**THE** **HOT** **SEAT REVISITED**

For just a fleeting moment did Mr. Harris watch the paper airplane fly freely and without abandon high up in his fifth grade classroom. While all of the ten year old boys were engrossed in its flight Harris took the opportunity to study the faces of the boys rather than the aircraft. His triangular navigational fix was instantly made. Dickey, Bobby’s best friend, was exchanging excited looks of success with Tommy. While all of the other boys except Dickey, Bobby and Tommy couldn’t take their eyes off the prolonged, highly successful flight, the eyes of these three kept going up and down between each other and the paper plane.

 Harris did notice that Bobby was shaking his head in disbelief. Just two weeks ago he had had to visit the Hot Seat for having done the same bit of mischief. Obviously the other two were getting back and showing that they could get away with it where he hadn’t been able. Or perhaps they were simply joining in the fun and the thrill of a dangerous little adventure.

 To everyone’s astonishment the little plane landed right smack on Mr. Harris’s oversized desk. No one could decide whether that portended good or bad luck. Nevertheless it was a historic feat regardless of the luck involved. “Bobby, Tommy, Dickey; a moment in the hall, if you please.”

 Mr. Harris stood behind his desk-turned-aircraft carrier as he watched the three boys make their way to the door. He studied their demeanor as he watched the other boys’ expressions. Bobby, the former smirker and little jackass, was shaking his downcast head. Bobby’s former smirk must have been contagious as Tommy and Dickey now had the disease. You see, those two had not yet visited the Hot Seat whereas Bobby had. Harris took all of this in. His initial assessment had been confirmed.

 Once the classroom door closed behind the three boys Harris made a quick call on his cell phone. This the young students did not understand. It was unlike him to call the principal who preferred to have the teachers dispense punishment rather than him, what with their being much closer to the boys and to the specific offense. At the conclusion of the very brief call he put down the phone and picked up his remote controller. The Hot Seat sprang alive.

 During the past two weeks Harris had refined his Hot Seat in response to some praise from other members of the grade school faculty. He was flattered by their referring to it as The Harris Hot Seat. Word gets around quickly when it involved classroom crime and punishment.

 When one boy had sneaked over and unplugged the Hot Seat while another was seated upon it, Harris had decided to encase the plug and wall socket in a small box and to switch it on and off remotely rather than by hand. He also enhanced the lighting by replacing the single penlight that confirmed the seat being on, with a sequence of penlights that ran up each of the stool’s three legs. He even went so far as select small light bulbs the colors of which become darker yet somewhat brighter red from bottom to top.

 With the Hot Seat energized the three sequencing light strings on its legs made it appear that they were all feeding heat up to the seat pad mounted atop the stool. That was of course just an illusion. Indeed much of The Hot Seat was crafted for psychological effect. Its lights were subdued so as to limit its distractive effect while Harris was teaching, but bright enough to make a strong impact on a boy as he walked to it. One could imagine how an ancient must have felt as he walked up a volcano to be sacrificed to the Gods.

 Before Mr. Harris had made sure that the Hot Seat did not provide a distraction for his students by placing it at the back of the classroom. He now had concluded that a bit of distraction would aid in maintaining discipline. It would also add refinement to his pride and joy as he proudly presented it to other members of the faculty and to the principal. But now back to the hall just outside the classroom.

 “Which of you is the aeronautical engineer here?”

 No response.

 “Did you build it during geography or math, Dickey?”

 “During . . . . ugh . . . . I mean . . .”

 “Was the flight path to be direct to Tommy or were there to be stop-overs?”

 “Well we . . .”

 “We?”

 “So you didn’t expect such soaring success?”

 “Mr. Harris, I had nothing to do with this, I promise; nothing,” spoke up Bobby.

 “You’re saying it was just these other two here?”

 Yes sir; I mean . . . .

 “Mine are not long like that. I make mine different – you know, with bigger wings. It wasn’t mine,” said Tommy. Mine are still in my . .

 “Threes for you Dickey; twos for you, Tommy. As for your Bobby, I’ll give you the benefit of the doubt. But I’ll be watching you. Now back to your seats. We’ll start as soon as our guest observer arrives.”

 The guest observer was the person who Harris had called. It seems that a private girls’ school across town had already learned about the Harris Hot Seat and wanted a demonstration – when the occasion arose. Thus it was no more than a quarter hour later that an energetic young woman came prancing into the room. She couldn’t have been more than twenty two or three. What a feast she was for the eyes for the ten year old boys.

 “Mr. Harris; I’m Margie McDonald. We do appreciate your giving us at Wesley this opportunity. Girls may not misbehave as much as boys, but yet still some do. We’re thinking this Hot Seat, this Harris Hot Seat, may just be the ticket from what we’ve heard. Is that it over there?”

 “That it is. Come take a look, Margie.”

 Harris led her down the center aisle to the Hot Seat there at the back of the classroom where the athletic field could be seen outside below a line of windows. She looked at the three legged stool and recognized that its crossbars were too low for a boy to touch and get support from them when seated. The top had an electrified cushion much like an electric blanket or pad. Harris hit his remote controller. The sequential strings of red penlights began to run up the legs much like on a theatre marquee as the seat began to heat. “Oh my,” she exclaimed gleefully as she clasped her hands together. “It looks like three heat pumps all pumping heat up to the summit seat.”

 “That’s a new feature that I’ve just added. It’s an illusion, of course, for the heat comes just from the wiring within the cushion – like any hot pad, although this one is as hot as they come.”

 “Most handsome; most ingenious. Congratulations.”

 She paused and looked at the boys, every one of which had turned to watch her. She was *so* pretty the way she sashayed about in her long skirt. Harris realized that she was ready for the demo. “Dickey; if you would indulge us please.”

 Standing beside Harris and the Hot Seat Margie watched the ten year old walk from his desk to the center aisle and then towards them and the stool that was heating up now as evidenced by the streaming arrays of red penlights. Upon his arrival he unbuckled his belt and unzipped his fly. Margie saw that two jockey straps were hung on the rack standing there. Dickey took off his trousers and hung them on the rack. With his back turned to the two teachers he started to take off his white underpants. “I won’t look,” said Margie as she turned away. Dickey made the exchange for the smaller of the two jockey straps and then wished he hadn’t. She’ll think I’ve got a little one, he now realized.

 Once seated Dickey hit the timer which pinged. Margie turned back around. There sat the boy up on the Hot Seat rocking his calves and feet back and forth. She put her hand on what little part of the pad that was not covered by boy ass. It was already quite warm and becoming warmer.

 Margie slid her hand between the boy’s buns and the pad. Dickey jerked from this unexpected intrusion by this female stranger. She gave him a couple of friendly spanks on one of his thighs. At the same time she rotated her other hand that was sandwiched between hot pad and ass and wiggled her middle finger up in his ass crease through which a thin strap of the jockey strap passed. Dickey turned his head her way to see the twenty two year old visiting teacher smiling playfully and then wink, most prixiely. Now the heat he was feeling down there was become a mixture of discomfort and pleasure.

 As hard to believe as it were, some of the boys were envious. She was so pretty and vivacious. Oh if only she could take over this fifth grade class! Surely its little airport would have more traffic.

 As the two teachers made their way down the aisle to his desk Harris explained the protocol. He pulled out the leather strap, the rattan cane and the paddle. Margie took up the paddle and rubber her fingers across it rough surface. “Ours isn’t like this. Ours are smooth and don’t have these holes.”

 ”You are dealing with girls.”

 “Where do you get these? I like this one; I really do.”

 After some further discussion regarding the three implements, the dinger sounded. With relief from the punishing Hot Seat Dickey jumped off and walked down the aisle looking at the two adults waiting there beside the desk. Harris had an “I’ve-seen-it-all” neutral look on his face but the look on the young teacher was one of youthful anticipation and excitement. She wore a broad, welcoming smile. Oh what fun!

 As soon as Dickey had taken his position leaning over the desk, griping its front edge and going up on his tiptoes, Margie put her hand to one of his rosy, glowing ass cheeks. While keeping her hand on the hot ass she turned her head towards Harris. “Nice; nice and warm. What an appropriate warm-up.”

 “I’m glad you approve.”

 “Yes; very nice,” she continued as she laid a resounding spank to each cheek. A classroom of boy mouths dropped open in amazement. She hadn’t been referring solely to the pad.

 “Now if you please,” said Harris as he waved her off and picked up the strap.

 “SPLAT” Harris laid one on forcefully.

 “Thank you sir.”

 Margie had not expected the thank you. “Nice touch.” When she saw that he was changing positions to deliver a backhander, she too exchanged positions with him.

 Harris found himself getting a little perturbed with this visitor whom his boys found more interesting than him. With both hands he wielded the strap back high over his shoulder and slammed it down. **SPLAT**! Expecting her to be taken aback, it was he who was taken aback as she grasped her hands with a big smile and, of all things, applauded! “**Wunderbar**!!!” Listening to the stricken boy’s thank you, Harris tried to figure out just how to take the complement.

 While he was thinking about that Margie went around in front of the boy and leaned down in front of his face. “That means wonderful in German, you know.” That could have meant horseshit for all Dickey cared. My ass is on fire, lady; don’t you know?

 Margie ruffled the boy’s hair all friendly-like as Harris delivered the third thwack with the leather strap. While muttering his thank-you-sir Dickey started to rise while his hair was still being ruffled.

 Margie looked up at Harris with a pouting, plea full look. Can I, please, her expression begged. Harris’s okay was returned with her saying “just one.”

 Dickey turned to his teacher who pointed down – back down. Margie planted a kiss on the boy’s cheek and whispered a “how sweet.”

 “Was it was like this,” she asked as she took hold of the leather strap with both hands and practiced it waving up behind her shoulder. “Yes, but you want to take a step back so that when you swing you will be taking a step forward.” *Now* she’s behaving, thought Harris; *now* she’s *taking* instruction. “Thanks.” She did as told and landed the strap right on target. SPLAT!

 “Thank you Mr. Harris.”

 As the boy started to rise she pushed him back down. “That was *not* Mr. Harris plus you weren’t up on tiptoes. Two more” she assessed without authority. Harris let it slide. Dickey looked at back up at him to see that he could only muster a shrug.

 **SPLAT** - - - **SPLAT**. She delivered two more in rapid fire succession, taking a step back and forward with each. Before either she or the boy could say a word Harris ordered him back to the Hot Seat.

 Back down the center aisle he went holding his burning bun as tears filled his eye. Close behind followed Margie with her eyes glued on the youth’s hands- clasped burning buns. He hit the timer and remounted the Hot Seat.

 “The cane is next, right?”

 The boy nodded as he looked at the visiting observer who was hardly more than a girl just out of college. His nod was made with his mouth twisted open and his forehead filled with frown lines. “Which do you like better – I guess I mean worse?”

 No response was forthcoming as the boy sobbed.

 “There now; be a good sport. Is it the cane? It is; isn’t it?”

 Dickey nodded and nodded and nodded and cried more as the Hot Seat worked away on his already overheated thrashed ass.

 “Just how so? Tell me.”

 She ruffled his hair again, all friendly-like. It seemed that there was no end to teachers’ quests for learning.

 “It’s; it’s; you know. It’s like a hot wire – a line of fire. And Mr. Harris does it on top of the strap marks. It really really really hurts. I hate it. I hate it.”

 “There; there. Mommy is here, you know. I’ll be right there today. I’ll be providing support; providing back-up, you know. So don’t you go a-worrying.”

 She gave him a peck to his forehead and turned her attention to the lesson that Harris was giving. She was surprised that he would continue on with it during the administration of punishment. Then again, the class couldn’t afford a quarter hour absence of teaching. This particular hour was devoted to arithmetic.

 Now the square root of eighteen here is cancelled by . . .

 That’s an out-of-date approach if I ever saw one, she thought to herself.

 “Oh Mr. Harris,” she said as she made her way back down the center aisle from the Hot Seat, longing to explain and update him on the current method used in teaching this.

 “Ugh; yes?”

 Now days we . . . She stopped in her tracks as the classroom went silent. We . . . we . . . She looked at Harris and at the boys all around her in their silence. “Oh, nothing sir; sorry.” The boys turned their attention back to their teacher and the blackboard.

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 **THWICK**! The rattan sliced onto one of the welts from the prior strapping.

 “Thank you Mr. Harris.”

 “You’re quite welcomed.”

 **THWICK**!

 “NOOOOOOOOOoooooooo”

 Margie stopped in front of the crying boy, bent down, lifted his head to face hers, and softly said: “oh yes, my little friend.”

 “Oh yes yes yes.” She held the sobbing boy’s face by the chin and waited for the next cut . . . and waited. Harris looked at her. No doubt she would ask for the cane after he delivered the third cut.

 “If you think you might be asking to give the boy one yourself, ask now. Not fair to him otherwise.”

 “Now that you asked; yes. That would be great. Right . . . Dickey, is it? But it should be two. He didn’t thank you, you know.”

 This one doesn’t miss a trick, he thought.

 No sooner than he had handed her the cane than she twisted her torso a full quarter turn and unleased the cane onto the boy’s tortured rump striking midway between the two tramlines left from Harris’s two cuts. She’s a born natural, he thought. Some people are simply born gifted, brimming with natural talent. Like any good professional she makes it look so simple; so effortless. What a gift. The second blow delivered by her backhand was just a tad off the prior one.

 Margie leaned down for a close, a very close look. Studiously she watched the latest tramlines develop better definition. She slid her fingers along it there in the gorge between Harris’s two cuts. Then she grasped the boy’s entire bun, leaned down and playfully pretended to kiss his ass to the sound of several chuckles from Dickey’s fellow students.

 The classroom boys beheld the sight as if they were seeing a female wizard appear before them and work her magic. Or would that be a witch? Unbridled erotic delight, even if they didn’t yet know what erotic meant for it had never appeared in a spelling bee. Margie’s reach for the paddle was stopped by Harris’s hand. “Not just yet, you know.”

 “Sorry; of course.”

 “Thank you, Miss Margie,” said the boy belatedly.

 “It’s Ms. MacDonald,” corrected Harris.

 As the boy sat on the Hot Seat in preparation for his paddling Margie made notes in her tablet. Included in those were the names of the suppliers of the several parts that made up the delightful contraption. Unfortunately she would not have time to witness the next boy’s little spanking. Nevertheless this had been such a nice departure from the spankings at her school.

 The reactions of boys were so delightfully different, as were their male attitudes. Girls seemed simply to surrender and sob at their misfortune. There was no challenge with them; no spark; no fire. Maybe the Hot Seat would solve that.

 Once more Dickey made his painful way down the center aisle with his ass ablaze and his hands intermittently grasping and releasing it. Ahead she saw Margie with the paddle in her hands stroking it with girlish glee and affection as Harris pointed out a couple of its features.

 Once up on tiptoes Harris moved his hands over the primary target to identify it for the visitor. She was in agreement. This was the area where the three almost parallel tramlines from the cane homed. Dickey shuttered as he felt her tap tap tap the hideous paddle on home plate. They had pointed out the worse possible spot.

 ***SPLAT***! . . . . . ***SPLAT***! . . . . . ***SPLAT***! Marge had allowed no time for any thank-yous. Disregarding Harris’s coaching about taking a step back, she had swung away as if she were hacking her way through thick jungle. The boys couldn’t believe it. Little Dickey couldn’t either as he repeatedly slapped the front of the desk. Now she gave his just paddled butt a spank to each cheek accompanied by a “bad boy; bad boy.”

 Realizing that she would be getting no thank yous out of the boy as he continued on slapping the front of the desk and whimpering no no no no, she walked around the desk. The boy was still muttering no no no but his desk slapping had tapered off. With her hand under his chin she lifted his face. His eyes were closed – blocking out the world about him.

 “**You’re** **welcome**, **Dickey**,” she screamed right into his face. His eyes opened inastonishment. She gave his hair another friendly ruffling and walked back around as his head drooped back down.

 Ignoring the boy as he continued to quiet down, finally to lay in abject surrender on the desk, Margie moved her hands along the paddle, absorbing the feel of its rough texture. She and Harris discussed the issue as to whether the different in the imprints made on boys and girls behinds was attributable more to this texture or to gender. They finally decided on both. She liked the holes. It made the paddle feel lighter to her.

 With Dickey still lying spent atop the desk Margie gave him a spank to both tortured ass cheeks. “No loitering, bad boy; let’s go.” With that she pulled him up by one ear and led the way down the aisle to the lonesome Hot Seat. Once remounted she was considerate enough to hit the timer herself.

 Margie returned to the desk and retrieved her tablet and pencil. “Thank you Mr. Harris. Thank you so much. And thank you boys, too.” With that she shook the teacher’s hand and turned to depart. “By the way, just what was the infraction that the boys made?”

 “See that little paper airplane there?”

 “This one?”

 With that she took hold of it and playfully pretended that she was going to launch it out over the boys. All held their breaths. Then she winked to the classroom and handed the evidence back to Harris who unfolded it, crushed it into a wad and tossed it into his waste basket. So much for the willful destruction of evidence; he’d never be charged.

 “Bye now boys; gotta run. See ya.”

 A strange feeling came over Mr. Harris. Never before had he felt so . . . so . . . . so old.