My Old School Uniform

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What is it with guys and ‘naughty schoolgirls’?

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About six months after moving in with my boyfriend Brad, my mum sent dad round to our apartment with two huge boxes full of clothes and things I had left behind. It took a few weeks and a particular gloomy day off after a tiring week at work before I finally got around to sorting through them and it was like some kind of time capsule.

Firstly I piled up the neatly pressed but useless bits of my old school uniform along with other things to go to the dump when I began to wonder if I could still get into them. If I had known what effect it would have on Brad I would have unpacked them a lot sooner!

My mum is so neat. Everything stored in the boxes had been washed and pressed, folded and packed and nothing thrown away. Things I had not worn in years were there, miniskirts, dresses, tops and even shoes that had been out of fashion for almost a decade had all been packed away. Knickers the size of running shorts and plain white bras I thought had gone in the bin years before were all there; what was mum thinking storing such rubbish?

I had left the Ladies College at almost 18 to go to Uni, that was *ten* years ago but here was my uniform, complete even down to the knickers I used to wear! I expected to struggle into the green blazer, surely my boobs were much bigger now but no, it slid on effortlessly and I almost ran to the full-length mirror in the hall to have a look. It was an expensive school and the uniforms were no different so maybe that’s why mum had kept it, and I found myself mesmerised at the sight of me as I had been as a teenager. The blazer was green with green and gold piping around the lapels and tailored at the waist with the school badge embroidered on the breast pocket, I’m not going to describe it as you would probably guess which college it was and that really wouldn’t do.

Turning left then right, looking at my reflection from every angle, buttoned up or undone it looked just as it had back then and much sexier than the green v-necked sweaters they wear now. I just had to put the skirt on. Kicking off my flips and wriggling out of the jeans gave me enough time to rethink the plan; did I really want to know if the skirt would still go around my waist? Sod it! I was home alone; Brad was at work till after six so no one would know. I stepped into it knowing I would be gutted if it

didn’t fit, pulling it up my legs, wriggling the harsh fabric over my hips and hooking it up at the back. Moment of truth, the zip went up without snagging. Phew!

Now come on girls. You all knew it would fit and if it didn’t then no way I would I have written this story!

Okay, the skirt is pleated so very forgiving but it really did fit as I remembered it, flaring out from my waist and stretching down to just below my knees, yes I did say below, it was a girls’ school so there had been little reason to hitch it up. Green skirt, green jacket, ughhh! I shed the uniform and tugged my jeans back on, throwing them on the bed for disposal and going for a cuppa.

There were photos in the box, all ages, different places, holidays home and abroad and some of my school pals. Actually, we looked really smart in our uniforms, white blouses and house ties (mine was red and blue) cute little ankle socks and black buckled shoes, the tie looked hideous but the rest of it was okay.

It was at this point, draining my coffee that I made the decision that would have a very interesting conclusion; I would show Brad my figure was as good as when I was a teenager! Oooops.

Looking at the clock I noted it would be ages before Brad would get back at his usual time of about half six as I twirled in front of the mirror, wondering what Mrs G******, my old House Mistress would make of me now, then Brad’s key turned in the lock much earlier than I had expected.

"I’m home Hun," he said as usual.

"In here," I trilled from the bedroom. I heard him making his way through the apartment. The door opened and I stood there waiting for a reaction...

If Brad was a woman he would have fainted! Instead he stood in the doorway with his mouth open like an idiot, stock still and speechless. The only thing that moved was the growing bulge in the front of his work trousers!

"Look what I found in those boxes," I squeaked completely unnecessarily.

I had gone the whole nine-yards, blazer, skirt, blouse and yes, the white ankle socks and buckled shoes, all from the box, even my house tie loosely knotted and dangling over my breasts. Okay the blouse was a little tight and I began to feel a little stupid as Brad just stood there in silence, his eyes scanning me from head to foot and back again. I probably shouldn’t have gone with the shoes and socks, they felt really silly, but the daftest idea was putting my hair into two bunches tied with little

ribbons. Why on earth had I done *that*?

"Fuck me, Nikki!" he spluttered at last. (Well yes, probably that was why!)

"You wouldn’t think I could still get in my old school stuff," I beamed, giving him a twirl sending the pleats into action. I was beginning to get ‘girly’, giggling like a schoolgirl at the obvious effect I was having on him yet still pondering why he would be bothered about his girlfriend dressing as an adolescent teen.

"Wow, you look really cute," he said in a more normal voice.

Three steps and there he was, right in front of me, towering over me and I suddenly felt really small. I know I’m only about five foot in heels but without them, in flat shoes I seemed to have shrunk into that uniform. It was weird because I often wore flatties, flip-flops or sandals and yet I didn’t feel as tiny as I felt just then, it was as if wearing the school uniform had actually transformed me *into* a schoolgirl!

"You think so?" I said looking up at him.

His hands were all over me, exploring me as if for the first time, over my boobs then on the seat of my skirt pulling me against his obviously aroused cock. It was almost an automatic reaction as my hand delved between us, rubbing over his bulge, ‘you *do* think so,’ I added smiling knowingly.

"How many times did you get spanked wearing this?" he whispered, his lips nuzzling against my ear as if someone else should hear. His arm tightened around me.

"*Never!"*I shrieked. "Don’t be silly Brad. No one got spanked at school."

"Hmmmm. Maybe *I* should spank you."

"Why?’ I husked, pushing my nipples into his chest. "Do you think I’ve been naughty?"

My fingers traced the growing outline of his length; I reckoned he was close to his full nine-inches, he really was enjoying this. "Have I been a naughty girl, *Sir*?" I said with a little bit of sarcasm but knowing full well I *was* being very naughty ... and enjoying it.

"You are a *very* naughty girl, Nikki," he said still whispering into my ear, "and I think you deserve a good spanking."

Wow. This was new territory. I had known Brad for almost a year and he had never talked about

spanking before, neither of us had. We had a very healthy sex life but no whips or canes or anything like that but his cock was about as hard as I had ever felt it so I knew he was aroused by the idea of spanking me.

"Is that what naughty girls deserve?" I said still playing the role.

What was I doing? I had been spanked once, well twice actually but by the same man, Mr Bradshaw my first boss whilst still at University but that was years ago.

Brad’s hand had found its way up my skirt. "No way," he suddenly shouted. I blushed knowing what he’d found. "You’re not wearing ..."

"School knickers," I countered. "They were in the box," I added hurriedly,"I just tried them on to see what they felt like,"my face was getting hot.

"What colour are they?"

Typical man! What does it matter? His expression urged me to reply.

"White," I murmured, my credibility going down the drain. They must have been the last white knickers I ever wore. No one wears white anymore, black to stop guys seeing them under a short skirt, pink or mauve if sex is on the cards, skin-tone or none under white shorts or pants, but white. Not likely!

"Wow, how sexy is that. Let me see," he demanded.

"No way," I shrieked. His hand was all over my bum, my skirt halfway between my knees and waist. "I didn’t put them on for that," I insisted.

"I’ll see them when I spank you," he teased.

"What do you mean, *when* you spank me?" Was I trying to put him off or lead him on, I didn’t know which to be honest.

Brad’s face returned a disappointed expression. "You don’t want me to spank you?"

I recalled getting spanked by Bradshaw and what happened with my then boyfriend afterwards. Brad’s cock was massive even by his standards, he was waiting for my reaction but my fingers were still researching the situation.

"*Of course I fucking do!"* I shrieked.

Every move he'd made since coming home from work had been almost in slow motion, then someone hit the fast button and in a flash I was moving in the direction of our bed. Brad sat down on it and pulled me to his side then tilted me over his spread knees, my long bunches splashing onto the carpet in front of my face my hands grappling with his leg for security as my feet left the floor.

"God that's incredible," he boomed as I felt the skirt whiz up the back of my legs and over my bottom. "Pure schoolgirl," he mused then his hand whacked down on the seat of my knickers.

Oooww that hurt, a pool of fire spreading over my backside, and then he did it again. A few more followed and my hands were moving in that direction only to be pinned to my sides.

I was still trying to work out if I was enjoying this or not, when Brad pulled my knickers down! The cool of the room invaded my private area then his hand did the same and I was bucking on his knee as he spanked me for the first time on the bare! I know my legs were on the move but he had me firmly across his lap and I was going nowhere but my pants were sliding down my legs, snagging around my ankles.

A few more slaps followed then I was back on my feet, hands up the back of my skirt trying to put the flames out.

Brad's face suddenly changed. The smug 'I'm-the-master' look became the 'gosh-I'm-sorry' look at the realisation he'd actually given me a jolly good spanking. I almost burst into tears at the intense heat in my backside but something strange was going on. My stomach churned and my pussy tingled with pure excitement.

"I hope you've got a fucking good hard on," I screamed dropping to my knees between his thighs. My fingers were struggling with his belt and zip but I was determined to get him out and give him a blowjob to remember!

"Wait," he said jumping up from the bed, "I'll be right back," his tone surprisingly sharp.

Now that was odd. Brad had never interrupted a bj before, except to get his cock between my thighs but that was after at least a few minutes of him down my throat. Getting up off my knees I found myself standing there in the middle of our bedroom with my hands clasped behind my back, swinging my hips and watching the skirt sway side to side and then suddenly he was back.

Now it was my turn to be surprised. Brad was wearing the long black gown of a Headmaster, even more surprising, he was holding a cane! My stomach churned as my eyes homed in on the long thin rattan forming an arc between his hands.

"Come here Nikki," he demanded. His voice had changed, it was deeper and more authoritative, insisting not asking and I felt obliged to do as I was told.

I approached him as he continued to display the suppleness of the thin rod, my fingers twiddling nervously behind me as he scanned me from head to toe, dwelling a little too long on my breasts pushed out towards him. "I'm going to cane your bottom my girl," he said simply.

I hadn't asked him where the gown and cane had come from and oddly it didn't seem relevant any more, and why was he going to punish me so hard?

"Please Brad," I squeaked, "don't use that on me."

"Be quiet girl," he barked making me jump at the severity in his voice. "You will address me as Sir. Do I make myself clear?"

"Yes ... Sir..."

"Turn around, pull up your skirt and bend over."

I should be refusing, saying 'not likely' and leaving the room but I didn't, on top of that my pussy was getting hot and it was spreading inwards like a forest fire! I gathered the hem and hitched my skirt waist high, up and over those huge white knickers then eyeing up that fearsome cane one last time before I swiveled around and bent over.

It felt really strange presenting my bottom for Brad to whack with his stick and my knees trembled then my long hair slid from my shoulders and slithered to the floor.

"Touch your toes Nikki," he commanded. My fingers stretched out to meet the tips of my buckled shoes then I felt his hand around the waistband of my knickers.

"Oh, please Brad ... I mean Sir. Please not my pants."

"Straighten your legs girl!"

I obeyed immediately then felt my knickers slowly sliding down to my ankles, pooling around my

shoes.

That first stroke left a searing line across both my bottom cheeks and I shouted out as loud as I could then another followed almost along the same path. I shot bold upright with both hands up the back of my cascading skirt rubbing my poor bottom as hard as I dare, my boobs straining against the tightly buttoned blouse. I noticed my nipples poking through the thickness of the old bra and then realised my pussy was really quite wet.

"Come along Nikki," Brad said impatiently. "This is just the start. Bend over right now. If you get up again without permission I will add extra strokes."

"S ... Sorry Sir," I wheezed trying to get my breath. Obediently I bent over, pushing my bottom towards him then scooping up my skirt before reaching for my toes.

The cane creased me two more times then stopped briefly to give me time to rub my bottom then a tap on my fingers told me to prepare for some more. WHACK!!! WHACK!!!

I was like a ballet dancer pirouetting on the ends of my toes, my hands working hard to extinguish the fire spreading across my rear end. I needed cock; no more strokes of that wicked cane just his dick giving me the fucking of my life!

Brad must have read my mind, I was being forcibly directed to the bed then bent over it face down on the duvet, his knees parting my thighs, one hand clutching my hair like a rein the other unleashing his cock, the sound of the zip somehow almost deafening.

"Ooooow! Ooooowch!" I heard squeezing from my mouth hard against the duvet as Brad found my entrance, his groin cold against my hot caned bottom as he entered me, penetrating me easily and sliding fully home.

Brad was fucking me hard, even mercilessly as he pushed me hard into the bed, his manhood filling me totally, thrusting ever faster. I felt about to burst when a strange noise entered the equation, echoing and abstract!

I jumped from the bed, eyes refusing to open but when they did I was alone, my head sluggish and disoriented.

"I’m home Hun," Brad shouted from the hall.

What! I looked down at myself, I was wearing my old school uniform, I pulled up my skirt for a peep

and yes, those white knickers still looked silly.

"Where are you?" He shouted. My stomach somersaulted. My bottom was not on fire, there were no marks from a cane, I smoothed down the skirt then looked at the clock and it said quarter to seven, he was a little late and I had obviously dozed off.

"In here," I trilled from the bedroom. I heard him making his way through the apartment. The door opened and I stood there waiting for a reaction...