

Getting Ready For The Fancy Dress Party

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Preparing for a fancy dress party leads to a painful piece of role play!

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I buzzed Melanie's room and after a few minutes she answered, her voice made tinny by the speaker of the intercom. I announced myself and heard a buzz from the door as Melanie released the catch. I bounded up the stairs to her floor, nodding to some of the other students I knew, until finally I stood outside her room. I knocked on the door and heard a muffled voice, "Just a minute, I'm nearly ready". Finally, after what seemed an age, she opened the door and peeked round, grinning, "You can come in, but no looking!" I closed my eyes and felt Melanie's hand on my arm pulling me into the room. At last she said, "Okay, you can look now." I opened my eyes. Melanie had put her hair up in bunches, giving her an innocent look. Although she had applied some make-up, it was artfully done and I was only aware of it because of the harsh artificial light in her room. She was dressed in a tight blouse which stretched enticingly across her breasts. The blouse was buttoned up to her neck, and completed with an old school tie. A short pleated A-line skirt hit her about mid thigh and she wore long white socks that came to just below the knee. The whole ensemble was finished with a school blazer, complete with a badge on the breast pocket. She looked every inch the demure schoolgirl. I sat down on her bed as looked her up and down, "Wow, you look good." Melanie giggled, "It's mostly my old school uniform." "Well, it still fits!" I said admiringly. "Yeah, mostly, although I think I've grow bigger in some departments over the last few years." She laughed as she ran her hands over her bust. Tonight was the Student Union Fancy Dress Ball and Melanie and I had decided to go together as a schoolgirl and teacher. We had visited Melanie's parents the weekend before and she had brought back her old school uniform. I had borrowed an old academic gown and mortar board from one of the lecturers and brought it in a bag. I proceeded to put it, posing in a mirror before turning to Melanie. She was looking at me speculatively with a curious expression on her face. I smiled and closed the gap between us. I tried to slip my hands under the blazer and round her waist, however, she pushed me away and stepped back, folding her hands in front of her with eyes downcast. "What's the matter?" I asked, slightly puzzled, and a little put out by her rejection. "Oh sir, I am a naughty girl!"

She whispered, and I saw the start of a blush creep up her neck. It took me a few moments to figure out what Melanie was doing but realisation slowly dawned. I stifled a desire to laugh and make a joke about it. Instead I composed my features and gave her a stern look, "Well, young lady! This is very serious and you will have to be punished." "Oh, yes sir!" She replied, her face now almost scarlet with embarrassment. I looked around and pulling the stool out from underneath her desk, placing it in the middle of the floor. "Very well, come here and bend over!" I ordered, indicating the stool. Melanie walked to the stool and, removing her blazer, bent over, her legs apart, her forearms resting on the seat. I carefully lifted her skirt and examined her white panties, running my hands over the cool cotton and warm flesh. I placed one hand firmly on the small of her back and felt a fine trembling running through Melanie's body as I raised my other hand and brought it down firmly on her ass. Melanie made a little noise somewhere between a cry and a squeak before pushing her bottom up again, asking for more. I raised my hand and brought it down harder and was rewarded with another cry, only this time louder. I knew the walls in the halls of residence were paper thin and part of me worried what Melanie's neighbours would think if we got too loud. While it was common to hear the sounds of couples having sex coming through the walls, (and was mostly ignored), I was not sure how well people would cope with the sounds of someone being spanked! I looked down at Melanie's ass and noticed a small damp line appearing where her cotton panties covered her pussy. I let my fingers wander over the patch and felt the warm dampness on my fingers. It was almost as if an electric charge ran from my fingers to my groin and I felt my cock begin to harden. I began to massage the area, pushing the soft material between the lips of her pussy and feeling the material get wetter as Melanie's body responded to my touch. At first Melanie responded positively, her body moving against my fingers, but suddenly she stopped and pulled away. "Oh please sir, not yet. Just spank me! I really have been a naughty girl." She pleaded. Reluctantly I stopped playing with her pussy. Raising my hand again I struck even harder. Melanie let out a scream and my hand was halfway to her mouth before I could stop myself. Part of me was concerned that I had really hurt her, but the other part wondered what the other residents were thinking if they could hear us. "You okay?" I asked in an urgent whisper. Melanie nodded so I reverted to role. I was still partly worried about the neighbours when inspiration struck. "Well, young lady, you are being far too noisy about this so we shall have to take steps. You'll have to be gagged." I pulled Melanie's pants down, removed them and screwed them into a tight ball, carefully making sure that the damp material was outermost. I moved round to her head and, grabbing hold of her long hair, pulled her head back so I could see her face. She was flushed, but this time with pleasure rather than embarrassment. I held the panties where she could see them, could see the stain her juices had made. "Open your mouth." I ordered, half expecting her to refuse, to say she'd had enough, but she complied. I stuffed the panties into her mouth and let go of her hair, letting her head drop. I moved slowly back down her body, my fingers following the line of her spine over the fabric of her blouse and the bunched material of her skirt before gently tracing the curve of her ass. Melanie seemed to make a muted protest at this treatment but, before she could finish, I struck her and her protest turned into a muffled yell. I watched in fascination as the imprint of my hand on her back side went from white to red. I spanked her hard,

each time choosing a fresh spot until her bottom was red. My own hand was stinging now so I stopped, knelt behind her and lightly caress the globes of her buttocks, feeling the heat I had generated. I leaned in, running my tongue and lips over the hot flesh, cooling it. I felt Melanie's body react as I let my tongue slip over her pussy. I had enjoyed playing the teacher and felt an erotic charge from spanking her, but it was the smell and taste of her sex that brought me to full arousal. I stood up and, quickly undoing my trousers, I let them drop to the floor, freeing my cock. I parted her pussy lips and guided my cock to her opening. Usually I would be gentle, but the mood of the evening had infected me and I found myself thrusting into her, hard. Melanie was wet but tight and she shuddered as I entered her, a small cry emerging from around her gag. Whether it was a cry of pain or pleasure I didn't know and, while normally it would have bothered me, at that moment I didn't care. I steadied myself with my hands on her hips and began thrusting hard, my cock almost leaving her body before being rammed home again. I knew I wouldn't last long. At other times I might take it slower until I knew that Melanie was close to orgasm, but tonight all I felt was the urgency of my own need and I fucked her hard and fast. After a few minutes Melanie gave a muffled cry and I felt the heat of her orgasm wash over my cock bringing me to climax as well. Her knees gave way and she seemed to collapse in slow motion. I guided her with my hands as she slid down the stool until she was kneeling on the floor, her head and arms resting on the stool. Her eyes were shut as if she had fainted and tears streamed down her face. I quickly removed the gag and stroked her face. "Mel! Mel! You okay?" I began to panic that I had really hurt her. Melanie opened her eyes slowly and at first she seemed to be having trouble focusing, then a lazy smile spread across her face. "Mmh, yes, I'm err... That was..." She frowned as if trying to remember the words, "...that was amazing!" Then she giggled. "But I think we going to have to have a break before we go to the party, I am not sure my legs remember how to walk at the moment." A feeling of relief swept over me and I laughed before picking her up and guiding her over to the bed. As I put her down she whispered in my ear, "Mind you, I am such a naughty girl that I am sure I will need to be punished again soon." I originally "published" this story on another site and have put it on my blog as well. However, since it is about my (fictitious) college relationship with Melanie, it forms part of the series that started with "The Quickie", so I thought I ought to submit it here as well.