

# Miss Jones Part One

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When I was growing up back in the fifties, our family lived in a small Kansas town where everyone knew everyone. Besides the Catholic School, it had only one elementary school, one junior high, and one high school. Corporal punishment was a given, and my parents had signed papers allowing my teachers to punish me by spanking me. I didn't necessarily liked being spanked, but that was the way the school was run. This incident happened when I was eighteen years old and was in high school. I was discovering my sexuality, and I was growing hair on my body, chest, and around my cock and balls. If I even thought about the girls in my class, I would have an erection. My voice was now deeper, and I was very aware of my body. My English teacher's name was Miss Jones, or that was what she wanted the class to call her. She was just out of college, and was about twenty-six years old. Miss Jones came from a family of all teachers. Her mom and dad were teachers, as well as her aunts. So she was well versed in what it took to be a teacher, and also knew about and was experienced at administering corporal punishment on her students. Miss Jones always came to class in a nice dress, her make-up was always just right, and she always wore some very nice perfume. In fact, sometimes when she was near me and I would take a deep breath of her perfume, it would give me a hard-on. In school, I was an average student, but I liked to tease the girls in my class. I was a senior and thought I could get away with anything in class, I would also pass notes, cheat on tests, and other things that would get me into trouble. Miss Jones had a wooden paddle that from the edge of her desk. She used it on all of her naughty students. I thought it was funny to hit the girls in the class with spitballs. It was funny until Miss Jones caught me. "Clyde, stand up and walk over to my desk." Miss Jones said. "Were you hitting the girls with spitballs?" I knew that I would be punished even more if I lied, so I said, "Yes, Miss Jones." "Do you realize that you were disrupting the whole class when you were doing that?" "No I didn't, Miss Jones." "I never want to see you or anyone else throwing spitballs at the other students. Therefore, I am going to make an example of you and punish you in front of the whole class. So I want you to drop your pants and bend over my desk." Miss Jones would always have naughty students bend over her desk for a spanking. If it were a really bad offence, she would have you drop your pants. For the girls, they had to raise their dress. Then you were paddled over your underpants, or for the girls, their panties. I was wearing some white cotton

briefs, which was the only thing between the paddle and me. When you were bent over like this, your whole bottom was on display for the entire class. It was very embarrassing for me to be bent over like this. I was just coming of age, and I could hear the girls giggling in back of me. Then Miss Jones started to spank me. The paddle makes a loud spanking sound, and it did hurt. SMACK, SMACK, SMACK. In the past, when I have been spanked like this, it has always made my butt feel warm. But this time, it also gave me an erection. SMACK, SMACK, SMACK. My spanking continued and my whole body shuttered. SMACK, SMACK, SMACK. Then Miss Jones said, "That's it for your spanking. You can stand up, pull up your pants, and go back to your desk." I quickly pulled up my pants so that no one would see my erection, and went back to my desk. Although I had just been spanked, I still threw a few more spitballs at the girls and passed a few notes. At the end of class, right as I was leaving the classroom, Miss Jones grabbed my arm and said, "Clyde, I want you to stay after school. I need to talk to you some more about your behavior in class." When I had to stay after class in the past, it usually meant cleaning the blackboard, cleaning the dust out of the erasers, or writing out sentences on the blackboard. This time, I felt that it would be different, and how right I was. Miss Jones went over and locked the classroom door; and then sat down behind her desk and called me over to her. "Clyde, I'm not quite sure what to do with you. Even after I spank you in front of the class, you still continue your naughty behavior. I'm going to try something different with you. I'm going to give you another spanking, but then I want you to come over to my house every evening so that I can change your behavior. I will send a note home so that your parents will know what's going on. You won't need to come to my house this evening, but I will expect to see you every evening, except weekends, until your behavior improves. Do you understand, Clyde?" "Yes, Miss Jones." I said. "So what are you going to do?" "Report to you house every evening until my behavior improves." I said. "Very good, Clyde. Now I will prepare you for your spanking. Please stand still with your arms at your sides." Miss Jones then unbuckled my belt, unzipped me, and pulled my pants down. I felt so embarrassed with her taking down my pants like this. Then I felt her fingertips in the waistband of my briefs, and soon they were also at my ankles. "Please step out of your clothes," she said. Now I was standing in front of Miss Jones and I was naked from the waist down. I had another erection, again, and she grabbed my cock and said, "I noticed this before, at the end of your previous spanking. I see that you have grown from a little boy to a man. But you are still going to receive another spanking from me. So go around my desk and bend over it." My butt was still sore from my previous spanking. "Spread your legs for me." Miss Jones had never asked me to do this before. Now I felt totally exposed for her. To make things worst, I felt Miss Jones grasp my cock and balls, again. "I'm going to give you six swats of the paddle. Please stay bent over the desk until I tell you to stand up." A few seconds went by, then SWAT. I felt so humiliated bent over this way, with my cock and balls hanging down between my legs. SWAT. I felt totally exposed to Miss Jones and her paddle. SWAT. But with my ass heating up from the spanking, it made me keep my erection. SWAT. Then Miss Jones stopped spanking me and I felt her hands rubbing my sore bottom and grasping me between my legs. "Two more left. Please stay in position!" SWAT. "Your bottom is now a bright red. One more left." SWAT. "Stay bent over so that I can examine your naughty bottom." They I felt her hands all over my

bottom, again. They felt cool and soft, compared to the paddle. "You can stand up, now. Get dressed, I'll write out the note to your parents, then I expect to see you tomorrow evening at my house." I slowly pulled my pants over my sore bottom, and Miss Jones handed me the note for my parents. I wasn't looking forward to tomorrow evening. ### The following day in class, I tried to behave better. But my old habits got the best of me, and soon I was throwing spitballs at the girls, again. Miss Jones caught me throwing them, but all she said was "Clyde. Stop throwing those spitballs. I guess I can deal with you later." I wasn't quite sure what she meant by that, but I was glad I didn't get spanked in front of class, again. After class I did my homework, ate supper with my family, and then went to Miss Jones' house. It was only a few blocks away from where I lived, and it was a nice but small house. Miss Jones wanted me to arrive right at seven o'clock, and I was right on time. I knocked on the door, and soon she opened it and said, "Hello, Clyde. It is good to see that you are prompt and on time. Come on in." Her house smelled very clean and nice, and everything seemed very organized. She had a sofa, some nice chairs, and a coffee table in the living room. On the coffee table were some paddles. I really didn't want to be spanked again, so I said, "I don't know if I should stay here very long. I feel sick and I feel like I am running a fever." When Miss Jones heard this, she quickly left the room and got some things out of her bathroom. Then she sat down on the middle of her sofa, put the things on the coffee table and said to me, "Come over here, Clyde. Let me feel your forehead and see if you really are sick." After touching my forehead she said, "You don't feel warm, but let me take your temperature." I thought she was going to shove a thermometer down my throat, but instead, she started to undo and take down my pants. "What are you doing?" I protested. "I thought you were going to take my temperature." "That's what I'm going to do, but I am going to do it though your butt hole." She continued to take down my pants and underpants. "Now lie over my lap." My legs were on one side of her, and my upper body was on the other side of her. I was supported in a laying position by the sofa. This put my cock and balls between her legs. Next, I felt her part my bottom cheeks and I felt her rub a cream inside of me. Then I felt a cold, thin object go into my bottom hole. "Stay still. It takes a few minutes to record your temperature." I felt so embarrassed like this. I couldn't believe what was happening to me. Soon I felt her withdraw the thermometer and she said, "Well, your temperature is normal and now you have just earned yourself an even longer spanking. Since you are in an ideal position for a spanking, I will start by giving you a hand spanking." Then my spanking began. I soon had a big erection with my cock and balls wiggling between her thighs. Unlike the spankings I received at school, Miss Jones seemed to rotate between pain and pleasure. She would spank me, then rub her hands on my butt and the rest of my body, and then spank me again. She would also grab me by the waist and pull me closer to her body. I was now feeling many confusing sensations. "Stay in position while I check out your insides." Then I saw her put on a very thin glove, put her fingers into a jar, then I felt her parting my bottom cheeks, again. Next, I felt her fingers enter my body. Now I started to squirm about. "Stay still while I check you out!" I could feel her fingers inside of me, exploring my insides. It was actually giving me a sensation of pleasure, as well as keeping my cock very erect. Her fingers eventually withdrew from me, and then she wiped my bottom hole with some tissue near by. "While I clean this up, I expect you to take off all of your clothes for

me, and then we will proceed to the next part of your punishment." Miss Jones took the used gloves and tissue and disposed of them in her bathroom. I was now completely naked waiting what would be my further punishment. "Now bend over the end of the sofa for the rest of your spanking." I did so and she said, "When you submit to a spanking at my house, I always want you to spread your legs, so spread them." I felt so vulnerable, again, with my cock and balls hanging down where Miss Jones could see and touch them. Then my spanking started again, but this time with a paddle. SPANK, SPANK, SPANK. Jones stopped occasionally to feel my erect cock and balls. SPANK, SPANK, SPANK. My spanking went on and on. Finally my spanking stopped, and Miss Jones said, "Your bottom looks very red, now. I am going to sit on the sofa, again, and I expect you to crawl over to me on your hands and knees." I didn't know what was going to happen to me next, but I crawled over to where Miss Jones was sitting. She was wearing a very short skirt and a nice blouse. "I see that you have grown to be a man. One thing that you will need to learn is how to please a woman. I am going to slip off my panties and teach you how to please a woman." To my surprise, Miss Jones took off her panties. Being on all fours, I could see right up her skirt. But then she raised her short skirt up to her waist and spread her legs. Now I could smell her nice womanly smell. Miss Jones pointed between her legs and said, "This is a woman's sex, or pussy. It gives much pleasure to a woman if you will stick your tongue inside of it and lick it. So put your head between my thighs, stick out your tongue, and lick me." I had never seen a woman's pussy this close before. But I got between her thighs and started to lick her. The folds of the skin of her pussy spread apart and soon my exploring tongue was deep inside of her. Soon Miss Jones was moaning and withering about, and holding my head against her wide spread thighs. Then there were multiple releases of her juices onto my tongue. She moved my head back and forth making my tongue go deep into her body. Finally, she relaxed and released my head from between her legs. Then she said, "Clyde, you did a good job of satisfying me. Now let me make you feel better." She grabbed my cock and began to stroke it. In no time, my body shuttered, and a thick liquid came out of my cock. It felt so good! "That ends your session for tonight. I expect you here at my house, tomorrow, at 7 PM. Don't be late! You can get dressed, now!" I got dressed and went home, wondering what my next lesson would be like! END "I am beckoned to her and told to hold my hands at my sides while she pulls down my slacks and boxer shorts. She hikes up her skirt and I am ordered over her lap for an over-the-knee bare-bottomspanking. And this is only the beginning!" OTK-F/M-E