

The Headmistress's Office



The two young students had been caught smoking and were now being sent to the headmistress's office. Miss Brown was infamous for using corporal punishment, particularly caning, as a form of discipline for girls who broke the rules, such as smoking.

As they sat outside the office waiting to be called in, Jenny and Sarah exchanged nervous glances. The sound of Miss Brown's heels clicking on the hardwood floor inside made their hearts race.

"What do you think she'll do?" Sarah whispered.

Jenny shrugged, trying to appear braver than she felt. "Probably just a lecture. She wouldn't actually cane us, would she?"

But the tremor in her voice betrayed her fear. They both knew Miss Brown's reputation.

Just last term, Angela Miller had emerged from this very office in tears, rubbing her backside.

The door swung open suddenly. "Girls. Come in," Miss Brown's stern voice commanded.

Jenny and Sarah rose on shaky legs and entered the office. Miss Brown stood behind her large oak desk, a slender rattan cane resting ominously in front of her.

The rattan cane was long and thin, with small ridges spiraling down its length. It had a natural wood color, with slight variations in shade, and a smooth but sturdy appearance.

"So," she said, her eyes narrowing as she surveyed the two trembling girls before her, "I hear you two thought it appropriate to smoke on school grounds. Is this correct?"

Jenny and Sarah exchanged a quick glance before nodding meekly.

"Y-yes, Miss Brown," Jenny stammered. "We're very sorry."

"Sorry you did it, or sorry you were caught?" Miss Brown's voice was ice cold.

The girls remained silent, knowing there was no right answer.

Miss Brown picked up the cane, tapping it lightly against her palm. "You know the rules about smoking. And you know the consequences."

Sarah felt tears welling up in her eyes. "Please, Miss Brown. It won't happen again, I promise."

"Oh, I'm quite certain of that," Miss Brown replied.

"Turn and face the wall, both of you. Skirts up, knickers down."

Jenny and Sarah froze, their worst fears confirmed.

"I... I said, turn and face the wall," Miss Brown repeated, her voice sharp. "Don't make me tell you again."

Trembling, the girls complied. They turned to face the wall, their hands shaking as they slowly raised their skirts.

"All the way up," Miss Brown instructed. "And knickers down to your knees. You know the drill."

Tears streamed down Sarah's face as she lowered her underwear, exposing herself. Jenny bit her lip hard, trying not to cry.

"Six of the best for each of you," Miss Brown announced. "Who wants to go first?"

Neither girl volunteered.

"Very well. Jenny, you're up."

Jenny's breath caught in her throat as she heard Miss Brown approach. She squeezed her eyes shut, bracing for the first strike.

There was a whoosh of air, then a sharp crack as the cane made contact. Jenny gasped, a searing line of pain blooming across her backside. Before she could recover, the second stroke landed.

"Ow!" Jenny cried out, her resolve crumbling. Tears sprang to her eyes.

"Quiet," Miss Brown snapped. "Take your punishment like a big girl."

The next four strokes came in quick succession. Jenny bit her lip to keep from crying out again, but couldn't stop the tears flowing down her cheeks. Her bottom felt like it was on fire.

"Stand up straight," Miss Brown ordered when she'd finished. "Sarah, your turn."

Sarah was already sobbing as she took Jenny's place. Jenny gingerly pulled up her knickers, wincing as the fabric brushed against her welts. She kept her skirt raised, not daring to lower it without permission.

The cane whistled through the air and Sarah yelped as it struck. Miss Brown showed no mercy, delivering the strokes with practiced precision. By the third stroke, Sarah was wailing openly.

"Please, Miss Brown," she begged between sobs. "I'm sorry, I'm so sorry!"

"Silence," Miss Brown commanded. "You'll take your punishment without complaint."

The final three strokes fell in rapid succession. Sarah slumped against the wall, her body shaking with sobs.

"Stand up straight, both of you," Miss Brown ordered. "Face me."

The girls turned, their faces streaked with tears.

Miss Brown surveyed them sternly, her lips pressed into a thin line. She gave both their bottoms a quick rub, pleased with her work.

"I hope this serves as a lesson to you both. Smoking is not only against school rules, it's detrimental to your health. If I catch either of you with cigarettes again, you'll be back here for double the punishment. Is that understood?"

"Yes, Miss Brown," Jenny and Sarah mumbled in unison, their voices quavering.

"You may fix your uniforms now," Miss Brown said, returning to her desk and placing the cane back in its spot.

With trembling hands, the girls adjusted their clothing, wincing as the fabric brushed against their tender skin.

"Now, you'll both write lines for me," Miss Brown continued, pulling out two sheets of paper and pens. "One hundred times: 'I will not smoke on school grounds.' When you're finished, you're dismissed."

Jenny and Sarah sat gingerly on the hard wooden chairs in front of Miss Brown's desk, tears still glistening on their cheeks. The pain in their bottoms made it difficult to concentrate as they began writing their lines.

The only sound in the room was the scratching of pens on paper and the occasional snuffle from one of the girls. Miss Brown watched them sternly from behind her desk, ensuring they didn't slack in their task.

After what felt like an eternity, Jenny finished her lines first. She placed the pen down and looked up nervously at Miss Brown.

"I've finished, Miss," she said softly.

Miss Brown nodded curtly. "Very well. You may go. And remember what I said about smoking again."

Jenny stood carefully, trying not to wince as the movement sent fresh waves of pain through her backside. She cast a sympathetic glance at Sarah, who was still hunched over her paper, pen moving slowly.

"I'll wait for you outside," Jenny whispered as she passed her friend.

Sarah nodded without looking up, her face etched with misery. Jenny slipped out of the office, closing the door softly behind her.

In the hallway, Jenny leaned against the wall, finally allowing herself to rub her throbbing bottom. She could feel raised welts through her skirt and knickers. Tears pricked her eyes again as the full impact of what had just happened sank in.

Several minutes passed before the office door opened and Sarah emerged, her face blotchy from crying. The two girls looked at each other, a shared understanding passing between them.

"Let's go," Jenny said softly, putting an arm around Sarah's shoulders.

They walked slowly down the hallway, each step causing discomfort. The corridors were mercifully empty, most students still in class.

"I can't believe that just happened," Sarah whispered, her voice shaky. "My bum feels like it's on fire."

Jenny nodded in agreement. "Mine too. I've never felt pain like that before."

They made their way to the girls' lavatory, pushing open the heavy wooden door. Once inside, Sarah burst into fresh tears. Jenny hugged her friend tightly, her own eyes welling up again.

"Shh, it's over now," Jenny soothed, though her voice quavered.

After a few moments, Sarah pulled away, wiping her eyes. "We should check the damage," she said quietly.

Hesitantly, they approached the full length mirror on the wall. Sarah went first, turning her back to the mirror and slowly lifting her skirt. She gasped at the sight of the angry red welts crisscrossing her pale skin.

"Oh god," she whimpered. "It looks awful."

Jenny peered at Sarah's reflection, wincing in sympathy. "Does it hurt as bad as it looks?"

Sarah nodded, letting her skirt fall back into place. "Worse, I think. Your turn."

Reluctantly, Jenny turned and raised her own skirt. The marks on her bottom were just as vivid as Sarah's. She twisted, trying to get a better look.

"I can't believe she did this to us," Jenny said, her voice tight with anger and pain. "It's barbaric."

"What are we going to tell everyone?" Sarah asked, leaning against the sink. "People will notice"

"I guess we will just have to behave" Jenny replied with a wry smile