**Laura's Been A Naughty Girl**

by[Lady Grey](http://www.literotica.com/stories/memberpage.php?uid=246562&page=submissions)©

It was only a small tattoo but I was going to get punished for it and I wasn't looking forward to it.  
  
I could not believe that I was standing completely naked before Mr. Millibrand's large imposing desk. My clothes, which I had reluctantly removed a few moments earlier, were folded neatly on a chair at my side. I could see his dark eyes looking at me over the top of his small bifocal glasses, taking in the delights of my young totally exposed body. I saw the tip of his tongue lick hesitantly over his lips. Behind me, the imposing figure of Matron was standing, her arms folded across her chest.   
  
"Where is the offending item, Matron?" Mr. Millibrand inquired.   
  
"Turn around, Miss Grant," the Matron spoke with authority.   
  
I slowly turned and exposed my trim rear for Mr. Millibrand's inspection. "Ah, yes, I see it," he said.  
  
I knew that he was looking at the small tattoo of a butterfly which I had in a moment of madness, after a dare, allowed a perverted tattooist to inflict it rather painfully on my person while out in town a couple of weekends back with two of my classmates, Eunice and Deirdre. That was after the swift consumption of several vodka shots.   
  
"Yes, I did know that tattooing was classed as self abuse here at collage," I had admitted to Matron who found the small tattoo during an examination of a strained leg muscle that I had foolishly sustained during a hockey match. Such things as tattoos were frowned on at Claremont College, and they were not something that supposedly refined young ladies like me apparently did.   
  
That's the story of how I found myself standing completely naked in front of the head of College. He got up from his chair and came around his desk. Now standing close to me, I could smell the stale smell of tobacco on his clothes. He asked me to bend over and turn my rear to the window. Then he leaned over me and examined the tattoo more closely. I flinched as I felt his finger run over the delicately painted butterfly.   
  
"Is there no way of removing it?" he inquired, looking at the Matron.   
  
She shook her head. "It can be done, but it's a very painful procedure, and it can leave a scar." He slowly shook his head, and then he said I could stand up as he returned to his seat.   
  
"What are we going to do with you, young lady?" he asked. "You knew tattooing was against College rules, but you went ahead and let someone abuse you in that way." I let my head droop, looking at my feet. It was bad enough being naked in Mr. Millibrand's presence, but to be treated like a naughty school girl was awful.   
  
"I am afraid we are going to have to make an example of you. If I let you get away with it, there is no saying where it will all end, and of course I am going to have to inform your parents." Suddenly, I was really upset at the thought of daddy being informed of my misdemeanor.   
  
"You may put your clothes back on now and go to your room. All privileges are suspended until the matter is settled." I slowly slipped back into my clothes, conscious that he was watching my every move. I tried not to expose my more intimate parts to him, but with him being so close, it was difficult not to as I eased my feet into my regulation white cotton panties.   
  
Back in my room, I was quickly visited by Eunice and Deirdre who wanted to know how I had gone on.   
  
"The dirty old beast," exclaimed Deirdre when I told them about the close scrutiny examination I had to endure.   
  
It was three days later that I was again called to Mr. Millibrand's office. This time I was shocked to see daddy there. He looked grave as he sat in one of Mr. Millibrand's leather arm chairs. He was wearing his usual pin striped business suit, his bowler hat perched on his silver topped head, cane resting between his knees.   
  
"Good morning, Laura," he said as I walked in. "Rather bad form, this, especially when your mother's away, I was dragged all the way up here from the city just because you can't behave yourself."   
  
Mr. Millibrand looked at me. "I've filled your father in on the details, and he has agreed with me that an example must be made of you to show the other students that we will not tolerate behavior like this in Claremont College." He looked at me sternly. "I could have expelled you, but as a favor to your father who has been a very good and generous benefactor to the collage, we have decided between us to deal with the matter another way, one which I think will have the desired effect on you and any other students who may think of following your example."   
  
I stood there wondering just what the pair of them had come up with. I knew daddy was ex army and a strict disciplinarian. I had seen the way he had treated my brother when I was at home, and it was only down to the timely intervention of mummy that I myself had never felt his hand or belt on me.  
  
"I think your father would like to see the offending item," Mr. Millibrand said suddenly.  
  
I looked at daddy and he nodded curtly. I was slightly shocked, but I was not surprised. After last time, I had wondered how long it was going to be before the head wanted an excuse to get another look at my body. I looked at Mr. Millibrand, awaiting instructions.   
  
"Just take your panties off, girl, and raise your skirt," he said.   
  
I smiled to myself. I guess he wasn't going to take things too far this time. Maybe it was because daddy was here. I reached under my skirt and began to ease down my panties. Once clear of my hips, they dropped to the floor, and I stepped out of them. I moved back in front of daddy and turned my back on him. Then I bent forward and gingerly lifted up my short skirt. I stood there with my legs slightly parted and a cheeky smile on my face knowing that in this position I was revealing far more than any eighteen year old daughter should reveal to her father.  
  
Daddy stood up and came closer. He seemed to take his time examining me, and I jumped as I felt him rub his fingers over the offending tattoo. "How could you disfigure yourself like this?" he exclaimed. Then I felt a sharp slap on my exposed bottom. "Get yourself dressed, girl."   
  
I stood up, allowing my skirt to fall back in place before bending down to pick up and slip my feet into my discarded panties. At last fully clothed again, I stood looking at Mr. Millibrand, his fingers clasped together in front of his face. "In consultation with your father, we have decided on your punishment."   
  
I looked around at daddy, but his face displayed nothing. "As you need to be made an example of, you will be punished in front of your peers, and as the law now stands, it forbids the use of corporal punishment by teachers, but I have talked this through with your father, and he has given his permission for you to receive your punishment from your own colleagues."   
  
I gasped when I heard what Mr. Millibrand said. I turned and looked pleadingly at daddy, but there was no sign of remission in his eyes   
  
"Report to Matron at one thirty," I heard Mr. Millibrand say. "You can return to your class now."   
  
I turned and walked swiftly from the office. I saw the look on the other student's faces when I walked back into the classroom. I realised that they had probably been informed already of what was about to happen. The head must have phoned through while I was making my way back. There were smirks on some of the boy's faces and looks of pity on some of the girls. Thankfully, Miss Gaunt, our tutor, let us leave for an early lunch, and I was consoled by my friends Eunice and Deirdre. They informed me that Miss Gaunt had instructed them to all assemble in the gym at one thirty.   
  
At lunch I could not eat a thing. I only managed to drink some water, but that was all. At one fifteen prompt, I presented myself to Matron. "You've only got yourself to blame for this," she said sternly, as I walked nervously into her room. "You know the rules as well as anyone else. Now remove all your clothes. I need to examine you."   
  
I slipped out of my clothes and stood there naked as she checked around me. At last she nodded. "You're okay," she said. Then she handed me one of the examination gowns, one of those horrible green things that tie at the back. I slipped my arms into it and she tied it for me. Suddenly, it dawned on me that whatever punishment I was about to receive, this flimsy gown was probably all I would be wearing, or could it be even worse than that.   
  
"Oh, God, no! They wouldn't, would they? Not in front of the whole class."  
  
"Right, Miss Grant," she said. "Let's go and get it over with." She led me down the short corridor to the gym. When she opened the door, I almost turned and ran. In the centre of the gym was a large vaulting horse, and ranged around it seated on the floor was every member of my class, boys and girls. In the center sitting in chairs was Mr. Millibrand, Miss Gaunt, and daddy.   
  
As I was led forward by Matron, I was now feeling very conscious that I was naked under the thin examination gown. I could feel my breasts moving as I walked, and my nipples were rubbing against the starched cloth sending shivers through my body. I stood there with all the class looking at me as Mr. Millibrand stood up. "Ladies and gentlemen, Miss Grant here has willfully broken one of the rules of Claremont College. She has allowed herself to be tattooed. As far as the college is concerned, this is an act of self abuse and will not be tolerated."   
  
Suddenly I was beginning to get scared; all this over a bloody little butterfly. "The matter has been reported to her parents, and her punishment has been agreed upon by her parents and me, and one of them is here to observe the punishment." I saw him turn to daddy and nod. "Due to the restraints of the law, college staff members are now not allowed to administer corporal punishment to students so it has been agreed that this will be done by two member of her own class. One will be Jason Walker, the head boy, and the other, Pippa Green, the head girl. They will administer ten strokes of the willow cane each."   
  
I nearly screamed when I heard this announcement, but I held myself in check. I knew Jason Walker very well, and he thought, due to his position as head boy, he was Mr. Big in college and expected all the girls to fall at his feet. Some did, and he had tried it on with me, but I had rebuffed him on more than one occasion, and he had no love for me. Pippa, on the other hand, was a completely different kettle of fish. She hated me ever since she found out I had spent the night at a frat party with her boy friend so I knew I could expect no mercy or pity from either of them.   
  
"Is everything ready, Matron?" Mr. Millibrand inquired. I saw Matron nod. "Right, prepare Miss Grant for her punishment." I suddenly feared the worse when she came over and began to untie the gown. Was I going to have to suffer the indignity of being displayed naked before the whole class? I quickly knew the answer as she slowly and deliberately removed the gown from my body.   
  
I saw the hungry look on the boy's faces as my nakedness was openly displayed to them. I couldn't believe the sensations I was feeling, and I could sense my body reacting. I could feel that my nipples had already responded and were protruding hard and erect.   
  
Matron took my arm and led me over to the vaulting horse. She instructed me to climb up and lie over it on my stomach. I lay there, the coolness of the leather against my stomach, and the roughness of the wood sides pressing against my breasts. I quickly realised that in the position I was now in, I was unable to keep my legs together, and that every member of my class was probably staring at my most intimate parts that were so blatantly exposed to them between my open thighs.   
  
The next thing I knew was Pippa walking around the vaulting horse brandishing a long thin cane in her hand. She stopped by the side of me. "You're in a pretty mess now, aren't you?" she hissed. "And I'm really going to enjoy this." She turned and walked back around the horse. I tensed my body for the first stroke. When it came, I cried out and my body jerked. It was quickly followed by a second and a third. Pippa was a good tennis player, and she was using her powerful serving tactics on me to good affect  
  
I felt my bottom begin to tingle, and with it, another sensation: an urgent ache deep in the pit of my stomach. Surely I wasn't enjoying this. Or was I? It was a mixture of ecstasy and pain. I tried in vain to hold back the tears for I knew whatever Pippa could do to me, Jason would do twofold. The next blows suddenly landed square across my already reddened cheeks, and I bit onto my lip in agony as the next one landed across the top of my thighs. I gripped tightly onto the protruding handles of the horse waiting for the last blows to come from Pippa. At last they came. I relaxed for a moment; half my torment was over.   
  
Suddenly, I looked up to see the smiling figure of Jason by my side stroking the long cane in his hands. "You wouldn't let me have your pretty little arse before, would you bitch, but now it's all mine." I knew this was going to hurt terribly, but could I at least retain some of my dignity by not crying out and not pleading with him for the torment to stop?   
  
When Jason's first stroke hit me, I must admit I almost blacked out as the pain was so intense. It was followed almost on the same spot by the second. My fingers dug into the wooden sides of the horse as I closed my eyes and waited for the next one. Then I heard Jason's voice. He was back beside me. "I can't believe it! I think you are actually enjoying this, bitch," he hissed. "Your pussy's dripping."   
  
I couldn't believe him. Then I suddenly felt a trickle of moisture run down the inside of my thigh. Oh, my God, I couldn't believe it. Was I was actually cumming in front of the whole class? Then he was gone from view and his third stroke sent a searing pain through my body, and again I felt myself cumming. I gripped the leather and managed to retain my composure although my body had badly let me down, and after another four strokes, at least the pain was over.   
  
I must have looked a mess as Matron helped me down from the horse: my face streaked with tears, and my legs and thighs wet with the juices that had run from my pussy. Matron wrapped the gown around me, and putting an arm around my shoulders, escorted me back to the medical room. She helped me up onto an examination table and I lay there as she tenderly wiped between my thighs before applying soothing oil to my abused bottom.   
  
I was still lying there naked on the examination table when I saw daddy enter the room. He nodded at Matron who made an excuse and left. He looked down at the red stripes that criss-crossed my bottom. "You took your punishment well, Laura, my darling. You are a true Grant. Your Daddy's very proud of you."   
  
He ran the back of his hand lightly up the side of my body from my hip to the swell of my breast. "You have suddenly become a very attractive woman," he said. "When you are feeling well again, I think it's about time we got to know each other a little better."  
  
Then I felt his fingers lightly tracing over the red stripes on my bottom. I winced slightly at the pain, then his fingers were probing, easing my legs apart.   
  
I obliged and I felt his fingers rubbing over the moist mound of my pussy. His fingers gently parted the lips of my outer labia and probed the warm wet interior. I turned my head and looked at him. He withdrew his fingers and put them up to his nose. He inhaled deeply, then slipped them into his mouth.   
  
I reached out and took his free hand. I squeezed it and looked up at him. "I do love you, daddy, I really do" I said.  
  
Let me know what you think of this first one then read the same story from her father's point of view and then Mr. Millibrand's. There are some interesting revelations.

**Laura's Been A Naughty Girl Ch. 02**

My daughter has broken the college rules. She must be punished, but it brings back old memories.  
  
This is something I've wanted to try for some time. It's part two of a series of three stories: one story but with three different points of view, the story from the view of each of the participants. Hope you find it interesting. Laura.  
  
My daughter has broken the college rules. She must be punished, but it brings back old memories.  
  
I can't say I was too happy when Sheena, my secretary, came in and said there was a call from a Mr. Millibrand. "It's a Mr. Millibrand of Clairemont College. That's where Laura is, isn't it?" she inquired.  
  
I nodded curtly and wondered what he wanted this time. Another donation to some new library or sports hall? There was always something.  
  
"Conrad Grant here," I said picking up the phone. "What can I do for you today, Millibrand."  
  
"I'm sorry to be ringing you, Conrad, but it's rather serious. It's to do with Laura."  
  
I sighed. "What's she been up to now? Smoking in the toilets again, or something more serious?"  
  
"I'm afraid it is a little more serious than that, Conrad: she should be expelled."  
  
"Oh shit!" I thought to myself. That's all I need right now. And with her mother out of the country.  
  
"Is it that serious? Can't we talk about this?" I asked.  
  
"That's why I was ringing. I don't want to go down the expelling her route, but we need to do something, and I need your authority to do it."  
  
"Do whatever you have to do. You know I'll back you even if her mother kicks up a fuss, but things are quite busy down here at the moment." That was an outright lie. Things were actually quiet, quiet here at the Foreign Office, and with my wife away on some conservation business in Uganda or some other foresaken place, I was making hay while the sun shines with the shapely form of my secretary, Sheena, a very willing and adaptable young lady.  
  
But Millibrand was a persistent old bugger, and in the end, he persuaded me that it might be in my own best interest if I were to attend the college the following day. There was no point in me going home if I had to go up to Claremont the following day so I called Sheena in and told her to book me a room at The Belmont and order me a car for the following day to pick me up from there.  
  
She looked disappointed. "Does that mean our arrangement for this evening is off, Conrad?"  
  
I shook my head. "No, my little love bird, it just means that the location's changed. I can thrash your sweet little bottom just as well at the Belmont as I can up at my place."  
  
She giggled and even blushed slightly. "You are such a naughty boy, Conrad."  
  
Well, despite the change of location it was still an interesting night, and as we went down in the lift the following morning, I told Sheena to hold my calls for the day and deal with them as best she could herself, and the others that she couldn't, just tell them I'll be in the following day. She smiled and nodded, and I playfully slapped her shapely rear. It was looking as good as ever in her tight pin striped business skirt; she squealed.  
  
"That hurts, Conrad," she said, scolding me. "You laid it on a bit hard last night."  
  
I smiled and remembered the sight of her pert little naked arse invitingly laid over my lap, and the feel of my hands on her firm flesh. As I thrashed her, she wriggled her delightful naked body against my growing erection until I saw her inviting pussy lips glistening with her excreted juices. Then I lay back on the bed and allowed her to mount me. I enjoyed the pleasure of her wanton little body, and reveled in the sight of her superb bouncing breasts as she rode me to a climax.  
  
I watched her now as she walked to the front of the Belmont and hailed a taxi.  
  
"Pretty little thing, isn't she, Sir."  
  
I looked around. It was George, my driver.  
  
"Still giving her one, are we, Sir?"  
  
"Not that's any of your business, George, but, yes, we are. I do have to get some compensation for my wife being away. A man's got to live you know."  
  
George grinned and shook his head as he opened the car door for me.  
  
"Claremont College, isn't it, sir?" he said as he got in the driver's seat and started the engine.  
  
It was a forty minute drive to the college, and I sat and read through the papers that George had provided for me. We at last pulled up on the gravel drive outside the college.   
  
"Will you be long, Sir?" George asked.  
  
"I'm not sure. You can either stop here, or go into town. I'll call you when I need you."  
  
George touched his cap and got back into the car. I watched him go and was about to walk to the door when I saw three quite attractive girls approaching, all attired in college uniforms. I smiled as I remembered something one of the fathers had said to me once on parent's day.  
  
We had been watching a prize giving and I commented on the shortness of one of the senior girl's skirts. I remembered he smiled and said that he thought that the girl's wore the same skirt all the way through college. It was long when they started in the first year, but as they grew, the skirt just became shorter and shorter.  
  
The three girls were all seniors and they smiled as they passed me. As I watched them mount the steps to the front door of the college, not a lot was left to the imagination.   
  
"I can see you still appreciate the good things in life."  
  
I turned as I heard the voice beside me; it was Millibrand. I nodded, feeling a little foolish, but he smiled. "It's one of the better things about my job here: some compensation for all the boring meetings and paperwork I have to do."  
  
I followed him up the steps and along a corridor thronged with noisy teenagers, and he led me to his office, a large comfortable room with a large desk and leather arm chairs.  
  
"Coffee or do you prefer something stronger, Conrad?" he inquired as we sat down.  
  
"Coffee. I think it's a little early for the spirits."  
  
He rang the intercom and ordered us coffee.  
  
"Well, what's this all about, and what's so important that it necessitated dragging me down here?"  
  
"It's Laura," he said. "The stupid girl's gone and done something silly again. You would think a girl her age would show some common sense. She finishes at the end of this term so I don't want to embarrass you by expelling her."   
  
"What's she done that's so serious?"  
  
"She's gone and got herself tattooed."  
  
"Tattooed!" I exclaimed. "Where?"  
  
"On her bottom,"  
  
I looked at him sharply. "How do you know that?" I always suspected he was a bit of a lecher, but then again, who wouldn't be surrounded by all these nubile young females.  
  
"It was reported to me by Matron. She was treating Laura for some injuries she sustained on the hockey field."   
  
"And what did you do about it?"  
  
He shrugged and looked a little uncomfortable. "Well, I called her in and asked her about it. She was very evasive; wouldn't admit anything. In the end, I had to demand to see it."  
  
I smiled at him, and just then, there was a knock on the door and an attractive young woman came in with a tray of coffee and biscuits.  
  
I waited until the woman left, then I looked at him again. "So you got Laura to show you her bare arse. Was anyone else in here with you?"  
  
He nodded. "Of course. Matron was here as well. You have to be careful with young women. Things can get misconstrued, and I always stick to the rules."   
  
I shook my head. "You really are a dirty old sod, aren't you, Millibrand? Was that as far as it went?"   
  
He took a drink of his coffee before he continued. Then he shook his head. "No, I had to make sure that there were no other tattoos."  
  
Again I shook my head slowly and smiled. "So now you are going to tell me that you got her to strip completely so that you could examine her." I smiled. "I think I'm in the wrong job."  
  
"It was all completely proper. I never touched her. Matron was there all the time. She will vouch to that."  
  
"I don't doubt what you are saying, but proper, that's another opinion. You get my 18 year old daughter to strip naked in front of you and you say that's proper?"  
  
He looked flustered, but then I grinned at him. "All I can say is that you are a man after my own heart, Millibrand. If I were in your position, I don't think I'd be able to keep my hands off them. A man's got to have some fun in his life, and that's what women were put here for."  
  
He looked relieved and sipped his coffee. Then he replaced the cup on the saucer. "So what are we going to do about Laura? I can't let it pass without some punishment."  
  
"I agree discipline is discipline. The girl's got to be taught a lesson. She needs a thrashing; that always works. It cured her mother; she was an uppity little bitch when I first met her. One day she really embarrassed me in front of a couple of my old army buddies. I remember we stripped her buff naked, and I got one of the grooms to come up and thrash her. She was a different person after that."   
  
Millibrand nodded. "Yes, I always found corporal punishment a deterrent, but this silly government has stopped us applying it. But there are ways around it. Now do you want to see Laura and then we can decide what is best to do?"  
  
I looked at him. "You mean examine the evidence," I said with a slight smile.  
  
He nodded. "Yes, I'm sure I can arrange that."  
  
He picked up the phone and spoke into it, then he replaced it. "She'll be here shortly. Do you want that drink now?"  
  
I nodded. "Might be a good idea."  
  
We were sipping a good brand of single malt when there was a light tap on the door. Millibrand called, "Enter." The door opened and Laura came in. It was a while since I had seen her, and she had grown. She was now an attractive young woman with the striking looks of her mother. She was tall with long blond hair down to her shoulders.  
  
Her short regulation skirt displayed long shapely legs, and I could not help but notice her breasts thrusting tightly against the material of her blouse. "Good morning, Laura," I said, looking her up and down. "Rather bad form, this, especially when your mother's away. I was dragged all the way up here from the city just because you can't behave yourself."   
  
Millibrand explained to her what we had discussed, and she looked sullen and just stood there. "Just take your panties off, girl, and raise your skirt," he said. "Your father needs to see what you have done."   
  
I saw her look in my direction. Was that a slight smile on her face? She reached up under her skirt and drew down the white cotton panties which fell to the floor around her ankles; she stepped out of them. She moved towards me and then turned her back on me. She lifted her skirt and displayed a firm white bottom. The twin perfect spheres looked delightful. Then she bent forward, and there on the lower cheek of one sphere was a pretty little butterfly. That was not the only thing I noticed: in bending her legs, they were slightly parted and her tight hairless pussy lips were on open display. I felt my cock twinge at her tempting display.  
  
I got up from my chair and stepped toward her. I bent and examined the tattoo more closely. It was beautifully done. She jumped slightly as I rubbed my finger over it. Her skin felt so firm and cool. Between her open thighs I could now see the slight sheen of moisture on the exposed lips of her labia. I felt myself rising to the occasion.   
  
"How could you disfigure yourself like this?" I exclaimed. Then I couldn't resist giving her a sharp slap on that delightful bottom. "Get yourself dressed, girl." I said, and quickly moved back to my chair.   
  
She stood up and the skirt fell back into place. She stooped and retrieved her discarded panties and slipped into them. Then she stood looking at us. Millibrand told her what we had discussed and that he had decided that she would be punished in front of her classmates as a deterrent. As he wasn't allowed to administer the punishment, she would be punished by two of her own. She gasped and looked at me pleadingly, but I wasn't going to overrule Millibrand. In fact, I was quite looking forward to seeing her punished.  
  
"Report to Matron at one thirty," I heard Millibrand say. "You can return to your class now." Without another word she turned and walked swiftly from the office.  
  
Over a lunch of fine fillet steak and all the trimmings, washed down with a good red wine, we discussed the punishment. Twenty lashes we decided were just about right.   
  
"Shouldn't do too much damage," I said. "She's a strong girl."  
  
"On her bare arse?" Millibrand asked. I looked at him, considering for a moment, and I shook my head. He looked disappointed.   
  
"No, I think we ought to do the job properly: strip her naked, give everyone a treat."  
  
Millibrand grinned and nodded. "Leave that to me. I'll arrange it with Matron."  
  
At one thirty, we were all gathered in the gym. Twenty of her forms students were seated on the floor around a well used leather topped vaulting horse. Millibrand and I were seated in two chairs in the center of the group. I looked up as a door opened at the far end of the gym and Laura was led through by Matron. She was wearing what looked like a green hospital examination gown, the ones that are tied down the back. I could clearly see her unrestrained breasts moving under the gown as she walked. I guess the gown was the only thing she was wearing.  
  
As she was led to the front of the class, Mr. Millibrand stood up. "Ladies and gentlemen, Miss Grant here has willfully broken one of the rules of Claremont College. She has allowed herself to be tattooed. As far as the college is concerned, this is an act of self abuse and will not be tolerated."   
  
I saw a worried look in Laura's eyes for the first time as Millibrand continued. "The matter has been reported to her parents, and her punishment has been agreed upon by her parents and me, and one of them is here to observe the punishment." He turned towards me and nodded. "Due to the restraints of the law, college staff members are now not allowed to administer corporal punishment to students so it has been agreed that this will be done by two member of her own class. One will be Jason Walker, the head boy, and the other Pippa Green, the head girl. They will administer ten strokes of the birch each."  
  
At this statement, I saw the look of horror on Laura's face. Obviously she hadn't expected this.  
  
"Is everything ready, Matron?" Millibrand inquired. I saw Matron nod. "Right, prepare Miss Grant for her punishment."   
  
I watched with mounting interest as Matron went behind her and began to unfasten the gown. There was a hushed silence in the room. Everyone's eyes were focused on my daughter who was going to have to suffer the indignity of being displayed naked before her whole class.  
  
As the gown slipped from her body, I got my first look at her nakedness. My God, she was beautiful. There were sniggers and murmurs from her class mates, and I saw hungry looks on some of the boy's faces. I almost felt the urge to rush over and protect her, but I wasn't going to spoil the fun, not at this point.  
  
Her young breasts were firm with pink conical nipples like most young girls. Her tummy was flat and tight; she was a good sportswoman. Her hairless pussy nestled between her pale thighs with just the sign of her pussy lips showing as her shaded cleft disappeared between her legs. Yes, my eighteen year old daughter was certainly beautiful without her clothes on.  
  
The matron led her towards the vaulting horse and spoke to her. Then she assisted her up onto it. She lay across it on her stomach, gripping onto the handles, with her feet just touching the floor. I saw that her legs were forced slightly apart and her pussy was now clearly displayed to everyone.  
  
Another young woman stepped forward. She was holding a long willow cane. She spoke to Laura, and slashed the cane through the air several times before she brought it down on Laura's unprotected body. Laura flinched and she cried out, but only that first time. I was proud of her as I watched the girl administered the rest of her allotted strokes.  
  
Matron came over and looked closely at the red stripes that now showed on Laura's delicious rear end. She nodded towards Millibrand, and a young dark haired lad stood up, also holding a cane. He walked slowly around Laura examining her and speaking to her softly. Then he too took up a position and began his share of the punishment.   
  
He laid the first stroke on her and I saw her body jerk. He was much stronger than the girl; was she going to stand the pain? I did hope so. Before he hit her a second time, he spoke to her again. He was grinning. I saw why. A slight trickle of moisture was running down the inside of her thigh. Shit, I thought to myself, she really is like her mother; she's beginning to enjoy it.  
  
I remembered back to that first time I had her mother thrashed. She had been angry and indignant as I had got my two army buddies to hold onto her while I stripped her. When she was naked, we tied her hands with her arms wrapped around a marble column. I had sent for a groom to come up and thrash her with a riding crop. She had started crying out and weeping, but as the punishment went on, she changed. No longer was she crying out. Her body was jerking; she was rubbing herself against the column; and then we couldn't believe it; she climaxed there in front of us all. And now to top it all, the same thing was happening to Laura.  
  
At last her torment was over, and she was assisted from the gym by Matron. The students were sent back to their classrooms. Millibrand suggested a drink.  
  
"I'll catch you later. Before I go, I need to see if Laura's okay."  
  
He nodded and I went in the direction Matron had taken Laura. I found them in a small treatment room. Laura was lying on her stomach. She was still naked. I stood in the doorway watching matron tenderly rub soothing oils onto Laura's abused bottom. She turned and saw me standing there. I nodded, and she smiled and left.   
  
I looked down at the red stripes that criss-crossed the otherwise perfect spheres of her bottom. "You took your punishment well, Laura, my darling. You are a true Grant. Your Daddy's very proud of you."   
  
I ran the back of my hand lightly up the side of her body. The skin felt warm and slightly damp. I lightly caressed the swell of her breasts. "You have suddenly become a very attractive young woman," I said. "When you are feeling well again, I think it's about time we got to know each other a lot better."  
  
I ran my fingers lightly over the red stripes. She winced slightly. Then I couldn't resist, sliding my fingers between her thighs. She parted her legs slightly allowing me access. I rubbed my fingers over the moist mound of her pussy. I gently parted her lips and dipped into the warm wet sweetness of her cunny. Laura turned her head and looked at me as I withdrew my fingers and held them up to my nose. Her sweet musky fragrance was heavenly. I slipped the fingers into my mouth and tasted her juices.   
  
She reached back and took my free hand. She squeezed it and smiled. "I do love you, daddy. I really do," she said.

**Laura's Been A Naughty Girl Ch. 03**

I enjoy the power I have, but there are darker secrets.  
  
I looked down at the note from Matron on my desk. Then I groaned as my cock was sucked deep into the mouth of Averill Keen, the young woman kneeling under my desk. She was naked. I gripped onto her dark hair with one hand thrusting her head harder between my thighs, and grinned as she choked slightly.  
  
The note informed me that Matron had discovered a small tattoo on the posterior of Laura Grant. This was an expellable offence here at Claremont Collage, but there was a problem; she was the daughter of Conrad Grant, one of the college's benefactors. Not an easy decision; maybe there were ways around it; there usually were.  
  
I lay back in my chair and looked down at the naked girl who was still sucking hungrily on my cock; she was getting the hang of it now. She was one of the seniors in her last year at Claremont.   
  
There had been some problem with her fees. Her farther had lost his job at the bank, and he was unable to pay for his daughter any longer. She had wept when I had told her she would have to leave at the end of term, and it was so close to her graduation. She was a pretty thing with a nicely maturing figure. Maybe there were things I could arrange, I said. She said she would be willing to do anything to be able to stop and get her exam results.   
  
"What do you mean by anything?" I had inquired.  
  
"Well, anything. You only have to ask, Mr. Millibrand."  
  
I looked at her silently for a few minutes, thinking and looking at the swell of her breasts against the white school blouse. It was only three month's fees. I could easily cover those myself out of school funds.   
  
"Maybe there is a way, Averill, but you would have to work to cover the cost."  
  
"I will, I will," she said eagerly. "What would I have to do?"  
  
"Well, you could start by taking off all your clothes for me."  
  
Averill looked at him. Then it suddenly dawned on her. "You really mean it, don't you?"  
  
I nodded. "Yes, you look after me, Averill, for the next three months, and I'll look after you and make sure you get the exam results you need to get into University just like your parents want."  
  
She was silent for a minute, then she began to undress. Naked, she was everything I had imagined: nice firm breasts topped with hard pink nipples, a trim figure, and just a light covering of pubic hair that did not hide the slightly protruding pussy lips.   
  
She had willingly come and sat on my knee and allowed me to caress her firm young body, showing no signs of displeasure. I inquired if she were a virgin, and she shook her head. At least that wouldn't be a problem.  
  
She even showed signs of enjoying it the first time I thrust my fingers into her tight vagina. She was wet and well lubricated. I told her to get dressed and come and visit me at my home later that day: bring some books with you; it will look as though you are cumming for a lesson.   
  
She did as she was told and got a lesson on cumming. Now she usually attended to my needs at least three times a week, sometimes at home, but when I was feeling that way out, I would send for her to come to my office.  
  
Now she was slurping away, and I knew I was near to cumming. She had not been happy about me shooting in her mouth at first, but now she took it willingly. I gripped her hair tightly and cried out as I felt my juices surging up from my tight balls and gush down her throat; she swallowed hungrily.  
  
I adjusted my clothes and helped her out from under the desk. Cum dripped down from her lips and I handed her a tissue with which she wiped herself clean. I cupped one of her firm breasts and squeezed it tenderly. It felt wonderful in my hands. I thought about fucking her, but after reading the note from Matron, I had other things on my mind: Laura Grant. Now she was a beauty. Maybe! Just maybe!   
  
I watched Averill as she slipped back into her clothes. She looked good even when she put her clothes on. "I'll call you, Averill," I said as she was about to leave. She nodded and hurried out.  
  
I rang Matron as soon as she had gone. "It's about Laura Grant," I said. "I've seen your note. I think you need to bring her over to see me."   
  
She said she would contact Laura and call me back. She rang back moments later to say she would be over in fifteen minutes.  
  
I knew I would have to be careful with my dealings over Laura. Conrad, her farther, was one of the college benefactors. He worked in the Foreign Office, and although I had heard stories about him and his interesting tastes from close friends, there was nothing concrete: just rumors and say so. I looked up as Matron knocked at the door and came in leading Laura, a tall, well proportioned blond. She looked uneasy.  
  
Matron explained that she had discovered the tattoo while treating a sports injury. "It wasn't there the last time I examined her," she said.  
  
"Is there just the one," I asked.  
  
Matron looked puzzled for a moment. "Yes, I think so. I have to say I didn't really check for any others."   
  
I looked at Laura. "Well, girl, have you any others you have not told us about?"  
  
Laura shook her head. "No, Sir, just the one."  
  
I thought for a moment. "I think we ought to check, Matron. I have to make a report to send to her parents. We need it to be accurate."  
  
I saw Laura look at me, her eyes widening. "There is only one, Sir, I assure you."   
  
I dismissed her with an inpatient wave of my hand. "Just remove your clothes, and let's get this thing settled."  
  
"You can't! I won't!" the girl cried out. "It's not right."  
  
"It's not right that you should flagrantly go against college rules and get yourself in this position in the first place. Now do as you are told, or I will get Matron to strip you forcibly."   
  
The girl looked sullen but defeated, and she began to unbutton her blouse. I smiled to myself, and under the cover of the desk, I ran my hand over an already blossoming erection. I was not doing too badly for a man of fifty eight: two eighteen year olds stark naked in my office in the last two hours.  
  
I sat back and watched as she undressed. She did stop for a moment before removing her bra, and again when she got down to her panties, but I just looked at her sharply and nodded and she reluctantly slid them down over her hips.   
  
Naked, she looked good: a slightly fuller figure than Averill, larger breasts, and little sign of pubic hair, maybe because it was blond. She held her hands in front of her more intimate regions, but I ordered her to place them by her sides.   
  
I adjusted my semi erection into a more comfortable position and got to my feet. I walked around the desk to where she stood. I could smell the sweetness of her body and the scent of her perfume.   
  
I told her to turn her back to the window and bend over to see things in a better light. The small butterfly was clearly visible on one curved cheek of her delicious, firm looking bottom. It must have been a pleasure for someone to place it there. As I bent over, I could also see the lips of her pussy peeping through her thighs, the darker pinkness contrasting against the whiteness of her thighs. I gently ran a finger over the butterfly; the skin was so smooth, but I felt her flinch.  
  
"Is there any way of removing it?" I inquired, looking at the Matron.   
  
She explained that it can be done. "But it's a very painful procedure," she said. "And it can leave a scar."   
  
I slowly shook my head. It would be a crime to scar such perfection. With some reluctance, I walked back to my seat. I looked at her. "What are we going to do with you, young lady? You knew tattooing was against College rules, but yet you went ahead and let someone abuse you in that awful way" I saw her head drop and she looked down at her bare feet. She didn't like being admonished. "I am afraid we are going to have to make an example of you. If I let you get away with it, there is no saying where it will all end, and of course I am going to have to inform your parents."   
  
She gave me a startled look. The idea of her parents knowing seemed to upset her.   
  
"You may now put your clothes back on and go to your room. All privileges are suspended until the matter is settled."   
  
I watched as she picked up her discarded panties and tried to put them on without giving me another look at her delightful pussy. Then I watched as she got back into the rest of her clothes.  
  
I rang Conrad at his office. He was a little reluctant, but he finally decided that he would come. Her mother wasn't available so he was the one who would have to make the decisions.   
  
It had been an interesting day: a double exposure and I was ready for more. I text Averill and told her to be at my place by seven.  
  
The following day I was feeling a little tired. I was maybe getting too old for all this sex, but while I could still get it up, I wasn't going to give in to old age. Being surrounded by nubile teenage girls certainly kept the libido high.  
  
Averill had stopped over last night. After we started our arrangement, I had managed to put her in a private room in the college dormitory so that when she stayed out she wasn't missed.  
  
As usual, she had stripped as soon as she arrived. That was the rule, and we had fun dressing her up in sexy attire that we had selected and purchased from an internet site, daretotouch.com.  
  
I had managed to take her twice before we finally went to sleep: not bad for a man of my age. In the morning, she obliged with a blow job, something she was becoming very accomplished at.  
  
I saw Conrad's car pull up in front to the building, and I went down to meet him. As I walked out, he was eyeing up three of the senior girls as they made there way into college. Maybe the things I had heard about him were true.  
  
I took him through to my office and explained the situation to him over coffee. At first, I thought he seemed none too happy about the way I had dealt with things, and thought that making her strip naked in front of me had been taking things a little too far. I thought he was going to be difficult, but then suddenly he seemed to change and grinned. He said he wished he were in my place with all the young women around him, and even admitted that if he were, he might be persuaded to take advantage of the situation.   
  
He agreed that Laura should be punished, and told me about stripping and having his own wife flogged in front of some army mates. I explained the problem with the new regulations: that we were not allowed to dole out corporal punishment any more. He huffed. "Bloody! Sill, government rules. A good thrashing never did anybody any harm."  
  
I then suggested that if it came to it, maybe there was a way around it. We could get one of the prefects to do it, or maybe the head boy. I said I would look into it. In the meantime, I inquired if he wanted to see Laura.  
  
He smiled thoughtfully. "Might be a good idea," he said. "Examine the evidence more closely."  
  
I saw a gleam in his eye and I realised just what he meant. I rang through to her form class and asked Miss. Gaunt, her tutor, to send her to my office. While we were waiting, I poured Conrad a large whisky.  
  
Laura arrived, and she was more than a little surprised to see Conrad. He spoke to her sharply and complained about being dragged away from work because of her misdemeanors. Laura looked sullen. She didn't like being admonished, and she disliked it even further when I told her Conrad wanted to see the offending tattoo, and that she should remove her panties and show him. I would have liked to get her to strip completely again, but I thought that might be taking things too far at this time.  
  
She drew down the panties and bent over in front of Conrad. She flipped up her skirt to expose her bottom. It was an awesome sight. With her long legs slightly parted, she was exposing everything, and I saw Conrad wasn't missing a thing. He even got up and examined the tattoo more closely. I was a little surprised when he slapped her quite hard on her bare flesh before walking back to his seat.  
  
As the girl dressed again, I explained to her what we had decided about her punishment. She seemed shocked when we told her that she would be punished by her own college mates who would all be there to watch it take place. I finally sent her back to her class telling her to present herself to the Matron at one fifteen.  
  
I had ordered us both a meal in the private dining room. Fillet steak was on the menu and Conrad seemed to enjoy it. He was certainly a red meat man. Over the lunch we discussed the punishment and decided on twenty strokes. I suggested that it be applied to her bare bottom, but he shrugged off the idea, shaking his head. "No, I think we ought to do the job properly: strip her naked, give everyone a treat."  
  
I must say I agreed with him totally. After lunch, I slipped away to arrange things. I had a bit of a problem getting someone to do the punishment. A couple I had in mind declined the offer, but in the end I managed to find two who would happily do it. It turned out they were not Laura's friends.  
  
At one thirty we were in the gym. Miss Gaunt had brought in all the class members and they were sitting on the floor surrounding a vaulting horse. The two who were to do the punishment were sitting at the end of the row. Both had been supplied with a long willow cane which I noticed they were both caressing in their hands. Averill, who was also in Laura's class, was seated just to the side of me close to where Conrad and Miss Gaunt were seated on chairs.  
  
There was a murmur when Laura was escorted in dressed in a green examination gown. She was led to the front of the class, and I stood up and read out the complaints against her. I was pleased to see the look of horror on her face when I said who would be administering the punishment.  
  
Then I instructed Matron to prepare her. The silence in the gym was electric as Matron slipped off the gown and Laura was revealed to everyone totally naked. I saw some of the boys grinning, and I saw Averill turn and look at me. I winked and turned back to watch as Matron helped Laura up onto the vaulting horse.  
  
I must say two things about the punishment. Firstly, both Jason and Pippa did a good job. The marks covering Laura's pale skin were a tribute to that, but you couldn't fault Laura's bravery.   
  
She was humiliated before her friends, stripped naked for everyone to gloat at, and whipped unmercifully by her two worst enemies. Apart from the initial cry, she hardly made a sound.  
  
I felt a little sorry for her as she was helped down and led off by Matron. I told Miss Gaunt to return the students to the form room, and Conrad said he needed to go and see if Laura was okay.  
  
I made my way back to my office. There was something I needed badly, but I knew it would have to wait. I text Averill to meet me in my office after five when everyone else had left for the day. At four, the bell rang for the end of classes. My needs were becoming urgent. I went around and made sure everyone had gone. Then I locked the outside doors. I was taking a big risk, but it would be worth it. At five to five, my phone bleeped to say Averill was waiting outside. I let her in and secured the door again after her. She smiled at me hesitantly. We had never met in the school itself before except for the time she gave me a blow job with her under my desk. I took her hand and led her to the deserted gym. One small spot light lit up the vaulting horse.   
  
"Strip," I ordered her. She looked worried, but quickly and obediently removed her clothes. When she was naked, I led her towards the vaulting horse. I felt her shivering. She became even more concerned when I attached cords to her wrists, and in turn secured them to the handles on the vaulting horse so that she was facing forward, her delicious bottom exposed to me.   
  
She didn't see me pick up one of the willow canes, but she cried out when she felt it whip across her bare flesh. I landed a couple more blows and enjoyed the sight of her nubile young body twisting and writhing as she tried to escape from me. I leaned close to her and whispered urgently in her ear, "I'm going to thrash you, my darling, to within an inch of your life, and then I'm going to fuck you like you've never been fucked before."