Mrs Denver – The Prequel Continues

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Nikki and her friend attend Mrs Denver's Study, two adult girls remembering their schooldays

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23 year old Nikki Pearson had eagerly agreed to meet up with her ex-Headmistress to be disciplined in her Study. It was educational for her ex-Headmistress, Mrs Sally Denver , who had been shocked to be told by Nikki how when at school she had been naughty on purpose so that she was disciplined more than any other student, by far. The agreement was that Nikki would allow Mrs Denver to be much more severe than she was with the students to test just how thorough she could be when disciplining them for misbehaviour.

Nikki told her best friend, Tracey Larkin , also 23 years old. Tracey had been a goody good shoes when at school and had never once been sent to the Headmistress to be disciplined. However she had listened to Nikki's tales of being spanked and caned and had fantasised about being disciplined but had never herself taken that walk to the Head's study.

When they both left school Nikki quickly missed being disciplined and plucked up the courage to tell her Mum. Luckily for Nikki her Mum understood and was soon spanking and then caning her daughter, sometimes because Nikki asked her to, but also on many an occasion when she decided her daughter deserved to be. Discipline re-entered the 23 year olds life and she accepted that as the price for her Mum spanking and caning her when she wanted to be. A price the 23 year old willingly paid.

A little later Tracey mentioned to Nikki her fantasy and a couple of days after that visited Nikki's Mum, was spanked, and that night masturbated and gave herself the most glorious orgasm.

So when Nikki told Tracey she was going to see Mrs Denver she insisted she be allowed to come as well. A phone call later and the arrangements were made. Both Nikki and Tracey would attend Mrs Denver's Study. It was 6 O'clock and the school was almost empty. There was a detention class but

any student due to be disciplined should have already left the Head’s Study no doubt with a sore bottom and tear filled eyes.

Nikki looked at Tracey as they stood outside the Head’s Study, or at least the outer office. Tracey nodded and Nikki knocked.

“Come,” came the short reply.

Nikki opened the door and walked in followed by a nervous Tracey who closed the door. Both girls stood still looking at Miss Charlotte Johnson , Mrs Denver’s Secretary.

“Take your coats off and stand over there girls,” Miss Johnson ordered, knowing that the girls were looking for a real discipline experience just as Nikki had received at school.

Nikki and Tracey quickly crossed the room took off their coats putting them over the chair and stood close to the wall looking respectfully at Miss Johnson. Both girls had managed to get in to their old school uniforms. Summer dresses, short sleeved with a front zip which had a pretty heart shaped zip pull, with a flared hem just above the knee which could be easily gathered up above the waist for a bare bottomed punishment. Nikki had gathered her dress up on many an occasion. They wore the school dresses to add to the realism as they wanted it to be just as it was at school, a normal experience for Nikki but the first time for Tracey.

Nikki and Tracey were quiet thinking their own thoughts when there was a knock on the door. Miss Johnson jumped in surprise before recovering and saying, “Come,” in the same strict tone she had used for the two girls.

The door opened and a girl walked in who must have been 17 years old judging from her senior uniform. She held a note which Miss Johnson took and read, looking sternly at the young girl before picking up the phone. “Mrs Denver, I have Watkins here with a note. The detention is over but she was noisy and Mrs Fern has put her down for a dozen strokes.” There was a gap as Miss Johnson listened in to the phone. “Right, I’ll send her in.”

Miss Johnson looked at the girl and pointed to the door to the Study. The girl walked to the door, knocked, waited to be told to enter, and did so. Nikki and Tracey looked at each other and Tracey said innocently a heartfelt, “Poor girl.”

Nikki gasped as she knew if you speak in the Secretary’s office without being spoken to first you got a punishment. Sure enough Miss Johnson said sternly, “That’s three more for you Larkin.” More realism Tracey thought with a groan.

Standing silently now both girls jumped when they heard the cry from inside the Study. It was the unmistakeable sound of cane on bare bottom. Nikki smiled to herself remembering those times, so many of them, when she was on the receiving end of the cane from Mrs Denver and she squeezed her thighs together to intensify the flutter that spun through her pussy. This was so cool she thought, 23 years old but standing outside the Headmistress's Study once again waiting meekly to be disciplined.

Tracey swallowed hard as yelp followed stroke followed yelp. It was so different to being disciplined by Nikki's Mum. This was the real experience she had longed for and was just as Nikki had described it, even down to the scary anticipation of the intense but sexy pain to come.

Nikki and Tracey both counted twelve strokes and twelve yelps. There was a gap with no sound before the door to the Study opened and the sixth former came back out, rubbing her bottom and drying her eyes as she went up to Miss Johnson. Even Miss Johnson had counted but waited for the girl to say a weepy, "Twelve strokes Miss."

Miss Johnson filled the number in on her punishment page before giving the girl a piece of paper. "Your letter for your Mum to sign," Miss Johnson said.

"Yes Miss, thank you Miss," the young Watkins replied taking the letter and leaving the Secretary's office closing the door quietly behind her.

Charlotte saw the quizzical look on Nikki's face and decided to explain. "Mrs Denver brought this in last year. If you are sent here to be disciplined I enter your punishment in the Punishment Book. Afterwards I hand you a letter that states you have been punished and what punishment you received. That letter has to be shown to a parent and there is a strong recommendation in the letter that the parent duplicates the punishment that evening. Even if no punishment is given by the parent the signed letter must be brought to me the following day or else a further punishment is given to the student by Mrs Denver."

Nikki nodded, thinking if that system had been in place whilst she was at the school then her Mum would have spanked her long before she asked to her to. A pity thought Nikki as she agreed it was a good move to have the parents discipline the student when they got home from school. She then giggled to herself wondering if she and Tracey will get a letter after today's discipline.

Suddenly and like a loud hooter the phone rang. Miss Johnson lifted the receiver and listening looked from Nikki to Tracy before saying, "Yes Mrs Denver I will send them both in." Miss Johnson pointed to the door.

Nikki walked over to the door and Tracey followed close behind. Once inside Nikki glanced at the desk which she would have to bend over remembering how she would stretch her arms to the far side and cling on as the cane bit in to her bare bottom. They stood respectfully in front of Mrs Denver's desk. The punishment desk. The moment of truth for Tracey suddenly realising she still didn't know how many strokes of the cane to expect.

"Well Pearson ," Mrs Denver said, "I checked your records and I found there were two punishments you missed in your last week at the school. I will be adding those to your punishment today."

"Yes Miss," Nikki said. It was agreed that Mrs Denver would make the experience as realistic as possible and as usual she enjoyed watching the distress on the student's faces as she explained the extent of their punishment.

Mrs Denver continued, "One of 12 strokes and the other 9 strokes. I had already decided to give you 24 strokes. So now it is 45 strokes of the cane."

Nikki swallowed hard. She had often received that many strokes and more from her Mum. This would be very different though. Mrs Denver was always very strict and disciplinary. Gasps and cries meant nothing to her, and if anything made her more resolute. After all she was dispensing discipline so the more she thought the student was suffering the more the student was learning. Her Mum might relent but Mrs Denver wouldn't. Nikki was about to be reminded of the difference between her Mum and her ex-Headmistress. Still, she had asked to be disciplined so could hardly complain.

Mrs Denver looked at Tracey whose breathing deepened as she waited to hear her own fate. "I will be giving you 24 strokes Larkin, luckily for you to include the three extras Miss Johnson gave you for talking. However I have been known to give extras if you fail to follow my instructions to the letter when you are inside my Study so be careful young lady."

Tracey licked her lips but knew 24 strokes were OK. Mrs Pearson, Nikki's Mum, had often given her that number. It was so different though being given them in the Headmistress's Study. The tension could be felt as Tracey glanced sideways at Nikki whose look of calm made her feel stronger. After all they had both asked for this.

Mrs Denver said sharply, "Pearson, fetch me the senior cane girl."

Nikki walked over to the cane holder and picked out the senior cane, the one with the hooked end. She handed it respectfully to Mrs Denver saying a courteous "Miss."

Mrs Denver swished the cane twice before ordering sternly, “You will both prepare yourselves and then bend over the punishment table. Be quick about it and not a word.”

Tracey watched Nikki take her shoes off and quickly followed suit. Their knickers followed and each girl placed her knickers on the chair. Nikki lifted her flared skirt up above her waist as she went to the punishment table, Mrs Denver’s desk, bent over making sure her skirt lay beneath her tummy, stretched her arms forward and grabbed the far end of the table. Tracey followed suit and soon Mrs Denver was in position behind both girls looking down at two bottoms she was about to cane hard.

Tracey’s heart was beating fast as she felt the cane tapped on her bottom. There was a gap then the sound of a swish as the cane bit in to her bare bottom. Tracey yelped as the pain spread across her bottom cheeks. Nikki’s Mum had always spanked her first so her bottom was warm and ready for the cane and the first strokes were always manageable. Not this stroke. Tracey yelped, let go of the table and her hands flew to her bottom. She rubbed herself hard but knew immediately that had been a mistake. She looked around and saw Mrs Denver had a wicked smile.

“24 has just become 30 young lady.”

Tracey groaned but nodded as she turned obediently and stretched out her arms again to grab the far end of the table. There was silence. Tracey glanced around and saw Mrs Denver looking fixedly at her. “Well?” Mrs Denver snapped.

Tracey had forgotten, until then, when wide eyed she said quickly, “Yes Miss, sorry Miss.”

“Exactly. Well that stroke won’t count and I’ll add 6 more. How many is that now Larkin?”

Tracey whimpered as she replied, “36 Miss, thank you Miss.”

“Just so long as you learn Larkin,” Mrs Denver said sarcastically. Tracey knew the pleasure would be all Mrs Denver’s.

Mrs Denver looked down smiling at the two pretty bare bottoms perched on her desk. Although she had seen many a bare bottom in that same position she relished the difference. How these two bare bottoms were there by their own choice, willingly, wanting to be caned. What was better was that both girls knew the caning would be much harder than usual. Nikki in particular had been caned by her so many times when at school but this will be a much harder caning. It was educational. For the girls but more importantly for Mrs Denver herself.

Mrs Denver explained, “Just to recap girls, this is to help me understand how much harder I can

discipline the students. You in particular Pearson were naughty with the specific aim of being sent to me to be caned. Correct Pearson?”

“Yes Miss,” Nikki admitted.

“Right. So the number of strokes I am going to give you is set purposely high and I will be making them good and firm.” After a pause Mrs Denver continued, “So from now on no talking unless asked a question, or else. Understood Pearson?”

“Yes Miss,” Nikki repeated.

“Larkin?”

“Yes Miss,” Tracey answered obediently, aware of the trickle of cum dribbling down her inner thigh. She wondered how she could ever have been so worried about being sent to the Headmistress for discipline but at least she was here now, years later, as an adult, but it does seem real. Well actually it is real of course.

Mrs Denver tapped the cane on each bottom in turn, admiring them both, young and firm, beautifully smooth, yet soon to have fierce red weal’s across them. Education at its best she thought though recalled just a few days ago it was her own bottom presented to Mrs Pearson and it she who was caned. For her the sexual sensation soon passed though and all that remained was a stinging aching bottom which she found uncomfortable to sit down on. Later that night she masturbated and gave herself an orgasm as she rubbed her bottom and caressed her pussy but it wasn’t mind blowing. Not for her. Would these two do the same she wondered? Probably. Would they also enjoy the orgasms far more as they enjoyed being disciplined? Very likely. Good for them Mrs Denver thought, but then good for her too as she had willing helpers who didn’t mind sore stinging bottoms.

Well that was the case for Nikki. Tracey would find out soon enough how she felt.

It was time to discipline the two co-operative bottoms. Mrs Denver pulled the cane back again and aimed another stroke at Tracey’s beckoning bottom. Her arm arced down, the cane cut a swathe across Tracey’s bottom, Tracey gasped but held on to the far end of the desk making sure she didn’t earn yet another six strokes. Mrs Denver watched the 23 year olds bottom swirl as it rebounded and saw the new red line across her bottom and enjoyed watching her hang on firmly to the desk.

Next moment Mrs Denver looked at Nikki’s bottom, one she had known so well. This was a bottom which could take an even harder caning and when she pulled her arm back she pursed her lips as she swung her arm back down, the cane swished through the air before slicing in to Nikki’s oh so

pretty bottom leaving a red line just as it had done with Tracey. Nikki gasped but also held on.

Both 23 year olds now knew Mrs Denver was taking this very seriously.

Mrs Denver caned each girl in turn leaving a new red stripe across each girl's bottom. She listened closely each time to the girls reaction gauging which strokes hurt more than others and by the time she had given each girl six strokes she was using more power than she had ever used on a student and still the two 23 year olds held on to the table, staying in place. The only sign of distress was the loudness of their gasp or yelp as the cane bit in to their bottoms.

What Mrs Denver couldn't gauge was how the girls felt mentally and wondered about that momentarily. If she could read minds though she would have known Nikki was aroused, just as she always was when being spanked or caned. Nikki felt the flutters across her pussy and the dribble of cum down her thigh but as her legs were together she reckoned it unlikely Mrs Denver will spot it.

Tracey was finding the caning harder to bear but like Nikki as the cane bit in to her and the pain spread across her bottom the stinging was erotic and her pussy fluttered. Tracey savoured each stroke, enjoying it, only tensing her bottom when she heard Nikki gasp and knew her next stroke was only moments away. The pain increased with each stroke but then so did the stinging and the erotic warmth that went with it.

Tracey wasn't used to the no talking first rule but Mrs Pearson was far more relaxed, even asking how the girls felt between strokes. If Tracey gave a flippant reply that would be met by a speedy caning but Mrs Pearson was careful not to stretch her too far. With Nikki though Mrs Denver was so different, trying to stretch her, and she was succeeding. Tears were rolling down Nikki's face. She was sobbing. Still Mrs Denver caned her, no breaks, just another stroke, then Tracey, and then Nikki's again.

Mrs Denver looked at the two red lined quivering bottoms after the first two dozen strokes each, the weal's running across the two bottoms from the top right down to the sit spot. The lines were a fiercer red than usual and although lots of students cried Mrs Denver realised the two 23 year olds were still more in control, taking the pain well enough. It was then the light caught something on Nikki's inner thigh. Mrs Denver let out her own quiet gasp as she realised Nikki was dribbling cum. Even with such a red lined bottom that must be stinging, throbbing even.

When Mrs Denver had been caned by Mrs Pearson the erotic sensual feeling came only after the caning. Sure she felt flutters during the caning but did not experience what Nikki appeared to be feeling. She had to be sure and put the cane between Nikki's legs and flicking from side to side on the soft tissues of the 23 year olds inner thighs made it clear she expected her legs to be parted. Nikki

gasped and parted her legs groaning even louder when the last couple of flicks were upward right into her soft wet lush pussy lips. Sure enough she saw Nikki's pussy glisten with her sex juice and her cum dribbling down her inner thigh

Mrs Denver rubbed Nikki's bottom a few times before edging her hand between her legs and covering her pussy with the open palm of her hand. It was wet. Soaking wet in fact. Nikki jerked as the Headmistress's finger edged inside her pussy and groaned louder and louder as she found her clit pressed down on it and then moved her finger in and out with ease until Nikki let out a longer erotic orgasmic gasp and an unintentional but sex filled hissing, "Yyyeessss."

Mrs Denver had to admit to having some pleasure of her own when hearing Nikki's orgasm and looked at Tracey who was still grasping the far end of the desk but very aware Nikki had just cum, and wanted to herself. She showed Mrs Denver her wishes by parting her own legs and Mrs Denver looked mischievously at the 23 year old. Surely if Tracey had known then what she knew now she would have been a regular recipient of the cane when a student here.

Mrs Denver said sternly, "Pearson, take off your dress and bra. Maybe being naked will make you focus more on your punishment and less on your thoughts of sex."

Nikki let go of the desk and stood up, turned to look at Mrs Denver and started to pull down the front zip. As she did she watched Mrs Denver rub Tracey's bottom and slide her hand between her inner thighs. Soon Tracey was moaning in delight as Nikki allowed her dress to fall down her shoulders on to the floor. She put her arms behind her and unclipped her bra as Tracey was gyrating with Mrs Denver's finger inside her pussy. Nikki slid the bra down her arms as Tracey let out a breathless series of groans ending in one long orgasmic gasp.

Nikki stood naked as Mrs Denver took her fingers away from Tracey's wet pussy and took hold of Nikki's erect nipple, squeezing. Nikki gasped as the pain took hold. Mrs Denver said sharply, "Larkin, get undressed as well girl."

Tracey stood up and saw Mrs Denver hold her cum soaked fingers up to Nikki's mouth and say, "Lick them clean girl."

Nikki opened her mouth, took Mrs Denver fingers inside and wrapped her tongue around them. She sucked hard licking Tracey's cum, remembering the smell and taste from when she and Tracey had been intimate so many times before.

Mrs Denver kept squeezing Nikki's erect nipple seeing the distress in her face, but knew the pain was wanted, desired, a 23 year old woman who loved being disciplined, whether it be spanked, caned, or

otherwise humiliated.

Tracey undressed as she watched Mrs Denver force Nikki to lick clean her cum soaked fingers. It was so sexy, sexual, even with her stinging bottom she knew she was finding the spectacle erotic.

Mrs Denver pursed her lips, looked at each of the 23 year olds in turn, their faces, their full breasts, their nicely flat tummies, and their full pussy hair mounds. Tracey felt uncomfortable having her ex-Headmistress look at her naked body like that whilst Nikki was more brazen, staring back. Mrs Denver momentarily became embarrassed at the way Nikki stared back at her. Had she gone too far? It was supposed to be discipline not sexual. Ok this was different as she was learning about the intensity of the pain and had not expected to feel sexually aroused herself. However she was, by her ability to dominate. Still, she needed to revert to the main purpose. Discipline, and so ordered, “Back over the desk both of you.”

Tracey turned first and bent across the table grabbing the far side. Nikki turned and looked at her friends striped bottom and knew her own would look much the same. Cool she thought licking her lips still tasting Tracey’s cum as she also bent down, her breasts pressing on to the table as she stretched her arms to the far side. She intentionally parted her legs now she had nothing to hide, knowing more of her own cum will dribble down her leg before the caning is over.

Mrs Denver decided she would enforce her dominance by increasing the tariff once again and announced, “Accept that as my present to you both for submitting to my discipline. However, it is now back to business and I have decided that you will both get 30 more strokes.”

Tracey groaned, 30 more and she has already had 24 . Nikki pursed her lips, accepting the extras. She turned her head to see Tracy looking at her and she smiled. Tracey felt better for the smile and nodded as though acknowledging her friends support.

Mrs Denver saw the smile between the two of them . Even after two dozen hard strokes they could still smile. Mrs Denver thought a moment and knew then she understood. For both these 23 year old girls being on the receiving end of a caning was more erotic than being the one giving the caning. Instead of all of the hard work Mrs Denver had to put in what these two girls had to do was lie there and take whatever caning they were given. They were both aroused even during the caning and no doubt will still be aroused by tonight in bed, where they will be bound to masturbate. Mrs Denver knew she had learned something for sure today. She was never as aroused as these two girls when she was caned. However she was getting satisfaction from the pain she was giving them, in a Headmistress way, teaching them. She had also learned that students can take a far harder caning than she had given before even if they are not as sexually aroused as these two girls clearly were.

So getting back to business Mrs Denver reminded both girls it would be 30 strokes more for each of them and intended carrying out that punishment in full. She added, “Nikki, you first. Tracey, you will stay still right where you are.”

Both girls knew it had been a statement and not a question. There was no need to acknowledge the Headmistress. Nikki readied herself mentally. 30 straight cane strokes. She knew the longer the gap between each stoke the harder it was to bear but remembered Mrs Denver allowed no real gaps. A second or two at most.

Mrs Denver pulled her arm back and saw Tracey looking eagerly at her friend’s face to savour the look of pain. The first stroke bit in to Nikki’s bottom, Nikki gasped, pursed her lips to prevent a yelp, and got ready for the next stroke. Mrs Denver waited only a second or so before raising the cane and arcing it down once again. She was experienced, well-practiced, at placing the cane just above or below the previous stroke, just so long as the person receiving it didn’t move, and Nikki was very good at staying in position.

Stroke after stroke came every two seconds. Nikki had already calculated this will be one minute of pain but as the strokes followed with such speed her bottom was almost nulled to the pain, or maybe it was just that the pain of one stroke merged with the next. She wasn’t sure. She did know she was yelping and crying as the stream of strokes made their way down her bottom. When Mrs Denver reached the sit spot the pain level increased and Nikki was yelping louder losing count of the strokes. The cane was now biting in to the backs of her legs and Nikki was tensing her whole body but hanging on to the table as stroke after stroke bit into her quivering throbbing bottom. It was a battle. Nikki against the Headmistress.

Mrs Denver saw Nikki’s arms straining to keep hold of the table as she caned the 23 year old. l. She kept on caning the 23 year olds bottom but more slowly, until she gave three last hard strokes to teach Nikki just who was the boss.

Nikki lay on the table crying, tears flooding down her face, her bottom throbbing. Slowly she calmed herself down initially not daring to look around, but forced herself and looking up at the headmistress through tear filled eyes saying a heartfelt, “Thank you for caning me Miss.”

Mrs Denver was almost overcome with emotion. That was a heartfelt thank you. Just how had the 23 year old managed to stay in control as she did? A s she thought that thought she knew Nikki thought very differently to herself. She loved to be dominated, craved submission and the pain of a stinging bottom. Mrs Denver knew she didn’t.

Focussing again on the punishment she had yet to give Mrs Denver took a step sideways and tapped

the cane on Tracey’s bottom intent on testing the girl but decided she would not be as severe as she had been with Nikki.

Tracey heard Nikki freely crying and also admired her friend for the way she thanked Mrs Denver at the end but was now focussing on her own caning. 30 strokes. In her own show of defiance she raised her bottom slightly as though beckoning the caning to start. Mrs Denver saw the action and smiled again. Some nerve she thought but remained content to push the girl just beyond what she would want to bear. Her aim was to test how hard she could cane her students no matter how much these two lovely submissive girls cried and yelped.

Mrs Denver tapped Tracey’s bottom a couple of times and then raised her arm and gave the 23 year old the first stroke. Tracey didn’t find it as hard as she had expected judging from Nikki’s reaction although she supposed it was still hard, and it stung. However she had little time to think about it as the cane bit in to her bottom every two seconds, pain filled stroke after pain filled stroke. She was coping though she felt and even enjoying the tingling stinging pain.

Mrs Denver watched Tracey carefully and after the first 10 strokes caned harder. Tracey gasped louder as she held on to the punishment table. During the next 10 strokes Mrs Denver learnt to gauge when Tracey really did find it a hard stroke by the way her head jerked up and the type of gasp which was different to when it was a stroke she more easily coped with. Mrs Denver used the final 10 strokes to make sure she could tell the difference and by the end was satisfied with her learning session.

Tracey on the other hand struggled to hold on as her bottom stung all over and every which way. She could see Mrs Denver out of the corner of her eye as the cane was raised and brought down with a whippy flick of the wrist. She watched the Headmistress’s leg muscles as they tensed as the cane was on its way arcing downwards towards her throbbing bottom and she shrieked out as the cane bit in to her bottom and left its red fierce line. When the caning was over she cried but then recovered, looked backwards and said a wet and weepy, “Thank you for caning me Mrs Denver.”

“Get up both of you,” Mrs Denver ordered.

Both 23 year olds stood looking at the Headmistress, both with red wet eyes and tear stained faces, both still naked. Mrs Denver looked back and said, “Turn around please.”

Both girls turned and knew the Headmistress will be inspecting their aching stinging bottoms. Mrs Denver said abruptly “The lovely red weal’s add colour,” then added, “But you had better rub your bottoms girls.”

Nikki and Tracey sobbed and laughed at the same time as their hands flew to their bottoms and rubbed as fast as they could whilst tears still streamed down their faces trickling down on to their breasts. 54 strokes each was some caning but still their nipples were stiffly erect and their pussy's quivered as they enjoyed the fierce rubbing of their stinging bottoms.

Mrs Denver said in a friendly tone, "Get dressed, maybe leave your knickers off for the time being, and tell Miss Johnson what punishment you received so she can enter it in the book." After a moment she added, "I wouldn't mind another session if you two are up for it as, I learnt a lot actually."

Tracey said between sobs, "Well Mrs Denver, I know one or two of our friends would also be up for it."

Mrs Denver looked at the two naked adults rubbing their bottoms with their tear filled eyes and bouncing breasts. She wanted to repeat the experience and was now offered extra girls to practice upon. "OK Tracey, I tell you what. You pick one of the others and make the arrangements with Miss Johnson. You too Nikki if you want. That way I get two more sessions."

Tracey and Nikki both said a quivering, "Yes please Mrs Denver."

Mrs Denver asked, "Tell me girls, how realistic do you want this to be?"

Nikki and Tracey looked at each other, then back at Mrs Denver, and Nikki said quietly, "Very realistic please Mrs Denver."

"OK, then get dressed and lets go and see Miss Johnson shall we?"

"Yes Miss," they repeated as they got dressed, gingerly it had to be said.

Once the girls were dressed Mrs Denver said, "Come on, and make sure you are respectful."

Mrs Denver said to her Secretary, "Miss Johnson, please open new pages for Nikki and Tracey in the Punishment Book and when you have filled it in please give them letters for their parents. However instead of suggesting a caning please request each parent gives their daughter a twenty minute bare bottom spanking and 100 with a wooden paddle brush. That should do."

Nikki and Tracey felt quivers in their pussy's as they stood facing the Secretary rubbing their sore stinging bottoms. Nikki knew the letters meant another spanking tonight and some great orgasms although her Aunt was staying over so she will be watching her getting spanked again. Tracey wasn't sure about getting her letter signed as she had not asked her Mum to spank her and wondered

whether she could ask Nikki's Mum.

Mrs Denver continued. "You aren't students so there will be a slight change to the rules. You will show these letters to one of your parents. I will expect an email from them by tomorrow morning confirming they have read it and stating whether they have disciplined you again. Unless the email is received and confirms you were disciplined again the next meeting will be cancelled as an incentive to you both, and of course to whoever comes with you next time."

Nikki and Tracey were open mouthed but recovered and said together, "Yes Mrs Denver."

Nikki and Tracey told a very serious looking Miss Johnson what punishment they had received. Charlotte Johnson completed the entries which were the highest number of strokes she had entered in the book by far and whilst on the one hand she was sympathetic she also knew the two 23 year olds were willing participants and as such she also felt a pang of envy. She handed letters to each of the girls to take home and both girls agreed a date and time for their next appointments.

A few minutes later the two 23 year olds were walking down the empty corridor towards the toilets. They went in and checked none of the cubicles were occupied. Nikki said, "Nice cum Tracey."

Tracey pinched Nikki's arm and said, "Thanks a bunch, but I want yours as well you know."

Nikki pulled Tracey gently towards her and they kissed with their tongues intertwined in Tracey's willing mouth. Nikki's hand covered Tracey's breast and she caressed her friend who had her hand inside her knickers and covering her pussy.

"Here or at home?" Nikki asked breathlessly.

A panting Tracey said, "Both," as she guided Nikki in to a shower cubicle. They didn't care just then if anyone entered the toilet block as they undressed again in seconds as they were kissing and licking the others breasts, sucking the others erect nipples and with a hand on the others wet pussy edging their finger inside. Both were so turned on by the caning.

Back in her Study Mrs Denver had taken the Punishment Book from Charlotte Johnson and sat behind her desk pondering the events. She knew both girls were turned on by the caning and as she had experienced it herself she understood why. After a few moments thinking she made up her mind and lifted the phone and dialled.

"Hullo Evelyn," she said. "It's Sally Denver."

“Hullo Sally, how did it go?”

“Just great actually. I learnt a great deal from them both. Caning two pretty bottoms together was certainly a worthwhile experience.”

“That’s good.”

“Thank you for your help. I have learnt all sorts of things. Like I can cane the students harder, and I know my calling is to improve behaviour here and that will be my focus.”

“Good for you,” Mrs Pearson agreed.

“Thank you. Yes, discipline at school is going to get tougher from now on, and whether the students like it or not.” Sally continued, “By the way I have given both girls a letter. It does emphasise that you should discipline Nikki again tonight. She will ask you to send me an email tomorrow confirming what action you have taken.”

Evelyn Pearson let out a loud laugh. “I will be delighted Sally and very interested to see how red and sore her bottom is from your caning when I have her bend across my lap when she gets home,” she said with a tone of sarcasm. “Her Aunt is here so there will be an audience as well,” she added happily.

Sally Denver said, “Not many of the girls relish being spanked by their parents to get their letters signed I can tell you. In fact there was a marked improvement in behaviour as soon as I brought the policy in.”

“Good for you Sally,” Evelyn said happily continuing, “I expect to hear rather more crying and less of her vibrator tonight. I know Nikki will want me to enforce the request and I won’t show any leniency as that’s how she prefers it.”

Mrs Denver wished Evelyn a good evening and said she looked forward to confirmation she had enforced the letter. She then sat at her desk and opened the Punishment Book looking down the various pages deciding who amongst her students should be caned harder. She jotted down a few names and made a mental note that the next time they were sent to her Study they would leave with much sorer bottoms that they were used to having. Mrs Denver laughed to herself when she thought the Student’s parents will also look at much redder bottoms when disciplining the Student that evening. She liked the idea.

Mrs Denver was going to be much firmer from now on. Woe betide anyone who needed to be

punished in future.