

FORGETFUL FAYE

January 2002

"Oh, dear! Where did I put the money for the milkman?" Faye spoke to herself as she watched the dairyman knocking on the doors of the houses for his weekly money. Faye's mother had left the money in an envelope on a table in the hall before going to the next town to visit her sister. For no good reason, the girl had moved it. Now, she could not remember where she had moved it to.

Such was the highly attractive sixth former's chief fault - her forgetfulness. There were times when she could be like an absent-minded professor.

At least, she had remembered to tell her long-suffering mother that she did not have to go to college that particular day. That had been a little fib. Mrs Francis had no reason to disbelieve her daughter. After all, it was not unusual during a period of examinations for students to be absent for the whole of the day.

Faye had already forged her mother's handwriting in a note which apologised for her daughter's "tummy upset". In case she forgot, she had already put it in her bag, all ready for the next morning.

The pretty truant cursed to herself. Trust the milkman to come, just when she was about to leave for the shopping mall. Now, she would miss the next bus. Furthermore, she did not like this particular milkman. He always gave her such funny looks; and he had actually pinched her bottom once.

The girl abandoned her search for the money. Her mother would have to pay double the following week. Then the loud knock on the door, although it was expected, still startled her.

"Hello, Faye," beamed the milkman. "This is a surprise. Fancy seeing you this morning? I thought you would be at college.

"Er, . . . no." Faye stared at the man on the doorstep. "Not today."

"Oh," began the milkman slowly, raising an eyebrow. "Playing truant again are you, just like you used to do when you were a schoolgirl before you went to the college?"

Faye raised a hand to her mouth, aware that the man was giving her a funny look. "Oh no," she said defensively, fluttering her long eyelashes over her big, blue eyes. "I'm not very well, you see."

"No, I don't see." The milkman quickly looked up and down the suburban road. He slid his cashbook into an inside pocket of his jacket. "You look well enough to me, young lady.

Faye shook her head and tossed some stray blonde hair out of her eyes. "No," she protested. "I'm poorly. Really I am!"

The milkman placed his hands on his hips. He reminded her so much of her disciplinarian father. He was about the same age, too - tall, dark and quite good-looking. This man, however, seemed a little bit menacing to her. Faye didn't like the way he licked his lips as he looked her up and down.

"You are well enough to go out though, aren't you," he remarked, pointing to her red, outdoor top and her Hessian shopping bag. "I think you are really well enough to go to that college of yours! Faye's mouth dropped open. She was still trying to think of a reply, when the milkman invited himself inside. Her heart began to flutter. She recalled another occasion not so long ago, when the young postman for the area had found out she was playing truant. That had been an absolutely awful experience for her, but she had never told anyone about it. She rather fancied that the postman had, though!

"Oh dear," was all she could find to utter, in a weak voice.

The milkman pushed the door shut on them and addressed Faye, who was now beginning to tremble a little bit.

"I think I'm right in saying that truants at the college you go to, get the cane," he began, harshly. "I think I shall have to ring the principal and let her know that one of her students, Faye Francis by name, is playing hooky!"

"No!" croaked Faye, her big, beautiful eyes wide in alarm. "Please don't tell Miss Watkinson!"

The milkman made to use his mobile phone which he took out of a pocket. Faye reached out a hand to restrain him. "Please don't," she begged again. "Miss Watkinson's cane hurts so horribly. I couldn't bear getting eight or ten strokes! Please don't tell on me, Mr Kaye!"

Mr Kaye put his phone back into his pocket. He then wagged a finger in front of Faye's worried-looking face. "You certainly need a good hiding, young lady," he told her. "Truancy is very serious. Just think of all the taxpayer's money that is being spent, and wasted on people like you!"

Faye contritely lowered her head and put her hands behind her back, as though she had been sent to stand in the corner of a classroom. "I never thought about that," she admitted.

The milkman smiled like a Cheshire cat about to be given a bowl of cream. "I'll tell you what I'll do then, Faye," he said to her, now speaking in a conciliatory tone. "I won't report you and get you caned, after all." The girl raised her head, gratitude clearly evident upon her youthful features. "There IS a condition though," he informed her.

Faye's face fell once more. She had a darned good idea what that condition was going to turn out to be. "What is it?" she sighed, wearily.

"Upon condition that I smack your bottom, myself," he announced, crisply.

The pretty teenager's shoulders slumped. It was as she had expected. It was going to be the

same as that awful time with the postman.

Apart from the humiliation of the situation, her poor bottom had hurt dreadfully. Still, it would be better than getting a dose of Miss Watkinson's stinging cane. That woman could really lay it on.

Screwing up her features, she reluctantly nodded her acceptance. Stray blonde curls fell down across her eyes as she moved her head up and down. Mr Kaye licked his lips. The opportunity for which he had waited so patiently had now finally arrived. The dizzy blonde standing in front of him had the most magnificent arse imaginable.

Suddenly, Faye sniffed the air. The milkman could smell it as well.

"Something's burning," he told the girl.

"Oh dear!" cried Faye. "I forgot all about the pan on the cooker!"

Mr Kaye looked at the rear of the retreating figure as she sped down the hallway into the kitchen. The cotton skirt fairly clung to her backside and the thin weave of the material clearly revealed the flimsy briefs beneath. He rubbed his hands in eager anticipation of lifting up that skirt!

"With the pan safely removed from the cooker, Faye re-appeared. She indicated the open door of the lounge. "We'd better go in here, Mr Kaye," she told him.

Stepping aside, she allowed the milkman to enter the room. The first thing that met his eyes in the comfortably furnished lounge was the piano stool. Just perfect, he thought. He would sit on the piano stool and play a painful melody on Faye's pretty arse.

The girl saw him staring at the stool. She knew why. Hadn't the postman sat down on there when he had smacked her bum? Ever since that particular incident, whenever she had sat down to play upon the instrument, she experienced a funny feeling in her bum.

She wondered just what it was about her posterior that made blokes want to touch, pinch or smack it. She had resolved never to go back to Italy after a fortnight there the

previous year. Whenever she had gone back to the hotel in the evening, her poor "botty" had been black and blue all over from all the pinches it had received.

Memories of the sunshine holiday disappeared abruptly as the milkman sat down on the piano stool and made himself comfortable. He beckoned her with his finger.

"Naughty girls who play truant from college should really get the cane," he said to her in a stern tone. "I hope you realise just how lucky you are!"

"Yes, Mr Kaye," responded Faye, meekly. Actually, she thought she was very unlucky!

The milkman, however, knew just how lucky HE was! Faye took a deep breath and then draped herself over the man's lap. Whilst she adjusted herself to the most comfortable position she could find, Mr Kaye lost no time at all in letting his hands wander over the contours of her still covered up behind. She was aware of her face reddening as her jacket was pushed up to her shoulders and her skirt lifted up above her waist.

A pause then followed as the eager eyes of the young milkman soaked up the sight of Faye's, magnificent, gleaming thighs and then the beautiful, teenage bottom her had at his unexpected disposal.

The thin material of her briefs was stretched so tightly that it appeared her bottom had been shrink-wrapped.

"I'm going to smack your BARE bottom, Miss Francis!" warned the man - after clearing his throat. He hoped his voice did not betray the excitement he was feeling.

Faye had known all along that her knickers would be coming off! She felt his fingers fluttering over her buttocks as he eased away her skimpy briefs. Then, the unveiling took place. Her beautiful rear end was fully exposed. The material of her knickers became entangled around her ankles.

The milkman could not resist the temptation to run his hands over the entire bared area. The flesh was firm, but the skin was sensually soft to the touch. Faye's body tensed and she

pressed her legs tightly together as she waited for her latest spanking to commence.

Suddenly, the man's hand was no longer gliding over her bottom. Her buttocks twitched.

Smack!

"Ooh!"

The twin sounds of palm on girl flesh and the accompanying little cry of reaction was like music to the milkman's ears.

The second slap was delivered to exactly the same area - the very centre of Faye's right bum cheek.

"Ooh!" she cried out again.

The struck part of her bottom now turned a shade of pink, following the double hard slaps to the surface. Faye was aware of a glowing sting in her rear and she knew that she was in for a punishing time.

Slap!

"Owcchh!" Faye squealed as the hand of the milkman landed, at speed, on the rounded, perfectly-shaped, quivering posterior.

Mr Kaye stopped for just long enough for the hurt to subside before launching another attack on his undefended target.

Faye, her hands pressed into the carpet, began to squirm and in doing so became well aware of what was happening inside the milkman's trousers.

Slapp!

"Owwcchh!"

Serlapp!

"Owweee!" cried the now agitated girl.

Mr Kaye now put one arm around Faye's trim, naked waist to try and keep her still.

There was now an all-over, beacon-red glow to her buttocks.

"That's enough now, please, Mr Kaye!" begged Faye. "I won't play truant again. I promise!"

"You haven't been punished enough yet!" growled the milkman in response to the girl's plea. "Now keep still, or else I'll telephone the principal of the college and I'll take you there myself and watch you get the cane!" he threatened..

Poor Faye did her very best not to move, aghast at the prospect of what awaited her at the college if the milkman carried out her threat. On top of that, she would probably get another wallop off her father when she got home!

Her sore nates bounced and danced frenziedly under the continuing onslaught. The hurt was really building up inside her now. She began to kick her legs up and down and her caught-up briefs waved around like a flag on a pole.

Faye's shrieks became louder and more piercing. Mr Kaye was not concerned. The room was double-glazed and he knew that the old lady next door was stone deaf. He was also aware that everyone else in the house was out for the rest of the day.

Oh! Ooooh! Oooooohh! Please stop!" beseeched the wretched college student.

Her pitiful request was in vain. With her humping and writhing hummocks now a fiery red in colour, the milkman turned his attention to the tops of the girl's thighs.

Faye arched her back and tossed back her curls-covered head. Her features clearly showed this new pain she was suffering. She began to wonder if the cane could really be worse than this!

After just a brief pause, Mr Kaye once more slapped his stinging palm lower down the firm flesh of Faye's athletic-looking thighs.

As she wailed and gyrated in her anguish, she became increasingly aware of the hardness pressing into her. Suddenly, the delivery of the spaced out slaps got faster and faster. The milkman abruptly stopped and pressed her down by her cheeks. Faye was aware of a little shudder passing through his body! The girl knew what had happened. Serve him jolly well right. She hoped he would be very uncomfortable walking around.

Mr Kaye gave a little cough before telling Faye she could now get up.

Sobbing from the blaze in her behind, she eased herself up from the milkman's lap. She chose not to make any comment about the

stain in his trousers, which Mr Kaye tried to cover up. He had made such a good job of tucking up her skirt that it took Faye several frantic seconds to lower it. Her chastiser took advantage of that period of time in which to stare at Faye's lightly tufted crotch.

She gave him permission to use the bathroom and whilst he was gone Faye, her briefs still around her ankles, hobbled over to a long mirror in a recess. She turned her back to it, looked over her shoulder and raised up her skirt.

"Ooh! Faye Francis," she wailed to herself. "Just look at that poor botty!"

The entire area from her mid-thigh up to just below the small of her back was bright red and angry. It was also very, very sore!

"I can't go into town wearing a dress," she wailed. "I'll have to change into my jeans."

Faye's reason for changing was a very good one. There was always a collection of lusty young males hanging around at the bottom of the staircases and the escalators in the shopping mall, eager to stare up the skirts of young females and to make loud remarks about their knickers and bottoms.

"Perhaps if I put on a pair of red 'knicks', no one would know what I'd had done to me," Faye joked to herself.

The fierce hurt had now departed from her bottom and, apart from the visible signs, all that now remained was the burning warmth which covered her derriere and the backs of her thighs like a hot blanket.

Hearing the milkman's footsteps on the staircase, Faye halted her inspection of her punished hindquarters, hastily pulled up her briefs and adjusted her skirt. That damned man had seen far too much of her already!

"I hope that will be a lesson to you, Miss Francis," he said to her. He didn't sound so stern any more.

"Yes, Mr Kaye," sighed Faye, dutifully.

Before he went, he actually kissed the girl on the forehead and gave her an assurance that he would not report her truancy to the college. He

didn't want that pretty bottom of hers to get that nasty, horrible cane. Not that she didn't deserve it, of course!

As soon as he had gone, Faye found the money her mother had left. She then went upstairs to her pastel pink bedroom, removed her dress and, somewhat painfully, struggled into a pair of tight jeans. She was aware, of course, that the stretched denim accentuated the lush curves of her glorious behind, but that could not be helped. Why couldn't she have just had a bum that didn't do things to members of the male sex?

Faye had forgotten the times of the buses and she had to wait nearly half an hour when she got to the stop. Her painful encounter with the milkman had already made her late, so she decided to have some lunch before touring the shops. Later, she felt her bum being prodded and poked. On a couple of occasions, she overheard various remarks about her jutting bottom. They were all of a complimentary nature. Her face did, however, flush at the comments. She would never have worn those jeans if it hadn't been for what that awful milkman had done to her poor, long-suffering behind.

On the bus journey home, Faye realised that she had forgotten to buy one of the items she had really gone shopping for. She cursed her own forgetfulness. Her parents had often told her that a good smack on the bottom might help her to remember!" It hadn't worked of course. She thought back to the visit of the milkman and she squirmed in her seat. Her bum was still a little uncomfortable.

Deep in thought, Faye missed her stop and had to walk home from the next one.

"Hello, Faye," came a voice from behind her. "not playing truant, are you?"

She whirled round, although she had recognised the owner of the voice. It was the young postman! Her hand flew to her mouth. Realising the give-away sign, she quickly dropped it and shook her head. "N . . . no," she stammered. "I haven't been very well today, so I just came out for some fresh air."

"Hmmm. I see," remarked the fair-haired man, disbelievingly. He took hold of one of her bags and began to walk towards her home with her. "What have you got in these shopping bags then, Faye?" he enquired. "Fresh air?"

"Oh . . . er," began the flummoxed Faye. "Oh dear!"

"Oh dear indeed, Faye," sighed the postman. "You HAVE been playing truant again, haven't you?"

The blonde girl bit her lip. She had been found out yet again!

"I warned you the last time, Miss Francis," he told her in an angry tone. Poor Faye had a good idea of the direction in which things were going. "I've a good mind to report you!"

"Please don't!" begged Faye, prepared to sacrifice her poor bottom once again if needs be.

By the time they had reached the girl's front door, a deal had been struck. Faye would reluctantly accept another spanking in return for not being reported for truancy to the principal of the college, where corporal punishment by way of the cane was mandatory for truants. They entered the house and Faye, somewhat wearily, put down her shopping bags. It had been a disastrous day for her, and it was still not over.

The young postman had hurt her that last time, much more than the milkman had done. She led the way into the lounge. The piano stool was still where her last chastiser had left it.

"Aren't you ashamed of yourself?" the postman asked her.

Faye answered "Yes." As she said the word, her head was hung low and she could not see the gloating smile on the face of the man she had struck a deal with.

"I'm very surprised with you, Faye," he continued. "Especially after what I did to you that last time!"

The blonde looked up. She could almost feel his keen eyes devouring her and she felt a

peculiar lurch in her tummy. The man was a lot younger than her previous visitor and he was quite a dishy bloke.

"Hmm," he mused. "We'll have to make sure you don't do it again. I may not be so generous the next time and you don't want that awful cane on that tender bum of yours, do you?"

"No!" Faye shook her head.

"Right then," he said curtly. He had already spotted her father's slippers by the piano and he knew what he was going to use on the unfortunate girl. "Not only will I hit you on your BARE bottom, but this time you will take off ALL your clothes!"

"No!" cried Faye, aghast.. "I can't!"

"And why can't you?" he demanded. He moved close up to her. "If you can't take your clothes off yourself, then I'll help you." He lifted up his hands. Quickly, Faye's closed over his. This was an absolutely awful situation. Getting smacked in the nude! Supposing people found out! "Well," he warned her. "It's up to you. Either you strip off and get your arse walloped or else I'll go straight on the phone to the college and tell them you've been shopping instead of studying!"

Faye sighed. There was absolutely no need for her to be naked. It was just an excuse for the postman to see her tits! So, okay, they were nice tits, but she was very fussy who she showed them off to! Angrily, she took off her jacket and began to unbutton her blouse top. Apart from forgetfulness, Faye had another fault - that of a virginal innocence, which was an irresistible lure to a full-blooded male.

The top came off, showing her smooth, rounded shoulders. Then she reached behind her back to unclasp her brassiere. She paused for a moment and then shyly bit her lip before pulling the cups away to expose her firm, nicely-shaped, small-nippled breasts. She dropped the bra to the floor. The postman then delivered another homily, his eyes on the newly exposed part of her body the whole time. Faye felt very embarrassed standing there with her boobs on show. She now just wanted to get the whole ordeal over with. Then, she

could have a good cry and a lie down - on her tummy, of course!

The postman finished and told her to continue undressing. She wriggled her hips and her legs out of her tight jeans and then, keeping one hand on guard over her crotch, she used the other to ease down her briefs once more.

Breathing rather heavily, the young man ordered her to stand up straight with her hands at her sides. Blushing to the roots of her blonde locks, Faye obeyed his command. The postman eyed her up and down. First class! Faye's tummy was youthfully firm and slightly rounded, curving to the light triangle of pubic hair at the junction of her smooth-skinned elegant thighs. He had already admired her bare breasts, below which her waist nipped in nicely.

The man managed to take his eyes away from the arousing sight and Faye watched in horror, as he bent down to pick up one of the slippers.

"I didn't say you could use a slipper!" she cried.

"It's up to ME what I use on your arse!" he retorted. "Would you rather have the cane, instead?"

Faye's shoulders slumped. She couldn't win! "Do you want me to bend over the piano stool?" she asked, dejectedly.

"Not this time." He shook his head. "Turn around. Bend over and touch your toes!"

Faye was on the point of refusing. She knew there would be more than just her bum on show. However, she realised the futility of such a protest and she took up the ignominious position, keeping her thighs pressed together.

"Just a minute!" called out the postman. "Has someone already had a go at your arse today."

Poor Faye gave out a deep sigh. Her bum must still be tinged a shade of pink from the earlier drubbing it had been given.. The postman made her tell him all about it. He seemed to be highly amused.

She then flinched as she felt the man's hand wander over her up-poked, waiting bottom.

She half expected his fingers to trail into the cleft between her trembling cheeks, but they didn't.

Slap!

The thin leather sole of the slipper slapped noisily across the crown of her presented buttocks. It stung like mad and made her wince.

Slap!

The postman wielded the footwear again. This time, it landed on the slope of her right cheek.

"Ooph" responded the girl.

Her chastiser built up a nice little tempo, proving he was as good as delivering blows to a girl's naked posterior as he was at delivering letters and packages.

The wild rotating of Faye's hips, her parted thighs and her painful squeals bore testimony to the severity of the slaps, as too did the vermilion surfaces of her bum cheeks. Faye began to believe that the cane might have been the better option after all!

Smacckk!

"Yeeowwcchhh!"

The thin sole yet again splatted across the bright red flesh. Faye's breasts swung beneath her and the cavorting of her semi-spheres ensured there was quite a lewd performance for the postman to enjoy.

"Stop it now, please! Faye blubbered eventually. "I won't play truant again. I promise!"

"I seem to recall you saying that the last time, was the cool reply as the man delivered a smack to her left orb. He paused to watch Faye's fiery bum cheeks bucking and writhing provocatively. Realising that all good things had to come to an end sometime, he delivered one final SMACK! to the girl's right globe.

"Up you get!" he told her, throwing down the slipper.

Groaning, Faye levered herself, upright and her hands clasped her sore and scarlet bum mounds. She bobbed up and down, so putting her breasts into motion. The postman moved

position so that he had a close-up view of their unfettered movement.

Later, as the postman was using the bathroom, Faye began to put her clothes back on.. From outside in the road, came the sound of a loudspeaker. "Vote for . . . she heard.

The blonde's mouth dropped open. Of course, it was Election Day! The college was closed as it was being used as a polling station.

She had completely forgotten about that. She hadn't been playing truant after all! Her poor bottom had suffered needlessly!