Vet School Part 8 M/F

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Published on Lush Stories on 23 Jul 2007

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Her trial and punishment

http://www.lushstories.com/stories/spanking/vet-school-part-8-mf.aspx

Vet School Part 8

The policeman who had arrested her had just spanked Melissa with a wooden paddle. Once the handcuffs were taken off, she pulled up her rough orange jail uniform and went over to her mattress to eat her lunch. She was very hungry, since she had not eaten breakfast, and this was her first meal. She had to kneel down to eat, because she couldn't sit down since she had endured two spankings already.

Melissa was also concerned because all of her money was used for tuition and books at the vet school. Her credit cards were maxed out, she had no job, and she left with only fifty dollars in her pocket. She did not want to spend time in jail, since the vet school would probably kick her out for not attending classes.

After Melissa had finished eating her lunch, she asked for her make-up kit from her purse. Once it was checked for any weapons, the policeman handed over the make-up kit to her. There was a shiny silver metal mirror that hung over the sink, and Melissa used it to make herself more presentable. She had cried after her last spanking, and her face was a mess.

About five minutes till two o'clock, two policemen came in to escort her to court. They put handcuffs on her, and also leg cuffs with a short chain. They walked her out of the jail to a building next to it. The building was on only one floor, but had many rooms. Melissa was escorted to Courtroom B and forced to sit down on a hard wooden chair. Then her handcuffs and leg cuffs were taken off of her.

For a small courtroom, she was surprised at all of the townspeople who were attending her court case. Soon everyone had to stand as the judge entered and took his seat. The judge appeared to be around sixty years old with many grey hairs.

After a few minutes, the prosecution was able to state her case. Melissa was caught driving over 95 mph on a 55 miles per hour highway. She had fled to a dirt road once she had seen the red lights and siren. Her car had to be towed and impounded, and she had spent the morning in jail.

Then the policeman who arrested her took the stand and told his side of her arrest. To her surprise, he even told of how he had spanked her twice, already. He told the judge that she was very cooperative and that she needed to be back on school grounds by Sunday evening.

Next, the radar gun, the paperwork on her arrest, towing charges for her car, and other paperwork were entered into evidence for the judge.

Now it was Melissa's turn to give her defense. She told the judge that she just wanted to get away from the school, and wasn't aware how fast she had been going. She also confessed to the judge that she tried to flee from the policeman, but was caught.

"My friend Al, the policeman who arrested you said he had spanked you twice. Is that true?" The judge asked.

"Yes it is. Thee first time over his lap before I put on the jail uniform. The second time was after he brought lunch in for me. He said you liked to see red bottoms on girls before you sentence them."

"I do like to see red bottoms on uppity girls that come from the vet school." The judge said. "So drop your jail bottoms so that I can see the results of your spanking!"

"But your honor, please not in front of everyone. Can't we do this in private."

"Drop the now, or I will have one of my deputies drop them for you." The judge yelled out at her. "The longer you wait, the longer your sentence will be."

So Melissa slowly dropped her jail uniform to her knees, and bent over so that her bare bottom was exposed to the judge.

"Spread your legs apart for me, so that I can see all of you." The judge said. This really embarrassed Melissa, and made her face as red as her ass cheeks.

To embarrass her even more, the judge said, "Now turn so that the audience can see your red ass, and keep your legs apart."

Melissa hated doing this, but felt she had no choice. The audience whispered among themselves on how red her ass looked.

“Al did a good job of spanking you.” The judge said. “Do you have any money to pay for your traffic violations and towing and court costs?”

“I have only fifty dollars I brought for food and cash. All of my money went to the Vet school for my tuition and books. My credit cards are maxed out, and I no longer have a savings or checking account.”

“You can get off the witness chair and take your seat.” The judge said. “I will leave for a few minutes and return with my ruling.” Then the judge stood up and left the courtroom.

In a few minutes, he returned. “In the court case against Melissa, I rule that she owes $400.00 for going over the speed limit.” The judge continued on with, “Melissa owes another $200.00 for fleeing arrest, $100.00 for towing, and $300.00 for court costs. That makes $1,000.00 (One Thousand dollars) or 60 days in jail. Can you pay this or will you do jail time?”

“I don’t have the money to pay this fine and I need to be in school, is there anyway we can work this out?” Melissa pleaded.

“I was hoping you would say that.” The judge said. “At four o’clock on Sunday afternoon, we have public punishments for those who don’t have money and who don’t want to spend a lot of time in jail. If you promise to take four public punishments, one every Sunday starting tomorrow, I will drop the fine and jail time.”

“Yes, I promise to take the four punishments.” Melissa said. She didn’t want to be kicked out of the vet school, for missing classes for two months.

“I will hold you in jail until tomorrow at four o’clock, at which time you will receive your public punishment. Then on the following three Sundays, I expect you to show up at the police station by one o’clock, so that we may prepare you for your punishment. If you don’t show up, we will arrest you at the vet school and then you will do jail time. Court dismissed.”

Next, Melissa had to sign papers stating that she accepted the public punishment on her own free will, and that she would show up every Sunday, until her sentence had been carried out. Then they cuffed her again and lead her back to her jail cell. There she cried, but knew the worst of it would be over sometime tomorrow, and then she could get back to her schooling.

Melissa had a hard time sleeping on Saturday night, her imagination going wild with what might happen to her. But with all she had gone through at the vet school, Melissa thought this could not be any worse.

On Sunday morning, after Melissa had her breakfast, she was allowed to take a nice long bath. One of the policemen's wives helped her with her bath and even scented the water with perfume. Although Melissa had to put back on the orange jail uniform, she felt more like a woman and was proud of her body.

For lunch, she was only given some soup, crackers, and bread. Melissa was told that this was for her own good, so she wouldn't throw up her lunch during her punishment.

Then, at five minutes until four o'clock, handcuffs and ankle cuffs were placed on her again and she was escorted out of the jailhouse. In the middle of the main street, there was a large wooden platform that was about three feet off of the street. Melissa was surprised to see all of the people who were gathered around the edge of the platform. There were young kids to elderly people, all waiting for something to happen.

The judge was standing on the platform with a microphone. "Welcome to Unknownville's Sunday afternoon punishment session. Today, we have Melissa, another girl from the vet school. She was unable to pay the fine or she didn't want to do the jail time, so she has agreed to take four of these punishment sessions. So we will see her today and the next three Sundays. Please welcome Melissa."

The crowd applauded and then went silent, again. Melissa was now dragged by two of the policemen to the front of the stage. There was a large wooden spanking bench with many straps attached to it, in front of her. The policemen forced her over the bench and secured her wrists in front of her. Then, to her embarrassment, the bottoms of her jail uniform were pulled away from her body. This left her naked from the waist down. The crowd cheered again. Her legs were next spread wide apart and secured to the wooden spanking bench.

To further her embarrassment, the top of her jail uniform was shoved up to bare her breasts, which were hanging out in the open for everyone to see. The crowd cheered again, and a wide strap was secured around her waist, to hold her down on the bench. Melissa tried to move, but was unable to. She also was aware that the crowd could see all of her private parts of her body.

The judge now said into the microphone, "Look at how nice her body looks before her punishment starts." To Melissa's amazement, the spanking bench started to turn very slowly. Her naked, fully exposed body was now on display for everyone to see.

Once she was back to her original position, a man with a black hood stood behind her. He looked very tall and muscular, and had a black razor strap in his hands.

“Let her punishment begin!” The judge said and the crowd cheered again. Then everybody went silent, and Melissa waited for what seemed like minutes, but it was actually only a few seconds.

SWAT!

The swat on her poor unprotected bottom shoved her whole body forward, but she was held in place by the restraints. It was shearing pain, like nothing Melissa had felt before. Her whole body shook and her whole lower body felt like it was on fire.

SWAT!

Her whole body shook again as Melissa cried out in pain. The crowd cheered and Melissa began to cry. She expected to be punished, but not like this.

SWAT!

Melissa was now breathing rapidly and was crying, but felt the bench revolve around very slowly again. She could her people making comments on how red her bottom looked, with only three swats from the razor strap.

As the bench moved around, she saw the man with the hood replace the razor strap for a cane. Melissa had felt the cane before at the vet school, but never in a situation like this.

“Please don’t cane me.” Melissa yelled out.

But the crowd replied to her in unison, “Cane Her! Cane Her!”

The man in the hood raised his hand, and the cane landed on her poor bottom. It felt like a hundred bees had stung her in a straight line. Melissa cried out in pain as the crowd cheered.

“Cane Her! Cane Her!”, the crowd shouted.

Melissa heard the whistle of the cane, then she felt a fire in a straight line across her bottom. Her body shook and she hung her head down and cried.

Two more quick strokes of the cane was given to her, and then the judge said, “This poor girl has suffered enough. This concludes her punishment for today. We will leave her strapped to the revolving spanking bench for an hour, so that everyone gets a chance to see the results from her punishment.”

At this point Melissa didn’t care what happened to her. She continued to hang her head down and cried as people commented on her poor red exposed bottom.