The Teacher's Pet

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(H is for Holly) Holly spends an evening as a spanking class teaching aide

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Holly stood at the front of the room. She was naked, except for her collar, standing ramrod straight, with her hands behind her head, elbows back, feet shoulder-width apart. She was somewhat petite at 5 foot 4 inches, 110 pounds. She had long, strawberry blonde hair and green eyes, and no hair at all below her neck. She stared straight ahead, trying to keep her expression as neutral as possible. Trying not to move. She was nervous - but she was always nervous when she was in this position. She could never quite understand why she wasn't used to it by now.

The room looked like a cross between a classroom and a lecture hall. The wall behind Holly had a full length blackboard on it, and to one side of her was a large desk and an armless office chair. The rest of the room was filled with rows of chairs facing towards Holly. The room was slowly filling with people. Most of them were men, but there were some women as well. Everyone was milling around, finding seats, talking. Some of them stared openly at Holly, but only a few. Most of the rest at least tried to not be obvious about checking her out, but Holly still felt like a piece of meat. Like an object. The more people looked, the more humiliated she felt, and the more moist her pussy got.

Suddenly, a man entered the room and begun to walk resolutely from the door in the back down the aisle and up to the front. As he did, everyone else (except Holly, of course), took their seats and settled down. The man took a position in front of and slightly to the side of Holly and began to speak in a strong, authoritative voice.

"Good evening, everyone. My name is Samuel Hawthorne, but I prefer to be called Hawk. Welcome to this evening's spanking demonstration class. Looking around, I see some familiar faces. Welcome back. The rest of you, I trust, will hopefully find the demonstration instructive. At this point, I would like to introduce you to my pet." At this point, he turned slightly in Holly's direction. "Slave! Two paces forward!"

Holly took two steps forward. She was now closer to the audience. The eyes on her naked body seemed to her to be burning brighter than the lights shining on her.

Hawk spoke again, "Introduce yourself!"

Holly cleared her throat and said, "My name is Holly. I have been Sir's slave and pet for 5 years now. I serve him because I desire to. I am free to leave him but do not wish to. I am to be spanked tonight firstly because he wishes it, but secondly so that all of you can learn from him."

Hawk said, "Very good. Tell them your safe-word."

"My safe-word is 'Mercy.'"

"Thank you. Step back."

Holly returned to her former place, hands still behind her head. Hawk resumed his lecture.

Hawk went on to give a brief overview of the evening's activities. He was going to outline various positions and techniques for properly - with safety, efficiency and efficacy - spanking a submissive. Holly was, of course, to be his demonstration subject. He noted that she was, obviously a female, but that the techniques applied fairly equally to spanking males as well, and that he would point out particular difference when they arose. He noted that there were various scenarios in various sorts of personal dynamics that might lead up to a spanking, but that it was the actual execution of it that he was going to concentrate on. With that, he turned and walked over to the desk and pulled the chair out and sat down.

"First is the classic over-the-knee position." He turned to look at Holly and ordered her, "Now, come here, Holly and get over my knee."

Holly promptly strode over with a practiced confidence and quickly assumed her place over Hawk's knees, holding her legs ramrod straight, toes on the floor.

"Good girl! Now, as you can see, this is the classical OTK position. She is holding her legs straight. If you wish to hold your submissive to a high standard, then you should insist on straight legs and pointed toes while spanking. I'll be pointing out multiple standards that you can adopt for your submissive, and it will go without further mention that additional punishment can be meted out when such standards are not maintained."

He patted Holly's right cheek at this point and ordered, "Slave! Right hand!" Holly brought her right

hand up and moved it to the small of her back. He took her wrist in his left hand and held it there.

"If your slave has difficulty holding position, there are two additional measures. This is one - pinning their outside hand. The other thing you can do is have your submissive kneel between your legs, resting on the left, while the right pins their legs in place. I won't need to do that with Holly, I shouldn't expect."

He reached his hand upwards and brought it down hard on her left cheek. The room filled with a resounding splat, followed almost immediately by Holly grunting. He followed immediately with a spank on her right cheek, wresting an "Ooh!" from Holly's lips. He peppered her ass cheeks liberally with another dozen quickly paced spanks. Holly mostly held her own, but was left panting. Hawk gave no respite, barking, "Slave! On your feet! Stand in front of the desk facing the wall!"

Holly hurriedly complied. She stood with her hands at her side. Her ass cheeks were visibly pinker than they were at the start of the lecture. Hawk spoke again, "Now, bend over! Elbows on the desk! Spread your legs! Head up!"

As before, she quickly followed Hawk's instructions. She knew now that everyone in the audience could see her naked, hairless pussy peeking out between her pink ass cheeks. Hawk continued his lecture.

"As you can plainly see, a spread leg posture when bending over completely exposes your submissive. With her elbows resting like this on the table, her breasts are unsupported. As you spank a female submissive in this position, their breasts will jiggle somewhat, heightening their humiliation. As before, the standards for this position are that the slave should not move their feet or bend their knees, and should keep their eyes looking as high on the wall in front of them as possible. While the OTK position favors hand spankings, standing postures like this favor the use of implements." He pulled a small wooden handle out of his pocket. Three black loops were attached to the handle. "This is called a 'loopy johnny.' It's portable, quiet, and very effective."

He reached back and whipped the loopy johny across the fullest part of Holly's ass. She cried out and her hands flew open. She did manage, however, to stay in position. After a moment, she relaxed and took a deep breath. Hawk continued, "By the way, it's often quite instructive to check your slave's level of arousal while disciplining them." He reached between Holly's legs and between her swollen pussy lips. Holly knew it was part of the demonstration, but it never failed to completely humiliate her... and make her pussy get even wetter.

"Slave! Up! On your back on the table!"

She stood up, turned around put her hands on the table and hiked herself up until she was was sitting on the edge. As her now tender ass hit the table top, she winced slightly, but continued moving into position. She leaned back until she was lying flat on her back. At this point, Hawk grabbed her knees and moved them upwards, wrapping his left arm around them just above her knees, holding them straight up.

"This is known as the diaper position. This is a maximally embarrassing position to use. You must be cautious with your aim, however, as your submissive's most tender parts will be exposed. This is particularly the case with male submissives, of course."

He brought the loopy johnny whipping down on Holly's ass again, bringing another shriek out of her. Her legs moved as Hawk resolutely held them still.

"You'll notice that because she is not resting any weight on her legs in this position that she is much more apt to move in reaction to your strokes. You will need to hold their legs firmly in position."

He lashed at her again with the loopy johnny, making her shriek again. She started to sob quietly, her breasts shaking as she did.

"Well, I can see that our time is just about up. I think we owe Holly a little reward for her service this evening." He put the loopy johnny on the desk and with one hand on each of Holly's shins, spread her legs apart, showing her pussy to the audience. "Pleasure yourself!"

Holly closed her eyes and blushed. She moved her hand down until it rested on her pubic mound. She rubbed herself and began to moan. After a few seconds, her breathing became deeper. She brought her left down to join her right and used her index finger to run little circles around her clit and dipped her right middle finger inside her cunt, fucking herself. She gasped and began to pant. She continued for a only a moment before her moans started to take on an urgent tone. She moved her fingers faster and faster, dancing over her sex until her orgasm overtook her and she stiffened and cried out. As she began to relax, the audience began to applaud.

Hawk gently brought Holly's legs down and helped her stand. She stood up and put her hands behind her back and stood as straight as she could. Hawk took a step back and turned and joined the audience in applauding. Holly smiled all the while as the applause died down and the audience began to stand and file out of the room.