

The Principal Made Me What I Am

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My marriage has been falling apart for years. It had never went well. Oh, we had been good friends in college. My wife Serena was very sweet, and she was lovely to look at. She was dark, with dusky skin and raven hair. Her body was not great, but she was pretty and her tiny frame made her appealing. I found her fun to be with and had gladly acceded when she began to speak of marriage.

It had fallen apart from the first night of our honeymoon. I had been unable to perform. My dick had stayed as limp as the proverbial noodle. I was never able to get it up for Serena. If I did get it up it only stayed hard for a few minutes. She would suck on it. She would jack it off. She would display her body for me. I could never satisfy her sexually. We lived a sterile, empty life with no sex and no love to speak of. I knew she still cared for me, but I was unable to tell her the problem. And I refused any of her suggestions of counseling or other professional help. I already knew the problem. I was just ashamed to tell her or anyone else.

It had started long ago, when I was a teenager. I was 16 and was rather frisky. I tended to get into trouble. Never sexually. I was a virgin. I was a virgin until I got married, and technically, I still was. I had never consummated my marriage to Serena. But this was high school and I tended to horseplay in the halls. This was back in the day when corporal punishment was common. In fact, it was a given in most schools in the south and the midwest.

Finally I got caught acting up in the halls and was called into the principal's office. I expected a dressing down, but I was surprised when Mrs. Wickersham told me that she knew exactly what I had done and told me to bend over her desk. To my surprise, she started whacking my ass with an ash wood paddle. It was painful. Very painful. But I was surprised again when I began to get a hard on. Some of the other guys had been jerking off for months now. I had tried but could not get hard for more than a minute or two. Not enough time to cum. This was different. I was really hard, and I was enjoying this spanking. A lot.

From that day forward I was always acting up at school. I knew what would happen. Mrs. Wickersham was forced to punish me. And I was sure she disliked the physical punishment. Or so I thought. But when I left school after the graduation ceremony she took me into her office when I was getting ready to leave, asking my parents to allow me to see her for a moment. They were slightly confused but I went into her office.

She had me sit down, and then, since I was no longer a student, she was honest with me and told me how much she had enjoyed our spanking sessions. In fact, she told me that she had become sexually aroused and often creamed in her panties. This was rather embarrassing to hear, but arousing at the same time. She was in her 40s but still quite attractive. I had always loved to have such a pretty woman whipping my ass. She thanked me for many, many cums and I blushed.

She asked if she could have one last spanking with me. I was willing. More than willing. I was already getting hard under my graduation gown. She started spanking me as hard as she ever had, and I got so stiff. I also shot my cum into my briefs. I loved getting spanked, as much as she enjoyed giving the spanking. She told me, as I walked out the door, that she had gotten so wet with pussy cum that she would have to change into a spare set of clothes she kept in her closet there in the office. I could smell the pussy juice and always equated it with spanking.

Over the years I had always gone in to see Mrs. Wickersham when I visited home. She always greeted me happily and then she gave me the spanking both of us wanted. I got hard and filled my shorts with spunk and she got creamy and made her panties wet. It was something of a ritual for us. It had continued even after I married Serena. It lasted until Mrs. Wickersham moved to another town and that was the end of the good times for me.

Finally things came to a head for Serena. She threatened to leave me if I would next seek help. She told me she was dying inside from the lack of affection and love. It finally burst in on me that I must tell this lovely, loving woman what the problem was. She was going to leave anyway so I had nothing to lose. Just my pride.

I explained to her all that had occurred to me over the years with Mrs. Wickersham and how much it had meant to me. How I had never been able to be sexually fulfilled without first being spanked. And that I now understood that she deserved the truth. I would understand if she wanted to leave me. I was so surprised when she began blushing as red as a tomato. Had I done that?

However, it was not my story that had embarrassed her but something else. We had been married for ten years and she now told me a story that she had never shared. With me or anyone else. Once, when she was on the volleyball team in high school, in her last year of school, she had made a major error in a very important game. After the game her male coach had made her do laps around the

court for an hour. Then, when all the other teammates had left and the building was almost empty, he had her shower and then called her into his office.

"Serena, you have never played so poorly for me. I don't know what to do. Do you have a suggestion?"

"Well, you could give me a spanking I suppose," she said jokingly. He stared at her then reached out, took her arm and laid her over his lap. He began spanking her, first lightly, then more forcefully as she felt his cock harden under her. And she was getting very wet herself. She created so much pussy juice that when he finished his sweat pants were wet with both his cum and hers. They both were embarrassed by the incident and it was never mentioned again.

Now, I looked into her eyes. She blushed again, and lowered her eyes. I knew we had reached a cusp in our lives. The decision I made now would make or break our marriage. I stood up, walked to her, picked her slight body up with my hands on her hips and sat down with her spreading across my lap. Then I began doing what her coach had done so many years ago. I gave her a spanking. Only this time I pulled her dress up and pulled her panties down, baring her white, round ass.

Starting slowly I started slapping her ass with my bare hand and I increased the pace as I heard her begin to moan and I began to feel wetness in my lap. My cock was growing. I had never known that giving was as good as getting for me. It was so hard it began to ache. It had been so long since I'd had a complete, true stiffy. Her ass was getting redder and redder. I started slapping her cunt too. Both her ass and her pussy needed spanking. She was whimpering with joy and I was hard as a rock. Finally I shot a huge wad of cum in my pants and her pussy juice was soaking in to share the wetness.

Actually, we both were oddly shy after this session. Neither of us had known about the other. Neither had been satisfied for years. The time and cums we had lost! It was only proper to make up for it and I fully intended to do that. I knew Serena was happy now and we would begin a true marriage this night.

This was a woman who had been sexually unsatisfied for years. She was about to make up for it too. She told me to follow her. We went into our bedroom. She went into my closet and took down the rack holding all my belts. She came over to me and ordered me to strip. I did as she said. Then she told me to get on the bed and display my ass to her. I knew what was coming. I started getting hard again.

Wow! Even though I had known what was coming I jumped as she slashed my ass with a wide belt. She must have made a huge welt. And she was taking the frustrations of years of sexual loss out on

my ass. She slapped and slashed until I could feel blood running down my thighs. Then she traded for a very thin belt and really started creating welts. All the while my cock was hard as a rock. But I had just shot so I was not ready to cum again.

Then she did something very endearing to me. She took some salve from her nightstand and gently wiped it on my new welts. The ointment was soothing. I stayed hard and she got under me on the bed and began sucking my cock. This time I enjoyed it. It all depended upon the introduction! She licked and sucked and slobbered on my dick and I shot a wad down her throat, which she swallowed with grace.

Thus began a new life for Serena and Truman.

We went on a spending spree. There was a fetish shop in town and we found several items that caught our eye. We were novices and we were enjoying the new feelings sprouting up in our emotional lives.

We took turns whipping and spanking each other. We both would have liked to be the recipient. But we did so enjoy giving too. Every time she spanked my ass I would grow a huge hard on and she would then give me a blow job if I had not already shot strings of spunk all over our love bed. She was growing to love cock sucking. Not at much as being spanked, but she was getting good at licking the sweat off of my balls and then running her tongue up and down my prick until she could wait no longer and she sucked me until I shot wads down her willing throat.

When I spanked her with the new leather straps we had found her ass would get so red and filled with welts that I would lick her ass and sometimes give her a rim job as a favor. She stayed red all night. But I learned to love to eat her pussy. That was new. I grew hornier as I serviced her ass, getting harder and harder, and looking forward to eating some cum from her creaming pussy.

We started trying ever funkier things. I would take some chains and tie her little wrists up to the chandelier. Then I would make her beg for the ass whipping I knew she was waiting for expectantly. Her pleas became more and more plaintive until I would start slapping her ass with a leather strop or whip of leather strips. She would scream and scream. And she would begin dripping cum out of her cunt and it would run down her legs. She would cry for more and I would give it to her. I would make her ass as red as a ruby. When she had enough she gave the safe word. It changed often. Sometimes I forgot and she got more than she wanted. But I made it up to her. I loved her.

I loved getting my ass whipped too. She got so much pleasure from slashing my ass with nylon ropes. They were very painful and made my cock so hard I thought it would burst. I almost always shot my spunk while getting spanked but she would always bring it back to life with her warm and wet

mouth. Gobbling cum and cocks was becoming her specialty.

Then something very fun occurred to me. I told my dear Serena and she agreed it would be fun.

We went on a car trip. I knew where to go. I had kept track. In several hours we arrived in the right town. We had brought all of our new toys. And we were going to have some fun.

I knocked on the door. Mrs. Wickersham opened it and knew me immediately. Her smile was broad and welcoming. Then I introduced her to Serena and she became more reticent. She had no idea how far I had come. She had no idea how much she had influenced my life. And Serena's for all that.

She invited us in. She was a proper lady. She offered tea and scones. It was late afternoon on a Saturday and she had no school obligations to fulfill. We chatted pleasantly for about half an hour getting to know each other again. Finally, the fateful subject came up. "Mrs. Wickersham, Serena knows all about us. Everything. And she is happy about it. She shares our love for spanking. You still love spanking, right? Well we are here to give you the thrill of your life."

Mrs. Wickersham smiled broadly and said, "I have been unable to replace you Truman. This is such a wonderful surprise. I would love to have a thrill with both of you young people."

I asked her to wait while I went out to the car. I had some things to show her. Serena moved closer and smiled at her with anticipation. I went to the car and brought in our suitcase of toys.

I opened the suitcase. Mrs. Wickersham was fascinated. She had always known that she loved the spankings she gave to the older teens at high school. Now she could see what she might have been doing all along. These were the tools of a true spanking lover. She looked at us expectantly. We both smiled back. This was going to be a dream come true. Serena and I would get spanked together, and cum together as we received our needed punishment.

Mrs. Wickersham took us into her bedroom. She ordered us to take off all of our clothes. She had never had the pleasure of seeing the naked bodies of her spanking recipients. This was a major treat for her and for us. We were both anticipating a great deal of pleasure. My cock was hard and oozing pre-cum. Serena was leaking out of her cooze a good deal of pussy juice. We both wanted what we were about to receive.

She placed Serena on the left and me on the right. We were bent over on the bed with our bare asses in the air. I knew Mrs. Wickersham was planning to beat us both at the same time, and she was right handed, so I was on the right to receive the harder punishment I deserved. Serena would get her share.

Mrs. Wickersham picked up a wide leather strap for me and a cat-o-nine-tails for Serena. Oh, we were going to get the ass beating of our lives! She started hard and rough and never let up for thirty minutes, only slowing down to switch straps or belts. She whipped our asses until the welts began to ooze blood and we were begging for more and more. Finally, after I had shot my wad twice on her comforter, and Serena had leaked pints of pussy cum down her legs, Mrs. Wickersham grew tired and had to end the session. We collapsed on our faces and stomachs. Then we felt her softly spreading soothing salve on our bloody welts. It was sweet.

We left after spending the night recuperating and getting back the ability to sit on our asses. We each gave Mrs. Wickersham a big kiss and promised to be bad children. That meant we would have to come back and get our punishment again. We looked forward to it.

You know something funny? I was still a virgin. I had never fucked anyone with my cock. It had never been in a pussy or an asshole. And the strange thing was that I did not care. I was going to stay a virgin for the rest of my life of spanking and Serena cock sucking and me pussy eating.