

# The English School 1: Caught Sneaking Out

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If you'd like to spin off my tales, private message me first.

*Stephanie is caught sneaking out one night.*

<https://www.lushstories.com/stories/spanking/the-english-school-1-caught-sneaking.aspx>

Hot-C asked for a spanking story. This one's for her. Introduction Recognizing the reality of increased sexual precociousness among youth, Parliament lowered the age of consent to 16. The law forbidding corporal punishment was nearly repealed; schools could reinstitute corporal punishment, but parental permission must be obtained. Frightened by an uptick in school violence and of incorrigibility among teens, many parents sent their children to schools practicing traditional discipline. It was tacitly agreed that many of the public schools were lax in matters of sexual activity by students and faculty, or even between the two, since most of the students were sexually precocious and of legal age. In my mid-twenties, I landed a position teaching English at the Searing Public School for Girls in the Midlands. It was a wonderful opportunity for a young man starting out. My final interview had been nearly a formality. The school's Matron met with me to add her approval to the others. I would have had to do something very bad to lose at that stage. Matron was a tall, imposing woman of generous proportions without being overweight in any way. Her regal bearing, I'm sure, was itself a contribution to the dignity discipline of the school. I assumed she'd just come from riding, for she wore a small-billed cap, tight blouse, jodhpurs, and stiletto-heeled, knee-high boots to my interview. A riding crop lay untouched on her desk. The interview left me thoughtful and curious. "Mr. Cooper," she said, "you aren't the only male teacher on staff, but you are the youngest and handsomest. Our young ladies will, by their nature, provide you with many temptations to dalliance. No one expects you to refrain completely. Be discreet and above all, be careful that no young lady risks becoming with child or any other long-lasting consequence." I nodded and mumbled something about the importance of safety. "From time to time, Mr. Cooper, I will require you to perform certain duties not on your job description. These arise on an as needed basis, so I cannot, at this time, describe them. I hope you won't find them onerous. If you do, I hope you can think of them as the price to be paid for this unique career opportunity." "I trust so, too, Matron." What else could I say? I was hired to teach English and History to a schoolful of lovely girls and some attractive female teachers. Caught Sneaking Off

Campus One unseasonably warm Friday night in the late fall, I was assigned, with Miss Alice Dodds, a social studies teacher, "Border Patrol" - walking the school grounds to ensure no girls sneaked out or boys sneaked in. Faculty supplemented the regular security men on weekend nights. Alice and I exchanged cell phone numbers and separated. We met back at the administration building at 9.30, reporting nothing unusual. I was fortunate to be teamed with Alice. She was young and quite pretty with blonde curls, blue eyes, a small, straight nose, and a light, clear complexion. She wore a collared tee shirt and rather tight slacks with practical flats for the evening's activities. Sipping soft drinks the school provided, we remarked how boring the patrol was and that, conversely, the next hour and a half would be the most likely time to apprehend anyone. As we left the conference room, I admired how her slacks hugged her shapely bum. I stood near the lowest part of the compound wall, blending in with a tree, moving from tree to tree every 15 to 25 minutes. This strategy paid off. Shortly before 10.30, I heard muffled footsteps. A hint of motion in the corner of my eye revealed my quarry. As the shadowy figure moved toward the wall, so did I, waiting until the slim girl (I couldn't tell much more about her in the dark) reached the barrier. Rushing forward, I caught her wrist. "Boody hell!" she swore, shoulders slumping. She looked at me. "Well, Mr. Cooper, you caught me. What are you going to do with me?" In the half light from a nearby building security light, I recognized Stephanie, a Junior with a reputation as a good student, not a discipline problem. "March yourself up to the administration building, young lady. Miss Dodds and I will decide what's to be done." I called Alice, who called the security people, informing them that we'd be at the administration building for some time. When Stephanie and I arrived, Alice held the door for us. We went into a staff conference room down the hall to the right. A large table, surrounded by comfortable chairs, held a computer and projector. Rich wood paneling decorated the room. Alice and I sat in plush chairs, leaving Stephanie standing. Alice logged on to the computer, evidently calling up the girl's discipline record. "All right, Stephanie, what were you doing sneaking off campus like that?" I asked. To me, it was obvious. Her thick black hair hung to her waist. She was not overly made up - sharply arched eyebrows, bright red lips. She wore a black dress cut low on her chest, revealing a tiny cleavage with a necklace hanging below her throat. The hem crossed her legs just above her knees. Though she was wearing sandals, I noticed the spikes of heels sticking out of her handbag. I saw in her eyes that for a moment she thought to try to brazen it out, claiming to be just out for a walk, I suppose. But she wisely abandoned this. "A girl's entitled to a little fun," she said defiantly, "not to be cooped up in this place all the time." "I see, sneaking out for 'fun' as you call it. Evidently fun of the male variety, considering how you're dressed. Rather sexy, I'd say. As for leaving campus, you can get passes for..." "She's used up her allotted passes this month," Alice informed me. "It's all plain now. No pass, not enough fun. What does her discipline record show, Miss Dodds?" Stephanie looked downcast as Alice read from the monitor. "Other than a few spankings for talking in class or minor rudeness, she's only been caned once, but it was for sneaking off. That time, it was three classmates, evidently on a dare. Some time ago, but this is a repeat offense." Alice said this with an air of disapproval. "Quite," I said. "Well, Stephanie, it appears you've forgotten your lesson and need to repeat your punishment, perhaps with a bit more. In fact, let's get the full affect you intended. Put on the heels you're carrying." Pursing her lips, she

bent her knees, swiveling them away from my gaze. She quickly unfastened her sandals and stepped into her black pumps and stood up. She looked stunning. I heard Alice draw in her breath. "How was she punished last time?" I asked. "She and the other girls received three cane strokes on their knickers and revocation of off-campus for a month. "Well, it will have to be more severe than that this time," I said. "Oh, yes, I fully agree," said Alice. Stephanie let out a big sigh and looked at the floor. "Stephanie, I have some questions and I expect the truth, dear," I said. "Yes, sir." "Do you have a boyfriend in town?" "No, sir, there's a place where you can dance, meet people." Nervous by now, anticipating the sting of the cane, the girl shifted her stance, fumbled with her purse. "Do you drink or do drugs?" "No, sir, that's for losers." "Let's have a look in your purse, Stephanie." With a deeper sigh and casting a frightened glance at each of us, she handed it over. I opened it and glanced inside. Mascara, eyebrow pencil, compact, billfold, tissues, gum - nothing that looked like a drugs container, not even cigarettes. But there was a box of three Durex. "Well, you were planning to have quite a party for yourself and some lucky dance partner, weren't you, Stephanie?" I said, holding them up. "I'm of age; I can have sex if I want to." Alice's indignation got the better of her. "Yes, you can, you silly girl. But sneaking out to find new partners whom you don't know! That's unsafe 'cause you can get kidnapped and 'cause you have, condoms or not, greater risk having 'fun,' as you say, with boys you don't know. I wish I weren't in the observer's position this time. You'd feel it if I had anything to do with it, young lady." Stephanie just stared at her, eyes wide, surprised by the normally reserved teacher's vehemence. "I'll tell you why I'm so worked up over this. My college roommate snuck out and was kept overnight by two cretins who repeatedly raped her." "I'm....I'm sorry, Miss Davis. I won't let it happen again." Alice sniffed. "I hope not. I hope your punishment is severe enough that you won't forget." "I quite agree," I put in. "I suggest a handspanking to warm her up, followed by 6 cane strokes on the bare, and two months' loss of off campus privileges other than home visits. What do you say, Alice?" "Make it eight strokes," she snapped. "I'll observe that nothing improper passes during your punishment, but I wish I'd caught you so I could administer the chastisement." Clearly, Alice hoped I'd relinquish the responsibility, but I relished the task too much. "Ooohhh! Eight and two months!" Stephanie sounded nearly ready to cry, whether from fear of pain or distress at such a long time without picking up boys, I was unsure. "Agreed, Alice," I put in. "Stephanie, you may take a cushion from one of the chairs to lean on. In any event, bend over the table. During your punishment, I do not want you to touch your bottom under any circumstances. If I tell you to assume a position, I expect instant obedience. Is that understood?" "Yes, sir," she said, placing a seat cushion on the table. She bent over, legs slightly parted. "Keep your feet together for now, Stephanie." She obeyed instantly, spreading her arms a bit wider to keep her balance. I spanked her on her silky black dress, beginning slowly, but increasing force and frequency rather quickly. A glance back at Alice showed her watching avidly, eyes on the girl's bum, licking her lips. Our eyes met and she gave me a conspiratorial smile. Returning my attention to Stephanie, I spanked her harder, then slowly lifted her dress to her waist. She wore no slip and sighed as her transparent beige knickers, with frilly lace at the legs, were exposed. Her bottom was beautifully framed by white stockings and a suspender belt that matched the knickers. "Well, you certainly would have made a lovely display of yourself for some

lucky village boy, Stephanie.” I said, aroused by her attire. “The consequences for your reputation I can imagine.” “She looks quite saucy. Pity there’s no rule against provocative dress. I hope the punishment we’ve designated is enough to curb Stephanie’s evident sexual exuberance,” Alice put in. Another glance at my colleague showed she, too, appreciated how nicely the teen presented herself. Alice’s gaze never wavered from the girl’s posterior. “What do you say, Stephanie?” I asked, spanking her harder. “Do the boys you select properly appreciate your naughty choice of undies?” Stephanie began to squirm a bit, shifting her weight from one leg to another. My question had put her in a dilemma — should she admit the boys liked her sexy dress or pretend modesty and repentance? “Oh, sir, I don’t know how to answer the question. Ow!” Reflexively, Stephanie drew up one leg after a particularly effective stinger. “Always tell the truth, Stephanie. Now, do the boys you dally with enjoy your sexy bits of clothing?” The sharp blows continued to rain on the girl. Redness showed around the lacy edges of her nylon knickers. “Yes, sir,” she said, gasping a bit. She lifted a leg after each blow, by this time in quite a bit of pain. “Of course they do, you silly goose,” put in Alice. “They trade stories about you, I’m sure. Don’t you agree, Mr. Cooper?” “Certainly, Miss Dodds. I’m sure Stephanie and her wanton ways are the subject of much discussion — vying for ways to be next into her knickers.” With that, I stuck Stephanie hard and fast several times, eliciting her first verbal response to the spanking. “Oh, sir, it hurts. Please, sir, I know...Ow!...there’s more, but, please...Ow!..stop just a moment. It really hurts now, sir.” “I’ll spank as long as I like, Stephanie. This is a punishment, after all.” A flurry of blows elicited louder cries and stronger kicks from the punished teen. “That’s it, make her feel it,” Alice encouraged. “Oh, I do feel it, Miss Dodds, really I do,” moaned Stephanie. “I’m sure you do, young lady, and I hope you learn your lesson.” Stephanie by now danced a bit, shifting from foot to foot, jiggling her hips enough to make my aim less accurate. Her upper thighs and the exposed portions of her bottom cheeks were reddening up. Several brisk spanks brought gasps from the girl. “Oh, ow! Ooohhh, that stings! Oh, please, it hurts.” Taking a deep breath, I said, “Well, Stephanie, let’s have your pretty knickers down for the last part of your warm up.” With a sigh, she reached for her waistband. “Keep your hands on the table,” I told her. I hooked my forefingers in the skimpy garment, careful not to block Alice’s view. The saucy social studies teacher moved closer, the better to observe. She even gave me a sly wink. As I slowly drew the knickers off the red bum, Stephanie gave a sob, her first real cry. The crotch caught at the tops of her legs for a moment, then released. The skimpy garment followed my hands down to her knees, then her ankles. I held them open. “Step out of them, dear. You can have them back after we inspect your bottom when your punishment is complete.” With a sigh, she hopped from foot to foot, releasing the knickers. I placed them on the table where she could see them. A thought struck me. “Stephanie, in the last stage of your spanking and during the caning, your clothes will be come disheveled and will make the punishment last longer. I’m sure you don’t want that, so remove your dress.” “Sir!...” Stephanie began to protest, then stopped. “An excellent suggestion, and one that has the girl’s best interests at heart, I’m sure,” said Alice. “Here, dear, let me help you.” She unzipped the long zipper in the back of Stephanie’s dress. With a deep sigh, Stephanie twisted her body to show me her back, then wriggled out of the tight-fitting garment and let it fall to the floor. She stepped out of it and quickly bent back

over the table, but not before I got an enticing glimpse of soft, medium sized breasts supported by a low-cut, lacy bra that matched her knickers and suspender belt. "Now then Stephanie, be sure to keep your legs together," I told her. "Yes, sir." I'm sure this was one command she was eager to obey. I resumed the spanking, striking quite hard. Almost immediately, she gasped, her pretty legs jerking alternately in response to my blows. A glance at Alice showed her avidly staring, licking her lips and rubbing her hands together. In pain, eager to end her punishment, Stephanie begged for the cane. "Oh, sir, it hurts. Ow! Please, sir, cane me. I'm sure I'm warmed...Ow!...up enough." Her voice rose in pitch. "Stephanie, who's in control of your punishment?" "You are, sir. Ow!" "Right. So I'll decide when you're properly prepared for the cane. I'll lengthen your warm up for that little attempt to control your own punishment." Stephanie just sobbed in response as I continued to strike her. "I'm sorry, sir. But it...Ow!...hurts so much already." "I'm glad it does, Stephanie. Aren't you, Miss Dodds?" "Yes, I am. Perhaps Stephanie will stay on campus and learn to be more discriminating in her choice of sexual partners." "Yes, yes, I will," sobbed Stephanie. "All right, Stephanie. Spread your legs." I held off spanking as Stephanie shifted, placing her feet about a third of a metre apart. "Farther, Stephanie, feet wider than your shoulders. The table will hold you up." "Oh, oh," sobbed the humiliated girl. But she spread obediently, exposing her sex to Alice and me. Not bothering to conceal her interest, Alice stepped forward and bent down for a better look. I stooped next to her, even placing my arm round her waist. A beautiful sight met our gaze. Stephanie's red bottom and thighs, framed by her taut suspender straps and white hose, revealed a pair of thick, well-developed lips, lightly covered in short, black, curly hair. At this exposure, her inner lips were completely concealed. I had no doubt that before I was through with her, she'd show herself more fully. Alice licked her lips and took a deep breath, obviously excited. "Let's see how warm you are, Stephanie, dear." With that, Alice gently ran her hand over the punished teen's bottom. "Ohh! Miss Dodds!" Stephanie, startled and outraged, flinched. "Oh, I'm embarrassed. I'm so sorry....." A moment later, Alice and I exchanged wide-eyed looks. The pungent odor of arousal wafted from between the lovely girl's thighs. Grinning at each other, we peered again at her lips, to see a thin line of dampness seeping from between them. With a deep breath, Alice maintained self-control. "Her bottom is red and warm, but not warm enough in my opinion. Give her several more spanks, Mr. Cooper, if you will, before you begin her caning." "Certainly, Miss Dodds, I feel the same myself. Stephanie, I know this punishment hurts and that some physical reaction is uncontrollable. But I want you to return to this position as soon as you can and be sure not to let your legs come together. Remember, this is a punishment partly for sexual misconduct, so the embarrassment you feel is an appropriate part of your chastisement. Is that understood?" "Yes, sir. I'm supposed to be embarrassed and I must keep my legs apart." With that, the unhappy girl sobbed anew, burying her face in the pillow she used for support. I resumed spanking, raining blows on the girl's sensitive cheeks hard and fast. Stephanie moaned incoherently, kicking her legs, first at the knee, then finally she gripped the far side of the table and her nylon-sheathed legs flashed up and down. Still spanking, I admonished her, "Kick all you like, Stephanie, but keep your legs spread. Do not sneak off campus! Do not spread for every boy in the village!" Among the muffled sobs, I thought I heard her say, "Yes, sir." As the girl obediently

kept her legs spread, I caught quick glimpses of her damp, pink, inner lips. Alice stared, licking her lips, and shifting her weight from one foot to another, clearly aroused. Not caring if Alice saw, I adjusted myself in my pants. Alice did notice, but merely winked. My blows continued to descend on the warm, red buttocks. "Oh, oh, oh," moaned Stephanie, still kicking. Alice intervened. "Let me see if she's ready for the cane." I stopped, and Stephanie, after a couple of powerful kicks, stood still, spread wide, buns quite red, lips still visibly damp and pungent. Alice stepped up behind her and rested a cool hand on each warm bumcheek. She ran her hands over them, and finally pinched the trembling girl. "She's very warm, ready for the cane, I'd say. Make sure she feels it, Mr. Cooper." With a deep breath, she withdrew, stalking quickly to the umbrella stand in the corner where there were several canes. Selecting a thin pliable instrument, Alice presented it to me with a wicked grin. Stephanie watched, not lifting her head from the pillow. She sniffled and rubbed her eyes during this brief respite. Wide-eyed, Stephanie watched as I swished the cane in the air, then brought it down hard on the seat of a chair. A dust cloud arose and Stephanie visibly winced. "All right, Stephanie," I said, "now you see what you're in for. Between strokes, I'm going to take some aiming taps. I want you to be up on your tip-toes with your legs spread. I realize you'll react after each stroke, but I want you back in position as soon as possible. If I think you're taking too long, I won't count the stroke. Do you understand?" "Yes, sir," she mumbled, tears filling her eyes. "How many strokes are you to receive, Stephanie?" "Eight, sir." "Correct. I expect you to count them aloud, Stephanie. What do you think will happen if you lose count?" "The stroke won't count?" "That is correct, Stephanie. Also, the stroke won't count if you touch your bum, Stephanie. I want you to experience the full effects of the punishment. Miss Dodds, do you have anything to add?" Alice was flushed, still staring at the girl's red bum. "I think you've covered everything well enough, Mr. Cooper. Stephanie, let this be a lesson to you to remain on campus and to avoid promiscuity." "Yes, Miss Dodds." "All right, Stephanie, get in position." I relished the prospect of seeing the welts bloom on the girl's shapely bottom. With a moan, Stephanie got up on her tiptoes. At a word from me, she spread herself farther, provoking a smile from Alice. I began my taps, some a bit sharp. Then I drew back my arm. The cane whistled as it flew to the beautiful bum. THWACK! "Yaaahhhh!" Stephanie's entire body jerked up. She tossed her head from side to side and stamped her feet. "Ohhhh, ohhhh. One, sir," she said as she forced herself, body quivering, back into position. With a moan, she spread herself and got back on her tiptoes. "Very good, Stephanie. Only seven more." I was already tapping her bottom with the cane. I paused. "Well, well, Stephanie has very sensitive skin — she's already showing a welt." "Yes," Alice put in. "It'll be a reminder to her and a warning to anyone who sees her." THWACK! Stephanie's reaction to the second blow was similar. She was back in position more quickly, probably hoping to get the ordeal over with as quickly as possible. She remembered to count out loud. I noticed that the two marks were quite parallel and within two inches of each other. My aiming taps were right in the gap between them. THWACK! Stephanie's shriek was louder and merged with her count. "AAAhhhh! Three!" She came fully away from the table and shook her entire body, jiggling delightfully. Her long black hair swirled about her. She gave me a resentful sidelong glance. I merely pointed back to the table. With a sob, she bent over and I noticed a few tears on her cheeks. The tension between her

desires to gain respite and to get through without incurring penalty strokes must have been excruciating. Still sobbing, she spread and raised herself on tiptoe, fully exposing her sex. As I resumed my taps, Alice said, "I see you've kept your strokes close together on Stephanie's bottom. You're doing an excellent job, Mr. Cooper. I'm sure that helps reinforce the lesson." "Thank you, Miss Dodds. And Stephanie, what is the lesson? Why are you being caned?" "Sneaking off and promiscuity, sir," Stephanie managed through her crying. "Very good, then you're learning the right lesson." A few more taps and...THWACK! Stephanie shrieked, throwing her body up and shaking all over, stamping her feet, waving her arms, and sobbing. Tears streaked her make-up and her lower lip trembled as she peered at us from under her lashes, hoping to see some mercy but finding none. "Four!" she sobbed. With a deep, shuddering sigh, she slowly lowered herself to the table, spread, and raised herself. "That was rather slow, Stephanie...." "No!" wailed the girl, terrified that her punishment would be extended. "Don't worry, it wasn't so long that I won't count the stroke, but right on the edge." I resumed my aiming taps. "To help you avoid taking too long, after you react I'll very gently tap your bottom when I want you to get back in position. I'll expect instant obedience. Do you think that will be helpful to you?" Alice grinned her approval of this variation. Her eyes were wide, her face flushed. "Perhaps, sir. I hope so. Thank you, sir." THWACK! Stephanie's dance was uninhibited by any idea of modesty. Her hands reached for her inflamed cheeks, but she stopped herself. While she was still jigging, I touched her bottom with the cane. "Ohhh...five," she moaned as she forced herself to lie down, spread, and raise up. I really hadn't allowed her much time. "Very good, Stephanie. I see that with proper motivation, you can learn instantly. What lessons are you supposed to learn from this punishment?" "No sneaking off, no promiscuity, sir." Good. Add that to your count. Say 'No sneaking off, no promiscuity' each time you count a stroke." "Yes, sir." THWACK! Dancing, Stephanie shrieked, "Six, no sneaking off, no promiscuity!" As soon as she said that, I tapped her bottom. "Oh! she moaned as she bent over. I'd given her less than ten seconds relief. Breathing hard, Alice bent down, closely inspecting the girl's reddened bumcheeks. "Very nicely grouped, Mr. Cooper. I think Stephanie's got a chance to learn her lesson. What do you think, dear? She stepped back and I resumed my aiming taps. "I hope so, Miss Dodds. I don't want to be here again!" THWACK! "Seven, no sneaking off, no promiscuity!" Bottom tap, bend, spread, tiptoes. "You're doing very well, Stephanie. After your last stroke, don't touch your bottom until you have permission. Is that understood?" "Yes, sir," sobbed the punished beauty. I put more force into the last stroke than I'd done yet. THWACK! Shrieking, Stephanie managed to blurt, "Eight, no sneaking off, no promiscuity!" Then she collapsed on the floor. I let her remain there for a few moments, until her legs stopped kicking and her cries and moans subsided a bit. Then I touched her bottom with the cane. "Up for inspection." With a sigh, she struggled up to the table, opened her legs, and raised her bottom once more. Grinning, Alice and I gazed at her punished bum. I'd done my work well; all the welts were straight and across the widest part of her nates. The red color in several places shaded to purple where more than one stroke landed. I again put my arm around Alice's waist, this time dropping my hand to her bottom and squeezing. She reacted with a wiggle and an impish, conspiratorial grin. Alice, as monitor, had the privilege of touch and she used it quite well, running her hands all over the

inflamed globes, even stroking the girl's inner thighs close to her sex. Stephanie responded with gasps that were definitely not from pain and her lips again became damp. She was a very highly sexed girl, was our Stephanie. "Mr. Cooper, I compliment you on a job well done," Alice said. "Stephanie, face your punisher and thank him." Stephanie stood and faced me, wiping the remains of her tears from her face. She looked quite fetching, slowly raising her gaze from the floor to my eyes. Her nipples were visible behind the lace of her bra and her curly black hair did not fully conceal the wet lips between her legs. With a deep breath, Stephanie dropped to her knees. "Thank you, sir, for taking the time to punish me so effectively. I'm sure it will prevent me from sneaking off or being promiscuous." "Very well, Stephanie. I hope you did learn your lessons. You're a brave girl and I wish you a speedy recovery. You must sleep in the administration building tonight. Miss Dodds will accompany you to the room." Alice was now very tender with the punished girl. She helped her into her dress and carried Stephanie's panties, purse, and shoes. "Come, dear, I'll help you settle in and do what I can for you. You took a hard punishment very well. I hope it is effective. Mr. Cooper, will you wait for me, please?" I said I would and that I'd file the paperwork. The two lovely ladies left. I sat by the computer, but didn't do any work. Instead, I relived the scene in my mind, aroused not only by how sexy Stephanie looked and by how compliant she'd been, but by Alice's reaction as well. She was a saucy vixen, clearly excited by Stephanie's pain and by her beauty. Would she take advantage of the girl's vulnerability or return to me so we could both be satisfied? I could only hope. Still breathing hard, I filled out the online punishment form, leaving it up so Alice could attach her electronic signature. To my delight, Alice entered just as I finished. She perused the online records. In a few moments, we finished the forms and sent them off. Alice looked at me from under her eyelashes and said, "Tom, your punishment of Stephanie was very well done." She gave me a big smile. "Thank you. You seemed approving at the time...and more." "More?" "You positively enjoyed young Stephanie's discomfiture. In fact, you were at least as aroused as I, Alice." "She's a lovely girl and you reddened her up so well. I couldn't help but get excited." I put my hand high on her thigh. "I thought you might take much longer tucking her in, Alice." I held her gaze. "Oh, I wanted to, I confess. But she was clearly ready for some time alone after the ordeal. I did rub some salve on her. I bet you wish you'd seen that," she said with a lilt in her voice. I nodded, grinning. "Well, she was aroused, but asked to be alone, so I left. I can imagine what she's going to do about her arousal." I moved my hand to the inside of her thigh. "What shall we do about our arousal, Alice?" With her cute smile, Alice showed her willingness to play. "Is your hand tired or could you manage a few more swats? I love both sides of a spanking and I see you're good at it. "Wonderful! Hands on the table, legs spread," I commanded. We stood up as Alice presented her bottom as I'd told her. The arousal from caning Stephanie and Alice's obvious eagerness made me hasty, even though this was my first time with pretty young Social Studies teacher. I rubbed her nice bum and swatted it, swiftly covering her entire rear and upper thighs with moderate blows. "Slip off your slacks and come lie over my lap, Alice." Smiling, Alice obeyed. She wore transparent black knickers with lace trim. Alice pushed her bum up to me. "Do you like what you see?" she asked. "Yes, I do, Alice, dear." I swatted her quite a bit harder than before. She squealed and wiggled her hips."Oh, I'm hot!" She certainly was. I smelled her cunny



already. The aroma spurred me to spank faster, then to pull her knickers down to her knees. I continued spanking, accompanied by Alice's cries. "Oh, ah, ooh, ouch, thank you sir," she responded to my slaps. Truly a delightful partner in spanking. I ceased spanking to scratch and rub her reddened bum. Alice squirmed on my lap. I slid a finger down her crack, over her bumhole, onto her lips. She jolted and spread her legs as far as the knickers allowed. When my finger rasped over her hood, she cried out. She was dripping, obviously very aroused. "Oh, sir, you may spank me as long as you like, but I'd surely love to be fucked now!" Alice cried out, her hips pumping. "Me, too!" I said. Alice slid off my knees and onto the floor, where she immediately went for my belt. In a trice, she had my pants down and was sucking my swollen member. I reveled in the sensations for a while, for she was very attentive to the task, but I wanted to cum in her cunny for my first time with her. I took her hand and helped her up. She bent and got out of her knickers. Then I guided her to the couch in the office. As we crossed the room, Alice unbuttoned her blouse. She turned and kissed me passionately, placing one of my hands on a bra-covered breast. I pulled the breast from its cup and pinched the nipple hard, making her gasp. Her knees got weak and she sagged toward the floor. I turned Alice around and bent her over the plush arm of the couch. She quickly spread her legs for me. Alice's cunt had prominent outer lips, lightly decorated by wispy blonde pubic hair. It was set off very nicely by the pink of her cheeks. I slapped her a couple of times again, then pushed against her, entering her with a rush that made us both gasp. Pumping rapidly, I fucked her hard. She moaned, thrusting her hips back to me. I continued slapping her bumcheeks, grasping her upper thighs and pulling her hips into me. In only a few moments, she came, moaning and thrashing, throwing her head from side to side. I kept slapping her arse as she came, turning my slaps to gentle strokes as she calmed down. I kept pushing my excited cock in and out, my ballocks slapping her clit. "Oh, thank you, sir, I needed that! It feels so good to be fucked." I leaned over her body, feeling the heat I'd generated in her buttocks against my belly, feeling her exposed tit, and I kissed her as she twisted around. The sensations were pleasant, but the position awkward enough that I soon came back up and resumed my rapid stroking. As Alice neared her second orgasm, I let myself go. Indeed, I'd had a hard time holding on as long as I did. "I'm gonna cum," I announced, hips pumping wildly. Alice responded with a moan, and her thrusts back to meet me got stronger. I gripped her legs again, pulling her into me strongly, penetrating her as deeply as possible as we both moaned. Our mingled outcries filled the air, hips spasming, cock spurting, cunt grasping. I collapsed on her and we both crawled, as it were, onto the couch, where we clung to each other as we enjoyed the afterglow of passionate sex. We kissed and told each other it was only the first of many times. Somewhat reluctantly, we got dressed and returned to our patrols. But now our periodic meetings during the night were punctuated with kisses. If it hadn't been so late, I'm sure we would have had another delightful interlude, but at the end of our shift, we went to our separate quarters.