

Jennifer's Shame

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Jennifer returns to her old school to see how it has changed

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At the age of 37, Jennifer Carson still had it. Her face was unlined and she was fitter than she had ever been in her life. Appraising her naked body in the mirror, she allowed herself a small smile of satisfaction. Her breasts were still pert and her bottom was round and smooth. On this sunny Monday morning, she would be visiting her old secondary school to appraise its current standards and decide if she was going to send her own daughter there. 20 years ago it had been a great place and Jennifer had enjoyed her time there. All her teachers were bright and enthusiastic and the headmaster ruled the school with firm but fair discipline. Corporal punishment was still in use in those days and should you run foul of the rules, then you were certain to become acquainted with Mr Carter's Strap or Cane. Jennifer had managed to avoid being punished, not through good behaviour, but by not getting caught. Her best friend Katherine had not been so lucky. Looking back, a shiver of guilt ran through Jennifer as she remembered her final year, when she and Katherine had been smoking some pot her brother had given her and 'experimenting' with each other. They were in the sports equipment store room when suddenly the door opened and one of the PE teachers came in looking for some mats. The two girls hide behind the folded up table tennis tables, but the teacher saw Katherine's foot poking out. "Whoever that is behind the table tennis table, you'd best come out now." The two girls looked at each other, resigned to their fate. Katherine tucked her blouse back in and straightened her tie, and stepped out from behind the table. "It's just me here sir." "Well Miss Grey, what do you have to say for yourself?" "Sorry sir." "You will be by the time Mr. Carter is through with you." Jennifer, still concealed behind the table was fighting with her conscience. She couldn't let Katherine take the punishment herself could she? Jennifer had seen the cane in Mr. Carter's office and tried to imagine how it might feel. She had seen other girls coming back from a visit to the headmaster with tear stained faces, and had seen their difficulty in sitting on the hard classroom chairs. Still Katherine was her friend. She was about to step out from behind the table when she heard the door open and Katherine and the teacher left the store room, leaving Jennifer alone. The bell rang a few minutes later and Jennifer went to her next class. She waited anxiously for Katherine to return. The lesson was almost over when the door opened and Katherine came in and handed a note to the teacher. It was clear that she had been crying, but she gave Jennifer a bright smile when she came forward to sit down. "I'm sorry Kath, I should have come out too." "It's okay Jen, it wasn't too bad really. My bum

hurts like hell and I'll not sit well for a few days, but the wicked weed helped dull things a bit." It had been many years since she had seen or heard from her friend. After school, came university and then Jennifer met Mark. Marriage, child and moving to South Africa followed, then divorce and moving back to the UK all conspired to cause her to lose track of Katherine. Jennifer opened her dresser drawer and selected a simple white lace bra and panties and put them on. She then selected a light summer dress from her walk in wardrobe. She tied her hair up in a ponytail and finished off with small gold earrings. Looking at herself in the mirror again she smiled to herself. Walking through the gates of the school brought back memories of her time here and she spent a few minutes wandering the halls and looking in classrooms. Although it was a Monday, the school was closed for off-site teacher training. Jennifer walked to the headmaster's office and knocked smartly. "Come in." Jennifer stood in the door staring, not believing what her eyes were seeing. "Mr. Carter?" "Yes, you must be Ms Carson, are you alright?" "But, this can't be. You've not aged a day." Julian Carter burst out laughing. "You must be mistaking me for my father." "Your father?" "Mr. Carter senior." "Gosh, you're his mirror image." Jennifer laughed. I thought I was seeing a ghost. "I get that from a few of the parents. Good genes will out I guess." "How is Mr. Carter?" "He passed away about 6 years ago, cancer." "Oh, I'm so sorry. I always liked him." "Thanks. Now, what can I do for you today Ms Carson?" "Please, call me Jennifer. I'm thinking about enrolling my daughter here and was interested in how the school had changed in the last 20 years." "Well, let's take a walk around the school and I'll tell you all about it." "Great, thanks." Julian Carter held the door open for Jennifer and took the opportunity to appraise his guest. She was every bit as pretty as his wife had told him she was and there was clearly a nice ass under that dress which he hoped he's have the chance of viewing more closely. Julian walked her around the outside of the school, pointing out all improvement to the buildings as well as the new construction. Heading indoors, they toured the new classrooms and ended up at the school sports trophy cabinet, which coincidentally was located next to a door which Jennifer remembered well. "Are you alright Jennifer? You look a bit worried." "I'm fine, I was just remembering the last time I was in that room." "Oh, that's still the sports equipment store room. Were you helping get kit out?" "No, not exactly. A friend and I were in there doing things we shouldn't have and a teacher walked in. My friend took the rap and 12 strokes of the cane, but she never told your dad that I was there too. I've always felt guilty about it." "So you weren't the angel your report cards said you were then." "How?" "I took the liberty of looking you up in my dad's records. He was quite fond of you." Jennifer blushed at the complement. "I liked him too; he really seemed to care about the pupils. I'd have been so ashamed if I'd been caught." "Well, it's never too late to atone for your sins." Julian smiled. They headed back to the headmaster's office and Julian gave Jennifer a copy of the school prospectus to take home. Jennifer had been thinking about Julian's last comment outside the store room. "What did you mean earlier about atoning for my sins?" Julian opened the long top drawer in his desk and took out a crook handled cane and a black bound book. "Is that?" "Yes. My dad left it to me along with all his papers and the school punishment book." Opening the book, Julian read out an entry. "Jun 12 th . Katherine Grey, 12 strokes of the cane on the bare bottom. Offense, smoking. Handing Jennifer the book, he pointed to Katherine's signature next to her punishment. Jennifer stared at the page, a sick

feeling in her stomach. Katherine had taken the cane and she had stayed hidden like a coward. Katherine had showed her the damage later that day and Jennifer had cried and hugged her friend. Looking up at Julian, she said, "Are you suggesting what I think you are?" "I think you should stand up Miss Carson." Jennifer stood, her mouth dry, staring at the cane on Julian Carter's desk. Was he really going to cane her? Was she going to let him? Looking at Julian and how much he resembled his father, she couldn't help but be transported back to her school days. "You were in the storeroom with Katherine?" "Yes sir." Replied Jennifer in a small voice. "You were smoking marijuana and behaving in an inappropriate way?" "Yes sir." "You know the school rules as well as any other pupil and the penalty for such behaviour?" "Yes sir, but please it was only the once." "I'm sorry Jennifer, but there are no exceptions. Katherine has taken her punishment and I expect you to do the same." Jennifer's head was spinning, could she really be about to let this happen? She was a grown woman after all, and what was all that sir stuff? Suddenly it hit her. She deserved to be caned. She had let her best friend take the fall for something they had both done. Looking Julian in the eyes, she replied; "Yes, sir, I'm sorry sir. You're right. I know the rules and shouldn't expect you to be lenient with me." "I'm glad you agree; now I'd like you to move your chair out of the way, bend over the desk and grip the other side." Julian picked the cane up from the desk and flexed it a couple of times while Jennifer did as she was told. He lifted Jennifer's dress and arranged the fabric out of the way and paused for a moment to admire the shapely bottom packaged beautifully in plain white cotton panties. Inserting his fingers into the waistband, he slowly drew them down and let them fall in a puddle at her feet. Jennifer gripped the desk and closed her eyes as she felt the cool finger of the cane resting against her upturned bottom. God she felt so exposed. This was madness, what was she thinking. "Now then Jennifer, I'm going to give you a dozen strokes, and I expect you to take them with the minimum of fuss. You are a senior girl here at the school so I expect you to conduct yourself as such." "I'll try sir." Julian tapped the cane on her bottom a couple of times to check his aim and to savour the moment. Raising his arm, he brought the cane down with a sharp crack right across the middle of Jennifer's bottom. Holy shit. Jennifer had never felt pain like this in her life. She gripped the desk and ground her teeth to prevent herself from screaming out. Surely she couldn't take this. She felt the cane return to her bottom and it's gentle tapping as Julian took aim again. The tapping stopped to be replaced moments later with another searing line of fire right in the crease where her legs met her bottom. A moan escaped her lips and she wiggled her bottom, trying to ease the pain as the cane returned to tapping. Again and again the cane tapped and then struck her poor defenceless bottom. Her head began to swim as her mind and body absorbed the pain. Her sense of self was reduced to existing in the moment as she wriggled and cried out at each stroke, floods of tears streaming down her face as twenty years of pent up guilt poured from her. After what seemed like an eternity, she realised that the cane was no longer falling and that cool hands were rubbing and soothing her bottom. A warm feeling started to permeate her sex and Jennifer realised that she was becoming aroused as the hands caressed her burning bum. "Are you okay Jennifer?" Jennifer struggled to find her voice. "Yes, I think so. God that really hurt." "It was meant to young lady. You've had that coming to you for twenty years, now stand up and pull your kickers up. There is a small bathroom though that door where you

can wash your face and tidy yourself up a bit.” Jennifer struggled to get up, but eventually made it and gingerly pulled her knickers over he bruised and throbbing bottom. By the time she had return from the bathroom; Julian had returned the chair to the desk and had put the cane away. He was writing an entry in the back book. “Please come over here and sign your entry.” Jennifer crossed to the desk and standing next to Julian bent down to sign the book. As she was signing she noticed the entries above it were dated last week. May 10 th , 2011. Katherine Carter. Bare Bottom Spanking for being cheeky. May 12 th , 2011. Katherine Carter. 12 strokes of the strap for not cleaning up. It was then that Jennifer noticed a photo frame on the desk and in the picture was Julian Carter with a stunning dark haired woman that Jennifer immediately recognised as Katherine. She looked at Julian, who was smiling at her. “Did I forget to mention that I married your best friend Katherine? She asked me to tell you that she’d love to meet up, now that you’re back home.”