

Miss Sade!

By lisaandelizabeth

Published on Lush Stories on 15 Feb 2009



The hottest bottom I ever had

<https://www.lushstories.com/stories/spanking/miss-sade.aspx>

The stern schoolmaster stared disapprovingly at the object of her desire, a precocious 18 year old blonde with sparkling blue eyes, small but firm breasts and soft, lightly golden skin. She waited until the girl was about to pass her by before announcing her presence with an authoritative, "Good afternoon Miss Lisa." The girl was somewhat startled at first, but regained her composure quickly enough.

"Good afternoon Miss Sade."

There was an unspoken understanding of the precise relationship between the two women, at once formal yet intimate. Although more than a year had passed since their last encounter, their familiarity with each other could have been mistaken for constant togetherness.

"I understand you have been taking classes at the junior college," stated the schoolmaster politely.

"Yes, I've been there since the start of last term." While the girl's response had been direct, the tone of her voice conveyed an almost imperceptible, yet undeniably present invitation.

They swayed apart briefly on the sidewalk before the senior woman rejoined her quarry in conversation, "I was just heading back to the school..." the pause was laced with coy danger, "...are you heading in that direction?"

"Yes, I can just as easily catch my bus on Inverness Road as here."

Subtly a relationship was rekindled. As cool as the appreciated summer breeze enswirling them, the women danced loaded quips off one another for response. By the time they made the turn onto the road the school was located on, they were quite enjoying their witty repartee.

"I have been a good girl you'll understand."

"I'm sure even a good girl encounters situations which test her morality. Are you quite sure that you have been consistently on your best behavior?"

"Of course Miss Sade."

"Well perhaps there has been a minor indiscretion."

"Well nothing too bad." The girl giggled as she responded.

"Your manner suggests there may be more than what your telling me." If the schoolmaster was looking for an open door, she at once found it.

"Just a bit...I have meant to be good."

"Meaning to be good and being good are two quite different things young lady." The schoolmaster smiled slyly as she dropped this sage wisdom. "I might have to inquire as to where you have strayed a bit more than what is possible here on the street."

At that the two stopped walking and looked to the imposing brownstone school building that was before them. For seven years the younger woman had been enrolled as a pupil there. The education had been sound, the morality lessons even moreso. That is not to suggest that they had been ideally moral. That distinction was truly in the mind of the beholder.

"Would you like to visit your alma mater?" The woman knew what the response would be before she heard it.

"Maybe for a brief while. I really only have an hour or so to dawdle."

"Great tasks have been accomplished in less time."

"Indeed."

They walked up the concrete steps through the twin heavy oak doors and down the hallway making idle chat as they closed in on their destination. A brief walk up the stairwell and down another hall stood them squarely before the schoolmaster's office.

"I think you'll remember Miss O'Reilly, don't you?"

"Yes, of course. How do you do Miss O'Reilly?"

"Quite fine, thank you Miss Lisa. It is good to see you again."

"We'll be in the inner office if you should need me Miss O'Reilly."

"I think we have just about finished for the day ma'am. I will stay on until you go if you would like me to."

"That would be fine. Well then Miss Lisa, shall we go in?"

The inner office was a dark and foreboding chamber of slightly muted terror. A series of worn oriental carpets criss-crossed the floor. The presence of dark wooden furniture was only dimly apparent through the soft light emanating from tall windows at the far side of the room. A long single bar stretched along the left wall to a doorway that led to the schoolmaster's private study. In the center of the room underneath the windows was a giant mahogany desk, cluttered with the trappings of the day to day administration of the school. The feeling one encountered upon entering such a room was chilling and strangely comforting at the same time.

The young girl had been here before. Many times before. As something of a rebel during her years as a student, Lisa had frequently been either sent to or summoned for discipline of one ilk or another. Never a taker of advice or subtle admonishments, Lisa had, from the seventh grade on, been the receiver of countless whippings, strappings and paddlings at the hands of the head schoolmaster. Her bare buttocks were as familiar to the older woman as the nose on her own face.

"Do your memories of our time here together come back to you Miss Lisa?"

"Just a bit, ma'am," the girl laughed.

"I have not seen a girl of your brash nature since you left...I've almost missed you."

"I think the girls today must still remember my not being able to sit for semesters on end. I'm sure they regard me as something of a model of corporal punishment."

"That is probably the case. I have gathered a few new implements, but I do not get to use them too often. The old favorites are still here though. The wood, leather and whip devices you must recall."

"Certainly."

"The strap has just been oiled. I fear it may be nearer retirement than myself."

The two shared an uneasy silence as the schoolmaster took the aged razor strap from the top right drawer of her desk. Lisa fidgeted with awe, apprehension and longing at the same time.

"It still looks quite formidable to me," she remarked.

"Yes. It is not at the end of the line yet. Here is one of the newer crops."

She handed Lisa a fierce buggy whip over the desk. "Would you like something to drink?"

"Yes, perhaps a glass of water."

"Nothing more bracing?"

"Really...I still am underage you know."

"I might have been referring to soda or fruit juice Miss Lisa."

"Oh...how silly." She laughed nervously as she examined the whip. "I think the paddle was the worst."

"More than the strap?"

"Oh, yes. The strap did have it's moments though."

"I seem to recall it did."

The conversation lingered momentarily on the schoolmaster's last words before she decided to press the issue a bit more straightforwardly. "Do you think you might want to divulge you recent misbehavior now that we are back on familiar ground?"

"Do I?"

"Your education is ongoing throughout your life you realize."

"Yes..." the nerves and anticipation were nearly too much, "I think that ongoing education is essential."

"Very good then."

At that the schoolmaster rose from her desk and walked around to the young girl, who was exuding only a touch of her growing excitement through her radiant eyes and curling smile. "Do you favor any one contraption over another?"

"Maybe the strap...but we could try the new things." She looked up playfully at the schoolmaster.

"Get up won't you?"

The girl got up quietly. "Should I give them the real test?"

"What would that be." As if she could not figure it out.

"The barest and most honest judgment I can."

"That would be a more interesting evaluation."

"Certainly!"

Lisa slipped her shoes off and kicked them gently under the overhang from the desk. She then pulled her white skirt down over her knees and ankles, carefully picking up first one leg then another. Lifting her sky blue top over her head she smiled at the older woman, waiting patiently by the bar on the one side of the room. Delicate white cotton panties were all that remained, their cute pattern of pink carnations faded from many washes. Down they came. Seductively. Tossing them onto the chair, Lisa stood and faced the schoolmaster. She pulled her shoulder length hair back over her head to reveal her soft five foot two, one hundred and five pound frame. Her 'B' cup cleavage sported twin Hershey's Kisses nipples. Dark pink and protruding, they flashed a playful glimpse into the future of the suddenly memorable day that lay ahead. The girl's torso was lean and showed the smallest effects of occasional workouts. Her bush was neatly confined to a triangle above her bright pink labia, specks of gold highlighted the approaches to the heavenly cleft it anticipated. The legs were thin and well toned. The feet small and the toes wiggling with a sort of tempting abandonment.

She walked toward the schoolmaster, her arms brought slowly down to her sides. She smiled as she leaned provocatively over the bar.

"Ready when you are."

In order to prop her bare bottom in the best position, she had to stand on her tip toes. Her stomach

felt the cold bar and she dropped her head and arms down toward the floor on the other side and let them go limp.

Their relaxation did not last long. A hissing wind preceded the first admonishment of the strap's force. It stung her recoiling body across the top of her buttocks, reaching around with its devilish flogs to sear her lower sides with bright red welts. She let out an ethereal moan and braced for more attention.

The next blow was directed against her middle buttocks. Squarely it fell, causing her to lurch down onto her heels while trying momentarily to bring her arms back as to protect herself. Miss Sade was quick to ward off any such interference and pushed her forcibly back down over the bar. If needed she would fasten the girl's wrists to leather loops on the wall opposite the bar.

The third lash was aimed at the tops of Lisa's thighs. It sent stinging, burning fury around to the front of her svelte leg on the right side and again Lisa moaned.

The fourth attack hit between the legs from below. Lisa cried out. Her young, eager loins accepted the abuse with a moist dew that began to trickle down her inner thigh. She was close to tears, but would not let the schoolmaster know, of course. A series of only four straps had brought her to the precipice of delighted, anguishing ecstasy and fondly remembered torturous pain. She allowed herself the luxury of blissful empty-headedness and writhed along the bar. Her legs closed slightly to ward off the furious wrath she longed for, at the same time allowing her wetness to gather itself and creep into the golden haired bush and back down the length of her tanned thighs and calves. The positioning on her tip toes caused the muscles to tense and pout, seemingly sculpted from bronze.

"I have not even started yet my tender lamb." Miss Sade pushed apart Lisa's legs and primed what was going to be the afternoon's star attraction for further abuse. Her fingers lingered for a brief while at the base of the vagina and tasted the sweet honey that awaited them.

"I know. I know." Her words but a murmur, Lisa lay dazed and aroused for more punishment. She licked her upper lip and blew on her breasts, hanging temptingly close, though not ample enough to be reached. Her arms were of no use. They hung dead with her little hands toying with a strand or two of hair.

The beating continued. Miss Sade crossed the divide of Lisa's buttocks three times in succession. She worked up the right leg, and down the left one. She paused for effect and to enjoy the sexual whimpers coming from near the base of the bar. A blow landed with extreme care on Lisa's nether flesh, the girl shrieked in pain and she howled for several long moments. She begged to be let off, this was for fun of course, the pain was becoming too much, but the schoolmaster informed her that

stopping now was impossible.

"You haven't experienced the new toys yet."

"I can't...it's stinging, I...can't go on."

"Yes, you can." Miss Sade waked over to the desk and retrieved a coach whip. "We'll continue with this one."

"No...no...please."

The coach whip was awful in its unremitting fury. More accurate than the strap, the bottoms of Lisa's feet were now within reach, and presently Miss Sade indulged herself in a period of fetish driven brutality. Lisa writhed and kicked. Her calves presenting a target too rewarding to pass on, and again Miss Sade liberally invaded their domain with wrath and damnation.

"You're a little tramp aren't you?"

"No!" Lisa cried.

"You deserve this more than you ever did before." The tone of her voice decidedly authoritative and the intention of what was to follow more punitive, the older woman leaped into the next stage of her release with a vengeance.

"No! Please!" Lisa was beside herself in a bizarre wonderment of horror and elation. She could barely stand the increasing burn coursing through the length of her beautiful body, but she could not bring herself to end it. It was far too rewarding for that.

Her bottom a maze of interlocking welts, her thighs quivering, her calves streaked in agony, there was nothing left but to give into her desires. They had been building since her graduation the year previous. There could be no stopping now, even if it meant pain beyond what she could endure. It had to be this way.

A duet of snapping intensity snapped her back to her erotic hell. Miss Sade was whipping her tenderest region with a crop that moved with insidious disregard for the grief driven sexual pleasure it was dispensing. It seemed to sing as it tortured and enchanted the young girl. She could stand little more.

Fiery, excited juice burst from her inner loveliness. Lisa kicked and screamed. It was a marriage of

pain and desire, horror and fulfillment. Miss Sade pulled up in mid swing. She allowed Lisa to enjoy her moment before finishing with a flourish along the insides of her thighs. As each blow delivered its promise Lisa swirled in bliss. She was in nirvana.

"All through, my sweet?"

"Yes. Yes, thank you."

She was helped to her feet and fell back into Miss Sade's arms. She stared dreamily into her antagonists face for approval and got a doting kiss on the forehead and a tender probe into her mouth.

She could have done without this last favor. Lisa was especially keen on distanced intimacy, and kissing was allowable so long as it kept its place at a safe distance. The forehead was one thing, the mouth quite another.

Miss Sade understood and helped the child back to her seat. Lisa stood there for a moment and slowly gathered her clothes. She dressed carefully, appreciating the ravagement she had endured. As her task was complete she smiled sexily at Miss Sade and told her that she hoped they could meet on the street sometime soon. The schoolmaster nodded and came around to escort her to the door. As she parted, Lisa caught a knowing wink from Miss O'Reilly, and embraced the serenity of the abandoned school hallway.