Night School

Fri Feb 22, 2008 17:3364.12.116.7

This was originally written as a report for my friend Jenn's group...but, it

left me so hot writing it that I needed to share here too :)

The only word that I can use to describe last night is "startled" --

Jenn, I don't know how to begin so I'm simply going to give you a

replay of what my husband did to/for me last night :) -- He didn't

get home until after 8:30 because he had a meeting at the school

that the Church owns. Asst. Pastor get assigned to all sorts of

committees and he is now the "pastoral liaison" between the faculty

and the Church. They have these meetings once a quarter and last

night was one of them. At least it is a dinner meeting so I don't

have to cook, and I get some real quiet time to study.

Anyway, he comes in and asks if I can take a break from my studying -

- honestly, I was through and had hoped to spend sometime with him

before bed...but, I could never have dreamed up what he had in

mind. He went to the kitchen, drank a glass of OJ and said, "Lets

go for a ride." Different, but OK. I was wearing sweats and still

had on my tennies. It wasn't cold, but the temp was in the low 40's

so I grabbed a jacket.

Still not a hint of why were going out. We got in the car and he

told me that he had read Jenn's site and saw the posting on my

Monday paddling. I blushed a little. I mean I know he reads it,

especially after a session like that when he knows I will probably

tell the group what happened to me. Then as we got close to the

Church (the school is on the same lot -- it is a 2-12 -- we do a K-1

at the Church) he started the "startle" by explaining that he

realized the only time I posted to the group was when I got a pretty

good spanking, and that he realized that being a young minister's

wife was hard, and that he had come to accept that sometimes just as

I "need" a spanking, that I also "need" some "naughty time." I was

trying to figure out where he was headed when he pulled into the

faculty parking lot and said, "The housekeeping crew is finished and

out of here by 8:30" (it was almost nine). The parking lot and all

the buildings were dark. "Let's go inside," he offered. I knew he

had keys, but I had no idea what in the world we were going to do in

a school at night...

Well, the first thing he did was to take me to the BOYS' locker room

right next to the gym. He grinned and said, "Boys' locker room?

Now if a girl was in here it sure would be naughty, wouldn't it?" I

timidly followed him inside, not knowing what to expect -- well, it

looked a lot like the girls' locker rooms that I have been in...He

went over to an open locker and said, "You know, Sherry, I know that

you like not wearing clothes...I wonder what it feel like to be

topless in the Boys' locker room?" I could NOT believe my ears --

he was asking me to take my top off, in a boys' locker room in a

Christian Academy. Then his eyes got that serious look and he took

on a strong demeanor..."Actually, Sherry,. that isn't a question, I

want you to take your top and your bra off, now." I felt weak kneed

and I think I know what Jenn and others mean about slipping into sub

space...I was shaking as I slipped off my sweatshirt. The building

was heated so it wasn't cold, but I still was shaking as I slipped

my sports bra over my head. Instinctively I covered my breasts. He

gently moved my hands down. My nipples were like totally erect, and

I was covered in goose bumps.

"Relax," he said as he put my stuff in an open locker, "let's

explore." He took my hand and we walked back to the showers, over

to the coaches offices and past the workout room. "Sherry, can you

imagine what it would be like to be seen like this by all those

young high school boys." By now I was getting into this fantasy and

realized I was getting quite aroused about my situation. Here I was

topless in a room where boys are usually also naked...then he

said, "Let's go out to the gym." Suddenly, the room I had been

timid to be in only a few minutes earlier seemed like a safety

cocoon. I froze and he gently pulled me towards the door. Then he

stopped in front of the locker and I was wondering if he had a

change of heart and was going to make me at least put on a sports

bra. He had a change of heart but in the other direction -- "Go

ahead and take off your shoes and socks, you know like Jenn

says, "No shirt, no shoes, no problem." I sat down on the bench and

slipped them off. The tile was cold on my now bare feet. He put

them in the locker and started to head for the gym door, but stopped

again.

"You know, Pastor has a saying about, 'in for a penny, in for a

pound.' If this is going to be a naughty night, you might as well go

all the way -- let me have your pants and undies too..." Two things

happened almost at once. I again felt first the chill, and then I

felt wet. He had no way of knowing just how aroused I was getting.

Compliantly I quickly slipped out of my sweat bottoms and my

panties. And, there I was birthday suit bare in the boys' locker

room! He lightly slapped my bare bottom, put my stuff in the

locker, and then produced a padlock from his pocket, which he used

to lock away my clothing. "Do you have the key," I asked with some

trepidation in my voice? "Sure," he answered with a smile, "at

home." My eyes got very big as he explained, "You are now naked,

with your clothes locked securely away...it's play time!"

Oh Jenn, you can't imagine all the emotions that I was having at

that moment, but I didn't/couldn't process them I just followed

Chris out to the gym. For the next 30 minutes or so we actually

shot baskets, ran the baseline, ran up and down the bleachers and

had a blast! Now remember all this time he is fully dressed (well

he took off his dress shoes and socks so he could run on the

hardwood without leaving marks). I played on our girls' team in

college and I have run across many a gym floors, but never barefoot,

and certainly never NAKED!

I was really getting into my "naughty night," when he unveiled the

next surprise. He said, "Well, you know you have been very naughty

running around naked, going in the boys' locker room that way, and

teasing me with your breasts every time you make shot -- I think you

need to go see the principal. Let's go." Before I could protest he

had me by the hand and was leading me out of the gym, down the long

hall way to the admin offices. "Chris!" I hissed, "my clothes are

back there -- we can't go walking around the school with me stark

naked!" He grinned and said, "You can't play basketball naked

either, but there you were like the naughty girl you are exposing

yourself all over the place. No, its the principal's office for

you, and you will go just like you are dressed."

OK, I admit it, what a rush! Walking past lockers, and class rooms

on the cold terrazzo floor, imaging what it would have been like to

have really been naked in school. When we got to the office he took

me inside to the principal's office and he sat behind the desk and

had me stand there for a "lecture."

"Now, Sherry, I'm told you enjoy being nude and that is why you were

running around the school naked, is that correct?"

He was stern and looked so in place there, and I was so naked and

felt so little that I almost wanted to cry as I shook my head.

"I think," he continued, "that we will need to take some corrective

action. I want you to step to the end of the desk, grab hold of the

desk and bend over..."

"WHAT??"

"Sherry," he replied, "if you are going to be naughty, you are going

to have to pay the price..." He stood up and went over to the wall

where a paddle hung (remember this a private Church run school --

which still uses the paddle as discipline, but I doubt if anyone

gets it on the bare behind, much less while completely bare).

I protested, "You paddled me Monday, please not again tonight,

PLEASE!" My fun naughty night had suddenly taken a wrong turn...I

really didn't want to get my bottom blistered again, and not with

the school's paddle which looked like a bare bottom's worst

nightmare."

"Sherry," he said with quiet resolve, "grab the desk, now."

I was fighting back tears as I did so, and steeled myself for the

first blow. He made a big deal of rolling up his sleeve and lightly

touching the paddle to my butt before bringing it back for the first

WHACK! Only it was a W H A C K! as much as a tap, followed by

eight more light taps and then, "Last one..." which was a WHACK!!!

which caused me to jump, but then it was over.

"Now, my little naughty wife, I think its time to go home," he

instructed with a grin as he replaced Mr. Paddle on the hook and

took my by the hand. My first thought was to be even more naughty

in the principal's office, but figured I would wait until we got

home -- then the next issue -- my clothes were locked away! When we

got to the door it was getting very cool. He had me wait inside

while he ran and started the car and came back with my jacket --

which he let me wear to the car as I ran across the cool wet grass.

Bare bottomed, barefoot and a jacket -- it must have been a sight!

Then in the car as soon as it warmed up the jacket came off and I

rode home naked (and by this time, very horny!)

It only took ten minutes to get home, but it was everything I could

do to keep from being "naughty" with myself in the car, I was so

turned on. As soon as we were in the garage I was almost ripping at

his clothes. I remembered Jenn saying on an occasion like this that

they never made the bedroom -- I understand why -- we made it to the

couch in the living room...Jenn it was awesome! As was our shower

after, and then again in the bed before we went to sleep and then

again in the morning when we woke up. Just thinking about the whole

night gets me turned on again. I'm hoping it will be the first of

many "naughty nights" to come.

Sherry