

Another Typical Morning
Three Short Stories

By

Lynn Forest

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Table of Contents:

Slumber Party.....	5
Another Typical Morning.....	20
The Tutor	31
Lynn Forest.....	81
EBook Offer.....	82
Blushing Books Newsletter.....	83
Blushing Books.....	84

Slumber Party

Chapter One

It had been a memorable gathering for the former classmates of Monument High School. The banquet at the country club had been the perfect setting for all of the forty-three and forty-four-year-olds celebrating their twenty-fifth class reunion.

As had been the tradition from previous class reunions, four women, who had been close friends since junior high, extended the celebration of times past by having an old-fashioned slumber party at the home of Kathy Fullerton, the only one of the four who still resided in the town of Monument. They had held slumber parties during their adolescent and even teen years, and this was the fifth to follow a class reunion.

Between the reunions, the four would see each other on occasion. None lived more than ninety miles away, so they were together for a party or cookout with their husbands at least every other year. It was just often enough that even the husbands had formed at least casual friendships.

It was the husband of party hostess, Kathy Fullerton, who was the most unique in a special way. The husband of Celeste Moncrief was a successful investment advisor, while Felicity Brandt's spouse was a police detective in a small city nearby. And Becky Singleton worked with her husband in operating an online business selling electronic components.

But Kathy Fullerton had met her husband in a most unusual way, for when she was a senior at Monument High School, he was hired to be the new principal. He was thirty years old, single and eminently handsome. And soon after his arrival at the school, he was found to possess the expectation of strict adherence to good behavior typical in high schools in southern states. One week into his new post, a high school boy found out just how proficient John Fullerton was with a paddle, and word spread quickly through the small town student body that this was not a man to be disregarded in terms of behavior.

It was in the last month of school of the senior year of this charming attractive foursome that a deputy sheriff on a random Saturday night cruise through the small town happened upon two of their male class mates adding some graffiti to the side of a high school building. They

were never taken to court: worse, the two young men were told that John Fullerton would deal with them when school resumed that Monday.

The day after the two had faced justice in the principal's office, the school was abuzz with the telling and retelling of their experience of receiving corporal punishment coupled with two days of in-school suspension.

John Fullerton remained at Monument High School, and at a gathering of educators in the county, he noticed that one of the young teachers looked quite familiar. He could not help but notice that she was also quite attractive. Throughout the day, as he sat at the front table in the large room, helping to conduct the meeting, he noticed the shapely crossed legs of the young woman whose brown hair danced to her shoulders in ringlets.

When the conference was over for the day, he cautiously approached the young woman. "Did you attend Monument?"

The attractive young lady put her hand out. "I most certainly did. Kathy Marlowe...I remember you quite well."

John slapped his forehead. "I'm so sorry. Time goes by..."

She shook her head and waved away his embarrassment. "You can't remember everyone by name."

John began to laugh. "I suppose that when I don't remember a student by name, that's a sign that you must have not been one to get into trouble."

Kathy laughed. "At least I never had to experience one of those intimidating paddlings you were famous for."

"I tried to avoid doing it very often, but I also tried to make it so memorable that word would get around to avoid getting in trouble at any cost."

Kathy began to laugh. "That certainly worked in my case. No way I wanted to experience that."

"Kathy...where are you teaching?"

"I'm teaching junior high English at Masterson."

"I know this may seem a little awkward... I know I was your principal and all that... I was wondering if I might take you out to dinner some time."

Kathy quickly began to scramble around in her purse to find a notepad and pen. She realized how anxious she must appear, then slowly and carefully wrote her phone number on the pad and gave the slip of paper to John.

A week later, he made the call, and neither ever looked back. They got married less than two years later and went on to have two children, who were now away at college.

John ended up being promoted to district superintendent, and Kathy remained in her original position. But John was twelve years older than Kathy and had already recently retired. Now age fifty-five, he was having the time of his life, enjoying his first carefree summer and looking forward to serving as a substitute teacher at his whim.

But even though he was now retired, when the four long time friends gathered, Kathy was teased as the girl who had married the principal. And upon the occasion of each slumber party, John would be razzed by his former students until he finally made himself scarce in another part of the spacious house, leaving the women to themselves in the elegantly finished basement.

In keeping with tradition from their adolescence, the four women spent those parties together wearing pajamas much like the ones they wore in their youth. But as adults, they would enjoy some alcohol as they reminisced while testing each other's memories and trading some ribald stories, some that were true and some that were fiction.

* * *

On this weekend of the twenty-fifth class reunion, the guests began to arrive at the Fullerton home in the late afternoon. John was on hand to join Kathy in greeting the four overnight guests, who had all driven separately from their husbands, so that they could return home while the girls partied the following night.

The ritual had been established. When the last of them arrived, they would head down to the basement level with their overnight bags and change into their sleepwear. They would play some of their favorite music from their school days, break out whatever they wanted to drink, and Kathy would phone in an order for pizza delivery. When it arrived, John would dutifully pay, then place the boxes of pizza at the top of the steps to the basement and knock so that Kathy would know it had arrived. John made certain that he would not catch as much as an inadvertent glimpse of one of his wife's friends in a skimpy outfit. But another part of the ritual would be

that when her guests dressed and went home the next day, Kathy would remain in her fetching and foxy sleepwear, and John joined her on the spacious leather sofa in the basement.

On this particular reunion slumber party, Becky Singleton was last to arrive, carrying not only her overnight bag but also a bag carrying three bottles of wine. As the women departed for the basement, all called out to John with flirtatious and teasing phrases, except for Kathy, who received a kiss and an affectionate pat on her bottom. An hour later, John answered the door to receive the pizzas, made his ritualistic delivery, complete with the knock on the door and then retreated to the home office to catch up on the news on the Internet.

In the basement, four women in their early forties laughed and giggled like schoolgirls as they sipped their wine and disrobed to put on their sleepwear. As they did so, they teased each other about what the other was putting on and made some humorous and some serious remarks about their husbands' preferences in terms of what they enjoyed taking off of their wives at night.

When they were finished changing, they sat on the floor, sipping their wine as some of the classic music played quietly in the background. Each time they had a slumber party, they discussed how they needed to arrange for a camera to be set on a timer so that they could be photographed together in their sleepwear but always backed off from the idea, in fear that such a photo would fall into the wrong hands by accident.

Hostess Kathy was wearing a simple, short, pale blue nightgown and matching panty set, and Becky was wearing a maroon silky, short pajama outfit. But Celeste and Felicity were both decked out in baby doll outfits, Celeste in red and Felicity in black.

They sat on the floor with their wine, joking about how it was unfortunate to the men of the world not to be able to see such a stunning assembly of beautiful women and bared flesh.

Talk of school memories were soon intertwined with discussion of their children, and in the case of Becky Singleton, who had married soon after high school ended, a grandchild.

Three hours had passed by in what seemed to be an instant. Then, as they drank more wine, their chatter became more animated.

Felicity told a joke that made all of their faces turn red, and then Celeste subjected Kathy to the same teasing she did at each anniversary slumber party.

"So Kathy...has John brought his old paddle out of the closet and spanked you with it yet?"

Kathy responded with her usual sarcastic response, "No. As I have said every time you have ever asked...John has never...spanked me...John will never...spank me." And as always, all of them burst into laughter.

This time, Felicity chimed in, "Think maybe he would spank me if I asked him real nice?" Once again, the four women succumbed to laughter. Then Kathy shook her finger at Felicity. "Well, I'm not going to ask him. And neither are you."

Felicity shook her head. "Remember, I was dating Larry when he and Bradley got it for that vandalism. He said it was just like others have described it. The first whack was really, really hard, then there were five or six not nearly as hard, but hard enough to sting pretty good and get you scared about what was coming. Then he got the final two, really hard, like the first one.

"He showed me his butt after school. It was still red." As howls of laughter filled the room, she shook her head then continued, "It was the only time I ever saw it." The chorus of howls of laughter resumed.

Kathy began to giggle. "One time, I told John that the reason I behaved so well in school was that I was afraid of that awful paddle of his." They all began to laugh again, then Felicity spoke.

"In all seriousness..." She held up her hands for dramatic effect. "Weren't any of you ever in the mood to tempt fate in those days?"

Kathy could feel a buzz from the wine as she laughed again. "What do you mean?"

Felicity went on, "Come on...I can't believe I was the only one who wondered what it would be like to do something, knowing that if you got caught, you were going to get your ass paddled."

Celeste finally raised her hand. "Okay...I remember one time smoking in the restroom that year. I just kind of felt this rush of...I don't know, adrenaline maybe. Yeah, I knew what I was in for if I got caught." She pointed dramatically at Kathy. "That woman's husband would have been gazing intently at my behind while he smacked it."

Kathy's face was Crimson as she began to giggle. "You're making him sound awful."

Celeste put her hands up to ask for their attention. "To celebrate our twenty-fifth anniversary of graduation from good old Monument High School, I propose that the four of us reenact the dastardly deed of our two male classmates."

The other three broke out into derisive catcalls, but Celeste once again raised her hands. "We don't have to do permanent damage." She looked to Kathy. "Do you and John have any of that spray paint that works on grass then washes away in the rain?"

All of a sudden, Kathy was no longer laughing. She partially closed her eyes, and then slowly nodded her head. "Would that be the kind that John would have used to mark the school yard for the spring games?"

Celeste nodded. "Yes...what colors do you have?"

Kathy took a deep breath, and then a smile began to appear. "Orange...green...red."

Becky leaned toward Kathy. "Are you taking this seriously?" She turned to look at Celeste. "Come on, now. We're supposed to get dressed, sneak out and go spray graffiti on our old high school?"

Kathy began to giggle. "Who said anything about getting dressed first?" The other three stared at Kathy in disbelief, and then one by one began to laugh and slowly nod their heads in agreement.

Still remembering an old custom, they drew together in a circle and placed their right hands one on top of the other. That was when Celeste spoke again, "Let's up the ante a little bit: five years from now, at our next slumber party, we confess what we did to John."

* * *

On the second floor of the house, John was asleep on their bed, an open book resting on his chest. He was oblivious to the frantic but silent commotion that was taking place in the basement and ground level of the stately brick home behind the secluded, tree-lined driveway.

Kathy was in the garage, silently gathering up the cans of spray paint, then handing them to Felicity, who in turn passed them on to Becky while Celeste stood watch for any unfortunate and ill-timed appearance by the man of the house. Once the cans were gathered, Celeste grabbed her purse containing her car keys, and the four women slinked outside in the darkness in silence. Her car was not blocked, so as quietly as possible; they all got into the car, and then hoped that John would not detect the sound of the engine starting.

Celeste started the Buick, and they all held their breath as they sat in the driveway for a moment, watching for any signs of a door opening or lights coming on. When they decided it was safe, Celeste began driving down the darkened driveway and did not turn the headlights on until they were at the end, where John could not see them.

As Celeste pulled out onto the dark street, all four of the women began to feel a rush of excitement, danger and mischief. The high school was only a couple of minutes from the Fullerton residence, so if anyone was about to back out and not take part, the moment was fast upon them.

Just as they approached the drive to the school grounds, Celeste brought the car to a near stop, then turned off the headlights and allowed the car to barely coast to the back of the school. Celeste crept slowly along before parking it where she felt that any brake lights or interior lights would be shielded from sight by the building where some of the buses were stored.

They sat in silence for a moment, looking out the car windows to see if anything or anyone was moving nearby. Seeing nothing, four women with children of college age and dressed in negligees silently exited the car, carrying cans of spray paint as they sprinted toward the large brick wall.

Their hushed tones, along with the hissing sounds of the spray cans was enough noise to muffle the sound of another slowly moving vehicle, one that also had all of its lights turned off. That is, until the four of them suddenly found themselves bathed in a spotlight.