**Tracey's Blistering Interview**

Katie Smith

Tracey smoothed down her skirt as she stood up and prepared to follow the headmaster’s secretary down the short corridor into his office. This was the third time Tracey had been here to be interviewed at St John’s School for Boys and she was sure this would be the visit that earn’t her the teaching job.   
  
She entered the office behind Miss Jones and stood almost to attention as Miss Jones announced her arrival to Mr. Chambers, the headmaster, who smiled at her and motioned for her to sit down. She saw his eyes crawl over her as she sat, her blouse was a bit lower cut than the one she’d worn before and her skirt was shorter than the one she’d worn last time and it rode high on her thigh as she sat, but although she thought Mr. Chambers was a slimy old pervert she was quite prepared to show a little leg if it gave her a better chance of landing this job.   
  
At the age of twenty-four Tracey had only just completed one full year of teaching at a run down inner city school and now she was within touching distance of landing a job at St Johns, the most exclusive boarding school in the south of England. Exclusivity bought many benefits, not least of which was the fact that the salary on offer was twice as much as she was currently earning and equated to even more than that as the job was live in with it’s own flat in the school grounds. Tracey desperately wanted this job! The first interview had almost been like a cattle call with at least thirty people being interviewed and each person only being given twenty minutes in front of a panel of six people. They must of liked her though because she was invited back and the second interview was much more thorough, lasting over three hours. Tracey was in two minds as to whether she’d done well enough to be asked back for a third interview so she was delighted when the letter had arrived asking her back the next Wednesday. She knew there were only three people invited back including her and she’d already seen the other two this morning. Both were men, middle-aged and both quite fat and Tracey had looked at them both with disdain, they certainly didn’t seem a threat. They’d both looked at her with a mixture of lust, jealousy and loathing as she’d taken a seat with them in the small waiting room. She’d noticed that they to had stolen looks at her legs as she’d sat down and she smiled to herself knowing that they were already worried she would get the job because of the way she looked.   
  
Mind you with Mr. Chambers interviewing it didn’t hurt to be a pretty twenty four year old blonde! He did appear to be something of a letch and at the end of the second interview he had patted her bottom as he showed her out of his office! Tracey had been a bit shocked in this day and age that someone would still do that but then she thought if having an old letch as your boss meant getting a getting a plum job it was probably worth it, and anyway she could always accuse him of sexual harassment later on and get him thrown out.   
  
The other two men in the waiting room had been led away by one of the pupils of the school a few minutes after Tracey had sat down, apparently they were being given a guided tour of the school while Tracey would be seeing Mr. Chambers. The boy had looked at Tracey with undisguised astonishment when he saw her sitting there and she immediately got the impression that they didn’t have many young female teachers at St Johns! She had glared back at him and he’d blushed a deep red before leading the two men away. It was one thing having to put up with a lecherous boss but there was now way she was going to let the school pupils get away with it!   
  
She was now sat with Mr. Chambers and after a few minutes she realised that this interview was going to be easy. The old codger had hardly taken his eyes off her legs and was chatting to her as if she’d already been offered the job. He’d explained that there were seven hundred boys at the school from the ages of eleven to eighteen and what her duties would entail being a live in teacher. As well as the ordinary teaching lessons she would also have to supervise and perhaps even take part in school sports, plays, musical events etc etc. All of this Tracey had been aware of before but she made the right noises and she knew he was in the palm of her hand. He then said something that did interest her.   
  
“Of course a boarding school like this has to maintain a strong sense of discipline amongst the boys. Part of your duties will occasionally involve you in carrying out routine punishments.”   
  
“Could you explain that further Mr. Chambers?” Tracey asked.   
  
“Well the most common form of punishment for the boys is the cane, we often find that a dozen swipes of the cane on a boys naked behind shows them the error of their ways.” He laughed.   
  
“Naked?” Tracey almost gasped.   
  
“Oh yes, quite naked, we make sure the boys strip off before they are put over the bench and caned, of course as you are female we may have to think about that aspect of the punishment although I think we may leave that up to you, suffice to say the boys are well used to having to accept their punishment naked and the fact that you’re a woman shouldn’t make any difference.”   
  
Tracey could hardly believe her ears, as far as she knew corporal punishment had been banned in schools over ten years earlier although she had heard rumours that some boarding schools still carried out the practice and with someone like Mr. Chambers in charge she could quite believe this school would be one! It did cross her mind that maybe she would be getting into dangerous waters if she took this further but on the other hand caning a naked boy did have some attractions!   
  
“Of course the school would expect you as a teacher to follow the majority of the school rules and even though we don’t cane the male teachers maybe an exception would be made for a pretty little thing like you.” Mr. Chambers laughed.   
  
Tracey laughed with him, sure that he was joking, after all who’d ever heard of caning a teacher!   
  
“Anyway when I show you around I’ll show you where the canings take place and maybe even give you a little demonstration.”   
  
“That would be nice.” Tracey said wondering to herself if she was really going to see a naked boy strapped down and caned!   
  
The interview moved onto more mundane matters and she was offered a cup of tea, which Miss Jones bought her. Tracey had the distinct impression that Miss Jones did not like her but that was okay with Tracey, she would get rid of her to after she’d gotten rid of her lecherous boss!   
  
Finally after she’d been in his office for just over an hour he told her that that part of the interview was over and he would give her a quick tour of the school. Tracey smiled to herself as she stood up, a pupil had taken the other two men on the tour, and Tracey was going to be shown round by the headmaster himself!   
  
As she walked out of the office slightly before him she wondered if the pat on the bottom would come and sure enough it did! She gave him a sweet little smile and said nothing before letting him lead her down the plush oaken corridor towards the main school building. They walked down seemingly endless corridors past or into classrooms, dining rooms, gyms, swimming pools, chemistry labs, libraries etc. The gym and swimming pool would be accessible to Tracey outside school hours so that was an extra benefit, she did like to keep trim and fit. All the time Mr. Chambers had his hand on the small of Tracey’s back gently leading her in the right direction. They passed numerous boys on the trip, nearly all of which gawked at Tracey as if they’d never seen an attractive girl before. After being stared at for the tenth time by a boy Mr. Chambers had laughed and said, “Don’t mind the boys, they don’t see many girls here, especially one’s as pretty as you.” He said as he patted her bottom once again.   
  
Tracey gritted her teeth and carried on walking hatching in her head the best way to get this old git out of his job once she started work there!   
  
Finally they reached a smallish deeply paneled room, which was mostly empty apart from what looked like a deeply worn red leather bench about three feet high and four feet long.   
  
“Ah now this is the punishment room and that is the dreaded punishment bench was telling you about earlier.” He laughed pointing at the red leather bench.   
  
Tracey temporarily could thing of nothing to say and just stared at the bench slightly fascinated by thoughts of what went on on it.   
  
“It’s just the right height for the boys, of course some of the older ones it’s slightly to low for but that’s not many, actually it looks as if it would be the right height for you as well.” He laughed looking her up and down; “ Care to try it out for size?”   
  
For a second Tracey pretended she didn’t hear him, after all there was no way she was going to get over the horrid thing for him but when she tried to make light of it and started to say no he stopped her and laughed, “Come on just bend over it for a second, I’ll see if I can arrange that proper demonstration then.”   
  
Tracey still had no intention of doing it but there had been something in his voice which made her wonder if this was some sort of test, was he testing her and if he as she didn’t want to blow it! There was also the idea of seeing a proper demonstration, that thought did appeal to her she did admit that thought!   
  
“Okay just for a second.” She said to the grinning headmaster.   
  
“Good girl,” he laughed, “now just position yourself at the end of the bench with your feet apart and bend forward so that the top half of your body is resting along the length of the bench.   
  
Hating herself for letting herself get into this position she did as she was told until she was bent over the bench, her bottom high in the air at one end and the rest of her laying on the bench, the soft leather against her face and her arms up beside her head. There were two leather straps set higher up the bench and she guessed they were for slipping your wrists through if you were tempted to make a run for it! She hated to think what kind of view she was presenting to Mr. Chambers, her skirt was short enough to ride up even higher in this position and she was sure that he could probably see her panties, thank God they were clean! She was about to get up when she heard him say, “Yes that bench is just the right height for you don’t you think?”   
  
“Uhm yes I guess so.” She said blushing madly.   
  
“Good in that case I think we’ll go straight onto the demonstration then don’t you?”   
  
“Yes that would be a good idea.” She said thinking that at least she could get up off this stupid bench and as she started to raise herself up she heard him say, “Good I’m so glad you agree, perhaps if you stand up then and put your clothes in the basket over here.”   
  
Tracey stood up straight and thought perhaps the blood had rushed to her head to quickly! Surely she couldn’t have heard him right?   
  
“Excuse me?” she said stunned.   
  
“For the demonstration, I thought I’d explained that the person being caned was always naked?” he said with a nonplussed expression on his face.   
  
“Yes but I thought you were going to cane a pupil for the demonstration.” Tracey spluttered.   
  
“Oh no, there are no pupils due for punishment at the moment, I’ll do a quick demonstration on you.”  
  
“I don’t think so!” Tracey said shocked.   
  
“Oh don’t worry I won’t really cane you, just a few light taps that’s all but I do think it’s important that you get to experience what the boys go through so that you will understand what the punishment means to them when you cane them yourself.” He said smiling.   
  
“Well maybe but I still don’t intend to take my clothes off and let you cane me, however light the taps are!” Tracey said with some anger in her voice.   
  
Mr. Chambers looked at her and sighed and then after a few seconds shrugged, “Okay well the choice is yours, it is purely voluntary of course but I do feel that any new teacher we appoint must have an in depth understanding of the way we keep discipline in the school, it’s very important to us, and it’s a pity that it does not seem to be so important to you but that’s your choice.”   
  
Tracey was suddenly aware of what he was saying, if she didn’t strip off and let the old pervert cane her she could say goodbye to this job! There was no way she was going to lose this job because she didn’t give an old man his kicks, and anyway he was on his way out even if he didn’t know it yet! He suddenly turned his back to her and took a step towards the door and hating herself she suddenly said, “Stop please.” He turned to face her, " you are right of course, it is important for a new teacher to understand how things work.”   
  
“Good girl”, he smiled,” I knew you’d see the sense in it, I was beginning to think you weren’t the right person for the job.” He laughed.   
  
Feeling like she could punch his face in right there and then Tracey forced her self to smile back at him and he said, “Right let’s not waste any more time. Let’s get you stripped off and onto the bench.”   
  
Tracey saw the basket he had referred to earlier and gritting her teeth she started to undress in front of him. She knew he was watching her every move even though he was acting casually as she took off her blouse and skirt and dropped them into the wicker basket. She was now only wearing her bra and panties and they did not cover a lot but she knew from the glint in his eye that he was not going to allow her even this small degree of cover and sighing to herself she unclipped her bra and dropped it into the basket and swiftly stepped out of her panties doing the same to them before he closed the lid on the basket.   
  
She was now completely naked in front of the grinning old man and although she had been using her sexuality in her favour just minutes ago she now felt totally vulnerable and defenceless, standing in front of him trying to cover herself with her arms like a naughty schoolgirl.   
  
“You really are a pretty little thing aren’t you.” He laughed, making Tracey feel even more humiliated as he stared at her nakedness, ”now come on get over the bench we haven’t got all day young missy.”  
  
Even his tone was making Tracey feel small now and she scampered over to the bench and once again stood at its end. She knew this time when she stood with her feet apart and bent forward she would be presenting him with a much better view than last time but there was nothing she could do but grit her teeth and get on with it so she bent forward until she was once again laying along the length of the bench, the leather feeling cold against her skin, her naked breasts squashed against it.. She suddenly felt his hand on her right wrist and she didn’t resist as he pulled it up the length of the bench and through the leather strap, pulling it tightly closed around her wrist securing it completely. As he started to pull her left wrist towards it’s strap she asked if this was completely necessary and he shushed her with a tap on her bottom before securing her left wrist high above her head. She was now in effect tied to the bench; it’s width forcing her to spread her legs wide apart and she knew she was presenting an excellent view of all her womanly charms, and she meant all! She was also slightly worried about staining the leather in her present position!   
  
Mr. Chambers seemed happy with the view in front of him and was making appreciative noises as he slowly walked round the bench until Tracey could take it no longer and asked sarcastically, “Excuse me but can we get started?”   
  
“Not yet my dear, the others should be here any minute now.” He laughed.   
  
“The others!” Tracey squealed, ”What others?”   
  
“Why your two rivals for the position of course, their tour will finish up here, I promised them a demonstration as well, they seemed most keen to see one, in fact I may have promised them a hands on demonstration I hope you won’t mind, they seemed to especially like that idea, young Timmy may stay as well, he’s the boy showing them around, he got caned just last week and he will probably be only to pleased to offer his advice.”   
  
“You can’t do that.” Tracey squealed in horror s

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