I Spanked my Teacher Part two of two

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Miss Gregg was about to make me a man!

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As usual I was a little early and nervous with excitement at the prospect of 'leathering' my gorgeous teacher. My choice of leather was not difficult. My dad is a retired coal miner and always wore a thick brown leather belt around the middle of his overalls at work and I had acquired one which looked great on my Levi jeans. So there I was at the door of her apartment in a casual shirt and denims held up by the 'pit-belt'. I had absolutely no experience of using a strap on a woman although I had seen pictures of it in my spanking magazines so I decided I would have to draw on that.

Lauren let me in and I couldn't have been dressed more inappropriately. She was resplendent in a full-length, figure hugging, red satin evening dress with matching gloves stretching right up her bare arms to just above her elbows. My mouth dropped open at the vision before me.

Her breasts seemed to froth over the top of the tight fitting dress, her bare shoulders a creamy white, curving up into her long neck sexily accentuated by a red velvet choker. The dress didn't seem to have any visible support and clung to her hourglass figure like a second skin. There were no shoulder straps and I was certain she had no underwear beneath her dress as anything would show through the skin-tight satin sheen.

Her long blonde hair had been expertly piled on top of her head in a stunning creation exposing her pretty face and shoulders to maximum effect. She gave me a knowing smile, her full lips pouting and moist, shiny red lipstick matching her dress. The whole creation was displayed to perfection by her open toed strappy stilettos with impossibly high heels, her tiny toes painted to match that stunning dress. My cock was iron hard.

She reached down into my bulging crotch, her gloved hand stroking my erection. "I do believe you are pleased to see me," she said sarcastically. Her slender fingers moved to the buckle of my belt and her face became a little more serious, "Are you going to use this on me?" she husked.

I nodded lamely, stunned as to why such a beautiful woman would want a gawky eighteen year-old to whip her. My balls ached and I almost came in my pants.

She led me over to a dining chair and motioned for me to sit, she remained standing in front of me with her hands behind her back whilst I took in her slender beauty and almost perfect body beneath her unforgiving silky smooth dress. She looked like a Princess in a fairy story.

"I think I need warming up a little before you take your belt to me," she husked.

This was it, I thought, spreading my legs apart to receive her over my knee, my erection so obvious she could have performed a pole dance on it! Surprising me she stepped forwards between my legs and leant forward, bending fully over my left shoulder with the proud cheeks of her behind nestled at the side of my head, almost cheek to cheeks you might say. Lauren’s long sylph like figure stretched to the floor with her on the tips of her toes, her tiny stiletto shoes just touching the carpet. The subtle aroma of her fragrance filled my senses.

I had never imagined such a scenario but instinctively my left hand clamped her into position and my right hand swung across my front and smacked her across her pert bottom just inches from my face. Her rounded peaks wobbled sensuously against the palm of my hand beneath the slinky dress tightly stretched across her fabulous derrière. Her other cheek responded to the next smack and I had found my rhythm, bouncing my hand off each cheek in turn. I was succeeding in 'warming her up' as her feet left the carpet and her legs began gently swaying in front of me, her spiky heels waving about in all directions. Lauren's slender form was hardly any weight at all and I began to get carried away, spanking her satin covered posterior with a steady staccato slapping action.

Suddenly I was on my feet, Lauren still over my shoulder like some Viking warrior's prize, her legs kicking as I spanked her until I knew she was ready to take my belt.

Sitting back on the chair I gently steadied Lauren back to her feet. Her face was flushed yet sexy and eager for more. She smoothed down her long dress and leant forward, her face inches from mine, the view down her cleavage absolutely stunning.

"Would you like me to do a lap dance?" she whispered.

I nodded of course, my manhood stretched to its limit.

A mischievous smile emerged across her bright red lips. "I'll strip for you if you strip for me," she enthused.

I wasn't ready for that, but it seemed a fair deal; off came my shirt, shoes and socks and I went to unbuckle my denims when her fingers met mine and she helped me unfasten it. She slid the leather

belt from the loops around my waist and stepped back playing with it. I stood up and took my pants and underpants off feeling suddenly very stupid standing there stark naked before this fantastic looking woman, my cock sticking out and pointing directly at her. She looked me up and down; winding the thick leather belt around her small hands until she had formed a short multi layered strap.

"Seems only fair to let me have a go at spanking you," she said taking the seat. This was a huge departure from my perceived plan. My leather belt was folded in her grasp and lay limply in her lap. She crossed her long legs inside her exquisite evening gown creating a sexy swishing sound and crooked a long manicured finger at me. "Come along young man, bend over my knee," she said huskily.

My throbbing cock seemed to lead the way as I went to her side and lowered myself into position over her knee, the cool of her satin dress feeling sexy against my nakedness, my manhood wedged between me and her silky covered thighs.

She snicked the leather across my bare hide but it didn't really hurt. Again and again she whacked me as hard as she could but she merely raised the temperature of my cheeks as she attempted to give me a good leathering. With my head bowed low over her knee I had a close view of her shapely ankles and feet, and those intricate high heels. The sheer height of her shoes made me wonder how she could walk on them, the heel itself so thin it was amazing it could support her.

The leathering continued, her swats tingling each of my bum cheeks in turn, the heat now turning up and spreading across my backside and actually beginning to hurt a little. I realised I had my hand around her leg to support myself and my bum was gyrating beneath the belt, my cock now rock hard and getting a gentle massage against the slinky material of her dress. She decided I had been strapped enough so I raised myself off her lap and stood at her side, totally naked, my erection embarrassingly large.

She gave me the sexiest look I have ever seen. "That is the first time I have had a pupil of mine over my knee," she offered me the belt, "I guess you'll be needing this now," she said getting up from the chair. I took her seat as she went to her music system and pressed play.

The music was sexy and slow as she stood inches from me and began to dance to it. Her lithe body beginning a sensuous routine, bending over with her satin covered bottom inches from my face and then towards me, her swollen breasts heaving to escape the tight material. Her nipples protruded unashamedly through her dress. I just sat there mesmerised by her beauty when she slid her arms behind her in that seductive way a woman prepares to unleash her assets, unclasping her dress and sliding down her zip just enough for the dress to relinquish its tight grip on her breasts.

It fell away to her waist and, now topless, bent forward to dangle her ample tits against my face. My tongue played over the hard nubs of her nipples each in turn before taking each one into my mouth and sucking it greedily. She allowed me to satisfy each one in turn before straightening up and resuming the dance, her breasts bouncing in tune to the music.

Lauren slid the dress from her waist and let it slither to the floor. I was right about her not having any underwear beneath that dress, her pubic bush glistened into view, wispy and blonde, pointing towards her love entrance just visible below. Her hips swung to the beat of the music and her legs moved gracefully, taut and shapely, tapering down to her delicate feet stepping out a sexy dance. She was as naked as I was except for her shoes and the velvet choker. Lauren turned and gyrated her pretty bottom in my face and then bent forward giving me a close up view of her 'woman fruit' nestling below the cleft of her perfectly rounded cheeks.

The music ended and Lauren sank to the floor on all fours directly in front of me with her head to my left and that fabulous bottom to my right.

She looked at me, her expression containing all the power of her sex. "Whip me," she said huskily, "whip me hard with your belt." She offered up her bottom to me, I stood up and dangled the belt down in front of her so she could inspect it, she kissed its broad leather surface. I took it to her rear end and stroked it against her cheeks, playing it across each one in turn, then gently returned her kiss, slapping the leather on each high spot leaving a bright red lipstick imprint.

"Please whip me until I beg you to stop," she pleaded. The belt dangled ready against her pouting posterior, lank and supple, the opposite to my cock which was iron hard.

'SWACKK! … SWACKK!' The first two strokes gave me my measure of her proffered orbs and snaked across them centrally.

'SWACKK! … SWACKK!' A husky moan left Lauren's lips.

'SWACKK! … SWACKK!' She was beginning to feel the heat of the leather.

'SWACKK! … SWACKK!' Her head reared upwards, "aaaaarrrhhh!" she moaned.

'SWACKK! … SWACKK!' The belt snicked into the crevice between her cheeks and she shuddered violently as it teased her ‘secret place’.

'SWACKK! … SWACKK!' "Aaaaarrrhhh! … oooohhhh!" Lauren wriggled her pretty bottom as she absorbed the swats.

'SWACKK! … SWACKK!' "Aaaaarrrhhh! … oooohhhh! Harder, *HARDER* please," she squealed.

I increased both the length of my backstroke and the speed of delivery, whipping her soundly but there was no sign she wanted it to stop.

'SWACKK! … SWACKK! …SWACKK! … SWACKK!' She squealed like a banshee and her head sank down to the floor between her arms and suddenly she reared upwards drawing herself up from her knees onto the tips of her toes. Her moist pussy lips pouted open between her slightly spread legs.

'SWACKK! … SWACKK! …SWACKK! … SWACKK!' Lauren's squeals were shrill and piercing, reaching a high note after each crack of the leather to her crimson orbs. Still no indication to stop. I was astonished, I was whipping her petite backside with all the power I could muster and she still wanted more.

'SWACKK! … SWACKK! …SWACKK! … SWACKK!' That was it, her head was resting against the carpet between her elbows, her raw bottom perched atop her legs; taut and straight and trembling slightly into her stilettos. First a sob blurted from her then a meek, "p … please stop now, thank you," came in a whisper. I lowered the belt and sat down.

Lauren straitened up and gingerly inspected the damage to her whipped cheeks giving me a wonderful view of her pubic mound. Then she straddled me with her back toward me and bent forward leaving her burning orbs inches from my face. I kissed each mound in turn, the heat of her leathered cheeks like a fire, then my tongue found her moist pouting fruit and I explored it eagerly. She had bent almost double with her head in my lap and had found my pole, her tongue exploring its tip before sliding her lips over it and sucking me greedily. Her legs were long and sinewy accentuated by her spiked heels as she bent over in front of me. I lapped her clit until I thought she was ready for me and placed my hands around her and cupped her breasts, she released me from her mouth and I stood up.

Lauren remained bending as I slipped my hard tool between her parted legs, finding her moist entrance and plunging in to the full depth of my shaft. Her excited moans told me I was obliging her as I thrust back and forth into her until I was bursting to come, I held on for as long as I could before withdrawing and spurting high up her slender back.

Lauren hadn't finished with me yet and turning round she buried her head into my groin, her seared rear high in the air, she swallowed me again, restoring my wilting hard on, her head bobbing back and forth until I let go for a second time. She swallowed hard and sucked harder, extracting every drop from my fledgling cock. Fully satisfied she straightened up and turned on her heels and made for her

bathroom. I heard her shower burst into life but instinctively knew I was no longer required. I dressed and left.

That was the last time I saw Lauren, she never returned to the College again and when I visited the apartment a few days later she was gone. My memory of her will never leave me and even a fleeting flashback to those days brings my cock to attention!