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WILLY

inside
me

Willy: Won't He?

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Part II of Willy: The naughty schoolgirl is disciplined.

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This story only available on Lush Stories. If you are reading it elsewhere, it has been stolen. Thrashing against herself, her ass bobbed up and down in desperate need of relief, and suddenly, from the doorway, a voice boomed out against the wall of her near-orgasm. "Miss Rogers, you filthy little girl!" Frozen in horror and on the brink of massive climax, ass high and breasts pressed against the slippery wooden desk, she peered round and stared into the face of Mr. Williams! He regarded her coolly, taking in the glorious sight of her dripping hand thrust into her glistening hole, her little anus on display, and her sopping knickers round her knees. Loosening his tie, he walked towards her. "I can see you need some discipline, young lady..." "Oh, Willy... I mean... Mr. Williams, I'm so..." "Naughty! Look at you, knickers round your knees, bare bottom in the air. Filthy, naughty girl!" "Please, Mr. Williams, I'm sorry, I..." Naomi was blushing horribly, even deeper red blooming through her excited flush. She couldn't move. Mr. Williams stood by her shoulder as she stared up sideways at him, half naked on his desk. He regarded her as he rolled up his sleeves. "Look at you, you little trollop. The minister's daughter with her breasts hanging out and her juices all... over... my... desk." He put his hands on his hips. "You may have finished your exams, Miss Rogers, but school has only ended when the bell rings. Until then, you're mine to do with as I see fit. And you, young lady, need a fitting punishment." "Oh, please, Willy... Mr. Williams, I'll clean your desk up. I'm so sorry, I'm so sorry!" She began to cry. "It's too late for tears, you little hussy," said Mr. Williams, sternly. "And you're damned right, you will clean my desk up." He swung his hand under her chin and grabbed the bunched-up vest. "With your tongue." She gasped. "After your punishment." She stared at him, rivulets of shining tears sliding down her red face, more juices between her legs sliding down her hand, still deep inside her pussy. Under his steely gaze, not at all like her fantasies, this abject horror of being truly caught was somehow keeping her on the brink of a heavy orgasm. "The fact is, Miss Rogers, you have been teasing me all term. Don't think I haven't noticed the scent of your naughty pussy hanging in the air as you walk past me after class. Don't think I haven't noticed your juices all

over your chair when everybody has left, your heat still baking your smell in. I know you haven't been wearing a bra so I can see your hard nipples taunting me through your vest and shirt. You're a bad girl, and I'm going to teach you the biggest lesson of your life." "Please, sir, don't..." "Don't what? Don't give you what you need? Young lady, every pupil at this school should leave prepared for life. And you need a harder lesson than the others, which I am going to give to you right now." "Sir, no! Please!" "What punishment do you think ought to fit a little slut like you? Leaving your fluids over school property, taunting the teacher day in, day out, with the sight of your breasts through thin fabric? And now, smearing your wetness all over my antique desk? What punishment could possibly fit such naughty behaviour?" She stared up at him, blue eyes overflowing with tears, and her wet, pink lips forming a little circle like her pussy before her fingers plunged into it. "... I don't know, sir."

"Really? On my antique desk on all fours with your bare bottom in the air, and you can't think what punishment might be fitting?" "Oh sir! Not the cane! No!" She was horrified, her fingers popping out of her tightness with a squelch. "Get those naughty fingers back in that pussy, young lady!" Quickly, she slid them back in, horrified at her lusty reactions to this terrible change in her afternoon. "I don't believe in using objects where my own flesh will do a better job," Mr. Williams told her. He pressed the small of her back down, causing her to raise her pert ass. Still holding onto her bunched vest with his left hand, and smoothing his right hand over her cheeks, one by one, he lowered his voice to a whisper. "Face the window, Miss Rogers. Do not call out. If you agree to the lesson I am going to teach you, nod once. If you do not, get off my desk, leave your knickers, and get out. Do you agree?" Naomi wriggled her fingers inside her aching pussy. Oh god, she wanted this. This was not at all what she imagined. But... oh god! She nodded over and over, furiously. SLAP! She gasped. "I said, nod once, young lady. Do as you're told!" SLAP! She nodded once, the whole of her upper body in agreement. Mr. Williams went back to running his hand over each buttock, making figure-of-eight patterns across her firm expanses. He began to run his fingers to the tops of her thighs, sliding a little between them to dabble his fingers in her juices. He never quite touched her hand, still two fingers knuckle-deep inside herself, nor did he run his fingers up her crack. But she wanted it. She wriggled. SLAP! SLAP! "Do not move, young lady. Not your hands, your fingers, your bottom, anything. Do you understand?" She nodded once. He brought his voice down to a whisper again, and breathed into her ear. "Miss Rogers, I am now going to spank your naughty bare bottom, and you will count in your head the number of spanks that I give you. If you get the number wrong, I shall start over until you get it right. Do you understand?" She shivered, and nodded once more. He paused, letting her feel the tension hang in the air, mingling with her own smell of sex. It was almost overpowering with heady deliciousness. The moment stretched on forever, with Mr. Williams' clutching hand on her vest below her chin, his heat soaking through his clothes to push against her naked torso. She closed her eyes. The moment still stretched on. She was aching to move, to fuck herself, to have Mr. Williams fuck her. But she must not move, or... SLAP! SLAP! SLAP! SLAP! SLAP! SLAP! She held herself as stiff as she could so that she would not call out, or move. But the pain of her spanking was so much sharper, more acid, if she tensed. She tried her best to relax herself against it. She was no stranger to bare bottom spankings, but she had never had one from Mr. Williams before. Suddenly, the spanking

stopped. Mr. Williams ran his hand across her buttocks again, getting more coverage on her inner thighs, and bringing her wetness up across her cheeks. His fingers began to dig harder, kneading her flesh as they slid across her. She felt her muscles relaxing, and she fought against the moans and need to press her thumb onto her clit. "We begin again, Miss Rogers," said Mr. Williams, as he continued to smooth and knead her flesh. "You have not been accepting your punishment with a penitent, grateful attitude." She pursed her lips and wished for more. She got it. SLAP! SLAP! SLAP! SLAP! He began slow at first, each firm buttock pushed down by the force, giving a little shake as it sprang back into its lovely round shape. She bit her lip. How she needed more! "Are you counting, Miss Rogers?" She nodded once. "Good. I see you are not all bad." And he began to spank her faster, and a little harder. SLAP! SLAP! SLAP! SLAP! She pushed her head back, eyes tightly shut, biting her lip. She was counting in her head. Eight... nine... ten... eleven... SLAP! SLAP! SLAP! SLAP! Mr. Williams began to give a barrage of slaps on first one buttock, and then the other, to even it up. Then he would continue on the same buttock before going back to the other. Naomi became lost in a world of numbers and throbbing pain. She could feel her inner walls pulsing with the rushing blood between each slap wherever there was a pause of a couple of seconds. Thirty-seven... thirty-eight... thirty-nine... SLAP! SLAP! SLAP! SLAP! On it continued, until she reached fifty-eight, and suddenly, Mr. Williams stopped. He let go of her vest and stood back. Naomi was kneeling on his desk, panting hard, with tears streaming down her face. Her arm was beginning to cramp with effort at not pushing herself over the edge of the orgasm. The counting had helped her stave it off, and she knew she would have called out if she had gone over and been lost to the ecstasy. "Take your hand out of your naughty pussy, Miss Rogers," he commanded. She did so, another soft little squelch punctuating the heady air. She suddenly felt bereft, and the tide of her climax slowly began to ebb away and hide in the corner. Mr. Williams moved behind her, and regarded Naomi's cheeks. "Hmmm..." They really were a stunning colour. "Now your naughty bottom is blushing as much as your naughty face." Naomi was still panting, the deep breaths causing her whole body to move up and down. She wondered what Mr. Williams was thinking. "What number did you count to, Miss Rogers?" "Fifty-eight, sir." "Fifty-eight? Fifty-eight?" He strode around and crouched down so that he could look into her face. She stared into his steely eyes, realising they were now clouded with something. Could it be... was it... lust? "Fifty-eight was not the number administered, young lady. You have not been paying attention. I suspect you have drifted off into a daydream of naughty thoughts. Am I right?" Naomi hung her head. "Young lady, am I right?" "Yes, sir." "I can see I shall have to use a personal touch here. You need a more intense lesson. And this time, you had better keep count, or I shall have to give you up as a lost cause. Get off the desk." Trembling, and finding it hard to move against the thick air, Naomi clumsily slithered off the desk onto wobbling legs. "Bunch your skirt up around your waist. No, leave your vest up. Those naughty nipples have begged all term to be released, and released they shall stay." She did as she was told, and stared at the floor, sniffing. "Stop snivelling." He strode over to the cupboard, got out a tissue, and handed it to her. She blew her nose, and waited. He took it from her between thumb and fingertip, and dropping it into the bin. He sat down in his chair behind the desk. "Look at the state of my desk, Miss Rogers." She looked. There were cooling areas of juice

and sweat in a layer over the old wood and cracked varnish. Her natural lube was now oiling decades of wear, and soaking into the fibres where the varnish had worn away. "What do you propose I make you do about that, you naughty girl?" She looked at him ashamedly. "I'll clean it off, sir." "Damned right you will, Miss Rogers. What did I tell you earlier about how to do it?" "Sir? Lick it? Really, sir? You won't make me, will you? Please, sir, you won't!" "Oh, won't I? You should have thought about that before you smeared your naughty juices everywhere. Now, stand in front of me." Head down again, she shuffled before him, his eyes just below her small, lovely breasts. He looked her up and down, from her sweaty, tear-stained blushing face, down to her wet little mound. "Turn around, Miss Rogers, and face the desk." She did. "Now, open your legs and bend over until you can put your nose on the desk." She gasped in a small breath. "Miss Rogers..." She did as she was told, spread her still-socked legs, and bent over the desk until her nose touched it. "Now, lick up your juices. If you miss any, you will be in even bigger trouble." She splayed her hands out for balance, leaning her torso onto the desk, and began to lick the old, sticky wood. She was keenly aware that Mr. Williams had an almost eye-to-pussy view as she bobbed up and down, tasting her own sweet, tangy juices mixed with salty sweat and ancient ink stains that were ingrained into the wood. Mr. Williams watched her deeply red ass, and her matching, swollen pussy. Her wet hole winked and glimmered at him, and her little anus was a moue against his lustful eyes. Little droplets of her passion rode the soft hairs of her bush, twinkling lights of pure pleasure. He was mesmerised by her, and suddenly realised that she had stopped, and was waiting for his next instruction. "Have you finished?" "Yes, sir." "Have you done it properly?" "Yes, sir." "I shall check it in a minute, and it will be the worse for you if you haven't. Now, you wrongly counted the number of slaps I gave you. So we shall begin again. But I can tell you need a more detailed lesson, and I shall tailor it specifically to your needs. But see that you pay attention, or we shall begin again and again, until you get it right." "Yes, sir." She gasped as she heard him unbuckle his belt. "Sir, please! You wouldn't..." "Be quiet, Miss Rogers! I told you that I do not agree with using objects where my own flesh will suffice. Now, lift your legs up and put them on either side of me." She heard him undo his zip. "Mmmm..." Naomi could not help herself. She moaned, and received a sharp slap on each buttock. SLAP! SLAP! "Be quiet! Do as I say." Her arms were still resting on the desk, taking her weight. She lifted first one leg, and then the other, until each leg was either side of Mr. Williams. He threaded each one through the arm rests so that she was effectively locked into the chair, a sexy seat belt for the horny disciplinarian. She gasped again as she suddenly felt hot flesh tracing the line of her crack. "Do not move, Miss Rogers. Do not speak." She didn't. She felt the length of his wide, throbbing shaft as it rubbed up and down her wet, delicious slit. She closed her eyes and bit her lip against the agony of wanting to rub against him as he rubbed against her. "Now, you are going to put your hands on the floor." He held her torso so that she could get her hands off the desk, and slowly lowered her down until her palms reached the floor. She braced her legs with a better grip round the open arms of the chair so that she couldn't slide off. Mr. Williams stared into Naomi's open hole, her fragrant slime almost bubbling out of her, lips, bush and skin heavily coated in the sweet sugar of her tunnel. She could feel her blood pounding through her head and her pussy. "I am now going to spank you again, and you will count. You will keep count in your

head, no matter what happens, and you will learn this punishment lesson well. Do you understand?" "Yes, sir," she mumbled from below. He began, once more, to run his hands over her pert, still-glowing cheeks, with his thumbs massaging her inner thighs too. He smeared her wetness all over, breathing in deeply the scent that had tortured him all term. His cock bulged and ached, throbbing and dribbling pre-cum to mingle in Naomi's juices. He held his cock in his hand, gently opened her tunnel a little more, and slid his head into her. He saw her legs tense more as she fought against the urge to moan. "Good girl. This might be the technique for you to learn by." He pushed into her hole a little more. She fought hard against wriggling again, breathing heavily and deeply through her nose, with her lips pursed tightly. He suspected (rightly) that she was was a virgin, but he slid easily into her hot, wet hole, as far in as he could manage at such an angle. When he was comfortably inside, feeling her walls pulsing against his throbbing shaft, he resumed his massaging and kneading of her cherry-red bottom. "And so, it begins again, Miss Rogers. Count in your head. If you get the number wrong, we shall start over." SLAP! SLAP! SLAP! SLAP! He felt her walls clamp onto him with every slap as her hips began to undulate gently. He knew he should slap her harder, or start again. But the feeling of this naughty school girl, riding his cock upside down, was more than he could handle himself. SLAP! SLAP! He watched as her cherry cheeks took each wide blow, dipping into a hollow, and then snapping back to pert roundness. His own hips began to move with her, her legs tightly clamped under the chair arms, just as her pussy tightly clamped his cock. He wished he could reach her breasts to suck on them at the same time, but he could not. SLAP! SLAP! SLAP! SLAP! "Your naughty bottom is getting exactly what it deserves," he gasped at her, hoping she would lose count so he could begin all over again when he was ready. SLAP! SLAP! SLAP! SLAP! "You, with your hard nipples, making me go home with a stiff willy and making me cum all over my office at playtime! Naughty, naughty little trollop! SLAP! SLAP! SLAP! SLAP! Still, she made no sound, even as her hips were thrusting in a rolling sweep against him, her juices oozing out over his base, and dripping down onto his trousers below. He wanted to feel her juices dripping over his balls too, but he was in too much agonising ecstasy to free them. He picked up the pace of the spanking, no space to draw breath between each slap. SLAP!SLAP!SLAP!SLAP!SLAP!SLAP!SLAP!SLAP! Every thrust brought a squelching sound as more juices and little pockets of air were forced out of her tunnel, no longer virginal. Every withdrawal brought a strong, sucking pull, as if she would not let him go, this brazen hussy of the so-called church. And still, she stayed silent below him, hands on the floor, hips moving with his rhythm. SLAP!SLAP!SLAP!SLAP!SLAP!SLAP!SLAP!SLAP! "You little fucking demon... ahhh... ahhh..." The spanking suddenly stopped as he felt huge spasms within Naomi, her muscles tightly massaging his cock, and he knew he had pushed her over the orgasmic edge. He could only stare, blearily-eyed, at her sopping hole that enveloped his shaft, and she pulled him zooming over the edge with her. Her climaxing tunnel milked his cock so hard it was almost painful, the scalding fountain of his cum having nowhere to go, but to ooze, steaming, out of her hole with the automatic thrusting his hips were locked into. His hands dug into her gently curved hips as they both rocked themselves down from their deep bliss, sweat dripping freely, cherry cheeks burning a fire through them both. He sat, gasping, not letting Naomi up until he could see properly again. Then he helped

her untangle her legs from the chair, and slowly eased her up to sit on the now-cooled wood of the desk. Her face was puce, and she swayed dangerously with light-headedness, until he pulled her down to sit on his lap. He could feel the heat from her cheeks on his now-floppy cock, their overflow of juices mingling between their skin once more. He felt a twitching, and knew that there would be another erection very quickly. What a little minx he had sat on his lap! When she had stopped swaying, and her face was less red, he looked into her eyes. They twinkled at him. "Alright, let's see if you learned your punishment lesson. What number did you count up to?" "One hundred and twenty-seven, sir." "That many?" He looked confused. "Yes, sir." "I only meant to give you sixty." "You gave me rather more, sir." "I did, didn't I?" He looked worried. "Does this mean, sir, that you lost count?" "Yes, I'm afraid it does." "And did you not hear the bell ring, sir?" "The bell?" "For the end of school, sir." "End of..." He looked at his watch. It showed a quarter past four. He looked at her, bemused. "Sir, you just disciplined me when I was no longer a pupil." Mr. Williams stared at Naomi. "Are you in the habit of spanking people who are not pupils, Mr. Williams?" "I... I'm not in the habit of spanking anybody, really." "You did a very good job of it, then, Mr. Williams." "I... I don't really know what to say. I really missed the last bell?" "Yes. Mr. Williams. What happens to teachers who step outside the boundaries of their authority?" He swallowed hard. "They... they get disciplined." "Yes, Willy. They do, don't they?" He nodded, perplexed, and all his confident authority rushed away in the now-cooling cum that dripped from them both. "Shall we go to your office, and see what shall be done about your overstepping the mark, Willy?" This story only available on Lush Stories. If you are reading it elsewhere, it has been stolen.