Headmaster's Revenge - Chapter One

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Published on Lush Stories on 07 Jan 2013

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She thought he would forget, little did she know...

http://www.lushstories.com/stories/reluctance/headmasters-revenge-chapter-one.aspx

The day the letter dropped onto the doormat and I caught a glimpse of my old school crest a flood of emotions and memories hit me. Bending down to pick it up I swept the hair from my face and let out a big sigh. Trudging back to the kitchen I put the envelope by the kettle as I started to make a coffee. I lit a cigarette, inhaling deeply as I tore open the envelope and began to speed read through the letter.

My shoulders relaxed as I read. It was just an invitation, for ex-students to return to the school to talk to students about future career prospects. They wanted me to talk about how I set up my businesses alongside some other girls. As I got to the end of the letter my heart stopped. It was signed Mr Bernard, Headmaster. There was a note to respond via email to confirm attendance and final details. Was this it? Was it time for payback?

Almost 20 years earlier

I slowly got up from my chair, the rusty metal legs grating sharply on the floor as I pushed it back. I remember looking at the door, the secretary calling me to the headmaster's office immediately. I could feel my class mates staring at me, my friends laughing, the rest whispering. All I could think was, ‘Shit, I've been caught.’

Exhaling deeply I hunched my shoulders and moved towards the door edging past the decrepit, smug-faced old secretary. She grinned a horrid yellow and black crooked smile at me and the evil glint in her eye confirmed my suspicions.

The school was built alongside a convent, set in an affluent suburban part of North London, surrounded by fields and woodland. The nearest bus and trains were 20 minutes walk in any direction so escape was probably pointless. Anyway, I’d have to come back eventually. Gulping, I realised this

time bending the truth and being a little bit charming wasn't going to get me out of this.

My parents would go ballistic. I might get thrown out just before my final exams. So stupid. I'd have to wait a whole year to re-take. I'd miss the start of college….My train of thought was interrupted by Sister Marie stopping to enter her office.

"You're in for it this time, girl." She cackled as she shuffled into her office, the whiff of decay turning my face.

Shaking my head, I continued down the gloomy hallway, where the part of the school built in the 70's joined the original building, built in the 1800's. The chequered parquet floor had seen better days, as had the carpets. Everything was panelled in a dark walnut type wood, which seemed to absorb what little light there was.

I realised my palms were sweating as I smoothed them down my skirt. Although incorrect uniform was the least of my worries I took out my earrings and hid them in my pocket. Halfway through making a half assed attempt to fix my tie and tuck my shirt in the heavy panelled door to the headmaster's office flew open and his ice-blue eyes locked with mine. As they pierced through me the world seemed to move into slow motion and I felt my mouth dry, my body freezing all but my eyes which had widened like a deer in headlights.

"Miss Jones, when I say you are to come to my office immediately, I *mean* immediately."

The words to my response were spinning in my head. I knew I had to try and act fine but I knew I'd gone too far this time. My mouth moved like a goldfish, no words coming out.

"I'm going to close this door and you. You are going to start this again, Miss Jones, okay?"

"O-okay," I managed to stumble out.

The door slammed and I quickly pulled myself together. Fuck it. If I was going to get expelled I was going to do it with my head held high and without him seeing the satisfaction of me crying. I wasn't a terrible student, I just had a natural rebellious streak. And was easily provoked. There were only 200 girls in the school so I'd spent a lot of time in this office.

I shook my head and pushed my shoulders back and knocked on the heavy door. I took a step back and listened for his response.

"Enter." Came the bark, muffled through the heavy door.

I turned the brass knob and pushed, striding into the room towards the desk I thought Mr Bernard was sitting at. I stopped as I realised he wasn't there surveying the grand room. He was by the immense bay windows that overlooked the gravel driveway that led to the teacher’s car park. Warm sunlight filtered into the room highlighting the beautiful original features of the old building. Mr Bernard was pulling heavy wooden shutters across the window, blocking out the light and instantly changing the atmosphere in the room.

Suddenly shadows were cast as the only light in the room came from the various antique lamps dotted about the place. I felt like my heart stopped in my chest as he stopped and turned to face me. Again I was frozen by his stare. Starting at my feet, he began to look me up and down. I suddenly became very conscious of my uniform. I could see him mentally checking off the many infringements of the school rules; starting with my black trainers. We weren't even allowed those for PE.

Moving up I could see him take in the over the knee white socks. Fine, except where my skirt should have ended…. Instead of the regulation knee length, mine finished just where my hands lung limp my side. Suddenly I felt very self-conscious of the 3 inches of firm, tanned thigh that separated the top of my socks from the bottom of my high-waisted, navy pleated skirt. I’d just about managed to tuck my shirt in earlier, however I wasn’t wearing the blazer or jumper that we were supposed to wear at all times.

As he cast his eyes over my breasts I looked down. My bright red bra made me cringe, glaringly visible through the thin white summer shirt. The final violation was the tie. Done up loose and big, with the top two buttons of the shirt undone. I bit my lip. The silence in the gloomy room was becoming unbearable. I felt like I’d been sucked into some sort of horrible nightmare, till finally he spoke.

“It’s bad this time, Miss Jones,” he said looking straight through me in a deep calm quiet voice.

“I know I, I…” I stumbled.

“BE QUIET AND DO NOT SPEAK UNTIL SPOKEN TO!” Came his deafening roar of a reply.

Returning to his calm demeanor I felt my abdominal muscles clench as he continued.

“I haven’t called your parents yet…” A wave of relief flooded through me. “…but..”

“Please…” I interjected.

“ENOUGH!” He barked, moving towards me faster than I could react, pushing me backwards. I could

feel the tears pricking my eyes when something in the room changed. He seemed to shrink back from me and his voice returned to a deep purr.

“I think you are a talented young lady, what you did was unspeakable. But, I’m giving you the opportunity to pass these exams and make something of your life. I do not want to see you back here apart from for your exams.” He bent down to meet my eye level and menacingly continued, “This isn't forgotten though. You owe me. One day. One day, I will get you back for this.”

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I stubbed out the cigarette exhaling the last cloud of smoke long and deep. Mr Bernard couldn't have been much more than 40 when we were at school. He was a formidable man; muscular, tall and wide with fair hair and weathered tanned skin. His ice-blue, glinting eyes were superfluous to any of our school-girl charm. We all questioned why he would take a job in an all-girls convent school. We all thought it was a bit funny. Apparently he’d been in the Marines but for whatever reason couldn't serve anymore.

In hindsight you could see why the Sisters in the Convent liked having him around. He ruled with an iron fist so we never really paid much attention to his looks. It must have made them feel safer to have a strong man around. I sat at the kitchen table hands trembling and opened up the laptop.

To: m.bernard@saintmagdelenes.edu.uk

Re: Careers talk

Dear Mr Bernard,

Thank you for your kind offer, unfortunately on this occasion I will have to decline as I have prior engagements.

Apologies and best regards,

J Jones.

Short, simple. I gently closed the laptop and went on with my day trying to push the memories out of my head. I knew that message would most likely have infuriated him. I couldn't face having to talk about how they helped me succeed in life. I wouldn't do it.

Later that afternoon phone pinged and my heart beat fast as I read the message. ‘I retire this year

and I intend to close all unfinished business before I do so. You will come to the school tomorrow evening 7pm. I will send you further instructions later.’

I groaned at myself, my mobile number was on my email signature. He didn't sign his name but I knew. Who did he think he was? I blushed as I thought back to what I did to him. Could I complain? What was the worst he could ask me to do? The next message made it pretty clear how bad it was going to be.

‘7pm, you are to park in the teachers car park, let yourself in the staff entrance. Formal school attire.’

I composed myself and got up to get ready for bed. I slept terribly, tossing and turning debating how I was going to deal with this. I’d carried the guilt of what I’d done for so many years. One night, I could take it all away.

I somehow dragged myself through the working day. As I pulled up my car I stopped and put my head on the steering wheel. I felt completely numb. I grabbed the shopping bags from the passenger footwell and made my way into my flat to get ready. Standing in my steaming hot shower, I let the water cascade over my face as I was deep in thought. I had to do something to repay him. I’d dress up for him. Let him have his kicks and leave.

I scrubbed myself with my favourite shower gel, massaging the suds into my toned body. My hands ran over my smooth breasts, round in circles getting smaller on the way up to the nipples. Hardening under my touch my hands moved down between my legs, my fingers grazing against my pussy lips. A cheeky smile crossed my face as I remembered the last night that I had been with my lover. I stopped myself getting carried away rinsed off and started getting dressed.

I had tried my best to pull together something resembling our uniform. I’d managed to find my old tie at least. Pulling on the over the knee white socks I was instantly taken back to my schoolgirl days. I did hate it at the time, in hindsight I had a brilliant social circle, we all had a lot of fun together at the time. I think maybe the strict environment bought us really close together. I didn't own flat black shoes so I put on a pair of plain black stilettos, shrugging. He was obviously just a nasty old man this was what he wanted?

I decided to keep make-up simple. A touch of mascara and lip gloss. I twisted my long hair up into a bun. I had to think hard about the underwear. Our uniform policy actually specified what underwear we had to wear; plain white briefs and bra when in uniform, and these monstrous navy ‘gym-pants’ your gran would be ashamed to be seen wearing. Well, I never followed the rules in school so I wasn't going to now. I settled on a pair of French knickers and matching bra in a deep cherry red.

Buttoning up the new white shirt, all the way to the top, I then found the navy skirt. It wasn't pleated but it was still high waisted and a nice A-line shape. It wasn't as short as in my school-girl days but looking in the mirror I did giggle. Take off the heels, I had hardly aged. I didn't have a jumper or jacket similar but I was running late, I quickly slung the tie round my neck and ran to the car.

The tyres crunched on the gravel as I pulled up to the front of the old Building where the staff room and Headmasters office were. I glanced at the radio display; 7:07PM. Shit, I scurried out of the car noting the lack of any light coming from his office. I ran up the grand white stone steps to the huge peeling, slightly ajar door. Stepping into the cold dark building a shiver ran through my body that I swore I could feel run through every hair on my head.

To my right was that big, heavy wood panelled door. I smoothed down my hair and skirt and rolled my head. I reached out and rapped on the door three times. The memories came flooding back as I heard his voice through the door again.

“Enter!”

Suddenly I wasn't feeling so confident as I nervously grappled with the brass door knob before twisting it and entering the room. It was like a time-warp. The shutters, the lamps. Mr Bernard. This time sat at his desk. Those ice-blue eyes still as penetrating. He looked almost exactly the same, his blonde hair more platinum, skin slightly more weathered. But, he held the same menacing build. I was winded, frozen again, almost 20 years later.

“Close the door behind you now, Miss Jones, were you born in a barn or something?”

Turning to close the door I rolled my eyes as I said, “No.”

“*Sir.*”

I raised my eyebrows as I turned to face him with my arms crossed and a snarl across my mouth.

“You can wipe that insolent look off your face too. You almost ruined me, I've been waiting. Planning this, for a *long* time.”

His sudden confidence had taken me by surprise, my chest was heaving as my heart started to race. The feeling of guilt made my stomach wrench as I looked him in the eyes once again.

“I’m sorry, *sir.”*

“That’s better. Time to inspect the uniform I think, we'll discuss your timekeeping later.” He rose from behind his desk and motioned for me to come forward. I watched him move to the front of the desk, leaning back with his arms crossed against it.

Nervously I edged forward; as I got closer to the desk I noticed an array of objects and a distinct lack of any sort of paperwork. I don’t know why but I felt strange sensation building in me and blood rushed to my nipples. Putting his hand behind him I could see him reaching around for something. I could hear the sound of wood dragging along the desk, looking at his face seeing a malicious smirk cross his face. He pulled a wooden meter rule from behind his back and slammed it against the side of the table.

The crack echoed through the room and I jumped stumbling back a step. Seeing the fear in my eyes seemed to fuel him on, shaking his head he began to present his verdict on my uniform.

“Shoes. That’s one,” he purred, using the ruler to point as if I were some sort of exhibit.

He grazed it up my calves slowly and purposefully. A tingling sensation began, slowly filtering up my legs to somewhere deep inside me. I bit my lip, I was entirely speechless. It was as if no time had passed at all, I felt 16 again. Moving up to the top of my white socks he paused and lightly tapped my exposed thigh on the outside, dragging the ruler slowly round to my inner thigh he began to flick it from side to side causing me to involuntarily suck in my breath.

“Socks, okay. But. How many conversations have we had about the length of your skirt young lady? That’s two.”

He was looking me dead in the eye and even though a metre of space separated us I could feel the heat coming from his body.

“Look this is too much…” I began. I jumped again as a sharp swoosh of air followed by the sound of the ruler hitting my inner thigh made my public muscles start to clench, taking my breath away, halting my attempts of protest.

He moved in closer and growled, “*Only* speak when spoken to, or there will be consequences. Do you understand?”

I was absolutely transfixed by him, I hung my head and mumbled, “Yes, *sir.*”

“Better, good girl. Now I want to inspect your underwear but I can already see that whore red bra through your shirt so that’s three. Turn around, bend over and touch your toes.”

I could feel my hands shaking, but before I could say anything the thwack of the ruler against the desk again kept me silent. I could hear my heart beating in my chest and as I turned around and started bending over I could feel myself getting wet. I blinked trying to process a million thoughts in my head. I knew he could see everything, but I felt him circle the flesh inside my thigh again before it moved to where my skirt ended half covering my firm ass. He lifted the skirt, flipping it over my back exposing the red non-regulation panties and the little modesty I had left.

I could feel tears prickling my eyes again as I felt his large smooth hands grab a buttock, squeezing it hard. I could feel his fingers so close to my pussy lips I had to squeeze my eyes shut and try and stop the emotions that I was feeling.

“Four and five. Slut panties *and* this is not a school issue skirt is it, Miss Jones?”

“No sir.” I sniffed. “But please, look I know what I did was bad, please let’s not drag this out…”

Everything happened so quickly, I first heard the clatter of the wood onto the parquet floor, the rustling of clothing as Mr Bernard swiftly moved. Before I could turn around I heard a ‘swooooosh’ followed by a precision sharp blistering pain shooting across my ass. Screaming and turning around my hands instinctively reaching to try and rub the pain better gave him the opportunity to break the gap between us.

He swooped in locking one arm through mine holding them together while his other reached forwards deftly undoing my tie. Using his free hand and his mouth to tighten the knots, he used his immense body weight to move me to a lying position over his knee as he sat in a small armchair just to our left. He held me down squeezing my neck between his forearm and thigh, he leaned in applying more pressure to stop me squirming. As I relaxed he continued.

“You destroyed my marriage, and nearly my career. I *let* you make something of your life. Tonight, I am going to take as long as I want and do *whatever* I want. Think of it as purging your soul. You owe me this.”

Warm tears ran down my face, no words came from my mouth. I had come prepared to pay him back but I wasn’t really prepared for this. Lifting my skirt again with his hands he took his time and slowly rubbed by buttocks in small circles taking some care to avoid the welt from what I assume was a cane earlier.

SMACK. “One,” he said.

I cried out in pain as his hand returned to massaging, before I heard, “Two.” The burning sensation in the other cheek was replaced by that familiar warm feeling as he went back to massaging, this time groping a little harder, his fingers moving closer to my pussy lips. I shuddered lightly, as it seemed with each hard spank my body started to convert the pain to pleasure.

“Three!”

I cried out in pain as his palm reigned down the third shot right between my legs. I was tormented. Everything was hurting, especially my wrists and arms from being tied up. Despite this I could almost feel the juices from my pussy running down my legs. I tried to move from his lap but he only leaned his formidable body weight into the forearm holding my neck down.

I could feel my face going red, the breath being squeezed out of me and stopped moving. As he released the pressure from my neck I felt one of his massive fingers almost tickle the entrance to my cunt before sliding in. He stirred it round before suddenly sticking in another finger and applying pressure to my clit with his thumb.

A deep moan of pleasure came out of me and I went limp, just as soon as the pleasure was taking over he withdrew his hand and a fourth spank landed on my right cheek harder than any of the others. The pain seems to converge into some sort of sick pleasure as it ran through my body. I could feel my toes curling, my pussy almost craving his touch.

His fingers again rammed deep into my pussy, moving in and out swiftly, fucking me almost to the point of orgasm before again abruptly pulling out and landing a fifth SLAP burning on my left cheek.

He suddenly stood up sending me falling uncontrollably to the floor, winded at his feet.

I looked up and saw his hungry glinting eyes. He grabbed me like some sort of doll by my hair and pulled me into a kneeling position, holding me by the chin to maintain eye contact.

“I've waited a *very* long time for this,” he purred, moving his hand to his belt undoing it swiftly, unzipping his fly and unleashing his cock. I tried to move my head back but his grip tightened and he pulled me forward toward his already very hard erection. I don’t know what I expected but my eyes widened as I took it in. Long, so long and thick, the tip already glistening with pre-cum.

“You will ask permission to suck my cock now.”

Even through the fear and pain I was feeling my body was still reacting, my clit was actually throbbing. The words just fell out of my mouth.

“Please, sir. Please may I suck your cock?”

The corner of his mouth curved upwards and his eyes squinted. He first rubbed the tip around my lips before pushing the tip into my mouth. I slowly sucked on it, maintaining constant eye contact with him.

“Beg,” Mr Bernard said pulling away from my mouth leaving my mouth gaping, looking into his eyes desperately.

“Please. I *need* your cock in your mouth. I want to suck it till you have to cum. I want to taste your cum please. Please let me suck your cock, sir.”

He grinned again with animal lust in his eyes. Placing his hands on either side of my head, clamping it still, he put his massive cock back in and started to fuck my mouth, thrusting slowly, in and out. I could hardly breathe, each time he went in just a little deeper till I had absolutely no control over what he was doing. I could feel my eyes bulging as my body struggled for air.

I tried to just relax into it, and very soon I felt his cock start to twitch. He started groaning as he came and all I could taste was the burning salty juice going down my throat. Pulling out and rubbing his cock he proceeded to pump jet loads of cum all over my face. He rubbed his still throbbing erection all over my face making sure it was evenly coated.

I found myself falling to the floor as he suddenly let go of me. Sore and shuddering, still bound by my old school tie and covered in his spunk I looked up at him again.

“I wish you could see how pathetic you look!” He laughed. “Now we’re warmed up, Miss Jones, you can get cleaned up before we start your real punishment.”

*** TBC