

A NEW SCHOOL DISCIPLINE

The school year started and much as I didn't care for school, it wasn't too bad. We were SENIORS! We ruled this school. At lunch time I was eating my sandwich when a couple of girls showed up at our table with a clipboard. I wondered what was up.

"We'd like you to sign our petition," they informed me.

Great, I wondered what dweeb cause these underclassmen were stumping? Save the whales or something. "What for?"

"The school board is talking about reestablishing corporal punishment. We're protesting it."

Well, I never got in trouble in any way that ended up getting detention or anything, so I figured it wouldn't apply to me. But what the hell. I scribbled my name on their form just to get rid of them.

Weeks passed, and one morning there was a buzz. I asked the girl behind me what was up.

"They're bringing back spanking."

"Spanking?"

"Yeah, the school board approved it last night. It's supposed to go into effect by the end of the month."

Wow, I thought to myself. I guess my signature on the petition didn't do any good. Still, I wasn't concerned. I figured I'd never get in that much trouble. A few days later we were all handed the new policy. Teachers had the discretion to spank any misbehaving student, bare hand to bare bottom. They were encouraged to handle most transgressions themselves. In other cases, students could be sent to the assistant principals who were authorized to use the paddle. This all became effective the first of November.

I didn't give it much thought. November first came, and I was reminded of the new policy, but through most of my classes nothing different happened than any other. My last class was Ms. Gordon's chemistry class. Miss Gordon was one of our cooler teachers. This was her first year teaching, and she was young. She even let us call her by her first name, Melanie.

Anyhow, I got held up in my previous class, and by the time I was turning into the science wing of the building the bell was ringing. I sprinted for the chemistry room door to find it closing in front of me. I shoved my foot in the door to stop from being locked out. Ms. Gordon opened the door. "Late! Do you have a pass?"

Now one thing Ms. Gordon didn't tolerate was people being late to class and she'd send a kid to the office to get a pass which meant he'd do detention to get it. I shook my head.

"You better go get one," she said.

I was about to back out of the room when I heard someone shout, "Aren't you going to spank him?" Another voice called out "You're supposed to spank him." This was followed by some giggling and more noise. "You send him to the office; he'll get the paddle. I recalled the new policy. Spanking by the teacher, or go to the office and get paddled.

"You're right," Ms. Gordon replied. She pulled me towards the front of the room and sat her self down in a chair. "Drop 'em," she commanded. My head was spinning. Was I really going to get spanked? I slowly started to lower my pants, and she reached over and jerked both my jeans and my shorts down and pushed me over her lap. Before I could even think...SLAP....her hand came down hard disrupting the cool air on my bare rear.

Before I could think, SLAP, it happened again. Ouch. "Two, I heard someone shout. SLAP. Ouch again. Now a chorus joined in the count, "Three." I was now beginning to grasp the situation. Here I was bare-assed in front of the entire class. SLAP. "Four." The embarrassment and the pain overwhelmed me. I started to tear up. SLAP. "Five." That one was even harder.

Then it was over. She told me to pull up my pants and take my seat. I did so quickly, rubbing my sore rear as I went. I gingerly sat down on my sore rear and class settled down.

As the weeks passed, I saw other kids being spanked. I had great empathy for them and really had no interest in watching boys getting whacked. Sometimes a cute girl would get it, and I would watch just to see that bare young rear. The assistant principals patrolled the halls and lunch rooms with their paddles. Some times they'd just give a light tap to some kid who was screwing around or not obeying, but other times the whacks were substantial.

One day at lunch I heard a smack and a large grunt, and suddenly it got quiet. I turned towards the noise, and there was a boy, pants down, bent over. The assistant principal was taking his second swing with the paddle. Smack. The boy involuntarily moved forward with the blow. The paddle went into the backswing and came forward again. Smack. Large red welts formed on this rear. The kid was sobbing uncontrollably. Three apparently was enough as the boy collapsed to his knees and the AP moved on. After a second the boy struggled to get his pants up and moved on. I never did figure out what he did.

But I managed to avoid any more spankings. Things went well. I applied to college. I was not even doing that bad in my Senior classes. In fact, as the end of the year rolled around, I just coasted. I was accepted into college, and I'd have to screw up badly to not graduate. Most teachers recognized the fact and didn't even bother giving finals to seniors. The one exception was Ms. Gordon. She reviewed the year for us and told us that we'd have our final on Monday. Ugh.

Monday came. I got to Chemistry on time and took my seat. The bell rang, but we were all still talking about what we were going to do over the summer and not paying attention. Then we began to wonder. Where was Ms. Gordon? Where were

our tests? Soon the door open and Ms. Gordon walked through the door holding the exam papers.

I walked up to meet her. "I'll take those, Melanie," I stated.

"Thank you," she replied, thinking I was volunteering to help distribute them to the class. I knew the time to act was now. I figured I'd take heat, but I threw caution to the wind. I placed the papers on her desk. With one hand I took her hand and with the other I pulled her chair out from behind the desk.

"What are you doing?" she started as I dropped to the chair and pulled her across me. I lifted her skirt clear of her panties and used that hand to hold her down. With my other one, I hooked the waist of her panties and pulled them clear. Her creamy white rear was there. The hubbub of the class grew quiet as I drew back.

Slap. There was a struggle from Ms. Gordon as the class let out a collective, "One." Slap again as I got the second one in. "Two." I moved quickly through the swats lest she manages to squirm free. "Three, Four, Five." After the last, I yanked her panties back into position and loosened my grip. She stood up quickly and let her skirt fall back in place.

She looked at me coldly. "Principal's office," was all she said and I left the room. I got to the office and was soon facing the principal.

"Why are you here?"

"Ms. Gordon sent me."

"And why did she do that?"

"Well I was late to her class once, and she spanked me."

He waited for a further explanation.

"She was late to class today."

It took a second for it to sink in. "Are you saying you spanked a teacher?"

"Yes, sir. My bare hand to her bare bottom. Five slaps. Just like everybody else who was late to class got."

"I see," he said. He stood up and came from around the desk. He removed his paddle from the hook. "Drop them," he said. I knew what to do. I unfastened my pants and pulled them and my shorts down together. I leaned forward against his desk. He took some test swings with the paddle and then holding it with both hands, brought it down with both hands.

Ow... it was the most painful thing I had ever experienced. My buttocks were burning. The second blow hit, and it was even worse. My knees buckled but I got back erect. Smack again. I wanted to scream. I wanted to cry. However, I wanted to take this like a man. Smack again. And again. I grunted with each blow and tears escaped my eyes, but otherwise, I stayed quiet and stoic. Ten blows in all came. I wanted to see what my rear looked like. It had to be worse than that kid I'd seen getting paddled. Sensing it was over, I stood erect, and when the

principal dismissed me, I pulled my pants up and left. I couldn't sit down at this point, so I just went out of the building and stood there until dismissal.

I found out later that no final was given. Ms. Gordon called for someone else to watch the class and disappeared. I gingerly managed to get seated on the bus, but it was uncomfortable. I was sore for days. The next day I did look at my rear in the mirror. My skin had turned a variety of purple shades in the resulting bruising.

But that was the end of it. I graduated with no fuss and headed off to college. Years later at a reunion, I ran into Melanie. She asked how I'd been, and I said good. We weren't so far apart in age now as it seemed back then. I asked her how she had been, and she coyly looked at me and said, "Bad," and then moved closer to add "I might need another spanking."

As the reunion thinned out, Melanie and I found each other in the hotel cocktail lounge. She sat with me, and we talked about our lives since.

"I never did find out what happened to you. All the principal said was that you had been dealt with."

"I got a pretty good walloping with the paddle," I replied. "I kind of hid out the rest of the day tending my sore ass. I hear you left class afterward."

"Yes," she began. "It was just too much for me."

"I'm sorry," I said sincerely.

"No, it wasn't just you. Let me explain. Remember when I spanked you?" she paused only long enough for me to nod. "Well, you were the first child I ever spanked. Oddly, while doing it, I became aware that I was getting sexually aroused. I swore to myself to never spank another boy. A lot of boys got to slide on that. Only in the worst cases, I sent them down to the office, but I knew I shouldn't do it myself."

I listened intently.

"Then the day of the final exam. From the moment you started to pull me down, I knew what was about to happen. I went into a haze. I suddenly got hot with excitement. By the time the last spank hit my rear I had an orgasm. I was in no mood to deal with you or the rest of the class, so I went into the back room and called for someone to cover for me the rest of the day."

"Wow," I thought to myself. I was unaware that it had happened or that it was even possible. After a few more minutes she leaned closer to me.

"Do you have a room here?"

We made our way to my room, and she gave me a long kiss. Breaking our embrace, she stated, "As I told you earlier, I have been bad."

I sat down on the bed knowing what I had to do. I reached up and pulled her over my lap. Slowly I lifted her skirt, this time with no opposition. I used both hands to lower her panties. I had time now to fully take in the perfect buttocks presented to me. I raised my hand and brought it down upon them.

“One,” I started the count.

With a protracted pause, I cocked back my arm again, “Two.” A pause. “Three.” Somewhere after four, she started to moan and move. After five she started to get up. “No,” I said, “I’m sure you’ve been worse than that.” I continued the count, and she continued to respond. The climax came somewhere around eight. By ten, she was lying limp across me. “That should do it.”

A second later she stood. Rather than sliding her dress back into place she pulled it up over her head. She wiggled her legs and let the panties fall the rest of the way off. “You can have your way with me now.” I guided her down on the bed and quickly removed my clothes releasing my massive erection that had been building since the punishment started.

The better part of a week went by since the reunion. Thursday I was home thinking about what to make for dinner when the doorbell rang. I wondered who it could be when I looked out and saw Ms. Gordon standing there.

“Ms. Gordon. I mean Melanie. Good to see you. Come in.”

“You never called,” she said stepping inside.

“I’m sorry. I intended to. I was hoping to see you again.”

“That was bad,” she said, stressing the last word.

I started getting an inkling of what was about to happen. She moved across to my sofa. “Drop your pants and come here.”

I did as commanded and came over. She grabbed my arm and pulled me down over her lap. “One,” she announced and I tensed up. Smack. For only the second time in my life I was being spanked, and it was by the same woman. “Two.” Smack. It was sharp and certainly not painless. “Three.” Smack. I could feel her moving beneath me. “Four.” She was getting into this. “Five.” Smack. She was shifting on the sofa after each blow. The fact that I knew she was getting off on this was starting to get me hot. “Six.” Gosh, this wasn’t my thing, but I could feel myself getting immensely hard. “Seven.” She was beginning to specifically grind against my penis. “Eight.” Oh, my. “Nine.” How much longer? “Ten.”

She pushed me on to the rug and climbed on top of me. She had no panties under the dress. She had had this planned. Both of us were almost to climax, to begin with. It went quickly and ferociously. She then collapsed panting on top of me.

Melanie and I continued to see each other from time to time. Sometimes we’d meet at her place; sometimes we would meet at mine. Always one of us would have some transgression that needed punishment. It always would transition into very exciting sex.

One day I was meeting Melanie for dinner. I got to the restaurant, and she wasn’t there. I waited for about five minutes without seeing her. I then came up with a plan. I had the hostess seat me at a back booth and told her to expect my date. Ten minutes further elapsed before Melanie was brought back to me.

"I'm sorry I'm late," she said as she slid into the booth next to me.

"You know that's how this all started," I replied.

"How...what?" she said.

I grabbed her by the shoulders and pulled her down over my lap.

"No, you can't," she sputtered.

"I can," I said pulling up her skirt and then lowering her panties. I took a look around, but we were sufficiently isolated at this point of time. I gave her five quick swats and released her. She popped back upright red faced. She moved out of the booth and then thought a second and slid back in on the far side.

I started to get nervous as she sat quietly on the other side of the table. She hadn't run off, but she wasn't her normal self. We ate amidst me trying to make small talk but she seemed oddly quiet. Had I gone too far? After dinner she had me drive her home. We had planned to go on to a club but I guess I had ruined the mood for that. I pulled into a space in front of her apartment.

"You better come inside," she said.

I shut off the engine and got out. With trepidation I followed her. Was she angry? Had I altered our relationship for the worse. She let me into the apartment and told me to wait as she disappeared into the bedroom. I was almost trembling in my fear that I'd ruined this budding relationship.

She emerged from the doorway and sternly said, "Drop your pants, young man." I looked over and she was swinging a paddle. One like the assistant principals used to wield at school. I knew what was coming and slid my trousers and boxers down in one motion.

"You said this is how we got started," she stated slapping the paddle against her hand. "I guess we should continue that. I bought this not knowing if I'd ever be brave enough to use it on you. Assume the position."

I turned my rear towards her bracing my hands on the kitchen counter. I was as fearful as the day I did so in the school office. Melanie came closer. I felt her tap my rear to get the alignment of her swing. Then it came. Whack. She spared nothing. It was as hard as I remember getting it back in high school. "One," she counted. A second later the second came. It hurt like crazy. "Two." The third came and I realized that I was getting red, not just on my rear.

I was getting red and hot, and it wasn't just my rear. After the fifth stroke I spun around. "I see this excites you," Melanie tapped my erect member with the paddle. "Maybe I should take it down." She made a mock swing with the paddle. "No, I have a better way."

She pushed me down on the rug. I rear burned as it came into contact with the floor. She pushed me the rest of the way down as she settled on top of me. She wasn't wearing panties again and soon settled around my member with the dress hanging over us. She started to move. "I always wanted to do it this."

The next day, I was nursing my sore rear end. Had it last this long in high school or did making love on the floor exacerbate it. I don't know what to do now. Was their more to our relationship than spanking and sex? We did seem to have good times when we were together at other times.

Melanie invited me over for dinner the next Friday. I had time to prepare. When Friday came I rang Melanie's door. When she opened it, I handed her a box of roses. "Wow, you shouldn't have," she said as she opened the box.

"I wanted today to be special," I said. I got down on one knee and extracted the small box from my pocket. "Melanie, will you marry me?"

She pulled her hands to her face and looked as if she would cry. I paused. "What?" I asked. "Is that a yes or a no?"

She put her hand on my shoulder and got down and leaned over my knee and hiked her dress up. "Does this answer your question?"

I gave her five quick spanks and then led her off to the bedroom.

-The End-