

Parkwood Paddlings

by [abbeynormal](#)©

Inspired by a fantasy of my spanking partner, CB. Please send feedback and don't forget to vote!

Parkwood Academy had a reputation for graduating some of the brightest, best educated young people in the region. Their alumnae list was a veritable 'who's who' of Fortune 500 company executives and also included well known heads of large non-profit organizations and educational institutions. When interviewed, many of them credited the discipline they learned at Parkwood as having been a critical factor for their success. Of course, to turn out such exceptional students, the school had to have exceptional instructors as well.

One such instructor was Kayla Windsor who taught Advanced Placement English. She had a reputation for being exceptionally strict and demanded the highest standards from her pupils. However, she was also exceptionally fair, never asking more of her students than she required of herself. Before graduating with honors from Brown University, she had spent time in exclusive private girls' academy in England and brought with her an exemplary resume from one of the finest prep schools in London.

When students spoke of the discipline at Parkwood, they weren't just talking about meeting deadlines and scheduling their time appropriately. Classroom discipline was completely at the discretion of the teacher and corporal punishment was not uncommon. In fact, a room had been set aside for just such situations. While euphemistically known as "the storage room", all it 'stored' was an old desk, a chair and a few other pieces of furniture of varying heights that happened to be waist-high for almost any age of student.

Kayla recalled hearing stories from a friend who had attended Catholic schools in Chicago for all his life. He often mentioned the nuns' theory that if you disciplined the student severely enough the first time, you didn't have to warn him not to do it again. It was this principal that she applied when she had to discipline her students and it always worked, until one fine autumn day.

The bell rang signaling the end of the period but the students knew better than to move until she actually released them. The din of the bell had barely ended when she told them they were dismissed but asked one of the students to stop by her desk.

Matt Green was an 18-year-old senior with a promising future. Tall, handsome, intelligent, witty and a gifted soccer player, he had all the attributes and skills that one needed to be successful in life. Unlike some students would have done, he didn't lean on her desk, but instead stood across from her with his books in his hands as she made a notation on her planner. Looking up, she saw him tower over her and instructed him to sit in the high-backed wooden chair next to her desk. While he was sitting, she got up and shut the door to the classroom and then walked back to stand in front of him.

"Mr. Green, I started to grade mid-term essays last night and I realized you didn't turn one in. Why is that?"

Matt's heart began to race.

"I did turn in my paper, Ms. Windsor."

"I'm afraid not. I went through my folder three times and yours is the only one missing."

"Really, I did. It was the one on Hemmingway."

Kayla had spent the past several nights burning the midnight oil in an effort to get papers reviewed so that mid-term grades could be computed. While she was normally a reasonable person, when she was sleep-deprived, as she was now, she tended to be crabby and short-tempered.

"Mr. Green, I'm willing to cut you a break here but lying to me isn't helping your cause."

"Honestly, I turned it in Friday with my test. Maybe you just misplaced it with some other things."

That seemingly innocuous comment drove her right over the edge.

"Not turning in your paper is bad enough but to accuse me of losing it in an effort to pass the blame is just going too far."

In a swift and practiced motion, she opened the bottom drawer of her desk and retrieved a wooden paddle. Though it was made of white ash, the varnish gave it a yellow hue. It measured nearly 18 inches long and 6 inches wide and the handle was wrapped in tape, similar to that used on baseball bats. What distinguished it from most paddles was the series of holes drilled through it to lessen wind resistance when she swung it. Though common in the UK, it wasn't seen much in the States.

Brandishing the implement of discipline in her hand, she pointed it first at Matt and then towards the door.

"Mr. Green, you will report to the storage room immediately."

Matt gulped but he knew better than to argue now. He'd heard the stories of Ms. Windsor's spankings. Once, in the locker room, he'd even caught a glimpse of the bruised buttocks of one of his teammates who had faced her discipline. Though the boy never spoke of what happened, Matt knew it had to be a ferocious paddling in order to leave those kinds of marks. Now, faced with the same kind of punishment himself, he sighed and stood up swiftly. He knew that if he lagged, the spanking would only be worse.

After retrieving her keys from her purse so she could lock the classroom door behind her, she followed Matt out into the hallway. The corridor was mostly empty, as the time to pass between classes was seconds away from being over. She knew that her student would be tardy for his next class, but the teachers had a pact that they wouldn't punish a student for being late if it was due to being disciplined by another teacher. So, though he may not really want to sit through the next class, at least he wouldn't be spanked again.

Moments later they were in the storage room. Kayla quickly sized him up and directed him to a three-drawer filing cabinet.

"Now, take down your trousers and briefs," she ordered.

Matt gasped and started to turn and protest. He caught himself just in time but still had to take a deep breath to compose himself before he complied. His humiliation at being spanked was made worse by the knowledge that it would be applied to his bare bottom. Slowly he unfastened his belt and unzipped his trousers then slipped them, and his briefs down to his knees. Without even being told to, he bent over the file cabinet and steeled himself for the punishment he was about to receive.

Until that day, he considered himself a pretty tough guy. One time, while playing baseball, he ended up on the bottom of a pile of three boys all going for a long fly ball and broke his wrist in a number of barely mendable places. That injury, while painful, never caused him to shed that first tear. He assumed that if he could survive a severe compound fracture, then a paddling from Ms. Windsor would be a cakewalk. He was wrong. The blows to his well muscled behind fell fast and hard. It was a pain like no other he'd ever experienced and the punishment continued for about ten seconds past the point where he thought he couldn't take any more.

Kayla had become very adept at judging when her students had reached their limits and were ready to confess to their misdeeds and she thought Matt was at that point.

"So, Mr. Green, are you ready to admit that you didn't turn in your mid-term essay?"

He wiped the tears from his eyes and tried not to let his sobs choke his voice as he answered. "No, ma'am."

"You're still clinging to this delusion?"

"I swear I did."

"Then you still think that I am the one who is in error here?"

Not really wanting to go down that path again, he carefully phrased his answer.

"I turned it in. You can even go to my room and check my computer," he insisted.

Unfortunately, that didn't appease Kayla.

"Then the way I see it, there are two infractions here; failure to turn in a required assignment and falsely accusing another to cover up the first misdeed. Therefore, you shall be punished twice."

She vowed to show him what happened to repeat offenders and proceeded to give his already crimson butt a blistering second round of stinging swats. Kayla never counted during her spankings. She just kept swinging until she felt that her errant charge had learned his (or occasionally, her) lesson. Finishing the second spanking, she had the sobbing boy stand up and return his briefs and pants to their original position then sent him off to the restroom to clean up and compose himself before going to his next class. Satisfied that she had taught him a lesson he wouldn't soon forget, she returned to her classroom.

That night, she sat down at her dining table and prepared to grade her freshman class' mid-term essays. She was nearly half-finished when she decided to read just one more before going to bed. Her exhaustion was so great that she was nearly finished with the first page before she realized that the student had written on the wrong topic. These students were assigned to write about a topic related to the novel "A Tale of Two Cities" and yet this paper was exploring themes of Ernest Hemmingway.

'It was the one on Hemmingway.' The words echoed through her brain. She quickly thumbed to the back page to see who the author of the paper was. Matt's name nearly jumped off the page at her. For a moment the room seemed to spin around her and she could feel the color draining from her face. He had turned in his paper. That fact pounded in her brain, barely giving room for the one that followed. She was the one who had made the false accusation, not him.

The memory of his taut ass cheeks, covered in a palette of purple bruises was as vivid as if he were standing in front of her. The echo of his tear-filled protest of innocence rang through her brain only to eventually be drowned out by her own mental voice pronouncing her guilty... guilty... guilty.

"Oh my God, what have I done?" she asked in a horrified whisper.

Sleep eluded her most of the night as she pondered her predicament. What could she possibly do to make amends? Obviously, she needed to apologize but was that enough? Despite being a tough teacher, she had always enjoyed a good relationship with her students and Matt was no exception. Would this incident damage that rapport? She could only hope that the damage wasn't so severe that it couldn't be repaired.

The next morning she watched the students closely as they entered the room. She could see that Matt walked a little slower than usual and a small grimace crossed his face as he sat down. Once everyone was in and seated she closed the door and walked to the front of the room.

"Ladies and gentlemen, I have a brief announcement to make. Yesterday, I wrongly accused Mr. Green of not turning in his mid-term essay and I punished him for it. I say that I wrongly accused him because last night I found his paper. It had become mixed in with the freshman class papers."

She paused as a few sympathetic groans floated in the air. One student leaned forward and patted Matt on the shoulder.

"I want to publicly apologize for my error in judgement," she stated before fixing her gaze directly on Matt. "Mr. Green, I am very sorry, not only for my error but also for putting you through that experience unnecessarily."

Matt nodded. "Apology accepted, Ms. Windsor."

"Thank you," she replied.

The rest of the class period went as normally and when the students left, she couldn't detect any difference in Matt's attitude towards her. As he walked to the door, he was in a conversation with one of his classmates. She saw the other boy say something and Matt shake his head. She wondered if they were talking about her but chose not to dwell on it.

So long as her mind was pre-occupied with teaching, it was no problem to run from her guilty conscience. Unfortunately, during lunch and her prep hour she couldn't find a way to avoid it. She even discussed the issue with another teacher who counseled her to put it all behind her. It was, after all, an honest mistake and Matt had seemingly accepted her apology and forgiven her. Forgiving herself, however, was proving to be the difficult part. By the end of the day she knew what she had to do. As she packed her briefcase to go home, one extra item was slipped into the bag. Then she went off in search of Matt.

As expected, she found him at his locker, putting his bookbag away and grabbing his gym bag so he could go to soccer practice. The metal door separated them and he didn't see her until he turned to go to the locker room.

"Ms. Windsor," he acknowledged respectfully.

"Mr. Green, may speak to you for a moment?"

"Sure but do you mind if we walk and talk? If I'm late for soccer practice, the coach will make me run laps and that's not going to be very comfortable right now."

She remembered only too well the contusions that colored his back-end and could only imagine how tender the area would be. Her own face colored brightly as she remembered why she was there.

"Yes, I'm sure it's not, which is why I want to speak to you."

They took several steps towards the gymnasium before she spoke again.

"You see, I wanted to apologize again for the unwarranted spanking I gave you yesterday."

"Ahhh, don't worry about. Stuff happens."

"Yes, I know it does, but it shouldn't have. I really do feel terrible about this. Not only did I give you a punishment you didn't merit; I also gave more than the situation really called for. It's not like me to be so uncontrolled. Anyway, I'd really like the chance to make things right."

They stopped at the end of the hallway where Matt turned towards her. It was at that moment that she realized just how big he was and how crazy her plan might seem to some people.

"Ms. Windsor, look, as far as I'm concerned, there's nothing to make right and frankly, I'd like to put it all behind me."

"Yes, so would I but I can't; not the way things are now. Look, would you please drop by my cottage after practice? It's at the end of faculty row next to the groundskeepers barn."

Matt knew exactly where it was. A few of his classmates had suggested some pranks he could play on her as a way of getting back at her for the unnecessary punishment he had endured and their plans were somewhat specific to the location of her house.

"Fine, whatever you say," he answered and then turned away to rush off to the locker room.

As he walked away he wondered to himself why she clutched her bag so closely to her. He noticed it seemed to bulge more than usual but dismissed the tangent and set his mind to soccer. The state tournament was coming up and he wanted to do all he could to be sure Parkwood won the championship this year.

Kayla was visibly nervous when Matt knocked on the front door to the cottage the school provided her. She hadn't changed out of the tailored skirt and blouse that she wore to work and had only shed her blazer when she got home. She invited him in and offered him something to drink, but he declined saying he didn't want to be late getting back to his dormitory for dinner.

As he walked into the living room, he saw her briefcase on the floor by the sofa. What took him aback was that it was open and on the parsons table behind it, he saw her spanking paddle. He took a half step backwards before she assured him he wouldn't be subjected to it any time soon.

"I told you earlier that I wanted to make amends for my mistakes yesterday."

"Yes," he said cautiously, not entirely sure where she was going with this.

"Well, I thought the only way to do that would be if I allowed you to punish me for it."

"Allowed or asked?"

Her face flushed and she quickly looked at the floor to hide her embarrassment.

"Both I suppose."

Though she couldn't detect any mischief or amusement in his voice, she couldn't help but wonder if he was secretly thrilled by this opportunity as he solemnly agreed with her assessment.

"Well, I think you're right. What's good for the goose is good for the gander."

The nervousness she'd felt when he arrived had tripled by now and she had a serious case of butterflies in the stomach when he made his pronouncement. In her mind she was a teen-ager again, facing the headmaster and his wicked ruler.

"However, this is going to be a little different than the one you gave me," Matt continued.

She gulped nervously.

"Different? How so?"

"Well, little girl bottoms are far too delicate to start with the paddle."

Though she knew she was talking to a teen-ager, he sounded far more mature than his age would lead one to believe. It also made her think that this wasn't the first time he had ever spanked someone.

"Come here," he commanded, taking off his jacket and sitting on her sofa.

Without asking permission to touch her, he pulled her over his lap and lifted her skirt. Red satin panties covered her ample bottom and he ordered her to raise her hips so he could lower them to her knees. As she settled back over his lap she felt something poking her in the stomach. Her mortification was now mixed with amusement as she felt the sizable bulge just under her ribcage. Apparently his attitude wasn't the only big thing about him.

Her amusement was short lived as she felt his bare hand rapidly come down on her equally bare bottom with great force. She bit her lower lip to keep from crying as it felt like her butt was on fire. She wanted to kick and cry and protest his violent treatment of her but she knew she had put herself in this situation and it was up to her to face the music. At least, she comforted herself, she wouldn't face the dreaded paddle. This hand spanking was horrible but she knew she could take it.

When he felt her bottom was thoroughly prepped, Matt stopped and gave it one soft caress before ordering her to stand on her feet. Kayla knew her face was red and probably a little splotchy but felt that wasn't bad considering what she had just been through. Once she was on her feet again, she began to reach for her panties but a stinging slap on her rump stopped her.

"I didn't tell you to do that," he said sternly.

Unable to fathom what else he might do, she could only stare up into his eyes. He took her by the arm and, mindful of the fact that she was somewhat hobbled by her undergarments, slowly led her to the sturdy parsons table that sat behind her sofa. Once he had her in the right spot, he pushed on her back so that she was bent over it next to the paddle. Now that she comprehended what was about to happen to her, she had to protest.

"I thought you said my bottom was too delicate for the paddle."

Matt smiled indulgently.

"No, I said it was too delicate to start with the paddle. That's why you got the warm-up over my knee first."

Before she could say anything else, he picked up the paddle and began to apply it to her already tender bottom. The sting of the paddle was the worst pain she could ever remember enduring as it rained fire in quick, sharp and firm swats on her butt and upper thighs. She wept silently in contrition for the errant spanking she'd given Matt; her tears making small tracks down her cheeks and chin and each tear washing away the guilt she'd carried for her mistake.

After what seemed like an eternity, the paddling finally stopped though the pain in her cheeks continued to

throb. Her legs shook from the force of the punishment she'd endured and when he indicated that she should stand up, she wasn't sure that was possible. Her knees were weak and threatened to give way under her. Gently he put one hand under her arm and helped her to stand, letting her lean against him for a few moments while she caught her breath.

"Okay young lady, I think you need to spend some time in the corner to think about what you've done."

If he'd said those words while she was still bent over the table, she might have agreed. However, while he was holding her, she could tell he was still aroused; possibly even more so than when she'd been over his lap. While she certainly hadn't set out to seduce him, now it seemed like the natural thing to do. As he began to lead her to the corner, she stopped to slip off her panties and then turned the tables on him, nudging him back to the couch.

He began to protest this change in his plans but she reached up and placed a finger over his lips. A mildly stern look on her face let him know that she had resumed the role of the teacher and authority figure and so he acquiesced while she pushed him down onto the sofa and knelt before him. Feeling rather excited about what he thought was going to happen he settled back into the cushions and let her proceed.

Slowly she unfastened the button and zipper on his pants. He raised his hips and let her pull down his trousers as well as his boxers just far enough so that his sizable manhood sprang out. As she wrapped her fingers around it's girthy mid-section, Kayla licked her lips in anticipation. She knew that what she was about to do was very wrong and violated all ethical behavior. His gasp as she first touched her tongue to the dark purple head of his cock let her know just how surprised he was.

"Oh come on now, Matthew. Do you really expect me to believe that no one has ever done this to you before?"

"I... uhhh..."

"Well, what would your friends think if I let you go back to the dormitory in this condition?"

She followed up her question with a long slow lick of the shaft from his balls up to the tip and her action rendered him speechless. She continued the slow licks, keeping her tongue soft and flat. His low moan was a beautiful sound in her ears and she continued for several minutes just making sure he was acclimated to her touch. When he began to squirm, the friction of the fabric against his tender butt made him wince but he couldn't stop his hips from moving in reaction to the gentle sensations she was causing.

Feeling the time was right, she went back to the engorged head of his cock, this time leisurely running her head around it several times and making it very wet. Then she alternated that with licking up and down the shaft. Her hands were busy gently kneading his balls. She knew there was no way she'd ever get his entire length in her mouth and the girth alone was enough to cause jaw problems but she vowed she would do everything in her power to get as much of him in her as possible and so she continued to make sure he was very, very wet.

Matt watched eagerly as Kayla lavished attention on his cock. Her brown hair swayed slightly as her head moved up and down repeatedly. Her lips were soft as velvet on his skin and her tongue exerted a subtle pressure along the length of him. He groaned softly while her hands skillfully manipulated his balls and he caught the look of pure bliss on her face when she looked up at him.

Finally gathering her courage, she pressed her lips to the very tip of his hard cock and rubbed them over the slit, smearing the drop of precum on them before licking it off. Then she did it again, this time slowly letting her mouth open and suck his prick inside. He gasped as he felt the pressure enveloping him; tugging and pulling him further and further into her hot, wet mouth. Then the pressure increased as she pulled her mouth back, still sucking hard, keeping the tension on him. His cock popped out of her mouth and she grinned for a moment as she gobbled it up once again, this time letting it slide easily but keeping the pressure on when she pulled back.

He groaned his approval and she continued with the rhythm she'd found; her mouth bobbing up and down on his throbbing shaft, her right hand stroking the part she couldn't get in her mouth and her left hand still fondling his balls. As she rested her arms on his thighs, she could feel the muscles in them begin to tighten and increased the speed of her ministrations. Her left hand moved back just behind his balls and she pressed firmly but gently on that spot knowing the effect it would have.

Seconds later, her gesture yielded the results she hoped for. Matt could feel the cum nearly boiling in his balls as it burst forth from him. He fought the urge to grab Kayla's hair and force his cock deep into her throat. Still,

he thrust his hips forward as if he were fucking her face.

Kayla swallowed as fast as she could but still couldn't contain the huge load that was coming to her. She felt a rivulet of cum drip down her chin and onto his balls. Fighting the urge to chase it, she stayed where she was until she felt his orgasm begin to wane. Finally he pulled away and then used one hand to milk himself dry, spreading the cum on her lips and watching her lick them clean before she did the same to his fingers and his balls.

It was a few minutes before either of them could think straight, let alone talk but eventually it was Matt who spoke first.

"So, young lady, do you think you've learned your lesson about jumping to conclusions and falsely accusing people."

She reached behind her and rubbed her sore, pink bottom.

"Oh yes, sir. I won't be doing that again anytime soon... unless you want me to."