**Disciplining Young Ladies**

by Charles Petersunn

*Mr. Peters provides a demonstration.*

The students had been told to expect this, and many of them had been disciplined before. Knowing that it was coming or having experienced it before, didn't necessarily make it any easier. In fact, knowing that it was coming could make it all the more difficult. The anticipatory anxiety, the wondering and worrying about what might happen, could in fact be worse than actually experiencing the shame and embarrassment of being disciplined in front of your fellow students. Well, maybe it's not actually worse than the experience. But, it was probably best not to worry about it in advance as the worrying didn't really help. It wasn't like that the more you worried about it, the less likely it would happen or the less embarrassing it would be. And, besides, it might not be as bad as you fear. Still, it was so difficult not to wonder and worry.

A couple of the girls in the class even dropped out and transferred to Miss Baer 's class. It was their right to do so. Enrollment within Mr. Peters' classes was entirely voluntary, as it was in any class, and there were viable alternatives. However, it was also known that the students who graduated from Mr. Peters' classes succeeded, on average, at a higher rate than those who graduated from other classes. The fact was, his form of pedagogy did in fact work, and very effectively so.

It was precisely this success that led to today's classroom demonstration. Mr. Eric Stratton and Miss Mandy Pepperidge from Longwood College had requested that Mr. Peters provide to them a demonstration of his disciplinary techniques. Longwood College was having a particularly difficult time with miscreant, insubordinate, and recalcitrant students (the members of the Delta Tau Chi fraternity were especially troublesome).

Mr. Stratton and Miss Pepperidge were sent on behalf of the administration of Longwood (President Wormer himself made the request) as it was clear that their present approach was sorely ineffective in establishing effective discipline, respect, and honor.

Mr. Peters graciously assented. It would disrupt his classroom instruction to some extent. No young lady currently required disciplinary action, and he would have to take some time away from lecture and discussion to provide an effective demonstration. Nevertheless, he could hardly deny the request of colleagues from sister colleges.

Further, he didn't really want to brush the request aside. On the contrary, his mission as an educator was the growth and development of college students, and the pursuit of this objective would certainly include providing whatever help or guidance that was requested from his colleagues at other universities. The more he could disseminate the correct and effective implementation of the New School method of student discipline, the more students who would be enriched.

Longwood College was coed and so Mr. Stratton and Miss Pepperidge, of course, wished to see the methods demonstrated with young women, as well as young men. Mr. Peters had indicated that the discipline of young women is best applied by a man, whereas the discipline of young men is best applied by a woman. Discipline is more than just the provision of a spanking. It was much, much more than that, as the guests from Longwood College would soon observe.

To observe the disciplining of young ladies, Mr. Stratton and Miss Pepperidge attended Mr. Peters' math class. They would attend one of Miss Harding's classes for a demonstration of the disciplinary methods for young gentleman (see "Disciplining young gentlemen").

"Alright then, students, listen up," Mr. Peters said, getting them to quiet down and pay attention. "As indicated on the syllabus, for the first part of this class we will be demonstrating for our illustrious guests from Longwood College the method of discipline we use within this course." Deep breaths of apprehension and nervous anticipation could be heard through the class. "We are, of course, very delighted to have this opportunity to assist our sister college." He turned to his guests with a bit of a twinkle in his eye. "In return, I don't suppose you might help us with football?" A titter ran through the classroom. No one could remember the last time that Templeton had beaten Longwood College at football.

Miss Pepperidge graciously responded. "We would gladly trade your skills in the development of young minds with our skills in training quarterbacks. I think we know what is truly most important."

"Yes, well, it doesn't always feel that way when that Saturday game arrives." It was a point well taken. "But, let's get started." Mandy and Eric took a position standing beside the last student at the back of the class. They wanted to be well out of the way, not wishing their presence to actually interfere with the demonstration. "Excellent," Mr. Peters said, "You will have a good view from there. Clorette DePasto, why don't you have the pleasure of being our volunteer. If you would, please come up to the front of the class and stand right here, in front of my desk."

It was no real pleasure for Clorette. In fact, it was a pleasure to all of the other girls in the class not to have been chosen. As they breathed sighs of relief, Clorette's heart sank. She had thought that she had stood a pretty good chance not to have been selected. After all, there were about 15 girls in the class, and she was a very well-behaved young lady, always duly respectful and obedient. Why did Mr. Peters choose her?

Mr. Peters had in fact chosen Clorette for a number of very good reasons. She was strikingly cute, with a quite petite frame, long curly dark hair, a very sweet smile, perky nose, cute dimples, and large innocent eyes that so often seemed to express a confused wonderment and confusion beneath her spectacles. Perhaps most importantly, though, Clorette was among the more compliant and agreeable students in the class. In fact, she had never been spanked before. There was simply never any reason to discipline her. However, her characteristic obedience, if not docility, would be precisely helpful as the first student in the class to demonstrate the New School methods. He intended to provide a very comprehensive demonstration in the limited period of time that was available. And, besides, he would have to honestly admit that there was a bit of him, just a small part, that had always wanted to give Clorette a little spanking.

"Oh, Mr. Peters, must I?" Clorette responded, looking at him so lovingly beseechingly through her spectacles.

"No, no, of course not, Clorette," he replied. "This is all strictly voluntary. You will not be penalized in any way if you decline to participate." That was very true. He had some difficulty getting this demonstration approved by the Templeton Ethics Board. They approved the project as long as the participation was truly voluntary. In fact, if a student was willing to be spanked, what right did the college actually have to deny her that opportunity? "You would not, of course, receive the extra credit toward your final grade that I am offering to each participant but, of course, no extra credit is ever a requirement. It's only there as a helpful offering."

Clorette, though, knew that she would comply with the professor's request. It was just simply her way. She didn't really need the extra credit. She was already well on the way to receiving a final 'A' grade. It was just so inconsistent with her personality to decline the request of a professor. She often volunteered to hand out assignments or track down articles. She would even erase the board for a professor before he or she arrived. If a professor needed her for something, all he or she had to do was to ask. And, Professor Peters clearly needed her for this. "Alright, sir, yes, I will do it."

The boys were very pleased with that decision. Mr. Peters had already disciplined a number of the students in the class, including some of the boys (although he typically brought in Miss Harding to do that). Anyone who was disciplined didn't really like it. Well, that was not entirely true. Many of the boys, and the girls, in fact most of them, did eventually grow to enjoy it, or at least certain aspects of it. But, by and large, one would certainly prefer to avoid it. It was really all terribly confusing.

However, it was for the most part very enjoyable to witness, particularly if it was a member of the opposite sex that was being punished. And, none of the boys had yet seen Clorette receive discipline. Penises began to swell just thinking about that cute little bare bottom being spanked right in front of them. Who knew that Introductory Mathematics, Mr. Peters' course, would be so intriguing, so instructive, so fun!

Clorette walked timidly to the front of the class, her eyes fixed on Mr. Peters, wondering what he intended to do. She hoped it would be less embarrassing than other spankings, particularly because of the presence of the visitors from Longwood. She glanced back at Mr. Stratton and Miss Pepperidge, feeling quite uncomfortable at the thought that these two strangers, these two adults, would be a witness to her spanking. She avoided entirely any eye contact with her classmates. It was like having a form of stage fright, where your only hope was to try to ignore the fact that there was indeed a large audience watching your every move. Clorette tried to block them out of her mind as she reached her position in front of Mr. Peters' desk.

Mr. Peters smiled as she approached. He so much enjoyed the sight of the Templeton uniform on the young ladies: the black tie, innocent white blouse, plaid skirt to the knees, and Mary Jane shoes. Clorette looked particularly fetching, with her petite frame, youthful face, and bespectacled eyes. "Alright, then," he replied. "Let me turn off the overhead lights, turn on the camera lights, and switch on the camcorder."

Clorette squealed, "You're going to record this?!" She instinctively covered her bottom with her hands, even though she hadn't yet shown anything at all. "This is being videotaped?"

"Well, it's actually a digital camera, dear, but yes, of course, of course," Mr. Peters explained as he shut the blinds, turned on the camera lights and turned off the overhead lights. The room became quite dark, and once he returned to the front of the class, only the two of them, Mr. Peters and Clorette, were in the light.

Not surprisingly, not all of the students had been willing to be recorded, nor did all of the parents consent to have them taped. "Now just the two of us in the front of the room can be seen in the camera." He turned to the entire class, which he could only just barely see through the glare of the camera lights. "We don't want to violate anyone's confidentiality, of course, or cause any undue embarrassment."

Clorette continued to object, which was really most unusual for her, but these were rather unusual circumstances. "I didn't know you were going to record this, Mr. Peters."

"You signed the consent form, dear. Didn't you read it?" All of the students in the class were at least eighteen years old, and many of the students, and their parents, had signed a consent form, including Clorette, in which it was clearly stated that the discipline would be taped. Many of the students, though, hadn't actually read it that thoroughly. They got these consent forms all the time from the college administration, from doctors, from psychologists doing experiments. They were always so long and convoluted. How could they be expected to read all the little details?

Clorette shook her head. She softly replied, "No sir, I didn't." She could tell that Mr. Peters was disappointed. She so hated to disappoint a professor. She cursed herself for failing to have noticed the reference to taping. Actually, she didn't really use a curse word. She would never use words like that. "I'm sorry, Mr. Peters."

"Well, maybe you should in fact be disciplined, young lady. Perhaps next time you will read consent forms more thoroughly in the future if you receive a bit of spanking. This could indeed be a very useful lesson for you."

'Wow,' she thought. 'He had a good point there.'

Mr. Peters continued. "As it said in the consent form, which I am sure all of you read," he said, turning toward the rest of the class, "We are recording this demonstration so that other faculty, at other colleges, can see for themselves how the New School method is implemented."

Clorette exclaimed with surprise and some shock, "Other people are going to see this?!"

"Well, yes, dear, what else does one use a video recording for?" Actually, this recording would probably also be used for other purposes, but that would certainly be understandable. "Mr. Stratton and Miss Pepperidge traveled quite a distance to witness this demonstration. We can hardly expect to require such an expensive journey all the time, can we?"

"No sir, I suppose not."

"And, I'm sure that you want to help students in other colleges become better educated. You're not a selfish girl, are you?"

"Oh no sir, yes sir, of course sir."

"Excellent, alright then, if you would," he said, as he used the remote to turn on the video recorder, mounted in the ceiling. "We want to first demonstrate the basic positions for implementing discipline," he said to his guests, to the class, and to the video recorder. "Clorette, if you please," he said to her, "Bend over the desk, resting on your elbows."

With a deep breath Clorette got into position. It had been bad enough thinking about doing this in front of the whole class, it was so terribly much worse to think about how many other persons, strangers from across the country, might view this in the future. But, she did as she was told. She leaned over the desk, resting on her elbows, her bottom sticking out toward the class, the two guests, and the camera. She could feel the warmth of the camera lights, although she wondered if it was her embarrassed flushing that made her feel so warm.

"This is, of course," Mr. Peters instructed, "the traditional position, at least within an academic setting. It was first proposed by Dean Stanton at the St. Catherine School for Girls in Canton, England in 1892, or at least that's the first documentation of the recommended position published within the scientific pedagogical literature. In any case, the bottom is nicely presented in a rather submissive posture. To really make the point stronger you should instruct the girl to arch her back." He turned to Clorette. "Clorette, if you don't mind."

She understood what he wanted. She was, of course, listening very intently, as she always did. However, she didn't really want to arch her back as it felt like a rather obscene gesture, bent over the way she was, but she did as she was told. Any objection or defiance at this point could itself justify further spanking. She arched her back.

The boys smiled with pleasure. An advantage of the darkened room immediately became evident to the boys, and some of the more adventurous of them were already fondling their penises in anticipation of what was to come.

"Yes, excellent. As you see, when Clorette arches her back her bottom pokes up even higher, presenting an even better target, as if Clorette is wishing, wanting, asking you to paddle, to handle, her bottom."

Everyone, including Miss Pepperidge, found her position to be a bit provocative in another manner as well.

"I think some of the boys may also recognize Clorette's pose as conveying another meaning, another implication. Would any of you like to share it with the class?"

Clorette's red face deepened further. The implication was very obvious to her. It was as if she was offering herself, sexually.

None of the boys raised their hands. Obtaining class participation was often difficult, particularly from the boys. Usually it was because they weren't paying much attention. In this case, it was probably a reluctance to speak so openly about something that was so difficult to acknowledge, at least publicly.

Mr. Peters smiled understandingly. "My goodness, aren't we the shy ones today. I suppose we're feeling a little camera shy, what with the guests here today and the filming." He turned back to Clorette and affectionately laid his hand on her little round tush, enjoying the sweet, soft touch of the girl's behind. "Well, I'm sure what the boys are noticing is that Clorette also appears to be presenting herself to be mounted, and I imagine quite a few boys would be more than happy to step up to the plate." He affectionately patted her bottom.

Clorette grimaced at the feel of Mr. Peters' intimate touch, as well as the open discussion of the sexual nature of her presentation. He really wouldn't have a boy do that, would he? Not in front of the whole class?

"This connotation is in fact integral to the New School approach. There have always been considered to be two basic components to corporeal discipline, pain and humiliation. The New School approach, of course, adds a third component, which I will get to shortly." He gently grasped Clorette's cheeks to help her raise her bottom up even a bit higher. "Spankings can be delivered over her skirt." He again lightly fondled her petite derriere.

The hands of the boys were nearly all now fondling their own swelling appendages.

"You can, of course, increase both the pain and the embarrassment through the raising of the skirt."

Clorette turned her head back to Mr. Peters, plaintively imploring him through her spectacles to show some mercy. She didn't want him to raise her skirt.

Mr. Peters, however, did not hesitate. He reached down for the hem of her plaid skirt and pulled it up over her bottom, revealing to the entire class Clorette's undergarment. Her tight, white panty shined brightly in the camera lights, like a wonderfully gorgeous white moon. Her panties clung beneath her buttocks, where there was a very clear outline of a little cunnie cup poking out beneath her perky bottom.

Boys in the class leaned forward eagerly, entranced by the lovely view. A few girls did likewise, although some averted their eyes in sympathy.

Clorette turned her face back toward the front of the room, imagining the lustful leers of her classmates and wishing she could hide. She knew she couldn't see them in the darkness but felt as though each ogling pair of eyes was an intimate touch on her behind.

"But, in the New School, we really are not interested in inflicting any undue harm or pain. We do appreciate the concerns that have been raised with regard to corporeal punishment, particularly within academic settings. No, in fact, we eschew the infliction of undue and excessive pain and in fact replace it with the complementary third component of the New School method, pleasurable arousal."

Arousal? Clorette did not at all feel any arousal, other than the arousal of anxiety and embarrassment.

"We do though keep the component of embarrassment," he added as he pulled Clorette's panties carefully down off her bottom, her naked derriere suddenly coming into view, her little white orb seeming to now glow ever more brilliantly in the darkened room (although this appearance could be simply an illusion of one's greater interest in the whiteness of her naked skin over the whiteness of her panties). Mr. Peters tucked her panties just under her behind, hiding the even more delectable cunnie pouch. "You can't really have discipline without some punishment."

Clorette quickly covered her face with her hands, knowing what everyone now could see. Even that exasperating Billy Thompson was now seeing her naked bottom! He was always teasing her, annoying her, making all sorts of dirty adolescent jokes. One time he even had the gall to pinch her bottom. She gave him a very hard glare for that and told him that if he ever did that again she would tell on him for sure. He just laughed, but he didn't try that again. However, here he was now, sitting front and center of the class, being provided the best view possible of her now shamefully displayed naked fanny, even sticking it out toward him, as if she was inviting him to pinch it. Yes, the New School certainly did keep the component of humiliation.

All of the boys leaned forward, and in the comfort, the safety, the security, of the darkened room, more than a few of them now had their hands in their laps. Clorette had such a very cute behind: so round, so perky, so white, so sweet.

Unfortunately, for the boys, Mr. Peters tucked her panties just under her behind, hiding the even more tasty cunnie pouch.

Clorette could feel Mr. Peters tucking her panties in beneath her bottom. She was grateful for that. Exposing one's fanny was bad enough. It was so demeaning and infantile. But, imagine if the boys in the class could see her girlish part! She blushed just thinking about it.

Mr. Peters observed, "Clorette does certainly have a very pretty, a very appealing behind. She is a young lady of eighteen years, but her bottom is so cutely perky and petite." To emphasize his point he delicately patted her fanny. Clorette squirmed a bit at his touch. The boys squirmed a bit at the sight of his touch.

A young lady's behind did feel so good to pat, to touch, to caress, and Mr. Peters allowed himself a brief moment to gently feel Clorette's soft, tender bum buns. They were so preciously teeny. He could almost squeeze her entire derriere with just one hand.

Miss Pepperidge squirmed a bit as well at the sight of the young lady's bottom being so openly fondled by the professor. She wasn't entirely sure, however, whether she felt uncomfortable or strangely aroused.

Mr. Stratton though was not the least bit conflicted over his feelings. He could feel the push of his hard cock against his slacks and the throbbing from the excitement of seeing Clorette's pretty perky naked derriere. He so wished that he could reach down and give himself a squeeze but he sincerely doubted that he could do so outside the sight of Miss Pepperidge. How unfortunate that she was standing to his left! Perhaps he could shift around her, pretending that he was just trying to get a better view? He was at least grateful for the darkness of the room, as he knew that he was displaying a notable bulge.

Sandy McDonald was sitting right next to Mr. Stratton. There was little light at the back of the room but she could clearly see the bulge out of the corner of her eyes. It was a little disconcerting, to say the least. It wasn't too often that a visiting dignitary was in your class, and even less often that he was displaying a hard-on in his slacks, just inches from your eyes.

She knew that she should probably be taking notes. Some of this might be on the test. But, how could Mr. Peters expect her to take notes when it was so dark? Most importantly, the sight of Mr. Stratton's stiffy was plenty more interesting to her than what Mr. Peters was saying.

"As you can see, I left Clorette's panties tucked just below her little round cheeks. I did this largely because I always find that a girl's derriere is all the prettier when it's so nicely framed, and what better trim than bunched-up white cotton panties."

If bottoms could blush, Clorette's certainly would.

"One could remove the panties entirely, but their presence, particularly their ineffective presence, provides such a nice concrete reminder of the young lady's state of undress. It would be enjoyable enough for the boys to see the girl's panties, but now," he said, as he ran a finger up and down her lovely bottom crack, "They in fact get to see both her panties and her bare bottom."

Clorette's bottom again twitched, much to the pleasure of the boys, particularly Billy, who had the front and center seat. He so much wanted to reach down and grip his cock, but he was so close to Mr. Peters that he couldn't take the chance.

"Now, there are, of course, alternative places for the panties."

Clorette uncovered her face and lifted her head, staring worriedly out in front of her. What other places? She didn't have to wait long to find out.

"My favorite position for the girl's panties is in fact down here," he explained, as he stepped behind her, momentarily obstructing the boys' view of her precious buttercup, and proceeded to pull Clorette's panties farther down. "I like them here," he said, "bunched up and around the knees." He stepped aside so that everyone could appreciate their new position.

"You'll have to spread your legs a bit, Clorette, to keep your undies in place. If they fall down, I will have to provide you with some extra spanking."

Clorette grimaced. She had been hoping that she could at least keep her thighs pressed tightly together, hoping that this might help to hide her most personal private part from view. It actually wouldn't, but she would at least feel that she was doing the best she could to protect her modesty, her dignity, her self-respect. Nevertheless, she certainly didn't want any "extra" spanking. She kind of hoped that she wouldn't get any spanking at all. Perhaps he would just have her demonstrate the position for a spanking. Perhaps if she was a good girl, he would spank someone else. She spread her legs apart, just a bit, just enough to feel her thighs holding onto, stretching out, her white, cotton panties. She at least felt good that she had worn fresh, clean panties that day.

"That's a good girl," Mr. Peters observed.

That made her feel better, at least a little bit. It was always nice to hear the compliments, the appreciation, of your instructor, but she still didn't feel particularly good about opening her thighs up for Billy, for the rest of the class and for whomever might someday see this videotape.

Billy was now rock hard. Presented before him, fully open to view, was the little hairy Clorette cunnie cup. It was not though in fact very hairy at all, and so one could see very well the white, virginal peach, poking out from between her soft lily white thighs and split down the middle by a very delicate, very feminine, slit. This slit in which he would so much want to drive his cock, where it would be met and gripped by a very hot, wet, tight, clenching cunt. He so much wanted to grab his cock.

"This position, of course," Mr. Peters explained, "is also very helpful in displaying the young lady's. . ." He leaned down a bit to Clorette. "What word would you prefer I use, Clorette?"

Clorette would prefer no word whatsoever, and she certainly didn't want to provide the word. Her own preferred word was though 'cunnie.' She liked that word because it seemed more feminine, more sweet, more pretty. 'Cunt' was too derogatory, too slutty. 'Vagina' was too clinical, too doctor-like. It was what your mother would call it. She always thought that the 'Vagina Monologues' should have been 'Cunnie Chronicles.' But, again, there was no way she would tell Mr. Peters this. Actually, she didn't really mind telling him, personally. After all, he was a mature and well respected professor. She just didn't want to say it out loud in front of the class. But, of course, how much modesty did she really have left? "Anything you want, Mr. Peters," she softly replied, but thinking, 'Please don't use the word cunt!'

"Well, I personally prefer the word, 'cunnie,'" Mr. Peters said, "and I believe this is most fitting for Clorette, as she does have one of the more innocently appealing little cunnies I have ever seen."

Clorette felt another wave of warmth course through her face. It was of course very nice to hear that he also liked the word 'cunnie.' For some reason, it made her feel closer to him that they thought of her, her most feminine part, in the same way. And, it was even better that he was so complimentary of its appearance. She had wondered at times whether a boy would consider her cunnie to be unappealing. Lots of girls she had seen in the shower had cunnies that were so much fuller, meatier, fleshier. There just didn't seem much to hers at all. Just a little slit down a white mound. She didn't even have much hair on it.

"And, I must say, isn't it nice that she has such a delicate peach fuzz." He reached down and gently traced his fingers up and down the length of her slit.

Clorette quickly, instinctively, clasped her thighs shut and her panties fell to her ankles. She groaned at her mistake, particularly as she had not gained anything from clasping her thighs together. With this pose her cunnie was still very well exposed, and now she had Mr. Peters' fingers clutched tightly within her thighs as they lightly rested against her personal feminine lips.

Fortunately, Mr. Peters did not appear to be upset. He politely withdrew his fingers and said, "Oopsy daisy, Clorette. You seem to have dropped your panties." A rather incongruous statement to be making in a class. "But, that's fine. I was about to pull them down the rest of the way anyway."

Clorette breathed a sigh of relief. At least she wouldn't be getting an extra spanking. Perhaps she wouldn't be getting any at all.

"You can see class, our guests, and," he added, turning his face for a moment directly into the camera, "those at home, there is also an appeal in having the panties gathered around the ankles. It is still rather constraining. Whether the panties are around the knees or the ankles, she can't really kick or escape. Let me demonstrate."

Smack!

"Mr. Peters!" Clorette exclaimed.

Smack! Smack! Smack! Smack! Smack! Smack! Smack!

"Mr. Peters, please, please. It stings!" Clorette protested, her face grimacing, her pretty bottom wriggling.

It really wasn't a terribly painful spanking. There was no use of a cane, switch, or ruler, and he actually wasn't smacking her too terribly hard. But, it was a shock, and it did certainly sting a bit. Clorette pranced and danced before the class, trying to flay out her feet, her legs, but Mr. Peters was right. She really couldn't do much with her panties wrapped around her ankles.

And, her little dance was all the more pleasurable, more enjoyable, for the boys, and for Mr. Stratton. It was like she was trying to entice them by flouncing, sashaying, and waving her naked tush, even giving them brief glimpses and erotic displays of her girlish cunnie.

Mr. Stratton hadn't realized how erotic it would be to watch a girl get a spanking. His cock yearned and strained to be released from his slacks, or at least to be squeezed and stroked.

The cocks of many of the boys were indeed being stroked and squeezed. They were resting their hands in their laps, as if that was how they normally sat during a class, but any watchful eye would quickly see fingers shifting and working on their erect penises.

Smack! Smack! Smack! Smack! Smack! Smack! Smack!

"Mr. Peters, please, please, I'll be good, I promise."

It was an instinctual response. She actually hadn't been bad at all, but she did hope that promising to be good would end the spanking.

However, Mr. Peters continued to spank her.

Smack! Smack! Smack! Smack! Smack! Smack! Smack!

After awhile, she stopped her struggling and just gritted her teeth to accept the discipline.

Smack! Smack! Smack! Smack! Smack! Smack! Smack!

That was enough. Mr. Peters wasn't actually attempting to discipline Clorette. After all, she hadn't actually deserved to be spanked. This was really just a demonstration and so there was no real need to belabor the spanking. He did though want to get a good rosy glow. A vivid visual spectacle was vital for the video tape, as well as for the guests.

"As you can see, gentlemen, and ladies, Clorette's derriere now has a very lively red luster. This is what one calls a real apple bottom."

Clorette was wiggling her Golden Delicious around, trying to get the sting out. It didn't really hurt all that bad. Mr. Peters had been considerate about that. It was more like an inescapable tingling, like all the nerves of her bottom were sparkling and twinkling stars, dancing around her bottom as her cheeks danced for the class.

"By the way Clorette is wiggling her bottom, it's almost like she wants us to take a bite of her apple."

Clorette stopped moving it around. Of course, she hadn't been doing that to try to entice her audience. Just the thought of that made her blush, realizing that it probably did look like she was trying to tempt and beguile the boys by waving her naked tush at them. 'This is so embarrassing,' she thought.

Mr. Peters continued his lecture. "It is, of course, always good to at times pause, at least for a bit, to admire one's handiwork. I do particularly like the bottom at this early stage."

'Early?' Clorette thought. That was not a good sign.

"The girl's bottom is now just ripening, coming alive, and the rosy glean makes it all the more pleasing to the eye. Here, let me show you. Clorette, if you would, get up on your tip toes."

"Yes sir," Clorette softly replied, and did as she was told.

"Having the girl on her tippy toes can be a nice variation on this position. By doing so she raises her bottom up even higher, of course. But, more importantly, the fact that she is doing so by getting up on her tip toes gives the impression that she is doing all that she can within her power, what little power she has, to let you know how much she wants to be spanked, how much she wants you to see her most intimate places."

Clorette knew very well that she was giving that appearance. It really did feel that way, whether she wanted it to or not, and she groaned with embarrassment.

"And, the presentation is indeed very delightful. The pinkness of her bottom now contrasts very well with the whiteness, where the hand did not spank." To accentuate his point he gently ran his fingers up and down the crack of her bottom. Clorette buried her face in her hands. He didn't actually stick his fingers down into her crack, but it still felt rather invasive and immodest, to say the least; to have a professor touch her there, in front of everyone, and, besides, it tickled, and she just couldn't help wiggling and twitching.

"And, of course, by being on tippy toes, Clorette is doing her very best to get us to notice the most sweetest, delicate crack of all." Mr. Peters' fingers went down past her bottom, all the way down, to her white, pure, innocent cunnie mound, that was now again so visibly evident, and this time so prominently so.

Clorette gave out a little puppy whine as she felt the professor's fingers lightly caressing her slit.

"I think she is even a little bit moist. My goodness. It doesn't usually happen this quickly."

Clorette turned her head back to the professor, a look of panic on her face. No way! How terribly, terribly embarrassing. She wanted to look for herself, but that would be rather awkward. Besides, she couldn't leave this position without permission. But, as she felt the professor's fingers going up and down her slit she could indeed feel a bit of moisture.

"My goodness, Clorette," Mr. Peters said, looking Clorette in the eye, a knowing smile on his face, "You kind of like spanking, don't you."

Clorette vigorously shook her head. "No, no, no sir!"

"This isn't something you've done with any of your little boyfriends?"

She said even more emphatically, her eyes beneath her spectacles wide open in shock, "Oh my gosh, no sir!"

"Well, you might want to consider it in the future. It seems like you may in fact have a natural talent for it." He removed his finger and held it up for her to see, to see the tell-tale glistening of feminine dew.

She saw it and quickly looked away. How so terribly, terribly humiliating! Why did he have to show it to the entire class?! Well, she knew full well why he did it. Humiliation was part of the discipline process. Thank goodness at least none of her closest friends were there, or her family. When she was spanked as a little girl her father would do it in front of the family, as the embarrassment was indeed part of the punishment. But, her father had never done anything like this before. And, then she realized, maybe her friends, even her father, would indeed see it someday, would see the video. What if it got on Youtube? Her face went deep red and her heart raced with that thought, although she quickly realized that Youtube doesn't show any nudity. She relaxed a little bit. Thank goodness for that. Although, of course, Youtube was hardly the only place the videotape could wind up.

Mr. Stratton had been taking notes on a clipboard, but he now brought the clipboard down to his side, thereby providing more cover from the eyes of Miss Pepperidge. He could in fact press the clipboard against his crotch to hide his erection completely from view. If he did that he might even be able to surreptitiously play with himself. But, he knew that having the clipboard pressed against him would be like raising a red flag, signaling that he was indeed hiding something. He therefore just kept it to his side. At least then Miss Pepperidge couldn't see it. He knew now that he really should have worn briefs, and made a note of that for future reference.

The fact that he wore boxers though was much appreciated by Sandy, whose own eyes were now fixed on the big round bulb pushing out the front of Mr. Stratton's slacks. It was actually kind of hard to ignore, even if she had wanted to. He was standing just inches from her desk. If he moved any closer it could poke her right in the side of her face.

She wondered what he would do if she touched it. Would he get angry? Would he jump back and yell? She certainly didn't want to get into any trouble. But, could you expect a girl to just ignore something like that? Could you really expect her to resist such an enticing temptation?

She absentmindedly, at least seemingly so, played with a pencil in her hand, turning it around and around, the elbow of her bent arm resting on the arm rest of desk. Her heart began to race as she twirled the pencil in her fingers, slowly but surely moving closer and closer to Mr. Stratton's bulge. When she was but an half inch away, she dropped her hand to shift the pencil into her left hand and then brought her right hand back up, this time leaning it farther away from her desk to let it touch precisely on the tip of Mr. Stratton's bulge. In fact, she more than just touched it, she grasped it firmly between her thumb and forefinger, all the time keeping her eyes fixed on Mr. Peters' class presentation.

Mr. Stratton's eyes widened in shock and fright at the feel of the girl's fingers grasping hold of the tip of his hard cock. His knee jerk reaction would have been to suddenly pull away, but he had the self-control, the discipline as a professor, to remain calm when a girl grasped hold of his cock. Well, not really calm, but he had enough presence of mind not to make a sudden movement that might draw quite a bit of attention to his erection. He instead moved back gently, just a bit, to let her let go, but the girl did not in fact let go.

He had no idea what to do. He briefly glanced down. Her thumb and index finger were clearly holding onto him. She wasn't just inadvertently touching him, although she wasn't giving any sign that she was actually doing this intentionally. Her face was turned away from him, from his pants, from his bulge, his cock. With the exception of her thumb and finger, her full attention appeared to be directed toward the front of the class.

And then, she let go. He breathed a sigh of relief. But, she let go only to be able to lightly, subtly caress his knob with her thumb: lightly, softly, quietly, circling around and around his bulb. It felt so terribly, terribly nice. It would under any circumstances, but when accompanied by the sight of Mr. Peters lightly sliding his fingers up and down Clorette's little feminine slit, it was quite an experience. Yes, there did appear to be some rather distinctive benefits of the New School method of discipline. He shifted his position closer to the girl caressing his knob. In fact, he moved all the way up to her desk, ostensibly just to look more closely at Mr. Peters' demonstration, but in fact to get as close as possible to the young lady's fingers, as well to further hide himself from the view of Miss Pepperidge.

Sandy smiled as she noticed him bring his erection closer. No, he had not reacted with shock or anger. Apparently he liked it when a girl played with his thing through his slacks. Of course, she shouldn't be terribly surprised at that. Mr. Stratton was, after all, a man, and what man wouldn't enjoy that? She grasped his knob between her first and second fingers, like it was a cigarette, or more accurately a cigar, that she was going to smoke, and then applied her thumb again to the knob, softly caressing it through his slacks. She so much wondered what it must look like. It did feel awfully big.

"Well," Mr. Peters said, from outside of the darkness. "Let's now get these panties all the way off. I think we've covered well enough the benefits of they're still being on. Let's proceed to some positions in which the panties are discarded."

Clorette was very glad that Mr. Peters stopped caressing her slit. Her face was now so terribly flushed, both with embarrassment and with excitement. He was apparently indeed correct that there was considerable arousal during the course of a New School disciplinary session.

Mr. Peters crouched down and helped Clorette step out of her panties, continuing to instruct as he did so. "Removing the panties can be quite gratifying to the girl as she can now more freely move about," as if Clorette was free to do as she wished. If she could move freely, she would walk out of class, even if it meant leaving without her panties.

Mr. Peters took his time helping Clorette step out of her panties, as his eyes were so close to her perky pink cheeks and sweet feminine pouch. It took all of his professorial discipline not to bury his face, his lips, into her thighs so that he could lick the sweet nectar of this girl's delectable quim.

Clorette did not leave the room but she did at least take the opportunity of having her panties removed to get off her tip toes and close her thighs.

Mr. Peters let the slight indiscretion slide. He knew that remaining on tip toes can be tiring and he didn't really want the girl to become uncomfortable.

He further explained as he stood back up, "By having the panties removed, she is that much further from being able to pull them back up. Plus, of course, she might appreciate that you now have her delicate, personal, unmentionables within manly hands."

Clorette did not indeed "appreciate" being reminded of that, and she grimaced at the thought of her panties being held up in the front of the class. At least Mr. Peters wasn't passing them around the room, letting each of the boys personally handle them. That would certainly be going too far.

"In fact, let's pass Clorette's panties around the class so that each of the students can take a closer look. The boys may even consider appreciating their aroma, if they are so inclined."

Clorette dropped her forehead onto Mr. Peters' desk. Could this really get any worse?

As Mr. Peters approached the student sitting in the front row of the first column of desks, the one along which Mr. Stratton and Miss Pepperidge were standing toward the back, he allowed himself a brief sniff. "Yes, I think you should take advantage of the opportunity. Clorette really does have a very nice, feminine scent." He handed the panties to the boy sitting in the front row, who did indeed study them quite closely.

Clorette remembered when she was much younger and some boys stole her panties from her swimming bag. That had been so embarrassing, seeing them hold her panties up and toss them around, but at least they got into trouble for it.

She wasn't at all sure that she would even want to put her panties back on when they did finally get back to her. Even Billy Thompson would be touching them, would be feeling them, and, oh man, smelling them?

Mr. Peters admonished the first boy, as he was clearly hoarding them. "Keep them moving boys. Let everyone have an opportunity to consider Clorette's panties." He returned to Clorette, still submissively bent over his desk, her pink buttercup pointed back toward her classmates.

"Now, students, and guests, quite often when the girl is bent over the desk like this one can also get a very nice presentation of her little darling rosebud." There was a bit of smirks and giggling over that. "But, Clorette has such a tightly taut teeny tush that you really can't see into her crack."

Well, thought Clorette, that's at least something. At least one part of her was to be kept private.

"Clorette, why don't you open it up for the class, for everyone to see. Just reach back and spread your cheeks. I think we would all like to see it, wouldn't we?"

"Oh yes, Mr. Peters," Billy Thompson suddenly exclaimed, although quickly fearing that he should not have spoken up at all. He didn't particularly want the sound of his voice to be heard on the tape, nor did he want to do anything that would draw attention to himself, particularly to his erection. The sound of a few chuckles could be heard.

"Well, yes, William, I do appreciate your enthusiasm at seeing little Miss Clorette's anus. Are you particularly interested in girl's anuses?"

This was precisely why he shouldn't have said anything. The chuckling got a bit louder.

"No sir, I mean, well, they're okay, I guess." He really didn't know what to say, and his rather feeble answer drew even some open laughter.

Clorette, though, took no pleasure in the attention being shifted to Billy, or even that he was now being embarrassed. It was, after all, her butt hole that was the focus of his comments and, apparently, deep interest.

"Yes, well, don't let it trouble you, William. A cute girl's little puckered rosebud can be a delight to the eye." He turned his attention back to Clorette. "Please, Clorette, yes, open yourself up for the class. Spread yourself open so that everyone can see your pretty pink flower."

Yes, she realized that it could indeed get worse as she reached back, grabbed hold of her cheeks, and opened up her bottom for everyone to see deep down inside. Actually, it wasn't particularly deep as she did have a rather small tush. But, that was hardly the point. She felt like she could feel the heat of the boys', and the girls', gawking eyes, although it was probably just from the lamps, now getting full access to the sensitive nerves of her anus. Still, she could not even imagine ever doing this for a boyfriend, let alone for an entire class of boys, and girls, opening up her bottom cheeks to let everyone take a good look.

"Oh yes, it is indeed a very pretty one, isn't it, class."

Nobody said anything, not being sure if it was just a rhetorical question. Mr. Peters turned toward them. "Is it so pretty it left you speechless?" He turned to Billy in particular. "What do you think, William? Is it as pretty as you imagined it would be?"

He really, really wished he had kept his mouth shut. There was really no right answer to that question, or at least none that wouldn't embarrass him further. "Yea, sure, it's, um, it's a real good one." He tried to pretend like he had seen lots of them. "Really, one of the best I've seen." It didn't work. His remark was again met with giggles, some of the girls wondering if he had a collection of girls' anus pictures.

Mr. Peters could see that William was a bit embarrassed at the attention. It was not his interest to discipline William. He was, after all, not the one with his pants down, at least not yet. He tried to help him out of his predicament. "Well, yes, William, I must agree. I have as well seen quite a few and indeed," turning back to Clorette, "I think it's a really very cute one."

He spoke directly to Clorette. "Have you ever taken a boy up your butt, Clorette?"

She instantly let go of her cheeks, as if she was thinking he was about to try to do just that. She said quite assertively, "Oh my goodness, no, Mr. Peters!" She did not, though, turn her head back to face him. She didn't want anyone to see how red her face was, nor did she want to look any of the boys in the eye, if perhaps she could in fact see their eyes through the glare of the spotlights blazing into her exposed anus.

"Oh my, well, that's a shame. I think a young gentleman would really appreciate the opportunity." Mr. Peters turned back to Billy. "I imagine our young Mr. Thompson would like a go at it." There was again some laughter. Mr. Peters just couldn't help himself.

Sandy had taken the opportunity of everyone being so completely mesmerized by the sight of Clorette spreading open her cheeks to more openly massage, ply, and rub Mr. Stratton's erection through his slacks. He did not object nor resist. Not too many professors would object to a young, attractive coed playing with his cock in the dark, particularly while he was gazing upon the very sexy sight of another pretty girl spreading open her cheeks. He did though glance to his side to see if Miss Pepperidge was at all suspicious. As soon as he turned to look, she quickly glanced away.

Miss Pepperidge was herself feeling quite confused. On the one hand, she did feel sorry for Clorette. She could see that the girl was embarrassed at having to display herself like that. On the other hand, she was feeling very terribly warm between her thighs.

It was no accident that she was interested in the methods of the New School, as she was not entirely inexperienced with respect to the art, and play, of spanking, although she had been quite deprived of its fun over the past few years.

Actually, only one prior boyfriend had ever shared her interest: Larry Kroger. They had not been together long. He had been given an offer from Wellesley he could not refuse. But their brief fling may have provided the best sex she had ever experienced, and the memory of that wonderful albeit abbreviated time with Larry was flooding back into a visceral memory as she had watched Clorette get her paddling. She was in fact even feeling a bit jealous of Clorette. She recalled when Larry one time even spanked her in public, at a shopping mall. They were sitting on a couch in one of the rest areas and he suddenly just pulled her over his lap, flipped up her skirt, and started paddling her. They had talked about doing that many times, and apparently he finally found the courage. She gladly went along with it, flaying her legs and protesting loudly about how embarrassing it was for everyone to see her panties and how terrible it was to spank her like that, all the time enjoying the fact that everyone could indeed see her sheer pink panties. Frankly, if she had known he was going to do that she wouldn't have worn any panties at all! They had such heated sex when they got back to their car.

Miss Pepperidge let out a deep sigh as she recalled the past romance, causing Mr. Stratton to look her way. When he turned to her she quickly turned her face away, worried that he would see the flushed, aroused expression on her face. Thank goodness the room was dark.

Sandy whispered, "Would you like to see Clorette's panties, Mr. Stratton?"

"What?" He looked down to see the girl who had been fondling his penis holding up Clorette's panties. They had finally made their way that far down the column of desks.

It was a very pretty sight. Sandy was in fact quite attractive. She had large round pretty eyes, with very nice lashes, long curly red hair, freckles, round cheeks, and a very sparkling smile. The fact that she was holding up a pair of white panties for him to inspect might have biased his judgment though. In fact, she held the panties so that they were draped over and hiding her right hand, which she had now turned toward him and was fully squeezing and fondling his cock through his slacks, the activity though hidden by the panty curtain.

"No, no, that's fine," Mr. Stratton replied, his voice a bit breathless. Actually, he would really like to see them, to feel them. But, it would be a bit awkward to be inspecting, admiring, a young lady's panties with Miss Pepperidge standing right next to him. He would have to think that she would find that to be rather inappropriate. Plus, he kind of liked where they were right now, hiding his cock, and Sandy's hand, from view.

"Are you sure, Mr. Stratton," Sandy pursued, giving him a very sweet, innocent smile as well as a firm squeeze, along with a subtle stroking, while still circling her thumb around and around the rounded tip of his knob. "They really are very nice panties."

"No, no, that's fine." Her thumb felt so good caressing his swollen bulb. He turned to Miss Pepperidge. "Would you like to see Clorette's panties?" His face reddened as soon as the words left his mouth. It was an appropriate question, at least at the moment, but it did feel rather awkward to be speaking to Miss Pepperidge about a girl's panties, even asking her if she wanted to look at them.

Miss Pepperidge just shook her head. She could use something to dab her brow, but Clorette's panties would not really be appropriate for that. And, in any case, she felt quite uncomfortable about taking a pair of girl's panties from her colleague, Mr. Stratton.

He turned back to Sandy and whispered, "Just pass them on."

Sandy smiled back and whispered, even more softly as she gave him a very big squeeze, "Mine are in fact much prettier." She let go of his penis and turned to pass Clorette's panties to the girl sitting to the left of her.

Mr. Stratton's clipboard effectively blocked the view of Miss Pepperidge and there were no students behind Sandy. The only student who could actually see Mr. Stratton, or more accurately his stiff dick, was the girl sitting just to the left of Sandy. Her attention was fully on Clorette in the front of the class but once Sandy turned to hand her Clorette's panties, she did look in the direction of Mr. Stratton and he quickly shifted the clipboard so that it fully covered him. He couldn't leave it there long without it looking rather awkward, but she didn't look in his direction for long. Once she returned her attention back to the front of the class, Mr. Stratton returned the clipboard to its original position, and Sandy could, once again, do pretty much whatever she wanted with the bulge in his pants, as long as the girl didn't look over again. Sandy smiled mischievously.

Mr. Peters said, "Now, let's explore some other positions for disciplinary spanking. Clorette, you can stand up now."

She was very grateful for that, as her skirt fell back over her bottom. But, it wouldn't be there for long.

Mr. Peters continued his instruction. "Of course, you might not in fact have a desk for the girl to bend over. This is not really a disadvantage as there are quite a few positions that are more instructive and more revealing, that don't require a desk. Clorette, if you wouldn't mind, step back from the desk a couple of paces and place your hands on your knees."

Clorette did as she was told, backing up toward the class, and then bending over, placing her hands on her knees.

"This is, of course, a very traditional position. It's very useful in helping the young lady to develop self-discipline, as she is typically instructed to not remove her hands from her knees while she receives her spanking."

Mr. Peters flipped up Clorette's skirt, raising the curtain once again, her little pink moon coming back into view after its momentary eclipse. Just beneath it there was a little delicious slice of soft white pie, cut down the middle by the delicate slit.

Billy's eyes widened in delight, as Clorette or, more accurately, her personal private parts, were now just inches in front of his desk, in front of his eyes. He could in fact reach out and touch her bottom, if he wished, and he so wished very much. It was like when he was a little boy and there was a fresh batch of muffins, just out of the oven. He wanted so much to reach out and grasp, taste, that hot little red muffin and now there was an even tastier one just inches way. Maybe he could get a taste of that tart pie as well? But, as a young man he now had enough self-control to resist the temptation.

Smack!

"Yip!" Clorette squealed. She had known it was coming but she still wasn't ready for it. But she did keep her hands on her knees.

Smack! Smack! Smack! Smack! Smack! Smack! Smack!

Her bottom wiggled and waved before Billy's eyes. It was like she was doing a little dance, personally for him. He reached down and shifted his hard cock. He knew that he might be noticed but it just had to be done. He even considered leaving his hand there, but he knew if he did that it would not be long before he came in his slacks.

Smack! Smack! Smack! Smack! Smack! Smack! Smack!

"Mr. Peters!" Clorette exclaimed.

He stopped. Again, he didn't really want to inflict any real pain. This spanking was, after all, for demonstration purposes only. As he explained, "That appears to be enough, for now. I just thought that the pinkness was wearing off there a bit." He patted Clorette's bottom with fatherly reassurance. "One does want to keep the bloom on the rose, and it is such a very pretty flower."

"And, I want to add," he said to the class, "notice how Clorette kept her hands on her knees. Never once did she try to reach back to protect herself, to cover or hide herself." He again patted her bottom, this time with more appreciation, and perhaps even some affection. "She is indeed a very good little girl."

Clorette instinctively looked back and up toward Mr. Peters and replied, "Thank-you, sir," perhaps forgetting for the moment that she was showing off her pussy and bum to the class. It was always so nice to be told that you were indeed a good little girl and, at the moment, his fatherly pats on her bottom did feel rather nice.

Mr. Peters rested his hand on the soft, warm, little bum and even gave it an endearing squeeze. Clorette had such a squeezably soft buns. If it wasn't for the class, he would spend more time enjoying this very tempting derriere. "Well, it's well deserved, dear." He returned to the matter at hand.

"Now, the hands on the knees is very traditional, but you can also have her reach down and touch her toes. Clorette, if you wouldn't mind."

Clorette did indeed mind, but how could she refuse, or even object, after he had been so complimentary? She wanted to continue to be a good girl and really couldn't disobey now. And, after all, he, as a professor, did know what was best. She bent over further, stretching herself out, to touch her toes.

A gasp could be heard sweeping through the class as Clorette's bottom stretched out and open, her cunnie rising up, peeking out, perhaps even protruding out from between her tightly clenched thighs. Billy slipped a book into his lap so that he could use his hand beneath it, surreptitiously touching, squeezing, stroking himself. He just had to do it, at least for a bit.

"This position is, as you can so readily see, much more revealing. Clorette's apple cheeks are spreading out on their own. You can see her pretty little anus winking and blinking."

It might not have been winking before, but his calling attention to it did cause Clorette to try to squeeze her sphincter shut, as if by doing so one couldn't actually see it. However, by squeezing and squirming she was only drawing more attention to it, making it wink and blink as Mr. Peters said.