

The Position

Principal Brown removed his glasses, breathed on them, rubbed the fog off with his tie. Much better. It was important to have clear vision in his position.

He read the report on his desk again, and once more removed those glasses, only this time to rub the bridge of his nose in frustration. Poor. Mrs. Lautermilk. This was the third time she'd had to send Sandra Lockwood to his office this week. First for coarse language, calling her teacher a "stupid bitch," if he recalled rightly; second for depositing a wad of chewing gum in Leslie Duncan's hair; and today, she'd finally crossed the line and tried to start a fight.

The principal had been a teacher for a year before the war and nine more after, plus ten years in his current posting. In all his years in education he'd never had to contend with a student as poorly behaved nor, franky, as mean-spirited as Sandra Lockwood. Yes, he knew her home life wasn't ideal, but he couldn't simply ask her teachers and classmates to sit idly by while she got it out of her system. The girl was a senior, after all, so if she were going to, she would have done so by now.

At this point, he worried for her future. No man wanted to take on a woman like her as his wife. Lovely, yes, he didn't contest that, yet that was hardly going to make someone see past her many short-comings. She had flunked home economics three times, and had a grade point average so low that she had no hope of graduating. Her maternal instincts were on par with a desert cobra. She swore, she drank, and by reputation was too familiar by far with too many young men. Loose women simply did not attract good men.

He was very nearly at his wit's end for how to reach her, yet it was his job to try. He pressed the recently installed intercom button on his desk – marvelous innovation, that – and pressed the button to speak to his secretary.

"Miss Carruthers, send in Miss Lockwood, please."

She didn't reply, but that wasn't unexpected. Miss Carruthers was an institution here, had had this same position when he'd attended as a pupil himself. The woman mistrusted newfangled technology as a rule. She'd confided in him once that she'd forbidden Mr. Carruthers to purchase a television set for almost a decade after Friedmann's Appliance had first started selling them. By the time Mr. Carruthers had pleaded her into one a few years back, she was too hard of hearing to take notice, which seemed to suit her fine.

Sandra swished into his office with an expression of innocence so profound one could almost believe she didn't know why she was here. But Principal Brown knew that was part of the proceedings for her, to feign obliviousness as a means of displaying contempt for the disciplinary process. Contempt was etched in so much of her. She

casually kicked the door shut as she entered, then turned the chair he set out for visitors sideways before sitting down, then leaning sideways against the back. She behaved as if this were her own bedroom rather than someone else's professional office.

Even the way she wore her uniform was toeing the line of insubordination. It was much too tight on her fully developed body, probably a hold-over from when she had been a freshman or a sophomore. She had developed quite a little bit since then – something she was keen on making every stray eye notice with the two buttons undone in defiance of regulation. He suspected she'd only undone them in the march to his office, or Mrs. Lautermilk would have mentioned it in her report as well. Sandra's socks, only knee-high, were a lesser infraction, but no less a distraction to her male classmates with the expanse of tanned thighs on display.

"Well hey there, Brown," she said, then resumed loudly chewing her gum.

"Good morning, Miss Lockwood. Mrs. Lautermilk tells me you struck Beverly Harris after Beverly reported that you were attempting to copy answers from her exam. Do you have anything to say in your defense?"

She blew a bubble, then sneered. "If that bitch Beverly were seeing to her own defense, I wouldn't be here. Dig?"

"Miss Lockwood, you know I do not tolerate chewing gum or slang. I am not one of your hoodlum compatriots. Understand?"

"Sure, Brown, I get you." She withdrew the gum from her mouth, grinned broadly, and slapped it on the underside of her chair.

The principal reminded himself that she was merely trying to elicit a reaction and maintained his composure. "In spite of your reprehensible comportment, I have shown you the courtesy of calling you Miss Lockwood. You will do the same and address me as Mr. Brown. Understand?"

"Oh, I understand, Mr. Brown, sir." She snapped a weak salute. "I wouldn't dream of being disrespectful to an important fella like a high school principal."

Principal Brown sighed. "We both know that isn't true. You see, Sandra—"

"Miss Lockwood, if you please." She smirked.

"—I really am at my wit's end with you. I've tried nearly every tool at my disposal. I've assigned you detentions, and you've skipped half of them. Mr. Rochelle in the in-school suspension room has reported on numerous occasions that you have issued vulgar gestures or words at him and at times simply walked out. You were given the opportunity to atone with apology essays, and you instead slandered the people those essays were addressed to. With poor grammar I might add."

"What? I ain't never had poor grammar!" Her jaw was still working like the gum had never left, and her smirk was equally implacable.

"I've suspended you, but you only take that as an opportunity to carouse and sew chaos. Frankly, I am running out of disciplinary methods to try out with you. Now

before I make a decision, have you anything to say for yourself? Anything you can tell me to give me any shred of hope that you might begin to mend your behavior?”

Sandra was quiet for a moment, and actually managed to look contemplative. Could she truly, finally, be...? “Maybe you could roll up your hope real tight and shove it up your ass, Brown?” She cackled as his own expression wilted. He should have anticipated that.

He shook his head in disappointment. “Very well. I suppose it is now incumbent on me to mete out consequences for your behavior.”

“Oh gee, no, don’t expel me! I don’t know if I could handle not having to come to this stupid school every stupid day with all you stupid people!” Another sneer.

“Expulsion would be merited in your case,” he said, taking to his feet. “And under other circumstances, perhaps I would. But I happen to recall that you are a child of meager origins, and so I will take that into consideration by providing you one final opportunity to learn and reflect.”

She rolled her eyes, head tipping back. “Ugh, would you just recognize a waste of time when you see one already! Fine, do your stupid punishment so I can hurry up and get on with the next thing and finally get out of this dive.”

Principal Brown bent down behind his desk. Curious what he was retrieving, Sandra craned her neck, peering, but when he stood up her eyes shot wide open. He held the paddle in both hands, reminding himself of its shape and heft. “In my years as principal, I have only on three occasions had to resort to this level of intervention. I take no joy in it, but I will tell you, the method has had some success. You may resist admonition and punishments in which you are made to squander time or exhibit contrition, but perhaps this will finally jar something loose in that thick head of yours.”

The defiance was gone from her face. Seeing such fear in a woman’s eyes gave him momentary pause, but as a veteran himself, he knew that in some cases, pain could be a potent tool of education. His sergeant had taught him well, and it had taken him to Berlin and back.

“Are... are you going to...”

“Administer corporal punishment, yes.”

“You... you can’t,” she protested. “I thought you can’t without parental say-so, right?”

“Let’s see. Your father has been out of the picture since before you even reached junior high, so he’s in no position to protest. As for your mother... shall I give her a call? Do you think she’s even awake? And sober?” The woman had quite the reputation as a trollop herself; rumor had it that since Sandra’s father had left, she was, to permit a crude but apt expression, the village bicycle. A friend – more an acquaintance, he supposed – had told him he had once availed himself of the woman’s charms, and had sworn that her absent husband had “taught her well.”

Perhaps if he did his job well, he could steer Sandra away from that fate.

The jibe at her mother brought back a trace of her usual defiance in those eyes, but only for a moment. “N-no.”

No bitter retort? Already he was getting a better result with this. Good. Expulsion in her final semester of schooling would mean he, and thus society at large, had entirely given up on her. He would not do that unless he had no other choice.

Principal Brown was actually rather bewildered why she wouldn’t wish her mother to be involved, for that matter. If one believed half of what that woman had told him in prior meetings with her over disciplinary encounters, her daughter was a perfect angel, never putting a toe out of line. The woman seemed passionately sincere in her defenses; he could only assume the woman neglected Sandra so thoroughly that she simply had no concept of her own failings as a parent.

Presently, however, the burden to correct those failings fell upon him.

“Assume the position, Miss Lockwood.” He gestured to the empty space he had already cleared on his desk.

As he was bracing himself for a flippant remark, an attempt to storm out of his office (not realizing the door had already been set to lock before she’d shut it), or perhaps even breaking down into tears... she surprised him for the first time that day. Sandra slowly stood, stepped toward his desk, placed her palms flat on its surface, and bent over.

Then she surprised him for the second time, reaching back and flipping up her skirt.

Principal Brown nearly dropped the paddle. “Miss Lockwood!” He was at a loss for words. Was she trying to seduce her way out of the paddle? Where had a girl her age even acquired such undergarments? Red silk? It was the sort of thing one might expect from a streetwalker!

“I’m ready to be punished, Daddy,” she murmured.

Daddy?! He scowled, but it was lost on her. The girl’s eyes closed, but her countenance was all wrong. If her objective were to charm her way out this like some Jezebel, or simply embarrass him enough to earn that expulsion she seemed to crave, he would have expected a smirk, or puckered lips, or some sort of flirtatious look. Instead, Sandra merely looked... resigned. Even *meek*, a look he’d never seen on her, nor heard any evidence she was capable of such.

“Pull your skirt down, Miss Lockwood,” he said as sternly as he could.

“Yes, Daddy.” Before he could get in a word, however, it became clear that she decided to misunderstand him most egregiously. She stood, but rather than smoothing her skirt back down over her bottom, she unfastened the clasp at her waist and released it entirely. Gravity did the rest, and the navy blue cotton garment pooled around her penny loafers.

She bent back over, closed her eyes again.

The principal had always considered himself a patient man. Discipline was something he had learned well in the army, and he had not relinquished the virtue upon his return. Insofar as he was concerned, it was his insistence of proper discipline that had made the students of his school so successful. With Sandra Lockwood and her outlandish antics being flaunted in his face – among other things she was flaunting in his face – he was pushed to his limit.

“Very well, Miss Lockwood, we’ll do it your way. Consider your bluff called.” He walked around behind her, trying not to admire the sinful shape of her hind parts, and readied his paddle.

Five, he thought. *Five ought to do it.*

It was his first time administering corporal punishment to a female student. He knew it was ethically dicey, but since Sandra had never espoused even the slightest trace of the virtue otherwise common to her sex, it was only right that she be punished like a boy. Nevertheless, he held back, if only a bit.

The paddle clapped down on her backside with a percussive *thwop* that might have been audible all the way down at Mrs. Carruther’s station. (At least, if the old bird weren’t hard of hearing.)

“Thank you for teaching me, Daddy. I’m sorry, Daddy,” she said, eyes squinted shut.

That was quite enough of that. “I am your principal, and you will address me as Principal Brown, or sir. Do I make myself clear?”

She nodded, her cheek vigorously mushing against the cold wood of his desk. “Yes, sir. Sorry, sir.”

“Better.” He wound up and once more let the paddle fly. *Thwop*.

“Thank you for teaching me, sir. I’m sorry, sir,” she repeated.

The words had a rote quality to them. Practiced, delivered not upon reflection, but as a response to the stimulus. Perhaps he wasn’t the first man in her life to show her such discipline. A pity it had been so long.

He gave her a third swat. *Thwop*. He tried to ignore the rosy coloring emerging in her buttocks, nearly the color of her panties themselves. The way her bottom kept vibrating for that fraction of a second after each stroke.

“Thank you for teaching me, sir. I’m sorry, sir.”

He was beginning to feel like he was being placated. Perhaps that was her game? Expose herself, stoke his ego with a display of feigned submissiveness, escape further consequence? He decided to press her.

“And what is it you think I am teaching you, Miss Lockwood?”

Her response was instant and had that same automatic quality. “Whatever you want, sir. Just tell me what you want me to learn please, sir.” She arched her back, thrusting her bottom up fetchingly.

No, not fetchingly. He couldn’t be aroused by a student. Even a little minx like Sandra. In her underwear. Alone, in his office.

“Very well,” he continued, banishing such thoughts from mind as best he could. “From now on, you are going to regard me with respect. Understand?” He gave her another paddle to help her process the question.

She nodded again. “Yes sir. Absolutely sir. I will be respectful, sir. I’m sorry I misbehaved earlier. Please let me clean the gum off your chair. Would you like me to clean the rest of your office? Whatever you say, sir.”

Was she trying to get out of her paddling early? He supposed he hadn’t told her how many licks she would be receiving. (How many had he given her, anyway? Definitely not enough.) Still, she had a point. The gum wasn’t going to clean itself off, and it would be easier now while it was still fresh. “Proceed, Miss Lockwood.”

“Thank you, sir.” To his surprise, rather than walk, the half-undressed schoolgirl fell to her knees and crawled to the chair. She brought the box of tissues from his desk with her, and soon retrieved her gum. “It appears I wasn’t the only disrespectful little brat, Principal Brown. Do you have anything for me to get it off with, sir? I want to do a good job for you.”

He rested the paddle on the side of his desk and held out his wastebasket to her, then replaced it with its contents. “That will be sufficient, Miss Lockwood. You’re accountable for your misbehavior, not for those of your peers.”

“Yes, sir.” She crawled back to the desk, and for a moment – but a single moment – he was cognizant of the young woman kneeling at his feet, gazing up at him with something very like reverence in her eyes. But then she was on her feet again, and once more bent over the desk.

“I’m ready for the rest of your lesson, sir.”

So far, Principal Brown reflected, it was going well. Almost too well, but he’d take it. He couldn’t imagine why she was submitting to this so... enthusiastically? But the whole point was to reprimand her for the past and set a course for her future. After a brief hesitation, he retrieved the paddle again. Sometimes he’d done this with his bare hand, as it was more of a tempered response, but with a girl, a girl in nothing but her panties...

“You... may put your skirt back on if you wish, Miss Lockwood.” Why had that been so hard to say? Her flesh really was addling his wits.

She twisted her neck to look up at him. “Is that what you want, sir?” Was she batting her eyelashes? Or only blinking? This was all so bizarre!

“You’ve certainly seem to have been learning better without it,” he grumbled, and made a rare resort to sarcasm. “Perhaps we should make this the standard procedure for our disciplinary meetings.”

But she only nodded, and once more, her eyes closed. Reconciled to her fate. “Yes, sir. I won’t wear a skirt in your office again, sir.”

It did something to him that he was not proud of to hear her say that, but he wasn’t about to let her get the upper hand. “Are you truly going to carry on like this? Perhaps we ought to paddle you bare if you’re going to insist on playing the part of my little harlot!” He turned his back to her, giving her a moment of reflection as he slapped the narrow edge of the paddle against his palm a few times. “Not sure I could stomach putting the poor paddle through such an ordeal, considering half of what I’ve heard about...”

The words caught in his throat as he turned back to face her. The girl’s panties were around her knees before his shock subsided enough to try to stop her. But how? How did one prohibit a half-naked young woman from removing her underwear in one’s office without risking touching her on her...?! As soon as he grabbed her wrist she stopped, but as he staggered back, gaping at the sight of her exposed sex, pink and... and pink...

But she only lay there face-down on his desk, her underwear drooping inch by inch, one side then the other, until it too reached her ankles.

“Did I do something wrong, sir? I’m sorry, sir,” she said, eyeing him questioningly.

“Miss Sandra – err, Sandra Lockwood – *Miss Lockwood!* You’re...” He lowered his voice to a hiss. “You’re *half-naked!* In my *office!*”

She nodded. “That’s what you said, right sir? You wanted to paddle my bare ass.” She winced. “Sorry, my bare bottom, sir. Please punish me for my disrespectful language, sir.”

“I was being sarcastic! Why would you...?!” It was a Herculean effort to moderate his volume. If someone heard yelling and came by, and saw this! Thank goodness he’d locked the door!

“I must have misunderstood, sir. Just tell me what you want me to wear or not wear and I’ll do it. Thank you for helping me understand your expectations, sir.”

Slowly, he was beginning to realize something was not right here. She wasn’t playing some game, or trying to get his goat. If a lewd jest were her aim, she’d be registering some of her enjoyment at his profound discomfort on his face. If she were trying to set him up for something, she’d have done something to call attention to them from outside the office. But she wasn’t. Ever since he’d told her he meant to apply corporal punishment, her entire demeanor had shifted completely.

“Sandra,” he said gently, “did your father used to punish you like this?”

“Yes sir. Daddy taught me to be a good girl, to do what he said, to not bother him or my mom. Daddy trained his girls. Thank you, sir.”

“Thank... me? Sandra, I’m not...” But he paused. He’d read about things like this happening to soldiers, brought into past mindsets by present stimuli. Was that why she’d called him “Daddy” before? Was she living this moment as if he were her father? Could that be why she were submitting to him so blindly?

Before anything else, he should make her put her clothes back on. He should. But he wanted to understand this first. That had to be more important than covering up that round, sexy bottom. “Sandra, why did your, ah, Daddy punish you?”

“Lots of things, sir. I was bad. I took things, and I snuck out, and I lied, and I yelled at him and yelled at my mom or yelled just to yell, and—”

“I see. So you behaved for him, but then he left, so you feel free to misbehave like this?”

“Daddy taught us. Daddy taught Mom to be a good wife, and he taught me to be his good girl. I am, sir. I promise, sir. I do whatever my mom needs me to do, sir. I’m a good girl at home for Mom, and for Daddy – or I would be a good girl for Daddy, if...” She trailed off, but he was thinking more than listening anyway.

Could this be why her mother harbored the delusions of her daughter’s angelic behavior? Perhaps he could turn this to advantage? And Lord help him, but he really would instruct her to cover herself if she would but cease those casual adjustments of her stance, her flesh rippling almost hypnotically.

“But what about in school? Surely if he told you to be a good girl at home, he meant for you to do so at school, too.”

The girl shook her head. “No, sir. Daddy always said school was for stupid assholes, that everything I needed to know, he could teach me, or I’d figure it out in the real world.”

Principal Brown frowned at that. “There is a lot to learn that you can’t learn on the streets, Sandra. Important things.”

But she shook her head once more. “No, sir. I go to all these classes and never learn anything. I can’t. Daddy said so.”

The principal folded his arms across his chest. “Your father told you that you couldn’t learn from your teachers?”

“Yes, sir. Daddy told me, over and over, that there was only one way I was going to learn anything.”

“And what was...” But he stopped himself mid-sentence. Her eyes had darted to the paddle, and the look of fear and awe in her eyes told him everything he needed to know about what her father had thought about how to instruct his daughter. It was barbaric.

Only...

It was also working.

An hour ago, this girl had been cheating on class work, yelling obscenities, pulling hair, striking her classmate. Now, after only a few taps on the behind, she was attentive. Respectful. Receptive. Docile. She was open to his guidance in a way she'd never been before.

He let his eyes stray to her woman parts. Sandra watched him, but without any sign of judgment or resistance. So far as this freshly disciplined girl was concerned, he was her instructor, and she was here to listen, and to learn.

"Where were we," he said, and without fanfare, he let her have another. *Thwop*. Right on those sumptuous buttocks of hers.

"Thank you for teaching me, sir. I'm sorry, sir," she said once more, eyes slowly closing once more.

Thwop.

"Thank you for teaching me, sir. I'm sorry, sir."

Thwop.

She whimpered this time, sucking in her lip in pain. "I'm so sorry, sir. Please teach me to be a good girl, sir."

"Did that hurt, Sandra?"

"It's the only way I'll learn, sir. Thank you, sir." She took an unsteady breath. "Daddy didn't use a paddle, you see, Principal Brown, but thank you for going the extra mile for me, sir. I'll learn so good this way, sir."

"He didn't, did he." He lowered the paddle to his side. "My old man did, on the rare occasion my brothers or I merited it. Always did the trick. What did yours use? His belt? A switch?"

"No, sir. Daddy used his hand, sir."

"Well I can hardly..." But he stopped. Her butt was already bright red, even from the half-force swats she'd thus far received. If he continued like this, she'd have bruises, surely. Plus, she *was* being a "good girl," as she called it. Perhaps some mercy was in order...?

And really, the more he stared at it, the more he realized his lesson would be better for all concerned if he were more... hands on. He chuckled at his internal joke. Sandra merely lie there, legs trembling softly in anticipation.

He set down the paddle. His hand used its new freedom to rest on her lower back, where her uniform blouse ended right above the crack of her butt. "Would it be better if I did it like him from now on, Sandra?"

"That's for you to say, sir. I know I was bad, sir. But I want to be better, I promise, sir."

"I think you're doing better already."

“Oh, thank you sir!” she beamed at him, but then her eyes snapped shut again as *clap!* he gave her his first blow. “Thank you for teaching me, sir!”

Principal Brown let his hand rest on her bottom after its blow. She was so warm. So soft, and yet the muscle beneath... phys ed had been the only subject she'd excelled at, and Coach Gilbert had been crushed that tall, leggy Sandra had been ineligible for the team on account of her grades.

“I want you to behave for your other teachers, too, Sandra,” he continued. *Clap!*

“Yes, sir! I'm sorry I've been so bad, sir. I'll try to do better, sir!”

“You say that, Sandra, but I worry that a girl as bad as you doesn't know what 'better' would look like. So why don't you tell me exactly *how* you'll do better. If you answer poorly, I'll teach you myself. If you answer correctly... did your father ever reward good behavior?”

She frowned. “I... don't think so, sir? Daddy always taught me that if I was a good girl, like Mom, someday I'd find a man who'd pick up where he left off.”

Principal Brown couldn't keep a grin off his face. Perhaps he'd given her old man too little credit. “Well then. Show me you know how to be a good girl. What will you do differently?”

Sandra folded her arms beneath her chin, warmth blooming from deep inside that bottom of hers. “No cussing at Mrs. Lautermilk, sir.”

Clap! “Or any of your other teachers.”

“I'm sorry I was so stupid, sir! Thank you for teaching me, sir!” The administrator wasn't imagining it; having switch to using his hand, she was much more enthusiastic for his “instruction.” Presently Sandra was shamelessly grinding her butt back into his grasp.

“What else?”

“No cheating?”

Clap! “Don't say it like it's a question, Sandra. I have to know you really mean it.”

“Yes, sir. I won't cheat any more, sir.”

“Good. Go on.”

“I won't cut class, sir.”

“Good.”

She paused, a little moan coming from somewhere deep in her throat. Could she be as receptive to praise as she was to punishment? How primed was she for this man who'd “pick up where he left off”?

“I'll, um, sit up straight, sir.”

“That's a bit down the list, but I'll allow it. This time.”

“I'll... pay attention, sir.”

She seemed to be struggling. He gave her bottom a few reassuring pats. “That's right, Sandra. Good girls pay attention.”

“Thank you, sir. I want to be good, sir.”

“Anything else you can promise me?”

She squirmed, rubbing her butt against his palm like she was trying to hump the air beneath it. “I don’t know!” she whined. “Please teach me, sir!”

Clap! “What about fighting? Are you going to start any more fights?”

She groaned, but he genuinely couldn’t tell if it was in pain or pleasure. “Oh! No, sir! I’m so, so sorry, sir! I was so bad! I won’t do it again, I promise, sir! Thank you for reminding me, sir! But...” Her mouth clicked shut, head shaking. Evidently Daddy had taught her not to ask questions.

“But what, Sandra? Out with it.”

“But what if someone starts a fight with me, sir? Do I just let them...?”

He smiled proudly. Look at her, thinking of contingencies. She’d probably built up her share of enemies over her years here. “That’s a good question, Sandra. Good girl.”

“Mmmm, oh, thank you, sir...”

“When a situation arises where you don’t know what to do, and you need someone to teach you how to behave... who do you think you should come to?”

“Principal Brown!” she answered immediately. There was no mistaking it any more; the fragrance of the girl’s arousal was permeating the office. “Of course, sir! I’m sorry I had to ask, sir! Thank you for teaching me, sir!”

“That’s all right, Sandra. Now, I think it’s time for your reward. Stand up now.”

For the first time in some minutes, Sandra stood upright. She rubbed softly at her behind, but didn’t complain. If anything, she looked guilty, like she regretted necessitating her lessons. As she spun to face him, her shirt just failed to cover her nethers, and he glimpsed his first sight of a pair of puffy punk lips parting beneath a bushy thicket of fur. She may be young, but she was a woman all right, that was for sure.

The principal’s heart was hammering in his chest. He was not an educator facing a student any more. She was so pliable, so biddable, he was beyond a time when he might have been able to regard her as a mere student. That girl had been spanked away. All that remained now was his good, good girl. He no longer wondered if she might be feigning any of this; she was his to make into what he pleased.

Frankly, though, he felt confident that anything that left this office with her had to be better than what she’d dragged in. There was no use spoiling a girl like Sandra Lockwood by coddling her. Slowly he walked in circles around her, examining her body from all angles, granting himself a few more feels on her bottom. It was radiating heat, both from the abused flesh of her buttocks, but as much or more so from that dripping wet occasion for sin between her thighs.

“Take off your blouse,” he commanded.

“How is that a reward? Taking off my...?!” For the first time in some minutes, she was balking at a command. Had the transition from bent over for discipline to standing for inspection truly emboldened her so?

Clap! “Are you questioning me Sandra?” he snapped. “Do I need to get the paddle again?”

“No sir! I’ll take my blouse off for you, sir! I’ll never wear it in front of you again, sir! Thank you for rewarding me by letting me strip out of it for you, sir!”

As her hands flew down the buttons, fumbling on occasion in her haste, he smiled. Perhaps someday he would correct her on his expectations of attire, but for now... good enough.

So very good, he thought as she shrugged off the blouse, dumping it in a heap on the floor. Her brassiere didn’t match her discarded panties at all, a heavy duty thing of immense support for an immense load. My, my. He’d known she was endowed, but this! Breath-taking.

“The bra, too, sir?”

“The bra, too, Sandra.”

“Yes, sir. Thank you for rewarding me again, sir.” The principal almost laughed at her struggles; her hands were shaking such that she was having quite a time with the thing. It wasn’t his only reason to smile at the proceedings, of course. Watching those breasts reveal themselves in such agonizing increments was its own delight.

“I’m sorry, sir, I’m trying, but it’s just... I think I’m nervous, sir!” Ordinarily he was not one to be moved by schoolgirl pouting, but this one melted his heart with its earnestness to please – even as it hardened other aspects of him into steel.

He gave her butt a soft pat; she reflexively pushed back into it, and it was clear she meant to maneuver his fingers into her crevasse. He didn’t allow it, which only made her lower lip thrust itself out further. “Let me, Sandra.”

“Thank you, sir.” She held that long, curly mane of hers up out of his way, and while his own hands betrayed their eagerness with some trembling of their own, he had an easier time than the besieged Miss Lockwood. She shrugged the straps off of her shoulders and let this, her final scrap of modesty save for knee socks and penny loafers, tumble to the floor of the principal’s office.

Sandra groaned in relief, cupping her breasts and massaging them like they’d been bereft of feeling from their long confinement. “Oh, wow, this really *is* a reward! It always feels so good to let my tits breathe at the end of the–” Suddenly her hand clapped over her mouth, the other hand followed. A faint yelp echoed from behind its cover, then she took his hand and clasped it pleadingly. “I can’t believe I called them tits in front of you, sir! I didn’t mean to be profane, Principal Brown, honest! That’s just what I say, when I... well it doesn’t matter, good girls don’t make excuses!”

Then, long before he'd gotten a sufficient eyeful, she threw herself back over his desk, her "tits" leading the way. As Sandra pleaded for a fresh round of punishment to help his lesson stick, Principal Brown's attention was split between admiration for the profile of his naked student and consideration of whether his prohibition against vulgarity extended to private discussion of anatomy.

In the end, though, he knew she wasn't apt to take his instructions to heart without some reinforcement. Her tender backside had suffered enough, he was sure, so he kept his strokes mild, only hard enough that she could feel them and be reassured that he cared enough to keep molding her young mind, as any good instructor would.

Pat. "You're right to be ashamed of your naughty language, Sandra."

Pat. "Good girls don't use bad words."

Pat. "Words like 'tits' and 'ass' and 'vagina.'"

Pat. "Unless, that is, they're in the company of someone with whom they mean to be intimate."

Pat. Sandra moaned. (Oh, bless Mrs. Carruthers and her flagging ears!) "Then, and only then, are they the correct terms."

Pat. "Now, since you referred to your breasts as 'tits' in front of me, I have taken that to mean you desire intimacy with me."

Pat. He acquiesced momentarily to her desperate squirming, letting his hand slip into the gap between her thighs. There was palpable moisture there.

"Sir?" Sandra managed when he withdrew his titillating fingers. Her voice was husky now, her breathing heavy. "Intimacy, that's... what does that mean? Does that mean you're gonna give me the business, sir?"

Pat. "That's what that means, Taylor, yes."

She craned her back back at him. "But... you're my principal, right sir? Isn't that... aren't we... isn't that not supposed to happen?"

CLAP! He didn't hold back that time. Not at all. "Really, Sandra? You were finally beginning to show signs of comprehension, and now this. You come into my office, flash me your bottom, your breasts, you use these suggestive terms, and then you tell me you think you've mistaken your own intentions? Is that right?"

"Sorry, sir! It's only... you're a principal, and I'm a student, so I thought—"

CLAP! "There is another word you should learn, Miss Lockwood. A very bad word that applies to very, very bad girls. It's called a tease. A girl who merely pretends to desire intimacy in order to get what she wants. Is what what you are?"

"What? A tease, sir? But I only took off my clothes because you—"

CLAP! CLAP! CLAP! Sandra groaned at the depth of his desire to teach her. "You did those things. No one made you. It's time for you to decide whether or not you wish to be teachable, Miss Lockwood. Are you nothing but a dirty." *CLAP!* "Naughty." *CLAP!* "tease?" *CLAP!*

He paused a moment, roaming his hand across her throbbing flesh gently. “Or do you want to be my good girl, and let me teach you something new?”

“That!” she whined. “Oh please, sir, that! Teach me, Principal Brown, oh *teach* me! Give me your *cock* and let me *fuck* it with my *ass* and my *tits* and my *pussy* – can I say pussy, sir? I promise, I’m not teasing, you can for sure fuck my pussy, hand to god – and just *please* teach me, sir!”

Pat, pat pat. “Good girl.”