Things Change

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This incident happened to me after I had graduated from college. I went back to visit my old high school, to bring back memories. I went to an all boys' high school, and my parents thought that I would learn more that way because I would not have girls around me as a distraction. But I still got into a lot of mischief because I liked to play practical jokes on both my teachers and other students. Sometimes this would end with me going to the principal's office for a spanking. Back then it was okay to have your kids spanked at school, and my parents signed a note stating that it was okay for me to be spanked at school.

All of the teachers at the school were male, except for my English teacher. She had just graduated from college, and this was her first teaching job. Seeing that she was the only female that I had everyday contact with, I tended to play more practical jokes on her than anyone else. Her name was "Miss Jones", and she was really pretty and smelled real nice. She sent me to the principal's office more than once, for the stunts I pulled on her. Now I actually feel sorry for the way I treated her, it must have been real frustrating for her.

School had just let out about an hour ago and I was walking down the hallways, looking in my old classrooms, and hoping that I would see a one of my old instructors. That is when Miss Jones came along.

"Hi, Miss Jones," I yelled out to her. "I'm Clyde, one of your former English students. I came back to see the old school and hopefully run into you."

"Oh, yes Clyde," Miss Jones said. "I remember you."

"The old school hasn't changed much," I said. "Are you still teaching English here?"

"Well, the school has really changed since you were here. The school is now co-ed, and I am no longer teaching English, I am now the principal of the school."

"That is a big change." I said.

"Why don't you follow me to the my office where we can talk some more."

"Sure," I said. Then I followed her to the principal's office. When we walked through her door, she told her secretary to hold all calls since see was going to visit with an old student of hers.

Her principal's office looked pretty much like what it looked like when I was in high school. She had changed the paintings on the wall, and it smelled better, but it was the same old office. In the next room, connected to the principal's office, was the punishment room. I had been spanked there many times by Mr. Olson, who was principal when I was going to high school. Many of those times were because Miss Jones sent me there, for practical jokes I had pulled on her.

Anyway, Miss Jones opened the door to the punishment room and said, "As I said before, there have been a lot of changes at this school. One of them is that schools can no longer spank students. It is actually causing more discipline problems for the school. I liked it better when I could spank students for their behavioral problems."

"I think the spankings that I received in this room, changed my behavior." I said. "When I left here and went to college, I was able to concentrate on my studies better, and I didn't pull many practical jokes on people."

"I remember an incident that happened when I was still teaching English." Miss Jones said. "I was late getting to the classroom one morning, and when I opened the closet in the classroom to put away my coat, red paint fell all over my dress. It ruined the dress, and I felt so bad that I had to wear that paint stained all day long. Whoever did that to me really deserved to be spanked."

"Yes, I think I remember that," I said. "Did they ever catch who did that to you?"

"Thinking back about the incident, I don't think they ever caught the person. Also, I think it happened right before a class that you were in." Miss Jones said.

"Well, I have a confession to make," I said. "I was the one who made the paint fall all over your dress. I was afraid to come forward at the time, and you punished the entire class by making us do a lot more homework. I'm really sorry about that. Would it help if I were to pay you now for a new dress?"

"I always thought that it was you!" Miss Jones said. "But I was never able to prove it, so I wasn't sure. I also was made principal the year after you graduated from high school. As principal, I was hoping that I would have had a chance to spank you for all of the practical jokes that you had sprung on me."

"As I said before, I am now really sorry for the stunts I pulled on you." I said. "Part of the reason I did them was because you were the only female teacher in the school. I wanted to see you scream and cry, like women do. I'm sorry! I wish there was a way that I could make it up to you."

"Well Clyde, I think there is a way that you could make it up to me." Miss Jones said.

"Good, what is it?"

"Remember in high school, if you did something really bad, you got sent to the principal's office for a spanking in this room?" Miss Jones asked.

"Yes, I was sent here many times and spanked for my dumb practical jokes."

"Well, now that I am the principal, how about if I spank you for ruining my dress, and for all of the other practical jokes you pulled on me."

"But I haven't been spanked since high school. Besides, spanking students is no longer allowed." I said.

"You are no longer a student, and you wondered how you could it up to me for all the practical jokes you pulled on me. Especially the time the red paint ruined my dress. So how about it? You deserve to be spanked!"

"Well, I guess I deserve to be spanked for my past behavior. Yes, I'll let you spank me." I said.

"Good! Since Mr. Olson spanked you in here, you know what to do. So take off your slacks and bend over the spanking horse."

In the middle of the room was a wooden spanking horse. It was modified so that it could be raised and lowered, depending on the student's height. It also had straps for your wrists and ankles on the legs, and it had a wide strap that held you down about your waist. As a guy, I was always asked to take off my slacks, and I was spanked on my briefs. So soon I was bent over the horse. Miss Jones adjusted the height, and then secured my wrists and the wide strap about my waist. Then to my surprise, I felt her pulling down my briefs!

"What are you doing?" I protested. "When I was spanked by Mr. Olson, I was spanked over my briefs."

"Well I am not Mr. Olson, and I want to see the effect the spanking has on you, So you are going to be spanked on the bare. Besides, you're older now."

Then I felt Miss Jones pull my briefs completely off my legs. She next secured my ankles to each of the legs. Now my legs were spread, and I was naked from the waist down. Mr. Olson used a wooden paddle with holes in it to spank you. Miss Olson took it down from the wall and put it on the floor near my head so that I could see it. Then she said, "Stay there. I'll be right back." I of course couldn't move, because I was secured to the spanking horse. Soon she came back with a riding crop and cane. She laid these next to the paddle.

"Mr. Olson only spanked me with the paddle!" I protested. "You aren't going to use the riding crop and cane on me, are you?"

"As I said before, I am not Mr. Olson, and yes I am going to spank you with the paddle, riding crop, and cane. Things change."

Now I wasn't sure why agreed to a spanking from Miss Olson. But I knew I deserved a spanking from her, so I said, "When I agreed to the spanking I didn't know that it would be on the bare with the paddle, riding crop, and cane. But I deserve it, so go ahead and spank me."

Then I saw her pick up the paddle, and SWAT, the first swat hit me. It stung, but it didn't feel as bad as when Mr. Olson spanked me. SWAT. "I wanted to spank you like this five years ago. SWAT It's good that I am finally getting my chance. SWAT Probably some of the other teachers would SWAT like to spank you SWAT for the stunts that you SWAT pulled on them, too" SWAT

Now the paddle was stinging me a lot more. I didn't have my briefs on for extra protection.

SWAT, SWAT, SWAT. "Your skin is turning a nice red color. SWAT. I'm about ready SWAT, to switch to the riding crop." SWAT

My spanking quit for a minute, and I saw her put down the paddle and grab the riding crop. "I can do a lot more with this than that wide paddle." WHACK. She hit me on the upper thighs, right below my bottom. I tried to move about, but I was totally secured to the wooden horse.

"Ouch," I said.

"That's suppose to hurt. I can really get your tender spots with this." Miss Jones said. Then she started to hit me with many fast small strokes between the cheeks of my bottom, and everywhere that wasn't red from the paddle. Next, to my surprise, she flicked it between my legs. I was already somewhat aroused from being spanked on the bare by Miss Jones, and this made me even more aroused.

"I want to make sure you remember this spanking," Miss Jones said as she hit me a few more times between my legs. Then she put down the riding crop and picked up the cane. "Have you ever been caned before?" She asked.

"No, I haven't," I said.

"In that case I will only give you six strokes. It will really hurt, but I want you to count them out loud. If you don't count them out loud, the stroke will not count. Do you understand, Clyde?"

"Yes, Miss Jones," I said.

I felt a tap in the middle of my already sore bare bottom, heard a whistle, then CRACK. It felt like a hot iron poker had burnt me in a straight line. I moved about to get rid of the pain.

"I didn't hear you count that, so here comes number one again."

Tap, whistle, CRACK.

"One," I yelled out.

"Good, you're learning." Miss Jones said. Tap, whistle, CRACK.

"Two!" I was really going to be glad when my spanking was going to be over. My poor bottom was really burning.

Tap, whistle, CRACK. "Three," I said.

Then I heard the door to the punishment room open. "Oh, I'm sorry to interrupt you, but there is a very important phone call you better take." Her secretary said. I felt so embarrassed, for her secretary to come in while I was being caned and nearly naked, while bent over the wooden horse.

"Can't they call back in about five minutes?" Miss Jones asked.

"No, it's about what happened to a student this afternoon. You better take the call." Her secretary said.

"Okay, I'll take the call. But I'll be back in a few minutes to finish your spanking, Clyde." Miss Jones said.

Miss Jones left the room but her secretary stayed in the room with me. "Your bottom is bright red, and you have four welts from the cane on your bottom. You're a former student, aren't you? What did you do to deserve this?"

"I'm the one who pulled practical jokes on Miss Jones, including the time red paint was spilled on her dress." I said.

"Yes, Miss Jones has been mad at you for that incident for a number of years. She said if she ever saw you again, she wanted to give you a severe spanking that you deserved. And it looks like that is what you got. Let me get some lotion and rub it on your bottom."

The secretary left the room for a moment and returned with some lotion. Soon, the cool lotion was soothing my burning hot bottom. Then Miss Jones walked in the door, again.

"Good, you're putting lotion on him. You can go, now, but leave the lotion, behind." Miss Jones said.

I heard the door close, and saw Miss Jones put a roll of paper towels next to the paddle and riding crop. "Where did we leave off?" Miss Jones asked.

"Three counted strokes of the cane." I said. I felt the tapping, heard the whistle, CRACK. I felt the burning of the cane. "Four."

Tap, whistle, CRACK. "Five."

"Clyde, I'm really glad you came back to visit the school. I've been waiting to give you a good spanking for many years. Here's your last stroke."

Tap, whistle, CRACK. "Six."

Then she started to put the lotion on my poor red bottom. She was putting the lotion all over me. I felt her hands putting lotion on my balls and penis. I was already aroused from my spanking, and now I had a big erection. She stroked me and stroked me, and then grabbed the paper towels to catch my cum and to clean me up.

Before Miss Jones unstrapped me from the wooden horse she said, "I hope you come back and visit the school, again. You still should be spanked again, for all of the practical jokes that you pulled on the staff."

After being released from the wooden horse, I slowly pulled on my briefs and slacks over my tender burning bottom. I thanked Miss Jones for spanking me, and left her office.

On the way out, her secretary said, "Miss Jones really enjoys it when former students visit her. I hope you come back to visit again."