

CAFE LATTE – PART TWO

by Mark Cane

Jennifer was strangely excited after her chat with her friend, Sue, over their coffees. Although they had been friends for years, this was the first time they had spoken so candidly about their sexual predilections. What had particularly enthralled Jennifer was Sue's account of how she had succumbed to the punishment delivered by Miss Palmer, the games mistress, all those years ago. Jennifer could remember Miss Palmer quite well. She had always been a popular teacher, despite her strictness. She could visualise her in her trade mark jogging bottoms and rugby shirt as she took games lessons. Jennifer was always a well behaved girl and had never incurred Miss Palmer's wrath and so had never been punished with a spanking. She did recall that such events had occurred and several girls had received a spanking or a slippering. At the time these punishments had never seemed to be particularly erotic. They were just scary and Jennifer was always glad she had never been on the receiving end.

Jennifer could remember one punishment session quite vividly. Even now, all these years later, she could remember the details as if it were yesterday. The memory still sent a shudder up her spine. The offence that Miss Palmer was especially hard on was bullying. Any girl found picking on younger, weaker girls could expect the most severe punishment. On one occasion during a hockey match, some girls, stood by the side of the field watching, rather than playing. The eagle-eyed Miss Palmer spotted one girl, Monica, a big built, red haired girl, grabbing the wrists of a younger girl. A quick investigation of what was going on revealed that Monica was threatening to give the younger girl an 'Indian burn,' unless she handed over her chocolate bar. Miss Palmer was furious. Apart from the bullying, Monica had brought a note in to school excusing her from games because she was poorly. Miss Palmer decided to punish her right there, on the sports field in front of all the other girls.

Miss Palmer took an old worn gym shoe out of her bag as she ordered Monica to bend over. Monica sobbed and protested, knowing what was coming. 'Monica, I will not condone bullying. Not only that you cannot be so poorly if you can eat chocolate. You are going to be punished, making a fuss will only make it worse for you.'

Still sobbing, Monica slowly bent over and Miss Palmer lifted the girl's skirt revealing Monica's plump bottom covered by a pair of tight white knickers. Without a word, Miss Palmer had reached for the waistband of the knickers and started to pull them down. Monica let out a fresh yowl of protest and grabbed her pants trying to prevent them being pulled down.

'Monica! I do not care how much you protest, you are getting this on the bare. I will teach you not to bully. Now let go and let's have these knickers down without all that fuss.' Monica sobbed even more loudly and continued to hold tightly to the waistband of her drawers. Jennifer remembered that she had the the other girls watch in fascinated horror at the drama unfolding before them. Suddenly Miss Palmer gave Monica a hard slap on her ample thighs. The shock of the sudden slaps made Monica loosen her grip on her knickers and Miss Palmer quickly yanked them down to Monica's ankles.

'Now Monica, hold the position and let's get this over with.'

As if resigned to her fate, Monica bent over, her skirt pulled up and her knickers draped around her ankles. Miss Palmer walked back several paces then, holding the old gym slipper in her right hand, she focused on the large target of Monica's big bottom. Then Miss Palmer sprinted toward her target and with the perfect timing of a consummate tennis player, swung the slipper and with a sound like a clap of thunder it made contact with Monica's arse. Monica shot up into the air with a

shriek of anguish. She grabbed her bottom with both hands and did a kind of frantic dance as she rubbed her bum. Miss Palmer calmly turned and walked back to her starting point, ready for the next swipe.

'Compose yourself, girl. I have only just started.'

Slowly Monica bent over and on the orders of Miss Palmer, lifted her skirt to expose her bottom for the next swipe. Many of the girls watching this event were struck by the red mark that had appeared on Monica's left arse cheek. It was in the perfect shape of the sole of the slipper that Miss Palmer still held aloft. As Miss Palmer started her next run toward the target, Monica sobbed and her plump bum trembled in anticipation.

THWACK!! Again Monica shot up into the air and did her war dance again, almost tripping up over her knickers that were still hung around her ankles. Amidst much sobbing and crying on the part of Monica, Miss Palmer insisted that the poor girl was to once again assume the position for another swipe of the gym shoe. When Monica finally managed to bend over and assume the position, the other girls could see that the second swipe had left a red sole mark on her other cheek. Perfect symmetry. Miss Palmer strode back to her starting position and paused for a moment, eyeing her target before breaking into a sprint. Hearing Miss Palmer's heading rapidly toward her, Monica tried to brace herself for the stroke that was about to land.

THWAAACK!!! Monica shrieked and collapsed in a heap on the grass. She lay sobbing for ages as Miss Palmer waited, slapping the slipper against her own thigh. Monica was convinced she was going to get a fourth swat, but Miss Palmer showed mercy.

'There will be no more bullying will there Monica?'

'No Miss Palmer,' sobbed Monica.

'Very well, you may pull up your knickers now.'

As she did so, the other girls caught sight of her bum. The third stroke from Miss Palmer's slipper had perfectly overlaid the other two strokes, overlapping the crease between her bum cheeks. Monica was unable to sit down for the remainder of the day. Miss Palmer earned herself the sobriquet of 'Galloping Palmer,' after this memorable episode.

As she recalled this vivid episode from her school days, Jennifer found herself becoming moist between her thighs. What in her youth had seemed horrific now seemed strangely erotic. Then she thought of her friend Sue, being spanked by Miss Palmer and Sue's confession that she masturbated at the thought of Miss Palmer pulling her knickers down for a spanking.

Jennifer had never seriously thought of a sexual encounter with another woman, but now the idea of being spanked by Sue became utterly compelling. That night, as she lay in bed, her fingers gently massaging her clit, Jennifer conjured up visions of knickers being pulled down, bottoms being spanked and the thought of her friend Sue, playing with herself. Jennifer came time after time and she knew that she had to fulfil this urgent desire that had suddenly become so important to her. She resolved to talk to Sue about it when they next met for coffee.

'Your usual?' asked Sue.

"Of course," replied Jennifer.

Sue looked at the waitress and made her request.

'Two lattes please,'

As they sipped their coffee, Sue and Jennifer talked about this and that and nothing in particular. Jennifer desperately waited her chance to ask her friend more about spanking, but somehow the ideal opportunity did not present itself. Jennifer knew that she could not go back home without broaching the subject, no matter how embarrassing it might be.

'Sue...' she began.

'Yes, Jennifer, what is it?'

'Well Sue, can I ask you something?'

'Yes, you know you can. What is it?'

Then, blushing furiously, Jenny blurted it out, 'Sue I want to ask you about spanking.'

There was a long silence as Sue looked at her friend. Jennifer knew her face was red with embarrassment. Then Sue replied 'Of course, ask away. It is my favourite topic.'

'Well, I mean, the thing is, I suppose it does hurt quite a bit, doesn't it, even when it is a woman doing the spanking?'

'Yes Jenny. Of course it stings, but it does depend on the spanker. It is all about technique, not brute strength. But yes it can sting. Surprisingly women are just as capable of making your bum sting as a man can.'

'Mmm, that's what I thought, but you said it can be erotic. Enough to get you, well, aroused, er sexually.'

'Yes, Jenny, that is the effect it can have on me. I don't suppose it works on everyone the same.'

'Sue, I need to try it for myself. Would you do it to me Sue? Would you spank my bottom.' Then, as if to justify herself, Jenny added 'It will be an experiment, just so I can find out what it is like to be spanked by a woman.'

Jennifer sat thoughtfully, looking at her friend. Unable to stand the silence Jenny added 'Of course Sue, if you don't want to, it is OK. Silly of me really.'

'Of course it is not silly, Jennifer. I will be pleased to do it. In fact I want to. Here is what we will do – we will enact a role play. I will be Miss Palmer and you will play yourself. I, that is Miss Palmer will call on you at home to see you about something and whatever it is will lead to Miss Palmer (me) spanking your bum. There how does that sound?'

'Sue that would be amazing. Thank you so much.'

'Right Jennifer, have a look through your wardrobe and try to find something a bit school girlish. You know, white blouse, short grey skirt, ankle socks etc. You will be the naughty school girl and I will be Miss Palmer.'

Jennifer masturbated furiously that evening in eager anticipation of the plan they had laid.

The next day, wearing just her bra and pants she searched her wardrobe, looking for things that might serve to make her appear as a schoolgirl. She found a very short tartan skirt, that should have been consigned to the charity shop years ago. She had a nice cotton blouse that would easily pass as part of a school uniform. Then she searched her underwear drawer for a pair of suitable knickers. Her friend Sue had instructed her that the selection of the right pair of knickers was crucial. Thongs and briefs were forbidden. The ideal was a pair of cotton 'passion killers' in white cotton. Eventually Jenny found a pair that she thought would do. It was an old pair of cotton knickers that she used to wear for badminton. They had been washed so many times that the cotton had worn quite thin. Jennifer slipped off the knickers she was wearing and pulled on the cotton pair. They pulled right up to her belly button and as she glanced over her shoulder into the mirror, she realised that they were at least one size too small. The material stretched over her buttocks, emphasising the crease between her bum cheeks. Jenny decided that these would do for the occasion.

Jenny woke early on the day she was expecting Sue, or should that be Miss Palmer/ Jenny could not remember feeling so sexually aroused. After showering, Jenny laid out her chosen outfit and carefully put each garment on. The morning past so very slowly, but eventually there was a ring on the doorbell. With butterflies in the pit of her stomach, Jenny opened the door for... Miss Palmer. Sue just looked the part so well – the trade mark rugby shirt, jogging bottoms and white tennis shoes. She could have been Miss Palmer.

Sue wasted no time on friendly preliminaries. She was determined to get straight into role with a speed that made Jennifer almost breathless.

'As you know Jennifer, I am far from pleased with your slovenly attitude in gym and I am here to buck you up young lady. I take it that you are prepared as we agreed?'

'Oh, er yes, Sue. Ooops I mean Miss Palmer.'

'Good we will start with a dress inspection. Now I want you stand up straight, chin up, chest out, feet together. Jump to it girl!' ordered Sue.

Jenny stood as straight as she could in front of her friend. Sue slowly eyed Jenny up and down.

'Turn around girl,' she instructed. 'Mmm, not bad. Not bad at all. Now lift your skirt Jennifer. Let me see your knickers.'

Jenny obediently raised her skirt at the back so that her friend could see her bum encased in the tight cotton pants.

'Good, Jennifer. I am pleased to see you are wearing proper school knickers. They are a bit tight. I think you need to lose a bit of weight, but never the less, I am quite impressed. Now turn around and I will inspect them from the front.'

Jenny turned round and lifted the front of her short tartan skirt. Sue studied the sight for a few moments. 'Oh Jenny what a gorgeous camel toe.'

'Er, "camel toe," What do you mean?'

Sue reached over and touched the front of Jenny's knickers, right on the crotch where the material followed the contour of Jenny's labia. Jenny recoiled as though she has received a jolt of electricity.

'Oh, sorry Jenny, I didn't mean to offend.'

'No, no, it's fine Sue, honestly. It was just a surprise you touching me there.' Both ladies laughed as they came out of their respective roles for a moment.

'So Jenny, did you really not know what a camel toe is?'

'No Sue, I didn't. Does it look rude?'

'Jenny it looks lovely. It is because the pants are so thin and tight and you have a lovely pronounced vulva.'

Jenny blushed as her friend traced the outline of her vagina. She found herself enjoying the attention from her friend.

'Mmmm, Jenny. I think you are getting a little excited. You are getting just a little moist. Anyway enough of this back into role' said Sue, adopting her Miss Palmer persona.

'Jenny have you done your homework?'

'Er no, Miss Palmer. I didn't know I had to,' protested Jenny.

'Excuses, excuses. I not having it Jenny. Get over my knee right now.'

Sue (Miss Palmer) sat on a dining chair and patted her knee, indicating where Jenny was to place herself.

Jenny did as instructed and placed herself over Miss Palmer's lap. Immediately Miss Palmer lifted Jennifer's skirt and took in the sight of her plump bottom encased in the tight white knickers. Miss Palmer ran her hands over Jenny's buttocks as if testing them to decide where she should begin. Then, suddenly Miss Palmer lifted her hand and brought it down, flat palmed onto Jenny's bum and quickly repeated the swipe on the other cheek – 'Thwack, Thwack!'

Jenny flinched slightly. The slaps stung a little more than she expected. After a slight pause, Miss Palmer started to slap Jenny's bum cheeks in staccato swipes. After a very short while Jenny began to shuffle and hissed her breath through clenched teeth.'

'I seem to be getting through to you,' said Miss Palmer in a satisfied tone of voice. 'Does it sting, Jennifer?'

'Yes Miss Palmer. Yes it is stinging.'

'Well Jennifer it about to get worse, because I am going to pull these knickers down and give it to you on the bare.' With that Miss Palmer grasped the waist of Jenny's knickers and with some difficulty eased them down over her bottom.

'My, my, Jennifer, your bum is already pink. I wonder what it will look like after a bare bum spanking.' remarked Miss Palmer as she examined Jennifer's bared bum.

SLAP, SLAP SLAP..... The spansks came in quick succession spanking Jennifer's bum cheeks in turn. 'Do you notice how different it sounds on the bare, Jennifer?'

'Ouch, ooh Yes Miss Palmer. I do. Ouch.' Jennfer wriggled and squirmed on Miss Palmer's knee as the slaps rained down.

Miss Palmer slapped Jennifer's thigh, raising a red mark. 'There, now lay still if you don't want another.' Jennifer sobbed and tried to stop wriggling.

Miss Palmer paused and examined Jennifer's bum. It was starting to come up in red blotches. Jennifer was not used to such treatment and although in pain from the sting in her bottom, she could feel a liquid flowing in her loins.

'I think that will do today, Jennifer. Does it hurt?'

'Yes Miss Palmer,' Jenny sobbed.

Miss Palmer took a jar of cold cream from her bag and began to sooth it gently into Jennifer's sore bum. 'There, that will soon begin to feel better.'

It did too, Jenny began to wriggle on her friend's lap making her labia rub against Sue's jogging bottoms. Gradually Sue, sensing her friend needed something other than her bum rubbing, insinuated her fingers between Jenny's thighs. Jenny's vagina was hot and moist to the touch and Sue eased a finger inside and began to stimulate her friend's vulva. Then her finger alighted on the nub of her clitoris and Jenny arched up to meet her friend's inquisitive fingers. She came in a torrent of juices.

Slowly Jenny got to her feet and kissed her friend warmly.

'What can I do for you, Sue? Would you like me to make you a latte, or would you prefer something else?'

.....There may be more to come, depending on feedback.....