**Tracey Goes Back to School**

By Joe P

Tracey looked miserably at the job application.  Turned down again!  And it had been the perfect job.  She knew why she had been turned down.  She stared again at the exam results that she had had to put on her job application.  Her three A level results.  The exams she had taken in her last year at school.

English - Fail
History - Fail
Sociology - Fail

She had even failed sociology.  Nobody had ever failed Sociology except Tracey.  If only she could put Pass Grade A on her CV - then she would be back in the job market.  Then she wouldn't have to go back on the the government's reluctant jobseekers initiative.

She would just have to take the exams again.  She turned to her laptop.  She would get on a course for adults.  She would work hard.  This time she would pass her exams!

Two hours later she was back in the depths of despair.  There were courses available.  Of course there were.  She looked glumly at the cost.  A thousand pounds a term!  A thousand pounds.  Bloody government and its cost cutting.  There had been a time when adult education had been free.  Now you had to pay.  It was too bad.  Tracey could no more afford a thousand pounds than fly to the moon.  And just to think - she had wasted her chance when she had been at school.  Education was free for schoolchildrlen.  If only she had that chance again!  Then a sudden thought struck her.  Why shouldn't she have that chance again.  She might be a busty twenty-four year old, but many girls were busty at seventeen.  She could pass for seventeen!  Just take off her make-up, put her hair in a pony tail.  She'd pass for seventeen any day.  And if she were seventeen!  Well schoolchildren of seventeen got a free education.  Children of seventeen could take A Levels for nothing.  Tracey smiled to herself at the brilliance of the idea!  Tracey Smith was going back to school!

Things didn't turn out as easy as Tracey had hoped.   The best school in the area was St Ethelberta's, but St Ethelberta's insisted on interviewing the parents of prospective pupils.  Tracey didn't think her parents would approve.  Slowly Tracey worked her way down the league table of schools, nobody would take her without intense scrutiny of her home circumstances, until that is she reached Bogg Lane Comprehensive.

Bogg Lane was at the bottom of the league.  Bogg Lane would take any pupil who dared to walk through the gate, but, and it was a big but, Bogg Lane offered A Levels in English, History and Sociology.  Indeed, had Tracey but known it, Bogg Lane offered A Levels in anything pupils wanted to do, after all it got premium funding for all its A Level students.  The fact that no teacher capable of teaching any of these subjects would dare to get a job at Bogg Lane didn't worry Headmistress Griselda Bashem, nothing worried Griselda once she opened the filing cabinet containing her bottle of special restorative.

Tracey did do a recce at the school.  It didn't look too promising.  Gangs of females gathered round the school gates dressed in excessively short skirts and tight blouses, smoking and laughing.  And the students seemed just as bad.  The school uniform was a navy blue skirt, white blouse, and (as could easily be observed owing to the shortness of the skirts) navy blue knickers.

Tracey sighed.  It didn't look too good.  On the other hand they had accepted her, no questions asked, and it would only be one term.  Then A Levels.  Then Hello New Job.  Tracey Smith would be back on the job market.

Tracey set off for her first day back at school: blouse provocatively tight, bra discernibly non-existent, skirt fashionably short, knickers regulation navy.  It was the outfit that her recce had told her would blend in.

At the school gates she met the welcoming committee.  A tall dark haired girl stood there flanked by her cronies.

"You Tracey the new girl?"

"Yes," said Tracey, sticking her chest out, "who wants to know?"

Tracey was 24.  Tracey had a big bust.  Tracey wasn't going to be intimidated by any schoolgirl.

"Never you mind New Girl.  Hand over your knickers."

"What!"

"It's like this see.  All new girls give me their knickers.  It's like a school rule.  Innit girls?"

"Yeah, that's it.  Like a rule Ezza," chorused the hangers-on.

"And you like get them back when I say.  Like when you pay me ten pounds."

“Ten pounds!” said Tracey sticking her bust out even further, “Dream on loser!”

"New Girl - you're so going to regret saying that!"

Tracey wasn’t quite sure what happened next.  Somebody had a hold of her hair, somebody pushed her to the ground, somebody had hold of her knickers.  Somebody was pulling her knickers down.   The next thing she knew the girls were strolling off laughing and waving her knickers in the air.  Tracey was starting her first day at school in a short skirt and no knickers.

It was too embarrassing, but she wasn’t going to pay ten pounds to get them back.  No way!  Things didn’t turn out so well though.  Before even the first lesson had started she was summoned to the headmistress.  Someone had told on her.

“Show me your knickers girl,” said the well fortified Griselda.

“What!” Tracey had forgotten what it was like to be talked to like a schoolgirl.

“You heard me.  Show me your knickers girl.”

“I can’t,” blushed Tracey turning bright red.

“And why might that be?”

“I’m not wearing any!” Tracey was about to expand at length on how her knickers had been stolen when Griselda interrupted her.

“Let me see your hand girl.”

Tracey held out her hand wondering why the headmistress wanted to see it.  She soon found out.  With a loud thwack Griselda whacked the palm of her hand with a foot ruler.

“Ouch!” Tracey tucked her stinging hand under her arm, “What did you do that for?”

“I hope you are not going to be a trouble maker Tracey Smith.  We have ways of dealing with trouble makers in the this school and girls who come to my school on their first day with no knickers on are in my experience troublemakers.  Now come back to me within the hour wearing knickers or I’ll make you wish you were wearing some.”

And she swished the foot rule menacingly through the air.

Tracey retreated quickly.  School wasn’t going to be the doddle she had thought it would.  But she had to persevere.  She needed those exams and this was the only way to get them!  But first of all she had to get her knickers back!

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"Please Miss Emily," (only her gang were allowed to call her Ezza), "Please can I have my knickers back."

Tracey was desperate.  She knew exactly where that foot ruler was going to whack if she wasn't back in the head's office wearing knickers in under an hour.  That was why she was, as instructed, on hands and knees, bottom in the air, skirt pulled up, kissing Emily's feet and offering ten pounds.

Emily looked at the ten pounds with disdain.

"It's like twenty-five now," she said, "innit?"

"Yes Miss Emily.  Twenty-five pounds Miss Emily," Tracey handed over the money.  This course was proving expensive.

"Your knickers is in the classroom," said Emily.

Tracey saw the knickers as soon as she entered the classroom.  They were hanging from one of the lampshades.  She looked round at the jeering faces of her new classmates.  It was clear they all knew whose knickers they were, and therefore who wasn't wearing knickers.  It was also clear she was going to have to stand on the desk and reach up to get them.  It was an act that would pull her skirt right up.  No wonder the boys were open mouthed.  They'd be able to see right up her...  Well right up her!  Still there was nothing for it.  She had to get her knickers back!

She stood on her desk and reached up on tiptoe, and as she did so her skirt rode up giving a perfect view of her...

"What are you doing girl!" A loud voice boomed at her.  Tracey looked round quickly knickers in hand.  A rather sleazy looking man with sleek black hair and plethoric face glowered at her.

"Tracey Smith I presume."

"Yes Sir."

"I've been hearing about you Miss Smith.  A trouble maker I believe.  I don't like trouble makers Miss Smith."

The voice belonged to the obnoxious Rupert Chambers.  Form teacher and head of English.  Chambers had been politely (and occasionally impolitely) asked to leave every other school he worked at, but Bogg Lane coudn't afford to be picky.

"Miss Bashem would like to see you Miss Smith, and I suggest you put your knickers on first."

"Yes Sir."

"Now Miss Smith."

"Yes Sir," Tracey pulled up her knickers as decorously as she could with everyone watching and ran off down the corridor.  Glancing back she saw Emily handing over what looked suspiciously like a five pound note, her five pound note, to Mr Chambers.  With a sudden flash of inspiration she knew who ran the Bogg Lane mafia!

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Tracey sat back in her little flat and looked at her timetable for the week.  Without thinking she pulled her knickers up.  Oh My God!  What had she let herself in for.  For good or ill she had to get those exams, she had to keep going, but she had to keep her knickers as well.  She looked back at the timetable.  What!  She was down the next day for swimming.  Swimming!  She wasn't going back to school to do swimming!  She'd soon see about that.

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Griselda Bashem scowled at the new girl.  Trouble maker - she could spot them a mile off.  Well she could complain about swimming as much as she liked; the government initiative on imoproving the fitness of schoolchildrlen required her to provide swimming, not that Griselda could give a toss.  She had contemplated expelling the trouble maker but the school was getting dangerously short of pupils.  There were other ways of maintaining discipline.  She swished her foot rule.

Tracey went back to the classroom rubbing her bottom.   She was glad she'd put her thicker knickers on.  She would have to unpack her new navy blue swimsuit now - and she had hoped she wouldn't need it.

She sat through the first lesson slightly uncomfortably on the hard wooden seat.  That foot rule had stung!

Mr Pettigrew the antediluvian English teacher, white haired, stooped and wrinkled was discussing Jane Austen, remembering the halcyon days of yore when he had taught pupils who were actually able to read.

"Emily," his wavering voice addressed the rather bored looking girl at the back, "could you give us your analysis of the first chapter of Pride and Prejudice."

Emily scowled back.  She sat at the back so as not to get asked questions.  She put her mobile phone down and took the chewing gum out of her mouth.

"Well it's like so borin' innit.  It's like these girls from the olden days what are like wantin' to get married an that, cos they like aint got no money and like don't want to go to work nor nuffin and like don't know no blokes to stick it up 'em like, so they're sort of gettin' desperate like."

Mr Pettigrew sighed.  It was going to be another of those lessons.

Swimming was in the local council pool, a big draughty Victorian building with tiled walls.  The unheated water was freezing; the unheated changing rooms were freezing; the ancient open showers were freezing.  Griselda could have paid to use the pool at the big posh school up the road, but she didn't believe in 'wasting' money on mere schoolchildren.

Tracey was standing in the changing room, hands on hips, glowering at Emily.  Unfortunately this act of defiance was somewhat undermined by the fact she was stark naked.

"Give me my costume!" she demanded.

"Twenty quid," said Emily.

“No way,” said Tracey.

She was putting on her defiant face.  She wasn’t going to back down this time.

“Come on you girls,” she looked round startled at the sound of a man’s voice coming from behind her.  It was the egregious Chambers.  Tracey looked round open mouthed.  Chambers had wandered into the girls changing room.

“Come on you girls,” he repeated, “get a move on.  Some of you are just standing around with no clothes on.  Come on Tracey love, look at yourself, not a stitch on.  If you’ve not got your swimsuit  on in five minutes you can go swimming as you are,” Tracey just stood there knock-kneed, trying to cover her nipples with one arm and her neatly trimmed vagina with the other.

Chambers looked her up and down as she stood there completely nude turning bright red; she could feel her skin become covered in goose bumps and her nipples turn rock hard.  She, twenty-four year old Tracey Smith, was being stared at in the nude by a school teacher.

"Stand up straight.  Arms by your side Tracey Smith!"

"Yes Sir!" Tracey didn't know how to say no.

Chambers admired her big boobies and her satisfyingly erect nipples.

"I mean it," he said, "swimsuit in five minutes or you swim as you are.  I know a trouble maker when I see one," and with that he left.

"Please Miss Emily, please," mumbled Tracey.  As instructed she was on her hands and knees, still stark naked, with fifty pounds in her mouth.  Well she couldn't go swimming in the nude could she?  And she'd make sure the head got to hear about this!

"Come on Tracey darling," Mr Chambers had stuck his head back through the door, "two minutes or you're in the pool like that!"

Tracey started begging again.

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Tracey sat in class next morning as Mr Proudfoot started his history lesson.  Sebastian Proudfoot, whose receding sandy hair and horn rimmed spectacles belied his youthful years, was nervous.  This was his first job after qualifying as a teacher, no other school would take him, and Bogg Lane had a fearsome reputation.

"Now kids," he started in a misguided attempt to sound cool, "we are going to talk about a really wicked event.  The Congress of Vienna," he stopped suddenly as a hand shot up at the front of the class.

"What was wicked about it?" Timothy was the class swot.

"I don't mean wicked in the sense of wicked, I mean wicked in the sense of 'wicked'," Sebastian paused, feeling himself getting deeper into the mire.  The obnoxious girl sitting at the back had got out her moibile phone and had started texting.

He decided to ignore her.  That was his first mistake.  Suddenly mobile phones started buzzing and ringing and blaring all round the class.

Tracey took hers out.  There was a message from Emily.  She looked at it in disbelief.

'Put ur nickers on ur head,' it read.

For a moment she wondered what 'ur nickers' were.  Some sort of primitive essence of knicker or perhaps a Chaldean relic?  Then she looked up.  All round the classroom girls were taking off their knickers and putting them on their heads.  They knew to do what Emily told them.  When she told them!

Tracey looked round.  Emily was glowering at her.  To fail to join the knicker protest would just bring trouble on her head and better knickers on her head than trouble on her head.  She pulled her knickers down, took them off and put them on her head.

Sebastian Proudfoot removed his horn rimmed glasses and stared at the class.  Then he fled.  It was Tracey’s chance.  She could go and see the head about the obnoxious Chambers.

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"Of course he came to check on you!" pronounced Griselda, she also knew a trouble maker when she saw one, "Health and Safety rules require it.  And I do not take kindly to trouble makers flaunting themselves naked in front of respectable teachers.  Next time I will send for your parents!"

She reached in her drawer for her foot rule.

Tracey retreated to the classroom rubbing her bottom hard.  She wished she had thought to put her knickers on before going down to see the head.  That foot rule could sting when applied to a bare behind!

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Tracey did not go to school the following morning in a good mood.  Going back to school didn't seem such a good idea now.  It was turning out to be more expensive than paying for an adult course, and worst of all - she was down to play netball that morning!  Netball!  She hadn't played netball since she was twelve, but the government had apparently been told that all schoolchildren were too fat and had decreed that sport was to be henceforth compulsory in school.

Not only was Tracey going to have to run around a netball court, she was going to have to do so in the ubiquitous (at any rate in England) netball uniform of gym knickers and tee shirt.  Tracey hadn't paraded around in gym knickers since she was sixteen and they didn't fit her too well any more.  All you lads that went to school in England will no doubt have pleasant memories of watching girls' netball matches.  There is something mildly erotic about seeing girls jumpning up and down in navy blue knickers - but I digress.

Tracey dug out her old school gym knickers from the back of a drawer.  No way was she forking out for a new pair  Bloody government and its healthy schoolchildren initiative!  Bloody A levels!  Bloody job!  She could see another humiliation coming, but what could she do.

Netball in gym knickers!  It had been bad enough when Tracey had been a schoolgirl.  It was ten times worse now,  for a grown woman to be parading around in her knickers for the delectation of a load of schoolboys.  It was too bad!  And Tracey was beginning to regret not having bought a new pair.  In the eight years since she had last worn them, the elastic in her old knickers had somehow lost its elasticity.  She was having a terrible job trying to keep them up.

Tracey had never been that keen on netball.  It was a game for tall slim girls, not for short girls with well developed bosoms, but the horrible Emily was playing against her and somehow Tracey just had to beat her.  It wasn't much of a revenge, but she couldn't let Emma win.

Tracey got the ball.  Emily was in front of her.  She just had to get the ball in the net!  She jumped strongly, she jumped high - and she jumped right out of her knickers.  A timely shove from Emily and she ended up flat on her back, her legs in the air, her feet wide apart.  She looked up.  She was providing a front seat view of her well trimmed and most intimate girly parts to the leering Chambers.

"Miss Smith," he said.

"Yes Sir," Tracey was somehow frozen immobile, unable even to bring her legs together.

"Put your knickers back on then report to the Headmistress."

Tracey, her reverie suddenly broken grabbed her knickers and ran back to the changing room.

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Griselda Bashem, her bottle of restorative half empty, picked up her foot rule.  The events of the day had proved beyond doubt that the new girl was a troublemaker of the worst sort.  She had threatened to send for the girl's parents, but the girl had said she would take any punishment rather than that.

An exemplary punishment was called for.  So that was why Griselda had summoned the whole school.  It was important to show that troublemakers would be punished severely.  The school waited expectantly, already fascinted by the sight of Tracey bent over the school vaulting horse, her skirt pulled up and her knickers pulled down.

Tracey heard the swish of the foot rule.  She had decided to leave Bogg Lane but...

OUCH!

The foot rule landed with unerring accuracy on her bare behind.

...That would have meant sending for her parents and then...

OOOOOH!

With a satisfying whack the foot rule landed again.

....And then her fraud would have been unmasked and...

WAAAAAH!

Her bottom, now glowing pink, was stinging more and more.

...She would have had to go back on the reluctant jobseekers scheme so...

OOOOOOH!  AAAAAAAH!

Her poor bottom was on fire!

...She had decided to make the best of a bad job and...

WAAAAAAH!  WAAAAAAH! WAAAAAH!

Tracey gritted her teeth.

...And receive six of the best.  On the bare behind.  In front of the whole school.

Swish.  Whack.

WAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAH!!!!

Griselda Bashem smiled.  There was something intensely satisfying about the red bottom of a troublemaker.

And Tracey Smith, her bright red bottom almost glowing, was staying at school.

**Tracey Goes Back to School – Week 2**

Tracey was on the phone to the school.  Try as she may she could find no way of getting out of her commitment to spending the rest of the term there.  Desperate measures were called for and she had the answer.

"Miss Bashem?" she asked, disguising her voice with what she fondly believed to be a Scottish accent.

"Speaking," the familiar tones of the headmistress were heard on the other end of the line.

"This is Fiona MacTavish from the Echo," Tracey was pleased with her convincing embodiment as a reporter on the local paper, "Miss Bashem can you comment on the disturbing reports that there is serious bullying going on at your school?"

"Bullying!  Never.  Bullies at my school are dealt with most severely."

"Apparently one senior girl is running an extortion racket in which the knickers of other girls are forcibly removed and money is demanded for their return!"

"In my school.  Never!" Griselda slammed down the phone.  Bullying indeed.  Any bully in her school would get a very red bottom indeed.

It was swimming day again.  Nothing had come of the phone call from 'The Echo', and once again Emily had stolen Tracey's costume.  Tracey stood, hands on hips in the changing room.  She might be stark naked and five foot two in her stockinged feet (not that she was wearing stockings), but she was not going to hand over any more money.

"Tracey Smith!  Are you still not changed!" the voice of Mr Chambers rang through the changing room, "I know your sort.  Standing there without a stitch on, trying to get out of swimming by pretending to have lost your costume.  Well you can just get out there and do twenty lengths as you are.  Go on.  That'll teach you."

Caught naked again by the odious Chambers, Tracey, who seconds before had been standing defiantly, suddenly felt all her resistance crumble.

"Please Mr Chambers Sir," she half crouched with her hands over her vagina, "give me five minutes Sir, please Sir."

"Very well, but I don't want to see you in your birthday suit again.  Do you hear me?"

"Yes Sir."

Tracey slumped back on the wooden bench her head in her hands.  It had all been too humiliating.  She was beaten, humiliated and needed a pee.  Why hadn't the dreaded Bashem done something?  You'd have thought her phone call would have spurred the headmistress into action.

"Please can I have my costume Miss Emily."

"Twenty quid," said Emily.

"I need a pee," said Tracey, trying to sound defiant, even though she was on hands and knees.

"Well not till I've been," said Emily smirking, "you can wait outside the door."

Emily seemed to be ages as Tracey was made to hop, cross-legged outside.  At last she came out and Tracey ran in and sat down on the toilet.  Why did being humiliated always want to make her pee?

She finished and started to stand up, but an extraordinary thing happened.  The toilet seat stuck to her bottom.  She tried to unstick it but it was no good.  Then she saw it on the floor - the box of a tube of superglue.  Now she knew why Emily had gone in first.  She had spread superglue on the toilet seat and Tracey was stuck fast, on the toilet, naked, with her legs wide apart.

She heard Chambers come back into the changing room, "Where is that wretched girl," he said, "is she ready yet?"

"She's like hidin' in the toilet.  She says she's lost her costume like.  She says she won't go swimmin'," Tracey could hear Emily's voice.

"Does she now," said Chambers, "we'll soon see about that."

There was of course a way to open the door from the outside with a teacher's key.  There has to be.  You can't have children locking themselves in the toilet.

Tracey sat stuck fast to the toilet seat and watched in horror as the door slowly opened.

"There you are," said Chambers, "get off that toilet at once and get dressed."

"But..."

Tracey's response was cut short by a loud tinkling sound.  She looked down and turned bright red.  Why did she have to pee when she felt embarrassed!  And there she was, naked on the toilet, legs apart, peeing in front of the horrible Chambers.

"I want you off that toilet and in your costume in five minutes," said Mr Chambers.

Tracey could only sit there bright red and nod her head.

Chambers left and Emily reappeared waving the bottle of releasing solvent.

"Fifty quid," she said.

Tracey nodded dumbly.

"Say please."

"Please Miss Emily will you unstick my bottom from the toilet seat and I will give you fifty pounds."

Laughing Emily poured the releasing fluid round Tracey's bum and in a couple of minutes she was free.

"My costume," shrieked Tracey, visions of swimming twenty lengths in the nude.

"Fifty quid and beg for your costume."

Tracey put the fifty pounds in her mouth and like a good little doggy put up her paws to beg.

"Good puppy," said Emily, slapping Tracey hard on the bum, "I do hope you're going to be a good doggy for me now."

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Sebastian Proudfoot stood at the front of the class, history textbook in hand.  How had he ever got to be teaching history, a subject he loathed?  But as Griselda Bashem, long time head of Bogg Street Comprehensive said, 'Somebody has to do it'.

Knowing nothing about the subject his teaching method consisted of reading out the history textbook.  In front of him sat Timothy the class swot, copying down his every word, an unnecessary exercise seeing that Timothy owned a copy of the self same textbook.

Behind Timothy there was uproar, a fact that Sebastian chose to ignore, to do otherwise, he calculated, would have been to risk life and limb and he was not prepared to do that.

If he had investigated he would have seen that the source of the uproar was two girls fighting on the floor.  Tracey, stuck now in her role of schoolgirl even though she was twenty-four years old, had decided that if life at Bogg Street were to be bearable she would have to take on and defeat Emily once and for all.

After her total humiliation of the previous day, and in the absence of any response from Miss Bashem to her phone call, Tracey had decided to pay no more knicker money.

Her plan was simple.  Deprive Emily of her knickers. As long as it was a straight fight she reckoned she could win!

Emily was big and strong, but little Tracey was cunning.  What Emily possessed in the way of poking Tracey with her finger, Tracey countered with pulling Emily's hair.  When Emily gave Tracey a shove, Tracey countered by tripping Emily up.  So it was that  Emily ended up lying on the floor face down, Tracey was sitting on her back triumphant, pulling Emily's skirt up.  There could be only one outcome; Emily's knickers were coming down! Struggle as she may, Emily could do nothing about it, she kicked, she wriggled, she screamed.  It was no good.  Tracey had her knickers by the waistband and down they came.  Emily's rotund and bright pink bottom appeared as her knickers descended to round her thighs.

"What is the meaning of this!" the voice of Griselda Bashem rang out loud and clear.  Griselda had been woken from her afternoon nap by the noise and she was not happy.  In front of her were two girls fighting.  One of them with her knickers down.  It was no good.  It was a disgrace.  It was totally unacceptable.  Nothing should be allowed to disturb her afternoon nap.

"You girls," she declaimed pointing at Tracey and Emily, "My office after school.  I will get to the bottom of this!"

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Tracey stood in front of Griselda smiling, Emily was beside her scowling.  Behind her large oak desk Griselda was declaiming.

"My investigations," she said, "have unearthed a situation that has dismayed and appalled me. I would never have believed it, but I have heard from a reliable source, a reporter on the local paper no less, that there has been an on-going situation of bullying, threats and distortion in this school.  A campaign waged by one particular girl.  It is behaviour which will not be tolerated in my school and which will not go unpunished."

Tracey was ecstatic.  Her plan had worked!  Emily had been unmasked.  She would be punished.  Her rule was over.

Griselda took a key out of her pocket, unlocked a drawer in her desk and took out the instrument of retribution.  A long, whippy and well-used punishment cane.

She flicked the cane through the air, "You girl, "she said pointing a finger, "bend over the desk."

Tracey looked at Griselda open mouthed, she was pointing at her!

"Me!" she exclaimed.

"Of course you," said Griselda, "you didn't think I was talking about this sweet innocent girl," indicating the smirking Emily, "I saw what you were doing to her knickers, and Mr Chambers has confirmed that you have been nothing but a troublemaker since you first came.  There is only one punishment for bullies and troublemakers.  Bend over the desk at once and pull your knickers down."

Tracey could feel the solid wood of the desk on her face.  She was bent over the desk, her skirt up and her knickers down.  How had she got into this situation, about to receive six of the best on her bare behind?  She could do nothing about it.  To object would be to reveal her fraud!  Her return to school had been a disaster.  Instead of getting a free qualification she was getting a caned bottom.  Her phone call to the school had been an even greater disaster.  She had brought about her own punishment.  She thought and thought and thought, but she could find no way out of the mess.  She had tried to cheat and her bottom was going to pay the price.

Out of the corner of her eye she saw the smirking Emily and she heard the swish of the cane as Griselda took a few practice swings.

Griselda looked at the bottom in front of her with unconcealed pleasure.  In all her years as a teacher, her only pleasure in life had been to regularly redden the bare bottoms of naughty girls and boys.  It had been a long time since she had been able to use the cane.  The governors permitted its use only in the worst cases of bullying, and now was her chance.  She patted the bottom a couple of times savouring the effect the cane was going to have on so nicely padded a behind.  She patted it again with the cane to be sure of her aim, raised it high and...

Swish.

Tracey heard the noise, heard the loud thwack as cane met bottom and...

WAAAAAAAAAAAH!

Griselda smiled.  The foot ruler stung, but the cane - well that hurt!

She raised the cane again...

Griselda was well versed in the art, and she regarded it very definitely as an art, of bottom caning.  Five horizontal stripes appeared in a neat row on Tracey's bottom as the cane rose and fell, and with each one a satisfactory yell showed the effectiveness of her aim.

WAAAAAAAAAH!

Tracey pressed her face into the desk; it was red with bawling, as red as her bottom; only one more to go, her bottom felt ablaze but there was only one more to go!

Griselda took careful aim.  The last was always the best.

Swish.

The stroke fell neatly across the five red stripes so that all blazed simultaneously.

WAAAAAAAAAAAAAH!

Griselda smiled.  She had perfected the art of bottom caning over many years so as to inflict the maximum discomfort.  It would be a long time before there would be any more bullying in her school!

Tracey lay on her bed back in her little flat.  She was on her stomach.  Her hot red bottom glistened with the cream she had rubbed into it, but it was still too sore for her to lie on her back.  What was she to do?  Her revolt against Emily had been a disaster.  Emily had been told to report any 'bullying' to Griselda, and Emily had told Tracey that any failure to obey in future and she'd be bent over the desk again.  Poor Tracey's bottom tingled at the mere thought.

Next day the children in the class were treated to an interesting sight as they entered the classroom.  Tracey was bent knickerless over the teacher’s desk.  Her bare behind bore the marks of her previous day’s humiliation.  They understood exactly.  It was Emily’s reminder of what happened to anybody who dared to oppose her.

Tracey groaned.  She was in Emily's power and her first order had been clear.  Tracey was not allowed to wear knickers to school again.

**Tracey Goes back to School – Week Three**

Poor Tracey was in despair as she handed over her knickers to Emily at the school gates.  She had no option.  If she refused she'd be reported by Emily for 'bullying', she’d be bent over the headmistress's desk, her knickers would be pulled down and...  Her bottom tingled just at the thought of it.

She had to get some sort of a hold over Emily.  It was her only hope.  But what?  She had only one idea.  Every break Emily would disappear behind the bike sheds for ten minutes then reappear looking rather flushed but with a smile on her face.

It could mean only one thing.  Emily was smoking behind the bike sheds!  If there was one thing that Griselda Bashem, the well lubricated head would not tolerate, it was smoking.  Griselda was trying to give up!  And like any person craving a fag she couldn't bear the thought of somebody else having one.  If only Emily were caught she would be in deep trouble.  But how!  This would take some thought.

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"Tracey Smith!" The voice of Tracey's form master the odious Chambers rang through the girls changing room, "What are you doing standing there without a stitch on.  You're supposed to be getting ready for your English lesson."

How did Chambers know how to catch Tracey in the nude every time?  It was hopeless complaining, she'd only be accused of flaunting her naked body.

"Sorry Mr Chambers Sir, I seem to have mislaid my clothes Mr Chambers Sir."

"Just look at yourself girl.  Standing there with nothing on.  Have you no shame?"

"No Mr Chambers Sir.  I mean yes Mr Chambers Sir," Tracey swallowed hard.  She would have to wait until Emily gave her her clothes back.  But a plan was forming.  She'd write a note, an anonymous note, and post it through the head's door.  If she worded it properly, Griselda Bashem would not be able to resist, Emily would be caught and punished.  It was foolproof.  She picked up a pencil and scrawled, 'Deer Heddmistriss, loook behind the byke shedds at brake time and u wil catch a norty girl at it'.  That would do the trick.  Emily's bottom wouldn't escape this time!

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The ancient Mr Pettigrew looked at the class with his usual sense of despair.

"Now for the class production of Romeo and Juliet,' he said, a note of hopeless resignation in his voice, "any volunteers for Juliet."

He looked in amazement as Emily's hand shot up.  Emily never normally paid any attention and sat in the back of the class texting on her I-phone.

"Yes Emily," he said, "why would you like to play Juliet?"

"It's like she's sort of dead sexy like me innit, and she like gets to snog Romeo innit, and Mark Robertson's like playin' this Romeo bloke, and he's like dead fit, and I'd like get to snog him," she paused a second as she looked across at Mark Robertson, then went on, "Like does this Romeo get like to do her in the play, cos I don't like mind if Mark Robertson gets to do me like..."

"I'm not sure that there is much snogging involved," said Mr Pettigrew.  He was not overly convinced of Emily's ability with iambic pentameters.

He looked round the class, "Miss Smith," he looked at Tracey, "perhaps you would like to be our Juliet."

"Er yes," said Tracey, after all she quite fancied snogging Mark Robertson as well.

Tracey knew to keep out of the way of Emily come break time; anyway she wanted to watch and see what happened when Griselda investigated behind the bike sheds.  And she'd managed to sneak in a spare pair of knickers - no chance of being caught knickerless by Griselda!  She put on the knickers she had sneaked in, hid and watched.  No sign of Emily.  No sign of Griselda.  What was going on?  Her curiosity mounted.  What was behind the bike sheds?  She just had to know.  Furtively she crept up and peered round.  What she saw made her give out a little gasp.

"Hi Tracey.  Fancy a snog?" It was Mark Robertson.

Mark the fit guy!  He was certainly snoggable but...  Well she was twenty-four and he was only sixteen.  Could she really snog a schoolboy?  Yes she could!

In a second she was having the best snog she'd had for weeks.  Her life had been rather barren on the snog front for some time, and she was enjoying this.

Ooooooh!

His hand had gone up her skirt!

Ooooooo!  Oooooooh!

His hand had found her knickers and were slowly pulling them down!  Her hands were pinned to her sides and she was helpless.  She felt two strong hands grasp her buttocks and squeeze.

"What is the meaning of this?"

The awful voice of Griselda cut through the air like a knife.  Tracey froze.  She forgotten all about her note, telling Griselda that she'd find 'a norty girl at it' behind the bike sheds.  She had been naughty and now she'd been caught at it!

Then an even more dreadful thing happened.  She found her skirt unfastened at the side, whipped off and the cowardly Mark Robertson, using it to hide his face, ran off with it.  Tracey was left in broad daylight with her knickers round her ankles.

"Miss Smith!" Said Griselda, "I'll see you in my office in ten minutes."

Tracey stood in front of the big oak desk trembling, her bottom tingling in anticipation.

"Miss Smith," said Griselda, "the time has come for drastic action.  I must speak to your parents."

"What!"

"I must speak to your parents.  The appropriate punishment for this offence requires their approval.”

“But you can't..."

"I think you'll find I can.  I want to see you here with your parents at nine o'clock tomorrow.  Is that understood?"

"Yes Miss Bashem."

Parents!  Tracey couldn't ask her real parents; she was only pretending to be a schoolgirl!  She would have to find a substitute or be unmasked as a fraud.  How could she have been so stupid?  Caught snogging with her knickers down.  It was a disaster!

Which of her friends would come to her aid?  In reality she only needed one parent.  She could pretend her father had gone off or disappeared or whatever.  Eventually she decided on Debs.  Debs might only be a year older than Tracey but she had a few wrinkles, and a few grey hairs, she could pass for mid-thirties, old enough to be the mother of a seventeen year old.

"What!" Debs couldn't believe her ears, "your MOTHER!"

"You've got to Debs, or I'll be in all sorts of trouble.  You've just got to!"

To be honest Debs was rather taken by the idea.  It seemed a tremendous laugh!  Pretend to be Tracey's mother, she'd love it.

"Now Debs," said Tracey, "remember you mustn't agree to any er…" Tracey didn’t quite know how to put it.

“Any what?”

“Any…  Well…  Spanking!”

"What!  You're not going to get your bottom smacked are you?  That's hilarious!"

"It's not hilarious when you're on the receiving end."

"You don't mean to say you've already been spanked.  Tracey!  What have you been up to?"

"You don't want to know.  You just don't want to know!"

"Oh yes I do!"

"I got caught snogging a boy."

"Is that such a crime."

"It is when he's sixteen and you're twenty-four.  I think.  Anyway nobody must know I'm not a real schoolgirl.  Please Debs please!"

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"And you are Tracey's mother?"

Griselda didn't look convinced.

"I was a child bride.  And then Sebastian ran off with an heiress and left me to bring up little Tracey all on my own."

"You don't look old enough."

"Oh yes she does," Tracey butted in, alarmed by Debs's overacting and the way things were going, "if you look closely you'll see loads of wrinkles, and grey hairs," she added hopefully.

Debs bridled.  Wrinkles!  Grey hair!  She hadn't agreed to looking that old.

"Do you realise Mrs Smith, that this child of yours has been a serious troublemaker ever since she came here."

"I can well believe it," said Debs, still riled by the reference to wrinkles, "she's a holy terror at home.  I often have to take the slipper to her."

"I'm glad you approve of corporal punishment Mrs Smith, because I have to tell you that her recent behaviour warrants an exemplary punishment."

"I absolutely agree Miss Bashem.  She has to be taught a lesson she won't forget."

Wrinkles indeed!

Tracey looked on open mouthed.

"Debs!  No!" She mouthed.

"Bloody wrinkles indeed," mouthed Debs back.  Tracey was going to suffer for that!

"You realise that your daughter was caught 'in flagrante delicto' with a young man, as yet unidentified, and her knickers round her ankles."

Debs could hardly keep herself under control.  Tracey had not let on about the state of her knickers and it conjured up such an hilarious vision.

"Shocking!" she at last managed to stutter.

Griselda opened her draw and took out a well worn and highly polished spanking bat.

"I was proposing to use this," she said, "in my experience it is very effective in girls who need to learn a lesson.  Girls who need to have their bottoms tanned.  The governors have not allowed its use, but with your help I think we can overlook that fact."

"No Debs please!" Tracey was getting frantic.

"Grey hairs," Debs mouthed back.

"Let’s get started then Miss Bashem," she said, "I'm glad to see her getting the punishment she deserves."

“My thoughts entirely.”

Tracey was bent over the desk and her skirt pulled up.

"Knickers down Tracey.”

Poor Tracey had no option.  Passing off Debs as her mother had just made things a hundred times worse.  She pulled her knickers down and bit her bottom lip.  She still had hopes that Debs was just having a joke.

"Six strokes do you think Mrs Smith?"

"On each cheek?"

"Of course.  Away you go!"

"What me?" Debs was surprised to find herself handed the spanking bat.

"Certainly.  As I said, I am not permitted to administer this punishment, but of course you can certainly do so.  And, as you said, it is richly deserved."

Debs felt the weight of the bat in her hand; it was nicely balanced and worn smooth by the countless bottoms it had spanked over the years.  Tracey, bent over, her bottom bare, her faced pressed into the wood of the desk, looked at Debs, at the bat and back at Debs.  Her mouth and her eyes opened wide and she felt the goose bumps form on her bottom.

Debs looked at the bare bottom in front of her and saw the goose bumps.  It just seemed to invite a spanking.  She raised the bat.  Tracey’s eyes opened even wider, Debs wasn’t joking, “Please!” she mouthed, but she was too late.

\*SPANK\*

The bat came down on Tracey’s left bottom cheek with a resounding thwack.

\*SPANK\*

Tracey heard the smack on her left bottom cheek before she felt it then:

“Owww!” she yelped both cheeks were stinging.

Red faced she looked up at Debs, “Wrinkles, wrinkles, wrinkles!” she said.  It was a mistake.  Debs had gone easy on the first spanks.

\*SPANK\* \*SPANK\* \*SPANK\* \*SPANK\*

“Yow!  Yow! Yow! Yow!!!”

Tracey let out four satisfactory yelps as the spanks landed nice and hard, and her bottom cheeks glowed a satisfactory red colour as Debs stopped to draw breath.  Debs looked at her bottom again.  It looked nicely tenderised.  Wrinkles indeed!  She went at it with a will.

\*SPANK\*  \*SPANK\*

Poor Tracey’s bottom was bright red and tingling, every nerve ending extra sensitive.  Two spanks left on each cheek.  Debs took aim.

\*SPANK\*
\*SPANK\*
\*SPANK\*
\*SPANK\*

Poor Tracey was yelling and bawling as each cheek in turn was set on fire.

“Pull your knickers up girl,” said Miss Bashem, “and let that be a lesson to you.”

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Back in Tracey's flat that evening Debs was rubbing cream into Tracey's red bottom.

"Just had to do it Tracey love," she said, "your bottom is just too inviting."

Tracey, her face as red as her bottom, wasn't impressed.  She thought Debs had an equally inviting bottom.

She sat up, "Over my knee Debs," she said.

"No Tracey, please no!"

"You know you have to Debs.  It's only fair!"

Debs somehow had known it would be coming.

She was sitting on the chair with the naked girl over her knee, considering the state of her bottom, but it was worth it.  Pinned in place, the  girl was helpless to stop the inevitable.  She looked round in horror as Debs picked up the ping-pong bat.  Not perhaps as effective as the purpose made spanking bat, but it would just have to do.

Tracey looked up at her.

"I was supposed to spank you!" she wailed.

"I'm not the one who mentioned wrinkles," said Debs, "I'm not the one with an inviting bare bottom, and most important of all.  I'm stronger than you."

She looked down at Tracey's rosy pink bottom cheeks.  Which one should she start on?  Left or right?