

Candy's Choice

By NikkiP

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Cock-tease Candy gets her comeuppance!

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At nineteen you think you know it all! Well, I did anyway. I really thought I could manipulate anyone in trousers to get them on my side and make my progress through life as easy as possible. And it had worked; until now. I seemed to have reached my 'nemesis' in the form of Jock Gray the College Principal who had given me a stark choice to make. My name is Candice but my friends call me Candy and I really try to live up to my name, presenting myself as a sugar-sweet, all pink and white, butter-wouldn't-melt sort of girl, trying to be attractive to every boy I meet. It helps being slim and blonde and not very tall, this apparently makes me seem 'cute' to the boys, so they tell me, so I guess I'm the stereotypical 'eye-candy.' Luckily I have had shapely legs since I was ten and slightly above average breasts since twelve and as far back as I can remember (which isn't very long!) always had boys fawning over me, which of course I encouraged! It all began at school where I only went for the strongest boys, easily winning them with kisses behind the bike shed or an inquisitive hand up my skirt and sometimes allowing them a quick fondle of my boobs. So it's no surprise when I finally lost my virginity on my eighteenth (or was it sooner, oops, sorry, shouldn't have said that!) on the end of the largest cock I have ever seen; belonging to a boy only slightly older than me and, even now at almost twenty, I have never seen, or felt, such a whopper! All in I had an easy ride through school and even the teachers were good to me with my grades; okay, it was mostly the male ones! Now suddenly I was on my own, in front of Jock in his office and faced with a bleak choice. In one hand he held my expulsion papers, explaining that I was being sent down for poor grades in my first year and in the other was a leather tawse, thick, brown and shiny with three 'tongues' pointing menacingly at me. Jock was Scottish, old fashioned and, being about sixty had very old-fashioned ways. There wasn't much point in wiggling my ass to win him over; his plan was to make me wiggle it anyway with that horrible looking strap! 'Which one are you going to choose, lassie?' The old man pushed me for an answer in his broad Scottish accent. I was mesmerized by the thick length of leather dangling from his gnarled hand and tried to imagine the impact it would have on my backside. Luckily I was wearing jeans and although they were skin tight around my bum it seemed better than him lifting up my skirt to do it. Trouble is I have never been spanked before, not even by my dad even though I had been a right pain over the years, so I just didn't know what it would be like. Trouble was, being sent down would bring shame on my parents who had been overjoyed when I got into College, going around

telling all their friends about how wonderful I am; and anyway I was having a great time here, too good in fact, hence my poor grades! Perhaps this was just another version of having to use my charms to win over the strongest player in the game, and they don't come any stronger than the Principal. He was just a man after all and I had noticed him looking me over, instinctively I pushed my breasts forward as his eyes explored me from head to toe. Just so you know, I'm a natural strawberry blonde and have it just above my shoulders at the sides and fairly long at the back. Guys always say I'm pretty but whether I am or not I must admit I wouldn't change anything much about me. I'm really sorry if I sound as if I'm 'up myself' but it's true, I am happy with the way I look and if I can tease the guys then I'm all for it! (I know I'm naughty but a girl has to use what she was given.) My boobs are bigger than usual for a girl my size and I always wear tight fitting 'T' shirts to show them up, today's little number being a pretty pink one with a famous boy band's name emblazoned on it in tiny sequins. As usual it is cropped to show off my midriff and my little belly button stud which I noticed had held Jock's gaze for a moment. A studded leather belt held up my jeans, highlighting my fairly small waistline; trying to gain a few inches on my height with pink strappy stiletto high heels. My toes matched my fingers in coral pink nail polish. Jock's face was wrinkled and old but I could tell he thought I was pretty, the give-away bulge in his trousers telling me which option he wanted me to take! So I made my selection by touching his large, gnarled right hand with my slender fingers; it was the hand holding the nasty looking strap. I decided to accept anything he planned to give me. 'You had better not be thinking this is an easy option, Candice,' he growled, 'there will be two parts to your leathering, lassie,' he explained. 'I'll begin with a warming up over the seat of your jeans, and then the real tanning across your bare bottom.' I hadn't bargained for that and my mouth hung open like a goldfish. I didn't fancy the old bastard seeing me with my pants down so I went for a tried and tested girlie plea. 'Please, Sir, I'm sure your strap will hurt me just as much over my jeans.' His face didn't even register a flicker so I ventured further. 'I'm really not sure about this,' I said, making him think I'd changed my mind. 'I've never been smacked on my bare bottom before.' I'd never been smacked, full stop! 'That's probably why you are here now,' he said slowly and deliberately. 'You are free to take the alternative, my girl,' he barked, shoving the papers towards me. I'd failed. For probably the first time I couldn't twist a man around my little finger so I nodded in contrite submission, 'Okay,' I answered in a whisper. 'I'll take the punishment, Sir.' His face betrayed no emotion, but the bulge in his trousers definitely jerked at my decision. Without any further discussion he pointed to a large cushioned armchair. 'Right Candice, bend over the back of that chair,' he ordered. My emotions were in a whirl, for the first time in my life I was not in control of the situation and I felt my face redden as I went over to the armchair. Looking over my shoulder I could see Jock placing the papers on his desk and plying the short leather strap between his hands, flicking it into his palm in a sort of practice session. A chill went up my back. I was about to be spanked for the first time in my life, and by a man old enough to be my grandfather! Jock showed no such uncertainty as he strode up behind me and placed his hand on the back of my neck, forcing me to bend over. And over I went, head sinking down into the seat cushion as my bum, feeling tight inside my jeans, reared up behind me. My hair slumped forward onto the cushion around my face. I could feel his hand moving to my belt and suddenly I was

hoisted further over the back of the chair, up onto the tips of my toes and struggling to maintain contact with the floor. I gasped, the air vanishing from my lungs when the strap seared across first my left cheek and then the other. The sharp crack of the leather against the seat of my jeans gave way to a strange squeal leaving my lips. He repeated it with two more and I squealed again; I never realised how painful it could be. My bum felt as if it was on fire and I almost deafened myself with my own shouts. Jock gave me two more and my feet were off the ground, kicking madly behind me. I tried getting up but his grip on my belt made that impossible. Yes two more followed quickly, surely that was enough, I thought. The man has gone mad; my bum was so hot it must be smoking by now. I couldn't squeal any louder and my throat was becoming hoarse. Yet more came and went and he still hadn't taken my pants down! Maybe he had changed his mind. I was doing an impression of an operatic aria by now and everyone in the building must be hearing me! His aim was good; each stroke arriving at almost exactly in the same place as before, evenly whacking each side of my bottom. I was well aware of the view I was presenting him with, having checked my rear many times in the mirror to make sure I was giving the boys something good to look at. Especially in my stretch denims which show off my twin peaks to perfection; even more so because I always wear a thong underneath so I don't get the dreaded 'visible panty line'. I wear them with the back of the little knickers pulled right up into the cleft between my cheeks separating them, presenting two nicely rounded mounds tightly packaged. My bum was red hot and the old man must have been getting his jollies at the sight of my squirming behind because he didn't hold back with that tawse. I'd lost count how many he had given me but was sure glad when he hoisted me back to my feet using the belt on my jeans. He'd no sooner let go of me when I had my small hands firmly clamped to each cheek hopping from one foot to the other trying to diminish the fire he had lit behind me. I turned to face him, keeping my rear end well away from him and continued to rub my bottom furiously, my face burning hot with both embarrassment and from being bent over. Jock was busy slapping his open palm with the three fingers of the tawse he had left imprinted on my derrière, obviously waiting to give me part two of my punishment. I was right about him getting his jollies whacking my behind; the front of his trousers sported a massive erection! 'Pants down and back over the chair, lassie,' he drawled in his broad dialect, 'time for a real leathering, Scottish style my girl.' I shuddered visibly. I thought I had just had a 'real leathering'. The seat of my jeans felt like they were smoldering. He didn't give me any possibility of hiding my modesty so I just unbuckled my belt and popped the waist button, unzipping them and pulling them down to my knees. The old man's eyes were on stalks as he ogled the tiny vee of pink material that formed the front of my panties, barely covering my Brazilian 'landing strip'. I turned to bend over for him. 'No you don't, young lady. Take them down,' he ordered gruffly, looking directly at my thong. 'But Sir,' I pleaded, 'they don't cover any of my bottom,' I reasoned. Again I turned to bend over the padded back of the armchair. 'Do as I say, Candice. Take them down, or I will,' he commanded. 'And face me,' he added as I purposely turned away from him to pull them down. My face felt as hot as my backside as I hooked my fingers into each side of the tiny panties, tugging them down my legs to meet my jeans. The crotch had nestled snugly in my pussy and twanged away to meet the elastic waistband as I lowered them. I could feel his eyes burning into the

patch of trimmed wispy fair hair nestling in the under-curve at the top of my legs and I quickly turned and bent over the chair to avoid facing him any longer. The fabric of the armchair was slightly abrasive against my bare stomach and, although I had clenched the cheeks of my bum together as tightly as I could, I just knew he had a good view of my 'girlie entrance'. My stomach began churning madly, both in anticipation of the spanking he was going to give me, and the thought of the old man ogling my secrets. Something else was going on, I was getting excited! My pussy surged to life and my clit ached to get rubbed; I couldn't believe it, of all the things to turn me on, an old man about to whip the hide off me had set me off! Yes, I had spent most of my life using my feminine charms to get what I wanted, but until now I had never bared myself so fully to a man. The look he had given me as I had taken down my pants sent a shiver up my spine, and I just knew at that moment, he was going to whip me hard. Not only that, he was going to enjoy it! We both were! I was still musing over what I was presenting to him. How must my 'warmed' cheeks look after a dozen of that fearsome strap and, knowing that despite my clenched cheeks, what would he think of the oval 'fruit' of my womanhood which always peeked from beneath the round of my fleshy orbs! All my concerns evaporated the instant that tawse lashed across my naked behind. If his other hand hadn't been pressing down in the middle of my back I would have been off the back of that chair and somewhere on the ceiling! The sound of his leather against my bare bum echoed around his office like the crack of a whip, quickly followed by 'Oooooowww! ... owwwcch!' almost before I realised it was me who was doing the squealing. He quickly returned the strap to each of my burning mounds in turn, forcing me forwards into the seat of the armchair, my hair cascading down around my face. I squealed like a banshee and kicked my legs wildly probably like a spoiled little girl over daddy's knee for the first time; my jeans sliding further down my legs. 'Yeeeoow! ... oooowwwcch!' I squealed as two more swished across me. 'Sir ... pl.. please wait, Sir,' I yelled, my hand rushing to the aid of my burning posterior busy rubbing it madly, he allowed me a minute then gave my fingers a gentle tap of the strap. 'Hands to the front, girl,' he barked, 'or I'll begin again,' he warned. Two more arrived and I gripped the cushion in front of me and cried my eyes out, bum high in the air, head buried in the seat cushion as he continued to whip my fanny without mercy. My legs were kicking in wild abandon giving him a wonderful view of my 'entrance' but at that moment I just didn't care. He was well and truly mastering me and I was his to punish at his discretion. The last two swats felt the hardest, searing my hide as if a hot iron had been put to it. I yelped in a half hoarse whisper. 'Up you get, lassie,' he said at last. I struggled to my feet, tottering on my high heels with both hands to my rear and wishing I had an ice pack! 'Face me,' he ordered so I turned towards him, jeans and panties still around my ankles as I concentrated on my bare nether regions. Suddenly I didn't care that the old buzzard was drooling over my nakedness, he'd seen practically everything I'd got anyway, I just hoped he had enjoyed himself! 'You will report back to me in a week, young lady,' he directed. 'And if there are no significant improvements in your grades, I will put you across my knee. Is that understood?' I nodded contritely, knowing that in a week's time I would be bending over the old man's lap. I had pushed my abilities to the limit just to be offered the chance of staying, thanks to my dancing lesson with his tawse. And then I felt another surge of excitement at the thought of him putting me over his knee for a spanking!

My natural cock-tease instinct was returning because I knew just what I would be wearing! The week had gone by swiftly and I was outside the Principals door waiting to be called in. This time I was wearing a white school blouse and tie and a red tartan check mini-skirt, compulsory College uniform for the under sixteen's but optional at eighteen and over. Being Scottish I thought he would like the tartan kilt-type skirt. Jock sat behind his huge desk and I entered when called. He motioned me to the front of him and studied the papers in his hands shaking his head. 'Not what you would call an improvement, is it Candice?' he said, his voice stern. 'No Sir,' I agreed. 'What did I say would happen?' he enquired. That was unexpected. He wanted me to say what I knew very well was going to happen. 'You said you would spank me Sir,' I ventured. 'Spank you; how?' I shifted uneasily on my black high heels. 'On my bottom, Sir,' I answered feeling the heat rising in my face. 'How?' he asked again. I wasn't sure what he wanted me to say so I just went for it, 'you said you would put me over your knee and spank me, Sir.' My pussy tightened with anticipation and the thrill of being put in my place. A satisfied look appeared across his face. 'So I did, young lady.' He pushed back his chair, 'You had better come here,' he said pointing to a spot by his side. I moved around his desk and stood at the place he had indicated, looking trance-like into his lap; he was patting his knee lightly showing me where I was going. I noticed that the huge bulge in his trousers was back, he was definitely pleased to see me! Jock placed his hand on the seat of my skirt and drew me up to his thigh. 'Over my knee Candice,' he ordered. Bending forward I placed my hands on his far knee to steady myself and began lowering myself over it. His arm encircled my waist and helped settle me onto his lap, securing me to his knee. He was definitely an expert at this I thought, and wondered how many other girls had gone face down over his knee over the years! His smacking hand smoothed across the back of my skirt, preparing me for my spanking. I felt his other hand on the nape of my neck firmly pushing me fully over his knee, my hair cascading down to the floor and my small hands clutching at his ankle and leg for support. Jock Gray was still for a moment; obviously taking in the view I was presenting him with. My bottom staring back at him from his lap, honey coloured legs glistening from over pampering and lots of sunshine and my wildly expensive stilettos displaying my shapely legs to perfection. His hand began its work on the seat of my skirt and I began to wriggle against the firmness of his lap, my pussy area pressing firmly into his crotch. He picked up his pace each spank jolting me forward, followed by a recoil as my bum arrived back in place for the next one. Four more smacks rained down and my bottom was becoming warm yet there was no sign that Jock was slowing down. At least my skirt and knickers were absorbing much of the force as he continued spanking me although he certainly had a strong right arm. I was getting seriously hot inside my panties and not just where he was spanking me! Another two on each cheek then he stopped whacking me and I hung limply over his knee, waiting, I knew this wasn't the end of it. Cool air encircled my bottom as Jock flipped back my skirt to expose the white cotton panties I had chosen for the occasion. They were much bigger than my usual thongs and covered a good area. I felt his hand against the thin cotton tightly stretched across my derrière and then, 'Yeeeeeoow...eeeeoow...ooow...ouch.' His spanking hand had found its mark and I suddenly burst into song. 'ooow...ooow...ooow...ooow' I squealed again as yet another four smacks echoed in my

ears. He was really going for it! The flat of his hand against my panty covered orbs brought an intense heat to the peaks of my cheeks. 'SMACK...SMACK...SMACK...SMACK' I squealed again, kicking furiously with each stroke, surely my pants were on fire by now! They certainly felt as if they would burst into flames! 'SMACK...SMACK...SMACK...SMACK' No sooner had his hand left one cheek to visit the other when it was back giving it another hard spank Jock decided it was time for my pants to come down, hooking his fingers into the waistband and drawing them down at the sides, easing them over my now crimson cheeks and sliding them down to my knees. The sharper sound of his bare hand on my bare behind was much more stringent and my legs involuntarily kicked into action immediately. 'Yeeeeooow...eeeeooow...ooow...ouch.' I was reacting quickly to this new bare bottomed spanking he was giving me; increasing the turmoil inside my pussy, my nipples straining against my bra and blouse. I was actually approaching an orgasm and I wasn't the only one; my gyrations on his lap giving him a rise in the bulge pressing against my tummy. His hand swatted my fanny in rapid succession, my squeals now at a crescendo and my legs akimbo allowing him an unhindered view of my pussy lips. I was squealing the roof down and thrashing back and forth on his knee to escape his fierce hand. Several times my arms had gone to my rear in an attempt to rescue my roasted bottom but he had easily thwarted me and clamped them by my side. I was powerless to stop him. Bucking like a bronco I was squirming across his lap, (and his massive erection), my little bottom bright red, womanhood moist and pouting against the blue serge of his trousers. I was writhing so much I was sure his cock would burst beneath me. He eased me up from his lap and I tottered unsteadily onto my high heels before regaining my equilibrium, hands working wildly behind me as the tiny skirt folded itself back around my thighs. The white cotton panties slid quickly down my legs into a crumpled heap around my stilettos but I paid them no attention, preferring to concentrate on the fire he had started across my derrière. The old man sported a satisfied grin. 'If your grades are no better by next week you will find yourself back over my knee for another 'lesson' lassie,' he informed me. 'Yes sir,' I answered meekly. The thought of Jock Gray taking my panties down yet again somehow excited me more; it certainly excited him, the bulge in his suit trousers was enormous and I found myself wondering how he was going to relieve himself of it. Maybe there was a Mrs Jock who would be getting a good seeing-to later on, or more likely, he would be seeing to himself at the same time as thinking of me and my cute little bum cheeks bouncing beneath his hand. The thought actually made me climax. I pulled up my knickers quickly! Less than an hour after sliding off Jock's knee I was in my little room in the Hall of Residence, naked except for my high heels and sitting astride my boyfriend Rick, riding him furiously. 'Wow Candy,' he gasped, 'you're really hot.' I had already climaxed yet again and well on my way to another flush; overjoyed his cock was still rock hard inside me, my still stinging bum bouncing up and down on him. The thought of Jock, either screwing his wife or jacking himself off whilst thinking of the spanking he had given me really turned me on. I came again at the same time as Rick and dismounted him. 'Hey, what's with the red marks on your backside,' he quizzed. Embarrassed as hell I came clean and told him the full story. He seemed to think it funny and roared with laughter at the thought of me sprawled like a schoolgirl over the Principal's knee! What happened next was totally unexpected. 'There is no way you are going

back to him for another spanking,' he announced gallantly and I was impressed by his sudden protective concern for me, but then he added. 'If your grades are that bad then I will give you a good spanking my girl.' I was indignant at his suggestion 'What makes you think I'll let you spank me?' I retorted. 'Because I'm your man, and you are my girl. Now fetch me your hairbrush and I'll prove it to you,' he ordered. I couldn't believe it! Suddenly he had become masterful and possessive. I could see from his manhood, now growing back to full size, that he was aroused by his dominance over me. To my astonishment, I was aroused by his sudden assertiveness. I suddenly heard myself saying, 'yes Rick.' Even more astounding was that I actually collected the hairbrush from my dressing table and handed it to him to tan my already scorched backside with! So there I was, stark naked except for my shoes, bent over my boyfriend's knee as he sat, completely naked, on the edge of my bed. 'SPACKK! ... SPACKK!' echoed around my little room as the back of my own hairbrush bounced off first one cheek and then the other. 'Yeeeeooow! ... Ooooooww!' I shrieked in protest. My throbbing posterior had had enough for one day. Rick continued whacking me, that god-damned hairbrush hurting like hell and I kicked my heels up high into the air but my pussy was wet and desperate. I wriggled furiously on his bare knees, squirming against his massive erection. Thankfully he stopped whacking me and he set me back on my feet, briefly anyway before spreading me on my satin bed sheet and advancing between my legs. I writhed sensuously on my back, beneath him as he entered me and sank deep within my womanhood, the cool satin sheet a blessing to my blistered bottom. He rode me hard before withdrawing and pumping his hot liquid across my tummy. 'I'll check your grades from now on, Candy,' he whispered. 'Thank you Rick,' I answered gratefully.