. By agreement with Ann, Richard advanced on the teenager lying over the nearest end and paused a moment, cane in hand, to survey the nubile backside upended before him. Overcome by the shame of this public chastisement, the girl had begun sobbing as soon as her bare bottom cheeks were exposed so that her twin mounds quivered with anticipation as well as the effect of her emotion. Richard noted, with some delight, that the girl's bottom consisted of two perfectly formed mounds with whisps of pubic hair peeping out from the dark cleft visible between them. Richard's reverie was interrupted by the swish of a cane and a loud yelp of pain. Ann had begun to apply the punishment to the girl at the other end of the table. As if following this cue, Richard began the job at hand. Pausing briefly between each stroke, the headmistress and her assistant applied the requisite number of strokes to the soft female rumps as the girl's howled and danced. When the punishment was over, the girls remained in position, crying loudly, until Ann excused them and then scooped up their panties from the floor and ran from into the locker area, bouncing and jiggling in a manner that amused the spectators. As the next two girls were called to take their place, Richard moved to the other side of the table to the position which Ann had previously occupied. This time the bare bottom presented to him was larger and more voluptuous so that Richard was rewarded with the delightful bounce of the twin cheeks as the cane left its mark. For the next several minutes, the gym was filled with the sobs and cries of the anguished young girls undergoing punishment as, two by two, they assumed their positions and felt the chastisement of the cane. As a further measure of humiliation, the girls were quite aware that the required posture that thrust their bare bottoms high in the air for punishment also exposed their most intimate female areas to the view of the onlookers. But as the cane bit into the tender bottom cheeks, most of them had difficulty keeping their feet from dancing about in a frantic hop or beating their toes against the gym floor in a futile effort to calm the pain.

Nearly all of the youngsters, when excused by Ann, ran from the floor of the gym, sobbing and rubbing the reddening welts of the cane crisscrossing their bare behinds. Some, more modest, attempted first to replace their panties but found their bottoms too sensitive for the stretched cotton. As a result, several girls left the floor with panties covering only the pubic area leaving their sore rumps exposed to the air which, together with their sobs and cries of distress, contributed to the amusement of the audience. Finally, one young lady remained seated after the others, soundly chastised, had fled in shame. Cynthia Baker, the leader of the group, sat up primly, her proud breasts and erect nipples thrusting against the cotton shirt. Cynthia had not been apologetic in Ann's meeting. On the contrary, she considered the school's position on her sorority as quite reactionary and had said as much. Ann vowed she would find a way to bring this snobby bitch down. "Cynthia," said Ann sweetly, "no cane for you, my dear. You have been very difficult in this situation making it hard for me to enforce the rule of the school and encouraging the others to question my authority - you have been a very stubborn child. So....you are to be punished as a naughty little girl is punished. Right here, in front of your friends, Cynthia, Mr. Hazel will give you an old fashioned spanking. We'll see if the paddle can help you understand the situation." Cynthia blushed furiously. As Richard approached her, beckoning, she seemed frantic. "Please," she murmered to him," don't humiliate me that way. I'll take the cane, but a spanking is too embarrassing. I'm....I'm 17 years old." Nothwithstanding her protests, Richard pulled her, half dragging, to a chair in the center of the gym floor and positioned her over his knees in the classic spanking posture. Cynthia small fists beat against his leg, but a resounding smack of the paddle he was holding against the girl's ample and panty clad rump soon gave her something else to think about. Pausing, Richard placed his hand in the waistband of Cynthia's panties and pulled them down to her ankles where they retarded the girl's frantic efforts to kick. The spectators became quiet as Cynthia's twin mounds were exposed and Richard began to apply the paddle to the bare cheeks. SMACK.................SMACK..............SMACK, the spanks decended like the crack of a cap pistol on the bare and wiggling bottom. "Ouch..........Ow..........stop.......Oh.. Ooo.....,that hurts........please.....no-oh." Cynthia's protests turned to howls of pain as the Richard spanked the bouncing mounds with a slow even cadence. "Yeow......hoo,hoo...........ouch, help...AIEEEK. Cynthia began to howl loudly. As much as she tried to wiggle and kick to avoid the punishment, the paddle continued to descend on her tormented and reddening cheeks. She waived her legs in the air wildly, kicking off the flimsy panties. Her shrieks and yelps of pain and her gyrating red bottom cheeks made her appear to be a little girl suffering the traditional punishment for her naughtiness. This image contrasted somewhat with the mature furry cleft which she displayed as her thighs opened. Cynthia was blubbering loudly when Richard, at last, ended the painful and ordeal. He did not allow her to leave her humiliating position over his lap so that, for a few moments she ð @ < Šlay sobbing, her bare bottom cheeks red and quivering with the hot sting of the paddle - in every sense a completely subjugated young lady. Finally, Richard placed her on her feet, still bare from the waist down and spoke to her softly. "Cynthia, "it's time for your little speech of apology. Now do it well or you go back over my lap." Cynthia stood, completely humiliated and red-faced, her blazing bottom exposed to everyone. Her hands were cupped in front of her to cover her pubic mound, although, from time to time, they rubbed at her well-spanked backside. Her friends and classmates sat silently as she began in a cracked and sobbing voice. "I....I'm sorry......what I did was wrong....[sniff]. I apologize and ask you all to forgive me." Ann, who had retrieved the girl's panties, brought them to her. "Very well," she said, "I hope you have learned your lesson. You may leave." When all of the girls had filed out of the gym, Richard guided Ann to the table over which the girls had been punished. Before the surprised headmistress could protest, he bent her over the end and, pulling up her skirt, yanked her panties down to floor. Freeing his hard and throbbing cock, he thrust it up against Ann's cunt and was pleased to discover that she had become soaking wet during the evening's proceedings. With a murmer of delight, he slid his rigid maleness between the headmistress's moist pussy lips. Again the gym resounded with feminine noises, but this time there were no tears.

**GIRLS' SCHOOL DISCIPLINARIAN PART III**

Parents' weekend at Greenwich Academy is always a chaotic experience. Parents and their daughters mill about the campus, in the dorm rooms and the recreation areas. While there are formal activities designed to give the them an idea of the school life, parents usually try to see faculty members to inquire about the progress being made by their darlings. To avoid this kind of confrontation, Richard Hazel, assistant to the headmistress of Greenwich, and the school disciplinarian, spent Saturday afternoon in his private study marking papers. This was not the office which he generally occupied, but the room used for punishment. Of course, there were no discipline sessions scheduled which give Richard a free afternoon. At least until a knock on the door intruded on his solitude. With a sigh, he went to the door and, opening it, stood staring at the lovely woman in the doorway. Richard's visitor had the face and figure of a fashion magazine cover. Her beautiful blond hair, blue eyes and the hint of firm and ample breasts under the jacket of her elegant suit caused him to pause as if paralyzed. She smiled at his discomforture. "May I come in," she said, "I'm Evelyn Colewell." Richard stammered an unintelligible response, but he backed away from the door and waved her in. He directed her to a chair, watching her exquisite legs moving under the short skirt of the suit. "Please do. Won't you sit down." As she entered the room, he realized that she had a teenage girl in tow, obviously her daughter. Of course, Richard thought, Lynne Colewell, a 14 year old and something of a smart aleck, according to the other teachers. Richard had not been called upon to punish the girl as yet, but her continued misbehavior had been brought to his attention and he certainly expected to see her very soon. "You know my daughter Lynne, I believe," she continued. "We're sorry to intrude but Ms. Henderson told me you were the one to see." Richard had to pull himself together to keep from staring again. The lady had to be in her 40s, but she looked 25. He glanced at the daughter who was a smaller version of her mother but without her parent's charm and graciousness. The girl had not come here willingly and was grumbling and muttering under her breath. "What can I do for you, Mrs. Colewell," he said finally. "You may be aware that my daughter has not impressed her teachers with her good manners. I understand from my discussion with the headmistress that Lynne is very likely to be sent to you for discipline. "That is true. She is probably going to be on the next list." Richard wondered if Mrs. Colewell was fully aware of the nature of the punishment administered at Greenwich Academy. From the look on Lynne's face, it was obvious that the teenager knew what to expect. "I became quite upset," Mrs. Colewell continued, "when I discovered this while I was putting some sweaters in her dresser drawer." Opening her purse, Mrs. Colewell drew out a pack of cigarettes nearly empty but with about 8 or ten remaining. "Am I correct in assuming that smoking is against the rules"? Before Richard could respond, Lynne became agitated. "Oh, you bitch, why can't you mind your own business," she snapped. Ignoring her, Richard addressed his lovely visitor. "Yes, that is a serious infraction." "So Ms. Henderson indicated when I mentioned it. Frankly, Mr. Hazel, I am not pleased with Lynne's attitude and I believe she requires immediate correction. That is why I brought her here. I want her punished right now." Noting Richard's hesitation, Mrs. Colewell continued. "I realize that we are talking about a spanking, Mr. Hazel. It is something that Lynne has needed for some time, but it is beyond my ability and her father,...well, we're divorced, so I have been raising her by myself." "Very well, Mrs. Colewell, we'll begin right now." Reaching into his desk, Richard extracted a wooden paddle, slightly larger than a table tennis racquet, through which several holes had been drilled. He moved toward the teenager and led her to a chair a few feet from the one in which her mother was sitting The topic of the discussion and the sight of the paddle had increased Lynne's apprehension. "Oh....please....no....... Mother...," she shrieked as Richard seated himself and pulled the terrified girl over his lap. Lynne was dressed in the school uniform so that her regulation jumper skirt rode up above her hips as he adusted her position across his knees, exposing her ample bottom filling the white cotton panties which Greenwich girls were required to wear. Holding her skirt well above her waist, Richard applied pressure to the small of Lynne's back to hold the squirming girl in place. He paused as he contemplated the wiggling backside still covered by the panties. Glancing at Lynne's mother, he became aware of her delightful and amused smile. "Don't be embarrassed, Mr. Hazel," she said, "go ahead and lower her panties." Richard smiled in return and pulled the teenagers brief panties to a point below her knees baring her well formed twin mounds and shapely thighs. Lynne squeezed her cheeks together as much in an effort to reduce the exposure of her nearly mature feminine cleft as in anticipation of the dreaded punishment. The girl had stopped protesting and began to whine softly as she awaited the spanking. Lynne did not have to wait very long. Within a few moments, the paddle was rapidly spanking the resiliant bottom-cheeks, each smack landing with a loud report on the soft female flesh. The wriggling teenager began to shriek with pain as she felt the fiery sting. "Ouch.....oooh. ow........agh...... .please..no...don't." Richard looked up for a moment as he paused to inspect the reddening backside bouncing on his lap. Lynne was waving her legs wildly in the air, no longer concerned about displaying the furry cleft and soft pussy lips each time her thighs parted in her effort to avoid the punishing strokes. Mrs. Colewell sat as if fascinated by the scene. Her legs were tightly crossed with a hint of white thigh above her stocking tops. Her face was flushed and her nostrils flared with excitement. Returning to the bare bottom lying on his lap, Richard applied himself to the punishment of the bare bottom lying on his lap. Lynne was crying loudly as the continued sting and humiliation of the spanking broke down her reserve. "Oh.. help,this is awful.........Yeow........I'll be good...... Ouch.........oh.........please." When He was satisfied with the red hue of the tormented girl's bottom cheeks, Richard helped her to her feet. Tearfully, Lynne hopped from side to side as she rubbed at the pain in her bottom, oblivious to the soft curly tufts of her pubic mound which she was now revealing. Her panties remained around her ankles for several minutes as she massaged her hot posterior. Then, sniffling into a tissue supplied by her mother, the teenager stepped out of her panties and stuffed them into hand. "You can probably go back to your room now, Lynne, if it's all right with Mr. Hazel. I will be along later to say goodbye before I leave the school" Richard nodded and the girl, now somewhat calmer, looked at Richard then at her mother. Smiling briefly, she left the room still carrying her panties in her hand. When Lynne had closed the door behind her, Mrs. Colewell walked over to Richard who was still seated. Putting her arm on his, she smiled warmly. "Thank you very much. I'm sure Lynne will benefit from that." Richard, feeling himself like a schoolboy in the presence of this elegant and beautiful woman, stammered a response, hoping that Mrs. Colewell would not notice the erection bulging in his pants. She continued to speak, softly and, Richard thought, in musical tones. "Richard, you must call me Evelyn, please. I do hope we will be friends." "Certainly," he said. "Evelyn, I'm sure that your daughter has learned a lesson and will improve her behavior. Have you had much trouble with her."? "No, actually, just recently. Since her father and I divorced. I believe she blames me for the difficulty, but we married very young. He was the first man who...well, you know what I mean. Anyway, Lynne's respect for me diminished and I allowed her to get away with it. I have even continued to spoil her hoping that would restore our relationship. I guess I messed things up out of a sense of guilt." "A child needs a firm hand in a situation like that," said Richard. "That's particularly true of adolescent females." Evelyn laughed. "What about their mothers. Don't you think they need a firm hand as well. I think I have been as bitchy as Lynne these last few months. Perhaps I need a spanking myself." "Well," Richard quipped, "you've certainly come to the right place. That's what I do here." "Very well," said Evelyn huskily, "let's get it over with, please." Evelyn removed her jacket exposing perfect breasts, jutting outward without support, their nipples already hardened. She folded the jacket and placed it over a chair. Then, unzipping and stepping out of her skirt, she stood in front of Richard wearing only a garter belt and bikini panties. Her long legs were encased in sheer stockings held up by the garters and ended in a pair of high-heeled shoes which contributed to the erotic effect. "Shall I get across your knee?" she asked, whispering softly. Richard was too excited to reply. Instead he guided the Evelyn's lovely frame into spanking position and lowered the panties to a point well below the curve of her unblemished twin mounds. Their dampness confirmed her arousal as did the moist pubic hair surrounding her delicate pussy lips, visible between the lady's shapely thighs. With a gasp of appreciation, he ran his hand over the smooth bottom cheeks. "This ass is almost too good to spank." She giggled, looking back at him from her humiliating posture. "Go ahead and spank it anyway." Richard began the spanking slowly, applying the paddle smartly to the firm cheeks and alternating the smacks so as to impart a uniform glow the the area. Then he applied a flurry of strokes, each leaving its stinging mark on the punishment place. "Oooch............yeow." Evelyn emitted a yelp of pain after each smack but, unlike her daughter, seemed to be deriving more satisfaction that distress from the chastisement. She kicked her feet in the air wildly and ground her hips into his lap as she squeezed her thighs together. By the time Evelyn's bottom had taken on a satisfactory shade of red, this friction was certainly contributing to the hardness in Richard's cock. He felt that he was suffering nearly as much as the spanked woman lying on it. Concerned that he might embarrass himself by cumming in his pants, Richard ended the spanking and helped Evelyn to her feet. She smiled, rubbing her bottom sensually for a few moments. Then, she leaned over and kissed him fervently. Pulling him to a standing position, Evelyn knelt before him, unzipped his slacks and released the stiff and tormented tool. Richard breathed a sigh of relief which turned into a cry of delight as she began to minister to his maleness with her lips and tongue. "You must have an awful time, spanking those young, sweet bottoms," she murmured. But Richard's reply was lost in his loud moan as her mouth enveloped him.