

Makalea's Make Up Assignment

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Makaela takes advantage of her good looks too much, shes about to see the consequences

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Summer classes would help Makaela graduate college sooner but having gone to her friend's birthday party, Makaela had not slept all night. She was also feeling a little sick from drinking too much. She sat in class feeling terrible as her professor handed out the exams. She heard Miss Lena ask sternly, "Makaela are you ok?"

Irritated Makaela answered rudely, "Yes, Professor, I'm fine."

Makaela's head hurt and she could barely see what was on the test. She did the best she could, as quickly as she could so she could sleep. Back at her house she kissed her mother, then stripped to her panties and fell into bed. Thank god this was a Friday.

She wore her tight jeans to show off her ample bottom. As she was preparing to go out her mother called. Her mother was sorting the mail and said, "Baby, there's a letter for you."

"Oh, Mommy, can you please put it in my room?" She would read the letter when she got home.

Her mother kissed her. "Of course, honey."

Makaela said goodbye to her mom and got into a car that was waiting outside of her house. All her friends leaned out playful telling Makaela to hurry up. The girls spent the whole day shopping. In the past Makaela's mother had enforced a strict curfew, but she gave her daughter a little leeway. Makaela was now 20 so she could stay out as long as she wanted as she long as called or texted her mother to let her know where she was and what she was doing.

Makaela got home at two and whispered in her mom's room that she was home. Her mother happily acknowledged her then fell right back to sleep. Makaela went to her room and showered. She saw the letter on her bed and tore it open, inside were the scores of her exams. She felt her stomach turn in fright, she had completely failed. Failing this exam meant failing the course. Makaela felt her body shaking

“Oh god, no,” she whispered.

She wanted to beg the professor, Miss Lena, for extra credit but in the small class Makaela was her least favorite student. Makaela spent whole classes just talking to friends, when asked to put the phone away she always refused. She truly regretted that now.

Monday morning she knocked on Miss Lena’s office door and heard a voice from inside, “Come in.”

Makaela walked into the office. Miss Lena looked up. “Ah, Makaela, what a pleasant surprise,” she said with scorn.

Makalea didn’t know what to say at first finally she said, “Please don’t fail me,” in a soft voice.

Miss Lena looked incredulous, loudly she said, “You come to my class every day taking nothing seriously. You usually do well on exams but you never turn in homework. You come in dressed in a way that distracts all the boys for the whole class. I know how you pass all your classes, you do no work but you just pout to the professor and you get high marks. Do you think big breasts and a fat rear impress me?”

Makaela looked at her Miss Lena with wide eyes. “I don’t do that!” she said angrily, but a second after, she realised even though she didn’t mean to, what Miss Lena said was true.

Miss Lena’s eyes flashed. “Don’t you dare give me that attitude. You think I don’t know that you were hungover and tired when you took this test? You failed my course plain and simple, now get out of my office.”

“Please! please! don’t fail me, Professor Lena. Please! I’ll do anything. It’s just the beginning of the course! Please I’m begging for extra credit, or any way not to fail. Professor I’ll do anything,” Makaela said sobbing.

Miss Lena thought for a long moment leaving Makaela crying and nervous. Finally Lena looked up at her. “Well this is an opportunity to give you the proper discipline you deserve.”

Makaela’s heart sang with hope.

Miss Lena continued, “I see you waving your big butt around, making guys and male professors fall for you. Well you won’t be doing that after a sound spanking.”

Makaela stared at her Professor and stuttered, "W-what?"

"Let me put it in a way you can understand," Lena said. She then continued, "You can fail my class or you can receive a long and hard spanking that should teach you to behave. You will get high enough marks on the exam so that you can still pass with an A if you work hard. Choose."

Makaela's mother had spanked her before but only when she had done something that crossed the line. She wasn't spanked much but when she was it was more than memorable. She had been spanked three times since summer vacation started, all three memories made her cute face blush in shame.

"Makaela, I am busy, get out," Miss Lena said after a moment.

"I'll take the spanking," Makaela said in a tiny voice.

"What was that?" Miss Lena asked sternly.

"I'll take the spanking," Makaela said again loudly.

"Then ask me for your punishment," Miss Lena again said sternly.

Makaela, with her head down in shame, asked, "Miss Lena, may I please have a spanking?"

"Do you deserve a hard spanking Makaela?" her professor asked.

"Yes ma'am I deserve a hard spanking," she replied softly.

Miss Lena went to her desk and studied Makaela's test. "You missed forty questions on this exam." She looked up at Makaela. "Forty strokes of the cane should teach you to study next time."

Makaela looked at her professor in stunned horror.

Miss Lena put the test down. "The forty strokes will be given hard over your bare bottom." She looked up at Makaela without even a shred of compassion. "Now get out of my office."

Makaela received an email that she should report to Miss Lena's office promptly at 12. Sweating in fear Makaela blinked and it was already 11:30. Terrified she got into her car and drove to the building housing her evil professor's office.

Miss Lena looked up. "You are ten minutes late, Makaela."

"I'm sorry ma'a-" was all she could say before her teacher cut her off.

"You will receive four extra strokes," Miss Lena said standing up and pulling out a ratten cane. She swished it in the air a couple of times.

"Please not on my bare bottom, please Professor Lena," she pleaded to her professor.

"Maybe if you didn't have such an ego, what a disgrace, doing zero work while getting perfect grades. Maybe I would have spanked you over your jeans, but you need a hard bare bottom spanking, bare your bottom now," Miss Lena commanded.

Makaela kicked off her shoes, then slid her jeans down. Finally with a red face she was down to her hot pink silk panties. Miss Lena said, "Step out of your panties then come here. Bend over, spread your legs wide, grab your ankles and present that big bottom you are so proud of."

With her legs spread, Miss Lena had a perfect view of her pussy, she couldn't help being wet.

Miss Lena swished the cane. "What do you have to say for yourself?"

"I have been a naughty and disrespectful girl. I deserve to be punished with 44 strokes of the cane on my bare bottom. May I please have my spanking?" Makaela said humiliated.

Miss Lena put the cane to Makaela's round bottom and brought it down hard.

"One, thank you ma'am."

Makaela had no intention of giving her bitch professor even an ounce of satisfaction.

She squeezed her eyes shut and gritted her teeth as the sixth stroke landed. Miss Lena brought the cane down hard on the area where her bottom turned into her thigh. Makaela couldn't help crying out. As the cane came down on her upper thighs her body shook with sobs, and squeezing her eyes, two big tears streamed down her face. Soon she couldn't help crying, she couldn't help shrieking. Miss Lena gave the strokes in sets of 20, then let Makaela catch her breath. The girl was crying so hard that her butt jiggled. Her bottom was a beautiful red with perfect even spaced welts from the top of her bottom to her upper thighs.

Before the next set of twenty Miss Lena had Makaela remove all her clothing. As Miss Lena

administered the twenty, a very naked and humiliated Makaela was screaming, begging her teacher to stop, promising she would be a good girl, swearing not to text in class, anything to get the fire being applied to her bottom to stop. She sobbed like a baby.

Makaela lay naked in a broken heap, sobbing over her teacher's desk.

"I think there is no need for your four extra strokes, will you ever be late to my class again?"

Sobbing, Makalea promised her teacher up and down that she would be well-behaved. After an hour in the corner, hands on her head, Miss Lena dismissed a blubbing Makaela. The poor girl grabbed her clothes, and still naked, ran from Miss Lena's office.

* * *

Back at home:

"Undress honey," Malena said to her sister.

Makaela moaned as her sister rubbed cool cream in big circles on her inflamed butt. She loved the feeling of the welts. Applying a good amount of cool cream, Malena gently ran her finger down the crack of Makaela's ass. She felt Makaela's body shiver. She squeezed more cream and let it run down the crack of her sister's bottom. Malena felt how wet and hot her sister was. She slowly let her fingers slide into her sister's tight pussy. She heard squishy sounds as she moved her fingers in and out. Makaela was moaning loudly, arching her back in pleasure

"Sis, you have to be quiet or Mommy will hear," Malena warned her sister.

Malena then put her finger on Makaela's tight rosebud, and pressed her finger in. Makaela shook in pleasure as Malena slowly pressed in and out of her asshole.

"Get up," Malena commanded.

Easing her way off of her sister's lap Makaela did as she was told. Malena took her hand and opened the door, walking Makaela stark naked into her room.

"Baby you will like this," Malena said as she pulled a cloth from her closet. "Put your hands together behind your back."

Malena tied her sister's hands together behind her back. Makaela felt her sister tighten her bonds

and shivered. She had never been tied up before, she wondered if Malena was going to punish her for something. Malena pulled out a ballgag from her drawer, she put it in her sister's mouth and fastened it behind her head.

"We can't have you being so loud," Malena said, stroking her sister's tear streaked face.

Malena then pulled out two nipple clamps, both had a small, lightly weighted ball at the end. Malena massaged her sister's big breasts, she sucked and gently bit Makaela's nipples, making them nice and hard.

"Relax honey," Malena said as she put the first clamp on Makaela's left nipple. She heard Makaela's muffled scream into the ball gag as she began to try and escape.

Malena looked at her struggling sister. "Stand still, now Makaela," she commanded.

Seeing the tears running down her sister's face, Malena put the other clamp on her sister's right nipple, again to muffle screams into the ball gag. All Makaela's wiggling made her breasts jiggle and the weighted clamps jiggled as well, making Makaela scream into the ballgag.

Makaela's pussy juice slid down her thighs, she had never felt so helpless and dominated. She wanted to orgasm, she wanted it so badly, she needed it.

Malena saw her sister's shining vagina. "Come here," she said, ushering over Makaela and bending her over a table.

Malena remembered what her boyfriend Jack had done to her, how she had cum harder than she ever had. Malena pulled a long piece of peeled ginger in the shape of a buttplug, she then walked over and spread her sister's bottom.

"Baby, I promise you will like this," she assured Makaela, as she slid the ginger into her sister's asshole.

Malena then sat back, she smiled as she watched her sister feel the slight burning give way to searing hot agony. Makaela was thrashing on the table, shrieking into the ballgag, spraying drool all over the table.

Malena picked up a long paddle and brought it down on her thrashing sister's poor welted bottom. She brought the paddle down hard three more times before Makaela exploded in orgasm after orgasm. Her whole body convulsed as she sprayed pussy juice all over her sister's carpet.

Makaela came over and over again, she had never been in so much agony, her sore bottom, the nipple clamps and especially that unbearable ginger. But she more than loved it, even though she was tied up and helpless, shrieking into a drool drenched ballgag, she felt free.

Juice ran down her thighs, all of a sudden she was exhausted. Makaela slid from the chair onto the wet floor.

Malena was soaking just watching her sister, she knew Makaela would enjoy that.

She then walked over to a bound Makaela, her ballgag dripping with so much drool. She removed the dripping ball gag and deeply kissed her sister's sweet-tasting, drool-filled mouth.