

# An After School Special

by [abbeynormal](#)©

*When I was first handed this scenario, I didn't think about doing a prequel to Teacher's Pet, Chpt. 1. In fact, I had never planned a prequel. I was planning a sequel (and still am) but I saw in this a way to explain how Ron's spanking fetish first began and decided to run with it. If you haven't read Teacher's Pet yet don't worry. You don't need to before you read this. But if you are intrigued by what you read here and then want to read more... well far be it from me to discourage you.*

Ron Matthews had spent virtually all of his 18 years living next door to Melissa Robbins. She and her husband, Roger, moved into the compact three-bedroom ranch style house when he was just learning to walk. Though she had no children of her own, she had very strong maternal instincts and Ron's parents, as well as the other parents in the neighborhood, always found her to be a willing babysitter. And her training as an Emergency Room nurse had prepared her to deal with whatever unexpected occurrences that life might throw at her young charges.

Ron had only vague recollections of Melissa's fireman husband but clearly remembered the day he died while fighting a blaze at a local nursing home. It seemed like the entire neighborhood gathered at the house of the grieving widow that day and over the course of the following week, several people were in and out of the house, including his own parents. He also remembered seeing any number of other firemen at her home as time wore on. When he asked his mom about it she told him that Melissa no longer had a man around the house and sometimes needed help with things. He told his mom that he could be the man and she chuckled indulgently.

Over the years they developed a close relationship and Ron grew to think of her as his 'cool aunt', one who always took him seriously and treated him more like an equal than any of his family members did. No matter how cool she was though, she was never afraid to correct his behavior when he got out of line. He'd been on the receiving end of more than a few stinging paddlings to his bare butt and his parents never objected. They assured Melissa that they would do the same thing under the circumstances. Over the years, Ron came to not mind the spankings so much, at least not after they were over. Actually getting them was another story but once he was done 'paying off his debt', as he came to look at it, he felt like he could walk away with a clear conscience. In fact, it was Melissa who taught him the value of just coming clean, admitting his mistakes and getting the punishment over with.

As much as he liked Melissa and appreciated the way she treated him, when he reached puberty his personal autonomy began to kick in and he asserted that he no longer needed a babysitter. On some occasions his parents would let him stay home alone and ask Melissa to just keep an eye on him and the house. If they were going to be out late, he'd spend the night with a friend. But even though she lost her babysitter status, he still considered her to be his cool aunt and willingly did chores for her such as cutting the grass in summer and shoveling her driveway and walks in the winter.

Then fate intervened in the form of a business trip to Europe for Ron's father. The company offered to let him take his family but he didn't feel they could pull Ron out of school for an entire month. Just weeks before, Melissa had celebrated her 20th anniversary with the hospital and decided it was time to retire from the grind of twelve hour shifts and life and death decisions. She had things she wanted to do while she was still young enough to enjoy them and so she signed on with an agency to do private duty nursing which would accommodate her desire to work more sporadically. Once more, the Matthews' asked her to watch their youngest son for them and she readily agreed.

On the appointed Sunday, Ron showed up at Melissa's front door, duffel bag in one hand, backpack in the other and his parents a few steps behind them. She welcomed them all into her home and told Ron to stow his bag in the guestroom. Having spent so much of his free time at her house, he knew instantly where to go. Mr. & Mrs. Matthews were profuse in their thanks for her assistance and she assured them that their son would cause her no trouble at all. Mrs. Matthews laughed and said the real danger was in whether or not he would eat his caretaker out of house and home. Melissa recalled growing up with two brothers of her own and, knowing full well how teen-aged boys ate, laughed and let them know she had stocked her kitchen accordingly.

Ron came out to the living room again and gave his parents a hug before they left. He stared out the window

for a moment and watched them as they strolled down the driveway and to their house.

"You're not gonna start crying and throw a temper tantrum on me are ya?" Melissa asked.

"Nah, I think I'm well past that age now."

"Good, cuz you've gotten way too big for me to pick up and rock until you settle down."

"Yeah, but I could still sit in your lap in the rocking chair you want."

Melissa gave him a playful swat on his butt.

"Smart ass. Now do you have any home work that's due for tomorrow?"

Realizing that she was going to hold him to the same high standards that his parents did, he groaned. "Yeah, I've still got to read three chapters for English."

"Okay, you get started on that and I'll fix pizza for dinner."

The first three days of Ron's stay with Melissa, all went well. They fell into a routine of him coming home at the end of the school day and immediately starting his homework with her available to help as needed. They'd have supper together and talk about the events of their day and then Ron would return to his homework while Melissa did the dishes. Ron was more than willing to help out with some of the household chores and by Wednesday night both of them felt like they were completely comfortable living under one roof.

Thursday morning, however, caused a wrinkle in their smooth relationship. As Ron was crossing the parking lot going to the school building, one of his classmates called him over. When he was still a few yards away he heard the boy call out to him.

"Hey, I hear you're staying with Melissa Roberts while your folks are in Europe."

"Yeah, so?"

"What's it like living with the naughty nurse?"

Ron was clearly confused. "Melissa? Naughty?"

"Yeah, has she given you any 'treatments'? Maybe, uh, checked your sperm count... orally?"

The boy combined his question with a lewd gesture and suddenly Ron understood the implication. Though he'd had the occasional, late night, under-the-covers fantasy about his neighbor, it was nothing he would ever admit to. And while he never really thought about what Melissa did for sexual pleasure, he didn't want her reputation disgraced either.

"Nah, she's just a friend of my folks."

Before he had a chance to walk away the other boy shoved him and taunted, "Yeah, well, maybe if you weren't such a fag, you'd be puttin' it to her."

Ron immediately lost his temper and shoved back and what started as a war of words erupted into a brawl that included the two teachers who stepped in to break it up. Moments later both boys were in the principal's office being spoken to very sternly. Much to Ron's dismay, Melissa was called and the principal asked her permission to give him the paddling that the school normally sanctioned for such misbehavior. He breathed a sigh of relief when he heard Melissa decline but had no idea what was waiting for him when he got home.

When he arrived at Melissa's the front door was open but he didn't see her at first.

"Hey, I'm here," he called.

Melissa emerged from the hallway carrying a maple bathbrush and Ron's heart dropped into his stomach. He assumed that since she hadn't spanked him in several years, she wouldn't be doing it again. Once saw the brush, however, he knew exactly what was in store for him and his mouth went dry at the prospect.

Not even giving him a chance to try to explain, she came into the living room, grabbed him by the wrist and pulled him towards her. With an easy gesture, she released his belt and had his pants unzipped and down to his knees. He knew full well what would happen next and tried to steel himself for it but it was still torture.

Laid out on the living room sofa, across her lap, his butt was on the receiving end of a wicked paddling. Melissa also scolded him, her anger genuine over the fact that he'd behaved so badly while he was in her care. Whereas he'd walked in hoping to explain that he had simply been defending her honor, all he could do now was sob, beg forgiveness and promise never to direct an angry word at anyone ever again. When she was finally finished blistering his bottom, she had him stand up and pull up his pants. He wiped a few tears from his eyes to try to compose himself before he looked at her.

"Ron, I think you know I'm very fond of you and I value our friendship. But if you pull another stunt like this while your parents are gone, you'll get a spanking that's twice as bad. Do you understand me?"

"Yes, Melissa," he sniffed.

"Fine," she replied before reaching out to give him a hug.

Ron gave a sigh of relief, knowing he'd survived what had to be the worst paddling ever given to anyone. Her threat of a worse punishment for further bad behavior didn't even phase him, as he couldn't imagine anything worse than what he'd been through. He hugged her as well, happy to know that he'd paid off his debt and that the issue would be forgotten.

"Now, go do your homework. I've got some things to take care of in the basement and then I'll get started on supper."

That night as he lay on his stomach in bed, he thought about Melissa and the remarks that the boy had made. With his buns still stinging, there was no way he could roll over and lie on his back while he pleased himself but he found that he could wriggle his erection pleasantly against the sheets. As his orgasm built in his balls, he rolled to one side and grabbed a wad of tissues from the box on the nightstand. He finished himself off with his hand and caught the ejaculate with the tissues, knowing it wouldn't do to have Melissa find the evidence of his activities on her sheets.

The next week went by without incident but the third week didn't start as well. As he was crossing the parking lot, the same boy was there with the same taunts, only this time directed more at Ron and his manhood... or presumed lack thereof. Ron knew that he should just walk away but the words stung almost as much as the paddling he'd received just two weeks ago and the same fight ensued. Of course, the same trip to the principal's office followed the melee and Ron found himself nearly quaking in his boots as Melissa was called. He remembered her threat of a punishment even worse if he misbehaved again.

Fortunately for him, Melissa was gone and Principal Barnes had to leave a message on her answering machine. Ron was dismissed to go to class with the verbal warning that paddling or no paddling, his position on the basketball team would be in jeopardy if the fights didn't stop. He nodded in acknowledgment as he turned to leave but all his mind could think of was that he'd been spared. He knew that she was going to be gone all day on a nursing job and he calculated how quickly he'd have to get to her house after school to erase the message before she got home. It would be tight but he figured he could just do it if he didn't dawdle after his last class.

When he got to Melissa's that afternoon, his heart sunk as soon as he saw her car in the driveway. Despite leaving directly after class and even sprinting part of the way, she had somehow managed to get home before he did. His head hung low as he walked in the house, knowing full well what was awaiting him. He found her in the kitchen just about to press the button on the answering machine to check the messages.

"Hi, Ron," she paused and turned to give him a one-armed hug. "You look down. Something you want to talk about?"

For a split second he considered confessing, hoping that hearing it from him instead of the principal would get him a lighter sentence. He didn't have time though before her finger went down on the button and all he could do was hold his breath.

"Ms. Robertson... I need to talk... Please call me back..."

Melissa turned to Ron with an exasperated look on her face. "Damn, I have got to get a new answering machine. This one has been crapping out on me for too long."

"Yeah, you might want to get one that records on a chip instead of tape. Then you wouldn't have to worry about it getting all stretched out of shape."

"Okay, just one more thing to add to my list of errands tomorrow."

"If you want to wait until after school, I can help you look for one," Ron added helpfully.

"Thanks, sweetie, but I think this is one technology purchase I can make on my own."

She turned to walk towards the fridge and then looked back at him.

"Did that voice sound familiar to you?" she asked.

Ron 'thought' about it for a moment before answering. "I can't say that it did."

"For a moment there I thought it might be your principal but I'm sure you'd recognize that voice. Well, I suppose if it's important, they'll call back."

"Yeah, I suppose so. I'm going to go do my homework now."

Feeling greatly relieved that he'd gotten out of one hell of an asswhooping, Ron didn't hesitate to crack open the schoolbooks. Some of the bruises from the last paddling had barely healed and he certainly didn't want to add any new ones. As he sat down at the desk, he made himself a promise that he'd never get into another fight again. Even if the spanking wasn't a factor, he didn't want to blow his chance of getting a basketball scholarship and for that he had to remain on the team.

The next day Ron was feeling quite carefree. He'd slept very well, especially since he didn't have to do it on his stomach and started the morning with a big breakfast. Melissa had to comment that usually she had to pry his butt out of bed with a crowbar and yet here he was up and going without any prodding. He didn't try to explain it but made pleasant conversation until it was time for him to go to school.

Later that morning as she prepared to run her errands, she realized that Ron had forgotten to pack his lunch. Well it wouldn't be all that difficult to drop by the deli to pick up a sandwich and chips for him since she had to go by the school to get to the store and buy a new answering machine.

"Boys!" she said with good-natured exasperation. "They'd forget their heads if they weren't attached."

A few hours later she arrived at the school, paper sack in hand and went to the office, hoping to find someone who could take Ron's lunch to him. As luck would have it (bad luck for Ron) Principal Barnes was in the office and overheard Melissa's conversation with the secretary. He quickly introduced himself and invited her into his office. As she listened to the account of the scuffle Ron had been in the day before, her blood began to boil. She had thought that the voice on the answering machine sounded familiar but having only spoken to the principal on rare occasions she hadn't been able to make a positive identification. She was certain that Ron knew who was calling and why and had lied to her. He asked permission to give Ron a paddling but she declined saying she would discipline him after school. She then asked if someone could please get Ron's lunch to him and the principal took a moment to look up the boy's schedule on the computer.

"Actually, if you don't mind waiting a few minutes, he'll be going right by here to the cafeteria and you can give it to him yourself."

"Great, thanks," she said standing up from the chair.

He escorted her from the office and just as they were walking out, the bell signaling the end of class rang. Seconds later students were flooding the hallway, some on their way to class, others on the way to the cafeteria. Melissa and Principal Barnes chatted amiably about the number of students at the school and how the enrollment was expected to grow, all the while keeping an eye out for Ron.

Moments later the principal spotted him coming down the hall and gestured for him to come over. When Ron saw Melissa standing there as well, his heart sank, as he knew what they must be talking about. He tried to

pretend that he didn't see Mr. Barnes wave him in but to no avail. When his course didn't change the principal actually called out his name loud enough for everyone to hear. Knowing he was had, he looked down at the floor as he left the flow of traffic towards the cafeteria.

"You forgot your lunch this morning, Ron," Melissa began. "So I stopped at the deli and picked up a sandwich and chips for you."

Her voice was carefully neutral even though she could tell Ron knew he'd been busted.

"Thanks, Melissa. I guess I just wasn't thinking this morning."

"Or maybe you had other things on your mind?"

"Yeah, I suppose," he said softly as his face flushed.

"You remember what I said the last time this happened?"

"Yes."

"Fine, then we'll discuss this further when you get home. Now take your lunch and don't dawdle coming home."

"Thanks, Melissa," he said, taking the bag from her hand.

She sighed as she watched him walk away and hoped he'd be able to concentrate during his afternoon classes.

"It's not easy being a parent," Mr. Barnes said.

"Yeah, that's probably why I never reproduced," she said with a rueful laugh before turning to shake his hand and thank him for his help.

All afternoon Ron suffered with a case of butterflies in the stomach, knowing he was going to face a punishment unlike any he'd ever received before. Despite Melissa's admonition not to waste time in getting home, he found himself walking slower than usual, his mind spinning with numerous possibilities of what she might do to him. While he had no doubts that he'd get a severe ass whipping for this, he knew that further sanctions might also be involved.

Then he thought about the last paddling he'd gotten from her and his reactions later that night as his butt still stung. Just remembering the pleasant feeling of rubbing against the soft cotton sheets made his penis twitch in his jeans. His mind replayed the scolding that accompanied his last spanking and it reinforced the message that Melissa truly did care about him and wasn't watching him simply because she was being paid to do so. It also reminded Ron that he really cared for her too and therefore his fantasies about her would remain a secret. As he walked he fought to get control of his body so that it wouldn't betray him for he knew that he'd end up with his bare butt laid out over Melissa's lap while he was spanked.

By the time he reached the door to her house, the butterflies in his stomach morphed into a flock of geese and any arousal he'd felt earlier was long since drowned by the dread he felt. He walked into the house and immediately dropped his backpack by the door.

"Ronald Matthew, get in here right now."

As he walked into the living room he could see the brush in her hands and he kept his eyes down cast, not wanting even think about the damage it was about to inflict on him. Melissa began to scold him, telling him that she was very angry and very disappointed and that apparently the last lesson didn't quite get through to him. As she gave vent to her anger, he could feel his arousal returning which caused he face to flush, knowing that there was no way he could hide his erection from her.

She grabbed the waistband of his jeans and jerked him over to the couch. Sitting in the center and putting the brush aside for a moment she unbuckled his belt and slid it out of the loops of his jeans... a bit of foreshadowing that he was not even aware of at the time. As she slid his jeans down to just below his knees, she noticed his erect penis straining against the front of his briefs.

Let's see how exciting you think the prospect of a spanking is when I get finished wearing out my brush on your bare butt."

She gave his briefs a strong jerk to join his jeans at his knees and completely ignored his manhood as it pointed at her face as she directed him over her lap. Once she had him situated to where she could get a good aim at his sit spots, she continued her lament.

"I'm really sorry to have to do this, but you've given me no choice. The way I see it, there are two issues here. One is disobeying me by fighting again. The other is lying about the fight to get out of the punishment. Well, I'll tell you right now that you're now going to get two spankings, one for each infraction. You will learn not to disobey me ever again."

With that she began to give him a spanking similar to what he'd gotten before. Regularly timed splats, about one second apart, punctuated his pleas and cries as well as her occasional reminders of what happened to naughty boys. She hoped that the humiliation of being treated like an unruly five-year-old would emphasize the message that he needed to stay out of trouble. She spread the swats around covering his bottom an even shade of pain, except when she got to the area where his thighs met his butt. There, two dark red circles formed and Ron could tell he would have difficulty walking later and sitting would be out of the question.

Ron was a complete mess when she finished, his bottom nearly blistered, thoroughly maroon and turning purple in some spots. She put a hand on his shoulder, indicating that he should stand up and when he did, she gave him a big hug. He tried not to notice her breasts pressing into him but even with his fanny on fire, it was difficult. She led him to the corner and he stepped out of his jeans and briefs as they were hobbling his already painful movement.

"Okay, now put your hands on top of your head and leave them there until I tell you otherwise."

He complied while she continued speaking.

"I hope you understand that I don't like spanking you like this and I'm sorry I had to do it. However, I won't hesitate to do it again if the situation warrants. Do you understand?"

Ron merely nodded his head, as he wasn't sure he'd be able to get words past the lump in his throat.

"Fine, then you just stand there and think about it for a while."

What he thought was that he'd gotten out of the second part of the punishment and he had mixed feelings about it. While he honestly wasn't sure he could take another paddling on top of the bruises he was already sporting, his arousal had barely waned while he was over Melissa's knee and it was now beginning to return.

Melissa took a moment to go to the kitchen and get a drink of water and calm down for a moment. Though she'd never admit it, the feeling of him squirming over her lap had unleashed a desire in her that she'd long kept in check and she didn't dare give vent to it now. Taking a deep breath and steeling herself to continue she returned to the living room to see Ron still in the corner with his hands on his head. She walked over to the sofa where she'd dropped his belt earlier and picked it up.

"Okay, Ron, it's time to come out of the corner. You can put your hands down too."

As he turned and saw what she held, the flock of geese returned to his stomach and his erection returned just as quickly. He hoped she would ignore it but this time she knew drastic measures were called for. Dropping the belt she took him by the hand and led him to the bathroom. She told him to stand in the bathtub and put his hands behind his back. He was confused but complied eagerly since it gave him the opportunity to rub his sore butt. As she turned towards the vanity, she began to lecture him again.

"I want you to know that there's nothing inherently wrong with your excitement, young man. It happens to lots of little boys. However, I can't punish you until your thoughts are totally on your naughty backside."

When she turned towards him again, he could see that she had a bottle of baby oil in her hand and poured a generous amount into her left palm. He watched bewildered as she put the bottle down and rubbed her hands together. His confusion turned to shock as she reached into the tub and began to stroke his now throbbing penis. His first reaction was to recoil, as it seemed such an unnatural thing for her to be doing.

"Stop it!" she snapped and gave his ass a smart swat with her hand. "Just stand there or you'll get a switching when we're done with your next spanking."

Expertly she massaged his rigid cock, the heavenly combination of baby oil and her soft hand increasing his excitement exponentially. He bit his lower lip in an effort to stand still and not move his hips in time with her firm and gentle stroking. Within a few moments he experience a shuddering orgasm that made him go weak in the knees and he had to brace himself with his hands against the wall.

As Ron caught his breath and rubbed his roasted backside, Melissa turned to the sink and washed her hands. Turning back to him, she wiped off his now soggy manhood with a towel and then grabbed his arm and led him back to the living room. The pleasure he'd experienced a few seconds ago turned to genuine fear without the sexual arousal to assuage it. She ordered him to bend over the back of the sofa, which he did quickly while she gave the belt a few experimental swishes through the air.

"The first spanking was for getting into the fight, Ronald. This one is for lying to me about the message on the answering machine. You could have saved yourself a lot of pain and grief if you'd just come clean yesterday. As far as I'm concerned, lying is just as bad as stealing and I want you to think about that while I strap your butt."

Without waiting for his answer, Ron's first strapping began. It would have hurt on its own, but coming on top of an already bruised bottom, it was agony. Utilizing the same rhythm she'd used with her bathbrush, she deftly punctuated his howls and her scolded lesson with a 'swish' and a 'CRACK!' nearly every second. He didn't count the strokes and he didn't think she was either. It felt like she was on automatic pilot and was going to continue until she was certain he'd learned his lesson.

Melissa seemed to take the same approach to the strapping that she did to the first paddling. Every spot was evenly covered and the crease at the tops of his well-muscled thighs got extra attention. When she was finished, Ron was almost out of breath, his voice nearly gone and his butt was a solid purple/maroon pool from the top slope off his ass to the middle of his thighs. There was such a roaring in his head from the blood that was coursing through his body that he didn't actually hear her tell him to stand up. It wasn't until she put a hand on his shoulder that he realized the strapping was over.

Gingerly he walked to the corner with her by his side the entire time. The five minutes he spent there felt like an eternity but he was finally able to breathe normally once again and he wondered when the fire in his ass would eventually abate. He couldn't believe that she'd unleashed such fury on him and wished he didn't have to go to school the next day as he knew sitting would be deeply painful.

Finally Melissa told him to come out of the corner and when he did she gave him a long, tight hug.

"You know, I don't like having to punish you like this and if I felt there was a more effective way to get through to you at your age, I'd sure use it. However, so long as you're in my care and you misbehave, that brush will be available to tan your hide."

To her surprise he hugged her tightly as well and didn't let go immediately.

"I understand Melissa. I'm sorry I lied to you about the fight and I'm not just saying that because of the whipping. I should have come clean yesterday and I knew it."

He released her and she stepped back with a grin on her face.

"God, my arm is going to be sore tomorrow," she said with a chuckle as she rubbed her right bicep.

"Yeah, well think about how sore my butt's gonna be," he responded with a chuckle of his own.

"Good point. Now go put your pants on and get started on your home work."

She started to give him a playful swat on the butt to motivate him but caught herself and grinned at the gesture.

Ron gathered up his jeans and briefs from the floor and took them, and his bookbag back to the guestroom. He didn't however, immediately get dressed and start his schoolwork. Instead he laid on the bed and thought about how good Melissa's hands felt as she was jerking him off in the shower and nice it was when she hugged him so tightly. Soon his erection was back as strong as ever and his own arm got a good work out.

Finis

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